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Yours Sincerely

Dear Little Jennie

Lum & Mr. Ah.

1883

BELT AND SPUR.

BELT AND SPUR

Stories of the Knights of the Middle Ages

from the Old Chronicles

With Sixteen Illuminations

'The heraudes left hir priking up and doun.
Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.
Ther is no more to say, but est and west
In gon the speres sadly in the rest;
In goth the sharpe spore into the side.
Ther see men who can juste, and who can ride.
Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke;
He feleth thurgh the herte-spone the pricke.
Up springen speres twenty foot on highte;
Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.'

CHAUCER. *The Knightes Tale.*

FOURTH THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

THE following stories of battles and tournaments have been drawn from the pages of the old chronicles, and are told as the chronicler tells them; sometimes in an abridged and condensed form, but as far as possible, in the spirit and style of the original.

The story of Cœur de Lion's Crusade is taken from the 'Itinerary of Richard the First,' by Geoffrey Vinsauf. The deeds of the Scottish Knights in the reign of Edward the Third are related by Jean Le Bel, the chronicler whose work was so largely borrowed by Froissart. The Jousts of St. Inghelberth are described by Froissart himself. It is Henry the Fifth's chaplain who tells of his sovereign's achievements in France; and Chastelain, the Burgundian chronicler, who gives us the story of the tournaments at Stirling and at Bruges, in which Sir Jacques de Lalain bore a part.

Several of the other stories are taken from rhyming chronicles or historical poems. The account of

the preparations for the conquest of England is drawn from the poem of the Norman, Robert Wace, whose father was an eye-witness of the events; and the story of William the Lion from Fantosme's 'Chronicle of Henry the Second.' The Battle of Poitiers is told as Chandos Herald relates it in his rhyming 'Life of the Black Prince;' and the Siege of Rouen is from the old English poem by John Page. The romance of Fulk FitzWarine, if less strictly history than the other tales, seems to have been founded on fact, and being probably nearly contemporary, gives at least a picture of the times.

The illustrations are mainly adapted from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum.

E. L. S.

BELT AND SPUR.

CHAPTER I.

HOW DUKE WILLIAM AND HIS KNIGHTS LANDED IN ENGLAND.

Now Duke William was in his park at Rouen, and in his hands he held a bow ready strung, for he was going hunting, and many knights and squires with him. And behold, there came to the gate a messenger from England; and he went straight to the Duke and drew him aside, and told him secretly how King Edward's life had come to an end, and Harold had been made king in his stead. And when the Duke had heard the tidings, and understood all that was come to pass, those that looked upon him perceived that he was greatly enraged, for he forsook the chase, and went in silence, speaking no word to any man, clasping and unclasping his cloak, neither dared any man speak to him; but he crossed over the Seine in a boat, and went to his hall, and sat down on a bench; and he covered his face with his mantle, and leant down his head, and there he abode, turning

about restlessly for one hour after another in gloomy thought. And none dared speak a word to him, but they spake to one another, saying, 'What ails the Duke? Why bears he such a mien?' Then there came in his seneschal riding from the park, and he went through the hall humming a song, and passed by the Duke; and there came many to him, asking him wherefore the Duke did so. And he answered them, 'You will hear the tidings soon, but be not in haste, for it is sure to leak out in time.' Then the Duke raised himself, and the seneschal came to him and said, 'Why conceal your tidings, sire, for if we know it not now, we shall hear it soon, and you will gain nothing by hiding it, nor lose by telling it; and though you may take great pains to hide it, all the town knows it? For they go about the city, little and great, saying that King Edward has passed away, and Harold is become king, and has received the kingdom.'

'That is it that troubles me,' said the Duke. 'I grieve because Edward is dead, and that Harold has done me wrong; for he has taken my kingdom who was bound to me by oath and promise.'

To these words answered FitzOsbern the bold, 'Sir, tarry not, but make ready with speed to avenge yourself on Harold, who has been disloyal to you; for if you lack not courage, there will be left no land to Harold. Summon all whom you may summon, cross the sea and seize his lands; for no brave man should begin a matter and not carry it on to the end.'

Then William sent messengers to Harold to call

upon him to keep the oath that he had sworn; but Harold replied in scorn that he would not marry his daughter, nor give up his land to him. And William sent to him his defiance; but Harold answered, that he feared him not, and he drove all the Normans out of the land, with their wives and children, for King Edward had given them lands and castles, but Harold chased them out of the country; neither would he let one remain. And at Christmas he took the crown, but it would have been well for himself and his land if he had not been crowned, since for the kingdom he perjured himself, and his reign lasted but a short space.

Then Duke William called together his barons, and told them all his will, and how Harold had wronged him, and that he would cross the sea and revenge himself; but without their aid he could not gather men enough, nor a large navy, therefore he would know of each one of them how many men and ships he would bring. And they prayed for leave to take counsel together, and the Duke granted their request. And their deliberations lasted long, for many complained that their burdens were heavy, and some said that they would bring ships and cross the sea with the Duke, and others said they would not go, for they were in debt and poor. Thus some would and some would not, and there was great contention between them.

Then FitzOsbern came to them and said, 'Wherefore dispute you, sirs? Ye should not fail your natural lord when he goes seeking honour. Ye owe him service for your fiefs, and where ye owe service

ye should serve with all your power. Ask not delay, nor wait until he prays you ; but go before, and offer him more than you can do. Let him not lament that his enterprise failed for your remissness.'

But they answered, 'Sir, we fear the sea, and we owe no service across the sea. Speak for us, we pray you, and answer in our stead. Say what you will, and we will abide by your words.'

'Will ye all leave yourselves to me?' he said. And each one answered, 'Yes. Let us go to the Duke, and you shall speak for us.'

And FitzOsbern turned himself about and went before them to the Duke, and spoke for them, and he said, 'Sir, no lord has such men as you have, and who will do so much for their lord's honour, and you ought to love and keep them well. For you they say they would be drowned in the sea or thrown into the fire. You may trust them well, for they have served you long and followed you at great cost. And if they have done well, they will do better ; for they will pass the sea with you, and will double their service. For he who should bring twenty knights will gladly bring forty, and he who should serve you with thirty will bring sixty, and he from whom one hundred is due will willingly bring two hundred. And I, in loving loyalty, will bring in my lord's business sixty ships, well arrayed and laden with fighting men.'

But the barons marvelled at him, and murmured aloud at the words that he spake and the promises he made, for which they had given him no warrant. And many contradicted him, and there arose a noise

and loud disturbance among them; for they feared that if they doubled their service it would become a custom, and be turned into a feudal right. And the noise and outcry became so great that a man could not hear what his fellow said. Then the Duke went aside, for the noise displeased him, and sent for the barons one by one, and spoke to each one of the greatness of the enterprise, and that if they would double their service, and do freely more than their due, it should be well for them, and that he would never make it a custom, nor require of them any service more than was the usage of the country, and such as their ancestors had paid to their lord. Then each one said he would do it, and he told how many ships he could bring, and the Duke had them all written down in brief. Bishop Odo, his brother, brought him forty ships, and the Bishop of Le Mans prepared thirty, with their mariners and pilots. And the Duke prayed his neighbours of Brittany, Anjou, and Maine, Ponthieu, and Boulogne, to aid him in this business; and he promised them lands if England were conquered, and rich gifts and large pay. Thus from all sides came soldiers to him.

Then he showed the matter to his lord the King of France, and he sought him at St. Germer, and found him there; and he said that if he would aid him, so that by his aid he won his right, he would hold England from him and serve him for it. But the King answered that he would not aid him, neither with his will should he pass the sea; for the French prayed him not to aid him, saying he was too strong

already, and that if he let him add riches from over the sea to his lands of Normandy and all his good knights, there would never be peace. 'And when England shall be conquered,' said they, 'you will hear no more of his service. He pays little service now, but then it will be less. The more he has, the less he will do.'

So the Duke took leave of the King, and came away in a rage, saying, 'Sir, I go to do the best I can, and if God will that I gain my right you shall see me no more but for evil. And if I fail, and the English can defend themselves, my children shall inherit my lands, and thou shalt not conquer them. Living or dead, I fear no menace.'

Then he prayed to the Count of Flanders, as his friend and brother-in-law, to come and aid him; and the Count answered that he would know first how much he should have of England, and what part it would be. And to that the Duke answered that he would take counsel of his barons, and send him answer by letter. But when he came home he did a thing such as was never done before; for he took a little piece of parchment on which was neither writing nor letter, and he sealed it up, all blank as it was, and wrote outside that he would give him as much of England as was written within. And he gave it to a servant who had been long with him, and he brought it to the Count. And the Count broke the seal and spread open the parchment, and looked within; but when he found nothing, he showed it to the messenger. And the servant answered courteously,

'There is nothing within: nothing will you have.' I know not what the Count answered, but the servant took his leave.

Then the Duke sent to Rome clerks that were skilled in speech, and they told the Pope how Harold had sworn falsely, and that Duke William promised that if he conquered England he would hold it of St. Peter. And the Pope sent him a standard and a very precious ring, and underneath the stone there was, it is said, a hair of St. Peter's. And about that time there appeared a great star shining in the south with very long rays, such a star as is seen when a kingdom is about to have a new king. I have spoken with many men who saw it, and those who are cunning in the stars call it a comet.

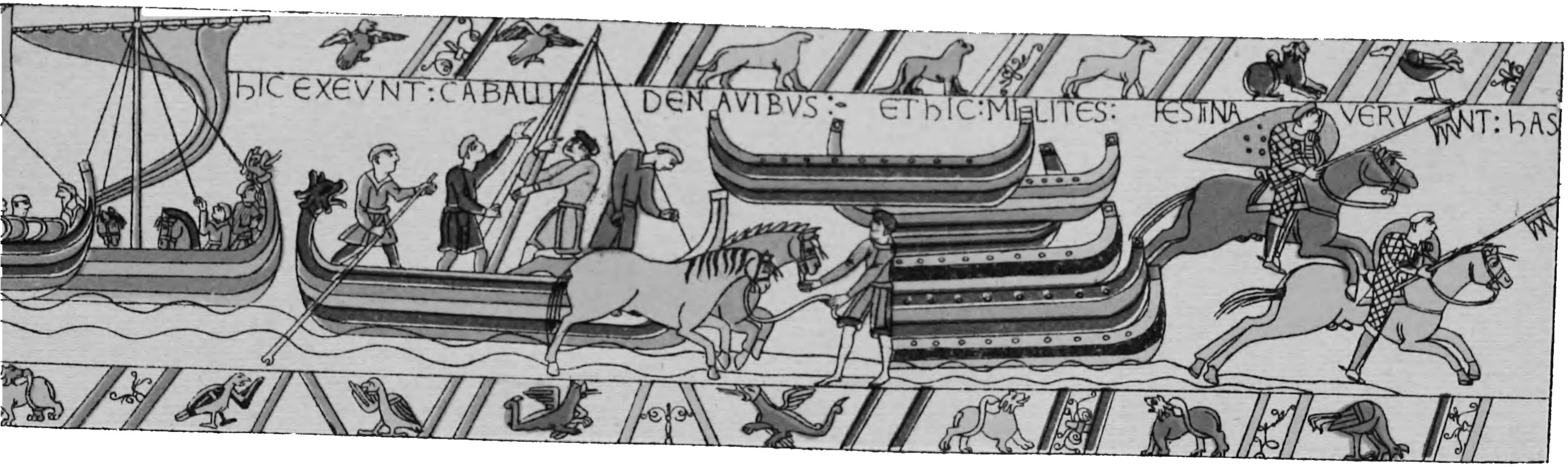
Then the Duke called together carpenters and shipbuilders, and in all the ports of Normandy there was sawing of planks and carrying of wood, spreading of sails and setting up of masts, with great labour and industry. Thus all the summer long and through the month of August they made ready the fleet and assembled the men; for there was no knight in all the land, nor any good sergeant, nor archer, nor any peasant of good courage of age to fight whom the Duke did not summon to go with him to England.

When the ships were ready they were anchored in the Somme at St. Valery, and there came men to the Duke from many parts. There came Hamon, the Viscount of Thouars, a man of great power, and served by many; and Alan Fergant, who had great lands in Brittany; and Bertran FitzPeleit, and the

Lord of Dinan, and Raoul of Gael. And there came many a Breton from many a castle, and they of Brecheliant, of which the Bretons tell that there is a forest there, great and large, and much famed in Brittany, where the fountain of Berenton rises. There in times of great heat the hunters go, and, filling their horns with the water, pour it out on the rock, and then it rains all around the forest, I know not why. And there, too, fairies may be seen, if the Bretons speak the truth, and many other marvels; and it is wild with great plenty of large stags, but the peasant has forsaken it. There I went once seeking marvels, and I saw the forest and the land, and sought for marvels, but found none; a fool I went, and a fool returned.

And as the renown of the Duke went abroad there came to him soldiers one by one, or two by two, and the Duke kept them with him, and promised them much. And some asked for lands in England, and others pay and large gifts. But I will not write down what barons, knights, and soldiers, the Duke had in his company, but I have heard my father say (I remember it well, though I was but a boy) that there were seven hundred ships save four when they left St. Valery—ships, and boats, and little skiffs. But I found it written (I know not the truth) that there were three thousand ships carrying sails and masts.

And at St. Valery they tarried long for a favourable wind, and the barons grew weary with waiting; and they prayed those of the convent to bring out to the camp the shrine of St. Valery, and they came to



THE NORMAN KNIGHTS LANDING IN ENGLAND.

HANHART LITH.

it and prayed that they might cross the sea, and they offered money till all the holy body was covered with it, and the same day there sprang up a favourable wind. Then the Duke put a lantern on the mast of his ship, that the other ships might see it and keep their course near, and an ensign of gilded copper on the top, and at the head of the ship, which mariners call the prow, there was a child made of copper holding a bow and arrow, and he had his face toward England, and seemed about to shoot.

Thus the ships came to a port, and they all arrived together and anchored together, and they ran them together on the beach, and together they all disembarked. And it was near Hastings, and the ships lay side by side. And the good sailors, and sergeants, and esquires sprang out, and cast the anchors, and fastened the ships with ropes; and they brought out their shields and saddles, and led forth the horses. The archers were the first to come to land, every one with his bow bent and his quiver and arrows by his side, all shaven and dressed in short tunics, ready for battle, and of good courage; and they searched all the beach, but no armed man could they find. When they were issued forth, then came the knights in armour, with helmet laced and shield on neck, and together they came to the sand and mounted their war-horses; and they had their swords at their sides, and rode with lances raised. The barons had their standards and the knights their pennons. After them came the carpenters, with their axes in their hands and their tools hanging by their side. And when

they came to the archers and to the knights they took counsel together, and brought wood from the ships and fastened it together with bolts and bars, and before the evening was well come they had made themselves a strong fort. And they lighted fires and cooked food, and the Duke and his barons and knights sat down to eat; and they all ate and drank plentifully, and rejoiced that they were come to land.

Now before the Duke was departed from the Somme there came to him a clerk learned in astronomy and necromancy, and he esteemed himself a seer, and foretold many things. And he had foretold to the Duke that he would pass the sea safely, and accomplish his design without fighting, for Harold would agree to hold the land of the Duke, and to become his liegeman, and that he would return in safety. He divined well about the passage, but about the battle he lied. And when the Duke had passed over, and was arrived safely, he remembered the seer, and asked for him. And one of his sailors answered that he was missing, and that it was said he had been drowned by the way. 'Then,' said the Duke, 'his knowledge was not great; he could not prophesy truly of me who knew not his own fate. If he knew the truth of everything, he would have foreseen his death. He is a fool who would fix the end of another and knows not his own time, but takes care for others and forgets himself.'

When the Duke came forth of his ship he fell on his hands to the ground, and there rose a great cry, for all said it was an evil sign; but he cried aloud,

'Lords, I have seized the land with my two hands, and will never yield it. All is ours.' Then a man ran to land and laid his hand upon a cottage, and took a handful of the thatch, and returned to the Duke. 'Sir,' said he, 'take seizin of the land; yours is the land without doubt.'

Then the Duke commanded the mariners to draw all the ships to land, and pierce holes in them, and break them to pieces, for they should never return by the way they had come.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

IN the year of our Lord 1138, King Stephen being occupied in the south country, the King of the Scots gathered together an innumerable host, not of those only who owned his rule, but also not a few from the islands and from the Orkneys. With great ferocity and audacity he entered into the land of England, purposing either to subdue to his authority all the north of England, or to devastate it with fire and sword.

But the Archbishop Thurstan and Walter Espec roused the leaders beyond the Humber, and they, coming together, covenanted to resist him with force Therefore they assembled an army, few, indeed, in numbers, but strong in arms and valiant men, and, gathering together in a wide field near Allerton with the royal ensign, which is commonly called the Standard, waited to receive the enemy. For Thurstan, the archbishop, had sent his edict throughout his whole diocese, commanding that all who could go to war should gather hastily to the leaders to defend the Church of Christ against the barbarian host, and that from every parish they should come, led by the

priests with the cross and the holy ensigns. In the southern army among the leaders there was William, Earl of Albemarle, young but valiant, and well exercised in arms, having with him many soldiers, and being not less excellent in military astuteness than in courage. And there was Walter de Ghent, in extreme old age, a gentle and good man, himself leading his Flemings and Normans, and encouraging the people much by his wisdom and the weight of his words. Neither was Gilbert de Lacy slow to come; and he, having lived long in exile in King Henry's time, had grown used to toil and hardship, and in this time of necessity remained unmoved. And Robert de Bruce, though he was in friendship with the King of the Scots, failed not the people in this extremity, but came to this place with his young son Adam and a company of brave youths. And so fervently were all men moved to resist the Scots that there came Roger de Mowbray, who was but a lad, to be with the army, though it would have been more proper for him at his age to have remained at home. And with him assembled all the men of his lands with such zeal and devotion that neither in wisdom, courage, nor numbers, did they seem inferior to the rest, so that the little age of their lord seemed no loss to any of the army.

And there was Walter Espec, an old man and full of days, acute in mind, prudent in counsel, modest in peace, wary in war, ever loyal to the King and faithful to his friends. He was a man of great stature, with mighty limbs and thick black hair and beard, and a voice like a trumpet, and he was great and ready in

speech. He came of noble race, and was noble in deeds of Christian piety.

Then he, being held in honour by the whole army on account of his age and wisdom, ascending the machine which was constructed round the royal ensign, encouraged the dejected and animated the eager. 'Hear me, oh, brave men!' he said, 'for I have lived long and seen many wars and changes of time. I see many of you wavering and hesitating, fearing greatly that our little company will be swallowed up by the great host of the Scots; but victory depends not on multitudes, but on strength and a good cause. Therefore, considering what a cause, what a necessity brings us here to fight against such enemies, I stand intrepid, as secure of victory as of battle. Why should we despair of victory when victory has, as it were, been given in fief to our race by the Highest? Did not our ancestors, in small numbers, invade a large part of Gaul, erasing even the name? Did not our fathers and we, in short space, subdue this island, which cost the victorious Julius many years of hard fighting? We have seen with our own eyes the King of France and all his army turn their backs, and the greatest leaders of his kingdom led captive. Who subdued Apulia, Sicily, and Calabria? Did not both the emperors flee before the Normans almost on the same day and hour, one fighting against the father and the other against the son? And who would not rather laugh than fear at having to fight with half-naked Scots? These are they who yielded without resistance when William, conqueror of English and

Scots, advanced to Abernethy? What are their spears that they should terrify us so greatly? Of fragile wood and blunt iron, they break in piercing, and are scarce strong enough for one thrust. Save for a stick, the Scots are unarmed. And shall we fear numbers? The greater the numbers the greater the glory of conquest. And for what a cause do we fight! None will deny us the right of fighting for our country, for our wives and children, and for our Church in such extreme peril. Remember what befell beyond the Tyne, and hope for nothing better if the Scots conquer. I will not speak of the slaughter and rapine, such as no history related of the cruellest tyrants. No order, no age, no sex, were spared. Noble boys and girls were carried away captive, and little children borne on the points of spears by the men of Galloway, churches entered and polluted. You have to fight not with men, but with beasts, who know no humanity nor piety, whom Heaven abhors and the earth abominates, and who would have been swallowed up by the earth, or struck down by lightning, or drowned in the sea, but that they are reserved for you to conquer. Then let us join battle with assured minds, for ours is the just cause; our hands are stronger, necessity, glory urge us, Divine aid will be ours, and all the heavenly host will fight for us.' Then he turned him to the Earl of Albemarle, and taking him by the hand, 'I swear,' said he, 'this day to conquer the Scots, or fall by the hands of the Scots.'

And all the leaders bound themselves by a like

vow. And that all hope of flight should be entirely taken away, they dismounted to fight on foot, and all the horses were removed to a distance, for they desired either to conquer or die.

In the meanwhile the King of the Scots, having assembled his earls and the chief leaders of his kingdom, began to hold counsel with them; and some advised that armed men and bowmen should go before the army, so that armed men might be opposed to armed men, soldiers to soldiers, and bowmen to bowmen. But to that the men of Galloway replied, that it was their right to hold the front rank and first attack the enemy, animating the rest of the host by their valour. But others thought it perilous thus to make the first attack with unarmed men, for if not sustaining the force of the battle, the first line should take to flight, the hearts of the strong would melt. Nevertheless the men of Galloway demanded that their right should be conceded to them. 'What fearest thou, O King? and why art thou so greatly terrified at those coats of mail? Our sides are iron, our breasts brass, our minds are free from fear, and our feet have never known flight, nor our backs a wound. We bore away the victory from the armed men at Cliderhou, and this day will we overthrow the spearmen.'

But perceiving that the King leaned to the counsel of the soldiers, Malis, Earl of Strathearn, cried out in anger, 'Wilt thou, O King, yield to the will of the Gauls? but I swear that no man in armour shall this day precede me in the battle.' At which words the

young Alan de Percy, a strong man and well proved in military matters, restraining his anger with difficulty, turned him to the Earl and said, 'Thou hast spoken words this day which thou wilt not be able to make good.' Then the King, bidding them both be silent, lest a tumult should have arisen from the altercation, yielded to the will of the men of Galloway.

The second line being given to the King's son, he set the soldiers and bowmen in array with great skill, the Cumbrians and men of Teviotdale being joined with them. And the youth was handsome in person and proper in demeanour, of so great humility that he seemed inferior to all, of so great authority that he was feared by all, gentle and affable, so that he was beloved by all; decorous in manners, sober in speech, honest in all things, devout, apt to speak, benevolent to the poor, firm against evil-doers, a monk among kings and a king among monks. He was also of such valour that there was none like him in attack or in sustaining an attack, swift in pursuit, fierce in repelling, slow in flight. There was joined with him Eustace FitzJohn, one of the great leaders of England who had been familiar with the late King Henry, a man of great prudence and counsel in secular matters, who had forsaken the king of the English because an accusation having been brought against him concerning some castles that Henry had given him he was compelled to restore them, on which account he joined the enemy to take his revenge.

In the third line were the men of Lothian and the Isles, and the Highlanders. The King retained in his

own line the Scots and the men of Moray, and English and French knights to guard his person. Such was the array of the northern army.

The little company of the southerners was ordered with great skill in one body. For, the most valiant men-at-arms being placed in front, there were mixed with them lancers and bowmen, who, protected by the armed men, might securely and fiercely meet the enemy's attack; and the elder leaders assembled round the standard, that they might thence command the army. Then shields were joined to shield side to side, lances with pennons unfurled were raised, the coats-of-mail glittered in the sun, and the priests, clad in their sacred white garments, went round the army with crosses and relics of saints, strengthening and animating the men with their exhortations.

Then Robert de Bruce, a man of great age and of great deeds, grave in manners and of rare speech, whose words were with weight, who, while he was by oath one of the King of England's men, had in youth joined the King of the Scots, and been admitted to familiar friendship with him,—he, therefore, a man of military experience and well known in such matters, seeing the peril which hung over the King, moved by his ancient friendship, went, with the leave of the confederate leaders, to the King, that he might dissuade him from war, or persuade him to wage it more lawfully. When, therefore, he was come to the King, he spake thus, saying, 'I come, O King, to give thee good counsel, useful to thy kingdom and to thy posterity; for he is wise who looks not only to the

beginning, but to the results of deeds. Against whom dost thou fight this day? Is it not against the English and the Normans? And have they not often aided thee? Nay, wilt thou be safe from the Scots without their aid? With whose aid did thy brother Duncan, son of Donald, overcome his enemies? Who restored thy brother Edgar to his kingdom? Thou thyself obtainedst the portion of land which thy dying brother left thee from thy brother Alexander through our terror. And remember how but the year past there came to thy aid against thine enemy Malcolm, gladly and swiftly, Walter Espec, and other English leaders, and overcame him and delivered him into thine hand; and, in truth, the Scots hate us because we have served and aided thee. Forbear then, O King, for thine own sake, and for thy kingdom's sake, and, above all, for the sake of thy noble young son. Why dost thou join in the sins of wicked men, at whose hands will be required the slaughter of babes and women, and the sacrilege of holy things; against whom the blood, not of one Abel, but of innumerable innocent victims, cries from the ground? Declare thou that these deeds are done against thy will. For there is opposed to thee no contemptible army, but one as much superior to thine in arms and good soldiers as it is inferior to thine in numbers. And thou knowest, O King, the courage of despair. If thou conquer, we die certainly: we, and our little ones, and our wives; and our priests will be murdered at the altar. But we are resolved to conquer or to die gloriously; and none of us doubts of

victory. Therefore, I mourn, I weep, because for my dear lord, my friend, my old companion, in whose friendship I have grown old, whose generous munificence I have known, with whom I played in boyhood, and in whose dangers I have shared, there remains nothing but death or a shameful flight.'

He ceased, his voice choked with tears and grief; and the King was moved to tears and instantly would have made peace. But William, the King's nephew, a man strong of will and bent on war, came between them, and with great fury accusing Robert of treason, moved the King from his purpose. Robert, therefore, delaying no longer, according to the manner of his country, renounced the faith by which he was bound to the King, and returned to his men—not without grief.

Then, straightway, the northern army advanced with lances raised, and with the shrill blast of clarion and trumpets and the clash of arms, the heavens and the earth trembled, and mountain and hill resounded.

In the meantime, Radulph, Bishop of the Orkneys, whom Archbishop Thurstan had sent to them, standing on a high place, gave absolution to the people, who, beating their breasts and lifting up their hands, prayed to Heaven for aid; and absolution being pronounced, the Bishop blessed them solemnly. And the people cried aloud, 'Amen! amen!'

Then the men of Galloway, uttering after their manner yells and horrible cries, ran upon the southern army with such fury that they forced the spearmen to give way; but they, being supported by the soldiers,

soon recovered their courage, and the lances of the Scots proving of delusive brittleness, they drew their swords and sought to fight hand to hand. But the southerners poured upon them a dense rain of arrows, and assailed them with such a ceaseless shower of missiles in their breasts and faces, that they retarded their attack. Nevertheless, the men of Galloway, bristling with arrows as the hedgehog with its spines, brandishing their swords, fell in blind fury upon their enemies, striking vain blows upon the empty air. Then, suddenly overcome by a panic of fear, they dissolved into flight; when the King's noble young son, coming up with his company, with lion-like fury broke the southern lines like cobweb, and cutting down all who opposed, swept beyond the royal standard, supposing himself to be followed by the rest of the army, and that he might make it impossible for the enemy to escape, he attacked the place where the horses were stationed, dispersed them and drove them away for a space of two miles. Terrified by the force of this attack, the unarmed men began to give way; but a certain wise man, holding up the head of a man that had been slain, cried out that the King was slain; and thus they were encouraged and stood firm.

Then the men of Galloway, being unable to stand longer before the shower of arrows and the swords of the soldiers, turned to flee, two of their leaders, Ulric and Donald, being slain. And the men of Lothian, scarce waiting for the first attack, melted away. Thereupon the King and the leaders, leaping from

their horses, advanced upon the enemy. But the Scots, panic-struck at the flight of the others, began to drop away from the royal troop, until, in a short time, there were but few left round the King. Then the army of the English advanced upon them, and the King himself, and all his men, would have been taken or slain, if his soldiers, having vainly implored him to flee, had not lifted him upon his horse and compelled him to retire. And those who were fleeing, seeing the royal ensign, which being a dragon was easily recognised, and perceiving that the King had not fallen, returned to him and formed a body to oppose those who were pursuing.

In the meantime, that flower of youth and glory of chivalry—the King's son—looking behind him, saw himself with but few men in the midst of the enemy. Then, turning him to one of his companions, he said, smiling, 'We have done what we could, and certainly we have overcome as many as ourselves, and it is a sign of a great mind not to be broken in adverse fortune, and when we cannot overcome by strength to do so by prudence. Therefore, let us divide one from another, and join ourselves to the enemy, as if we were pursuing with them, that so we may pass them by, and get as soon as possible to my father, whom I see yielding to necessity.' This said, spurring his horse he passed through the midst of his enemies, and having issued beyond, slackened his horse's speed. Then he, with his knights, throwing away their heavy armour, came to a poor cottage, and, calling out the peasant, he took off his princely

chain, and casting it at the man's feet, said, 'Take what is a burden to me, but may help you in your need.'

And the King, having put a distance between himself and his enemies, gathered a company and set them again in array, hoping to capture some who were pursuing, that thus he might deter others from attacking; and he came to Carlisle, and there, being in safety himself, he awaited his son in great fear for two days, but the third day he received him safe and sound.

And the English leaders pursuing far, took prisoners and killed great numbers, both of the Scots and the men of Galloway; and all the English leaders returned safe and uninjured, and gathering round Walter Espec, whom they venerated as their captain and father, gave great thanks to Almighty God for such an unhoped-for victory.

CHAPTER III.

KING WILLIAM THE LION.

How the young King Henry went away to the King of France, and how the Breton barons rebelled against their King.

THE King of England called his barons together, and caused his son to be crowned king, and made the King of Albany and all his barons do homage to him, saying,—'God curse all who would part you, or break the love between you. Stand by my son, and aid him against all the world, saving my seigniory.'

But between him and his son there grew up a deadly hatred, which cost many a gentle knight his life, for when he could not have his will, because of his father, he went away secretly, and passed over the Loire, and would tarry neither for meat and drink till he came to St. Denis, and recounted all to the King of France. Then there was held a great assembly, and Philip of Flanders and Matthew of Boulogne were summoned; and the Count of Flanders encouraged the King to go to war with the King of England. And Count Thibault rose

from his seat and said, 'Gentle King of St. Denis, I am your liegeman by faith and homage, and am ready to serve you for forty days; and I will do to King Henry such damage as shall not be restored all his life, nor shall he rest until he have given back his heritage to the young King, his son.'

And the King and his barons agreed, and they sent messengers to defy King Henry; and the host of France was summoned in the month of April, at Easter. King Henry rode against them with ten thousand Brabançons, and many a gentle knight of Anjou and Gascony.

The host of France that Louis led was great, for the son took great pains to destroy his father, and trusted to lead him vanquished and a prisoner to St. Denis; but the King, his father, vowed that he should see many a banner, and many a costly horse, and gaily painted shield, and many a bold joust fought out, ere he would yield himself recreant and conquered. But the lord of England was heavy at heart, because his son, whom he nourished in child-hood, made war upon him; yet would he rather die than give his son the power while he could wield sword or lance. And he went against Louis, the mighty King of France, and Count Philip, and his brother, the valiant knight Matthew. And God aided the father that day, and Count Matthew of Boulogne received a mortal wound, and the blood ran down to his gilt spurs, and his brother sorrowed greatly, and swore that his wrath against King Henry should never be appeased.

And with the French and Flemings opposed to King Henry rode the Earl of Leicester and all his three sons, and the lord of Tancarville at the head of a hundred knights. But, by my troth, I know not why his vassals demeaned them so towards him, for he was the most honourable and victorious king that had ever reigned in any land since the time of Moses, excepting only the King Charles, with Oliver and Roland, and the twelve companions.

Then rode Count Philip through the land of Normandy, wasting it by wood and plain; and the barons of Brittany submitted to the young King's command, which when King Henry heard, he was much grieved. 'Lords,' said he to his knights, 'nothing in my life has vexed me so sore; I am mad with rage that the barons of Brittany should have gone against me, and joined those who hate me to the death, King Louis of France and my eldest son, who would disinherit me. I am not yet so old that I should lose my lands because of my great age. But Raoul of Fougeres has rebelled against me, and Earl Hugh of Chester has joined with him; but for no cost of gold will I fail to follow them to their fortresses, and against such enemies craft is better than war.'

Then his knights hastened, and leaving the palace seized their arms, clad themselves in hauberks and breastplates, and laced on their helmets, and took up their Viennese shields. And King Henry, as he rode out of the town at the head of his knights in array, cried, 'It will be evil for the traitors to meet

us in the fields!' Then his men rode to Dol in Brittany.

And the men in the castle looked out, and saw William de Humet coming with the banner, and the Brabançons behind; and they went to Sir Raoul and cried, 'See the host of Normandy which is coming upon us! Normans are good conquerors, as we hear in every tale. The young king has betrayed us. How can we defend ourselves?'

And Sir Raoul replied, 'He who has good counsel let him speak. But let us not be dishonoured, nor the land ravaged. The castle is not strong, let us issue forth and assail them.' So they came out to the plain and joined battle with William de Humet and his company. There was no knight of name who did not break a lance, but each one who would joust found his match, and the Breton barons were driven back into their fortresses. No mangonel nor engine for stones would have helped them, but the war which they had begun cost them dear. For a messenger on a black horse rode to King Henry at Rouen, and when he heard of the discomfiture of his enemies he came with haste to Dol. And his coming sent fear into his enemies, and for lack of victual they rendered them up into his power.

'My lords,' said King Henry, 'my son takes rent by force from all my fiefs, and it does not seem right to me that it should be paid to him. They of Flanders are against me. Aid me, lords, to guard my rights. Earl Hugh of Chester take along with you. As for Raoul of Fougeres, I let him go free

in his lands, if he will give me his faith; but if he ever rebel against me again he shall hold in Brittany neither fief nor heritage. Now, lords, to horse; my son is in battle array. Let us go and pay him his rent with our swords and sharp darts.' And his knights were glad, and rejoiced at his words, but the Earl of Chester mourned, fearing never to be loosed from prison.

How King William raised an army, and entered Northumberland.

Then King Louis wrote a letter, and sealed it with a ring, and called before him the messengers of the young king; and they having received the letter, traversed the salt sea, passed forests and plains, and came to Scotland; and finding the King, presented the writing to him, on the part of the young King Henry; and in the letter was written,—

'To the King of Scotland, William the Good, King Henry the younger sends you love, and bids you remember him who is your lord. I marvel much that so rich a king, and a man of thy valour, with such force of men, gives me no aid in warring against my father. I will give thee the lands that thy ancestors held, the lands beyond Tyne. I know no better under the heavens; and Carlisle will I give, that none may be able to oppose thee in Westmoreland, if thou wilt aid me against those who hold my lands.'

Then the King of Scotland had great searchings of heart when he heard how the young king claimed his homage against all people, and how he would give him the lands that all the kings of Scotland had

held, for he owed homage to the old king, the father, also, and true allegiance; neither were it right that he should destroy his land.

Then he called together his parliament, and told them of the letter of the young king, and he said, 'I will send messengers to the father in Normandy, that he give me back the part of my inheritance, Northumberland, which he withholds from me; and if he refuse to give it me, I owe him no longer either faith or friendship.'

To that answered the Earl Duncan, 'The old king is reasonable, seek not occasion to do him outrage. Fair words are better than menaces. He who holds not so, seeks his own death and confusion. If he give you your rights you will serve him as his liegeman.'

Thus spake Earl Duncan wisely, and the counsel pleased the King and his barons; and the messengers departed, and spurred their horses, and rode with slack reins over the great paved roads. And they came to Normandy, and found the old King Henry, and gave him the letters of the King of Scotland. And Friar William Dolepene said to the King, 'I am a messenger from the King of Scotland, your kinsman, who should be dear to you. Within a month he will come to you with a thousand armed knights, and thirty thousand unarmed men, against your enemies; neither will he ask of you a penny, so you will grant him his rights, and chiefly Northumberland; but if you will not, but will disinherit him, he gives you back your homage.'

When the King heard this demand, he made answer to the messenger, 'Say to the King of Scotland I fear nothing from the war that I have with my son, neither do I fear the King of France and his men, nor the Count of Flanders. I will make them lament the war they have begun. But say to his brother David, my kinsman, that he come to me with all the men he has, and I will give him lands, and all that he desires.'

So the messengers departed from Normandy, and traversed England, and came into Albany; and there was none that harmed them from Dover to Orkney, but soon will there be such tales of war as shall make many weep.

'God save thee, sir King of Scotland! I am returned from the King of England. Much he marvels at you. He held you for a wise man, and no child in age, and you demand his land as your inheritance, as if he were a bird in a cage. He is no fugitive nor outlaw, but the King of England; nor will he give you increase of land.'

And when the hot-blooded young knights heard that, they swore great oaths, and said, 'If you do not make war on this king, who shames you so, you are not worthy to hold land nor lordship, but should serve the son of Matilda.'

But there was not there Ingelram, the Bishop, neither did Earl Waltheof counsel war—he knew well it was folly; but the King, led away by foolish men, answered him in anger, 'Your cowardice will not prevent the war. You have treasure enough

—defend your lands; but if you will not give aid, you shall not have of the spoil the value of a clove of garlic.' But the Earl answered, 'I am your liegeman, and so were my kinsmen. But trust not in strangers, for if you prosper they will gain; but if you lose they cannot suffer. Nevertheless, I will not fail you while I live.'

Then the King sent messengers to Flanders to the young King Henry, to promise him aid, and to pray him to send to him Flemings with ships. And they departed and came to Berwick, and entered into barges, and hoisted their sails, and went on the high sea; for they cared not to coast along England, for those who were friends were now become their mortal enemies. And they found their lord with King Louis of France and Count Philip. And Count Philip gave counsel and said, 'Pledge your faith to the King of Scotland, and bid him make war on your enemies, and waste their land with fire and destroy it utterly. Within fifteen days we will give him aid from Flanders.' And King Louis agreed, and the messengers returned to their own land.

And every man encouraged his neighbour, and said, 'Let us go and take the Castle of Wark in England.' And all boasted of the victory that was promised them. And the King of Scotland assembled his army, and there came men from Ross and Moray, and the Earl of Angus came with three thousand Scots; and there were assembled such a multitude of naked men as had not been seen for many ages.

So King William came to Wark in England, which was a castle in the marches, and he sent to the constable to know if he would hold it or yield it up. Now the constable was Roger de Stuteville, no lover of treason, but he saw that his force was not enough to stand against the host of Scotland, and he lamented with tears the fallen power of his King. Then, in his wisdom, he came before the King of Scotland, and prayed for forty days' space, that he might send sealed letters across sea or go himself and tell his lord that all his people were given up to destruction. And King William, seeing his great sadness, granted his request. And the wise knight went himself to England and prayed for succour, and within the term appointed he led back such a host that he gave full leave to the King of Scotland to attack him.

So the King William said to his knights, 'Let us go through Northumberland; there is none to oppose us, for the Bishop of Durham tells me by letters that he wishes to be at peace. Let us go to Alnwick, and if William de Vesci will yield up his father's castle I will let him go without loss of limb.' So they came to Alnwick, but William de Vesci being prepared to defend it, they made no long stay, but departed and came to Warkworth. Roger Fitz-Richard had it in ward, but it was weak, and he could not hold it. But he was Lord of New Castle on Tyne, and would make no peace with the King of Scotland. And the King came against him with his armed men and his naked tribes; but the barons loved their lord, and held it

PITCHING THE CAMP.

better to die or lose their heritage than suffer shame. Then the King William saw well that he could not conquer New Castle by storm; but his counsellors said, 'Be not downcast, but let the host be ready early in the morning, and let us go to Carlisle and conquer it. When Robert de Vaux sees so many shields and Poitevin helmets he will wish himself a bishop.' But King William answered, 'May I be for ever put to shame if I make terms with Odonel, for as long as Castle Prudhoe stands we shall never have peace in Scotland.' And he bade them pitch his tents before it; but his barons refused to aid him, saying, 'Carlisle is the hardest to secure of all your rights. Go, then, and conquer the chief place; lay siege to it, and make your host swear not to depart from it until it has been set on fire and the walls pulled down with pickaxes and Robert de Vaux hanging on a high gallows. He cannot long resist you.' And to this counsel the King agreed.

So on the morrow, when day appeared, the trumpets sounded, and King William and all his barons and his host set out on their march. Now the King of Scotland understood how to make war on his enemies and to do them hurt and damage, but he turned too much to new counsels, and cherished strangers, holding them dear, but his own people he loved not.

And having set his men in array, he assaulted the walls. Great was the noise of clanging iron and clashing steel; scarce a helmet or hauberk was left whole. That day those within showed them-

selves knights, and left many strewed round the walls with no leisure to rise. But they must aid themselves and hold their barbican, and fight for it; and they had no need of cowards, for the assault at the gates was fierce.

Then there came in haste to the King a messenger—a canon he was, and knew the language; and the King was in his pavilion, and with him his chamberlains and his friends, while the warriors stood around. And he told them how he had seen armed men and knights who were prepared to assail him before the sun rose. 'And De Lucy will be with them before midnight, and many come with him. Listen to good counsel, and go for safety to Roxburgh, for if you delay, evil will be the song that is sung of you.' But the King answered in anger, swearing by St. Andrew, 'We are safe enough here, and will not refuse to give battle, for a brave man must fight for his rights. My ancestors held this land, and I will not yield a foot of it while I live.'

But his men gave him better counsel, and prayed him to leave the siege. And he yielded, and none drew rein till they came to Roxburgh. And they rode by night as those in haste ere any assault had been made, or they had suffered damage.

How the Earl of Leicester came into England.

Thus Sir Richard de Lucy, with the English host, rode secure through the wasted and ruined country,

for whereas Northumberland had been fruitful and its people honoured, now there was great famine — all was destroyed. And he cursed the war, and thought in his heart that he would have revenge. But there came to him a messenger bearing tidings that the Earl of Leicester was come into the land, having joined with the Flemings and the French to subdue England.

Then Sir Richard de Lucy sought to make peace with the King of Scotland, but there was gone out from his host Sir Humphrey de Bohun and the barons of Northumberland, and had set on fire Berwick and all the lands around. But Sir Richard, in his wisdom, made a truce with the King of Scotland for Northumberland until the summer.

Now Earl Robert of Leicester was come into Suffolk and many Flemish gentlemen with him, and all gave way before him until he came to Dunwich. And Earl Hugh Bigod sent messengers to the men of Dunwich that they should join the Earl, but they would not assent. Then the Earl of Leicester swore he would not leave a man of them alive, and set up the gallows to put them in fear, and armed his men in haste to assail the town. But the burghers ran to their defences, and each one knew his business, shooting with bows or throwing darts, and the maidens and women carried stones to throw from the palisades. So the men of Dunwich defended themselves, and showed themselves such brave men that Earl Robert had to leave with shame.

Then at dawn of day he said to his constables,

'Bid the men mount their horses, for I will go to Norwich.' As for those who would know the truth how Norwich was taken, I was not in the country when it was besieged; but a traitor of Lorraine betrayed it, and so it was taken by surprise. There is no country worth Norfolk from here to Montpellier, no better knights nor merrier dames, except the city of London, to which there is no peer. Ah, gentle King of England, what love you owe to London and her barons! for they never failed their rightful lord, but were always first in his business. But there came messengers enough from Flanders across the sea, promising them great honours. And your son sent them letters promising to love and cherish them all the days of his life, and give them great things if they would give him aid; but they would not.

The Earl of Leicester went on wasting the land of Norfolk, having with him Flemings by hundreds and thousands; and Earl Hugh Bigod aiding him in everything. Then the Earl Ferrars sent him letters, bidding him ride through the land. 'The King of Scotland, and David his brother, and Sir Roger de Mowbray, will go to war to succour you. If you can ride to Leicester before Easter, you will be able to go as far as the Tower of London.'

And the Earl asked counsel of his knights; and his wife answered him, 'Will you fear to ride because of Humphrey de Bohun and the Earl of Arundel? The English are good boasters, but they know not how to fight; they are better at drinking and guzzling. The Earl of Gloucester is to be feared; but he has your

sister to wife, and for all the wealth of France would commit no outrage on you.'

'Dame,' said the Earl, 'I must take your counsel for the love I bear you.' And Sir Hugh du Chastel gave like counsel. And the Flemings were glad, and cried aloud, 'We came not into this land to sojourn, but to destroy the old King Henry, and get his wool!' For most of them were weavers and not knights, and came to get spoil: and the lands of St. Edmund's were rich.

The Earl of Leicester was a man of great power, but too young and childish was the courage that made him go through England robbing and destroying, with his wife armed and bearing shield and lance. But the lands of St. Edmund's had knights of great power, who armed in haste. There was Walter Fitz-Robert, and the Earl of Arundel, and Sir Humphrey de Bohun. And the Earl of Leicester saw the armed men approaching, and cried to Sir Hugh du Chastel, 'Let us go no further, but give battle here; see the helmets and the hauberks shining in the sun. Bear yourselves as knights, and woe be to the man who flees first!'

Then was Walter Fitz-Robert the first to attack, and fell upon the Flemings fiercely; but they were more than he by hundreds and by thousands, and they drove him back with his men. And he cried to the Earl for aid, and he came on fiercely with a great oath; and Roger Bigod also, nor was Hugh de Cressi wanting. Robert Fitz-Bernard made great slaughter of the strangers, and they gathered little wool that

day; but the crows and buzzards came down upon their dead bodies. Better would have been for them to have stayed in Flanders.

The Earl of Leicester and Sir Hugh du Chastel were helpless in the crowd. My lady the Countess met with a ditch, in which she was nearly drowned; and lost her rings in the mud. They will never be found again, I trow. She desired drowning rather than life; but Simon de Vahille raised her up, saying, 'Lady, come with me; so goes the fortune of war—now gaining, and now losing!' And Earl Robert was dismayed, and turned pale when he saw his wife taken, and his companions killed by hundreds and by thousands. And Sir Humphrey de Bohun and the Earl of Arundel took him and Hugh du Chastel, and the villagers of the country came destroying the Flemings with forks and flails; as the knights knocked them down, the peasants slew them, throwing them into the ditches by forties and fifties, and hundreds and thousands.

Thus Earl Robert was discomfited, and England made more secure; but the Flemings' lot was hard.

How King William of Scotland came again into England.

Then, in May, when the grass was growing green, came David of Scotland into the land, a gentle knight, who hurt not priest, nor robbed church nor abbey; but the King of Scotland had given him Lennox and Huntingdon to be his man, to fight against King Henry. And he came with helmets and

hauberks, and many fine shields; and the Earl of Leicester's men sent to him and prayed him to come to their castle. And he came, and won him honour and renown.

After Easter, the King of Scotland returned to waste Northumberland, and Roger de Stuteville had strengthened Wark; so the King by night arrayed many knights and sent them to Bamborough Castle, and they did marvellous damage, for the people were asleep in their beds. And they came to the town of Belford and assailed it, and scattered themselves over the country, seizing the sheep and burning the towns, and binding and dragging away the peasants, while the women fled miserably to the minster. And they returned to Berwick with great spoil of cattle and horses, fine cows and sheep and lambs, and cloth and jewels.

So the King summoned all the knights of his land, for he would lay siege to Wark; because he had with him Flemings and archers, and good machines for throwing stones, and slingers and cross-bowmen. But Roger was not dismayed, and he had more than twenty knights with him, the best that ever lord had, and he had strengthened his house.

Then, on a Monday morning, the Flemings began the assault, and with marvellous boldness came within the ditches, and they fought hand to hand, all mingled together; shields and bucklers breaking, pennons waving, the wounded Flemings turning back from the portcullis, or borne away never to cry 'Arras!' again. The assault lasted long, and Roger encour-

aged his men and exhorted them, saying, 'Shoot not your arrows too often, for they are without, and rich in arms; but we are shut up here, so spare your arms, but when you see the time, defend yourselves like knights!'

Then the King, seeing that nothing was gained, bade them bring near the great engine for casting stones to break down the gate. But, behold the first stone that was cast fell backwards, and brought to the ground one of their own knights, that, but for his armour, he would never have returned home. Then the King, full of rage and fury, would have set fire to the castle, but the wind was contrary; so, having watched all night, at dawn of day he made his earls and barons assemble, and said, 'Gentle knights, let us leave this siege, for we can do nothing, and have gained great loss; burn down your huts and fold up your tents, and let all the host return to Roxburgh.'

And when Sir Roger heard the noise of their departure, and saw them going away towards Roxburgh, he said to his men, 'Rail not at them, nor cry, nor shout; but let us praise God our Father, that He has delivered our lives from such a proud host.' So there were no reproaches, nor insults, but songs and glad rejoicings; for none were slain or wounded within the castle. But the King was sore at heart, and swore a great oath that he would not give up the war, though he should lose his kingdom.

Then came Roger de Mowbray to the King, having left his castles in the care of his two eldest sons, and prayed the King to come against royal

Carlisle, and with him Sir Adam de Port, and they were the best knights in the world. And the King was glad, and went with all his host against fair Carlisle, the strong city. And they came where they could see it in its beauty, with the walls and turrets shining in the sun. And there was trembling in the city; but Robert de Vaux encouraged them.

And the King sent Roger, and Adam, and Walter de Berkeley to the town to Sir Robert de Vaux, saying, 'Yield up to me the castle, for there is none to succour thee; and if thou wilt not thou shalt lose thy head, and thy children shall die, and all thy friends and kinsmen will I exile.' So they came to Sir Robert, and he leant on a battlement, clad in a hauberk with a sharp sword in his hand; and the messengers summoned him to give up the castle to the King of Scotland as the rightful lord. But Sir Robert answered, 'We care not for threats nor promises; but let the King go to King Henry and complain that I hold the castle against him, and if my lord is angry with me, send me his message. Or give me respite till I cross the sea and tell my lord King Henry. If he will not, I will die here, before I surrender my lord's castle.'

So the messengers returned and told the King; and he went away and came to Appleby, where there was no guard, and took it; for the constable Gospatrick, son of Horm, an old Englishman, soon cried mercy. At that the King was much rejoiced, and swore great threats against our lord, Henry Fitz-Matilda. So they put constables and guards in the

castle, and made great rejoicings. And they went thence to Brough and besieged it on all sides, and the first day they took the portcullis, and those within withdrew to the tower. Then they set fire to it, but when the defenders saw that, they surrendered to the King. But one knight was but that day newly come, and when his companions rendered themselves up, he went back to the tower and took two shields and held the battlements long; and he threw three javelins, and with each he killed a Scot. And when they failed him he threw all he could find upon them, confounding them all, and shouting, 'You are all conquered!' But when the fire burnt his shield he was forced to surrender. So Brough was taken; at which Robert de Vaux was somewhat dismayed. And he sent a messenger to Richard de Lucy; but de Lucy encouraged him, saying, that within fifteen days he would have news of the King.

Now the Bishop of Winchester, at the prayer of de Lucy, had gone over the sea and came to King Henry, and said to him, 'Richard de Lucy and the other barons who hold to you salute you by me; but hear the truth,—there are not ten who hold to you in right loyalty.'

Then said the King, 'What is Richard de Lucy doing then? Is he on my side?'

'Yes, sire, truly; he would rather let himself be bound with cords than fail you.'

'And the Earl of Arundel,—is he with me, or making war against me?'

'Sire, he is ever foremost in all your affairs.'

'And Humphrey de Bohun,—is he fighting my enemies?'

'Sire, he is one of the most loyal to you.'

'De Stuteville, does he still hold his castle?'

'Sire, De Stutevilles are never traitors.'

'And the Bishop elect of Lincoln, can he not fight against his enemies?'

'Sire, he is truly your friend, and has knights and good soldiers enough?'

'Thomas Fitz-Bernard and his brother,—do they go with Richard de Lucy?'

'In truth, sire, if it please you, they are your good friends, and Roger Bigod, who never failed you.'

'But tell me truly of my land in the north; has not Roger de Stuteville come to terms?'

'A thousand men would die, sire, an evil death before Roger would do you wrong!'

'Ralph de Glanville,—is he at Richmond, and Sir Robert de Vaux? What do those two barons?'

Then the messenger heaved a deep sigh, and the King asked again, 'Wherefore sigh you? Is Robert de Vaux a traitor? Has he given up Carlisle?'

'Nay, he holds it nobly, like a gentle baron; but it is right to tell you of his danger. The King of Scotland came riding by Carlisle the other day, and with great threats demanded that Sir Robert de Vaux should give up the castle to him, covenanting to give him great gifts; but if he refused, he would starve them all, little and great.'

'By my faith!' said the King, 'here is a good covenant. "In little time God works," as the beg-

gar says. What did the Scot do? did he besiege Carlisle?'

'Nay, sire, if it please you, but he took Appleby and the Castle of Brough.'

'How!' said the King, 'is Appleby taken?'

'Yes, sire, in truth, and all the country round; and it has greatly rejoiced your mortal enemies. Sire, I am come from Robert de Vaux, for he can get neither wine nor corn; nor can he get aid from Richmond. If he is not succoured quickly, all will be famished, and Northumberland will be altogether wasted, and Odonel de Umfraville disinherited, and New Castle upon Tyne overwhelmed, and William de Vesci lose his lands; for the Scots, like evil spirits, overrun everything.'

Then said the King with tears and deep sighs, 'Nay, that would be an evil thing. But what does the Bishop of Durham?'

'He is agreed with King William.'

'Saint Thomas guard my kingdom!' said the King. 'But tell me, what of the barons of my city of London?'

'They are the most loyal people of your kingdom. There is none in the town of age to bear arms that is not very well armed. But Gilbert de Montfichet has fortified his castle, and says that the Clares are allied with him.'

'Then God guard my barons of London!' said the King. 'But go back, Sir Bishop, to your country. If God give me health, you shall have me in London within fifteen days, and I will take vengeance on all

my enemies.' And he summoned his people to meet him at Rouen.

So the Bishop returned, and Richard de Lucy came to ask news of the King. 'Sir,' said the Bishop, 'he is a king of worth indeed, and fears neither Flemings nor the King of St. Denis; you will see him here in fifteen days.' Then Richard de Lucy was glad, and sent to bid Robert de Vaux not to fear, for he would have succour from the King; and Robert rejoiced greatly.

How King William was taken prisoner.

Then the same day came the King of Scotland before the town and demanded that Carlisle city and tower should be given up, or he would take it by force. To that answered Robert de Vaux, 'Set me a time,—name me a day; and if the King, my lord, does not succour me, I will render up the castle.' And said King William, 'You will have no succour; I have no fear of that.' And he went to the Odonel's castle, wishing to surprise him; but the castle was newly fortified and he had good men and strong; but his people, knowing the great hatred that the King of Scotland bore him, made him go out of his castle. So, with a heavy heart, he departed. And the host of Scotland, Flemings, and Borderers, came and assailed the castle with great noise and shouting, but those within defended themselves bravely.

But Odonel rode on his hairy bay to seek for succour, and he wandered about night and day on his

good brown horse till he had got together four hundred valiant knights, with shining helmets, to succour Prudhoe with their sharp swords. And the siege lasted three days, as I know; and Odonel's good men within defended themselves so well, that their enemies gained not of the castle the worth of a silver penny; but the fields were destroyed and the gardens trampled by these evil men; and when they could do no more, it came into their minds to bark the apple-trees.

Then King William, perceiving there was no more to be done, said to his counsellors, 'Let us go to Alnwick and leave this. We will let our Scots waste the sea-coast, and woe be to them if they leave house or minster standing; and the men of Galloway shall go another way and kill the men in Odonel's lands; and we will go and besiege Alnwick, and the land shall be destroyed.' So on Friday morning the trumpets sounded and the host departed; and he came to Alnwick, and the Scots wasted and burnt all the land, and the church of St. Laurence was violated and three hundred men killed.

But Odonel rode with his proud companions, William de Stuteville and Ralph de Glanville, Sir Bernard de Baliol and William de Vesci. The Archbishop of York sent sixty knights of his retinue. And he came to New Castle upon Tyne at dead of night, and he heard news of the King of Albany that he was at Alnwick with few men, for the Scots were spread over the country, burning and wasting. Then the knights took counsel together, whether they

should attack him ; and Odonel said, 'Shame be to him who refuses ! I will be first, for he has done me great harm. If he wait for us to attack him, he will be discomfited.' And Bernard de Baliol said, 'Who has not boldness enough deserves neither honour nor lands.' And Ralph de Glanville, 'Let us be wise and send a spy to see how many they be, and we will come after.'

So Odonel called his men, and they came by night to Alnwick ; and the knights of the King of Scotland said to him, 'Northumberland is yours, whoever may laugh or weep.' But he answered, 'Let us wait for our host, and then assault the castle.' And because of the heat he took off his helmet and sat down to eat, and his servants brought him food there before the castle. But our knights were hidden by a mist, and their spy came to them, and related to them what he had seen. 'Then seize your arms!' cried Ralph de Glanville, 'and fear nothing ;' and they mounted their horses in haste, and took their arms. The King was brave, daring, and bold, and he stood unarmed before Alnwick.

I tell the tale as one who was there, for I saw it myself. And one raised the war-cry of 'Vesci,' and 'Glanville knights,' and 'Baliol' others, and Odonel and de Stuteville raised their cries. But the King, undismayed, armed himself in haste, and mounted a fleet horse, and rode to the fight. And he brought the first to the ground, and made a fierce assault ; but one rushed upon him, and with a lance pierced through his horse, and the King and his horse fell

to the ground, and the horse fell upon him, so that he could not rise, but lay unable to help himself and his men; and the battle was strong and fierce on both sides. Great slaughter was made of the Flemings, and many will never cry 'Arras!' more. But the King lay beneath his horse, and thus I, with my own eyes, saw him taken, as he surrendered to Ralph de Glanville, and all his bravest knights were taken. But our knights, loving not the Flemings, slew them all. So the King gave himself up to Ralph, for what else could he do? And Ralph was glad, for he saw that the war was at an end, and England would have peace. And he took off his armour and mounted him up on a palfrey, and led him away to New Castle upon Tyne.

Now the battle was fought well on both sides. Sir Roger de Mowbray and Sir Adam de Port fled away in haste, for all were their enemies, and if they were taken there would be no safety for them. Sir Alan de Lanceles defended himself as long as he could. He was very old, and had not jousted for thirty years; but he was taken, and will have to pay great ransom, for he was very rich. And William de Mortimer did well that day, going through the ranks like a wild boar. He met Sir Bernard de Baliol, and bore him down and his horse, and made him yield. And Raoul le Rus did well; but more than a hundred assailed him, so no marvel he surrendered, but he will pay dearly for this war. And Richard Maluvel took and gave great blows, fearing none while he was on horseback, for he had a good

horse, and he did as much as thirteen men; but he lost his horse, for it was wounded, and fell, and numbers came upon him crying, 'Surrender, quickly!' So he was forced to yield in bitterness of soul. But it would be too long to tell you of all who were taken, for there were near a hundred whom William de Vesci put to ransom, besides the prisoners of Bernard de Baliol, Walter de Bolebec, Odonel, and the others.

But it was no marvel they were discomfited, for there lay at St. Laurence the bodies of those whom the Scotch had murdered; and they had wounded and ill-treated more than a thousand, that there was weeping, and mourning, and tears. For that sin King William was that day discomfited. So he was lodged that night at New Castle, and the next day Ralph de Glanville took him and brought him to Richmond, where he should sojourn till King Henry made known his pleasure.

How the tidings were brought to King Henry.

Now the King was come by this time to England, and came to St. Thomas at Canterbury, and confessed himself a sinner and repentant, and took his penance. Then he departed and came to London; for he had great desire to see his city and his good people. But his heart was heavy for the Scotch war. But when they heard in London of his coming, each one attired himself in his richest garments, apparelling himself in rich cloth of silk, and every one had an

ambling palfrey, and issued forth of the city. Sir Henry le Blunt was the first to kiss the King's hand; but you might have gone a league while the King was receiving his barons. And he thanked them much, saying, they were very loyal men.

'Sire,' said Gervaise Suplest, 'let be; may the day never come when any can call the Londoners traitors! They would rather have their limbs cut off than commit treason.'

'Certainly,' said the King, 'they have a right to boast; and I will requite them, if they have any need of me.'

So they conveyed the King to Westminster, and rejoiced at the coming of their lord, and gave him presents, and did him honour. Yet he was sad still, because of the King of Scotland and Sir Roger de Mowbray, who were destroying his lands. But before the right time for going to bed came, there came to him glad tidings. Now, he was entered into his chamber, and was suffering much—for he had not eaten nor drunk for three days of the week, nor slept with his eyes shut, but had travelled day and night. So he was leaning on his elbow, and slumbering a little, while a servant rubbed his feet. And all was silent: there was no noise, nor any one speaking, nor harp nor viol sounding, when a messenger came to the door and called softly.

Then the chamberlain said, 'Who is there?'

'I am a messenger, friend. Sir Ralph de Glanville has sent me to speak to the King of a great matter.'

And the chamberlain said, 'Leave the matter till to-morrow.'

'By my faith!' said the messenger, 'but I must speak to him at once. My lord is sad at heart; let me enter, good chamberlain!'

But the chamberlain said, 'I dare not do it. The King is asleep.'

But at those words the King awoke, and heard some one crying at the door, 'Open! open!'

'Who is that?' said the King.

'Sire,' answered the chamberlain, 'it is a messenger from the north. I know him well. He is Ralph de Glanville's man; Brien is his name.'

'By my faith!' said the King, 'he wants aid. Let him come in.'

So the messenger entered and saluted the King, saying, 'God save you, Sir King! You first, and then your friends.'

'Brien,' said the King, 'what news do you bring? Has the King of Scotland entered Richmond, taken New Castle upon Tyne? Odonel de Umfraville is taken or driven out, and all my barons chased out of their lands? Tell me the truth. They have served me badly, if I do not avenge them.'

'Sire,' said the messenger, 'listen to me a little. Your barons in the north are good men enough, and my lord sends you by me love and greeting, and my lady too; and he says by me that you need not bestir yourself, for the King of Scotland is taken and all his barons.'

Then said King Henry, 'Are you speaking truth?'

'Yea, sire, truly; by the morning you will know it. For the Archbishop of York will send you two private messengers; but I came first, knowing the truth. I have not slept for four days past, nor eaten nor drunk, and I am very famished. I pray you give me a reward.'

And the King replied, 'You need not doubt of that. If you have spoken truly, you shall be rich enough. But tell me the truth: Is the King of Scotland taken?'

'On my faith, sire, yea! Hang me by a rope, burn me at a stake, if I am not proved true before midday to-morrow!'

'Then God be praised!' said the King; 'and St. Thomas the Martyr, and all the saints!'

So the messenger went to his lodging, and had plenty to eat and drink. And the King was so glad at heart, that he went to his knights and woke them all, saying, 'Barons, awake! I have that to tell you will make you glad. The King of Scotland is taken; they tell me it is true tidings.'

And his knights answered, 'Now God be thanked, the war is finished, and your kingdom at peace!'

The next day, before noon, came one named Roger from the Archbishop of York; and the King was glad when he saw they both said the same. And he took a little stick and gave it to Brien, that he should have ten liveries of his land for the labour he had had.

Then he sent messengers to David, brother of the King of Scotland; and he was at Leicester, like a

bold vassal. And the King sent him word that the game was played out, that there was nothing for him but to yield and come to his mercy. And David knew no better counsel than to give up the castle and come to the King. Eight days were enough for all this; and the King had peace, and his enemies were taken.

But the news came that Rouen is besieged; so he tarried no longer, but passed the sea, taking David with him. And Brien returned to his lord, and told his lord how the King would have him bring the King of Scotland with haste to Southampton. And the King Henry tarried at Southampton for a good wind, and Sir Ralph de Glanville made haste to come, leading with him the King of Scotland, sad at heart. But when they came thither, King Henry was in Normandy; but he had left command that he should cross in haste, and he tarried not.

Now the King came to Rouen at dawn of day; and by vespers peace was established, and the war was finished.

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

How Saladin took the Holy City, and how King Richard set out on a Crusade.

NOW about the year 1187, it came to pass that the Christians in the land of Syria were, for their evil deeds, given over into the hand of Saladin, who had before made himself Sultan of Egypt and Damascus. He captured Acre, Berytus, and Sidon; and took prisoner Guy, king of Jerusalem, and advanced upon the Holy City itself. It soon fell into his hands, and all who could not ransom themselves were made slaves. But when the tidings of these calamities were brought by the Archbishop of Tyre into Europe, many were moved with compassion, and determined upon vengeance. And first of all Richard, earl of Poitou, assumed the cross; and after him his father, Henry II., king of England, and Philip, king of France, and great numbers of nobles and knights.

But before King Henry could set out on his journey to the Holy Land, he fell sick and died; and Earl Richard returned to England to be crowned

king. He was a man tall of stature, with auburn hair, a commanding carriage, and limbs strong and well made for fighting, and long arms that were unequalled in wielding the sword. And he made haste to set his kingdom in order, and to collect material for the war, and passed over into France. He bade his ships sail round Spain and tarry for him at Messina, and with his chosen troops he marched to Vezelai, where he had appointed to meet King Philip.

When the two armies came together, they were so numerous that the hills were covered with the tents and pavilions, and it seemed as if a new city had arisen, bright with gay pennons and standards. There the two kings made a treaty, and swore to keep the peace towards one another; and the two armies set forward, and marched by Lyons to the sea in good fellowship and brotherly kindness.

King Philip had hired Genoese ships to carry him and his men to Messina; and he sailed in them, having engaged to tarry at Messina for the coming of King Richard. The English army rested at Marseilles three weeks, and then took ship and sailed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, and passed the burning mountains called Vulcano and Strango, and came to the city of Messina, where the ships of King Richard waited for them.

Now the king of the country, whose name was William, had lately died; and he had married King Richard's sister, but they had no children, and the kingdom had passed to Tancred. But the people of the country, who were commonly called Griffons,

being many of them of Saracen blood, made themselves hostile to the men in our ships while they waited for King Richard, calling them dogs, and other evil names, and insulting them often, and even killing some of them as they had opportunity.

When King Richard's coming was known, all the people ran out to see him, for his fame was spread abroad; and the sea was covered with his galleys, glittering with arms and standards, and the prows of the galleys were painted each with its own sign, while the King himself was seen standing on a part of a ship higher and more gaily painted than the rest. And thus, with the pealing of trumpets and clarions, he came to land, and rode amid his own men and a crowd of the wondering people to his hostel.

Of the taking of the City of Messina, and the coming of the Princess Berengaria.

But the disputes between the pilgrims and the natives of the city grew hotter day by day, and when blood was shed in these quarrels, the two kings consulted with the governor of the city how peace should be maintained between them. But while they were in conference, there came messengers in great haste to the King Richard, saying that the people had attacked and were slaying his men. Then the King, mounting his horse in haste, rode out to stop the quarrel; but when he reached the place, the Lombards, mad with rage, railed upon him with loud cries. Then he drew his sword and attacked them,



RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION IN BATTLE.

and though he had but twenty men with him, they fled before him like sheep before the wolf and ran into their city and shut the gates. Some of them went to King Philip, and prayed him to come to their aid; and there are those who say he avowed himself more ready to help them than to fight for the King of England's men, to whom he was bound by oath.

Then King Richard, when he saw the gates shut against him, made a fierce assault upon the city, and they defended themselves with stones and darts from the walls, so that many of our men were slain. But the King, observing a postern neglected by the citizens, ordered an attack to be made upon it; and the gate was broken down, and thus the whole army entered the city. Great spoil fell into the hands of the victors, and many of the citizens were slain, but King Richard stopped the slaughter. Then when King Philip saw the standard of the King Richard on the walls of the city, he was moved with envy, and hated Richard in his heart. And he sent to him and bade him take down his standard and raise in its place the standard of France. To this Richard, angered, returned no answer; but his counsellors, fearing a breach between the kings, besought him to yield, and the standards of both the kings were raised on the walls.

King Philip sought also to inflame the mind of Tancred against Richard; but he, fearing the ill-will of so great a man, made peace and an alliance with him, and they met at the city of Fatina, midway be-

tween Palermo and Messina, and swore to keep faith with one another.

Then, it being now Christmastide, King Richard gave a great feast, and sent out a crier to invite all who would come. And with all respect he sent to the King of France; and he came with a great number of the nobles. The feast was held in the castle of Mategriffon, which the King had constructed to hold the city in awe, and was celebrated with great splendour. The dishes and platters were all of gold and silver, curiously wrought with the chisel and ornamented with precious stones. And when the feast was over, he sent the most beautiful cups to the King of France, and bade him choose which he would have; and to the nobles also he gave gifts according to their rank.

When the winter was past, King Philip made ready his ships, and set sail for the Holy Land; but King Richard stayed yet in Sicily. For tidings were brought him that his mother, Queen Eleanor, was coming to him, and with her was the noble daughter of the King of Navarre, whose name was Berengaria. For when Richard was yet Earl of Poitou, he had seen her and loved her, and the King, her father, sent her to him now, that he might marry her before he crossed the sea. So King Richard went out to meet them, and brought them with great joy to Messina.

Then King Richard made ready his ships to follow the King of France, and gave the care of them to Robert de Torneham. And the Princess Beren-

garia, with his sister, the widowed Queen of Sicily, he put on board a ship called a dromon. These are heavy ships and slow in sailing, but stronger and firmer than the galleys.

Then the great fleet put to sea with a fair breeze, and some rowing, and some sailing, passed out of the port of Messina; the dromons in the rear, and the galleys going slowly that they might keep with them. But our voyage was beset with perils and difficulties; for first the wind dropped so that we could not proceed, and then it rose against us and raged so furiously that the ships would not obey the pilots, but were driven hither and thither through the boiling sea. But while all the others were overcome with fear and distressed with grievous sickness, the King unmoved bade them not despair, and as he had the best sailors on board his ship, he caused them to light a great wax taper, and hoist it in a lantern on the mast, that the other ships might see it and follow him, as a hen gathers her chickens. And when the storm was over we came to Crete, and waited to collect the ships; but there were five-and-twenty that came not, at which the King was greatly moved.

Then, when the wind was favourable, we sailed away; but it rose again, and drove us upon the island of Rhodes, where we tarried certain days, and then went on our way. The royal ship being always first, the King perceived a very large ship called a buss bearing down, returning from Jerusalem, and those in the ship brought him tidings that the King

of France was landed at Acre, and with all diligence was directing the siege.

Then King Richard hasted on his journey, but the wind being contrary, he could not make way, and the ship in which the two queens were was the first to reach Cyprus; but they dropped anchor outside the port, and feared to land. For there reigned now in that land a wicked tyrant who had usurped the name of emperor, of whom it was reported that he was in league and alliance with Saladin, and that in sign thereof they had drunk each other's blood. Then the storm still continuing to rage, three of the King's ships were broken to pieces on the shore, and many of those on board were drowned, among whom was the King's signet-bearer. His body being washed on shore, the signet was found and brought afterwards to the army for sale. Those who escaped and swam to shore, as well as all who ventured to land, were seized by the Griffons and stripped of their arms; neither would they allow them to return to their ships. But when the pilgrims saw that their lives were in danger they contrived to meet together in a body to fight their way back to the ships. They had no arms except three bows; but one of them named Roger de Hardecurt found a horse, and rode down all who opposed him, and William du Bois shot arrows upon them unceasingly, and so they advanced towards the shore. And the soldiers on board, seeing their danger, came in haste to their aid, and brought them in safety to the ships.

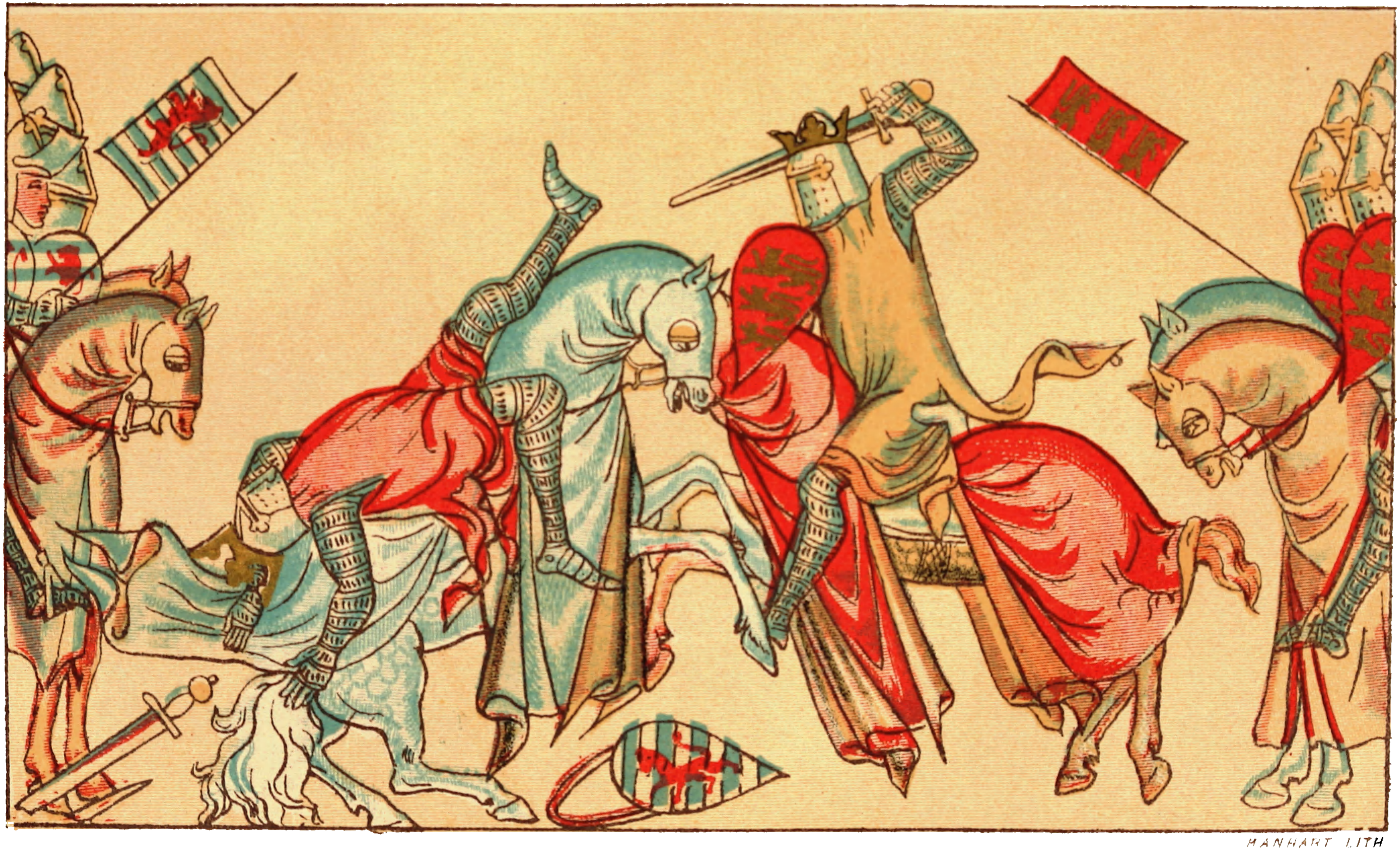
Of the coming of Richard to Cyprus.

The same day the Emperor came into the city of Limasol, and sought by craft and guile to allure the queens to land, sending them presents of bread and meat and the famed wine of Cyprus. They, fearing to offend him, gave their promise to come to land the next day, and, very solicitous for the safety of the fleet, of which they knew nothing, sat gazing out to sea, taking sad counsel with one another, when, behold! in the distance appeared two black things like crows; and as they came nearer they perceived that they were ships, and behind came another and another, until, to their great joy, King Richard, with all his fleet, appeared in sight.

Then, when King Richard had anchored in the port, it was told him how some of his ships had been broken, and how his men had been stripped and plundered by the Griffons. Being much angered, therefore, he sent two knights to the Emperor to demand restitution and satisfaction. But he scorned to yield any satisfaction to a king, and answered only with contempt and insult. So the King cried aloud, 'To arms!' and, with his men, sprang into the boats and rowed to seize the port. Then the Griffons blocked up the entrance with old galleys, and casks, and piles of old wood, to obstruct their landing; and the Emperor and his army took up their position on the shore. They made a brave show, with costly arms and rich, bright garments, and fine horses and mules, eager for battle. As our men approached they

were assailed by slingers and archers from five galleys by the shore. But our men, unmoved, attacked the galleys and took them, and from them poured a shower of arrows on those who held the landing-place. The Griffons gave way a little space, but gaining higher ground, returned the arrows upon our men; and King Richard, seeing that his men durst not leave their boats, sprang himself into the water and ran boldly at the Griffons. His men, encouraged, followed him without delay, and fell with such force on the enemy that they gave way and fled. Then the King, finding a horse, mounted it and rode after the Emperor, crying to him to turn and meet him in single combat; but he turned not, and fled away.

Thus the King took the city of Limasol, and brought the queens to land, and rested until his horses could be brought from the ships. But the Emperor halted within two leagues, and when morning came he returned, and, with his army, took up his stand on a hill overlooking us. And a certain clerk, dismayed at the sight of so great a host, said to King Richard, 'My lord the King, in good truth it would be wisest to avoid meeting so great a multitude.' 'My lord clerk,' answered the King, 'keep to your Scriptures, and leave arms to us, and keep out of the crowd.' Then, with no more than fifty men, perceiving that the enemy hesitated, he rode upon them, and broke their line and dispersed them, and they fled in great dismay. He fell also upon the Emperor, and struck him from his horse, but he mounted another, and made haste to escape. And the enemy



HANHART LITH

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION & THE EMPEROR OF CYPRUS.

fled, and were overwhelmed by their pursuers, and the field was heaped with the slain. And the Emperor's banner was taken, and his tent, with all his silver and gold, and splendid raiment, and a great booty of horses and cattle and choice wine.

Then the King made a proclamation that all who would have peace might come to him in safety, and many forsook the Emperor, so that he fled for safety to a fort called Nicosia.

Of the Marriage of Richard and Berengaria and the Conquest of Cyprus.

Now about this time there came into the port three galleys, bringing King Guy of Jerusalem and his followers; and he had come to ask the help of King Richard against King Philip of France, who wished to depose him and make the Marquis Conrad king in his place. And King Richard received him kindly, and gave him great gifts.

Being now established in safety at Limasol, King Richard celebrated with great splendour his marriage with Berengaria, daughter of the King of Navarre, and there were present at the ceremony the Archbishop and the Bishop of Evreux, and a great concourse of nobles.

Then the Masters of the Hospitalers of Jerusalem brought about a meeting between the victorious king and the Emperor of Cyprus. The Emperor desired much to have peace, because for his cruelty his people hated him, and he feared to trust them. They met

together in a plain near Limasol, and the King rode to the place on a Spanish horse of such beauty that no painter could have designed one more perfect in form. The King was clothed in a garment of rose colour, ornamented with rows of crescents of solid silver, and on his head a scarlet hat with beasts and birds worked in gold upon it. His saddle was of bright colour, spangled with gold, and behind were two golden lions with their mouths open about to attack one another. He wore golden spurs and a sword of proved metal with a golden hilt, and he rode like a noble soldier, so that all who saw him wondered at him.

Thus the King and the Emperor met and made peace, and the Emperor agreed to give up his castles into the hands of the King, and to send with him five hundred knights to fight for Jerusalem; and the King engaged to give back the castles if the Emperor kept faith. Moreover, the Emperor agreed to pay five hundred marks to those whom he had plundered. So they kissed one another and swore peace and friendship, and the King returned to Limasol, and sent to the Emperor the pavilion that he captured in the battle. But a knight named Pain de Caiffa went to the Emperor and falsely told him that King Richard purposed to seize him and throw him in chains. Therefore, moved with fear, he fled by night to his city of Famagusta. Thus the war broke out again, for the King pursued him in his galleys, and his army marched against him, being led by King Guy. The Emperor hid in the woods, and when the

King, having landed at Famagusta, marched upon Nicosia, he laid an ambush for him, and attacked him suddenly with seven hundred Greeks, shooting poisoned arrows at the King. Then King Richard, urging his horse, bore down upon him with his spear; but the Emperor fled away, and, being mounted on a horse unmatched for speed, escaped. The people of Nicosia opened their gates to the King, and he received them into his favour; but all who fell into the Emperor's hands were tortured and cruelly mutilated.

King Guy took two of the Emperor's castles, and the Emperor's daughter and all his treasure fell into his hands. So when the Emperor knew that his people hated him, and that his forts were taken, and his daughter, whom he loved tenderly, was a captive, he came and fell down at King Richard's feet and submitted himself to him; only he prayed him that he would not put him in iron chains. And the King, moved with pity, raised him up, and made him sit beside him, and gave him silver chains instead of iron ones, and brought his daughter to him.

Thus King Richard conquered Cyprus in fifteen days, and obtained great spoil of gold, and silver, and precious cloths. And to King Guy he committed the custody of the Emperor, and his little daughter he gave to the Queen that she might bring her up. And having appointed trusty men to transmit to him corn and meat, he took ship and sailed with all his fleet and the two queens for the Holy Land.

And as they came near the land, and were now

off Sidon, there appeared in sight a great ship filled with Saracens going to aid their countrymen in Acre. Then the King sent Peter des Barres, captain of one of his galleys, to ask who they were, and they answered that they belonged to the King of France. So the King came near to the ship, and it was of great size and strongly made, with three tall masts, and painted with red and yellow lines; but he saw no Christian standard, and he doubted in himself who they were. So he sent others again to ask whence they came, and they answered they were Genoese bound for Tyre. Then the sailors were assured that they were Saracens, and at the King's command a galley rowed after them quickly; and when the Saracens saw that they did not salute them, they began to throw darts at them. So the King bade attack the ship; but as our men rowed round it, it seemed so high, and strong, and well defended, that they feared to begin. But the King, chiding their cowardice, urged them to the attack, and some of them sprang into the water and bound the rudder with cords to stop the ship, and, climbing up the cables, leapt on board. The Turks met them bravely, cutting off their hands as they clung to the ship and flinging them back into the sea.

The fight lasted long; the Turks were driven back to the prow, but new defenders came from within the ship, and the Christians were forced back into their galleys. Then the King bade them row the galleys against the ship's side and strike it with their iron beaks, and thus they pierced the ship's sides and it

began to fill. Thirty-five of the Turks, who were men of consequence or of skill in handling machines, the King saved alive, but the rest were killed, or perished in the water.

Of the coming of Richard to Acre, and the taking of the City.

Then the King, after this victory, sailed on till he came in sight of Acre. And there, round the walls, lay the great army of the besiegers, from every Christian land under heaven; and beyond it might be seen, dispersed upon the hills and in the valleys and plains, the brightly coloured tents of the Turkish army. There was the pavilion of Saladin himself, and of his brother Saphadin, and of Kahadin, the mainstay of Paganism. It was the Saturday in the Pentecost week that King Richard landed at Acre, and the earth shook with the exultant shouts of the Christians. The day was kept as a festival, and far into the night was heard the sound of the trumpets and pipes and the songs of the rejoicing soldiers while the darkness was dispersed by the glare ot torches till the Turks thought the valley was on fire. But the Turks were much cast down and dejected.

But after a few days the King fell sick, and his sickness was so sore that he could not go out to fight, though he busied himself with preparation of machines of war. The King of France then, not willing to wait till King Richard should be recovered, on the Monday after the Feast of Saint John the Baptist bade make

a great assault on the city. Then the Turks within made a great clamour and beat platters and timbrels to call upon Saladin to come to their aid. And his men fell upon us and fought so fiercely that the pilgrims were forced to give up the attack on the city to defend themselves; and those in the city threw Greek fire on the machines of the King of France and destroyed them. Then the King Philip fell sick from vexation and confusion.

And when he was recovered, he made new machines, and one there was which he called 'Bad neighbour.' And the Turks had one which they called 'Bad kinsman,' and which often broke Bad neighbour; but the King built it again, and with it he broke down part of the wall and shook the tower Maledictum. And the other leaders had also machines which did much harm to the Turks; and there was one petraria called the 'Petraria of God,' for a priest stood by it preaching and gathering money to work it. King Richard had two which were worked unceasingly; and he constructed others to shoot at great distances,—one called 'Berefred,' covered with hides, and so strong that it could not be broken or burnt. From one of his engines he shot into the city a great stone which he had brought from Messina, which killed twelve men with its blow. And besides the engines for throwing stones, the King of France had made one for scaling the walls, which was called the 'Cat,' because it crept up the walls and held on to it; and a cercleia, which was a shelter of hides under which he could sit and shoot at the city; but the Turks burnt the cat and

the cercleia with Greek fire. King Richard caused himself to be carried in a silken bed and laid under a cercleia that thence he might shoot from his arbalest and encourage his men, and he promised them rewards for every stone they should displace from the wall. And many men fell by his arbalest, and among them a Turk who was dressed in the armour of a Christian whom he had slain.

Then the Turks, finding that their walls were shaken by undermining and by the blows of the machines, and many of their men slain in the assaults, sent two of their leaders to treat, offering to give up the city if they might leave it with all their arms and goods. King Philip gave his assent, but King Richard would not agree, after so long a siege, to win back a deserted city. Then many of the Turks in their fear escaped from the beleaguered city, and coming to the Christians, besought baptism that they might thus escape from destruction.

But Saladin, perceiving that it would be vain to hope that the city could hold out longer, consented that they should make peace on what terms they could. Then the chief men in the city went to the Christian kings and offered to give up the city, and the Holy Cross, and two hundred and fifty captives if they might depart from the city in their shirts only, leaving behind them all their arms and goods and paying for their ransom 200,000 Saracen talents; and to these terms the kings gave consent. So, having given up their noblest men as hostages, and having bound themselves by an oath to deliver the Holy

Cross and the captives within a month's space, they departed out of the city; and our men marvelled much to witness their composed countenances, unsubdued by adversity and the loss of all their goods.

And when the Turks were all departed out of the city, the Christians marched into it with shouts of joy and triumph and songs of praise, and the kings set up their banners on the walls and divided the city between them,—King Philip had the palace of the Templars, and King Richard the royal palace, into which the queens entered with their handmaids.

Of the departure of the King of France and the march of the army.

Then arose great discord between the kings touching King Guy and the Marquis, for King Philip wished to give all to the Marquis. And the quarrel grew hot between them; but by the princes' mediation, it was agreed that the Marquis should have the government of Tyre and should become king when King Guy should die; and it was further agreed that if the Marquis should die while King Richard were in that land, the crown should be left to him to dispose of as he should see best. Thus peace was made between them. But King Philip determined to return to his own land, saying he was sick; and though his men murmured sore and pleaded with him to remain, he embarked in a galley that he had begged of King Richard, and sailed away on St. Peter's Day, having sworn to do no harm nor damage to the men or lands

of the King of England while he was absent in the Holy Land.

King Richard tarried at Acre repairing the walls, and waiting until Saladin should fulfil his covenant and send back the Cross and the captives, but when the time was now passed, and he saw that the unbelievers would not keep to their promises, he commanded that the hostages should be put to death, and that the army should make ready to go to Ascalon. But the Marquis withdrew himself to Tyre, and would no longer stay with the army. And as our army began to move out of the camp they were attacked by the Turks, and the Count of Hungary and King Richard's Marshal, Hugh of Poitou, were carried away prisoners, though the King fought hard to save them. But the Turks, not being oppressed with heavy armour, rode more swiftly than the Christians could, and, like flies, fled away when the King attacked them, but returned as soon as he stopped.

On the feast of St. Bartholomew the army, having passed out of the city, was drawn up on the sea-shore. The King led the vanguard and the Normans guarded the Standard. It was like the mast of a ship, bound with iron and fixed on four wheels, with the banner of the King floating on the top. The French, led by the Duke of Burgundy, were in the rear. Thus the army marched along the sea-shore, the Turks watching from the heights. And as the Christians came to a narrow way and were in confusion, the Saracens attacked them suddenly and a fierce fight

began. One of the Bishop of Salisbury's men, by name Everard, had his right hand cut off by a Turk, but, without changing countenance, he seized his sword with his left hand and closed with the enemies that were pressing on him. Then King Richard riding to the spot drove off the Turks and made them flee to the mountains.

Now on this march the Christians were sore troubled by a venomous animal called Tarrentes, which by night stung them much, and the place which was stung swelled greatly and was filled with pain. But observing the matter, it was perceived that the Tarrentes feared greatly loud noises, and by beating together their basons and platters and other instruments the pilgrims drove them away.

Thus they marched till they came to Cæsarea, constantly fearing the attacks of the Turks, and suffering much from heat and weariness, so that many fell dead by the way. And each night ere they lay down to rest, one cried aloud in the midst of the camp, 'Help for the Holy Sepulchre!' and they all, with many tears, holding up their hands to heaven, cried, 'Help for the Holy Sepulchre!'

Then the pilgrims, leaving Cæsarea, came to the Dead River and passed on to the Salt River, and the Turks kept near and shot darts and arrows upon them as thick as hail. King Richard was wounded in the side by a dart, and the horses died fast. From the Salt River they came to the forest of Arsur, and by the river there waited for them the army of the Turks innumerable.

Of the Battle of Arsur and the wonderful victory of the Christians.

King Richard marshalled his army, the Templars being in the first rank, the men of Brittany and Anjou next after them, then the men of Poitou, under King Guy, and the Normans and the English with the Standard, and, last of all, a chosen body of Hospitallers. And so closely were they ordered that an apple could not have fallen among them without touching man or horse. King Richard and the Duke of Burgundy, with some chosen men, rode up and down to watch the Turks.

About nine o'clock in the morning a great multitude of Turks, in number about 10,000, came upon the Christians in a furious assault, throwing darts and arrows and shouting horribly. Among them were men very black in colour, and also the Saracens who live in the desert, called Bedouins, very rapid in their movements and carrying bows and arrows and a round shield. Behind them came the squadrons of the Turks with ensigns on their lances. There seemed to be more than 20,000 of them, and they came like lightning, raising a cloud of dust, so that they darkened all the heavens; and they had trumpets and horns, cymbals and gongs, making a horrible, discordant clamour. They came upon us from the side of the sea and from the side of the land, and they seemed to cover all the ground for a distance of two miles.

The pilgrims, hemmed in on all sides, marched on in a compact body, while the Turks assailed them before and behind, repelling their attacks as well as they were able without leaving the body. They suffered greatly from the heat and from the pressure, for they were scarce able to breathe; and the Hospitallers, being in the rear, could not return the blows, but marched on, bearing the blows of the Turks, which fell on their armour as on an anvil. But the Christians' courage did not fail, and the Turks cried aloud that 'they were made of iron.'

At last the Hospitallers were unable to endure patiently any longer, and the Marshal and another knight, named Baldwin de Carreo, broke from the ranks and rode at the enemy, crying to St. George for aid. They were followed by all the Hospitallers, so that the rear was soon in the front of the army. Then the Count of Champagne and Jacques d'Avennes Count Robert of Dreux and the Bishop of Beauvais, his brother, and many others, charged fiercely upon the Saracens. The Turks gave way before them, and the ground was strewn with the slain. The King, bursting through the Hospitallers, cut out a path for himself among the enemy, mowing them down as a reaper does the corn.

Thus the Turks were overcome and dispersed, and their army turned into a crowd of fugitives, but when our men ceased from the pursuit they gathered together again, and more than 20,000, armed with heavy maces, began the battle again. They were led by a kinsman of Saladin, named Taki-

eddin, a bitter hater of the Christians, and he had with him more than 700 chosen men of valour of the body-guard of Saladin, bearing yellow banners. They fell upon a body of the Christians before they had fallen into their ranks round the Standard, and overwhelming them with their numbers grievously distressed them. But a brave knight, named William des Barres, with his men, attacked the Turks, and King Richard seeing their dangerous position mounted a bay Cyprian horse and rode into their midst and drove all before him.

The enemy fled away, and the Christians, gathering round the Standard, marched forward till they came to Arsur. There they pitched their tents, but ere the camp was formed a large body of Turks fell upon the rearguard. But King Richard, hearing the cry of his men, ran hastily to the place with only fifteen of his followers, crying with a mighty voice, 'O God, help us and the Holy Sepulchre!' At which his men hasted to follow him, and drove away the Turks, pursuing them to the walls of Arsur and cutting down many as they fled. And of those who fell on that day there were found on the field of battle the bodies of thirty-two Turks, whom, from the splendour of their armour, the Christians thought to be mighty chiefs, besides many lesser captains. Of the Christians fell but few, but there died there the great captain Jacques d'Avennes, who, having fallen from his horse, was surrounded by the Turks and overcome. And the Christians, mourning greatly for his fall, sent a company of Hospitallers and

Templars the next day to seek for his body, and they found it covered with wounds, and around lay the bodies of fifteen Turks whom he had slain ere he died. Then they bore him back to Arsur, and buried him there with great weeping, and wailing, and lamentation.

The great battle of Arsur spread dismay in the hearts of the Turks, and the name of Melech Ric was feared throughout the land. Then Saladin gave command to pull down the walls of the fortresses, lest King Richard should take them and make himself strong in them. And when the Christians were come to the city of Joppa, lo! the city was destroyed, that they could find no lodging there, and they encamped in an olive-garden without the town, and refreshed themselves with the figs and grapes and pomegranates and citrons that grew in the land.

How William de Pratelles gave himself up for the King, and of the deeds of the Earl of Leicester.

Then tidings came that the Turks were pulling down the walls of Ascalon, and King Richard counselled to march at once thither and save it. But the French wished rather to rebuild Joppa, and their counsel prevailed. But while they tarried there the Christians gave themselves to sloth and ease.

About this time it happened that King Richard, having ridden to take his pastime in hawking, and having with him but few of his men, being wearied with his sport, lay down and fell asleep. And while

he slept there came suddenly upon him a company, hoping to make him prisoner. The King awakened by the noise threw himself on his horse, and his attendants following him, drove off the assailants, but they in fleeing drew him to a spot where lay other Turks hidden. The King being surrounded by them fought bravely and defended himself well, but there were so many of them that he would have fallen into their hands, had not one of his knights, named William de Pratelles, cried out that he was the Melech, and the Turks hearing his words seized him and carried him away prisoner. Thus the King had time to escape, and when he came to the town he found his soldiers coming out to his help, for they had heard of his danger. Then he returned and pursued the Turks, hoping to set free William de Pratelles, but they were got away. Then the soldiers prayed the King not to endanger his life any more. Nevertheless he was ever the first to attack and the last to retreat.

Then the King, with a part of the army, went to rebuild the forts of Plans and Maen, which the Turks had destroyed. And it fell out one day that they had gone out to gather fodder for their horses, and while the esquires were busy gathering it, the Templars kept guard over them. Then there fell suddenly upon them a company of 4000 horsemen, which when they saw they dismounted, and standing back to back, defended themselves as well as they could. And when three of them were fallen, there came to their aid Andrew de Chamgui and fifteen knights; but the Turks continued to attack them. Then the

King, hearing the noise, sent to their help the Count de Saint Paul and the Earl of Leicester, and seizing his arms followed them. Then the Earl of Leicester came and saved two whom they had taken prisoners, and distinguished himself by his bravery. But when the King reached the place, the battle was still raging, for the enemy was so many in number; and some of his men, seeing the strength of the enemy, counselled him to save himself, and not attempt to rescue his men. But the King, growing red with anger, answered, 'What! Shall I send my men on to fight, promising to come and help them, and then leave them in the battle? I should not be worthy of the name of a king.' And without another word he spurred his horse and fell with such force into the thickest ranks of the Turks, that he broke their array and rode through them, cutting down on all sides, and returning dispersed them all; and, among many others, a great admiral, named Aralchais, fell by his hand. And the whole company fled, and the Christians returned with some prisoners to the camp.

When the castles were now about to be finished, King Richard sent ambassadors to Saladin to demand that the land of Syria should be given up, and that the kingdom of Babylon should pay tribute. Saladin, being crafty, would not refuse the King's demand, but deluded him with promises, and sent his brother Saphadin to him with rich gifts. And there arose a murmuring among the Christians that King Richard was friendly to the Gentiles. But when the King saw that the promises of Saphadin were vain, he

would no longer listen to him, but fought more bravely than before to wipe out the reproaches that were brought against him.

The Earl of Leicester, attacking a large company of Turks with but few men, made them flee before him ; but three of his knights, pursuing them with too great boldness, were taken prisoners, which when the Earl perceived, he rode to their aid. He had driven them over a river, when 500 fresh Turks came up and surrounded him. Many of his knights were wounded, and he himself was thrown off his horse and nearly drowned in the river. But two of his knights succoured him; and one of them, named Robert of Newbury, gave him his own horse. Though they fought as long as they could, the numbers were so great that they could defend themselves no longer ; but holding by the necks of their horses, and bearing silently the rain of blows, were led away prisoners. But aid was near. Andrew de Chamgui and other knights came spurring to the spot, and the fortune of battle turned against the Turks. The Earl fought fiercely. Two horses were killed under him. Never did so small a man perform such great deeds ; and at last victory stayed with him.

Of the rebuilding of Ascalon, and the discord among the Christians.

The castle being now repaired, the army of the Christians was commanded to leave the plains and to march to the foot of the mountains, that they might

be ready to go up to Jerusalem. And Saladin, being aware of it, went himself to Jerusalem, giving command to his army to occupy the mountains; and there fell upon the Christians a storm of rain and hail, which blew down the tents and did great damage to the food, spoiling the biscuits and bacon. Many of the horses also were drowned in the flood, and the armour and coats-of-mail became so rusty that it needed much labour to make them bright again. Many, also, of the pilgrims fell sick. But so great was their joy at the hope of seeing Jerusalem, that they bore their sufferings with cheerfulness, and eagerly desired to continue the march. Neither would the sick be left behind, but caused themselves to be borne in litters; and some of them fell into the enemies' hands, and were martyred without mercy.

But the Templars and Hospitallers, and the wise men, prayed King Richard not to march yet to Jerusalem, for they feared that the siege would be long, and the army in the mountains would do them hurt. Neither if the city were captured had they men with whom to garrison it, for all longed sore to return home. They counselled rather to defer the siege of Jerusalem until the walls of Ascalon should be rebuilt. And when it was known that their counsel had prevailed, the pilgrims grieved sore, and cried out curses on those evil counsellors; and it seemed now impossible to bear the sufferings from the rain and want of food, which a little before had seemed so light. Many of them left the army, especially of the French, going to Acre or Joppa, or joining the Marquis at Tyre.

But King Richard, with his nephew the Count Henry of Champagne, and the rest of the army, marched in great suffering and distress to Ascalon; and Saladin, hearing that the Christians had returned to the sea-shore, sent his army to their homes. And the King, by entreaties and persuasion, drew back to the camp those who had forsaken it; and they began to rebuild the city of Ascalon. All worked together, side by side; princes and nobles carried the stones, and clerks and laymen, knights and retainers, built together. The King himself was active in the work, building with his own hands, and encouraging his men, and giving money to those who were in need.

At that time the King, going one day to reconnoitre the fort of Darum, came suddenly upon a body of Turks who were taking Christian captives for sale. And when they saw the King's banner they fled in dismay, and got them safe into the fort, leaving the captives without; and the King came and set them free. There were twelve thousand men who were thus saved by the King from slavery.

But the discord waxed strong in the Christian camp; and the Duke of Burgundy went away and came to Acre. And he found the city in disorder, for the party of King Guy was fighting with the party of the Marquis. Then the Marquis sailed in his galley to Acre, hoping to take possession of the city, but his adversaries sent and prayed to King Richard to come to their aid. The Marquis in haste returned to Tyre, and King Richard quieted and appeased the people. And when he could not

prevail upon the Marquis to be at peace with him, and help in the war with Saladin, he took counsel with the leaders in the army, and adjudged him to have lost all right to his kingdom. But the French joined with the Marquis, and seven hundred soldiers left the camp at Ascalon and marched away from the camp.

While the King tarried at Acre, there came to him the son of Saphadin, that the King might make him a knight; and on Palm Sunday, with great magnificence the King girded him with the belt of knighthood.

Then the King, having celebrated the feast of Easter at Ascalon with great feasting and rejoicing, and the city being rebuilt, went out to reconnoitre Gaza. But Saladin assembled his army and prepared for war; and he was greatly encouraged because of the departure of the French, and trusted soon to recover Acre and Tyre.

How the Marquis Conrad was chosen King, and how he was slain by two young men.

But before the war was begun again there landed in the country the Prior of Hereford, and he came with evil tidings to King Richard. For Earl John, the King's brother, had driven out of England the King's Chancellor, and the others whom the King had appointed to govern in his absence, and had seized the King's revenues, and made the nobles

the leaders of the army told them of the tidings, and that he must return to his own land, but would leave three hundred knights and two thousand foot-soldiers, to fight at his cost. And they prayed him, before he left the country, to appoint a new king, that they might be no longer divided, but should follow one leader; and they entreated on their bended knee that the Marquis might be made king, for that he could better defend the kingdom than another. And the King listened to their request, though the Marquis was his enemy, and indeed a traitor, for at that time he was secretly plotting to make peace with Saladin, as it was fully known afterwards.

And the chief men in the army went to Tyre to bring the Marquis with honour, and he was filled with joy at his election, and made great preparation to celebrate his coronation worthily. But it fell out that as he was returning from a feast, merry and cheerful, there ran upon him suddenly two young men, assassins, with knives in their hands, and stabbed him to the heart. And one of them, before he was put to death, being questioned, confessed that he had been sent by the Old Man of Musse to assassinate the Marquis, whom he judged worthy of death. For the Old Man brought up in his palace many noble boys, and taught them many things, that when they were grown up he might send them whither he would, that they might do his will. And when he would that a great man should die he gave them a poniard, sharp and long, and bade them go murder him for remission of their sins.

Thus the Marquis died, before he was crowned king, amid great lamentation, having given command to his wife not to give up the city of Tyre to any-one but King Richard. But there came to Tyre at that time Count Henry of Champagne, nephew of King Richard, who was one of those whom he had sent to fetch the Marquis, and when the people saw him they cried out that he should be their king; and when they entreated him, he replied that he would do nothing without the consent of King Richard. Then messengers were sent to apprise the King of these things: how the Marquis was slain, and how the people had chosen Count Henry king. And when the King heard of the death of the Marquis, he was silent a long time, being astonished at his sudden and violent end, but the election of Count Henry pleased him much. So Count Henry was made king, and married the widow of the Marquis, who was the heiress of the kingdom, and having taken possession of his forts and castles, made haste to come to the aid of King Richard in the war. But when King Richard remembered King Guy, he had compassion on him, and he made him ruler of Cyprus.

Now while the King Richard still tarried, waiting for the King Henry, he rode out every day to attack the Turks, and he killed many with his own hand and took many captive. And it happened one day, as he was riding along the road, there came out a wild boar and stood in his way. He was of immense size, and terrible to behold, and he was foaming at the mouth

with rage. His bristles stood up, and he seemed about to attack. Then the King attacked him with his spear, and drove it into his side, but it broke with his weight, and, mad with rage, he rushed at the King. The King had not time to get out of his way, so he spurred his horse and leaped clear over him; only the trappings of the horse were torn by the boar's tusks, and as he leapt he struck the boar on the head and stunned it, and then, wheeling round quickly, put it to death.

How King Richard captured Darum and prepared to go up to Jerusalem.

Then there came again messengers to the King from England, and some prayed him much to stay and accomplish his pilgrimage which he had vowed, and some besought him to return home. And while he doubted in his mind whether to tarry or to return, King Henry and the French prepared to march from Acre to besiege the fort of Darum. Then King Richard, leaving men to guard Ascalon, hastened with his own soldiers to Darum; and when the Turks saw such a small company they scorned them, and challenged them to come and fight with them. But the engines having arrived in the ship, were disjointed, and the King and his nobles carried them on their own shoulders from the shore, and, putting them together, set men to work them, and one of them the King managed himself, and by his command they threw stones at the city day and night.

Now Darum was very strongly built, with seventeen towers, one of which was stronger and higher than the others ; and while the engines cast stones at the walls the King caused a mine to be made under the towers, and the slingers shot so well that none dared show themselves on the walls to do injury to the Christians. Then a tower fell down with a horrible noise, and the Christians rushed into the fort, slaughtering all the Turks who fell into their hands. Those who escaped fled for safety into the principal tower. Then the Christians set up their standards on the wall and threw down the banners of the Turks. But those who had fled to the tower, seeing that there was no succour for them, came out and gave themselves up to King Richard ; and thus the fort of Darum was taken in four days, before the French could get to the place. And when King Henry was come King Richard gave it to him as the first-fruits of his kingdom.

And there came again à messenger from England named John de Alençon, and told the King how his brother Earl John was disturbing all the land of England. But the leaders of the Christian army—French, Norman, English, Poitevin, and Angevin—met together and bound themselves to go up to Jerusalem. And the King was much disturbed, and could not rest for care and anxiety ; but while he doubted in his mind what to do a chaplain from Poitou, by name William, came to him as he sat in his tent troubled and perplexed, and prayed him with tears to remember all the great things he had

done, and not now to sully his great name by forsaking the army at this time. And the King listened to him, and caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp that he would not leave the Holy Land before Easter, And the soldiers rejoiced greatly, and, with great gladness, prepared to march up to Jerusalem.

And they came to Hebron, and were beset by swarms of little insects like sparks of fire, which troubled them much; for their sting was venomous, and the faces and hands of the pilgrims were swollen and so discoloured that they looked like lepers, and they were forced to cover themselves with veils, and in another place two men were bitten by serpents and died. But the men were full of courage, and counted their troubles but light, so that they might go up to Jerusalem, and the rich helped the poor, and gave them horses to ride on.

And they came to Betenoble, and tarried there for King Henry, who had gone to assemble the slothful who stayed behind at Acre. And while they dwelt there King Richard rode out to seek some Turks who were lying in ambush in the mountains, and he found them at the fountain of Emmaus, and put them to flight, killing twenty of them, and capturing the herald of Saladin and some horses, and camels, and mules. And as he was pursuing them he looked up, and beheld the city of Jerusalem.

But while the King was gone out of the camp there came down upon the French tents a company of two hundred Turks; and when the French, with

the Templars and Hospitallers, went out to fight them, they would not fight on the plain, but rode up into the mountain. And the Christians pursued them, and one Robert de Bruges, an Hospitaller, rode into the ranks of the Turks all alone and ran his lance through the body of a Turk that it came out at his back. But he transgressed the rule of his order. Then the battle went on, and the French, wearied, began to give way, but the Count of Perche and the Bishop of Salisbury came quickly to their aid.

And there came from Joppa a caravan with provisions for the army under the care of Ferric of Vienna, and Baldwin de Carron, and Clarenbald de Mont Chablon; but on its way the people dispersed, and some of them tarried behind. Then there came upon them, not far from Ramleh, a company of Turkish horse, and a fierce fight began. Baldwin de Carron fought bravely and his companions. He was twice thrown from his horse, and mounted again; but Clarenbald forsook him and fled, and some of his men were slain. Then a third time he was brought to the ground and beaten with clubs till the blood flowed fast, and his sword was blunted and broken, and a knight who came to his aid was thrown down and mangled; and they would all have perished had not the Earl of Leicester come with great speed to their aid. And thus the Turks were driven off, and the wounded carried to the camp.

Then the people cried out to be led to Jerusalem, but King Richard and the leaders took counsel to-

gether, fearing the hazard was too great. And twenty men were chosen—French and Syrians, and Templars and Hospitallers; and the matter was laid before them. And tidings were brought to the King that there were caravans coming with great riches from Babylon. And King Richard, with a thousand men, and the Duke of Burgundy, with five hundred soldiers well armed, set out by night, and, marching by the light of the moon, came to the place. But Saladin was told by a spy of the King's setting forth, and he sent two thousand horsemen, with some foot-soldiers, to defend the caravan. Then the King, being led by his spies, came in sight at dawn of day, but they made haste to escape. So he fell upon them in two companies, and they could not stand before him, but fled before him like hares before the hounds, and left the caravan in their hands. And the King, mounted on a tall horse, riding first, pursued them far over the mountains; but some of them, turning aside, returned by another way and attacked our men, and thus the battle began again; but the Turks were slain in great numbers, and the ground was strewn with the dead. And when the battle was over the soldiers had great trouble in gathering together the camels and dromedaries, for they fled with great speed before the horses; but at last about four thousand seven hundred camels were taken, and mules and asses without number, besides a quantity of gold and silver, rich spices, silk clothes, and costly garments, with coats-of-mail, and arms and weapons, and a great store of tents and provisions of all kinds. Then they returned

with their spoil to the camp, and King Richard, imitating the great King David, gave an equal share to the soldiers who had stayed in the camp. Thus they were provided with great store of beasts of burden; but some of the young camels they killed, and roasting the flesh with lard, found it white meat and pleasant eating.

And the twenty counsellors dissuaded the King from going up to the siege of Jerusalem, for they said the summer was come, and there was great scarcity of water, for the Turks had blocked up the cisterns. But the people were filled with anger, and the French separated themselves from the army, and insulted King Richard, and the Duke of Burgundy wrote a scoffing song upon him. And thus disputing and quarrelling, the camp was broken up, and they returned to Joppa. Then King Richard destroyed the fort of Darum and strengthened the walls of Ascalon. And the army returned to Acre.

How Saladin came against Joppa, and of the admirable deeds of King Richard.

But Saladin, filled with joy at the departure of the King and his army, assembled all whom he could gather together, and he had twenty thousand horse-soldiers, and foot-soldiers innumerable. And they came down like locusts, and assaulted the town of Joppa. And the assault was so fierce that one of the gates was broken open, and the Turks entered the town, but the Christians fled into the fortress. And after they had defended the tower for a whole day the

patriarch prayed Saladin to grant them a respite until the next day, and that then, if they did not receive assistance, they would give up the tower and pay a ransom for their lives. And to this he agreed, and took the patriarch and other chief men and bound them in chains as hostages.

But the people of Joppa had sent to King Richard for help, and when he heard of their danger he came with all the speed he could by ship to Joppa, but a contrary wind delayed him. Then the people, despairing of help, began to come out of the town, but as they came out and paid the money the Turks cut off their heads. Thus seven of them had died when the King's ships came sailing into the harbour.

Then the Turks came to the water and covered all the shore, and prepared to hinder the King from landing. But when the King perceived that he was yet in time to save the lives of some, he sprang into the water, and, with his men after him, gained the land, driving the enemy with shots from an arbalest, and then, drawing his sword, he cleared a path for himself, and forced a way into the city, which he entered first, and found three thousand Turks spoiling the tower. Then the Christians in the tower, when they saw the King, issued forth, and the town was filled with the dead bodies of the Turks. And Saladin, when he heard of the King's coming, left off to besiege the place, and the King began to repair the walls.

But in the Turkish army some evil men, called Menelones and Cordivi, being filled with shame that so small an army, without horses, should have put them

to flight, and driven them forth from Joppa, made an agreement together that they would seize King Richard in his tent and bring him prisoner to Saladin. Therefore they armed themselves, and stealing forth by night came by the light of the moon to the camp while all lay asleep. Then the Cordivi said to the Menelones, 'Go in to the camp on foot, and take the King, while we remain here on horseback to hinder his escape.' But the Menelones answered, 'Nay, we are of higher rank than you, neither will we serve on foot; go ye in on foot, and we will tarry here.' Thus they tarried disputing until the dawn of day appeared, and a certain Genoese coming out of the camp early in the morning perceived the enemy and cried aloud, 'To arms! to arms!' The King, awakening, put on his coat of mail in haste and summoned his men, and they, catching up what armour and clothes they could, ran together. There were but ten knights besides the King, and some of their horses were unused to arms, but the King ordered the rest of the army skilfully, and the soldiers prepared to meet the fierce attack of the assailing Turks by kneeling with the right knee on the ground, covering themselves with their shields while their lances grasped in their hands rested with one end on the ground, and pointed their iron heads at the enemy. And between every two of these armed men the King placed an arbalester to annoy the enemy, and behind him waited another to load his arbalest. Thus the King ordered all as the short time allowed, and encouraged his men.

Then the enemy fell upon them in seven companies,

each having about one thousand horsemen. But they could not break through, for the Christians remained unmoved, and their lances were a wall unto them. And as the Turks fell back from the attack the cross-bowmen shot upon them, killing many of them. But many times the Turks rode against them like a whirlwind, and were forced to turn aside. Then the King, perceiving this, rode upon them with his knights, and broke through them, overthrowing them right and left, and not drawing rein till they had ridden quite through the Turkish army. The Earl of Leicester was flung from his horse, but the King came to his rescue, and helped him to remount. Sir Ralph de Mauleon was also seized and made prisoner, but the King spurred his horse and came upon the Turks who had hold of him, and forced them to yield him up. Where the fight was fiercest there rode the King, and the Turks fell beneath his flashing sword.

In the hottest of the battle there rode to the King a Turk, bringing with him two noble horses as a gift from the great Saphadin, Saladin's brother, for he knew that the King had sore need of horses, and he was a worthy foe.

Then the galley-men, fearing for their lives, left the battle, and took refuge in their boats, and the Turks thought to seize the town while the army was fighting in the field. But the King, taking with him but two knights and two cross-bowmen, entered the town, and dispersed the Turks who had entered, and set sentinels to guard it, and then, hasting to the galleys, gathered together the men, and, encouraging

them with his words, brought them back to the fight. And as he led them to the field he fell upon the enemy so fiercely that he cut his way all alone into the midst of the ranks, and they gave way before them. But they closed around him, and he was left alone, and at that sight our men feared greatly. But alone, in the midst of his enemies, he remained unmoved, and all as they approached him were cut down like corn before the sickle. And there rode against him a great admiral, distinguished above the rest by his rich caparisons, and with bold arrogance essayed to attack him, but the King, with one blow of his sword, cut off his head, and shoulder, and right arm. Then the Turks fled in terror at the sight, and the King returned to his men, and lo! the King was stuck all over with javelins, like the spines of a hedgehog, and the trappings of his horse with arrows. The battle lasted that day from the rising to the setting sun, but the Turks returned to Saladin, and he mocked his men, and asked them where was Melech Ric, whom they had promised to bring him. But one of them answered, 'There is no knight on earth like Melech Ric, nay, nor ever was, from the beginning of the world.'

How the King fell sick, and how he made peace with Saladin for three years, and set forth to return into his own land.

But after the battle the King fell sick, and desired to go to Acre to be cured of his sickness, and he

prayed the French, and the Templars, and the Hospitallers, to defend Ascalon and Joppa, but they all forsook him, and would give him no aid. Then the King, despairing of recovery, sought to negotiate a truce with Saladin. And he prayed Saphadin to mediate between them. And Saphadin, who honoured the King greatly, wrought with zeal on his behalf, and peace was made between them. And these were the terms of the peace: that Ascalon should be destroyed and not rebuilt for three years, and that the Christians should have Joppa and should go up to Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre without let or hindrance. And this peace should last for three years, until Richard, having returned to his own land, should have gathered a new army, and should come again to conquer the Holy Land. Then the King, remembering how the French had forsaken him, prayed Saladin not to give leave to any to visit the Holy Sepulchre except they came with letters from himself or Count Henry. Then the French, much disturbed in mind, returned to their own country, but as soon as they were departed King Richard caused it to be proclaimed that whoever wished might go up to the Sepulchre of our Lord.

Then the people made ready and went up in three companies to Jerusalem. And the first company was led by Andrew de Chamgui, and the second by Ralph Teissun, and the third by Hubert Walter, bishop of Salisbury, and Saladin received the bishop with great honour, and bade him make request for what he would and he would grant it. And he prayed for leave to

place two Latin priests in Jerusalem, two at Bethlehem, and two at Nazareth, and the Sultan gave consent.

Then the pilgrims returned to Acre, and, taking ship, set sail for their own lands. But many perished by sickness or by shipwreck, and never returned to their homes.

Then the King prepared his ship, but before he departed he redeemed from captivity the brave William de Pratelles, who had given himself up for the King, and he gave in exchange for him ten noble Turks. And as the King departed the people lamented aloud, and blessed and praised the King, crying, 'Who will now defend thee, O Jerusalem, when King Richard is departed?' And all night the ship sailed by the light of the stars; and as morning dawned the King looked back towards the land and prayed aloud, saying, 'O Holy Land, I commend thee to God, and if in His mercy He grant me life, I hope to come yet again, and in His good pleasure to succour thee.' So spake he, not knowing the troubles and sorrows that awaited him.

CHAPTER V.

FULK FITZWARINE.

How Guarin of Metz won the love of Melette of the White Tower.

NOW in the days when Owen Gwynned was Prince of Wales all the marches from Chester to Mount Gilbert lay waste and desolate, so cruelly did he ravage all the country round his land. The King of England, therefore, being wise, gave the lands of the marches to the most valiant knights in his army, that they should defend the march to their own profit and to the honour of their lord the King. Alberbury, with all the honour appertaining to it, he gave to a knight born in Lorraine, in the city of Metz, who was greatly renowned for his strength, beauty, and courtesy. His banner was of vermilion samite, with two gold peacocks. And the White Land, with its forests and chace, he gave to Payn Peverel, who died soon after in his castle in the Peak, and William Peverel, his sister's son, became his heir. He conquered much land, and built himself a tower, which he named the White Tower, and the town which is built round it is still called Whittington.

Now William had two fair nieces, Eleyne, the elder, and Melette, the younger, and he married Eleyne to Fitz-Alan, and gave her at her marriage all the land of Morlas. But Melette was most beautiful, and many desired her in marriage, but no one could please her, for she said, 'There is no knight in the world whom I will marry for his riches and his lands, but he must be handsome, courteous, and accomplished, and the most valiant knight in Christendom.' So William made a proclamation in many lands and many cities that all knights who were ready to joust for love should come to Castle Peverel, in the Peak, at the feast of St. Michael, and that the knight who should conquer should win the love of Melette of the White Tower, and become lord of Whittington and all its honours.

Now the brave Guarin of Metz had neither wife nor child, and he sent to John, duke of Little Britain, and prayed his aid and help in this matter; and the Duke had ten sons, the most valiant knights in all Little Britain,—Roger, the eldest, Howel, Audwyn, Urien, Thebaud, Bertrem, Amys, Gwychard, Gyrard, and Guy. So the Duke sent his ten sons and a hundred knights, well mounted and richly apparelled to his cousin Guarin of Metz. And there came to the tournament Eneas, the son of the King of Scotland, with the Earl of Moray, and the Bruces, Dunbars, Umfravilles, and two hundred knights, and Owen, Prince of Wales, with two hundred shields, and the Duke of Burgundy with three hundred; Ydromor, son of the King of Galloway, came with one hundred



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and fifty knights; and the knights of England were numbered at three hundred.

Guarin de Metz and his company lodged in tents in the forest near, and they were clothed in red samite, and their horses were covered with cloths that reached to the ground. Guarin himself, that he might be known from the others, had a crest of gold. Then sounded the drums, and trumpets, and Saracen horns, until the valleys re-echoed, and the tournament began.

Many a hard blow was given and many a knight thrown from his horse. The damsel, with other ladies, was in a tower watching the knights to see how each one bore himself; but the first day Guarin and his company were found to be the best and the most valiant, and among them Guarin was the most praised. When night came, Guarin and his company went back to their tents in the forest, and none of the other knights knew who they were. And the next day Guarin came to the jousts with a crest of green ivy out of the forest, like an unknown adventurer; and the Duke of Burgundy rushed upon him and struck him a great blow with his lance, but Guarin flung him from his horse, and a second, and a third. Then Melette of the White Tower sent him her glove and bade him fight for her. And he returned to the forest and put on his red armour, and came back with his companions and held the field against all comers; and he was declared the victor, and was adjudged the prize and Melette of the White Tower. So they sent for the bishop of the country, and he married them. And William Peverel gave a great feast; and

when it was over, Guarin took his wife and went to Whittington. And the ten brothers and their knights prepared to return to Little Britain; but the youngest son, Guy, stayed behind in England, and he was called Guy L'Estrange; and from him are descended the great lords of that name.

Guarin de Metz held Whittington and defended it against the Welshmen. And he had a little son, named Fulk; and when he was seven years old he was sent to a famous knight, Joce de Dynan, to be taught the manners of chivalry.

How Fulk FitzWarine saved the life of Sir Joce de Dynan.

Now when Fulk was eighteen years old, tall and strong, Sir Joce went up to his tower early in the morning, and saw the fields covered with knights and squires, and among them he saw the banner of his great enemy, Sir Walter Lacy. So he bade his knights arm and mount their horses, and go down and guard the bridge; and they held it until Sir Joce came with five hundred men—knights and servants, and the citizens of the town of Dynan—with his banners, argent with three lions passant in azure, crowned with gold. He forced the bridge, and Lacy was discomfited and lost his banner and fled. But Joce de Dynan knew Walter de Lacy by his arms and saw him fleeing alone, so he put spurs to his horse and overtook Lacy in the wood near Bromfield, and called

to him to turn. And when Lacy saw that Sir Joce was alone, he turned, and they fought long and many hard blows were given and taken. Joce struck Lacy through the shield and wounded his left arm, and would have taken him prisoner, but Sir Godard de Bruce and two knights came up to his aid and assaulted Sir Joce on all sides, but he defended himself like a lion.

Now Sir Joce's wife and his two daughters had climbed up into the tower to see the fight and to pray to God to guard their lord; and when they saw him so surrounded with enemies, they set up a great cry, and Fulk FitzWarine heard them (for Sir Joce had left him in the castle, being still but a youth), and he came to them and asked Hawyse the younger daughter what ailed her that she cried so? 'Hold your tongue!' she said, 'you are little like your bold father, for you are a coward and always will be. Do you not see that my lord, who has nourished and cherished you, is in peril of death for lack of help, and you walk up and down in safety and do nothing to aid him?' Upon that he turned red with anger, and going from the tower in haste, clad himself in an old rusty hauberk that he found, and took a great Danish axe; then he went to the stable and found there a cart-horse, and mounting it went out by the postern and came to the field just as his lord had been plucked from off his horse and was about to be killed. But with a blow of his axe he cut in two the backbone of Godard de Bruce, who had hold of his lord, and helped him to remount; then he turned to Sir Andrew de

Preez, and struck him such a blow on his helmet that he split his head down to his teeth. And when Sir Arnold de Lys found he could not escape, he surrendered to Sir Joce, and Lacy was taken also.

As they returned to the castle, Sir Joce turned to him and said, 'Friend burgess, you are very brave and strong, and if you had not been here I should have been killed.' Then the boy answered, 'Sir, I am no burgess. Do you not know me? I am Fulk, your foster child!' 'Fair son,' quoth he, 'blessed be the day I took you home! a man never loses what he does for a brave man.'

So Sir Walter de Lacy and Sir Arnold de Lys were led prisoners to the castle; but in a short space, by the falsehood of a servant, they escaped and got safely away.

And Fulk, who was called Fulk the Brown, because he had so dark a skin, was married to Hawyse, and Sir Joce made him heir of half his land.

But Sir Walter de Lacy pondered how he might be revenged; and though the lords of England made him and Sir Joce swear to live in peace, he gathered many men together from Ireland and other places, and came upon Sir Joce's castle of Dynan, when Sir Joce and Fulk were away, and by treachery obtained entrance into it; and they burnt the town and made a great slaughter of the people, young and old, and set up his banner on the Pendover Tower.

Now when the news came to Sir Joce, he gathered together an army of seven thousand men, and he, and Sir Guarin, and Fulk the Brown, came and laid siege

to the castle; but it was strong and the siege lasted long, and Sir Guarin fell ill. So he returned to Alberbury with only one squire, and there he died. Fulk the Brown, when his father was dead, went to Alberbury and took homage of his people, and then returned to Sir Joce.

How Fulk FitzWarine lost Whittington.

Sir Walter de Lacy, fearing that the war would go against him, sent to the Prince of Wales for aid, and he came with an army of twenty thousand Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, burning the towns and plundering the people. Sir Joce and Fulk, though they fought like lions, were overcome, and Sir Joce was wounded and taken prisoner. When Fulk saw him led away, he was mad with anger, but he was sore wounded himself and could not help, so he made his escape from the battle; but his enemies seized his lands and took his constable prisoner.

Now at that time King Henry was sojourning at Gloucester, and Fulk, all wounded as he was, made his way to him, and told him all that had befallen him. And the King was very furious and swore he would be avenged on all such malefactors. He showed himself also gracious to Fulk, and had his wounds healed, and sent for his mother, Melette, and his wife, Hawyse, and they dwelt in the Queen's chambers. And at this time a little son was born to him, and his name also was called Fulk.

Then the King sent a letter to Sir Walter de Lacy

and commanded him, as he valued life and limb, to deliver up Sir Joce whom he held in prison wrongfully; and Sir Walter was afraid, and entreated Sir Joce and his knights honourably, and set them free. So he came to the King, and he promised him law and right; and then he went to Lambourne, and soon after died and was buried there.

And the King made Fulk constable of his army, and bade him take men and drive the Welshmen out of the march, for Jervard Droyndoun, the prince, had driven out all the barons, and had taken the march from Chester to Worcester. Sir Fulk fought a battle with him at Hereford, and won the field; but the war lasted for four years, until, at the request of the King of France, a love-day was set between the King and Jervard the prince, and they made accord. And the Prince gave up the lands that he had conquered, but for no money would he yield Whittington; so King Henry gave to Sir Fulk instead Alveston and the honours appertaining to it, and Whittington was given to Roger de Powis. Thus Sir Fulk was disinherited of Whittington, and Sir Walter de Lacy holds wrongfully the castle of Dynan; but the town was rebuilt and named Ludlow.

How Fulk the Younger angered Prince John, and how he, when he became king, refused Fulk justice.

Sir Fulk and Hawyse lived with the King many years, and they had five sons,—Fulk, William, Philip the Red, John, and Alan. King Henry had four sons,

—Henry, Richard Cœur de Lion, Geoffrey, who was Count of Little Britain, and John, who was all his life wicked, and quarrelsome, and envious. Young Fulk was brought up with the King's four sons, and was much loved by all of them except John, with whom he quarrelled often. And it happened one day that John and Fulk were all alone in a room, playing at chess. John took the chess-board and struck Fulk a great blow. Fulk, finding himself hurt, raised his foot and gave John such a kick in his stomach that his head flew against the wall, and he fell down and fainted. Fulk was much afraid, but he was glad that there was no one else in the room, and he rubbed John's ears and recovered him from his faint. The Prince went to the King and made a great complaint, but the King only answered, 'Hold your tongue! you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything to you, you certainly deserved it.' And he sent for his master and bade him give him a good beating for complaining. But John kept his anger in his heart, and could never forgive Fulk.

And when King Henry was dead, Fulk the Brown, FitzWarine, found favour with King Richard, and he made all his sons knights. Then young Fulk and his brothers went over the seas and travelled in many lands, and whenever they heard of tournament or jousts, they went to the place and won everywhere honour and fame. But Fulk the Brown fell sick and died, and King Richard sent letters to young Fulk to come back to England and receive his lands. And when King Richard went to the Holy Land he gave

the march into the care of Sir Fulk, and Sir Fulk was in high honour all the days of Richard.

But when King Richard was dead, John was crowned king; and he came to visit the march, and sojourned at Castle Baldwin, which is now called Montgomery. And when Moris, the son of Roger de Powis, Lord of Whittington, heard that the King was there, he sent him a fine horse and a white gerfalcon. And the King made him of his council, and Keeper of the March. Then Moris prayed the King to confirm to him the honour of Whittington. The King knew well that it belonged rightfully to Sir Fulk, but he remembered the blow that Fulk had given him, so he gave the land to Moris and sealed the writing with his seal. And Moris promised to give him a hundred pounds of silver.

But a knight went and told Fulk what the King had done; and he and his four brothers came to the King and prayed that he would give them their lands, and they would pay him a hundred pounds. But the King answered, that he would hold to his word to Sir Moris, whoever might be offended. Then Sir Moris said to Sir Fulk, 'Sir Knight, you are a fool if you challenge my lands. If you say you have a right to Whittington, you lie; and I would prove it on your body, if we were not in the King's presence!' Upon that, Sir William, Fulk's brother, without another word, rushed forward and struck Sir Moris a blow in his face with his fist. But the knights around interfered, and no more harm was done.

Then Sir Fulk turned to the King and said, 'Sir

King, you are my liege lord, and I am bound to you by fealty, as long as I am in your service, and hold my lands from you, and you ought to maintain my right; but you fail me in right and in common law. And it is no good king who denies to his tenant the law in his court; and, therefore, I give you back my homage.' And he turned and went away.

Then he and his brothers, and his cousin Baldwin de Hodnet, armed themselves; and when they were about half a league from the town, there came after them fifteen knights well armed, and commanded them to return, saying that they had promised to bring the King their heads. 'Fair sirs,' said Sir Fulk, 'you were fools to promise to give what you cannot get.' And they fought together; and four of the King's knights were killed, and all the others grievously wounded, except one who took to flight. And he came and told the King; and when the King saw how his knights were wounded he swore he would revenge them.

Sir Fulk went to Alberbury, and told his mother, Dame Hawyse, what had happened. And she gave him treasure; and he and his brothers went over the seas to Little Britain and sojourned there. But King John took all his lands, and did great injury to all his people.

How Sir Fulk and his brothers hid in the woods, and how the King appointed a hundred knights to take them.

Then, after a time, Sir Fulk and his brothers, and his cousins Baldwin de Hodnet and Aldulf de Bracy.

came back secretly to England. And they travelled at night, and by day hid themselves in the woods. But when they came to Alberbury, the people told them that their mother was dead; and Sir Fulk was much grieved, and prayed piteously for her soul.

And he and his people went to a forest called Babbing, near Whittington, to spy Moris Fitz-Roger. But a servant of Sir Moris saw them and told his master. Then Sir Moris armed himself and took his shield, which was green, with two boars or, the bordure was silver, with fleurs-de-lys in azure. And he had with him thirty men, well mounted, and five hundred on foot. But when Fulk saw him, he came out of the forest in haste, and a fierce fight began. And many were killed, and Sir Moris was wounded in the shoulder. At last Sir Moris fled towards the castle, and Fulk pursued him, and aimed a blow at his helmet, but it fell on the crupper of his horse; and Sir Fulk himself was wounded in the leg by an arrow from the castle. So Sir Moris escaped into the castle, and sent word to the King that Sir Fulk was returned to England.

Then the King appointed a hundred knights to go with their men through the land of England, and bring Sir Fulk to him alive or dead; and the King promised them great rewards of lands and money. So the knights rode about England; but when they heard he was in a place, they rode another way, for some of them loved him much, and others feared him for his strength and boldness.

Sir Fulk and his company came to the Forest of

Bradene; and there came by ten merchants with rich cloths, furs, and gloves for the King and Queen of England, and there were with them twenty-four soldiers to guard the King's treasure. When Fulk saw them, he sent his brother John to them to demand who they were and whence they came. But one of them demanded fiercely who he was that he should ask such a question. Then John asked them if they would come quietly to speak to his lord, for if they would not, he would make them. Upon that, one of the soldiers struck him a blow with his sword; but John felled him to the ground. Then Sir Fulk and his men came up and assailed the merchants. They defended themselves vigorously, but at last they were taken and carried into the forest. Then they told Sir Fulk that they were the King's merchants; at which Sir Fulk was very glad. And he said, 'Master Merchants, if you lose these goods who will suffer loss? Tell me truly.'

'Sir,' they answered; 'if we lose them by our cowardice or carelessness, we should suffer; but if we lose them by peril of sea or force of men, the loss would be the King's.'

When Sir Fulk heard that, he made them measure off the rich cloth and furs on his lance; and clothed all those that were with him, little and great, and every one had good measure. When evening was come, and the merchants had supped, he sent them away, and bade them carry to the King Fulk Fitz-Warine's salutations, and his thanks for his good cloths. Now Sir Fulk, all the time he was outlawed,

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ıd they returned to the forest;
d in the head. The people
ay, but at last they escaped;
s behind them, fled on foot to

The porter seeing them ran
ılan, who was very tall, leaped
ing the porter, took the keys
:hers in.

he habit of an old monk, and
his hand and went out, and
te after him. He went, lean-
ıping as if he were very lame.
ıe soldiers, and a great crowd

to him, 'Old monk! have you
pass this way?'
hey be punished for the evil

they done to you?'
ı old and infirm, and can no
d tbere came seven on horses,
because I could not clear the
: their horses ride over me.'