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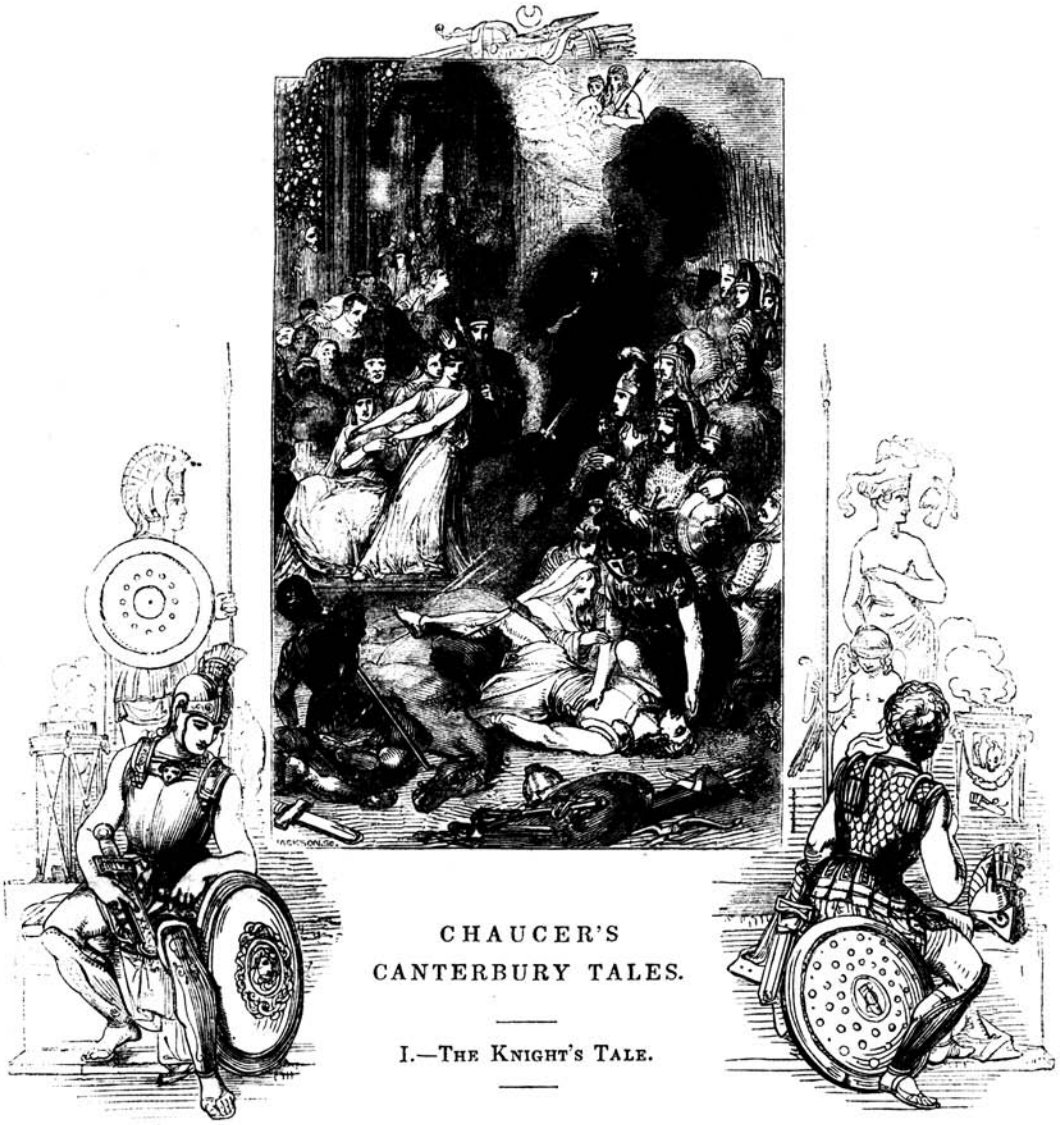


CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

I.—The Knight's Tale.

Four years ago we commenced in the 'Penny Magazine' a series of articles, under the denomination of 'Chaucer's Portrait Gallery,' which had for their main object the hope of making one of the greatest but most neglected of English poets more familiar to his countrymen. The portion of his writings that then engaged our attention was the Prologue or Introduction to the 'Canterbury Tales,' in which the characters of the pilgrims to Thomas-a-Beckett's shrine are all described, and the plan of the poem explained. We now propose to introduce our readers to some of the Tales told by the different pilgrims on their journey.

In the treatment of the Tales our aim will be, whilst transcribing many passages which may convey to an ordinary reader the worthiest idea of their author, to preserve at the same time most strictly the continuous interest of the story, by making our own connecting prose, as far as possible, a pure reflex, in feeling, thought, and words, of the poetry we omit. Glossarial or slight explanatory and illustrative notes will, as before, be given at the foot of each page. With regard to the verse, we have only to request the reader's attention to the rule—adopted for the avoidance of unnecessary marks of accentuation—*that when the spelling of a word differs from the ordinary spelling, it will be found in a great number of instances to mark at once the pronunciation required*:—thus, the spelling generally being modernized, we have considered "muste" need not be printed "musté" to show that the word must is to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

The methods of accentuation we have adopted are these:—1. Words in which the accent falls upon a different syllable than the one at present emphasized, are marked with an acute accent, as honóur for hónour. 2. Where additional syllables (exclusive of diphthongs) are to be sounded, without any change in the spelling or in the emphasis, they are pointed out by the grave accent, as writè, morè. 3. In Chaucer's time the individual sounds of both vowels in diphthongs appear to have been commonly preserved in speech, a custom still lingering in the north of England; and in writing such words therefore as creature, truely, and absolution, they are marked creäture, truëly, and absolution, and

must be pronounced accordingly, just as in Leeds to this day bread is continually heard of as breäd, and dream as dreäm.

Following Chaucer's own order, we commence with the magnificent 'KNIGHT'S TALE.' The pilgrims, it will be remembered, in telling their stories, speak in the first person. Thus it is the Knight, of course, that here speaks:—

> Whilom,* as olde stories tellen us,
> There was a duke that highte† Theseus;
> Of Athens he was lord and governor,
> And in his timè such a conqueror
> That greater was there none undér the sun.
> Full many a riche country had he won.
> What with his wisdom, and his chivalry,
> He conquer'd all the regne of Feminie,‡
> That whilom was yclepèd§ Scythia,
> And wedded the fresh queen Hypolita;
> And brought her home with him to his countrý
> With muchel glory and great solemnity,
> And eke her younge sister, Emily.

And if it were not too long, I would have told you fully the manner of this conquest, and of the great battle fought betwixt the Athenians and the Amazons, and how Hypolita had been besieged; also of the feasts that took place at her wedding, and of the temple raised in her honour, on her coming to the home of her conqueror and husband. But I must forbear, and so will begin again where I left off. When Theseus was almost come to Athens,

> In all his weal, and in his moste pride,

he saw that

> —— there kneelèd in the highe way
> A company of ladies, tway and tway,
> Each after other, clad in clothès black,
> But such a cry, and such a woe they make
> That in this world n' is creäture living
> That ever heard such another waimenting;‖
> And of this cry ne would they never stenten¶
> Till they the reinès of his bridle henten.**

Who are ye, that thus at my coming home disturb so my festival with crying? inquired Theseus. Is it in envy of mine honour, that ye thus complain? Or who hath harmed or offended you? Tell me, if that your wrongs may be mended; and also why ye be thus all clad in black?

The oldest of the ladies then spake:—

> She saide, Lord, to whom Fortúne hath given
> Victory, and as a conqueror to liven,
> Nought grieveth us your glory and your honóur,
> But we beseeche you, of mercy and succóur,
> Have mercy on our woe and our distress,
> Some drop of pity through thy gentleness
> Upon us wretched women let now fall;
> For certes, Lord, there n' is none of us all
> That she n' hath been a duchess or a queen:
> Now we be caitives,†† as it is well seen;
> Thankèd be Fortune and her falsè wheel
> That none estate ensureth to be wele.

And, certes, Lord, abiding your coming, we have waited here in the temple of Clemency all this past fortnight: now, then, help us, since it lies in thy power to do so. I, wretched wight, that weep and wail thus, was wife to King Orpaneus that died at Thebes; cursed be the day! And all those that here join with me in this array and this lamentation, have lost their husbands at that town, when it was besieged. And yet now Creon, the old lord of Thebes, in his ire, and in his iniquity, and in order to dishonour the dead, has caused all the bodies to be thrown on a heap together, and will neither suffer them to be buried nor burnt; but in despite maketh hounds to eat them.*

And then the ladies fell flat upon their faces, and once more cried piteously,

> Have on us wretched women some mercý,
> And let our sorrow sinken in thine heart.
> This gentle duke down from his courser start
> With hearte piteous, when he heard them speak;
> Him thoughte that his heart would all to-break,†

to see those who were once of such great estate, now cast down so low. He took them up and held them in his arms, whilst he comforted them, swearing as a true knight that he would so take vengeance of Creon, that all Greece should speak of his crimes, and their just punishment.

Theseus would not even enter Athens, that he was so near, and spend there a few hours, but having sent Hypolita his queen, and her sister Emily, into the town, he displayed his banner, and rode forth towards Thebes, with all his host. There he slew Creon, and won the city:

> And to the ladies he restored again
> The bodies of their husbands that were slain,
> To do the obséquies, as was then the guise.

It would occupy too long to describe the great clamour and lamentations which the ladies made at the burning of the bodies of their deceased husbands, or the honourable manner in which Theseus afterwards dismissed them. But I may say, shortly, that when the duke had slain Creon, and won Thebes, as he lay all night in the field, the pillers,‡ as they went about among the heaps of dead searching to see if any wounded men were yet alive and required their care,

> they found
> Through girt with many a grievous bloody wound
> Two younge knightes, ligging§ by and by,‖
> Both in one armes,¶ wrought full richèly,
> Of which, two, Arcite hight that one,
> And he that other, highte Palamon.
> Not fully quick,** nor fully dead they were;
> But by their coat-armóur, and by their gear
> The heralds knew them well in speciäl
> As those that weren of the blood reäl††
> Of Thebès, and of sisters two yborn.

The pillers took them out of the heap, and carried them tenderly to the tent of Theseus, who, finally, sent them to Athens, to remain in perpetual captivity. He then rode home to Athens, crowned with laurel as a conqueror, and there lived the remainder of his life in joy and honour. As to Palamon and Arcite, they

* We cannot better illustrate the views of the ancients on the subject of the burial of dead bodies, than by observing that one of the greatest tragedies of one of the greatest of Tragedians, the Antigone of Sophocles, which at this moment is being represented in a musical shape to an English audience, turns entirely upon the misery and ruin brought on by the refusal of a king of Thebes of the rights of burial to a nephew, because he had been a traitor to his country. That king was Creon; probably the very same man that Chaucer refers to.

† To is frequently used by Chaucer to augment the force of the verb to which it is prefixed. He has To-hewen, To-burst, &c.

‡ Foragers.

§ Our northern readers, about Leeds and elsewhere, will not need to be told that ligging means lying: many a Leeds man would be more likely to be interested in being told that lying means ligging; so commonly is the latter word used among the humbler classes there.

‖ Side by side. ¶ One kind of armour.

** Alive. †† Royal.

* Formerly. † Was called.

‡ The kingdom, or queendom as it should rather be called, of the *females*, or Amazons. § Called.

‖ Lamentation. ¶ Stint or cease. ** Laid hold of.

†† Wretches.

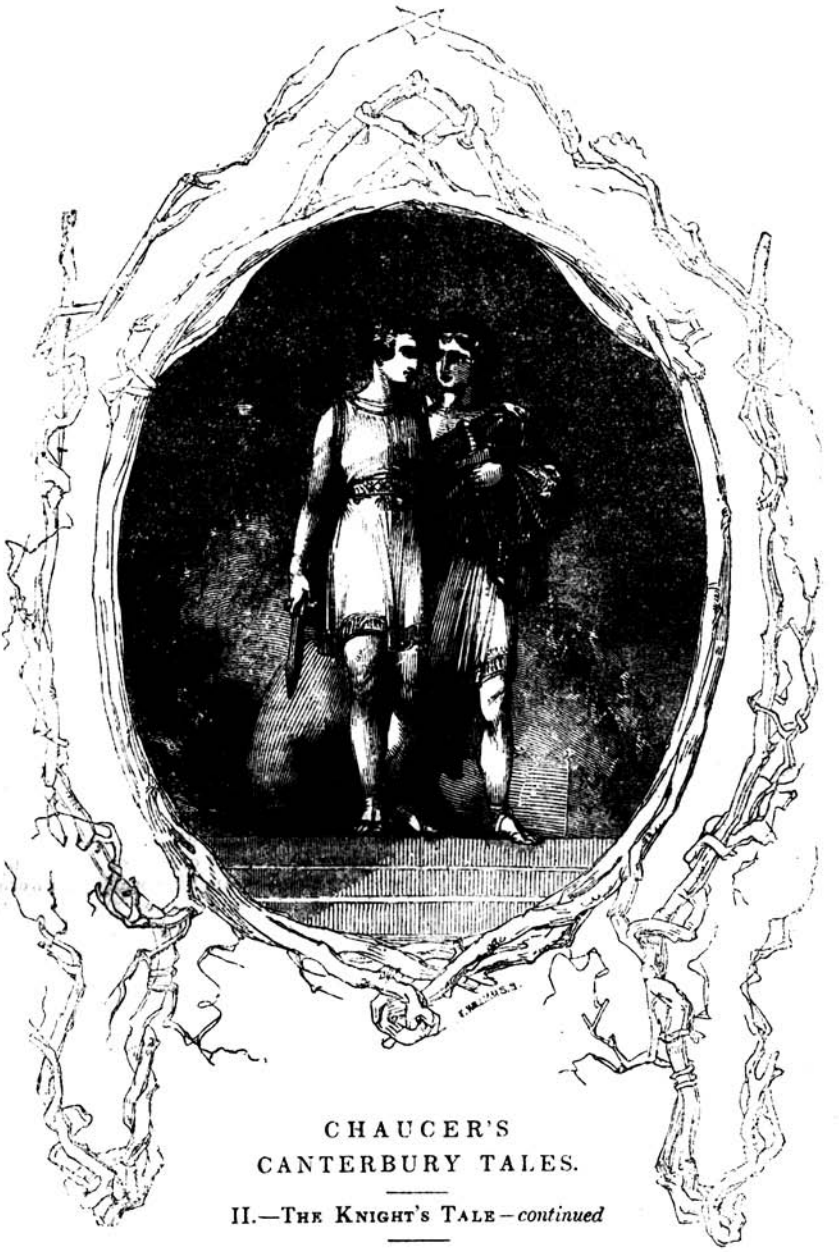
dwelt, full of anguish, in the tower that was to be their eternal prison: no amount of gold might ransom them.

[To be continued.]

The Art of Writing well.—To the influence of association on language it is necessary for every writer to attend carefully, who wishes to express himself with elegance. For the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and critics may be a sufficient guide: but it is not in the works of this class of authors that the higher beauties of style are to be studied. As the air and manner of a gentleman can only be acquired by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with the classical writers. It is indeed necessary for our information, that we should peruse occasionally many books which have no merit in point of expression; but I believe it to be extremely useful to all literary men, to counteract the effect of this miscellaneous reading by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter much to the worse in the course of his life, and his later productions fall below the level of his essays.—*Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

Sugar-making in Jamaica.—I saw the whole process of sugar-making this morning. The ripe canes are brought in bundles to the mill, where the cleanest of the women are appointed, one to put them into the machine for crushing them, and another to draw them out after the juice has been extracted, when she throws them in an opening in the floor close to her; another band of negroes collects them below, when, under the name of *trash*, they are carried away to serve for fuel. The juice, which is itself at first a pale ash-colour, gushes out in great streams, quite white with foam, and passes through a wooden gutter into the boiling-house, where it is received into the siphon, or 'cock-copper,' where fire is applied to it, and it is slaked with lime in order to make it granulate. The feculent parts of it rise to the top, while the purer and more fluid flow through another gutter into the second copper. When little but the impure scum on the surface remains to be drawn off, the first gutter communicating with the copper is stopped, and the grosser parts are obliged to find a new course through another gutter, which conveys them to the distillery, where, being mixed with the molasses, or treacle, they are manufactured into rum. From the second copper they are transmitted into the first, and thence into two others, and in these four latter basins the scum is removed with skimmers pierced with holes, till it becomes sufficiently free from impurities to be *skipped* off, that is, to be again ladled out of the coppers and spread into the coolers, where it is left to granulate. The sugar is then formed, and is removed into the *curing-house*, where it is put into hogsheads, and left to settle for a certain time, during which those parts which are too poor and too liquid to granulate drip from the casks into vessels placed beneath them: these drippings are the molasses, which, being carried into the distillery, and mixed with the coarser scum formerly mentioned, form that mixture from which the spirituous liquor of sugar is afterwards produced by fermentation: when but once distilled it is called 'low wine;' and it is not till after it has gone through a second distillation that it acquires the name of rum. The 'trash' used for fuel consists of the empty canes; that which is employed for fodder and for thatching is furnished by the superabundant cane-tops, after so many are set apart as are required for planting. After these original plants have been cut, their roots throw up suckers, which in time become canes, and are called *ratoons;* they are far inferior in juice to the planted canes; but then, on the other hand, they require much less weeding, and spare the negroes the only laborious part of the business of sugar-making—the digging holes for the plants; therefore although an acre of ratoons will produce but one hogshead of sugar, while an acre of plants will produce two, the superiority of the ratooned piece is very great, inasmuch as the saving of time and labour will enable the proprietor to cultivate five acres of ratoons in the same time with one of plants. Unluckily, after three crops, or five at the utmost, in general the ratoons are totally exhausted, and you are obliged to have recourse to fresh plants.—*M. G. Lewis's Jamaica:—Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*

Tartar Surgery.—The author had fallen from his horse, and gives the following account of his cure:—When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but every thing appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing-point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that, if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Esculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards." The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking, in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.*



CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

II.—The Knight's Tale—*continued*

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell onès* in a morrow of May
That Emily, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily, upon his stalke green,
And fresher than the May with flow'res new
(For with the rosè-colour strove her hue,
I n'ot which was the finer of them two),
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight;†
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh‡ every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith—Arise, and do thine óbservance.§
This maketh Emily have rémembrance
To do honóur to May, and for to rise:
Yclothèd was she fresh for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yarde long, I guess;
And in the garden at the sun uprist
She walketh up and down, where as her list:
She gathereth flow'res, party white and red,
To make a subtle garland for her head,
And as an angel heavenly she sung.

Against the garden wall stood the thick tower in which the Knights were imprisoned. Bright was the sun, and clear the morning; and Palamon, by the gaoler's leave, roamed in a chamber at the top of the tower, commanding a view of the noble city, and of the garden below, where Emily was walking. To and fro went the sorrowful prisoner, complaining of his woe, and lamenting that he had been born; until, through the barred window, he cast his eye upon Emily, when he started, with an exclamation, as though he were

* Once. † Dressed. ‡ Exciteth. § Respect.

stung to the heart. What aileth thee, cousin? asked Arcite—

> Why criedst thou? who hath thee done offence?
> For Goddes love take all in patience
> Our prison, for it may none other be,
> Fortune hath given us this adversity.

Palamon answered, It is not the prison that causeth me to cry, but the fairness of a lady that I see yonder in the garden. I know not whether she be a woman or a goddess, but truly I think it is Venus. Arcite then began to perceive Emily in the garden, and was so smitten with her beauty,

> That if that Palamon were wounded sore,
> Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.

And sighing, he said in a piteous tone, unless I obtain her grace, so that at the least I may see her, I am but as one dead.

When Palamon heard these words, he looked fiercely upon Arcite, and asked him whether he were in earnest or in play. In earnest, by my faith, said Arcite; God help me, I am but little inclined to play. Knitting his brows, Palamon returned—It were no great honour to thee to be a traitor to me, that am thy cousin and brother. We have sworn to each other that not even the fear of death shall divide us, and that in love thou shouldest forward me in my case, as I would in thine. And now thou wouldest falsely love the lady whom I love and serve. But thou shalt not. I loved her first, and told thee my love. As a knight therefore thou art bound to assist me.

Arcite proudly replied—Thou shalt be rather false than me; and thou art false. I loved her first. Thou knewest not whether she were a woman or a goddess. And suppose that thou didst love her first,

> Wot'st thou not well the olde clerkès saw
> That—"Who shall give a lover any law"?
> * * * *
> We strive as did the houndès for the bone,
> They fought all day, and yet their part was none.
> There came a kite, while that they were so wroth,
> And bare away the bone betwixt them both.
> And therefore at the kingès court, my brother,
> *Each* man for himself—there is none other.*

Great and long continued was the strife between them; but I have no leisure to describe it; so to my story. It happened that a worthy duke named Perithous, who had been a companion to Theseus from the day that they were children, came to Athens on a visit, as was his custom, for no man in this world loved he so well as Theseus, who loved him as tenderly in return. This Duke Perithous had also long known and loved Arcite; and at his request, Theseus finally agreed to deliver him from prison, without ransom, freely to wander where he pleased; but on pain of death, if he were ever again found, by day or night, for one moment, within the duke's country. There was no other remedy, no time nor opportunity for counsel. Arcite takes his leave, and speeds homeward. Let him beware, his head lieth in pledge.

> How great a sorrow suffereth now Arcite!
> *The death* he feeleth through his hearte smite;
> He weepeth, waileth, crieth piteously;
> To slay himself he waiteth privily.
> He said—Alas! the day that I was born.

O dear cousin Palamon, thine is the victory of this adventure. Full blissful mayest thou endure in prison. In prison!—nay, but in Paradise. Since fortune is changeable, thou mayest by some chance attain thy desire; but I am exiled, barren of all grace, and in such great despair, that nothing may heal or comfort me.

On the other hand, when Palamon knew that Arcite was gone, he made the prison resound with his cries.

* None other rule.

Alas! said he, Arcite, my cousin, thou hast the fruit of all our strife. At Thebes now thou walkest at large, and mayest assemble thy kindred, and make such sharp war upon this country, that by some treaty or adventure thou mayest obtain Emily to wife. And therewith the fire of jealousy seized his heart so fiercely,

> ———that he like was to behold
> The box-tree, or the ashes dead and cold.

Then said he—O cruel gods, that govern this world with the binding of your eternal words, who write in the table of adamant the issue of your consultations, what is mankind in your eyes more than the sheep who huddle together in the fold?

> You lovers, ask I now this question,
> Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?
> That one may see his lady day by day,
> But in prisón must he dwellen alway:
> That other where him lust * may ride or go,
> But see his lady shall he never mo.'

When Arcite reached Thebes, often times in a day he fainted, and, shortly to describe his woe—

> So muchel sorrow had never creäture
> That is or shall be, while the world may 'dure.
> His sleep, his meat, his drink, is him beraft,†
> That lean he wax'd, and dry as is a shaft.
> His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold;
> His hué fallow,‡ and pale as ashes cold;
> And solitary he was, and ever alone,
> And wailing all the night, making his moan:
> And if he hearde song or instrument,
> Then would he weep; he might not be stent,§
> So feeble were his spirits, and so low,
> And changed so, that no man coulde know
> His speeche, ne his voice, though men it heard.

When he had endured for a year or two these cruel torments, one night, as he lay in sleep, he thought that the winged god Mercury stood before him, and bade him be of good cheer. He bare upright in his hand the sleep-compelling wand; he wore a hat upon his bright hair, and was arrayed as at the time that Argus took his memorable sleep. He said to Arcite—Thou shalt go to Athens; there is prepared for thee an end to thy woe. Arcite starting, awoke, and said—How sure soever I may suffer for it, I will immediately set out for Athens: in Emily's presence I care not to die. And with that word he caught a great mirror, and saw that his colour and visage were quite changed, and the thought ran through his mind, that if he were to disguise himself as one of humble circumstances, he might live in Athens unknown evermore, and see his lady daily. Immediately he altered his array, put on the garb of a poor labourer, and with only one squire, that he had taken into his entire counsel, went to Athens, where he proffered his services at the gate of the Duke's court, to drudge and draw, just as might be required of him. Arcite especially looked to see who served Emily, and so presently was engaged by her chamberlain. And well could Arcite hew wood and carry water, for he was young and strongly built. He remained a year or two thus engaged, as page of the chamber of Emily the bright, and was known by the name of Philostrate;

> But half so well belovèd a man as he
> Ne was there never in court of his degree.

He was so gentle of behaviour, that his renown spread throughout the court, and Theseus made him his squire, when he acquitted himself so well, both in peace and war, during three years, that there was no man held dearer by Theseus than Arcite.

In darkness, and in a strong and horrible prison,

* Please. † Bereft. ‡ Yellow. § Stopped.

Palamon for seven years hath sat, wasted with love and distress. He goeth out of his wits with sorrow. He is not a prisoner for a season, but eternally.

It fell, however, that in the seventh year, the third night of May, Palamon, having given his gaoler a drink made of wine, and containing narcotics, so that he went into a deep sleep, escaped out of prison, and took shelter before daylight in a neighbouring grove, meaning to hide there during the day, and then in the evening return to Thebes, assemble his friends, and make war upon Theseus, in order to gain Emily or lose his life. Meanwhile Arcite little anticipated the trouble that Fortune had in store for him, until she had brought him into the snare.

> The busy lark, the messenger of day,
> Saluteth in her song the morrow grey;
> And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
> That all the Orient laugheth of the sight;
> And with his streamès drieth in the greves*
> The silver droppes hanging on the leaves.

And Arcite is risen; and, looking on the merry day, prepares to fulfil the due observances of the season. On his courser, starting as the fire, he rideth to the fields, and by chance toward the very grove where Palamon lay hid:

> And loud he sang against the sunne sheen—
> O, May! with all thy flow'res and thy green,
> Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May;
> I hope that I some green here getten may:
> And from his courser with a lusty heart
> Into the grove full hastily he start.

When he had roamed and sung his fill, he fell suddenly into a study. Alas, cried he, the day that I was born! Alas, thou fell Mars! Alas, thou fell Juno! Ye have destroyed all our lineage excepting Palamon and my wretched self! And now Love will slay me utterly. Emily, ye be the cause for which I die. All my other troubles I value not. And therewith he fell down in a trance.

Palamon, as he heard these words,

> ——— thought throughout his heart
> He felt a colde sword suddénly glide—

and could no longer conceal himself. So, starting from among the thick bushes, he cried—False Arcite! False traitor wicked! Thus art thou caught. I will now be dead, or else thou shalt die. Arcite, having heard his tale, drew his sword, and with a solemn oath, exclaimed—Were it not that thou art sick, and mad with love, and that thou hast no weapon, thou shouldest never leave this grove, but die by my hand:

> For I defy the surety and the bond
> Which that thou say'st that I have made to thee,
> What! very fool, think well that love is free.

Since, however, thou art a worthy knight, and desirest to contest Emily by battle, I pledge here my truth, to bring armour to-morrow for us both. Choose the best yourself, and leave the worst for me. I will also bring thee, this night, meat, drink, and bedding, and if thou slay me in this wood, and win my lady, thou mayest freely have her, as far as I am concerned. Palamon agreed, and so they parted until the morrow.

> O Cupid, out of alle charity,
> O reign, that will no fellow have with thee,

Truly is it said that neither love nor lordship will, with their good will, have any sharers:

> Well finden that Arcite and Palamon.

[To be continued.]

* Groves.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN AMERICAN TOWNS

[Concluded from p. 71.]

The necessity for a more plentiful supply of water than that furnished by the wells, was felt at New York so long back as 1774, when the city numbered only twenty thousand inhabitants. In 1798, again, it was matter of serious discussion, and various plans were suggested, and engineers consulted; but nothing definite was done, and the matter again fell to the ground. In 1822, a little more was effected; a committee was formed to investigate the matter, and surveys and estimates were made, a company formed, reports published, shares issued; yet things went on year by year; and even this died away. In 1831 more talking and suggesting took place; and in 1832 the appearance of cholera in the city gave more earnestness than ever to the wish of having a plentiful store of good water. Notwithstanding all this, however, so difficult is it to rouse a corporate body to strike out a new course of action, that it was not till 1837 that a beginning was made in the actual prosecution of a definite and attainable plan. The year 1842 witnessed the completion; and we may now describe the way in which it has been executed.

One of the plans formerly proposed was to throw a dam across the river Hudson, so as to exclude the entrance of salt water from the sea, and to convey the water thence to New York; but as a free passage by means of locks must be left for navigation, the plan was not practicable. Hence attention was directed to some other river, which might be made to yield its water before mingling with the sea-water, without interrupting any navigation. The river Croton, flowing through the mainland, answered this character; and the Croton aqueduct now exhibits the working out of the plan. It is observed in the Athenæum that this aqueduct is "one of the most remarkable works of modern times. . . . . Here we have the waters of a river dammed up at their sources, pure and undefiled, a virgin stream, springing up among the woods in a remote forest, and consecrated to the health and happiness of a great city no less than *forty miles* off. The waters of the river, being pent up at their fountain-head in the silent woods, are to be transported, or have the means of transporting themselves, through a rough and uneven country those forty miles. An artificial channel, built with square stones, supported on solid masonry, is carried over valleys, through rivers, under hills, on arches and banks, or through tunnels and bridges, over these forty miles. Not a pipe, but a sort of condensed river, arched over to keep it pure and safe, is made to flow at the rate of a mile and a half an hour towards New York. *A mile and a half of pure water measured off to the drinking inhabitants of New York every hour!* And yet this is no tale of a sea-serpent or of a tub."

The Croton is a small river flowing into the Hudson. The sources are about fifty miles from the city, and are mostly springs which form a good many ponds and lakes in the depressions of a hilly country. About twenty of these lakes, having an aggregate area of three million acres, form the sources of the Croton; and the river so formed flows with rather a rapid descent over a bed of gravel and masses of broken rock. The water is so very pure, that the Indians who formerly inhabited the district gave it a name corresponding to "clear water." At one particular spot a dam has been thrown across the river, to a great height, and this forms a "back-water," or level sheet of water to a distance of six miles above the dam; the level has an area of about four hundred acres, and forms the fountain reservoir for the aqueduct. This reservoir, down to the level where the water would cease to flow off into the aqueduct, contains six hun

culation, excited much interest, as well as no little ridicule. Vallance's scheme, which was fully explained in a pamphlet published by him in 1825, entitled 'Considerations on the expedience of sinking capital in Railways,' was, like Medhurst's original design, for conveying passengers along a railway laid within an air-tight tunnel, which he proposed to construct either of cast-iron or of vitrified clay resembling common brickwork, but less permeable to air; but knowing that experiments had proved a very great loss of power to result from the attempt to impel air through a long pipe, he proposed to set the piston-carriage in motion solely by exhausting the tunnel in advance of it and suffering the full pressure of the atmosphere to act upon its rear. This plan, which was patented in 1823, was brought into experimental operation at Brighton upon a sufficiently large scale to prove the possibility of so singular a mode of transport, but, had there been no other difficulties, the objections of the travelling public to transmission in a dark close tunnel would have proved sufficient to prevent its general adoption.

About the year 1835 the subject was revived in consequence of a patent being taken out by Mr. Henry Pinkus, an American gentleman residing in England, for an apparatus which he called the Pneumatic Railway, and which, as originally proposed, was to consist of a cast-iron tube from thirty-six to forty inches diameter internally, of an average thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and having a longitudinal slit or opening from one to two inches wide along what was, when laid in its proper position upon the railway, intended to be its upper side. Two ribs or cheeks, cast with the tube, along the sides of this opening, formed a channel or trough from four to five inches wide and deep, which, in order completely to close in the tube or tunnel, and prevent the ingress of air, was filled with a valvular cord of some soft and yielding substance strengthened by being formed upon a peculiarly constructed iron chain, so arranged that when the valve was laid in its place in the trough, the soft matter should completely exclude the passage of air, while the iron portion of the valve, lying upon and covering the edges of the vertical cheeks, should at once protect the valvular cord from injury and prevent its being forced into the tube by an external pressure. Within this tube was placed a piston-carriage, denominated the dynamic traveller, which was impelled forward by the pressure of the atmosphere in its rear whenever, by the action of pumping machinery connected with the tube, a partial vacuum was formed in front of it. In the rear of the piston the dynamic traveller carried an apparatus for lifting the valvular cord out of its seat, so as to allow of the free passage along the slit or opening of a connecting bar by which the dynamic traveller was placed in communication with an external carriage, called the governor, to which the vehicles to be drawn were attached; and immediately after the passage of this connecting-rod the valve was restored to its place, its sides being fresh lubricated by an apparatus attached to the governor, and the whole being pressed firmly down by a wheel or roller. In this form of the apparatus the governor and the carriage attached to it ran upon rails attached to or cast upon the external sides of the pneumatic tube; but in a subsequent modification of the invention the tube was greatly reduced in size, and laid down in the middle of the track of an ordinary railway, and a kind of pneumatic locomotive engine was substituted for the governor, the pistons of this engine working after the manner of a common locomotive engine, excepting that, in lieu of steam, a motive power was to be obtained from the atmosphere, by the aid of the rarefied tube, with which the engine was placed in communication. The former plan was publicly exhibited in a small model, and an experimental railway was partially laid down near the Kensington Canal for the trial of the latter upon a practical scale, under the auspices of an association formed for bringing the pneumatic railway into use; but, from what cause we are not aware, the matter fell through.

The failure which had attended so many attempts to bring pneumatic transport to a practical trial led to a very general feeling of distrust, when, in 1840, Messrs. Clegg and Samuda brought forward their "Atmospheric Railway;" but after some satisfactory experiments upon a more limited scale, those gentlemen arranged with the proprietors of the then unfinished Thames Junction or West London Railway for the temporary use of a portion of their line near Wormwood Scrubbs, upon which they laid down about half a mile of railway, with a rising gradient partly of one in one hundred and twenty, and partly of one in one hundred and fifteen, and with the disadvantage of a very badly laid track formed of old contractor's rails (which, it is curious to observe, had formed part of the original rails of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway); yet, notwithstanding these and other unfavourable circumstances arising from the imperfection of the machinery, and the shortness of the line, which would not admit of the attainment of a maximum speed, the results of the first trials, on the 11th of June, 1840, showed a maximum speed of thirty miles per hour with a load of five tons nine hundredweight in one carriage, and of twenty-two miles and a half per hour with a load of eleven tons ten hundredweight in two carriages. This experimental line, which had an atmospheric tube of only nine inches diameter, was publicly exhibited in action at intervals, for many months, during which it was visited by many eminent engineers of this and other countries, and its success was considered by the directors of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway to be so decisive, that they determined to adopt the atmospheric mode of working upon a projected extension of their line from Kingstown to Dalkey, the gradients and curves of which rendered it unsuitable for working by locomotive engines. This line, which was so far completed as to be ready for working in August, 1843, is at present (December, 1844) the only line of atmospheric railway in existence, the first-mentioned line having been removed to allow the completion of the West London Railway, which is worked by locomotives; but though no other lines are yet made, the London and Croydon Railway Company have recently obtained parliamentary sanction to a plan for laying down a line of atmospheric railway, alongside of their present road, from London to Croydon, and making an extension of the same from Croydon to Epsom, by which arrangement there will be a complete atmospheric line of about eighteen miles, half of which will run parallel with and close to a railway worked by locomotive engines, thus affording the most satisfactory data for comparison between the two modes of transport.

[To be continued.]

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

III.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE—*continued.*

IN the grove, at the place and time appointed, Arcite and Palamon met:—

> Then changen gan the colour of their face;
> Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace
> That standeth at a gappe with a spear,
> When hunted is the lion or the bear,

And heareth him come rushing in the greves,*
And breaking both the boughès, and the leaves,
And thinketh—Here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten fail he must be dead or I;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me, if that me mishap:-
So fareden they in changing of their hue.

There was no "Good day" exchanged, no saluting; but presently helping each other to arm, they rushed to the combat with their sharp spears—Palamon appearing like a wild lion, and Arcite as a cruel tiger.

Theseus that morning rode forth with Hypolita and Emily, and his court, all clad in green, to hunt, and by chance came to the very grove where the two knights were fighting; and where

Under the sun he lookèd, and anon
He was 'warè of Arcite and Palamon,

and saw that

The brighte swordes wenten to and fro
So hideously, that with the leaste stroke
It seemèd that it wouldè fell an oak.

Rushing between the combatants, Theseus commanded them to desist, and to tell him what bold men they were who thus ventured to fight without any proper officer standing by. Palamon hastily answered, Sire, what needeth many words? We have both deserved death. Two miserable wretches are we, weary of our lives; and as thou art a rightful lord and judge, show mercy to neither of us. Slay me first for charity's sake, but slay my companion also. This is Arcite, who came to thy gate calling himself Philostrate, and who has so long deceived thee, that thou hast made him thy chief squire. This is he that loves Emily. And since the day is come that I must die, I confess plainly that I am Palamon.

Theseus said, This is a short conclusion, and I will record it. There is no need to humiliate you with the hangman's cord; you shall die by the weapon of mighty Mars.

Then began the queen, and Emily, and all the ladies of the train, to weep for pity. Have mercy, lord! they cried, falling upon their knees. And at last the fierce mood of Theseus was assuaged. He began to think that every man will help himself in love, if he can, and he looked with compassion upon the women, who wept continually. So when his ire had departed

He gan to looken up with eyen light,

and spoke thus:—

The God of love, ah, *Benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a lord is he.
Against his might, there gainen non obstácles,
He may be clep'd a God, for his mirácles,
For he can maken at his owen guise,
Of every heart, as that him list devise.

Look here upon this Arcite and this Palamon! They were out of prison, might have lived royally in Thebes—they knew I was their mortal enemy, and that their death is the penalty for their coming into my hands, yet hath Love brought them hither:—

Who maye be a fool, but if he love?
Behold for Goddes sake, that sittest above!
See, how they bleed!

And, best of all, she, for whom they do all this, knows no more of it than a cuckoo or a hare. But I, in my time, have been a servant of Love, and am aware how sorely it can oppress a man. So I forgive you this trespass, and you shall both swear never more to make war upon me or my beloved country, and to become as far as possible my friends. The knights swore as he wished.

To speak of wealth and lineage, continued Theseus,

* Groves.

each of ye were worthy of Emily, though she were a duchess or a queen, but ye may not both wed her:

one of you, all be him loth or lief,*
He must go pipen in an ivy leaf.

Now hearken to what I propose. Each of you shall go where he pleases, and this day fifty weeks hence return with a hundred knights armed ready for battle. And this I promise, as I am a knight, that whoever with his hundred shall slay his antagonist or drive him out of the lists, shall have Emily to wife. I will make the lists here in this place. And God so judge me as I shall judge truly.

Who looketh lightly now but Palamon?
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite?
Who could it tell, or who could it endite,
The joye that is makèd in the place,
When Theseus hath done so fair a grace?

And now Theseus goes briskly to work to prepare the royal lists; never before in the world was there so noble an amphitheatre as the one he built. Its compass was a mile about. It had walls of stone, with ditches outside. The shape was round, and the seats were so arranged that no man hindered another from seeing. On the eastern and western sides were gates of marble. In brief, never was there raised in such limits such a place; for all the most skilful artificers, painters, and sculptors of the kingdom were engaged by Theseus for its erection.

For the performance of rites and sacrifices, Theseus raised an oratory on the eastward gate in worship of Venus; and another on the western gate in remembrance of Mars; and a third in a turret on the wall, of white alabaster and red coral, in worship of Diana. But I must not forget to speak of the noble carvings and pictures, or the shape and countenances of the figures, that were in these three oratories.

First in the temple of Venus mayst thou see,
Wrought on the wall, full piteous to behold,
The broken sleepes, and the sikes† cold,
The sacred teares, and the waimentings,‡
The fiery strokès of the désirings,
That Lovè's servants in this life enduren;—
The oathès that their covenants assuren.
Pleasance and Hope, Desire, Foolhardiness,
Beauty and Youth, ——— and Richéss,
Charmès and Force, Lesings and Flattery,
Dispencè,§ Business, and Jealousy,—
That weared of yellow goldès‖ a garland,
And had a cuckoo sitting on her hand;
Feastès, instrúments, and carolès and dances,
Lust and array, and all the circumstánces
Of Love, which that I reckon and reckon shall
By order weren painted on the wall,
And more than I can make of mention;
For sothly¶ all the Mount of Citheron,
There** Venus hath her principal dwelling,
Was showèd on the wall in pórtraying,
With all the garden, and the lustiness.††
Nought was forgotten:—The porter Idleness;
Ne Nárcissus, the fair of yore agone;
Ne yet the folly of King Solomon;
Ne yet the greate strength of Hercules;
Th' enchantment of Medea and Circés;
Ne of Turnús the hasty fierce courage,
Ne riche Crœsus caitif in servage.
Thus may ye see that wisdom nor richéss,
Beauty nor sleighte, strength nor hardiness,
Ne may with Venus holden champarty;‡‡

for as she pleases she may guide the world. A thousand more examples might be given, but let these suffice. The statue of Venus was truly glorious, as she appeared floating on the sea, partially covered by the green and transparent waves:

* Glad. † Sighs. ‡ Lamentations. § Expense.
‖ The flower called the turnsol, which is yellow.
¶ Truly. ** Where. †† Enjoyment or delight.
‡‡ Share of power.

A citole* in her right hand hadde she,
And on her head, full seemly for to see,
A rosè garland fresh and well smelling,
Above her head her doves flickering.

In the temple of mighty Mars the Red, the wall was painted like the interior of the great temple of Mars in Thrace, where the god hath his sovereign mansion.

First on the wall was painted a forést,
In which there wonneth† neither man nor beast,
With knotty, gnarry,‡ barren treës old,
Of stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a swough,
As though a storm should bursten every bough;
And downward from a hill, under a bent,§
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burnèd steel, of which th' entrée
Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see;
And thereout came a rage and such a vise,‖
That it made all the gatès for to rise.
The northern light in at the doore shone,
For window on the wall ne was there none,
Through which men mighten any light discern.
The door was all of adamant etern',
Yclenchèd overthwart and endelong
With iron tough; and for to make it strong,
Every pillar the temple to sustene¶
Was tonne-great, of iron bright and sheen.
There saw I first the dark imagining
Of Felony, and all the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,**
The pick-pursè, and eke the palè drede,
The smiler with the knife under the cloak;
The shepen†† burning, with the blacke smoke;
The treason of the murdering in the bed;
The open war, with woundès all be-bled;
Conteke‡‡ with bloody knife, and sharp menâce.
All full of chirking was that sorry place!
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
His heartè's blood hath bathèd all his hair;
The nail ydriven in the shode§§ on height;
The colde death, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple sat Mischance,
With discomfort and sorry countenance;
Yet saw I Woodness* laughing in his rage,
Armed Complaint, Outheés,† and fierce Outráge;
The carrion‡ in the bush with throat ycarven,
A thousand slain, and not of qualm ystarven;§
The tyrant, with the prey by force yreft;
The town destroyèd—there was nothing left.
Yet saw I burnt the shippes hoppesteres;‖
The hunt'¶ ystrangled with the wilde bears;
The sow fretting** the child right in the cradle;
The cook yscallèd for all his long ladle:
Nought was forgot by th' infortunè of Martè.††
The carter overridden with his carte,
Under the wheel full low he lay adown.

* A musical instrument, supposed to be a kind of dulcimer.
† Dwelleth. ‡ Gnarled. § Steep, or declivity.
‖ Rush. ¶ Sustain. ** Burning coal.
†† Stable. ‡‡ Contest. §§ Hair of the head.

Above, painted in the tower, Conquest sat, in great honour, with a sword suspended by a thread over his head. The statue of Mars, armed, looked grim, and a wolf stood before him at his feet,

With eyen red, and of a man he eat.

The walls of the temple of Diana were painted everywhere with stories of the hunt and of shame-faced chastity: of Calisto, who offended Diana and was turned into a bear, and afterwards into the load-star; of Acteon pursued by his own hounds for having whilst hunting discovered the goddess bathing; of Atalanta, and Meleager, and many others, who hunted the wild boar, and suffered in consequence from Diana much care and misery. The goddess sat on a hart full high,

With smalle houndès all about her feet;
And underneath her feet she had a moon,
Waxing it was, and shoulde wanen soon.
In gaudy green her statue clothèd was,
With bow in hand;

and arrows in the quiver at her back.

Thus were the lists made and arranged by Theseus, at his great cost; and wondrously the whole pleased him. And now the day approached of the return of Palamon and Arcite.

* Madness. † Outcry. ‡ A putrefying body of the dead.
§ That is to say, not *ystarven*, or dead, from disease, or *qualm*.
‖ The meaning seems to be the ship was burnt even as she—*ster*, danced—*hoppe*, on the waves; for of those two Saxon words that we have italicised *hoppesteres* appears to have been formed
¶ Hunter. ** Devouring.
†† The Italian form of the word Mars.

[To be continued.]

The Combat interrupted.

to break or interrupt the continuity of the atmospheric tube at the principal stations, so as to allow of the use of switches, turn-tables, and the other ordinary arrangements of a railway station.

While the opinions of leading engineers continue at variance as to the merits of this mode of working a railway, it may be well to say very little of its proposed advantages. Some of these it claims in common with every other mode of working by stationary instead of locomotive engines, of which the principal are—the facilities which it affords for ascending steep gradients, and consequently for constructing railways at less cost than where heavy cuttings and embankments are necessary in order to procure easy slopes for the locomotive; the saving in the wear and tear, and consequently in the necessary strength and cost of the railway itself, in consequence of not having to convey the moving power with the train; and the security against collision, owing to the impossibility of moving two trains on the same stage or engine-length of railway at the same time. In like manner also some of the objections raised to this apply to every other mode of using stationary engines: such are the necessity of providing and constantly maintaining a power sufficient to conduct the largest amount of traffic which can ever be conveyed, which would render it as costly, as regards some large items of expense, to maintain a railway for the passage of four or five trains per diem as one upon which trains are constantly succeeding each other; and the liability of derangement to the whole system in consequence of the failure of a single point in it. These are the principal grounds of objection to what has been termed the *inflexibility* of the system, or, in other words, the comparative want of power to modify the mode of working according to the fluctuations of a variable traffic or the exigences arising from accident. In drawing a comparison between atmospheric and rope traction there is less difficulty, for while in many points the merits and demerits of the two are identical, the vacuum in the one supplying the place of the rope in the other, it cannot be questioned that the train of an atmospheric railway is by far the most secure from accident, especially upon curves, it being as it were tied down to the track by the piston travelling within the tube; and also that, the difficulty of producing a valve which shall open with sufficient facility and close with sufficient exactness being once overcome, which it appears to be most perfectly, the friction and waste of power must be very much less in the atmospheric system than where a heavy rope and a long series of pulleys have to be put and kept in rapid motion; to say nothing of the chances of accident by the breaking of the rope, to which there is no equal risk as a parallel objection to the atmospheric system. Its safety is indeed one of the great advantages claimed for this mode of working a railway, as the worst which could happen in consequence of the failure of the apparatus would be the stopping of the train. In case it should be necessary to stop in the middle of the tube, so as to avoid collision with an obstacle on the road, the breaks will generally be found sufficient for the purpose, as there is not the immense momentum of the heavy locomotive to overcome; but it is proposed, if needful, to introduce a safety valve in the piston, or an arrangement for admitting air in front of it, in case of emergency. It is proposed generally to lay out atmospheric railways so nearly on the natural surface of the ground as to take advantage of many slopes of sufficient steepness for working by gravity alone; but while this has been much insisted upon by some advocates of the system as an advantage, it appears to be too little remembered that the advantage gained in one direction must inevitably produce a corresponding disadvantage in traversing the line in the opposite direction. Even some of those who still question the economical application of the atmospheric in lieu of the locomotive system, consider it well adapted for use upon such inclined planes as have hitherto been worked by ropes or by assistant engines.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

IV.—THE KNIGHT'S TALE—*concluded.*

TRUE to their covenant, Palamon and Arcite appear at Athens at the appointed time, each with his hundred knights, all well armed for the contest. And surely since the world began never was there so noble a company. Every lover of chivalry and of fame hath prayed that he might be one of the illustrious players in that glorious game, and happy was he who was chosen.

Of the knights with Palamon, some were armed in a hauberk, breast-plate, and short cassock; some have a pair of large plates round their bodies, and some have a Persian shield. Again, some will be well armed about their legs, and have an axe; some will have a mace of steel. In short, they were armed each after his own inclination. Among those who came with Palamon might be seen—

> Licurge himself, the greate King of Thrace:
> Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
> The circles of his eyen in his head
> They gloweden betwixen yellow and red,
> And like a griffon lookèd he about,
> With combèd hairès on his browès stout;
> His limbès great, his brawnès hard and strong,
> His shoulders broad, his armès round and long;
> And as the guisè was in his countrée,
> Full high upon a car of gold stood he,
> With foure whitè bullès in the trace,
> Instead of coat-armour on his harnèss,
> With nailès yellow, and bright as any gold,
> He had a bearè's skin, coal-black for old.
> His longe hair was combèd behind his back,
> As any raven's feather it shone for black,
> A wreath of gold, arm-great,* of hugè weight,
> Upon his head sate full of stonès bright,
> Of finè rubies and of diamonds.

About his car there ran twenty or more great white dogs, accustomed to hunt the lion or the bear, who were now fast muzzled, and had collars of gold about their necks.

With Arcite came the great Emetrius, king of India, who sat upon a bay steed, and—

> trappèd in steel,
> Covered with cloth of gold diápred wele,
> Came riding like the god of Armes, Mars;
> His coat armour was of a cloth of Tars,†
> Couchèd‡ with pearlès white, and round, and great;
> His saddle was of burnt gold new ybeat;

A mantle hung upon his shoulders,—

> Bretful§ of rubies red as fire sparkling;
> His crispe hair like ringes was yrun,
> And that was yellow, and glittered as the sun;
> His nose was high, his eyen bright citrine,‖
> His lippès round, his colour was sanguine.
> * * * *
> And as a lion he his looking cast:

His age appeared to be about five and twenty years;

* Great or thick as a man's arm. † A kind of silk.
‡ Laid or trimmed, or, as we should now say, powdered with pearls.
§ Brimful. ‖ Pale yellow, or citron colour.

His beard was well begunne for to spring,
His voice was as a trumpe thundering;
Upon his head he wear'd of laurel green
A garland fresh and lusty for to seen;
Upon his hand he bore for his deduit*
An eagle tame, as any lily white:
A hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armèd, save their heads, in all their gear,
Full richèly in alle manner thingès;
For trusteth well that earlès, dukès, kingès,
Were gathered in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran on every part
Full many a tame lión and leöpart.†

And in this manner came all the lords to Athens, on Sunday, in the early part of the day, and there alighted; Theseus lodging them each according to his degree, and feasting them all in great honour.

At night, or before daybreak of the next morning, Palamon sprung up, on hearing the lark sing, and went to the temple of Venus, where he knelt, and with sad heart prayed to the goddess—

Thou gladder of the Mount of Citheron!

have pity on me, for the love thou felt for Adonis. I do not desire on the morrow the vain glory of conquest, but the possession of Emily. Find thou in what manner this may be accomplished, and I will worship thy temple ever more; wheresoever I go I will do sacrifice on thy altar. And if ye will not do so, my lady sweet, I pray you then that Arcite may drive his spear through my heart to-morrow.

Palamon then made his sacrifices, and waited the issue. After some delay, the statue of Venus shook, and made a sign, signifying, as he thought, that his prayer was accepted; so with glad heart he went home.

Soon after Palamon went to the temple of Venus—

Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily,

and went with her maidens to the temple of Diana, and performed all the accustomed rites. On the altar she began to prepare two fires, and when they were kindled, she thus prayed—Oh, chaste goddess of the green woods, goddess of maidens, that for many a year hast known my heart, and what I desire, now help me! Send peace and love betwixt Palamon and Arcite. Turn their desires away from me. Quench all their busy torments. Or if my destiny be so shaped, that I must needs have one of them, send me him that most desireth me.

The fires burnt clear on the altar while Emily thus spoke, but suddenly one of them was quenched, and then revived again; and afterwards the other was also quenched, and quite died out, making a noise as though the brands were wet, and at the end of the brands issued what appeared to be bloody drops. Emily in a frenzy of alarm began to cry out, when Diana appeared, bow in hand, and said—Daughter, cease thy grief. Thou shalt be wedded unto one of those that have so much care and woe on thy account, but *which* I may not tell. Farewell, I may no longer dwell here. As the goddess disappeared the arrows in her quiver rang and clattered; Emily, much astonished, said—What meaneth this? alas! Diana, I put myself into thy protection.

The hour of Mars now following, Arcite went into his temple; and thus addressed the fierce divinity:—Oh, strong god, that in every kingdom and country holds the bridle of war in thine hand, have pity upon my sorrow, for the sake of the pain thou thyself felt when thou wooedst Venus. I am young, and ignorant, and suffer more for love than ever did any other living creature. She for whom I endure all this woe, careth not whether I sink or float, and I know well that by my strength in these lists can I alone win her; and I know that strength availeth not without thy aid. Then help me, lord; give the victory to-morrow, and evermore I will cause an eternal fire to burn before thee. I will also bind myself to this vow—my beard and my long hair, that have never yet known the razor or the shears, I will cut off and give to thee, and while I live be thy true servant. Now, lord, have pity on me. Give me the victory. I ask no more.

As he ceased, the doors and the rings that hung on them clattered loudly, and Arcite was somewhat alarmed. But the fires then began to burn so brightly that all the temple was illuminated; and the ground gave forth a sweet smell. Arcite threw more incense into the fire, and at last the hauberk of the statue of Mars rang, and Arcite

heard a murmuring,
Full low, and dim, that saide thus—Victory!
For which he gave to Mars honóur and glory,

and returned with joy and hope to his lodging.

Great was the feast in Athens on the day of the combat. Incessant was the noise and clattering of horse and horsemen in the hostelries. Rich and strange were the armour and trappings of the lords as they rode upon their steeds to the palace. Loud were the sounds of the pipes, trumpets, kettle-drums, and clarionets. The palace was full of people scattered in groups about, conversing on the battle, some leaning towards one party, some the other.

Theseus now caused the herald to announce his will to the assembled people; who said—The lord thus modifies his former purpose. No man on pain of death shall take arrows or dart or pole-axe or short pointed dagger into the lists, and no man shall ride more than one course with a sharp-headed spear. And whoever shall be overthrown shall not be slain, but be taken by force to a stake at the side, where he is to remain. And if the chief on either side be thus taken, or be otherwise slain, no longer shall the tourney last.

Up gone the trumpes and the melody,

and to the lists ride all the court, Theseus having the knights one on each side of him. Then come the queen and Emily, and all the remainder of the company. When all were seated, Arcite entered with his hundred companions, displaying a red banner, through the gateway of Mars. At the same moment Palamon and his hundred entered the lists from beneath the gateway of Venus, displaying a white banner. The gates were then shut, the heralds ceased to ride up and down, and the loud cry arose—

Do now your devoir, younge Knightès proud!

The spear goeth into the rest, the sharp spear into the side; there shafts are shivered upon thick shields, here the point is felt gliding into the very heart; spears spring high into the air, bright swords are drawn out; helmets are hewn, blood streams forth, bones are broken by the weighty maces; now

Stumblen steedès strong, and down goeth all,

and now the knight rolleth under foot, still striking at his foe with his truncheon; but in vain, he is taken and brought to the stake, where he must abide, as one defeated.

Often during the day have Palamon and Arcite met, and unhorsed each other. There is no tiger in the vale of Galiphay that has lost her whelp, so cruel in the heart as Arcite; no lion in Belmarie that is hunted, or who is mad for hunger, so thirsteth for blood as Palamon. At last, after a mighty struggle with a host of combatants, Palamon was forced to the stake, amid the shouts of the people, the loud minstrelsy of the trumpeters, and the voices of the heralds.

* Pleasure. † Leopard.

Arcite, then taking off his helm, rode through the lists to where Emily sat; she looked at him pleasantly,

And was all his in cheer, as his in heart.

But then Pluto, at the request of Saturn, who had been moved by the entreaties of Venus, caused a Fury to start up suddenly out of the ground before Arcite; his horse starting aside, threw him; and he pitched on his head on the ground, so

That in the place he lay as he were dead,
His breast to-bursten with his saddle-bow;
As black he lay as any coal or crow,
So was the blood yrunnen in his face.

He was borne to the palace of Theseus, and carefully tended. But nothing could heal his hurts;

Nature hath now no domination.
And certainly where Nature will not werche,*
Farewell physíc; go bear the man to church.

Arcite then sent for Emily, and after dwelling upon his true love for her, and his strife with Palamon for her sake, said,

Know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

His speech here began to cease,—

Duskèd his eyen two, and fail'd his breath.

Most honourable were the burial rites and ceremonies prepared by Theseus. The funeral pile was erected in the grove where the lovers had privately met and combated, and where the lists had been afterwards formed. But how the pile was raised to a great height, and what are the names of the trees of every kind that were used, or how they were felled, shall not be told by me;

Ne how the Goddès rannen up and down
Disherited of their habitatïoun,
In which they wonneden† in rest and peace,
Nymphès, Faunès, and Hamadriàdès;
Ne how the beastès and the birdès all
Fledden for feare, when the wood 'gan fall;
Ne how the ground aghast was of the light,
That was not wont to see the sunne bright;
Ne how the fire was couchèd first with stre,‡
And then with drìe stickès cloven a-three,
And then with greene wood and spicery,
And then with cloth of gold, and with pierrié,§
And garlands hanging with full many a flower,
The myrrh, th' incénse also with sweet odóur;
Ne how Arcita lay among all this,
Ne what richéss about his body is;
Ne how that Emily, as was the guise,
Put in the fire of funeral servíce;
Ne how she swoonèd when she made the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was her desire:
Ne what jewéllès men in the firè cast,
When that the fire was great and brente fast;
Ne how some cast their shield and some their spear,
And of their vestimentès which they ware,‖
And cuppès full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that burnt as it were wood;¶
Ne how the Greekès with a hugè rout,
Three timès riden all the fire about,
Upon the left hand, with a loud shoutíng,
And thriès with their spearès clattering,
And thriès how the ladies 'gan to cry;
Ne how that led was homeward Emily;
Ne how Arcite is burnt to ashes cold;

but, briefly, I will conclude my tale.

After years had passed, there was a parliament held at Athens, in which among other points, matters of alliance between certain countries were debated. Theseus sent for Palamon, who not knowing the cause of his being sent for, came, still habited in his mourning. Theseus also sent for Emily. And when all were seated, the Duke addressed the assemblage: showing that all things are ordained above, that it is true wisdom to make a virtue of necessity, that it was a matter of deep congratulation, since Arcite was to die prematurely, that he had died in the very flower of his youth and reputation.

Sister, quod he, this is my full assent,
With all the advice here of my parliament,
That gentle Palamon, your owen knight,
That serveth you with will, and heart, and might,
And ever hath done, since ye first him knew,
That ye shall of your grace upon him rue,
And taken him for husband and for lord.

Turning to Palamon, Theseus said—

I trow, there needeth little sermoning,
To maken your assenten to this thing;
Come near, and take your lady by the hand.

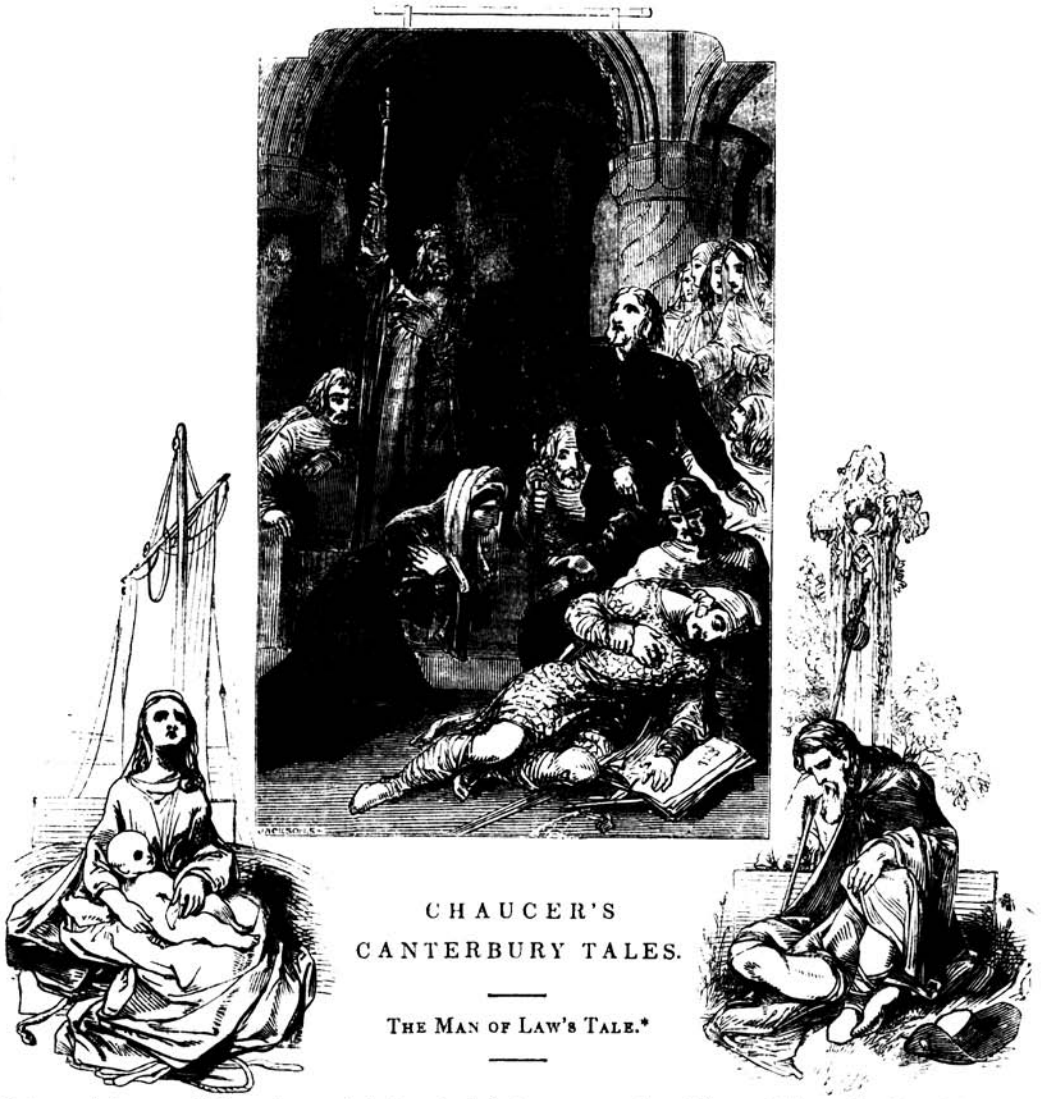
The lovers were married at last;

And God, that all this widè world hath wrought,
Sent him his love that hath it dear ybought.
For now is Palamon in alle weal,
Living in bliss, in riches, and in heal;*
And Emily him loveth so tenderly,
And he her serveth all so gentilly,
That never was there no worde them between.

* Health.

[Death of Arcite

* Work.
‡ Straw.
‖ Wore.
† Were accustomed to dwell.
§ Precious stones.
¶ Mad.



CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Man of Law's Tale.*

Oh! pernicious condition of poverty! to ask help shames thee in thy heart, yet if thou do not ask, the very extremity of thy need exposes the wound that thou wouldest conceal.

Thou blamest Christ, and sayest full bitterly, that he distributeth unequally temporal wealth. It is better to die than to be indigent. Thy very neighbour despises thee.

If thou be poor, farewell thy reverence!

But ye, O merchants, are full of riches. Through land and sea ye seek your winnings. All the condition of kingdoms ye know. Ye be the messengers of tidings and tales both of peace and war, and now that I have a tale to tell, I were sadly at a loss, but that a merchant long ago taught me one, that ye shall now hear.

In Syria once dwelt a company of rich traders, who were accustomed to send far and wide their spices, cloths of gold, and satins. And it happened that the masters of the company went to Rome, and sojourned there a certain time. And every day they heard some rumour or other of the excellence of the Emperor's daughter, Custance. The general voice said,

> In her is high beauty withouten pride,
> Youthe withouten green-head,* or folly,
> To all her workes virtue is her guide;
> Humbless hath slayen in her—tyranny,
> She is mirrour of alle courtesy,
> Her heart is very chamber of holiness,
> Her hand minister of freedom for almess.†

When the merchants had freighted their ships, and seen this noble maiden, they returned to Syria.

Now it so chanced that the merchants stood high in the favour of the Sultan of Syria; who, when they came from any strange place, would entertain them hospitably, and learn what tidings they brought from foreign lands. Among other matters they tell him of Custance, and that with such earnestness, that the Sultan

* The commencement and general tone of the Man of Law's narration, recall to mind forcibly the description of him given by the poet:—

> Discreet he was, and of great reverence,
> He seemèd such, *his wordes were so wise.*

* Childishness. † *Alms*—charitable deeds generally.

finds a great pleasure in keeping her constantly in his remembrance; in short, all his delight and care are to love her. At last, sending for his council, he tells them briefly, that he is but as one dead, unless he may win the regards of Constance, and bids them devise a remedy.

They endeavoured to reason with him, suggested that he had been deluded and wronged by magic, and finally urged the difficulty attending the proposed marriage on account of the diversity of religions. No Christian prince, they thought, would give his child in wedlock to one who lived under the law of Mohammed. But the Sultan answered, Rather than lose Custance, I will become a Christian. And in the end, by treaties, and through the mediation of the Pope, the alliance was concluded, to the injury of Mohammedanism and the promotion of Christianity. And now, fair Custance, may the Almighty God guide thee.

> The day is comen of her départing,
> I say the woful day fatál is come,
> That there may be no longer tarrying
> But forward they them 'dressen* all and some.
> Custánce that was with sorrow all o'ercome
> Full pale arose, and 'dresseth her to wend,†
> For well she seeth there is none other end.
>
> * * *
>
> Father, she said, thy wretched child, Custánce,
> Thy younge daughter, fostered up so soft,
> And ye, my mother, my sovereign pleasánce
> Over all thing (out-taken‡ Christ on loft§),
> Custánce, your child, her recommendeth oft
> Unto your grace, for I shall to Surrié,‖
> Ne shall I never see you more with eye.
>
> Alas! unto the Barbáre nation
> I muste gone, since that it is your will,
> But Christ, that starv'd¶ for our redemption,
> So give me grace his hestes** to fulfil.

To ship the sorrowful maid is brought in all solemnity. Now Christ be with you all, she said. Farewell, fair Custance, was the reply.

In the mean time the mother of the Sultan, a well of vices, has called her council about her, and thus spoken to them. Ye know, lords, that my son is about to leave the holy laws of the Koran; but I vow to God, the life shall start out of my body, rather than the law of Mohammed out of my heart. But now, lords, will ye consent to what I advise? and I will then make us safe. Every one agreed to live and die by her. Then, she said, We will first feign to receive Christianity, and I will make such a feast,

> That, as I trow, I shall the Sultan quite;
> For though his wife be christened ne'er so white,
> She shall have need to wash away the red,
> Though she a font of water with her led.

So, on a certain day, the Sultaness rode to her son, and told him she renounced her faith, repented she had been so long a heathen, and besought him to grant her the honour of receiving the Christian people at a banquet. The Sultan said, I will do your pleasure; and kneeling, thanked her for her request:—

> So glad he was, he n'ist†† not what to say.

She then kissed her son, and went home.

The Christians now arrived. Great was the crowd, and rich the procession of the Syrians and the Romans. The mother of the Sultan first received Custance with a glad cheer, and then the Sultan himself welcomed her with all joy and bliss. The time comes for the feast ordained by the Sultaness; and the Christians, young and old, are present. Men see there royalty in all its magnificence, and feast on dainties more than I can describe; but all too dear they are bought. In a word, the Sultan and the Christians—every man—are suddenly cut down and stabbed at the board by the Sultaness and her friends; also every Syrian that had been converted. And then Custance is taken in great haste to the shore, with her treasure, clothes, and a store of provisions:—

> And in a ship all steerèless (God wot)
> They have her set, and bidden her learne sail
> Out of Surrié againward to Itaille.

And forth saileth Custance alone in the salt sea. O my Custance! He that is the lord of fortune be thy pilot!

For days and years she floated throughout the Grecian Sea, until she came to the Strait of Maroc. Many a sorry meal does she make: often does she wait in expectation of the coming death, before the wild waves bear her to the place where she is destined to arrive. Men might ask why she was not slain at the feast?—why she was not drowned in the sea?—how it happened that for three years and more her provisions lasted? I answer, Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave?—enabled the Hebrew people to cross the sea dry-shod?—and fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave and in the desert?

Custance now driveth forth into our ocean; and at last, under a fort on the Northumbrian coast, the ship sticks fast in the sands. The constable of the castle goes down to see the wreck, and there finds this weary woman, and brings her to the land. Custance kneeleth down and thanketh God's goodness. But who or what she was she would tell no one, not even though she were to die for her silence. But

> She said she was so masèd in the sea,
> That she forgot her minde, by her truth.

The constable and his wife Hermegild wept for pity as they looked on her. They were both pagans, as were most else in the country, the early Christians having been driven out; but Custance was so diligent to serve and to please,

> That all her love that looken in her face;

and especially Hermegild, who cherishes her as her own life, and who is finally converted by Custance to the Christian faith. There were then dwelling near the castle three persons who in their privacy honoured Christ, one of whom was blind:—

> Bright was the sun as in that summer's day,
> For which the constable and his wife alsó
> And Custance have ytake the righte way
> Toward the sea, a furlong way or two,
> To playen and to roamen to and fro;
> And in their walk this blinde man they met,
> Crooked and old, with eyen fast yshet.*

In the name of Christ, cried this blind man, give me my sight again, Dame Hermegild! * The constable's lady was in alarm, lest her husband should kill her; but Custance made her bold, and bade her accomplish Christ's will. In astonishment the constable asked what the matter meant? Sir, replied Custance, it is Christ's might that helpeth people out of the fiend's snare, and therewith she explained the Christian law to him; and before that evening passed, the constable was converted.

A young knight of the town now began to love Custance with so ardent an affection, that he verily thought he should perish, unless he could accomplish her dishonour. But all his wooing availed not. He could not draw Custance into sin, and in his malice he

* *Them 'dressen*—*i. e.* address themselves. † Go.
‡ *Out-taken*—excepted. § High. ‖ Syria.
¶ Died. ** Behests. †† *Ne-wist not*—knew not.
* Shut.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Wife of Bath's Tale.

In the olden days of King Arthur, this land was full of fairies, and

> The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
> Dancèd full oft in many a greene mead.
> This was the old opinion as I read;
> I speak of many hundred years ago;
> But now* can no man see none elves mo;
> For now the greate charity and prayéres
> Of limitours, and other holy freres,
> That searchen every land, and every stream,
> As thick as motès in the sunne-beam,
> Blessing halles, chambers, kitchenes, and bowers,
> Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,
> Thorpes† and barnes, sheepenes,‡ and dairies,
> This maketh that there be no faëries,
> For there as wont to walken was an elf,
> There walketh now the limitour himself,
> In undermeales,* and in morrownings,†
> And saith his matins and his holy things,
> As he goeth in his limitatioun.‡
> Women may now go safely up and down,
> In every bush and under every tree,
> There is none other incubus but he,
> And he ne will do them no dishonóur.

And it so befel, that this King Arthur had in his court a knight, a bachelor, who having grossly ill-treated a maiden, was brought before the king, and condemned in due course of law to death. The queen and other ladies, however, prayed very earnestly to the king for his pardon, who consented to place him in the queen's hands that she might save him or execute him as she pleased. The queen then said to the knight, "Thou standest yet in such a position, as to have no surety of thy life; but

* It will be remembered that it is the Wife of Bath who is speaking, and in the fourteenth century.

† Villages, or other small places ‡ Stables.

* Supposed by Tyrwhitt to refer to the period immediately following dinner. † Mornings.

‡ The part in which the friar or limitour is licensed to beg.

I grant thee life, if thou canst tellen me
What thing is it that women most desiren:
Beware, and keep thy necke bone from iron.
And if thou canst not tell it me anon,
Yet will I give thee leavè for to gone
A twelvemonth and a day,

in order to seek and learn a sufficient answer. And I must have security before you depart, that you will again appear at this place."

Woe was the knight, and sorrowfully he siketh; *
But what?—he may not do all as him liketh;

So he engaged to come again to the court at the year's end, with such answer as God would permit, and therewith took his leave.

And now wherever he has any hope to find favour, he seeks to learn what thing women love most, but no two agree in the answers they give him.

Some saiden, women loven best richéss,
Some saiden honour, some saiden joliness,
Some, rich array.

Some said that we are the best pleased in heart when flattered and praised, and I will not deny that they go near to the truth.

A man shall win us best with flattery;
And with attendance, and with business,
Be we ylimèd, bothe more and less.†

Some men said that we love best to be free, and act as we please, and that no one reprove our faults. And some said that we have great delight to be considered stedfast, and secret, and as betraying nothing that men tell to us. But that is a worthless tale. Certainly we women can conceal nothing. Witness Midas. Will ye hear the tale? Ovid

—— Said, Midas had under his longe hairs,
Growing upon his head two asses' ears;
The whiche vice he hid, as he best might,
Full subtlely from every mannes sight,
That, save his wife, there wist of it no mo,
He lov'd her most, and trusted her also;
He prayèd her, that to no creature
She n'ould not tellen of his disfigure.

She swore him.—nay, for all the world to win,
She n'oulde do that villany one sin,
To make her husband have so foul a name:
She n'ould not tell it for her owen shame.
But natheless her thoughte that she died
That she so longe should a counsel hide;
Her thought it swelled so sore about her heart,
That needely‡ some word her must astart;
And since she durst not tell it to no man,
Down to a marais§ faste by she ran;
Till she came there, her hearte was a-fire;
And as a bittern bumbleth in the mire,
She laid her mouth unto the water down.

"Bewray me not, thou water, with thy soun,"
Quod she; "To thee I tell it, and no mo,
My husband hath long asses' eares two.
Now is my heart all whole, now is it out,
I might no longer keep it, out of doubt."

Full sorrowful was the knight in spirit, when he saw that he could not discover what he wanted, but he goes toward home, for the appointed day is come. In his way, he happened to ride by the side of a forest, where he saw a party of ladies dancing. Eagerly he went toward them, in hope of learning some wisdom applicable to his situation; but before he reached the spot, the dancers had vanished, he knew not whither.

No creature saw he, that barè life,
Save on the green he saw sitting a wife;
A fouler wight there may no man devise.

She rose, and said, "Sir Knight, there lieth no way here; tell me, on your faith, what ye seek,

Peráventure it may the better be,
These olde folk con muchel thing," quoth she.

"My dear mother," said the knight, "I am but dead, if I cannot say what thing it is that women desire most. Could you instruct me, I would reward you well."

"Plight me thy troth, here in my hand," quod she,
"The nexte thing that I require of thee
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
And I will tell it you, ere it be night."

"Have here my troth," quoth the knight. Then said she, "I dare vaunt that thy life is safe.

Upon my life the queen will say as I:
Let see, which is the proudest of them all,
That weareth on a kerchief, or a caul,
That dare say nay of that I shall you teach."

She then whispered in his ear, and bade him be glad, and have no fear.

When they reached the court, the knight said he had kept the day as he had promised, and that he was prepared with his answer. There assembled many a noble wife, many a maid, and—for that they are wise—many a widow. The queen herself sat as judge. The knight was ordered to appear, and silence having been commanded, was told to declare

What thing that worldly women loven best.

In a loud and manly voice, so that all the court heard his words, the knight then gave his answer:—

"My liege lady, generally," quoth he,
"Women desiren to have sovereignty,
As well over their husband as their love,
And for to be in mastery him above.
This is your most desire, though ye me kill;
Do as you list, I am here at your will."

In all the court ne was there wife ne maid,
Ne widow, that contráried that he said,
But said, he was worthy to have his life.
And with that word up start this olde wife
Which that the knight saw sitting on the green.
"Mercy," quoth she, "my sovereign lady queen,
Ere that your court depart, as doth me right.
I taughte this answer unto this knight,
For which he plighted me his trothe there,
The firste thing I would of him require,
He would it do, if it lay in his might.
Before this court then pray I thee, Sir Knight,"
Quod she, "that thou me take unto thy wife,
For well thou wot'st that I have kept thy life:
If I say false, say nay upon thy fay."
This knight answér'd, "Alas, and well-a-way,
I wot right well that such was my behest.
For Goddes love, as choose a new request:
Take all my good, and let my body go."
"Nay then," quod she, "I shrew us bothe two:
For though that I be olde, foul, and poor,
I n'oulde for all the metal ne the ore,
That under earth is grave, or lith above,
But if thy wife I were, and eke thy love."

"My love," quoth he, "nay, rather my curse!
Alas! that any of my nation
Should ever so foully disparáged be."

But all in vain are his lamentations:

The end is this, that he
Constrained was: he needes must her wed,
And take this olde wife.

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* Sigheth.
† That is to say, both high and low,—or rich and poor.
‡ Of need, necessarily. § Marsh.

art was on the decline; Lionardo, Raphael, Correggio, had all passed away. Titian at the age of sixty retained all the vigour and the freshness of youth: neither eye nor hand, nor creative energy of mind, had failed him yet. He was again invited to Ferrara, and painted there the portrait of the old Pope Paul III. He then visited Urbino, where he painted for the duke that famous Venus which hangs in the Tribune of the Florence Gallery, and many other pictures. He again, by order of Charles V., repaired to Bologna, and painted the emperor, standing, and by his side a favourite Irish wolf-dog; this picture was given by Philip IV. to our Charles I., but after his death was sold into Spain, and is now at Madrid.

Pope Paul III. invited him to Rome, whither he repaired in 1548. There he painted that wonderful picture of the old pope with his two nephews, the Duke Ottavio and Cardinal Farnese, which is now at Vienna. The head of the pope is a miracle of character and expression: a keen-visaged, thin little man, with meagre fingers like birds'-claws, and an eager cunning look, riveting the gazer like the eye of a snake—nature itself!—and the pope had either so little or so much vanity as to be perfectly satisfied; he rewarded the painter munificently; he even offered to make his son Pomponio, Bishop of Ceneda, which Titian had the good sense to refuse. He painted also several pictures for the Farnese family, among them the Venus and Adonis, of which a repetition is in our National Gallery, and a Danaë which excited the admiration of Michael Angelo. At this time Titian was seventy-two.

He next, by command of Charles V., repaired to Augsburgh, where the emperor held his court; eighteen years had elapsed since he first sat to Titian, and he was now broken by the cares of government,—far older at fifty than the painter at seventy-two. It was at Augsburgh that the incident occurred which has been so often related: Titian dropped his pencil, and Charles taking it up and presenting it, replied to the artist's excuses that "Titian was worthy of being served by Cæsar." This pretty anecdote is not without its parallel in modern times. When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting at Aix-la-Chapelle, as he stooped to place a picture on his easel, the Emperor of Russia anticipated him, and taking it up adjusted it himself; but we do not hear that he made any speech on the occasion. When at Augsburgh Titian was ennobled and created a count of the empire, with a pension of two hundred gold ducats, and his son Pomponio was appointed canon of the cathedral of Milan. After the abdication and death of Charles V., Titian continued in great favour with his successor Philip II.; for whom he painted several pictures. It is not true, however, that Titian visited Spain: the assertion that he did so rests on the sole authority of Palomino, a Spanish writer on art, and though wholly unsupported by evidence, has been copied from one book into another. Later researches have proved that he returned from Augsburgh to Venice: and an uninterrupted series of letters and documents, with dates of time and place, remain to show that, with the exception of this visit to Augsburgh and another to Vienna, he resided constantly in Italy and principally at Venice, from 1530 to his death. Notwithstanding the compliments and patronage and nominal rewards he received from the Spanish court, Titian was worse off under Philip II. than he had been under Charles V.; his pension was constantly in arrears; the payments for his pictures evaded by the officials; and we find the great painter constantly presenting petitions and complaints in moving terms, which always obtained gracious but illusive answers. Philip II., who commanded the riches of the Indies, was for many years a debtor to Titian for at least two thousand gold crowns; and his accounts were not settled at the time of his death. For our Queen Mary of England, who wished to patronise one favoured by her husband, Titian painted several pictures, some of which were in the possession of Charles I.: others had been carried to Spain after the death of Mary, and are now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid.

[To be continued.]

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Wife of Bath's Tale—*Concluded.*

There was neither joy nor feasting upon the knight's wedding-day; but only heaviness and much sorrow. The knight concealed himself from all society,

> So woe was him his wife lookèd so foul.

She, however, smiled constantly upon him, saying—

> "I am your owen love, and eke your wife,
> I am she which that savèd hath your life.
> * * * * * *
> Ye faren like a man had lost his wit.
> What is my guilt? for Goddes love tell it,
> And it shall be amended if I may."
> "Amended!" quoth this knight, "alas! nay, nay,
> It will not be amended never mo;
> Thou art so loathly, and so old also,
> And thereto comen of so low a kind;

Would to God that my heart would burst." "Is this," quoth she, "the cause of your uneasiness?" "Yes, certainly," said he, "and no wonder." "Now, sir," she returned, "I could mend all this, if I pleased, within three days, could you but conduct yourself right toward me. But as for the gentleness* ye speak of, the offspring of wealth, it is but worthless arrogance. Look who it is that is most virtuous at all times, who most intendeth

> To do the gentle deedes that he can;
> And take *him* for the greatest gentleman.

Christ wills us derive our gentleness from him, not from the wealth of our ancestors, who, though they may give us all their inheritance and lineage,

> Yet may they not bequeathen, for no thing
> To none of us their virtuous living.

Every one knows as well as I that were gentleness planted naturally by regular line of descent, then would its possessors never cease to do the fair offices that belong to it: neither would they commit any vicious nor villainous act.

> Take fire, and bear it into the darkest house
> Betwixt this and the Mount of Caucasus,
> And let men shut the doorès, and go thenne,
> Yet will the fire as faire lie and brenne
> As twenty thousand men might it behold;
> His office natural aye will it hold.

Here you may see that gentleness is not annexed to possession, since people do not, like the fire, perform at all times the works that belong to it. God knows, men may often find a lord's son doing shameful and villainous acts; so that the man who will be praised and esteemed inasmuch as that

> he was boren of a gentle house,
> And had his elders noble and virtuous,
> And n'ill himselven do no gentle deedès,
> Ne follow his gentle ancestry, that dead is,
> He is not gentle, be he duke or earl.

* Or gentility

And therefore, dear husband, I come to this conclusion, that although my ancestors were rude, yet may God give me, as I hope, grace to live virtuously; and

> Then am I gentle, when that I begin
> To liven virtuously, and waiven sin.

As to the poverty for which you reprove me, the Divine Being in whom we believe chose to lead a life of wilful poverty; and certainly, Jesus would not choose a vicious mode of living. Glad poverty is an honest thing; and I hold him rich who is satisfied however little he hath: whilst

> He that covéteth is a poore wight.

Juvenal merrily sung of poverty,

> The poore man when he go'th by the way,
> Before the thievès he may sing and play.

Poverty, however strange it may seem, is a possession that no man will challenge. Poverty

> full often, when a man is low,
> Maketh his God and eke himself to know:
> Povért' a spectacle is, as thinketh me,
> Through which he may his very* friendes see;

Therefore, Sir, reprove me no more for my poverty.

And now, Sir, of my age, with which you find fault. Gentlemen of honour say that men should reverence old men, and call them father.

And when ye say I am old and foul, then ye need not dread that I shall be unchaste to you. But choose now, she said, one of these two things; to have me thus old and foul until I die,

> And be to you a trué humble wife,
> And never you displease in all my life,
> Or elles will ye have me young and fair,
> And take your áduventure?

The knight considers, sighing the while deeply, but at last he said,

> "My lady and my love, and wife so dear,
> I put me in your wisè governance,
> Chooseth yourself which may be most pleasánce
> And most honóur to you and me also.

I care not which of the two. It shall suffice me as you like to determine."

> "Then have I got the mastery," quoth she,
> "Since I may choose and govern as me lest."
> "Yea, certes, wife," quoth he, "I hold it best."
> "Then," quoth she, "we be no longer wroth,
> For by my troth I will be to you *both:*
> This is to say, yea, bothe fair and good.
> I pray to God that I might starven wood,†
> But I to you be all so good and true
> As e'er was wife since that the world was new.
> And but I be to-morrow as fair to seen
> As any lady, emperess, or queen,
> That is betwixt the east and eke the west
> Do with my life and death right as you lest.

Look upon me!"

> And when the knight saw verily all this,
> That she so fair was, and so young thereto,
> For joy he hent ‡ her in his armes two:
> His hearte bathèd in a bath of bliss.

And she from that time forward

> obeyèd him in every thing
> That mighte do him pleasance or liking,
> And thus they live unto their livès' end
> In perfect joy.

* True, or real. † Die mad. ‡ Held, clasped

LOCOMOTION OF ANIMALS.—No. XVI.

Flying continued.—Fishes, being adapted by their structure to move and respire in the dense fluid of seas and rivers, are not constituted for flying. There appear to be only two species of fish endowed with the power of suspending themselves above the surface of the water; namely, the Dactylopterus, and the Exocetus, or flying fish.

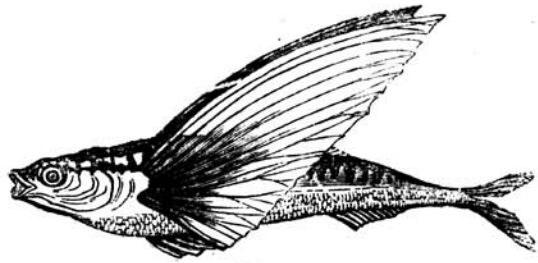

Fig. 1.

In the Exocetus we observe that the pectoral fins assimilate very nearly in figure, situation, and dimensions, to the wings of birds; and if, with the velocity and inclination of the latter, they possessed the power of oscillation, there seems to be no reason why they should not keep in the air as long as they could respire in that medium. But this does not appear to be the case. Their motions have been observed by Mr. Bennett, who states that he never saw them sustain themselves in the air for a longer period than about thirty seconds, and that they made no vibratory movements of the fins. According to Captain Basil Hall, their longest flight is about two hundred yards; and they have been known to raise themselves as high as twenty feet above the surface of the water. From these statements an estimate may be made of the amount of force required to project the body into the air to such an amazing height and distance. At least it must be concluded that the muscular force employed is very great.

INSECTS.—Amongst the numerous tribes of insects, there are vast multitudes endowed with the power of flight. Now, although the mechanical principles on which this power depends are the same as those in birds, yet there is a considerable difference in the mechanism employed to effect their aërial progression.

The bodies of insects are traversed by air-tubes, which render them light and buoyant. The jointed structure of their frame enables the animal to curve, shorten, or elongate the body on itself. The wings present various forms (*Fig.* 2, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*), which

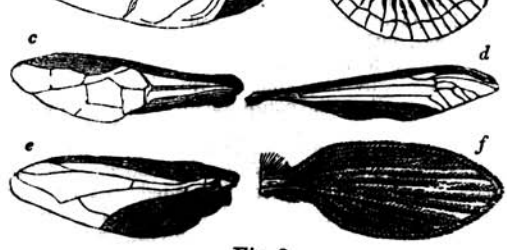

Fig. 2.

exert a materia influence on the velocity and mode of their flight. It is well known that some insects are pro-

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Friar's Tale.

There was once dwelling in my country an archdeacon who boldly punished libertinism, witchcraft, defamation, adultery, usury, swearing, &c. For paying small or insufficient tithes, also, and rendering small offerings,—

> He made the people piteously to sing;
> For ere the bishop hent* them with his crook,
> They weren in the archêdeacon's book;
> Then had he through his jurisdiction
> Power to do on them correction.

He had a Sumpnour ready to his hand, a more cunning fellow there was not in the country. This man privately had his spies, who told him where it would answer his purpose to proceed against offenders; and where libertines were scarce, he could find one or two to teach a couple of dozen more. The master knew not always the amount of his gains. Sometimes, without a legal mandate, he would summon an ignorant man to appear, on pain of Christ's curse; who was then glad to fill the Sumpnour's pocket, and make him great feasts at the alehouse:

* Caught.

> And right as Judas hadde purses small,
> And was a thief, right such a thief was he
> His master had but half his duëty.

And it so befel that once the Sumpnour, who was ever watching for his prey, rode forth to summon an old woman, feigning a cause against her, in order that he might exact a bribe. On his way he saw riding before him, under the forest edge, a gay yeoman. He bore a bow in his hand, and was furnished with arrows bright and keen. He wore a green courtepy, or short upper cloak, and upon his head was a hat with black fringes. "Sir," quoth the Sumpnour, "Hail, and well overtaken:"

> "Welcome," quoth he, "and every good fellâw;
> Whither ridest thou, under this greene shaw?*

Wilt thou far to-day?" The Sumpnour said, "No; I ride to a place here close by, to raise a rent that belongs to my lord."

> "Ah! art thou then a bailiff?" "Yea," quoth he;
> He durste not for very filth and shame
> Say that he was a Sumpnour, for the name.

* Wood.

"*De par dieux*," quoth this yeoman, "levè* brother,
Thou art a bailiff, and I am another.
I am unknowen, as in this country;
Of thine acquaintance I will prayen thee,
And eke of brotherhood, if that thee lest.†
I have gold and silver lying in my chest;
If that thee hap to come into our shire,
All shall be thine, right as thou wilt desire."
"*Grand Merci*," quoth this Sumpnour, "by my faith!"

Each then takes the other's hand in pledge of their truth, that they shall be sworn brethren till death; and so

In dalliance they riden forth and play.

The Sumpnour, who was as full of jangles and of venom as a bird of prey, and ever inquiring into everything, now asked:

"Brother," quoth he, "where is now your dwelling,
Another day, if that I should you seech?"‡
This yeoman him answer'd in softe speech:
"Brother," quoth he, "far in the north country,
Whereas I hope sometime I shall thee see.

Ere we depart I shall so well inform thee of it, that thou shalt never miss my house."

"Now, brother," quoth this Sumpnour, "I you pray
Teach me, while that we riden by the way
(Since that ye be a bailiff, as am I),
Some subtlety, and tell me faithfully
In mine office how I may moste win,
And spareth not for conscience or for sin,
But as my brother, tell me how do ye."
"Now by my truthe, brother mine," said he,
"As I shall tellen thee a faithful tale:
My wages be full strait and like full smale;§
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,‖
And mine office is full laborious,
And therefore by extortion I live;
Forsooth I take all that men will me give:
Algates¶ by sleighte or by violence,
From year to year I win all my dispense;
I can no better tellen faithfully."
"Now certes," quoth this Sumpnour, "so fare I;
I sparè not to taken, God it wot,
But if it be too heavy or too hot.
What I may get in counsel privily,
No manner conscience of that have I.

But for such extortion I could not live. Of such cheats I take care not to be confessed. I know neither stomach nor conscience:

Well be we met, by God and by Saint Jame,
But, levè brother, tell me then thy name."

And now

This yeoman gan a little for to smile:
"Brother," quoth he, "wilt thou that I thee tell?
I am a fiend; my dwelling is in hell;
And here I ride about my purchasing.
* * * * *
Look how thou ridest for the same intent,
To winnen good, thou reckest never how;
Right so fare I, for riden will I now
Unto the worlde's ende for a prey."

"Ah, *Benedicite*," quoth the Sumpnour, "I believed ye were a true yeoman. Ye have a man's shape as well as me: have ye then also in hell a determinate figure?"

"Nay, certainly," quoth he, "there have we none,
But when us liketh we can take us one;
Or elles make you ween that we be shape,**
Sometime like a man, or like an ape;
Or like an angel can I ride or go:

Nor is this a wonderful thing: a vagabond juggler can deceive thee:

And pardè, yet can I more craft than he."
"Why," quoth the Sumpnour, "ride ye then or gone*
In sundry shape, and not always in one?"
"For we," quoth he, "will us such forme make
As most is able our preye for to take."

"But why all this labour?"
"For many a cause, dear Sir Sumpnour,"

Saide this fiend. "But alle thing hath time;
The day is short, and it is passèd prime;
And yet ne won I nothing in this day;
I will intend to winning if I may,
And not intend our thinges to declare;
For, brother mine, thy wit is all too bare
To understand, although I told them thee.
But for thou askest why labouren we:—
For sometime we be Goddes instruments,
And meanès to do his commandements,
When that him list, upon his creatures,
In diverse acts, and in divérse figures:
Withouten him we have no might certain,
If that he list to standen there-again.†
And sometime, at our prayer, have we leave
Only the body, and not the soul to grieve;
Witness on Job, whom that we diden woe.
And sometime have we might on bothe two,
This is to say, on soul and body eke.
And sometime be we suffered for to seek
Upon a man, and do his soul unrest,
And not his body, and all is for the best.
When he withstandeth our temptation,
It is a cause of his salvation;
All be it that it was not our intent
He should be safe, but that we would him hent.‡
And sometime be we servants unto man,
As to the Archebishop, Saint Dunstán,
And to the Apostle, servant eke was I."
"Yet tell me," quoth this Sumpnour, "faithfully,
Make you new bodies thus alway
Of elements?" The fiend answèrèd, "Nay;
Sometime we feign, and sometime we arise
With deade bodies, in full sundry wise,
And speak as reasonably, and fair, and well,
As to the Pythoness did Samuel,
And yet will some men say it was not he.

But thou wilt always know us in any shape. Thou shalt hereafter come where thou wilt not need to learn of me. Thou shalt study, in a red chair, of this matter better than did Virgil or Dante while they were living. Now let us ride briskly on, for I will hold thy company till thou forsakest me." "Nay," quoth the Sumpnour, "that shall never happen. I'm a yeoman, widely known, and I promise thee I will hold to my troth:

For though thou wert the devil Sathanas,
My trothe will I hold to thee, my brother,
As I have sworn, and each of us to other,
For to be truè bretheren in this case,
And both we go abouten our purchàse.
Take thou thy part, while that men will thee give,
And I shall mine, thus may we bothe live;
And if that any of us have more than other,
Let him be true, and part it with his brother."
"I grante," quoth the devil, "by my fay:"
And with that word, they riden forth their way.

[To be continued.]

* Dear. † Please. ‡ Seek.
§ Small. ‖ Difficult, harsh, illiberal.
¶ Always. ** Shaped or formed.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[Concluded from p. 240.]

THE largest, most ancient, and most famous of the Mexican teocallis is that of Cholula. It has four stages of equal height, and its sides front exactly the four cardinal points. It is one hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and each of its sides at the base is fourteen hundred and forty-eight feet long. It is stated that on the top of this pyramid an altar origi-

* Go. † There against, or in opposition to us. ‡ Catch.

musical notes and scores, but have been transmitted orally from father to son through many ages: in not a few districts the peasants sing prettily in parts; still, generally speaking, the music of the labouring classes from one end of Italy to the other is a twanging, loud, monotonous sing-song, or a droning drowsy noise almost as bad as that of the Andalusian muleteers or that of the calesso-drivers in Malta, who are said at times to sing their beasts to sleep on the road, with their burthens on their backs or their chaises at their tails. These poor rustics never approach an opera-house; the only theatre they know is a puppet-show, their only great actor is Punch. Thus their ears have never been informed by the beautiful liquid strains of Cimarosa or Paisiello or Rossini, and as their taste has not been cultivated, they seem to consider their own bad music as the best. But, bad as it is, it gives them pleasure, and therefore answers the end.

Like nearly every other pastime or custom among these people, the Canofieno bears the stamp of antiquity. The same strong plank, the same ropes, and very nearly the same kind of group which Pinelli drew, have been found depicted upon fragments of chamber-walls dug out of Herculaneum or Stabia.

There is another primitive sport well known to English children by the familiar name of "see-saw," or "ups and downs." It was often played by the Trasteverini and their neighbours in the townships and villages of the Roman Campania, as also in other parts of Italy. This too is an ancient and classical pastime, for there is a picture of it painted upon the wall of one of the houses of Pompeii. The most lively player at this game that we ever chanced to see was a royal lady, who, since those happy days of her childhood, has had see-sawings and ups and downs enough—but of a far less agreeable sort. This was Donna Christina, the pretty, light, and always laughing granddaughter of the then reigning king of Naples, old Ferdinand I., who loved all manner of sports, and the most boisterous the best. In the lower garden of the royal summer palace at Portici, which stands over part of the lava-buried Herculaneum, and in the lowest part of that garden, near the open space by the sea-shore called the Mortelle, where King Ferdinand in his young days made a little camp and built a sort of castle, to play at soldiers and sieges, there was a play-ground for the king's numerous brood of grandchildren, which was quite open to the view of two or three casini or villas at that time occupied by Neapolitan noblemen who had as yet preserved the means of being sociable and hospitable. From the terrace of one of these houses, which reached nearly to the low wall of the royal garden, we often saw Donna Christina sitting on the plank and playing at see-saw with her eldest brother, now King of Naples, or of the Two Sicilies, with a zest and spirit which the daughters of good Dr. Primrose could not have exceeded when playing with farmer Flamborough's family at hunt the slipper. Royal brothers and sisters of various ages, but all children, and healthy happy children, stood round clapping their hands and shouting without any restraint, and loud was the laughter when Don Ferdinando could succeed in jerking off Donna Christina, or Donna Christina perform the more difficult feat of unhorsing Don Ferdinando. These scenes—alack! it is a quarter of a century since we saw them—have often come before our eyes in vivid colours while reading in unsympathizing newspapers of the many vicissitudes and trials of that once light-hearted, joyous girl;—of the jealous tyranny of her grim old uncle and husband Ferdinand of Spain; of the bitter thraldom of Spanish etiquette; of her young and stormy widowhood, with the weight and cares of government thrown upon one who had never been trained to bear them, and who found herself from the first surrounded by fierce and desperate factions; of her palace burst open at midnight by a lawless and frantic soldiery; of the massacres committed under her own eyes; of her forced separation from her daughters, and long exile in France, and of the other catastrophes which have happened in a country where revolutions have succeeded each other too rapidly to be recollected without the aid of book and register. We have been told that that light buoyant figure has become corpulent, but we can only figure her as she was. We have heard of irregularities—vices—and considering all circumstances, we can give credit to a part of the scandalous chronicle; but what we cannot and will not believe is the assertion that Donna Christina, as queen-dowager and regent of Spain, would be a heartless and sanguinary tyrant if she could. God help her and her daughters! It were better for them all to be playing at see-saw among the acacia-groves at Portici, than to be where they are and what they are.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE FRIAR'S TALE—*Concluded.*

As the devil and the Sumpnour entered the end of the town towards which they had directed their course, they saw a cart filled with hay, and driven by a carter. The road was deep, and the cart stuck fast in the way. The carter smote the horse, and cried as if he were mad.

"Heit Scot! heit Brok! what spare ye for the stones?
The fiend," quoth he, "you fetche, body and bones,
As farforthly as ever ye were foaled,
So muchel woe as I have with you tholed.*
The devil have all, both horse, and cart, and hay."
The Sumpnour said, "Here shall we have a prey;"

and then drawing near the fiend, as though nothing were the matter, whispered in his ear—

"Hearken, my brother, hearken, by thy faith;
Hearest thou not how that the carter saith?
Hent† it anon, for he hath given it thee,
Both hay and cart, and eke his caples‡ three."
"Nay," quoth the devil, "God wot, never a del,§
It is not his intent, trust thou me well;
Ask him thyself, if thou not trowest me,
Or elles stint awhile, and thou shalt see."
This carter thwacketh his horse upon the croup,
And they began to drawen, and to stoop.
"Heit now," quoth he; "there, Jesu Christ you bless,
And all his handes work, both more and less!
That was well twight,‖ mine owen Liard¶ boy,
I pray God save thy body, and Saint Eloy.
Now is my cart out of the slough, pardie."
"Lo, brother," quoth the fiend, "what told I thee?
Here may ye see, mine owen deare brother,
The churl spake one thing, but he thought another.

Let us proceed upon our journey. Here I shall win nothing."

When they were come a little way out of the town, the Sumpnour began to whisper to his brother, "Here dwelleth an old woman

"That had almost as lief to lose her neck
As for to give a penny of her good.
I will have twelvepence though that she be wood,**
Or I will summon her to our office;
And yet, God wot, of her know I no vice;
But for thou canst not, as in this country,
Winnen thy cost, take here example of me."

* Endured. † Take—seize hold of. ‡ Horses.
§ Never a bit. ‖ Pulled.
¶ A familiar endearing name for a grey horse, as was Bayard for a bay. ** Mad.

The Sumpnour now clappeth at the widow's gate. "Come out," he cried,

"I trow thou hast some frere or priest with thee."
"Who clappeth?" said this wife; "*Benedicite!*
God save you, sir, what is your sweete will?"
"I have," quoth he, "of summons here a bill.
Up' pain of cursing, looke that thou be
To-morrow before the Archedeacon's knee,
To answer to the court of certain things."
"Now, Lord," quoth she, "Christ Jesu, King of Kings,
So wisely helpe me, as I ne may.*
I have been sick, and that full many a day;
I may not go so far," quoth she, "nor ride,
But I be dead, so pricketh it in my side.
May I not ask a libel, Sir Sompnoúr,
And answer there by my procúrator
To suche things as men would opposen† me?"
"Yes," quoth this Sumpnour, "pay anon,—let see—
Twelve pence to me, and I will thee acquit:
I shall no profit have thereby but lit‡;
My master hath the profit, and not I.
Come off, and let me riden hastily,
Give me twelve pence, I may no longer tarry."
"Twelve pence!" quoth she; "now Lady Sainte Mary
So wisely help me out of care and sin,
This wide world though that I should it win,
Ne have I not twelve pence within my hold.
Ye knowen well that I am poor and old,
Kith§ your almess‖ upon me, poor wretch."
"Nay then," quoth he, "the foule fiend me fetch
If I thee éxcuse, though thou shouldest be spilt."¶
"Alas!" quoth she, "God wot, I have no guilt."
"Pay me," quoth he, "or by the sweet Saint Anne
As I will bear away thy newe pan
For debte, which thou owest me of old.

When thou behavedst ill to thy husband, I paid for thy correction."

"Thou liest," quoth she; "by my salvatïon,
Ne was I never or now, widow or wife,
Summon'd unto your court in all my life;
Ne never I n'as but of my body true.
Unto the devil, rough and black of hue,
Give I thy body and my pan also."
And when the devil heard her cursing so
Upon her knees, he said in this mannere,—
"Now, Mabily, mine owen mother dear,
Is this your will in earnest that ye say?"
"The devil," quoth she, "so fetch him or he dey,**
And pan and all, but he will him repent."
"Nay, olde stot, that is not my intent,"
Quoth this Sumpnoúr, "for to repenten me
For any thing that I have had of thee;
I would I had thy 'frock' and every cloth."
"Now, brother," quoth the devil, "be not wroth;
Thy body and this pan be mine by right;
Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,
Where thou shalt knowen of our privity
More than a master of divinity."
And with that word the foule fiend him hent.††
Body and soul, he with the devil went,
Where as these Sumpnours have their heritage.
And God that makèd after his imáge
Mankind, save and guide us all and some.

* That is to say, as I myself am not able to do so.
† Put in charge against me. ‡ Little. § Show.
‖ Charity. ¶ Ruined. ** Before he die. †† Seized.

Buffalo-hunting.—At Red River the buffaloes are now seldom taken in pounds. In the summer and fall, large parties of the half-breed hunters, all mounted on their small Indian horses, which are well broke in to this sport, scatter themselves over the plains, camping generally in the open air, or in leathern lodges, and under their provision carts. As soon as the buffaloes are perceived, the young men gallop after them, and either partially surround them on the plain, or endeavour to drive them into some little valley, or neck of land projecting into a lake, where escape is difficult. A running fire then opens all along the line. The hunters reload their guns while their horses are in full career; the bullets are carried in the mouth, and dropped into the barrel without any wadding; their small whips are attached by a band to the right wrist; the sagacious horse of his own accord follows the animal his master has singled out. In this way many buffaloes in succession are shot by the same hunter, and hundreds fall in a single race. No sight can be livelier than a camp of successful hunters. They generally pitch in some clump or point of woods; the provision carts form the outer circle, to which the horses are tied; fires blaze in every direction; the men smoke their pipes, or arrange their fire-arms; while the women are employed in cooking. Everywhere you hear the laugh and the jest, and the repasts are sumptuous. While the men hunt, the females are occupied in drying the spare meat, or perverting it into *pemican*. This now far-famed provender of the wilderness is formed by pounding the choice parts of the meat very small, putting it into bags made of the skin of the slain animal, into which a proportion (fifty pounds pounded meat and forty pounds grease make a *bag* of pemican) of melted fat is then poured; and the whole being strongly compressed, and sewed up, constitutes the best and most portable article of provision for the voyageur. In the winter season this sport assumes a more varied character. When the snow is not deep, the buffaloes may be run on horseback, as in the summer; indeed, if numerous, they beat such a track with their broad hoofs that they are easily pursued: at other times they are approached by the hunter "crawling" on the snow. He walks cautiously up to within a certain distance, far enough not to alarm the herd; then prostrates himself on the snow, drags himself along on his belly, with his gun trailing after him, and in this manner frequently proceeds a long way before he can get within reach, when the buffaloes are shy. When fatigued with this laborious and unnatural motion, he stops to draw breath, and throws up a little heap of snow before him, to screen him from his prey; and some are said to be so dexterous in this mode of approach as actually to drive aside with their guns the old bulls who form the outer guard of the band, in order to select the choicest of the cows. As a disguise, a close dun-coloured cap furnished with upright ears is often worn by the experienced hunter, to give him the appearance of a wolf; for, from constant association, that ravenous beast is regarded by the buffalo without dread. In the spring of the year, when there is a hard crust on the snow produced by alternate thaw and frost, the buffaloes are frequently run down by the hunters, and stabbed with their daggers while floundering in the deep drifts, which yield to their weight, but support their pursuers, who wear snow-shoes; and in this way, which is the easiest and safest of all, the unfortunate animals fall a prey even to women and boys.—*Simpson's Narrative of Discoveries on the North Coast of America.*

Avon-well, as the source of our river is called, lies in the garden of the little inn opposite Naseby church. The spring flows into a small circular pool, which, a few years back, it was resolved to adorn and render sufficiently smart for the birth-bed of so famous a river. A plaster swan was procured, and the water made to spout from his bill into the little pool, which also received various graceful trimmings. The well was separated by a wall from the public road; but in order that the improvements might be enjoyed by all, iron railings were substituted for the "Kealy earth," opposite to the swan fountain. But unluckily, though, as was said, refinement has penetrated into Naseby, the natives were not prepared for such an innovation. The bird's head was speedily discovered to be a capital mark, and as Naseby men are as proud of their skill in stone-throwing as Kentuckians are of theirs in rifle-shooting, its head soon got knocked off, and the limpid element in consequence, flowed rather ungracefully from its neck. Other mishaps followed, and finally the poor bird was flung off its perch into the water, by which, as plaster swans are not good swimmers, it derived small benefit. Now, in this present spring of 1845, it looks very desolate. Headless, and with one of its wings broken (to say nothing of the loss of its feet), the poor swan crouches down in a pitiable manner in the dirt *beside* the pond, while the water trickles lazily from a shabby wooden spout; and the Avon-well itself is covered with dead green duck-weed, and surrounded by cabbages. This ought not to be. It is utterly impossible for the most resolute to be sentimental over it. For us there is plainly nought but to leave it, with a hope that some one may be led by our lament to look after and remedy the dismal state of this swan of the Avon.—*Rambles by Rivers—The Avon in Knight's Weekly Volume.*

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CLERK'S TALE.

ON the west side of Italy, by the base of Mount Vesulus, there is a fruitful and pleasant plain, where many a town and tower founded in old times may be seen, and the name of this country is Saluces. A Marquis named Walter was, at one time, lord of that land, as his fathers had been before him. He was a man beloved for himself, and dreaded for his power and position. He was young, of a fair person and strong, full of honour and courtesy, and possessing discretion enough to guide his people. In some things, however, he was to blame; he considered nothing of the future, all his thoughts were upon the present and passing pleasure. He hawked and he hunted, and let weightier cares and duties slide by; above all, he would not marry, and for that especially his people grieved.

One day, accordingly, they went to him in a crowd, and one of them thus spoke: "O noble Marquis, your humanity giveth us boldness to tell you our grief. Accept, then, lord, of your gentleness, what we, with piteous hearts, complain of unto you; let not your ears disdain my voice,

"For certes, lord, so well us liketh you
And all your work, and e'er have done, that we
Ne coulden not ourselves devisen how
We mighten live in more felicity;
Save one thing, lord, if it your wille be
That for to be a wedded man you lest,*
Then were your people in sovereign heartes rest.

Boweth you necke under the blissful yoke
Of sovèreignty, and not of servíce:
Which, that men clepen spousal, or wedloke;
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayès pass in sundry wise;
For though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride,
Aye fleeth the time, it will no man abide.

And though your green youth flower as yet, in creepeth age always as still as a stone, and death menaceth and smites all in every state. Accept, then, of us our true purposes, who have never disobeyed your will; and, if you would consent, lord, we desire now that you will choose quickly a wife, born of the gentlest and best of the land. Deliver us out of this mighty

* Pleased.

dread, and, for God's sake, take a wife; for should your lineage cease with your death, and a strange successor take your heritage, alas! sad were our lives!"

Their meek prayer and their piteous cheer touched the Marquis with pity. "Ye will," he said, "mine own dear people, constrain me to that which I never thought to have done: I rejoiced in my liberty; and whereas, now I am free, I must endure servitude. But nevertheless, I see your true intent, and trust your judgment as I have ever done; therefore, of my free will, I agree to marry. But as to your proffer to choose me a wife, I release you from that choice, and pray you to cease urging it. For God knows, that children be often unlike their worthy parents; goodness cometh all from God, and not of the race or blood. Therefore,

> "Let me alone in choosing of my wife,
> That charge upon my back I will endure;
> But I you pray, and charge upon your life,
> That what wife that I take, ye may assure
> To worship her while that her life may 'dure,
> In word and wŏrk, both here and elles where,
> As she an emperorès daughter were.
>
> And furthermore, this shall ye swear, that ye
> Against my choice shall never grutch* or strive;
> For since I shall forego my liberty
> At your request, as ever may I thrive,
> There, as mine heart is set, there will I wive;
> And, but ye will assent in such mannére,
> I pray you speak no more of this mattére."

With a hearty will they assented, not one said nay; only, ere they went they besought him to grant as early a day for his espousals as he could;

> For yet alway the people somewhat dread
> Lest that the Marquis woulde no wife wed.

The Marquis then fixed a day on which he would be surely married, and having said he did all this at their request, they with full and humble hearts thanked him upon their knees, and went home. The Marquis then commanded his officers to prepare the feast.

Not far from the palace there stood a little hamlet, in which dwelt certain poor folk, and among them a man, reckoned the poorest of all, who was called Janicola:

> But highe God sometimè senden can
> His grace unto a little ox's stall.

And Janicola had a daughter, Griselda, who was fair enough to the eye, but who, if we speak of virtuous beauty,

> Then was she one the fairest under sun.

She had been poorly fostered up;

> Well oft'ner of the well than of the tun
> She drank; and for she woulde virtue please,
> She knew well labour, but no idle ease.
>
> But though this maiden tender were of age,
> Yet in the breast of her virginity
> There was enclosèd sad* and ripe courage;†
> And in great reverence and charity
> Her olde poore father foster'd she:
> A few sheep spinning on the field she kept;
> She woulde not be idle till she slept.

And when she came homewards, she would bring roots and other herbs, which she shred and seethed to make decoctions of for a living. And ever she watched over her father's life, with all the diligence and obedience that child can show to a revered parent.

Upon this poor creature the Marquis had often looked, as he was hunting; and whenever it so happened that he might see her, he would gaze, not with the wanton glances of folly, but with serious earnestness, communing to himself upon her behaviour, and commending in his heart her womanly and virtuous qualities. And he had determined that, if he ever should wed, it should be Griselda only. The day of wedding came, but no one could tell who should be the bride. Men wondered, and said privately among themselves—

> Will not our lord yet leave his vanity?
> Will he not wed? Alas, alas, the while!
> Why will he thus himself and us beguile?

The Marquis, nevertheless, has caused gems to be made, set in gold and azure, also broaches and rings, for Griselda, and taken measure for her clothing from a maiden of similar stature, and provided all other ornaments proper for such a wedding. The time of the day approached for the ceremony; the palace is arrayed throughout, and the Marquis, richly habited, with lords and ladies in his company, amidst the sound of music, takes his way towards the village.

Griselda—innocent, God knows, that all this pageant was formed for her—has been to a well to fetch water, from whence she hurries home as soon as she can, having heard that this day the Marquis is to be married. If she can, she would fain see something of the sight.

> She thought, I will with other maidens stand
> That be my fellows, in our door, and see
> The Marchioness, and thereto will I fond*
> To do at home, as soon as it may be,
> The labour which that 'longeth unto me;
> And then I may at leisure her behold,
> If she this way unto the castle hold.
>
> And as she woulde over the threshold gone,
> The Marquis came and 'gan her for to call;
> And she set down her water-pot anon
> Beside the threshold in an ox's stall,
> And down upon her knees she 'gan to fall,
> And with sad† countenance kneeleth still,
> Till she had heard what was the lordè's will.
>
> This thoughtful Marquis spake unto this maid,
> Full soberly, and said in this mannére:—
> "Where is your father, Grisildis?" he said;
> And she, with reverence, in humble cheer
> Answerèd, "Lord, he is already here."
> And in she goeth withouten longer let,‡
> And to the Marquis she her father fet.§
>
> He by the hand then took this poore man,
> And saide thus when he him had aside:
> "Janicola, I neither may nor can
> Longer the pleasure of mine hearte hide;
> If that thou vouchèsafe, what so betide,
> Thy daughter will I take, ere that I wend,
> As for my wife unto her livès end."

"Thou lovest me, that I well know, and art my faithful liegeman born; and all that pleases me, I dare well say, will please thee; tell me, therefore, if that thou wilt incline to this purpose, and take me for thy son-in-law."

The suddenness of the proposal so astonished the man, that he waxed red, and stood abashed and quaking, and with difficulty he said, "Lord, my will is as ye will; just as you please, mine own dear lord, govern this matter."

"Then I will," said the Marquis softly, "that I and thou and she have a collation in thy chamber, and I will ask her if it be her will to be my wife. All shall be done in thy presence."

Meanwhile the attendants of the Marquis came into the house, wondering to see how well and in what an honest manner Griselda provided for her father; and

* Exhibit a discontented spirit.
* Steadfast, thoughtful. † Spirit.

* Try. † Grave. ‡ Hindrance. § Fetched.

she herself was astonished beyond measure to see such guests;

For which she lookèd with full palè face.

The Marquis now addressed her in these words:—"Griselda, you must understand it pleaseth your father and me that I should wed you; but I ask first whether you will consent to these demands:—Are you ready with good heart to do all my pleasure, and to consent that, as appears to me best, I may gladden or grieve you; and you never to be discontented: and when I say Yea, you never to say Nay, neither by word nor frowning countenance.—Swear this, and here I swear our alliance." Wondering, and quaking with dread, Griselda answered, "Lord, unworthy am I of this honour that you call me to; but as ye will yourself, right so will I.

"And here I swear, that never willingly,
In work nor thought, I will you disobey,
For to be dead, though me were loth to dey."

"This is enough, Griselda mine," quoth he;
And forth he goeth, with a full sober cheer,
Out at the door, and after then came she,
And to the people he said in this mannére:
"This is my wife," quoth he, "that standeth here;
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I pray,
Whoso me loveth: there n'is no more to say."

And for that nothing of her olde gear
She shoulde bring into his house, he bade
That women should despoilen her right there;
Of which these ladies weren nothing glad
To handle her clothès wherein she was clad:
But nathèless this maiden, bright of hue
From head to foot they clothèd have all new.

Her haires have they comb'd that lay untress'd
Full rudèly, and with their fingers small
A coroune on her head they have y'dress'd.

But why of her marriage should I make a tale? Hardly the people knew her for her beauty, when she was transformed by her rich apparel. The Marquis having wedded her, caused her to be set upon a snow-white horse, and carried to his palace; and the day was spent in revel.

And God hath such favour sent to the new Marchioness, that it seemed unlikely that she was born and fed in rudeness in a village—

or in an ox's stall,
But nourish'd in an emperourès hall.

Even those who had known her from her birth, year by year, hardly durst swear she was Janicola's daughter: for though she had been ever virtuous, she now increased in such excellent manners, enshrined in such high goodness, she was so full of discretion and eloquence, so benign, and so worthy to be revered, she could so embrace the hearts of the people, that, in a word,

Each her loveth that looketh on her face.

It was not long before a daughter gladdened the Marquis and the people.

[To be continued]

THE ACTION OF MADDER IN COLOURING THE BONES OF ANIMALS.

ABOUT the year 1736, Mr. Belchier, surgeon, of London, dining one day at the house of a calico-printer, noticed that the bones of a joint of pork were of a red colour. On mentioning this, as a remarkable circumstance, he was informed that the hogs kept at the establishment had usually mixed with their food the bran which had been boiled with printed calicoes in order to clean them from a dirty red colour produced by an infusion of madder-root. He observed that the solid parts of the bones were in general most tinctured with the colour, and the teeth, with the exception of the enamel, particularly so. Upon sawing through the bones, the internal parts were found to be equally tinged, except at the extremities, where the substance is more spongy. The stain was not removed by water or by spirit.

As the madder was mixed with other dyes which might have contributed to the general effect, Mr. Belchier tried a few experiments, the result of which he has recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for 1736. He mixed some madder-root in powder with fig-dust and fed a cock thereon. "The cock dying within sixteen days after his first feeding on the madder, I dissected him and examined the bones, not in the least expectation of finding them tinged in so small a time; but to my great surprise found them universally of a red colour." In this case, as in that of the pigs, the bones only were coloured; the muscles, membranes, cartilages, &c. retaining their ordinary colour.

In 1739, Duhamel, a distinguished French physiologist, being informed of the above facts, repeated the experiments on a number of chickens, pigeons, and sucking pigs. On dissecting one of each kind of animal, he remarked that the bones were converted into the colour of carmine; but the feathers, the nails, and the claws remained unstained.

Having obtained this result, Duhamel restored the remaining animals to their accustomed diet, when their bones appeared to recover their original whiteness. Such, however, was not the case, for it was soon ascertained that the colour had not disappeared, but was merely concealed by a deposit of white bone. Hence, by alternately supplying and withholding madder, the bones were in process of time alternately formed of red and white layers. Upon these experiments Duhamel founded his theory of ossification, which has been so much discussed by physiologists.

These facts have been verified at different times by Haller, Hunter, and other distinguished observers, and however much they might differ in their deductions, there was no doubt respecting the singular affinity of the colouring principle of madder for bone; no point of ossification, however delicate, or however isolated from the rest of the osseous system, escaping its action.

In 1839, M. Flourens commenced an inquiry on this subject, and published his results in several memoirs in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*;..to which we are indebted for the following very brief abstract. He employed in his experiments two descriptions of madder, namely, the madder of Alsace and that of Avignon, and also the alcoholic extract of madder known to chemists by the name of *alizarin*.* The madder was mixed in determined quantities with the ordinary food of the animals.

On the occasion when M. Flourens' first memoir was read, he exhibited to the academy the results of his experiments on pigeons of two or three weeks old. The first was the skeleton of a pigeon which had been fed during fourteen days on the madder of Avignon. The bones were of a beautiful red, but not so deep in colour as those of the skeleton of a pigeon fed during six days on the madder of Alsace. This result was obtained in all the experiments, showing a more energetic colorific action in the madder of Alsace. The bones of a third specimen were coloured with alizarin, on which the bird had been fed during two days only, and had partaken of not more than two or three grammes. The bones were very red, but not so much

* From *alizari*, the name applied to madder-roots in the Levant.

eleven in the Royal Galleries; he was a favourite painter of Charles I., who purchased many of his works from Venice. Two pictures, once really fine, which belonged to this king, are now at Hampton Court—Esther fainting before Ahasuerus, and the Nine Muses. They have suffered terribly from audacious restorers, but in this last picture the figure of the Muse on the right, turning her back, is in a grand style; not unworthy, in its large, bold, yet graceful drawing, of the hand of Michael Angelo himself. In the same collection are three very fine portraits.

Tintoretto died in 1588. His daughter, Marietta Robusti, whose talent for painting was sedulously cultivated by her father, has left some excellent portraits; and in her own time obtained such celebrity that the kings of France and Spain invited her to their courts with the most tempting offers of patronage, but she would never leave her father and her native Venice. She died at the age of thirty.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE CLERK'S TALE—*continued.*

AND it so befel, that the Marquis longed in his heart to tempt his wife, in order to test her steadiness of purpose; although he had tried her often enough before, and found her ever good. So he

wrought in this mannére:
He came a night alone there as she lay,
With sterne face, and with full troubled cheer,
And saide thus:—"Grisild'," quoth he, "that day
That I you took out of your poor array,
And put you in estate of high nobless,
Ye have it not forgotten, as I guess?

I say, Grisilde, this present dignity,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be;
That I you took in poor estate full low,
For any weal ye must yourselven know.
Take heed of every word that I you say;
There is no wight that heareth it but we tway

Ye wot yourself well how that ye came here
Into this house, it is not long ago;
And though to me ye be right lief* and dear,
Unto my gentles ye be nothing so:
They say, to them it is great shame and woe
For to be subjects, and be in servage
To thee, that born art of a small lin'age.

And especially since thy daughter was born, have they spoken thus. I desire to live with them in rest and peace; I must therefore deal with thy daughter for the best; not as I would, but as my gentles desire. And yet, God knows, I am full loath to do this thing, nor will I without your assent. So now show me the patience in your behaviour that you swore to me the day of our marriage."

When she had heard all this, apparently unmoved in word, in cheer, or in countenance, she said,

"Lord, all lieth in your pleasánce;
My child and I with hearty obeisánce
Be youres all, and ye may save or spill†
Your owen thing: worketh after your will.

There may no thing, so God my soule save,
Like unto‡ you that may displeasen me;
Ne I desirē nothing for to have,
Ne dreade for to lose, save only ye:
This will is in mine heart, and aye shall be;
No length of time or death may this deface,
Nor change my courage to another place."

* Pleasant, agreeable.
† Kill, destroy. ‡ *Like unto*—be pleasant unto.

The Marquis was glad of her answer, but seemed not so—

All dreary was his cheer and his looking;

and when he had left the chamber, he privately told his purposes to a man, and sent him to his wife. The man stalked into the chamber of Griselda, saying, "Madam, ye must forgive me; I only do that to which I am constrained: ye know well that lords' behests must be fulfilled. I am commanded to take this child." He then ceased, and seized the child in a rough manner, and appeared as though he would have slain it before he went. Griselda must suffer all, consent to all. As a lamb, she sitteth still, and lets the cruel sergeant do what he pleases. Suspicious was the reputation of this man, suspicious-looking his face, suspicious his words. Alas! her daughter that she so loved. She believed he would have slain it at once, but she neither wept nor sighed, conforming herself to the Marquis's pleasure.

But at the last to speaken she began,
And meekely she to the sergeant prayed
(So as he was a worthy gentleman)
That she might kiss her child ere that it deyed;*
And in her barme† this little child she laid
With full sad face, and 'gan the child to bliss,‡
And lullēd it, and after 'gan it kiss.

And thus she said in her benignē voice,
"Farewell, my child, I shall thee never see,
But since I have thee markēd with the cross,
Of thilke father yblessèd may'st thou be,
That for us died upon a cross of tree.
Thy soule, little child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake."

To a nurse in such a case it had been hard to see this pitiable little creature; well then might a mother cry, alas! But so steadfast was Griselda, that she endured all adversity, and said meekly to the sergeant—

"Have here again your little younge maid.

Go now, and do your lord's will. And one thing I would pray of your grace, unless my lord forbid it. Bury this little body in some place where neither birds nor beasts may tear it." But no satisfaction would he give her, but took the child and went his way.

The sergeant told his lord all Griselda's words and behaviour, and presented him with his daughter. Somewhat this lord was touched with pity, but nevertheless he held to his purpose. So he directed the child to be softly and warmly wrapped,

With alle circumstances tenderly,

and taken to Bologna, unto his sister, the Countess of Pavia, whom he besought to foster the child in all gentleness. And whose child it was, he bade her conceal from every one. The sergeant also was told to let no man know, upon pain of his head, the object of his journey, or the place he came from, or the place he was sent to. The Marquis now goes to Griselda, in order that he might see by her air and countenance, and words, if she were changed; but he found her ever the same, at once steadfast and kind:

As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him, in every manner wise;
Nor of her daughter not a word spake she;
No accident for no adversity
Was seen in her, ne never her daughter's name,
Ne nevened§ she for earnest or for game.

Thus passed on four years, when Griselda had another child, a boy,

Full gracious and fair for to behold,

and the Marquis and the whole country were in great

* Died. † Lap. ‡ Bless. § Named.

joy and thankfulness to God. When the child was two years old, and had left its nurse, the Marquis again felt a desire to tempt his wife. Most needless was it;

> But wedded men ne connen* no measúre
> When that they find a patient creäture.

"Wife," quoth the Marquis, "ye have heard, ere this, my people bear sadly our marriage. Now, s nce my son is born, it is worse than ever. The murmur destroyeth my heart. They now say—

> "'When Walter is agone,
> Then shall the blood of Janicle succeed,
> And be our lord, for other have we none.'
> Such wordès say my people, it is no drede:
> Well ought I of such murmur taken heed,
> For certainly I dread all such senténce,
> Though they not plainen in my audience.
>
> I woulde live in peace if that I might;
> Wherefore I am disposèd utterly,
> As I his sister servèd ere by night,
> Right so think I to serve him privily.
> This warn I you, that ye not suddenly
> Out of yourself for no woe should outraie†,
> Be patïent, and thereof I you pray."
>
> "I have," quoth she, "said thus, and ever shall—
> I will no thing, ne n'ill‡ no thing certain,
> But as you list: not grieveth§ me at all,
> Though that my daughter and my son be slain,
> At your commandèment; that is to sain,
> I have not had no part of children twain,
> But first sickněss, and after woe and pain.
>
> Ye be my lord, doeth with your owen thing
> Right as you list, asketh no rede‖ of me:
> For as I left at home all my clothing
> When I came first to you, right so (quoth she),
> Left I my will, and all my liberty,
> And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray,
> Do your pleasánce, I will your lust obey.

* *Ne connen*—Know not.

† Be outrageous, burst out in sudden grief.

‡ That is to say, I do not at present—I never shall—will anything but what you please.

§ This must not be understood to mean more than that Griselda, in the height of her sublime devotion to what she believes to be her duty, desires to avert from her lord even the reflection of her sorrows. What she really suffers we feel but too acutely. Chaucer's wonderful art, while apparently making no attempt to show the state of Griselda's real feelings, is in truth constantly revealing to us depth beneath depth of the heart of the divine woman who is the subject of his poem. And we may here add to this note a few words upon the nature of Griselda's sentiment of duty. This is a compound of various and most potential elements. It is not merely that Griselda has sworn to obey the Marquis—that gratitude for her elevation has strengthened the bond of that oath—or that she loves him most devotedly;—it is also that he is her feudal lord, acknowledged master of the lives and fortunes of his vassals, who have been taught from earliest childhood to render both ungrudgingly whenever he required them. This is in truth the material base of the poem—the circumstance that, taken in connection with her oath and the demands of gratitude upon her, as well as with her boundless love for her husband, makes all Griselda's sacrifices *natural* in the commonest sense of the word. But whilst thus based, the poem has a higher scope—appeals to an infinitely nobler *nature*. The story of Griselda is the embodiment of the spirit which eighteen hundred years ago shone through the words and acts of Him who died upon the cross, saying, "Forgive them; they know not what they do;" and which for eighteen hundred or eighteen times eighteen hundred years to come, can alone, by its diffusion through all hearts and institutions, redeem or preserve the world from the "thousand ills" it has been heir to. Upon the altar of Love the poem of the Clerk's Tale remains through all time an offering of unapproachable value.

‖ Counsel.

And certainly, if I had prescience to know your will ere ye told it to me, I would do it. If I knew that my death would relieve you, I would right gladly die. Death may not make comparison with your love." When the Marquis saw the constancy of his wife, he cast down his eyes, wondering; and with a pleased heart, but a dreary countenance, went forth. The sergeant then came to Griselda, and took away her son, that was so full of beauty, but—ever the same—she remained patient. Only, she prayed the sergeant,

> if that he might,
> Her little son he would in earthe grave,
> His tender limbes, delicate to sight,
> From foules* and from beastes for to save.
> But she none answer of him mighte have:
> He went his way as he no thing ne rought,†
> But to Bologn' he tenderly it brought.

The Marquis well knew that next to himself Griselda loved her children, but still no change appeared in her behaviour; and indeed, if it were possible, she was, as she grew older, only the more true in her love to him. And yet although the slander spread far and wide that he had murdered the children, and though the people began to hate him, yet he would not cease his cruel purpose; he was still determined to tempt his wife.

[To be continued.]

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

(From the Life of Dr. John Colet, in Cabinet Portrait Gallery, vol. ii.)

There had been in very early times a school connected with the cathedral church of St. Paul's, as there were with most of the other principal churches and monasteries throughout the kingdom. But, like many of the other better parts of the Romish system, this seminary, in Colet's days, appears to have fallen into complete decay, and to have subsisted, if at all, in little more than in name and form. His own institution, which entirely superseded it, was founded by him, about nine years before his death, and its settlement and superintendence principally occupied the remainder of his life. The best account of how he proceeded is that given by Erasmus, who says, "Upon the death of his father, when by right of inheritance he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much toward the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus, a magnificent fabric, to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters; and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first, namely, the porch and entrance, is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at pleasure . . . . . The fourth or last apartment is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places; nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen; and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all boys, of course; but to choose them according to their parts and capacities. Their wise and sagacious founder . . . . . after he had finished all, left the perpetual care and oversight of the estate, and government of it,

* Birds. † Had no pity or *ruth*.

either put themselves out of their way to please the fancies of a stranger. The racy Peninsula is too little travelled over for its natives to adopt the mercenary conveniences of the Swiss, that nation of innkeepers and couch-jobbers.

"The difficulties and over-haste of Moore's retreat began after Astorga, for up to then he had hoped to bring the enemy to a general action. The high road to Lugo is magnificent, and a superb monument of mountain engineering. The leagues are very long, being de marco, or of eight thousand yards each; they are marked by mile-stones. The climate is cold and rainy, and the accommodations fit only for swine; both (experto crede) are bad even in summer and in time of peace: how fearful must they have been during the snows and starvation of a December retreat!"

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Clerk's Tale—*concluded.*

When the Marquis's daughter was twelve years of age, he caused a counterfeit bull to be sent to him from Rome, which authorized him to put aside his first wife and marry another, if he pleased. When the tidings came to Griselda, her heart was full of woe; but she was as steadfast as ever—

> "Disposèd was this humble creäture
> The adversity of fortune all to endure;"

abiding ever the Marquis's will and pleasure. He next sent secretly to the Earl of Pavia, who had wedded his sister, praying that his two children might be brought home openly in honourable estate, but that no one should know whose children they were; those who inquired were to be told the maiden should be married to the Marquis of Saluces. So, on the day appointed, the earl, with his lords, in rich array, set out towards Saluces, to guide the maiden, and her brother, who rode by her side.

> Arrayèd was toward her marrïage,
> This freshe maiden, full of gemmes clear;
> Her brother, which that seven year was of age,
> Arrayèd eke full fresh in his mannére:
> And thus in great nobless, and with glad cheer,
> Toward Saluces shaping their journéy,
> From day to day they riden in their way.

In the mean time the Marquis, in order to tempt to the uttermost proof his wife's spirit, said one day to her, roughly, and in public, "Certainly, Grisilde, I was fully pleased to have you for my wife, for the sake of your goodness, truth, and obedience, and not for your riches nor your lineage; but now I know in very truth that there is great servitude in great lordship.

> "I may not do as every ploughman may:
> My people me constraineth for to take
> Another wife, and crien day by day;
> And eke the Popè, rancour for to slake,
> Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:
> And truëly thus much I will you say,
> My newe wife is coming by the way.
>
> Be strong of heart, and void anon her place,
> And thilke dower that ye broughten me
> Take it again; I grant it of my grace.
> Returneth to your father's house (quoth he),
> No man may always have prosperity.
> With even heart I rede* you to endure
> The stroke of fortune or of ädventure."

* Advise.

> And she again answered in patiënce:
> "My Lord," quoth she, "I wot and wist alway
> How that betwixen your magnificence
> And my povert' no wight ne can ne may
> Maken comparison; it is no nay;
> I ne held me never digne* in no mannére
> To be your wife, nor yet your chamberére.
>
> And in this house where ye me lady made
> (The highe God take I for my witnéss,
> And all so wisely he my soule glad)
> I never held me lady or mistréss,
> But humble servant to your worthiness,
> And ever shall, while that my life may 'dure,
> Aboven every worldly creäture.

"That ye so long have holden me in honour, I thank God and you. I will gladly go unto my father, and with him dwell while I live. There I was fostered from a little child, there I will now lead my life, till that I am dead—a widow, pure in body, heart, and all. Since I am your true wife, God shield such a lord's wife from taking another husband.

> "And of your newe wife, God of his grace
> So grant you wealë and prosperity,
> For I will gladly yielden her my place,
> In which that I was blissful wont to be:
> For since it liketh you, my Lord (quoth she),
> That whilom weren all my heartes rest,
> That I shall go, I will go when you lest.†
>
> But there-as ye me proffer such dowáir
> As I first brought, it is well in my mind
> It were my wretched clothès, nothing fair,
> The which to me were hard now for to find.
> *O Goode God! how gentle and how kind*
> *Ye seemèd by your speech and your visäge*
> *The day that makèd was our marrïage.*

"Truly is it said—I always find it so—that love when old is not the same as when new; but it shall not be that I will repent, either in word or in deed, that I gave to you my whole heart.

> "My Lord, ye wot that in my father's place
> Ye did me strip out of my poore weed,
> And richely ye clad me of your grace;
> To you brought I nought elles out of drede
> But faith, and nakedness, and 'womanhede;'
> And here again your clothing I restore,
> And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.

"The remainder of your jewels be ready within your chamber. Naked out of my father's house I came, and naked I must turn to it again."

The Marquis went his way, hardly able to speak for pity; and she, before the folk, strippeth herself to all but her under-garment, and thus, with foot and head all bare, she set out towards her father's house.

> The folk her followen weeping in their way,
> And Fortune aye they cursen as they gone;
> But she from weeping kept her eyen dry,
> Ne in this timè worde spake she none.
> Her father, that this tiding heard anon,
> Curseth the day and timè that Natúre
> Shaped him to be a living creäture.
>
> For out of doubt this olde poore man
> Was ever in suspect of her marrïage;
> For ever he deemèd, since it first began,
> That when the lord fulfill'd had his coúrage‡
> Him wouldè think it were a disparage
> To his estate, so low for to alight;
> And voiden her as soon as ever he might.
>
> Again§ his daughter hastily go'th he,
> (For he by noise of folk knew her coming,)
> And with her olde coat, as it might be,

he, vainly, tries to cover her,

> Weeping full sorrowfully.

* Worthy. † Please. ‡ Inclination. § Towards.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES

The Squire's Tale.

At Sarra, in the land of Tartary, there dwelt a king who warred with Russia; his name was Cambuscan; and nowhere in his time was there so excellent a lord. He lacked nought that belongeth to a king. He kept the law to which he was sworn; he was rich, bold, wise, just, and full of pity, and always the same; true of his word, benign and honourable; steady in his desires and inclinations; young, fresh, and strong; and as desirous of reputation in arms, as any bachelor of his household.

> A faire person he was, and fortunate,
> And kept always so well royál estate,
> That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble sovereign had two sons, named Algarsife and Camballo, and a daughter called Canace. But to tell you of all her beauty is beyond my skill. And it so befel that when this Cambuscan had twenty years borne his diadem, he caused the feast of his nativity to be proclaimed throughout Sarra, on the last day of the Ides of March. The weather was genial and pleasant, and, what with the season and the young green of the foliage, the birds sung loudly their happiness under the bright sun. They seemed to have obtained protection against the keen and cold sword of winter.

Cambuscan, in royal vestments, sat upon the dais in his palace, and held his feast so richly and solemnly that there was never before aught like it. And after the third course, while the king sat in all his nobility hearkening to the delicious music of the minstrels,

> In at the halle door all suddenly
> There came a knight upon a steed of brass,
> And in his hand a broad mirróur of glass;
> Upon his thumb he had of gold a ring,
> And by his side a naked sword hanging,
> And up he rideth to the highe board.
> In all the hall ne was there spoke a word,
> For marvel of this knight; him to behold
> Full busily they waiten, young and old.

This strange knight, who was richly and completely armed, his head only excepted, saluteth king, queen, and lords, with such high reverence and courtesy, that not even Gawain himself, could he come again out of the realms of faëry, could amend a word of his speech. With a manly voice, he said,

> The King of Araby and Inde,
> My liegè lord, on this solemne day
> Saluteth you, as he best can and may,
> And sendeth you, in honour of your feast,
> By me, that am all ready at your lest,*
> This steed of brass, that easily and well
> Can in the space of a day natural
> (This is to say, in four and twenty hours)
> Where you so list, in drought or elles showers
> Beareu your body into every place
> To which your hearte willeth for to pace.
> Or, if you list to flee as high in the air
> As doth an eagle when him list to soar,
> This samè steed shall bear you evermore
> Withouten harm, till ye be there you lest.†
> (Though that ye sleepen on his back or rest,)
> And turn again with writhing of a pin.

He that made it, waited for many a constellation before the work could be performed.

> This mirror eke, that I have in my hand,
> Hath such a might, that men may in it see
> When there shall fall any adversity
> Unto your regne,‡ or to yourself also,
> And openly who is your friend or foe.
> And over all this, if any lady bright
> Hath set her heart on any manner wight,§
> If he be false, she shall his treason see,
> His newe love, and all his subtlety
> So openly, that there shall nothing hide.
> Wherefore, against this lusty summer tide,
> This mirror, and this ring, that ye may see,
> He hath sent to my lady Canace,
> Your excellentè daughter that is here.
> The virtue of this ring if ye will hear,
> Is this,—that if her list it for to wear
> Upon her thumb, or in her purse it bear,
> There is no fowl‖ that fleeth under heaven
> That she ne shall well understand his steven,¶
> And know his meaning openly and plain,
> And answer him in his languáge again.
> And every grass that groweth upon root

she shall also know, and whom it will heal, no matter how deep and wide his wounds.

> This naked sword that hangeth by my side
> Such virtue hath, that what man that it smite
> Throughout his armour it will carve and bite,
> Were it as thick as is a branchèd oak.
> And what man that is wounded with the stroke
> Shall never be whole, till that you list, of grace,

to stroak him with the flat part, where he is hurt.

And when the knight hath told his tale, he rides out of the hall and alights. His steed, which shone as the bright sun, stands as still as a stone in the court. The knight is led anon to his chamber, unarmed, and then set down to meat. The sword and mirror are borne in procession to the high tower; the ring is carried in solemn state to Canace; but the horse of brass may not be removed till the knight hath shown the manner of removing him, therefore he is left. Great was the crowd that swarmed to and fro to gaze upon that horse. It was high, broad, and long, and well proportioned for strength, as though of the Lombardy breed, and yet so full of grace and spirit, and so quick of eye, that it might have been a gentle Polish courser. And certainly, from his ear unto his tail, neither nature nor art could improve him. But ever the chief wonder was, how it could go, and yet be of brass. It seemed to the people to be a fairy horse. And different people judged differently. There are as many wits as heads. They murmur like a swarm of bees. They said it was like the Pegasus, the winged horse; or else that it was the Grecian horse, Sinon, that brought Troy to destruction. One said, "Mine heart is evermore in dread; I fear there are armed men within, who seek to take the city." Another whispered low to his companion, "He lieth! It is rather like an appearance made by magic." And, as ignorant people generally judge of things beyond their comprehension, they believe gladly the worst conclusions. And some of them wondered at the mirror. And one said it might be made naturally by compositions of angles, and that there was such a one in Rome. Others wondered at the sword, that would pierce through everything, and spake of Achilles and his strange spear, with which he could both heal and hurt. Then spoke they of Canace's ring. All said that they had never heard of such a wonderful thing, except that Moses and Solomon

> Hadden a name of conning* in such art.

But, then, some urged that it was wonderful to make glass of the ashes of fern, and yet is glass nothing like the ashes of fern, but they have known that it was so before:

> Therefore ceaseth their jangling, and their wonder.
> As sore wondereth some on cause of thonder,
> On ebb, and flood, on gossamer, and mist,
> And on all thing, till that the cause is wist.†

When the Tartar king rises from his board, the loud minstrelsy goes before him, till he comes to his chamber of presence, where the sound of the divers instruments makes it

> a heaven for to hear;
> And dancen lusty Venus' children dear.

Who could tell all the form of the dances, the subtle looks and dissimulings of the ladies, for dread of the perceptions of jealous men? No man but Lancelot, and he is dead. After the dances they address themselves to supper. And after supper the king goes with a company of lords and ladies about him to see the horse of brass. And the king inquired of the knight concerning the qualities and power of the courser, and begged him to explain the mode of governing him.

> This horse anon gan for to trip and dance
> When that the knight laid hand upon his rein.

And the knight said, Sir, there is no more to say, but that when you wish to ride to any place, ye must turn a pin that is fixed in his ear, and which I shall show you when we are alone. Ye müst name to him to what place or country to which ye wish to ride. And when ye arrive there, ye must bid him descend, and then turn another pin,

> And he will down descend, and do your will,
> And in that place he will abiden still,
> Though all the world had the contrâry swore.

He shall not from thence be drawn nor carried. And when you please to command him to begone from thence, turn this pin, and he will vanish immediately out of every one's sight; and he will come again, be it night or day, whenever you please to call him in such manner as I shall, in secret, explain to you:

> Ride when you list, there is no more to do.

* Cunning, skill. † Known.

[To be continued.]

* Will, bidding. † Please. ‡ Realm.
§ Manner *of* wight. ‖ Bird. ¶ Discourse.

ANCIENT LETTERS.

AMONG the remaining curiosities of the Treasury, there are several letters and papers yet remaining unopened. One is addressed "A tres excellent poyssaunt Prince

after the event.* In the church-yard is the base of an ancient cross. The church, which is in its exterior very picturesque, with the ancient tower, and kitchen beyond, form together a striking group from the church-yard. The inside of the church had received many churchwardens' improvements, but the whole has been for some time undergoing a careful restoration, which is now nearly completed; and has a very beautiful appearance. The restorations have been conducted under the auspices of the Oxford Architectural Society, to whose publications we have been indebted in this notice.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE—*concluded.*

THE nurse of digestion, sleep, bade the revellers take heed—

> That muchel drink, and labour will have rest;

and they withdrew to their beds. For the most part they slept till it was broad day; but Canace

> slept her firste sleep, and then awoke,
> For such a joy she in her hearte took,
> Both of her quainte ring, and her mirrour,
> That twenty times she changed her colour.

Before the sun rose, she calleth her governess, who lay by her side; who inquired—

> Madame, whither will ye go
> Thus early? for the folk be all in rest.

I will, quoth she, arise and walk about, for I desire to sleep no longer. The governess calls up a company of women, and

> Up-riseth fresbe Canace herself,
> As ruddy and bright as the younge sun.

And she walks forth lightly arrayed, as befitted the sweet season.

The vapour which glided upwards from the earth—

> Maketh the sun to seem ruddy and broad,
> But nathèless it was so fair a sight,
> That it made all their heartes for to-light.†
> What for the season, and the morwening,
> And for the fowles‡ that she hearde sing.
> For right anon she wiste what they meant
> Right by their song, and knew all their intent.

And amidst a tree, that was dried up, and

> as white as chalk,
> As Canace was playing in her walk,
> There sat a falcon over her head full high,
> That with a piteous voice so 'gan to cry,
> That all the wood resounded of her cry,
> And beaten had herself so piteously
> With both her winges, till the redde blood
> Ran endelong the tree, there as she stood.

And ever she continued to shriek and cry, and to tear herself with her beak, that there is no tiger or cruel beast that would not have wept, if he could weep,

> For sorrow of her, she shriek'd always so loud.

No man who could well understand a falcon, ever heard of another so fair as this, for plumage, shape, and breeding. It seemed to be a peregrine falcon of foreign lands,

> and ever as she stood,
> She swoonèd now, and now, for lack of blood,
> Till well nigh is she fallen from the tree.

* The inscription on the monument together with Gay's letter is given in the Penny Magazine for 1836, No. 260.

† To *be* light—airy—jocund. ‡ Birds.

The king's daughter, the fair Canace, who bore on her finger the strange ring, through which she understood whatever any bird might utter in his language, and could answer him in his language again, understood what the falcon saith, and almost died for pity.

> And to the tree she goth full hastily,
> And on this falcon looketh piteously,
> And held her lap abroad, for well she wist
> The falcon muste fallen from the twist*
> When that she swoonèd next, for fault of blood.

A long time she paused, and then spoke thus unto the hawk—"What is the cause that ye be in this dreadful pain,"

> Quoth Canace, unto this hawk above,
> "Is this from sorrow of death, or loss of love?
> For as I trow these be the causes two
> That causen most a gentle hearte woe.

What may help you? I never before now heard bird or beast fare so piteously with himself. Ye slay me with your sorrow,

> I have of you so great compassion.
> For Godde's love come from the tree a-down;
> And as I am a kinge's daughter true,
> If that I verily the causes knew
> Of your disease, if it lay in my might,
> I would amend it, ere that it were night;

So

> wisely help me the great God of kind.
> And herbes shall I right enough y find
> To healen with your hurtes hastily."

Then shrieked the falcon still worse than ever, and fell to the ground, and lieth as dead as a stone, until Canace took her in her lap, and reviveth her. And at last in her hawk's language she said† . . . . .

> There I was bred—alas, that ilke day!—
> And foster'd in a rock of marble grey

* Or perch.

† Mr. Cowden Clarke, in his prose 'Tales from Chaucer,' 1833, observes—"If the whole of this portion of the story were transposed into prose, it would, I fear, prove uninteresting to the young reader. The original is clothed in *nervous and beautiful verse*, and will at some future time, amply reward the youthful, imaginative mind, that has overcome the not arduous toil of comprehending freely the quaint and unfortunately obsolete dialect of this very great and beautiful poet." Two years later, while giving the poetical 'Riches of Chaucer,' in their own poetical shape, to the public, and thus practically proving to many a grateful reader, that their "dialect" was anything but "obsolete," Mr. Clarke writes upon this same portion of the 'Squire's Tale,' "The deserted fair one being somewhat prolix, and withal not interesting in her complaint, we will, with the reader's consent, pass on to the conclusion of the Tale." Now we must be excused, if we not only prefer the earlier to the later estimate of the passage in question, but add that, in our opinion, "the nervous and beautiful verse" is but the medium through which is conveyed the *most exquisitely pathetic description ever given to the world of a devoted and unrequited love.* We know nothing of a similar kind that can be even compared with it. There are single lines in this complaint (so marvellously misunderstood and neglected) that express more than many books that have taken the same subject for their theme. Here is one such line—

> "*My* will became *his* wille's instrument."

One would have thought it would have been impossible to have read the first half-dozen lines without seeing that it is no bird, but one of the most trusting of human beings that has been deceived; and that the transmigration into the falcon is but a part of the fairy machinery of the Tale, and *probably, only a temporary transformation.* But, alas! the wand of the enchanter was prematurely arrested; how, or why, we know not; the Tale was unfinished;—we might add, in our opinion, that it was only little more than begun. In soliciting particular attention to the ensuing passages, we venture to italicise here and there a line, on which we think the poetical reader will like to pause with us awhile to weigh the world of thought and beauty it contains.

So tenderly that nothing ailèd me ;
I ne wist not what was adversity
Till I could flee full high under the sky.
Then dwell'd a tercelet* me faste by,
That seemèd well† of alle gentleness;
All were he full of treason and falsenéss.
It was so wrappèd under humble cheer,
And under hue of truth in such mannére—
Under pleasánce, and under busy pain,
That no wight could have ween'd he coulde feign :
So deep in grain he dyëd his colóurs;
Right as a serpent hideth him under flowers
Till he may see his timë for to bite.

And in this manner, he so pursued

nis intent,
That, save the fiend, none wiste what he meant,
Till he so long had weepèd and complainèd,
And many a year his service to me feignèd;
Till that mine heart, too piteous and too nice,
All innocent of his *crown'd malice*,
For feare of his death, as thoughte me,
Upon his oathès and his surëty,
Granted him love,

on this condition, that evermore mine honour and reputation were truly preserved; and so

I gave him all my heart, and all my thought.

And when he saw the matter so far gone, and that I had

given him my truë heart as free
As he swore that he gave his heart to me,
Anon this tigre, full of doubleness,
Fell on his knees with so great humbless,
With so high reverence, as by his cheer,
So like a gentle lover, of mannére,
So ravish'd as it seemèd for the joy,

that

His manner was a heaven for to see
To any woman, were she never so wise.

* * * *

And I so loved him for the truth that I deemed was in his heart, that if aught gave him pain, methought I felt in my heart death itself entwine about me. And, shortly, so far

this thing is went,
That my will was his wille's instrument.

This lasteth for more than a year or two, that I supposed only good of him. But finally, fortune would that he should go away from the place where I was. Whether

me was woe, it is no questïon ;
I cannot make of it descriptïon.
For one thing dare I tellen boldely,
I know what is the pain of death thereby,
Such harm I felt

that he might not stay.

So on a day he took of me his leave,
So sorrowful eke, that I ween'd verily
That he had felt as muchel harm as I
When that I heard him speak and saw his hue,
But natheless I thought he was so true,
And eke‡ that he repairen should again
Within a little whilë sooth to sayn,—
And reason would,—eke that he muste go
For his honóur, as it happ'neth so,—
That I made virtue of necessity,
And took it well since that it muste be;
As I best might I hid from him my sorrow,
And took him by the hand, Saint John to borrow ;§

And said him thus: "Lo, I am youres all,
Both such as I have been to you, and shall."
What he answér'd it needeth not rehearse.
Who can say bet' than he, who can do worse?
When he hath all well said, than hath he done.

So at the last he must go forth on his way. And when he came to the place where it pleased him to abide,

I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
That alle thing, repairing to his kind,
Gladdeth himself; thus say men, as I guess,
Men loven of proper kind new-fangleness,
As birdes do, that men in cages feed,
For though thou night and day take of them heed,
And strew their cagë fair and soft as silk,
And give them sugar, honey, bread, and milk,
Yet right anon as that his door is up,
He with his feet will spurnen down his cup;
And to the wood he will, and wormes eat,
So newefangle be they of their meat;
And loven novelties of proper kind :
No gentleness of blood ne may them bind.
So far'd this tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentle born, and fresh, and gay;
And goodly for to see, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kitë flee;
And suddenly he lov'd this kitë so,
That all his love for me is clean ago;
And hath his truthe falsèd in this wise,
Thus hath the kite my love in her servïce,
And I am lorn withouten remedy.

Canace bears the falcon home in her lap, and does all she can to gladden her and to heal her hurts.

I will now for a time leave Canace in charge of her hawk, and speak no more of her ring, until I shall have to say

How that this falcon gat her love again
Repentant, as the story telleth us,
By mediatïon of Camballus,
The kinge's son.

I will now describe adventures and battles more marvellous than were ever before heard of:—

First I will tellen you of Cambuscan,
That in his timë many a city wan;*
And after will I speak of Algarsife,
How that he won Theodora to his wife;
For whom full oft in great perïl he was,
Ne had he been helpén by the horse of brass;
And after I will speak of Camballo,
That fought in listës with the bretheren two
For Canace, ere that he might her win,
And there I left I will again begin.

* * * *

[But that beginning never came. "Here endeth the Squire's tale, as much as Chaucer ever made."†]

* Won.

† Note written in some of the manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales.

* The tercelet is the male hawk. † A well. ‡ Also.
§ That is to say, to borrow the name of the saint as pledge of he speaker's truth.

South American Horsemanship.—One evening, a donidor (a subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral or large enclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Gaucho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lazo so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lazo tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs, just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front legs; he then hitches the lazo, so that the three are bound together. Then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw: this he does

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Franklin's Tale.

In Armorica, that is called Bretagne, there was a knight who loved and did his best to serve a lady. Many a labour and great enterprise he performed before he could win her,

> For she was one the fairest under sun,

and also of so high a kindred, that hardly durst this knight

> Tell her his woe, his pain, and his distress.

But at the last, for his worthiness and his obedience, she took pity on him, and agreed to have him for her husband and lord. And in order to lead their lives in the greater bliss, he swore to her, as a knight, of his free will, that he would never take upon him any mastery over her, or be jealous of her, and that he would obey her,

> and follow her will in all
> As any lover to his lady shall;
> Savê that the name of sovereignty,
> That would he have for shame of his degree.
> She thankêd him, and with full great humbléss,
> She said, "Sir, since of your gentleness
> Ye proffer me to have so large a reign,

I would to God that never betwixt us two no guilt of mine may make war or strife;

> Sir, I will be your humble true wife—
> Have here my truth—till that mine hearte brest."*
> Thus be they both in quiet and in rest.

Now friends must obey each other, if they will long hold company.

> Love will not be constrain'd by mastery;
> When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
> Beateth his wings, and farewell, he is gone.
> Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.

* Burst.

And in this prosperity the knight goes home with his wife to his own country, not far from Penmark,* where his dwelling was, and there lives in bliss.

After a year or more had passed, the knight went to dwell for a time in England, to seek worship and honour in arms, for in such labours he put all his pleasures. And

> Dorigen his wife,
> That loveth her husband as her heartè's life,

weepeth and sigheth on account of his absence.

> She mourneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, 'plaineth;
> Desire of his presénce her so distraineth,
> That all this widè world she set at nought.
> Her friendes which that knew her heavy thought,
> Comforten her in all that e'er they may;
> They preachen her, they tell her night and day
> That causèless, she slay'th herself, alas!
> And every comfort possible in this case
> They do to her, with all their business,
> All for to make her leave her heaviness.
> By process, as ye knowen every one,
> Men may so longe graven in a stone
> Till some figúre therein imprinted be:
> So long have they comfórted her,

until she hath received the imprinting of their consolation, and her great sorrow began to assuage. Her friends then prayed her

> To come and roamen in their company
> Away to drive her darke fantasy;
> And finally she granted that request,
> For well she saw that it was for the best.

Her castle stood by the sea, and she often walked with her friends on the high banks, whence she saw many a barge and ship

> Sailing their course where as them list to go.
> But then was that a parcel of her woe;
> For to herself full oft, "Alas!" said she,
> "Is there no ship, of so many as I see,
> Will bringen home my lord?"

Another time she would sit, and think, and cast her eyes downwards upon the black and grisly rocks, which made her heart so tremble for fear,

> That on her feet she might her not sustene,†
> Then would she sit adown upon the green,

and look piteously into the sea, saying with sighs, "Eternal God, that through thy governance leadest this world; ye make, as men say, nothing in vain;

> But, Lord! these grisly fiendly rockès black,
> That seemen rather a foul confusion
> Of work, than any fair creatión
> Of such a perfect wisè God, and stable,
> Why have ye wrought this work unseasonable?

See ye not, Lord, how it destroyeth mankind? A hundred thousand bodies have these rocks slain. Thou madest mankind like thine own image; how then may it be that ye make such means for its destruction? I know well that clerks say it is all for the best, though I do not know the causes. But may that God that made the wind to blow, keep my lord in safety; this is my conclusion; I leave all disputes to the clerks. I would to God that all these black rocks were sunk into hell for his sake.

> These rockes slay mine hearte for the fear."

Her friends then lead her elsewhere,—by rivers, and wells, and other delectable places. And

> They dancen, and they play at chess and tables.

And one day, unto a garden that was near, having prepared all necessary provision,

> They go and play them all the longe day,
> And this was on the sixthe morrow of May,
> Which May had painted with his soíte showers,
> This garden full of leavès and of flowers,
> And craft of mannes hands so curiously
> Arrayèd had this garden truely,
> That never was there garden of such prise*
> But if it were the very Paradise.

And after dinner they began to dance, and to sing also; Dorigen only excepted;

> For she ne saw him in the dancè go,
> That was her husband, and her love also.

Among others in this dance there was a squire fresher and jollier than the month of May itself;

> He singeth, danceth, passing every man.

He was one of the best-looking men alive; also—

> Young, strong, and virtuous, and rich, and wise,
> And well-belov'd, and holden in great prise.

He was called Aurelias. And shortly to say the truth, he had loved Dorigen, unknown to her, for above two years and more,—

> But never durst he tell her his grievánce;
> Withouten cup he drank all his penánce.

He was in despair. He durst say nothing, except that in songs he would somewhat betray his sorrow, in general complaints:—

> He said he loved, and was beloved nothing.

* Praise.

[To be continued.]

* On the western coast of Bretagne, between Brest and Port L'Orient.

† Sustain.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

WHATEVER pursuit is but partially known to us, we are apt to undervalue. The mental power necessary to the mastery of it and the advantages arising from its study, seem to us small in amount and easily attainable. And so with the productions of those who have made themselves skilful in such pursuit; as we look upon them, we fancy that we could easily have done as much, if we had desired it, and we do not deem our ignorance a reason why we should not be capable of judging of what we see.

Landscape painting is one of those things that, to a hasty and superficial observer, seems to require less than the ordinary amount of ability and of study. It is commonly regarded as a mere matter of imitation, a sort of careful copying of what is seen in the fields or among the mountains, and all that is required is thought to be a little discernment in selecting the scene and some adroitness in representing it. Nor is it supposed that there can be much difficulty in judging of what is accomplished so easily. To have looked upon some of the finer scenery of nature, and to have occasionally visited a picture gallery, is thought to be enough to set up for a connoisseur,—an opinion so generally acquiesced in, that he must be a bold man who would dare to question the dictum of one who has travelled into Italy, and can recall the names of a few much-talked-of painters. But there may be this experience, and yet no real knowledge of art. For, in the first place, there is much more than a ready hand and quick eye necessary to make a true landscape-painter, and then something more than assurance is necessary to estimate his works aright. What are the requisites necessary, both to the painter and to the observer, it would require, to set forth fully, more space and a more prolonged investigation than we can afford, but we hope briefly to point out some of them, and to remove some few common misapprehensions.

in 1828 a second Corn Exchange was opened. The two buildings adjoin each other, in Mark-lane. The metropolitan market for corn, grain, and seeds is now entirely confined to Mark-lane. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the first being by far the busiest day of the three; and the hours of business are from ten to three.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Franklin's Tale—*concluded.*

Aurelius of his love for Dorigen made

many lays,
Songès, complaintès, roundels, virelays,
How that he durste not his sorrow tell,
But languisheth as doth a fury in hell,

and in no other manner durst he betray his woe; except that sometimes at dances he looked on her face in the manner of a man asking favour, but she knew nothing of his intent. Nevertheless, as he was her neighbour, and a man of honour and worship, they fell into conversation, and then more and more Aurelius drew near unto his purpose. And when he saw an opportunity, he said unto her, "Madam, so that I thought it might gladden your heart, I would that the day Arviragus, your husband, went over sea, that I had gone to some place from whence I might never have returned. Madam, have pity upon my pain. With a word ye may slay or save me."

She 'gan to look upon Aurelius:
"Is this your will," quoth she, "and say ye thus?
Never erst," quoth she, "ne wist I what ye meant;
But now, Aurelie, I know your intent,
By thilke God that gave me soul and life,
Ne shall I never be an untrue wife
In word ne work; as far as I have wit
I will be his to whom that I am knit:
Take this for final answer as of me."
But after that in play thus saide she:
"Aurelie," quoth she, "by high God above,
Yet will I granten you to be your love,
Since I you see so piteously complain;
Looke, what day, that endelong Bretagne
Ye remove all the rockès, stone by stone,
That they ne letten* ship ne boat to gone;†
I say, when ye have made the coast so clean
Of rockès, that there n'is no stone yseen,
Then will I love you best of any man."

"Is there no other grace in you?" said Aurelius. "No; by the Lord that made me," was her answer. "Then," quoth he, "I must endure a horrible and sudden death;" and with that word he turned away.

Other friends then came who knew nothing of this, and the revel began anew; until all go home in mirth, the wretched Aurelius alone excepted. He goes with sorrowful heart to his home; he may not, he says, escape from death.

Him seemeth that he felt his hearte cold.
Up to the heaven his handès 'gan he hold,
And on his knees bare he set him down,
And in his raving said his orisoun.

He thus prayed to the Sun

"Apollo, god and governor
Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flower,

cast thine eye of mercy on wretched Aurelius. Well I know, lord Phœbus, ye can the best (after my lady) help me. Ye know well that your blissful sister, Lucina the bright, chief goddess and queen of the sea, maketh it her desire to follow you full busily, and so does the sea as naturally desire to follow her. Do therefore, this miracle. Pray her to bring so great a flood that it shall rise at least five fathoms above the highest rock in Bretagne Armorica, and let the flood endure two years. Or, if she will not vouchsafe in this manner to grant my sovereign and dear lady to me,

Pray her to sinken every rock adown
Into her owen darke regïoun
Under the ground, there* Pluto dwelleth in,
Or never more shall I my lady win.
Thy temple in Delphos will I barefoot seek;
Lord Phœbus, see the tearès on my cheek,
And on my pain have some compassïoun;"
And with this word, in sorrow he fell adown,
And longe time he lay forth in that trance.

His brother, who knew of his grief, caught him up and bore him to bed. And there in despair and torment leave I this woeful creature.

Arviragus, with health and great honour, comes home:

O blissful art thou now, thou Dorigen.

He loveth thee as his own heart's life

Nothing list him to be imaginative
If any wight had spoke, while he was out,
To her of love; he had of that no doubt.
He not attendeth to no such mattére,
But danceth, justeth, and maketh merry cheer.

In languor, or furious torment, lay the wretched Aurelius for two years or more. No comfort had he, save of his brother, who was a clerk, and who wept and wailed in secret to see his condition. At last, this brother remembered that while he was at Orleans in France he saw a book of Natural Magic.

Anon for joy his hearte 'gan to dance;

and he said to himself, "My brother shall be healed immediately, for I am sure

that there be sciénces
By which men maken divers apparénces,
Such as these subtle tregetourès play.
For oft at feastès have I heard well say
That tregetourès, within a halle large
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down.
Sometime hath seemèd come a grim leoun;†
And sometimes flow'res spring as in a mead;
Sometime a vine, and grapès white and red;
Sometime a castle all of lime and stone.

And when the tregetour pleases all vanish at once.

"And I conclude, if I might find in Orleans some one who understands this Natural Magic, he should make my brother have his love. For clerks may make it appear that all the black rocks of Bretagne have gone, and that ships come and go at the very edge of the shore; and then Dorigen must needs keep her promise, and my brother be healed of his woe." He goes to his brother's bedside, and gives him such comfort that he started up immediately, and the two go forth towards Orleans.

When they were come almost to the city, they met a young clerk roaming by himself, who greeted them in Latin, and said to them a wondrous thing:

"I know," quoth he, "the cause of your coming!"

and he told them all their intent. Aurelius alights from his horse, and goes home with the magician to his house, where they found themselves

well at ease,
Them lackèd no victaille that might them please.
So well-arrayèd house as there was one,
Aurelius in all his life saw never none.

* Hinder. † Go.

* Where. † Lion.

Before they went to supper, the magician showed them

> Forests, parkès full of wilde deer.
> There saw he hartès with their hornès high,
> The greatest that were ever seen with eye.
> He saw of them a hundred slain with hounds,
> And some with arrows bled of bitter wounds.
> He saw, when voided were the wilde deer,
> These falconers upon a fair rivére,
> That with their hawkès have the heron slain.
> Then saw he knightès jousten in a plain.
> And after this he did him such pleasánce
> That he him shewed his lady on a dance;
> On which himselven dancèd as him thought.
> And when this master, that this magic wrought,
> Saw it was time, he clapp'd his handès two,
> And farewell,—

all the revel is gone!

After supper they fell into a treaty as to what sum should be the magician's reward for removing all the rocks of Bretagne. The magician swore he would not have less than a thousand pound.

> Aurelius with blissful heart anon
> Answered thus:—"Fie on a thousand pound!
> This wide world, which that men say is round,
> I would it give if I were lord of it."

Upon the morrow they departed for Bretagne. The time was

> The colde frosty season of December.

The sun in his hot declination had

> Shone as the burnished gold, with streamès bright,
> But now in Capricorn adown he light,
> Whereas he shone full pale, I dare well sayn.
> The bitter frostès with the sleet and rain
> Destroyèd have the green in every yard.
> Janus sits by the fire with double beard,
> And drinketh of the bugle horn the wine.

Aurelius showeth all possible cheer and reverence to his master, and prayeth him to be diligent—

> To bringen him out of his painès smart;
> Or, with a sword, that he would slit his heart.

And the subtle clerk hath such pity on him, that night and day he labours for the time when he may make such an appearance through astrology as that Dorigen and all other persons should say the rocks were gone. And at last,

> through his magic, for a day or tway
> It seemèd all the rockes were away.

Aurelius fell at the feet of his master in thankfulness, and then he went to the temple, where he knew he should see his lady, and with humble cheer and a heart full of dread he saluteth her—"My rightful lady, whom I most dread and love, and were loathest of all the world to displease, though of my death ye have no pity, break not your truth. Madam, ye know well what ye promised me. Not that I challenge aught of right of you, my sovereign lady, but of favour. Ye know well under what circumstances ye plighted me your truth to love me best;

> I have so done as ye commanded me;
> And if ye vouchèsafe, ye may go see.
> Do as you list; have your behest* in mind,
> For quick or dead, right, there ye shall me find.

It now lieth with you to make me live or die—

> But well I wot the rockès be away."
> He taketh his leave, and she astonish'd stood,
> In all her facè n'as no drop of blood.

"Alas," quoth she, "that ever this should happen. I believed that such a marvel was impossible. It is against the process of nature." And home she goeth in sorrow. She weeps and wails all day, she swoons,—but tells no one the reason—for her husband Arviragus was absent. "Alas, Fortune," she exclaimed, I complain of thee, that thou has bound me unawares. I know of no succour—

> Save only death, or elles dishonour,
> One of these two behoveth me to choose."

And thus for a day or two she complained, purposing ever to die; but on the third night Arviragus came home,

> And askèd her why that she weep so sore,
> And she gan weepen ever longer the more.
> "Alas," quoth she, "that ever I was yborn;
> Thus have I said," quoth she, "thus have I sworn:"

and so she told him all. With glad cheer the husband said, "Is there aught else, Dorigen?" "Nay, nay," quoth she; "God help me, this is too much." He then said,

> "Ye shall your truthe holde, by my faith,
> For God so wisely have mercy on me,
> I had well liever* stickèd† for to be
> For very love which that I to you have,
> But if ye should your truthe keep and save:
> Truth is the highest thing that man may keep

But with this word he burst out immediately into a fit of grief, and said,

> "I you forbid on pain of death,
> That never while you lasteth life or breath
> To no wight tell ye this misádventure;
> As I may best, I will my woe endure."

And he then called for a squire and a maid, and said to them, "Go forth with Dorigen, and bring her to such a place."

Aurelius met her in the street, and saluteth her, and asketh her whither she goes:

> And she answerèd, half as she were mad,
> "Unto the garden, as mine husband bad,
> My truthe for to hold, alas! alas!"

Aurelius then began to wonder. In his heart he felt a great compassion for her, and for the worthy knight her husband. He began to consider the best on every side. At length he said in few words—

> "Madame, say to your lord Arviragus,
> That since I see the greate gentleness
> Of him, and eke I see well your distress,
> That him were liever have shame (and that were ruth),
> Than ye to me should breaken thus your truth,
> I had well liever ever to suffren woe
> Than to depart the love betwixt you two.

I release you, Madam, from every bond and surety. Have here my truth, that I shall never reprove you for broken promise. I take my leave—

> As of the truest and the beste wife
> That ever yet I knew in all my life.

Yet let every wife beware of her promises, remembering of Dorigen." She thanked him upon her knees, and hurried home to her husband, and told him all, and through his life afterwards

> He cherisheth her as though she were a queen.

Aurelius, in great sorrow, now believes he must sell his heritage in order to pay the magician his thousand pounds, but having got together half that sum, he goes with it, and asketh grace. The magician hears his story, and forgives him the whole payment adding,

> Thou hast ypaid me well for my victaille.

* Promise.

* Rather. † Stabbed.

CHAUCER S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Pardoner's Tale.

Three rioters were seated in a tavern drinking, and as they sat they heard the clink of a bell that was carried before a corpse to the grave. Then one of them began to call his servant: "Go and ask," he said, "what corpse is this passing by." "Sir," replied the boy, "he was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly this night. As he sat drinking upon a bench,

> There came a privy thief men clepen Death,
> That in this country all the people slay'th;
> And with his spear he smote his heart a-two,
> And went his way withouten wordès mo.
> He hath a thousand slain this pestilence,
> And, master, ere ye come in his presénce
> Me thinketh that it were full necessary
> For to beware of such an adversary:
> Be ready, for to meet him evermore,
> Thus taughte me my dame."

"By Saint Mary," said the tavern-keeper, "the child saith truly; he hath slain this year in a great village, about a mile hence,

> Both man and woman, child, and hind, and page:
> I trow his habitation must be there."

"Is it such peril to meet with him?" said the rioter; "by God's arms, I shall seek him by street and stile. Hearken, fellows, we three here be as one, let us help each other, and we will slay this false traitor, Death.

> He shall be slain, he that so many slay'th,
> By Goddè's dignity, ere it be night."

And they plighted their truth to live and die by each other.

> And up they start all drunken in this rage.

And forth they go towards the village. Many a grisly oath have they sworn,

> Death shall be dead, if that we may him hent.*

They had scarce gone half a mile, when they met a poor man, who greeted them meekly, and said, "God preserve you in his sight!" The proudest of the

* Catch.

rioters answered, "What? churl, why art thou all wrapped up except thy face? Why livest thou so long in such great age?" The old man said, "Because I cannot find a man that will change his youth for my age. Death, alas! will not have my life. Thus walk I like a restless caitiff,

And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocke with my staff early and late,
And say to her, levè mother, let me in.

But, sirs, it is not courteous of you to speak thus to an old man. I advise you to do no harm to the aged man, any more than ye would have men to do unto you when ye grow old, if that ye may live so long. God be with you. I must go whither my business calls me."

"Nay, old churl, by God, thou shalt not do so," said another of the gamesters. "Thou partest not so lightly. Thou spakest of the traitor Death: thou art his spy; tell me where he is, or thou shalt suffer,

By God, and by the holy sacrament;
For soothly thou art one of his assent,
To slay us younge folk, thou falsè thief."

"Now, sir," quoth he, "if it be so pleasant to you to find Death, turn up this crooked path; for, by my faith, I left him in that grove under a tree. There he will abide; he will not for your boast conceal himself.

See ye that oak? right there ye shall him find.
God savè you, that bought again mankind,
And you amend."

The rioters ran until they came to the tree, where they found of gold florins enough, as they guessed, to fill eight bushels:

each of them so glad was of the sight,
For that the florins be so fair and bright,
That down they set them by the precious hoard.

The worst of them was the first to speak: "Brethren, take heed what I shall say. This treasure Fortune hath given us that we might spend our lives in mirth and jollity. Ha! Who could have believed to-day that such favour should have fallen upon us? This treasure must not be conveyed to our houses by day, or men would say we were thieves, and hang us. It must be carried by night, as wisely and slily as possible. Let us then cast lots; that one of us may run quickly to the town, and bring us bread and wine, and the other two shall guard the treasure. At night we will then bear it to such place as we shall all agree is the best." The lot fell upon the youngest, and he went immediately to the town. As soon as he was gone, one of the two

spake thus unto the other;
"Thou wottest well thou art my sworen brother,
Thy profit will I tell thee right anon.
Thou wott'st well that our fellow is agone
And here is gold, and that full great plenty',
That shall departed be among us three;
But nathèless if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not done a friendès turn to thee?"
That other answer'd, "I n'-ot how that may be;
He wot well that the gold is with us tway:
What shall we do? What shall we to him say?"

"Shall it be in confidence?" said the first. "By my truth, I will not betray thee." was the answer.

"Now," quoth the first, "thou wott'st well we be tway,
And tway of us shall stronger be than one.
Look when that he is set, thou right anon
Arise, as though thou wouldest with him play,
And I shall rive him through the sidès tway,
While that thou strugglest with him as in game;
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And then shall all this gold departed be,
My deare friend! betwixen thee and me;
Then may we both our lustès all fulfil,
And play at dice right at our owen will."

And these two cursed men have agreed to do thus. The

youngest which that wente to the town,
Full oft in heart he rolleth up and down
The beauty of these florins new and bright:
"O Lord!" quoth he, "if so were, that I might
Have all this treasure to myself alone,
There is no man that liveth under the throne
Of God, that shoulde live so merry as I."
And at the last the fiend, our enemy,
Put in his thought that he should poison buy,
With which he mighte slay his fellows tway.

And he goes to an apothecary, and asked him for poison to destroy rats. He said also there was a polecat in his farm-yard that slew his capons. The apothecary said, "As truly as may God save me, thou shalt have a thing that if any living creature eat or drink but so much of it as is the size of a corn of wheat, he shall die, and in less time than thou wilt go a mile: so strong and violent is the poison." This cursed man takes the poison in a box, and he goes into the next street, and borrowed of a man three large bottles, and poured the poison in two of them; the third he kept clear for his own drink; for he was determined to labour all night in carrying the gold away from the place. He then filled the three bottles with wine, and returned to his companions.

What needeth it thereof to sermon more?
For right as they had cast his death before,
Right so they have him slain, and that anon.
And when that this was done, thus spake that one,
"Now let us sit, and drink, and make us merry,
And afterward we will his body bury."

And with that word, he happened to take the bottle where the poison was, and he drank, and gave to his fellow to drink; and shortly they both perished.

[Thus did the Rioters find Death.]

FYNES MORYSON.—No. I.

TRAVELS of every description are in our day abundant. Beyond any other class of authors—novelists alone excepted—are travellers prolific. Scarcely a spot on earth, or a way by sea, is left untraversed or undescribed. To "travel without travelling," as old Purchas called it, by reading others' travels, would now be a labour far greater than a voyage on our own account round the world or to the north pole. It was not always so. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the well-known collections of Hakluyt and Purchas the English reader had within a moderate compass almost all the travellers' tales worth reading—and some that might without any great loss be left unread. There was little variety in these, although much novelty and many marvels. Our earlier travels were mostly records of the visits of ambassadors and others to the courts of barbarian princes—at the time they were published of great value and interest, though now they have been superseded by the descriptions of later travellers; or they were the accounts of voyages of discovery, which the perilous adventures and indomitable courage of the old seamen will always render attractive. Very few Englishmen had at that time related their European journeyings, and those not well. This is a matter of regret. To trace the progress of civilization by means of the advances of internal improvement, and the increase of domestic comforts in neighbouring states, is always interesting, and not without its use. At the close of the sixteenth century, travelling on the continent of Europe was no easy

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Nun's Priest's Tale.

A poor widow, somewhat bent from age, once dwelt in a narrow cottage beside a grove that stood in a dell. This widow, since the

> day that she was last a wife,
> In patience led a full simple life,
> For little was her cattle and her rent.
> By husbandry of such as God her sent
> She found herself; and eke her daughters two.
> Three large sowes had she, and no mó.
> Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Mall.
> Full sooty was her bower, and eke her hall,
> In which she ate many a slender meal.

She knew nothing of poignant sauces, nor dainty morsels. Repletion never made her ill. Temperate diet was all her physic,—and exercise, and a satisfied heart. The gout hindered her not from dancing. The apoplexy injured not her head. Her board was served with milk and brown bread, toasted bacon, and sometimes an egg or two.

She had a yard enclosed round, in which she had a cock called Chanticleer; for crowing there was not his equal through the land.

> His comb was redder than the fair corál
> Embattled as it were a castle wall.
> The bill was black, and as the jet it shone.

His legs and his toes were like azure, his nails whiter than the lily, his colour of burnished gold.

This cock had under his government seven hens, his sisters, and all wondrously like him in colour, of which the fairest was called fair Pertelot. She possessed the heart of Chanticleer. And

> such a joy it was to hear them sing
> When that the brighte sunne 'gan to spring
> In sweet accord,—"My life is fair in land."

For at that time, I understand, birds and beasts both could speak and sing.

One dawning, as Chanticleer was among his wives, sitting on his perch, with his fair Pertelot sitting next

to him, he began to groan, like a man sorely oppressed in his sleep. Pertelot said—

> "Hearte dear,
> What aileth you to groan in this mannére?
> Ye be a very sleeper; fie, for shame."

"Madam," he said, "be not grieved; I was just now in such misfortune, that mine heart is still affrighted. I dreamed that I saw a beast in our yard, like a hound, and he would have seized my body, and have killed me. His colour was betwixt yellow and red, his tail tipped, his ears black, his snout small, and he had two glowing eyes." "Away," quoth Pertelot,

> "Now have ye lost mine heart, and all my love;
> I cannot love a coward, by my faith.

Alas! And can ye be afraid of dreams? God knows dreaming is nothing but vanity. Dreams are engendered of repletions and superabundant humours. Does not Caton, the wise man, say, I pay no heed to dreams? Take some laxative, and though there be no apothecary in the town I shall teach you two herbs to cure you."

"Madam," quoth he, "*grand mercy* of your love, but many a man, so may I thrive, of more authority than Caton ever was, says the reverse of all this. They have proved by experience that dreams be significant of joy and tribulation. One of the greatest authors writes thus:—

"Once two fellows went a pilgrimage, and came into a town, which was so full of people that they could not even find a cottage where they might lodge together, so they were obliged to part for the night. One of them did very well, the other was obliged to lodge with oxen in a stall. And it so happened that long before day-break the one who was in bed dreamed that his fellow called upon him and said, 'Alas! I shall be murdered this night in the stall; help me brother, or I die. Hasten to me,' he cried. The man started out of his sleep with fright, but when he had waked he thought it was all vain fancy, so he turned and went to sleep again. Twice he had thus dreamed, when, at the third time, he thought he saw his fellow come to him, and he cried, 'Now am I slain—

> Behold my bloody woundès, deep and wide.
> Arise up early, in the morrow tide,
> And at the west gate of the town,' quoth he,
> 'A carte full of dung there shalt thou see,
> In which my body is hid.

Boldly arrest the cart. My gold caused my murder.'

"On the morrow, as soon as it was day, he went to his fellow's inn, and began to call for him. 'Sir,' said the hostler, 'your fellow is gone. He went out of the town at daybreak.' Recollecting his dreams, this man now goes towards the west gate of the town, and there he found a dung-cart, and with a determined heart he began to cry out 'Vengeance and justice for this felony! My fellow has been murdered in the night, and he now lies in the cart.

> Harow! alas! here lieth my fellow slain!'

"And the people cast the cart to the ground, and in the middle of the dung they found the murdered man. And the carter and the hostler were tortured until they acknowledged their wickedness, and were both hanged. So, fair Pertelot, by such examples thou mayest learn that men should not be too reckless of dreams. And as to your laxatives, I love them not.

> But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this,
> Madáme Pertélotè, so have I bliss,
> Of one thing God hath sent me largè grace:
> For when I see the beauty of your face,
> Ye be so scarlet red about your eyen,
> It maketh all my dreade for to dien:
> For all so siker* as *In principio*
> *Mulier est hominis confusio.*
> (Madáme, the sentence of this Latin is,
> Woman is mannès joy and mannès bliss.†)

"I am so full of joy and solace that I defy all dreams.' The cock now roameth up and down the yard:—

> Him deigneth not to set his feet to ground;
> He chucketh when he hath a corn yfound;
> And to him rennen then his wivés all.

One night a fox, full of sly iniquity, burst through the palings into the yard, and lay still in a bed of herbs, watching the time to fall on Chanticleer. And it so happened that the cock cast his eye on the herbs, and beheld

> The fox that lay full low;
> Nothing ne list him thenne for to crow,
> But cried anon Cok! Cok!—and up he start
> As man that was affrayèd in his heart:
> For naturally a beast desireth flee
> From his contráry if he may it see,
> Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.
> This Chanticleer, when he him 'gan espy,
> He would have fled, but that the fox anon
> Said, "Gentle Sir, alas! what would ye done?‡
> Be ye afraid of me that am your friend?
> Now certes I were worse than any fiend
> If I to you would harm or villainy;
> I n'am not come your counsel to espy,
> But truëly the cause of my coming
> Was only for to hearken how ye sing;
> For truëly ye have as merry a steven§
> As any angel hath that is in heaven.

"My lord, your father, God bless his soul, and your mother also, have been in my house, to my great pleasure, and certes I would fain please you. And, to speak of singing, I never heard man so sing as did your father of a morning. Now, Sir, for charity sing; let me see if you can counterfeit your father."

> This Chanticleer his wingès 'gan to beat,
> As man that could not his treasón espy,
> So was he ravish'd with his flattery.

He stood high on his toes, stretched out his neck, held close his eyes, and began to crow aloud; and the fox at once seized him by the throat, and bore him off on his back towards the wood. Such a lamentation was never made by the ladies in Ilion, when that city was won, and Pyrrhus had slain Priam, as was made by the hens when they beheld this spectacle. And certainly dame Pertelot shrieked louder than Asdrubal's wife when her husband was killed, and Carthage burnt by the Romans, and she threw herself into the fire.

The simple widow and her two daughters heard the hens cry, and they run out,

> And saw the fox toward the wood is gone,
> And bare upon his back the cock away;
> They crieden out Harow! and Wala wa!
> Aha, the fox!

And they run after him, and many a man also with staves, and Col our dog, and Malkin with her distaff; there too

> Ran cow and calf; and eke the very hoggès,
> So fearèd were for barking of the doggès,

and for the shouting of the men and women, that they ran so that they thought their hearts would burst.

> The geese, for fear, flewen over the trees;
> Out of the hivè came the swarm of bees:
> So hideous was the noise, ah *benedicite!*

* Certainly.

† The roguish cock, knowing the fair Pertelot's want of a scholastic education, is enjoying a jest at the expense of her and her sex: the Latin means the reverse of what he tells her.

‡ Do. § Note.

that Jack Straw and his men never made half such a shrill clamour when they would kill a Fleming, as that day was made upon the fox.

The cock that lay on the fox's back now spake unto him in all his fear, "Sir, if I were as ye, I would turn against those proud churls, and say unto them,

> "A very pestilence upon ye fall:
> Now am I come unto the woodès side,
> Maugre your head, the cock shall here abide,
> I will him eat, in faith, and that anon."

The fox answered, "In faith I will do so:" and as he spake the word the cock suddenly brake from his mouth, and flew upon a high tree. When the fox saw he was gone, "Alas!" quoth he, "alas! Chanticleer, I have offended you, inasmuch as I made you afraid; but, Sir, I did it in no wicked intent: come down, and I shall tell you my meaning—God help me as I shall speak truth to you." "Nay," said Chanticleer, "let me be accursed if thou beguile me more than once. No more shalt thou with thy flattery induce me to sing and to wink. For he that wilfully winketh when he should see, God will never allow to thrive."

> "Nay," quoth the fox, "but God give him mischance
> That is so indiscreet of governance
> That jangleth when he should him hold his peace."

FYNES MORYSON.—No. III.

On his homeward route Moryson adopted a bold plan, that of passing over the Alps alone. "When I came from Padua, I was not curious to find companions for this my long journey (to Geneva), as well because I hoped to find some by the way, as for that I now being used to converse with any Christian strangers, little cared to be solitary by the way: but deceived of this my hope to find company, I passed all alone, not so much as accompanied with a foot-man, over the high Alps, which I think very few have done besides myself." But the worst part of his journey was the last. He arrived safely at Geneva, but when he would have gone on from there to Paris, his friends tried to "persuade him from that journey, the peace being but just concluded (it was in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., at the termination of his struggle with the party of the League), and the way full of disbanded soldiers." Moryson slighted this counsel, but he says he afterwards "found it good by Experience, *the mother of fools*," a relationship we have not elsewhere seen affirmed, but owing to which we suppose it is that that respectable matron is so careful, as she is proverbially said to be, in their instruction. However, our author was persuaded to dispose of his horse; the temptation of a good courser, he being assured, would be found irresistible by the marauders, and probably they would cut his throat as well as steal his horse. Accordingly he sold it at Metz for sixteen French crowns; and then set about fitting himself for his journey. He procured a cover for his smart suit, discoloured his hands and face, and made himself as much as possible like a Dutch servant; so that he says, "if you had seen his servile countenance, his eyes cast on the ground, his hands in his hose, and his modest silence, you would have taken him for a harmless young man." Then he "quilted his gold in his doublet;" but that he might not be left quite destitute if he passed through the hands of the robbers, he took the sixteen crowns for which he had sold his horse and put them at the bottom of a wooden box, and covered them with a stinking ointment. For still further security he took six other crowns and wrapped them in cloth, upon which he wound threads of divers colours, wherein he stuck needles, "as if he had been so good a husband as to mend his own clothes," putting both in the pockets of his hose as if they were things of no value. Having thus completed his personal equipment, he hired a poor man to serve him as guide to Chalons, and to carry his cloak and little stock of baggage. Their way was a toilsome one, and they suffered greatly from hunger and thirst, the country through which they passed being almost entirely desolated in the civil war. So bad was it, that his guide, when he came on the fourth or fifth day to some dirty water that had collected in the road ruts, lay down and drank it greedily. They went on, however, unmolested till the fifth day; when, as they had just got into France, and were within a few miles of Chalons, a dozen armed horsemen came up to him, and the leader demanded his name and country. Moryson told him he was the servant of a Dutch merchant, who was waiting for him at Chalons. The captain, looking upon a poor servant as too mean a prey for him, rode away, but by the time he reached the top of the hill Moryson saw him dispatch two of his men, who rode hastily up, and, presenting their carbines, threatened instant death if he resisted. To resist was useless, and therefore he quietly submitted. Having first taken the sword and cloak from his guide, they next lightened him "of the gold quilted within his doublet," taking the doublet as well, and then made a careful survey of what else he possessed. When they drew the box out of his hose, the ointment not pleasing their smell, they quickly flung it away, and the threads after it, without so much as borrowing a needle. After stripping off his doublet, they did not deign to take the cover, but thrusting a deep greasy French hat on his head, in exchange for his own, they rode off. On their departure Moryson carefully picked up his box and cloth, and felt almost merry that he had escaped so well. His guide, however, was not in so cheerful a mood; he had come a toilsome journey, and now seeing little hope of payment for his services, was inclined to be angry that his master treated the matter so lightly. When they reached the town, the guide at once led him to the meanest house in it, saying, when Moryson remonstrated with him, that "stately inns are not for men with never a penny in their pockets." On the other insisting, however, he led him to the best inn, "ceasing not to bewail their misery, and to recount the tragedy as if it had been the burning of Troy," till even the landlord became churlish for fear of his reckoning. Next morning the guide came to take his leave, and was about to depart without asking or expecting his money, and when Moryson put it in his hands, would scarce believe his senses, crying out like a mad man that he knew not how he should have one penny to pay with, unless he were a juggler, or an alchemist, or had a familiar spirit. Then confounded between wonder and joy, he began to triumph with the servants, and would not depart till he had drunk a quart of wine.* Moryson succeeded in borrowing money in Paris, and reached England without further adventure.

He only remained a few months at home; he "had an itching desire to see Jerusalem, the fountain of religion, and Constantinople, of old the seat of the Christian emperors, and now the seat of the Turkish Ottoman;" and finding that his brother Henry was about to proceed there, he resolved to accompany him. There was a singular custom prevalent at this time, of putting out a sum of money on undertaking a voyage, on condition of receiving on returning a sum larger than the original in proportion to the risk supposed to belong to the voyage; of course if the traveller did not live to return, the money deposited became the pro-

* Moryson dwells on this story with a natural fondness, expanding it through many folio pages; we have taken the liberty to recast it, using, as much as possible, his own words, as it seemed in so many ways worth repeating.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

The Canon's Yeoman's Tale.

In London there was a priest, a secular, unto whom the false Canon, my master, came upon a day, and besought him to lend him a certain quantity of gold. "Lend me a mark, but for three days," he said, "and at my day, if thou find me false, hang me up by the neck." The priest lent the mark gladly, and the Canon thanked him and went away, and at the time appointed the Canon repaid the priest, who was wondrously glad. "Certainly," said he, "it nothing troubles me to lend a man a noble, or two or three, who will not break his day: such a one I can never refuse." "What!" quoth the Canon, "shall I be untrue? There never was man ill repaid for lending me gold and silver. And Sir," quoth he, "now, in confidence, since ye have been so good to me, and showed such great gentleness, I will show you

How I can worken in philosophy.

Take good heed, ye shall see well with your eyes that I will perform a master-stroke before I go."

"Yea?" quoth the priest, "Yea, Sir, and will ye so?
Marry thereof, I pray you heartily."

"At your commandément, Sir, truëly,"
Quoth the Canón, "and elles God forbid."

Nought knew the priest with whom he dealt.

"Sir," quoth the Canon, "let your yeoman go for quicksilver; let him buy two or three ounces:

And when he cometh, as faste shall ye see
A wondrous thing, which ye never saw ere this."

The priest sent his servant for the quicksilver, and gave the three ounces to the Canon:

And he them laide fair and well adown,
And bade the servant coalës for to bring,
That he anon might go to his working.

The coals were fetched, and the Canon took out a crucible from his bosom and showed to the priest. "This instrument," said he, "take in thine hand, and then put in it an ounce of quicksilver, and here begin

In the name of Christ to wax a philosópher.
There be full few which that I woulde proffer
To showen them thus much of my sciénce;
For here shall ye see by experience

That this quicksilver I will mortify
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good silver and as fine
As there is any in youre purse or mine,
Or elleswhere; and make it malleáble,
And elles holdeth me false and unable
Amongès folk for ever to appear.
I have a powder here, that cost me dear,
Shall make all good, for it is cause of all
My conning.*

Send away your man, and shut the door,

That no man us espy
While that we work in this philosophy."

All was so done, and they go to their labours.

The priest, at the Canon's bidding, set the crucible on the fire, which he blew, and made himself very busy.

The Canon threw a powder into the crucible, I know not what made of, whether of chalk or of glass, or something else quite worthless, to deceive the priest, and he bade him hasten to lay the coals above the crucible. "For," said he, "in token I love thee, thine own two hands shall do all."

"*Grand mercy!*" quoth the priest, and was full glad. And while he was busy the false Canon took out of his bosom a piece of charcoal made of beech, in which there was a secret hole containing an ounce of silver-filings; and he said, "Friend, ye do amiss; this fire is not laid as it should be, but I shall soon amend it.

Now let me meddle therewith but a while,
For of you have I pity by Saint Gile;
Ye be right hot, I see well how ye sweat;
Have here a cloth, and wipe away the wet."

And while the priest wiped his face, the Canon laid the charcoal on the middle of the crucible, and blew well after, until the coals burnt fast. "Now give me drink," quoth the Canon; "all shall be well.

Sitte we down, and let us merry make."

And when the Alchemist saw his time he said, "Rise up, Sir priest, go forth and bring a chalk-stone, that I may make it of the shape of an ingot; and bring with you a pan of water. And that ye shall have no wrong conceit of me in your absence, I will go and return with you again." And this was the way the Canon shaped the ingot:—He privily took out of his sleeve a piece of silver, and made his ingot the same length and breadth, and then replaced the silver in his sleeve. The ingot was next put in the water. "Now," says he to the Canon,

"Look what that there is; put in thine hand and grope,
Thou shalt there finde silver, as I hope."

The priest put in his hand, and took up a piece of fine silver. "God's blessing have ye, Sir Canon," said the priest; "if ye vouchsafe to teach me this noble craft I will be yours in all that ever I may."

"Yet," quoth the Canon, "I will again try, that ye may take heed and be expert, and another day in my absence, when you are in need, essay this craft. Let us take another ounce of quicksilver." The priest does all that he can, and fast blows the fire while the Canon stirred it above the crucible with a stick, in the bottom end of which there was another ounce of silver filings, and the end was stopped with wax, and as that melted the silver fell into the crucible. And so the priest was beguiled once more.

He was so glad that I can not express
In no manníre his mirth and his gladnéss;
And to the Canon he profferèd eftsoon
Body and goods. "Yea," quoth the Canon, "soon,

Though poor I be, crafty* thou shalt me find:
I warn thee well; yet is there more behind.

Is there any copper here in the house?" "Yea, Sir," said the priest, "I believe there is." And some copper was obtained; and the Canon weighed out an ounce and put into the crucible,

And cast in powder, and made the priest to blow,
And in his working for to stoopen low.

And all was but a trick. The Canon, as I told you before, had a piece of silver in his sleeve all the while: he now slily dropped it in the bottom of the pan, and with wondrous sleight took up the copper and hid it. Then presently the priest took out the silver.

"Now," said the Canon, "let us go with these three pieces to some goldsmith, and learn if they be good." The goldsmith assayed them, and they were just as they ought to be. And as to this besotted priest,

Who was gladder than he?
Was never bird gladder against the day;
No nightingale in the seasón of May,
Was never none, that liste better to sing;
Ne lady lustier in carolling;
Or for to speak of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armès done† a hardy deed,
To standen in gracè of his lady dear,
Then had this priest this crafte for to lere.‡

And he said to the Canon, "For the love of God, tell me what shall this receipt cost? Tell me now."

"By our lady," quoth this Canon, "it is dear;
I warn you well, that save I and a frere,
In Engleland there can no man it make."

"No matter," quoth he. "Now, Sir, for God's sake tell me, I beseech you, what I shall pay."

"Y wis," quoth he, "it is full dear, I say.
Sir, at one word, if that you list it have,
Ye shall pay forty pound, so God me save.

And but for the friendly act ye did to me, ye should pay more." The priest fetched the forty pounds, and gave them to the Canon, who said, "Sir priest, I trust to have no loss of my craft. I would keep it close. As ye love me, be secret;

For if men knewen all my subtlety,
By G— they woulden have so great envý
To me, because of my philosophy,
I should be dead."

"God forbid," said the priest. The Canon went his way, and the priest never more saw him. And when the priest tried the receipt,—

Farewell, it n'ould not be.

* Skill—knowledge.

* Skilful, in the ostensible meaning of the word: the other meaning needs no explanation.

† Who has done. ‡ Learn.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS, 1845.

[Continued from p. 495.]

AT Manchester there have been many new erections, and among others a theatre. Opportunities for the display of talent in buildings of this class, and it is one requiring peculiar talent, and study of a special kind, are of comparatively rare occurrence. The site of the present building, of which the first stone was laid on the 2nd of December, 1844, has the advantage of being a completely insulated one, between Peter, South, Museum, and Windmill Streets, the façade being towards the first, and the rear towards the last of them. The whole would be a regular parallelogram of sixty-nine by one hundred and seventy-one feet, were it not that the side towards Museum Street is longer than the one towards South Street by twenty-nine feet,