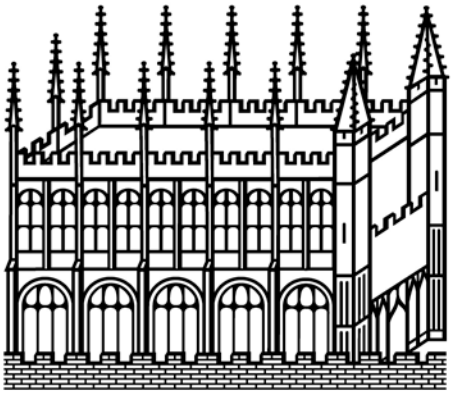

Frederic M. Hi:

THE

LITERARY HISTORY

OF THE

TROUBADOURS.

CONTAINING THEIR

LIVES, EXTRACTS FROM THEIR WORKS,

And many Particulars relative to the

CUSTOMS, MORALS, AND HISTORY

OF THE

Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.

Collected and abridged from the French of Mr. de Saint-Palaye,

By Mrs. DOBSON,

Author of the Life of Petrarch.

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31 JUL 1958
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TO

SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

SIR,

As the following LIVES are descriptive of the two ages immediately preceding that in which Petrarch flourished, I beg leave to unite these works in the honour of your patronage: and am,

SIR,

with perfect respect,

your obliged and

obedient Servant,

S. DOBSON.

PREFACE.

THE word Troubadour signifies an inventor, and is worthy of the subject to which it refers, as it expresses the genius of those poets, whose compositions are recorded in the following work.

The Jongleurs, who are mentioned by Petrarch and others, were a set of men, who went about singing or reciting the compositions of the Troubadours, and who sometimes aspired at the rewards and honours of both professions.

The works and fame of the Troubadours had long been buried in oblivion; and it was owing to the immense labours of the author of the *Memoirs on Ancient Chivalry*, that they were at last raised from the tomb. This respecable academician, Mr. de. St. Palaye, was almost wholly occupied in researches into the antiquities of nations; without a knowledge of which, the literary history of Europe, and of France in particular, must have remained incomplete. It was not, therefore, an

attempt of mere curiosity, or unimportant erudition, so search after and explain the writings of the Troubadours, who were the ancient Provençal poets, and the fathers of modern literature.

There were but four manuscripts relative to this subject in the library of the king of France; but in Italy there was a great number. Mr. de St. Palaye, therefore, went into Italy, and obtained the permission of the pope to consult these manuscripts. This project and expedition were celebrated in the *Nouvelles Literaires de Florence*, for the month of February, 1740. After having collected near four thousand compositions, and the original lives of several of the poets; and after proving, that the fragments, scattered in different places, to the amount of twelve hundred, were all to be found in this collection, there was yet a delay to the work, from the difficulty, in many parts, of understanding the Provençal language: but this difficulty was overcome, by great pains, in comparing different words, and different passages, and by paying the most exact attention to the correspondence of the sense, and the idiom of the expression.

The idea alone of this work is astonishing. Mr. de St. Palaye had fifteen volumes in folio to go through, together with a multitude of *various readings;* and eight volumes of extracts, besides glossaries, tables, and an infinity of notes. Yet did he encounter and overcome all these difficulties, inspired with the honourable motive

peculiar to men of letters, the desire of acquiring and communicating knowledge.

Mr. de St. Palaye lived not, however, to give the fruits of his labours to the world; and his ingenious friend, the editor of this work, at first declined the task, from the supposition that the materials consisted of nothing but gallantry, and that it was of little importance to be informed in what manner the first poets sung the praises of their mistresses. But curiosity leading him to run over some parts of the collection, he discovered many interesting details towards a history of the heart, and its various movements: he likewise discovered, that much light might be thrown upon a variety of subjects, either entirely unknown in our days, or obscured by the clouds of prejudice. His scruples, therefore, began to vanish; and he was still farther determined to undertake the work, from a delicate fear which had been suggested by Mr. de St. Palaye, that some licentious pen might be employed in the work, and give it to the public in a manner degrading to its real merit, and dangerous to the morals of society. Depraved and worthless characters are sometimes necessarily developed, but these, like the enchanted isle of Calypso in the hands of the chaste Fenelon, may be so drawn as to furnish abundant lessons of wisdom. It is likewise of use to characterise the spirit and manners of these ages of chivalry; to point out the abuses of an ignorant and disorderly clergy, and the tyranny of the church of Rome.

Accordingly we have here a great and striking picture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when ignorance and barbarism held dominion over Europe. We see passing in review sovereigns and great lords, knights and noble ladies, monks and prelates, libertines and devotees, enthusiasts in love or in religion, satirists or licentious flatterers. All these are exhibited, and form the great succession of Troubadours.

With respect to the writings of the Troubadours, a rustic simplicity, joined with lively and sometimes sublime images, are distinguished in their productions. The uncultivated mountains of Scotland, the forests of America, and the frozen deserts of Lapland, have yielded fruits of genius which even now excite our admiration. Minds, indeed, which are confined within the narrow limits of art, and reflect not on the energy of nature, find it difficult to conceive that such productions should arise in a state of ignorance and barbarism: not reflecting, that when the soul is strongly impressed by a single object, its powers are exerted with the greater vigour; there are few ideas, and consequently little to enfeeble the flights of the imagination.

In all nations, poets have preceded prose writers. A wish to perpetuate any striking facts, gave rise to a language beyond that of common life; a language more expressive and more easily retained. Hence the origin of poetry: and as there is a natural affinity between music and poetry, the words were accompanied with suitable airs, which fixed them still deeper in the me-

mory, and gave, as it were, a body to thought. Such is the progress of the human mind. The first historians, and philosophers, whether in Greece or Rome, were poets; the bards too, of other nations, have celebrated the exploits, and roused the valour and emulation of their countrymen, in verse.

In a country favoured by nature, under a serene sky, and where the genial warmth of the climate enlivens the imagination, without enervating the body, the taste will be more refined, and the compositions more animated. Such was the fortunate situation of the Troubadours; they inhabited the southern provinces of France, comprehended under the name of *Provence;* and were likewise called the Provençal poets, because this language was common to them all.

William IX. count of Poitou, and duke of Aquitaine, is recorded as the first Provençal poet; others, however, had no doubt preceded him, as the graces of his style imply an art already cultivated. But it is from this period that we must begin to trace the Provençal poetry; from this time it took a rapid flight, penetrated into the courts, and formed the delight and the admiration of a great part of Europe.

The advances from a state of ignorance and barbarism, to that of cultivation of manners, of reason, and of talents, form one of the most interesting spectacles that is presented in the history of mankind. After a long train of evils, into which error and anarchy had plunged

the inhabitants of Europe, the ignorance of the tenth century, accompanied with the ravages committed by a deluge of robbers, gave the finishing stroke to their calamities, and completed their debasement.

In the succeeding age cultivation began to take place, feeble indeed, and ill directed, and more fruitful in error, probably, than even ignorance itself; calculated, however, to draw the mind from its fatal stupefaction. The pontificate of Gregory VII. the shocks which he gave the nations, the violent struggles of the priesthood with the empire, and which were urged on by their successors, excited a general kind of fermentation, which opened, as it were, the faculties of the soul; while chivalry introduced a career of heroism, in which some of the social virtues gave an eclat to the exploits of military life.

To these different causes may be added the crusades, which commenced towards the close of the same century. An unheard-of enthusiasm broke through the barriers of nations, united them for the purpose of religious conquests, transported them into the country of Phidias and Homer, and made them breathe the voluptuous air of Asia. Hence new sensations, new ideas, new tastes: and, astonishing to relate, the blind and sanguinary devotion of the crusades contributed to the developement of reason, and of the fine arts; and forwarded the triumph of the muses, whose inventive labours gave birth to such a variety of pleasures.

At this period, the class of poets called Troubadours began to increase; and they found, in the courts of princes, which were then almost as numerous as the castles, fortune, pleasure, and the most flattering distinction. These considerations induced some to enter into the profession, who were deficient in point of talents; others depended upon their rank, which readily commands flattery; and, being dissipated characters, promoted licentiousness, and became dangerous and corrupt models.

The works of the Troubadours are nevertheless of great value, as the customs and morals of these distant ages are, in them, more exactly copied from nature than in any other memoirs of the times. The ancient chroniclers, educated in the gloom and prejudices of a cloister, gave only tiresome narrations; their facts were intermixed with vulgar opinions, and ridiculous legends, and thus they darkened and degraded history. But the poets may be justly styled painters from life. Homer was in fact the historian of his own age; and even his fictions are a source of knowledge and truth. But the compositions of the Troubadours had, in some respects, their peculiar uses; their subjects were in general more familiar, and taken from common life, and thus formed pictures of greater simplicity, and from which practical conclusions might more easily be deduced.

There we behold a passionate and outrageous valour, which breathed after combats as its dearest pleasures, and which drew the first laws of nature from the barba-

rous decisions of the sword. There we behold the prodigality of the nobles, set up as the essential virtue of their nobility; as little delicate in acquiring the means, as in the manner of their dissipation; and not blushing to accumulate by rapine, what was to be exhibited in a ruinous ostentation. There we behold that spirit of independence which fosters the disorders of anarchy; sometimes indeed with a view to interest, crouching under the pliant and humble demeanor of a courtier, but always ready to stand forth with audacity on the first favourable conjuncture. There we behold a boorish and masculine familiarity, which talks without reserve of persons and things: which censures with equal rudeness the prince and the subject, and establishes a tyranny often greater than that it opposes. There we behold a blind superstition, feeding itself with follies and absurdities; sacrificing to its chimeras, reason, humanity, and the Divinity itself; debasing the Supreme Being by a mistaken homage, and furnishing arms to that irreligion to which it gives birth. There we behold the system of chivalry fully delineated. War, love, and religion formed the basis of this singular institution; and the gallantry borrowed from the northern nations, was by it extended and refined.

The Crusades, of which Gregory VII. conceived the first idea, were the master-stroke of papal despotism. By these the pontiff summoned at pleasure the subjects of other princes to arms; sent them to conquer kingdoms, and make them tributary to the Holy See; regulated, even beyond the boundaries of the ocean, the

conduct of kings and emperors, and thus established an universal empire.

In the works of the Troubadours we meet with numberless examples of this mad enthusiasm; and some of these poets had even the courage to censure and expose them.

The abuse of ecclesiastical power was the true origin of the various sectaries in the southern provinces of France, called Vaudois, Albigenses, &c. A cruel war was waged against these sectaries, in which the ruin of the Count of Toulouse was particularly meditated, who was considered as their head. Hitherto the Crusades had for their object, the enemies of the Christian name: but now even Christians themselves, provided they were reputed enemies of the church, were considered as a sacrifice still more worthy of their zeal; and the sovereign, who dared to protect, or even tolerate them, was covered with anathemas, and driven from his kingdom. The disgraceful and domestic crusade against Raimond VI. and Raimond VII. proved fatal to these counts of Toulouse; and from their spoils the court of Rome formed a principality, even in the heart of France. Several of the Troubadours were engaged in these civil wars, either as actors, or as partisans of the oppressed, and have left many curious details, which must be reserved for their respective articles, in the following history.

Among the memorable events they relate, are the

contests between France and England; the quarrels of the popes with the house of Swabia; the imprisonment of Richard I. on his return from Palestine; the conquests of Philip Augustus over John, the successor of Richard; and the clashing interests in the several feudal governments, particularly those of Provence.

The compositions of the Troubadours may be divided into the gallant, the historical, the didactic, and the satirical. The last of these are the most valuable, as they explain the manners, and correct the vices of the times. The didactic pieces are few, but curious; some of them comprehend the maxims of universal morality; others, instructions relative to the different conditions of society, to the candidates in chivalry, to the ladies, the poets, and the jongleurs.

The Provençal language, as well as the French, the Italian, and the Spanish, was derived from the Latin: this was the language in which the Troubadours wrote, and was esteemed more perfect than any of the others, either from its partaking more of the beauties of the Greek, which was a long time the language of the people of Marseilles, or from its being cultivated by men of superior taste and abilities. The Troubadours gave it new charms, and more extended fame. Dispersed through most of the courts of Europe, they created a relish for their compositions, and gave a celebrity to their language, almost as great as the best modern productions have given to our own.

Italy, Spain, England, and even Germany, listened to these Amphions; admired, and attempted to imitate them; and thus promoted the reformation and refinement of the language of these several countries. This has been acknowledged by several of the English, and a much greater number of the Italian writers. Dryden confesses, that the Provençal was the most polished of all the modern languages; and that Chaucer availed himself of this, to ornament and enrich his own *. Bembo asserts, that this language had a great superiority over the Eastern; and that whoever would write well, particularly in verse, must write in the Provençal.

Nothing was more honourable to the Troubadours, than to have the Italians for their disciples; and who not only equalled, but surpassed their masters.—At the end of the thirteenth century, Dante raised the Italian language to perfection; and from that time it took the lead of the Provençal. Petrarch then appeared; love inspired his muse, and he poured forth, in the very country of the Troubadours, such eloquent and melodious numbers, that their language, their poetry, and their name, almost entirely disappeared in Europe.

The languages of other countries would have improved as rapidly as the Italian, had they been cultivated with equal care, and by men of equal genius with Dante, Petrarch, and Boccace. Unfortunately, however, from the want of such, other nations were long inferior to Italy in works of genius and of taste.

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* Preface to Dryden's Fables.

In Germany, the Troubadours had their imitators, whom the Baron Zurlanben has attempted to draw from their obscurity. He has found a manuscript in the library of the king, containing the sonnets of a hundred and forty poets, who flourished between the end of the twelfth and the middle of the fourteenth century. In the number of these poets we find the Emperor Henry VI. the unfortunate Conradin, the son of Frederick II. a king of Bohemia, several other princes, electors, dukes, margraves, &c. besides prelates and monks. The Baron Zurlanben, in a memoir read before the academy of Belles Lettres in the year 1773, has given some extracts from these compositions; and a more complete account would throw great light on the history of that age. To each sonnet is prefixed a design, representing the sieges, tournaments, hunting-matches, emblems, and armories of the German Troubadours.

To conclude.—The origin of modern literature is to be found among the Provençal poets. The Troubadours awakened Europe from its ignorance and lethargy; they re-animated the minds of men; and, by amusing, they led them to think, to reflect, and to judge.

Such a revolution of the human mind is truly worthy our curiosity; and the view Mr. de St. Palaye has given, cannot fail to interest us, who reap the fruits of his labour, and that of his successor, in this arduous undertaking.

THE

LITERARY HISTORY

OF THE

TROUBADOURS.

WILLIAM, COUNT OF POITOU.

THE first Troubadour on record was a Prince, William, Count of Poitou; he lived at the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century.—Characters, in those early ages, were seen without disguise even in a court, and art was not then employed to conceal nature.

William, Count of Poitou, united figure, sense, and courage, to the advantage of birth and fortune; but he degraded them all by an extreme licentiousness of manners. It is necessary to give him a place here, as he was the first provençal poet; but one circumstance of his life, not incurious in itself, will suffice to show the prevalence of vice, no less than of wit, in the character of this Prince.

In disdain of all laws, he had married Malberge, wife of the Viscount of Chatteleraud. This adulterous marriage excited the displeasure of the clergy, insomuch, that the bishop of Poitiers was beginning one day, in the presence of the Count, to read over him the form of excommunication. William draws his sword, and threatens to kill the bishop, unless he will immediately

absolve him. The prelate feigning himself alarmed, desires a moment's reflection, and makes use of it to finish the ceremony of excommunication. Strike now, said he, I am ready.—No, replied the Prince, I do not love you well enough to dismiss your soul to paradise; but I will send your body into exile. The pieces wrote by this Troubadour (except one) are full of obscenity: in this he bids adieu to his native country, to chivalry, as it respected gallantry and pleasure, and to all the vanities of the world. He embarks for the Crusade, as an expiation for his sinful life, asks pardon of all those he may have offended; and having committed the government of Poitou, and the care of his son, yet an infant, to the Count of Anjou, his cousin, he implores the protection and assistance of Almighty God, and commends himself to his mercy. He proved unfortunate in this expedition; and such were the excesses and imprudence of the Crusaders, that no one can be surprised at the miseries they underwent. On his return he sung the fatigues, the dangers, and the misfortunes of this enterprise; but the poem is lost. He died in 1122.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

Bernard de Ventadour was born in the castle of Ventadour in Limosin, towards the middle of the twelfth century: his father was a domestic of the family, who had the care of the bakehouse: but his obscure birth did not prevent his shining in courts; for though the inferior classes of men were at that time in no estimation, a genius for poetry supplied the want of nobility in the southern provinces, while every other literary talent was unrespected. The interesting figure of Bernard, joined to an amiable temper, and many sallies of

forward wit, engaged the attention of Ebles, the second Viscount of Ventadour, who was his Lord. Care was taken of his education, and this care was attended with all possible success. He was courteous and well bred, he composed good pieces, and sung them gracefully; a great elogy in a dark age.

The chronicle of these times reports, that Ebles was surnamed the Singer; that he was fond of gay sonnets even in his old age; and that by those he wrote himself he gained the favor of William Duke of Aquitaine and Poitou. The same chronicle also relates a curious anecdote of Ebles and William, which paints the characters of these great Lords, and the manner in which they lived in the extensive territories they occupied. Though this narrative is not immediately connected with the life of Bernard, I will give it a place here, because it concerns the general history of the Troubadours, and the customs which belonged to these early ages. The fact is related as follows:

One day Ebles came to Poitiers, and entered the palace when the Count was at table; the latter ordered his servants, with all dispatch, to make ready a dinner for his guest. Great was the preparation, and it was necessary to wait. Ebles growing impatient with this delay—Truly, said he, a Count of your importance ought not to be obliged to send orders to his kitchen, for the reception of a little Viscount like myself.—The observation passed unnoticed; but some days after, the Lord of Ventadour being returned to his castle, the Count of Poitou came thither, at the hour of dinner, followed by a hundred knights.

The Viscount got up from table, suspecting that William meant to take him by surprise, and thus revenge himself for the freedom he had been guilty of; for they lived in a pleasant familiarity with each other. After the first greeting was passed, Ebles, with an air of indifference, commanded his servants to bring in water to

wash; immediately the table was covered with dishes, and so great was the number, as scarcely to be paralleled at the marriage feast of a prince. It happened fortunately to be the market-day at Ventadour, and the subjects of the Viscount had brought in all sorts of game and wild-fowl to the castle. Nor was this all; towards evening, a peasant, unknown to his Lord, came into the court-yard, with a cart drawn by oxen, and cried out with a loud voice, Let the attendants of the Count of Poitou behold in what manner they give white bread at the castle of Ventadour. He then knocked off the hoops of a large barrel, with which his cart was loaded, and there rolled out a prodigious quantity of loaves as white as wax, which he left on the place as a thing of little value. The Viscount, to recompense a man who had served him so usefully, gave him in possession the place of Malmont, where he lived, and honored his children with the badge of chivalry. In all times vanity has been the great spring of human affairs; and in this age the princes and great lords piqued themselves on a profusion which savoured more of parade than hospitality, and their subjects considered it as a point of honor to aid them herein on all occasions of public and private festivity.

In this magnificent house of the Viscount, Bernard was educated, and his talents rendered him dear to his lord. The wife of Ebles, who was beautiful and witty, soon became the only subject of his verse. She was young and lively, and a dangerous object for Bernard, who found a more tender sentiment than admiration taking place in his heart: he thus unfolds the progress of his love:

"I cannot hide from myself the anxiety of my soul, but by feigned mirth and song I can at least conceal it from others." Sometimes he sung the return of spring restoring verdure to the trees, to the meadows, the enamel of the flowers, and melody of voice to the

nightingale. Sometimes he celebrated the power of love, the delights and the torments of a violent passion, the infidelity or the imprudence of men, the inconstancy and caprice of women; vain efforts these, as he confesses, to disguise his feelings!

"It is love inspires my pen; its penetrating influence embellishes my song: lovers alone can charm the ear and touch the heart; the heart is the seat of love!" And speaking of false lovers, he says, "Why has not providence branded them with an outward mark of reproach!"

Respect, and the fear of displeasing, kept Bernard a long time from declaring his passion; at last he took courage, and met with nothing but disdain from the Viscountess, which gave rise to many lamentations; yet he exhorts his heart to persevere, from the example of water, which, falling drop by drop on a stone, penetrates into it at last.

"While the seasons return in regular variety, and one year gives place to another, I continually languish: my state is ever the same; I feel the inquietudes of love alone, yet its sufferings are dear to me. I sigh without ceasing, and am never heard! When love is not mutual, what does it avail? I appear gay, but anguish destroys my heart. My penitence precedes my sin—I will sing no more—I will depart from hence—No, I will stay—My constancy will, perhaps, touch the dear object from whom, in vain, I attempt to fly." At last, being one day seated by the Viscountess, under the shade of a large oak, he received a kiss, which he compared to the lance of Achilles, alone capable of curing the wound it had maed. It was in the middle of winter, but it appeared to him the delightful month of May, when the spring shines forth with all its freshness and delight. Bernard, thus encouraged, became less discreet, and had the imprudence to name the Viscountess in one of his pieces. His passion for her came to the ear of Ebles, who con-

fined his wife, and turned the poet out of doors, with an express command never more to be seen in any of his territories. The unhappy Troubadour had only one consolation, that he left his heart an hostage with the lady of his love. Such a poet as Bernard could not fail of an asylum in an age enthusiastically fond of gallant poetry.

He found one in the court of the Duchess of Normandy; this was Eleanor of Guienne, who, after her divorce from Lewis the Seventh of France, was married in 1152 to Henry Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry the Second, King of England. This princess, too well known by her gallantries, received Bernard with great respect. He paints Eleanor, in one of his songs, as a lady of whom he is unworthy; nevertheless, adds he, she approves my writings, and she can read them. To read was not a common acquisition, even among the great, in this age.

Eleanor soon after departed for England; and the poet, touched with the recollection of her, writes thus to his friend:

"Why cannot I cut the air like the swallow, and offer my heart at her feet, to whom I address my verse! Every morning I am awakened by the nightingale; with his tender song he revives the image of my love; and I prefer the soothing thoughts he inspires, to the sweet refreshment of sleep."

From the court of Normandy he went to that of Raimond, Count of Tholouse, surnamed the Good, and remained there till the death of that prince in 1194. This was Raimond the Fifth, the celebrated protector of Troubadours.

One piece of his alone is historical; in it he exhorts the emperor, Frederick the First, to punish the people of Milan for their revolt. Frederick acted agreeable to this advice, for Milan was taken and burnt in 1163.

In one of his pieces, written in the form of a dialogue,

Peyrols asks him how he can resist the voice of the nightingale inviting him to sing?

"I would rather sleep, he replied; love is a folly of which I am cured, and love alone inspires the muse. Neither queen nor duchess can now tempt me to love! I would even refuse the Countess of Provence, the lady of Saluces, and her charming sister Beatrice of Viennois." He had possibly at this time formed the design of retreating from the world; nor is it wonderful that a life spent in gallant poetry, and in a court, should have this conclusion. After the death of Raimond the Fifth, his patron, he retired to the abbey of Dalon in Limousin, and there ended his days.

RICHARD I. KING OF ENGLAND.

It will astonish many to find among the Troubadours, a king, whom the historians speak of only as a fierce warrior, and a debauched and avaricious tyrant. His poetic talents were concealed under his martial enterprises and his acts of oppression. Charles the Ninth of France, though he wrote some good poems, is not known as a poet; but the massacre of St. Bartholomew will perpetuate his name with infamy.

Richard, the son and successor of Henry the Second, of the house of Anjou and Plantagenet, had been made Count of Poitou in 1174. Here the provençal poetry flourished, and he had time to taste and to cultivate its beauties: a liberal and magnificent patron of the Troubadours, he drew many of them to his court, and, in amusing himself with their compositions, he learnt to imitate them; but he could hardly be said to be inspired with love, for martial rage was predominant in his writings. Two of his pieces are very interesting, as they relate to history and to his private misfortunes. The third Crusade to the Holy Land was a source of multi-

plied distresses to Richard. He went thither in the year 1191, with Philip Augustus; on his return, the following year, after manifesting prodigies of bravery, as useless as brilliant, he was shipwrecked on the coast of Istria; from hence he pursued his route, disguised like a pilgrim, through the dominions of Leopold, Duke of Austria; but he was discovered and taken prisoner by that prince. A quarrel that had happened between them at the siege of Acre, had rendered them implacable enemies to each other. Richard had ordered the colours, which Leopold had set up on a tower which he had taken, to be pulled down and trodden under foot. The duke seized this occasion of revenging himself for the insult he had received. Henry the Sixth, Emperor of the House of Suabia, was not less enraged against Richard. He had made an alliance with Tancred, who had wrested the crown of Sicily from Henry; and he, therefore, desired Leopold to commit this illustrious prisoner to his custody. He treated him with indignity, and gave him his liberty, at the end of eighteen months, only on condition of paying a hundred and fifty thousand marks of silver, the third of which should be for the Duke of Austria.

Nothing could be more singular than the manner of discovering the situation of King Richard, and which Fauchet relates from an ancient chronicle.

A minstrel, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the innkeeper, in order to make this discovery, he learnt that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made

him tremble: he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provision; questioned and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and the quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him, that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one, but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country, though a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and the apartments were black with age; and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them. Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prisoner, but all in vain. At last, when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for he firmly believed it was him, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung, with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, continue and finish the song. Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king his master, who was confined in this dismal castle. The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard; and informing his nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

Whether this anecdote be true or false, it is curious enough to be included among the extraordinary events of Richard's life. During the captivity of this monarch,

his ambitious rival, Philip Augustus, employed his utmost skill to ruin him; for this purpose he raised up against him his brother, John Lackland, who took from Richard several places of Normandy, though the possessions, as well as the persons of the Crusaders, should have been held inviolable. At the same time the vassals of the imprisoned king shewed little zeal for his deliverance. On the view of his calamities, Richard composed the following piece in prison:

"No prisoner can speak of his fate without grief of soul. If he would charm away his trouble, he must compose a song. Small is the benefit he receives though he may have many friends: they may well blush, when they reflect they have left me in prison two years, through neglect of paying my ransom. And know, my barons of England, Normandy, Gascoigne, and Poitou, that there was not the lowest and most miserable of my companions in adversity, whose deliverance I would not have purchased. I mean not by this to reproach them, but I am still a prisoner. It is too true, the dead have neither friends nor parents; like such I am abandoned, for the sake of a little silver and gold. I suffer from my misfortunes, but I grieve still more for the hard hearts of my subjects. What a reflection will it be on them, should I die in this long captivity! Well may I be troubled! I know that the king my lord ravages my land, notwithstanding the oath we took for the common safety! Chail and Pensavin, my minstrels and my friends! you whom I have loved, and whom I shall ever love! by your songs inform my enemies they will obtain small glory in attacking me: that I have never been perfidious to them; and they will cover themselves with everlasting infamy, if they make war upon me while I am in prison. Countess of Soir, heaven preserve your sovereignty, and that I reclaim, and for which I am held a prisoner."

Richard was no sooner at liberty than he determined

to revenge himself on Philip Augustus, for the ravages the latter had made on his dominions. He took up arms against him in 1195; little sanguinary expeditions succeeded one another rapidly, without any considerable event, and a peace was soon concluded, for want of resources, on both sides. The Dauphin of Auvergne, and the Count Gui, his cousin, were very uneasy under the government of a prince so ambitious and cruel as Philip. Some conquests he had lately made, and the rich town of Issoire, which he had seized, presaged to them many future calamities.

Richard renewing the war against Philip, easily excited their resentment against him, and promised, if they would declare themselves openly on his side, to furnish them with arms and horses: this brought upon them a terrible vengeance; for by the peace that followed, they were deprived of all succour from Richard. The king of France immediately fell upon Auvergne, and put all the inhabitants to fire and sword: too weak to resist him, they obtained a truce for five months. Count Gui went to England, to summon Richard to the performance of his promise, but he received only proofs of disdain. He returned in despair, and submitted with the dauphin to the hardest conditions.

War was again renewed between the two kings. Philip Augustus anticipated the purposes of his enemy, by carrying devastation into his lands. Richard passes the sea; solicits the dauphin and the count to renew their alliance with him; but not being able to engage them, thus writes:

"Dauphin, and you Count Gui, answer me? What is become of the martial ardor which shone forth in you, when we were leagued against the common enemy? You gave me your faith, and you have kept it as the wolf did with the fox, whom you resemble in the colour of your hair, as well as the disposition of your hearts. You have failed to succour me, in the fear of not being

well paid for your services; for you know there is no money at Chinon*. You seek the alliance of a king, rich, valiant, and faithful to his word. You fear my cowardice, and my avarice; it is this which carries you to the other side. Remember the adventure of Issoire; are you content with the loss of that place? Will you raise soldiers to revenge that usurpation? However you act, King Richard, his standard raised, will prove himself a brave enemy. I have seen you formerly delight in magnificence; but now the ambition of building yourselves strong castles, has caused you to abandon gallantry and the ladies; and you have forsaken courts and tournaments. Guard yourselves against the French, for they want probity as much as the Lombards.

"Go, my song, to Auvergne, tell the two counts from me, that if they will remain in peace, God be with them! Of what consequence is the faithlessness of an inferior! Ought we to depend on the word of a groom! the event will prove they have taken the wrong side."

Such pieces as these will be always interesting; rough as is the simplicity with which they are marked, they paint the manner of the age as naturally as the conversations of Homer; and of an age comparable in many instances to the heroic periods of Greece; and the poet being himself the actor in them, gives a particular value to these monuments of antiquity.

The dauphin of Auvergne was also a Troubadour, and he answers Richard with the same irony in the following piece:

"King: since you sing of me, you have also found your minstrel! You inspire me with so much dread, that I must needs perform all you please to prescribe: but I forwarn you, if hereafter you suffer your own pro-

* The subsidies were to be paid at Chinon, in Touraine; this is all irony.

vinces to be invaded, do not come and ravage mine. I am not a crowned king; I have not resourses sufficient to defend my territories against a lord so powerful as mine: but you, whom the perfidious Tartar dreads more than a lion! you, king, Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou! how came you to suffer them to detain Gisors *.

"Were I to pledge my faith to you, I own I should commit a folly. You have given to my cousin Gui and myself so many horses, worth a thousand gold pence, so many esterlings of a great weight †; our soldiers swear to be faithful to you as long as you are so liberal to them. You have abandoned me shamefully! though to your face I proved my valour. You accuse me of wanting bravery; and I declare that I am still valiant enough to wait firmly for my enemies, between Pui and Aubusson, who are neither slaves nor Jews.—Brave and honoured lord, you once befriended and served me; if you had not changed your conduct, I should ever have remained your faithful ally. Make yourself easy; my king, who is also yours, will restore to me Issoire; I have his letters of promise. I am desirous of your friendship, but the example of the Count of Angouleme deters me: you have so well paid the honours he rendered you; you have been so generous toward him, that he has ever since forbore to trouble you. King, you shall behold me act like a brave knight: the love of a lady, whose will I adore, shall excite my courage."

Such quarrels as these were common between the kings of these times and their lords. Their bravados against their sovereigns were not at all surprising, but were the natural consequences of the feudal system,

* Philip Augustus had seized this strong castle in Normandy.

† The English money was in esterlings as that of France in pounds, from whence came the phrase of pounds sterling.

which placed them on a level with each other; and they were still more excited against a foreign prince, when they had for their support and their lord a king like Philip Augustus. Richard was the victim of his fiery temper, in a particular contest with a gentleman of Limousin, his vassal, whom he would oblige to resign to him a treasure found in his lands. He besieged the castle of Challus, in 1199, and was pierced with an arrow, of which he died.

PONS DE CAPDUEIL.

Pons de Capdueil was a rich baron, in the diocese of Pui, and united, says the historian of his life, the advantages of figure, valour, and eloquence, the manners of an agreeable and gallant man, and a genius for poetry and music.

He was only charged with too great economy, which seems a very unjust accusation, from the account given of his splendid entertainments, and the manner of employing his wealth.

The great lords made a magnificent appearance, and ruined themselves by their prodigality; and Capdueil wished perhaps to shine like others, without involving himself in their difficulties.

He therefore regulated his domestic charges with such prudence, as enabled him with ease to supply his extraordinary expenses. It is not surprising he was blamed for this wise management, in an age wherein excess in every thing obtained the admiration of the public.

This Troubadour possessed the true manners of chivalry; and he rendered his gallantries famous, without exceeding the bounds of modesty.

Azalaïs, the daughter of Bernard d' Anduse, a lord of great distinction in Provence, and the wife of Noisil de Mercœur, baron of Auvergne, was the lady to whom he

devoted his services: the feasts he made for her were so many grand courts, to which all the nobility resorted in crowds.

Tournaments rendered these assemblies more brilliant, where Azalaïs and Capdueil were celebrated in music and in song: the Baron of Mercœur himself assisted at these gallant spectacles; so that they might be justly supposed not only irreproachable, but honourable.

Such romantic love, however, being full of fantastic ideas, must ever be subject to whim and caprice; thus it happened to Capdueil. After having long possessed the good graces of Azalaïs, and cultivated her favour by many splendid feasts, in which she took great delight, he suspects that her love results only from the diversions he has procured her: tormented by this secret jealousy, he becomes unjust, and insensible to every proof of kindness from Azalaïs, and he thinks of nothing but trying a heart, where he desires to reign with all the ardour of a pure disinterested love.

To effect this, he retires into another part of Provence, and attaches himself to the Viscountess of Marseille, the wife of Roscelin, Viscount of Marseille. He flattered himself that the Baroness of Mercœur, inconsolable for this change, would express her grief, if he was really beloved; and then he should return with joy, and renew his court to her: and that if it happened otherwise, it was a certain proof he was not the object of her love.

When the baroness knew she had a rival, believing herself neglected, and her knight disloyal, she resolved to forget him, and forbade them to pronounce his name before her; and, if by accident he was mentioned, a disdainful silence evinced the sentiments of her heart. At last, to divert her chagrin, she gave herself up to all kinds of diversions.

Capdueil, who waited in vain for reproaches from Azalaïs, sought information of her by his friends, and what impression his retreat had made on her mind.

Their answer only sharpened his grief. Impatient to repair his fault, he returned, and wrote to request grace of the baroness.—No answer.—He wrote again, with the most humble submission, beseeching he might vindicate himself, and refusing no punishment of which he might be judged worthy. No answer still. He then sends a sonnet, as a pledge of his feelings.

"You have perceived only levity and inconstancy in my retreat, while it proceeded from an excess of love. I wished to prove the effect of my absence on your heart: I was to blame to make such a trial of your love! what a grief was it to me, you expressed no concern at my caprice; but you are as far distant from freedom as ever, for nothing can separate me from you."

To this sonnet, which proved little effectual, succeeded another, expressing the same feelings, but which was equally unsuccessful.

Our miserable Troubadour, at last, employed a surer method; he applied to three ladies of distinction, by whose mediation and intreaties he was again received into favour; and he vows never more to wander from the true path of love.

His fidelity was not put to the proof, for death took Azalaïs from him; and in an elegy on her he says, that the angels of Paradise are employed in singing her praise. Grief penetrates his soul! his hopes are all vanished! he will sing no more—he renounces love for ever.

Deprived of the object of his affection, and plunged in the deepest distress, Capdueil turns monk, and devotes himself to the cultivation of those pious sentiments, which can alone fill up the void the passions leave in the soul.

The misfortunes attendant upon love, have often inspired a taste for the cloister; but a knight in this age could signalize his devotion without quitting the world; for it was the age of the crusades. Not content with taking the cross, this Troubadour became a zealous

preacher in favour of the holy war; and two of his pieces have this for their object: in one of them he says, that the vicar of St. Peter * has sent absolution by his cardinals and legates, in virtue of the power which he has received, to remit the sins of the whole world.

He therefore urges the Christians to obey the exhortations to the crusade, and to go and punish the outrages of the Turks, against the holy land.

He assures them, that on taking the cross, the crimes of sinners shall be washed away, without being obliged to embrace the monastic state. He promises Paradise to those who go; but the pains of hell to those who stay behind: he excepts only the sick and aged, and they are to give money to the crusaders, to run about Asia, sword in hand; to turn priests, or pay them well. This alone, according to Capdueil, will gain heaven, or save from hell. Into what an abyss of error may the mind of man be driven, by a weak blind credulity!

In fine, this Troubadour exhorts the kings of France and England to make peace with each other; adding, that which ever of them sets the example first, he shall be most honoured, and receive a heavenly crown.

The wars of Philip Augustus, and of Henry, were a scandal to all Europe; for all its powers were united in the holy war. These two kings sacrificed their animosities in 1188, to take the cross together; so much influence had the public opinion in this cause, even on crowned heads.

Pons de Capdueil accompanied his exhortations with his example, for he died in the third crusade.

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* Why he calls the pope vicar, instead of the successor of St. Peter, is doubtful.

ARNAUD DE MARVEIL.

Arnaud de Marveil was born in the castle of that name, in Perigord. His parents being in a low condition, and unable to provide for him, he sought to make his fortune by his talents.

At first he embraced the profession of a clerk, or notary; but he soon perceived, that with a good figure, and a taste for poetry, he might sustain a character more advantageous and agreeable. Disgusted with his present employment, he therefore determined to usher himself into the world as a Troubadour, the only way of being distinguished among the great.

Ambition, and a view of interest, might perhaps unite with his genius, and spur him on to this determination.

The great lords of these times lived like princes, and their castles were so many courts of luxurious and splendid entertainments.

Adelaïde, Countess of Beziers, above all others, attracted the homage of our poet. She was the daughter of Raimond the Fifth, Count of Thoulouse, and the wife of Roger the Second, surnamed Taillifer, Viscount of Beziers.

According to the custom of this age, women retained the title of the house they descended from, when that of their husbands was of an inferior rank (and it is still so in England and Germany); from whence the wife of this viscount had the title of countess.

To be well received by princesses, to celebrate them at first from gratitude, and then from passion, seems to have been the destiny of a great number of Troubadours, and was the effect of that charm which the provençal muse inspired. Thus it happened to Arnaud; and his pieces chiefly contain the history of his love, as the following lines are a proof.

"I foresaw not that I should so dearly pay for the

pleasure I have obtained, in the view of so much grace and beauty. Of that proverb I am a fatal proof, He that would be warmed, shall burn. I love without daring to confess my passion.—I behold myself condemned to fly her, whom I adore; for should my eyes betray the secret, my temerity would appear to her unpardonable. But my heart is a faithful mirrour, in which I ever behold and contemplate her charms; and in every thing around me is this beloved object painted. The freshness of the air, the enamel of the meadows, the brightness of the flowers, each reminds me of some beauty she possesses, and invite me to sing her praise.

" Thanks to the exaggeration of others; I can extol her as she deserves, without publishing the object of my love. I can aver she is the most beautiful lady in the universe."

But though the poet disguised his own name, and spoke of the countess allegorically, he wished to be understood; and he perceived Adelaïde was flattered by his verse; he therefore composed another piece, the object of which was apparent.

Adelaïde, so far from being displeased, honoured him with a magnificent habit *; and she consented to be the heroine of his song. There was a great resemblance between the knights and the Troubadours. Each devoted themselves to the glory of their ladies; the latter as poets, the former as heroes. At first their addresses were innocent; but the praise that succeeded, often arose to profanation; and the event sometimes proved dishonourable.

The mind, too prone to recede from that virtue which is its only stability, needs not the impulse of vanity and unlawful passion, to undermine its sacred influence.

* Cloaths, money, horses, and arms, were the usual gifts of the great, proportioned to their rank, and the merit of those they wished to oblige.

We learn this important truth from the behaviour of Arnaud; being allowed a more intimate approach to Adelaïde, his passion increases, and though he cannot captivate her heart, he nourishes a vain and fruitless hope, from the favour with which she treats him. These fond and unworthy imaginations were succeeded by the bitter torments they merited; and, after comparing the countess to the maker of all, he writes thus of her.

"Lions have been moved to pity: but she is ruthless."

The King of Castile, Alphonso the fourth, was likewise an admirer of Adelaïde, and he considered Arnaud as a dangerous rival. To please this monarch, the countess dismissed the Troubadour; and, to soften his chagrin, forbade him to love her more. Withdrawing himself to the Lord of Montpelier, he preserves his tenderness for Adelaïde, and thus expresses its bitter effects on his heart.

"Say not, ye interpreters of the mind, that the soul is only touched by the intervention of the eyes. I no longer behold the object of my love, yet am I more affected than ever with contemplating her charms! They may banish me from her presence, but they can never banish her from my heart. Blest abodes, where she inhabits! when shall I be permitted to view you again!

"Shall I never more behold a mortal who has rejoiced in her presence. A shepherd from her castle would be received by me with the acclamations of a prince. Why can I not be immured in a desert, and meet her there? then would that desert be to me a Paradise!"

The tenderness of the lover was transformed, by degrees, into gloom and severity. He accuses those who were his protectors, of becoming his enemies; and, instead of softening his misfortunes, of abandoning him to the rigour of his cruel fate.

"There is nothing left in the world worth living for," says he. "Neither lovers nor friends do I possess!

This is the true history of the human mind, when it wanders from reason, it is lost both to itself and others! Happy, if in this extremity its indiscretions conduct to wisdom; and, if after having been the sport of the passions, experience reflects the light of virtue."

The last piece of Arnaud proves this was the calm and happy state of mind he obtained in his latter years; and in it he philosophizes justly on the character and conduct of men.

He advises men of understanding to communicate their knowledge liberally; he exhorts to the fear of God; and to that just distinction of the moral characters of men, that will lead to a just behaviour towards them; will teach the proper seasons for every action, and the equitable application of censure and of praise.

He observes, "That principles of honour do not always descend from parents to children; and that the highest rank, joined with the most ample fortune, cannot reflect honour on that man, who wants the native excellencies of the heart. Prudence, goodness, and generosity (these are his singular expressions), are the keys of fame; riches, authority, power, and strength, are its locks; reason is the keeper of these keys, and knowledge the porter that exhibits the glory of merit.

"This merit is of many kinds, and various degrees; and is differently distributed to the several characters in human nature.

"The merit of a knight is to perform his exercises with skill, to conduct an army with judgment, to charge with courage, to be well armed, to mount a horse with agility, to present himself with grace in courts, and to render himself agreeable in company. Rarely are all these qualities united; those who possess them in the greatest perfection are the most estimable: yet he who wants them all, often usurps the title of knight.

"Beauty, modesty, the talent of charming in conversation, a graceful air and polite manner, these are the

portion of the ladies. Beauty is a great advantage; but it becomes an evil if unaccompanied with wisdom.

" Even commoners may obtain consideration by probity, by an obliging deportment, by gaiety, frankness, and native politeness. If they have an agreeable figure, if they can converse with ease, they may please in courts, and be admitted to festivals. Among clerks, some have knowledge, eloquence, and good manners; others, integrity and judgment: thus, in each condition, men may come into notice by their merit."

The poet concludes these moral observations with an invective against the great of that age, who, by the abuse of their privileges, rendered themselves worthy of contempt.

" Ordained to keep the world in awe, to give examples of clemency, justice, and generosity, their corruption," says he, " is such, that all their dependents are doomed to servitude and oppression."

It is not known when Arnaud died. The Countess of Beziers died about the year 1201; in the last pieces of Arnaud her death is not mentioned, so that it is probable the poet died before her.

GEOFFROI RUDEL.

Geoffroi Rudel was Prince of Blaye, a town near Bourdeaux. A passion the most singularly romantic distinguished this Troubadour. What the Provençal historian relates of him, will no doubt appear incredible; but the ages of chivalry have produced adventures no less true than improbable.

Tripoli, in Palestine, had been taken by the Christians, when the fame of the Countess of Tripoli warmed the imagination of Geoffroi Rudel. From the representation given of her beauty, and her virtue, by the pilgrims who came from thence, he felt himself trans-

ported with the most ardent desire of beholding her; he took the cross, and embarked.

From the following sonnet, love seems to have borne an equal share with curiosity, in exciting him to this voyage.

"I adore an object whom I have never seen; to whom I cannot express my own feelings, or solicit the explanation of hers. Yet I am convinced, that among all the Saracen, Jewish, and Christian beauties, none can be compared with her. Every night I retire to rest, my soul is possessed with her image, and in enchanting dreams she appears before me. The light, alas! dissipates the illusion; and the moment I awake, she vanishes away. I then reflect, she inhabits a foreign land, and how immense the space that separates her from my sight. I will pierce through this space! My voyage cannot be unfortunate, for love shall be my guide. The beauty I adore shall behold me, for her sake, clad in a woollen habit, and with a pilgrim's staff.

"Ah, if for the love of God she should grant me an asylum in her palace! No.—It will be sufficient for my felicity to be prisoner among the Saracens. I shall then be near the happy dwelling she inhabits! Oh, my God, transport me thither! Grant me only the sight of this beloved object.—It is resolved. I depart. May heaven at least spare my life, to convince her what the love I feel for her has caused me to undertake.

"On my arrival, my song shall inform her of my passion; and, by the voice of an interpreter, my verse shall be sung before her. Such tenderness cannot, surely, fail to touch her heart. Should she prove ruthless, my god-father must have bestowed on me an evil fate."

This observation, with which Geoffroi concludes his sonnet, alludes to the gifts bestowed on infants by the fairies, and shews the antiquity of this opinion, which has been transmitted by the ancient writers of romances.

Possessed with this ardour of soul, our Troubadour sailed for Palestine; but just as they were going to debark at Tripoli, he fell down, to all appearance dead, and was laid in the first house they came to, by the companions of his voyage. They immediately ran to inform the countess of an event, so calculated to excite her compassion.

The affection of Geoffroi, the motive and the circumstances of his voyage, and his cruel destiny, just as he touched the port, penetrated a soul so full of sensibility, and who, unknown to herself, had lighted up, at such a distance, so ardent and wonderful a flame.

She came out immediately to behold this victim of love. Geoffroi yet breathed. She embraces him! He fixes his eyes on her, and then lifting them up to heaven, with joy, expires in her arms.

The countess had him magnificently buried among the knights-templars, at Tripoli; and the same day, whether from grief or piety, she devoted herself to the cloister.

Though this piece has the air of a romance, there is reason to believe it is founded on fact.

An ancient provençal record, the author unknown, says expressly: "The Viscount Geoffroi Rudel, in passing the seas to visit his lady, voluntarily died for her sake." And this is confirmed by a passage in Petrarch.

"By the aid of sails and oars, Geoffroi Rudel obtained the death he desired."

The monk of the Golden Isles had seen a dialogue on this question, Which contributed the most powerfully to inspire love, sentiment, or sight, the heart or the eyes? The author, who decided in favor of sentiment, cited the example of Geoffroi Rudel, with that of Andrew of France. These are testimonies which seem to confirm the truth of the relation.

One of the gallant pieces of this Troubadour, in

which he thus beautifully expresses himself, remains only to be mentioned.

"All nature sets me an example of elegance and of love. The trees, when renewing their leaves, and their fruits, invite me to adorn myself in my gayest apparel. When I behold the nightingale caressing his faithful mate, who returns his tenderness in every look, and who so delightfully warble their joys in unison; I feel my soul penetrated with delight; I feel my heart melt with their tender love. Happy birds! you are ever at liberty to express what you feel; while I languish in silence. The shepherds amuse themselves with their pipes, and children with their little tabors. I alone rejoice not: for distant is the object of my love. Day and night a thousand tender thoughts transport me to the blest mansion! When, whisper I, my soul's delight! when shall I meet thee there."

Notwithstanding the tenderness of these pieces, Geoffroi escaped not the censure of the monk of Montmajour, who speaks of him as an unpolished man, and an enemy of the fair sex; but the injustice of this charge is clearly shewn, both in his life and death: and they present a striking lesson to mankind, as his death was probably occasioned by the violent agitation of his mind; for such is the nice contexture of the human frame, that intemperance of thought is often as fatal to its welfare, as intemperance of body. And it is devoutly to be wished, that the guilt of self-murder, by the nourishing any secret passion, where doubt and fear alternately distract the soul, had never been, and was not still lamentably verified, in characters more known, and more enlightened than that of Geoffroi Rudel.

GAVAUDAN THE ELDER.

GAVAUDAN flourished at the end of the twelfth century, and his pieces contain some curious remarks. He laments, in bitter terms, the loss of Jerusalem, which Saladin had conquered in 1187. The manner in which he exhorts the Christians to make war against the infidels, is remarkable for its simplicity of style, and no less for the rudeness peculiar to the age.

"Lord! it is because of our sins the power of the Saracens increase. Saladin has taken Jerusalem, and is still in possession of it. Encouraged by this success, the King of Morocco has declared, that he will assemble all his infidels, to fight the Christian kings; he has ordered all his Moors, Arabians, and Andalusians, to arm against the faith of Jesus Christ. As thick, and as swift as rain, will they join in this cause; those carcases, which are the proper food of kites, destroy the verdure, and leave neither root nor bud in the fields.

"The followers of the King of Morocco are so puffed up with pride, that they insult us with the sharpest raillery, and look upon themselves to be masters of the whole world.

"Hear, O Emperor, and you King of France, his cousin, and you King of England, Count of Poitou; hear all, and delay not your succour to the King of Spain; for he is ardent in the cause of God: and in union with him you will subdue all these Mahometan dogs. Let us not hesitate to leave our heritage and country, and go against these renegade dogs, that we may not incur damnation.

"The Portuguese, Galicians, Castilians, the people of Navarre, and the Arragonians, when they shall behold, united with you, the English, the French, the German barons, the people of Cambresis, of Angevins, of Bearn, of Gascony, Provence, and Bretagne, will all side with us: and rest assured, with such a power, we

shall cut to pieces these miserable wretches. Then it will be seen that Gavaudan was a true prophet. His predictions shall be fulfilled; these dogs shall all be massacred! and on these altars, polluted by the worship of Mahomet, God shall be honoured and glorified."

Such prophecies were common; and false as they proved, it did not lessen the confidence of enthusiasts, and the credulity of the people.

They treated the mussulmen like dogs; and we are now treated in the same manner by them. The glory of the great Saladin had no weight where superstition reigned; and it is the same in all ages where ignorance and enthusiasm prevail.

Gavaudan was surrounded with these prejudices; but in another piece he wrote, in favour of that dark and obscure style, then so much in use, and which he asserts is the most effectual means of trying the understanding of men, he makes the following admirable remark!

"Let none blame me," says he, "for preferring a mysterious style; let none ridicule on this account, till they are capable of separating the flour from the chaff; for the fool makes haste to condemn, and the ignorant only pretends to know all things, and muses in the wonders which are too mighty for his penetration."

In another piece he inveighs against women, and says: "It is easier to guard against the waves of the sea, against flames of fire, and even against murderers themselves, than to be proof against the artifices of that sex." Their inclination to libertinism is the object of his satire, and his style on this occasion is very far from being mysterious, or reserved. But his lamentation on the death of his mistress, expresses a very different turn of mind.

"Insensible to all joy, dead to every impression but that of despair, I shall languish out the remainder of

my sad days, like a turtle which hath lost its tender mate!"

In one of his pastorals he speaks of a shepherdess, who bestowed on him the tenderest marks of affection; and that he had been lost to himself in her absence.

"I well knew your feelings;" replied the shepherdess, "for I have been every night a stranger to repose; and what have they gained, who were the cause of our separation? they are not the happier! They were cruel to part us! but we enjoy every thing; we possess the exquisite delight of re-union!" Gavaudan blesses love, for having released them from their cruel tyrants, and placed them again in his empire.

The time of this poet's death is not known.

PETER ROGIERS.

PETER ROGIERS was a gentleman of Auvergne; his parents had educated him for the church: and he was made canon of Clermont. But his disposition was toward the world, and its pleasures; and though he was in high esteem for his learning, he preferred these pleasures to a life of study and retirement.

He, therefore, forsook his canonship, and became a Troubadour. Ermengarde, the eldest daughter of Aimeri, the second Viscount of Narbonne, who was killed in 1134, at the battle of Fraga, in Spain, against the Saracens, was the heiress of her father, and governed his dominions with as much glory as wisdom. Besides the wit and the charms of an amiable woman, she had the talents of a politician, and the valour of a knight. Her merit drew around her a crowd of admirers; and the poets, whom she honoured with her favour, were not the least ardent in their homage towards her.

It was at the court of this renowned viscountess our poet fixed his residence; and the kindness with which he was treated merited all his acknowledgement.

Attached to Ermengarde, at first by her benevolence, she soon became the object of his love, as well as of his verse. The most rude and unpolished minds, says he, would acquire grace, if they had the happiness to converse with this amiable lady.

In the person of love, he exhorts himself to become worthy of her, by the cultivation of every noble disposition. He fears, so much superiority in rank and in merit, will not deign to receive his addresses; "But hope is my support."

"Senseless lovers;" adds he, "too much ardour towards your friends, torments and renders you miserable. Hence the quarrels you raise, and the jealousies you nourish; these render you insupportable, these are unworthy of love. Those who love truly, will disdain all unfriendly suspicions, and will shew their tenderness by a firm reliance on their friends."

These delicate sentiments touched the viscountess, and she refused not the devotion of our Troubadour. But how was it possible to escape the malicious comments of her courtiers. She could not escape them. Envy, jealousy, the most unkind reports resounded every where, and the reputation of Ermengarde was wounded.

Nice of honour, and pure of heart, she thought it incumbent on her to banish the Troubadour, on whom she had showered down her grace and favour: A reverse of fortune these gallant poets were obliged often to experience. Rombaud, Lord of Orange, who was himself a Troubadour, received the unfortunate Rogiers, whose chagrin was proportioned to his loss; and he thus expresses his grief:

"I would rather be the lowest slave in the house of Ermengarde, than reign over the whole world."

Rambaud, who received our Troubadour, was beloved by the Countess of Die, the wife of William of Poitiers. She was a woman of genius, but little reputation; and her sonnets bespoke much levity of character. In one of them she celebrates the merit of Rambaud; a merit he possessed not; for he was as unfaithful to the countess, as he had been to many others, and particularly to Azelaïs, who was the first woman among the provençal poets, and descended from a noble family of Montpellier. Being reproached by his mistress, because he partakes not with her the pains and inquietudes of love, he answers her with a cruel witticism.

"I would free you from any share of these sufferings, by bearing all the weight of them myself."

After a residence for some time at the court of Orange, our Troubadour passed successively to that of Alphonso II. King of Arragon, and Raimond V. Count of Toulouse. He received the most generous treatment at the latter; but nothing could efface the tender melancholy, which the recollection of Ermengarde impressed on his soul. The world, into which he had entered with so much eagerness, had no longer any charms in his sight; and as he had formerly quitted his convent in pursuit of happiness, he now retreated from the world, to obtain that peace he was deprived of, by his unhappy attachment to Ermengarde. Devoured with despair, and often refusing to take sustenance, he died, not long after this, in the monastery of Grammont.

Petrarch speaks of him in his Triumph of Love.

FOLQUET DE MARSEILLES, BISHOP OF TOULOUSE.

Folquet was the son of a Genoese merchant, named Alphonso, who was settled at Marseilles, and when he died, left Folquet the heir of a rich estate, at an age

when riches most powerfully excite to pleasure and prodigality.

Folquet had a lively imagination; he had no taste for commerce; and opulence in this age gave no distinction to persons of obscure birth. He preferred service with the great, and the situation of a Troubadour, to that quiet and independent life, which his fortune bestowed on him. By these means he gained free access to many great lords.

Richard I. King of England, Alphonso II. King of Arragon, Raimond V. Count of Toulouse, granted him marks of their esteem; but he attached himself particularly to Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, whose court was a theatre of gallantry.

The wife of the viscount had too much grace and wit to fail of enchanting Folquet. He celebrated her under borrowed names; for the strict virtue of the viscountess imposed silence on any express declaration of his passion.

One of his pieces, on this subject, is in too singular a style to be passed over; but, to understand it, we must observe, that love and mercy were supplicated as divinities by the Troubadours.

"Love, thou hast done me wrong, to come and lodge in my heart, without bringing mercy to relieve me! without the aid of mercy, love is only a torment.

"Love, thou wouldst ruin all the world! But would it not be more honourable for thee to be overcome by mercy? by suffering this conquest, wouldst thou lose any glory?

"Ah, how blest were I, if mercy would bend that firm and lofty branch, to which I am for ever bound. The highest among the great, the worthiest among the good, can easily accord these divinities: that she unites things more opposite, the clear white and the beautiful carnation in her face, are a full proof. I wish only to declare my feelings; but this would be an unpardonable

temerity. How can my heart contain so vast a love! It is like a great tower reflected from a small mirror."

Folquet, so far from keeping his passion within due bounds, meditates the seduction of the countess; and, to accomplish it, pays the most zealous court to her two sisters, Laura de Saint-Julien, and Mobile de Pontevez; women of distinguished beauty, and still more distinguished merit. He hoped, by this artifice, not only to succeed in his designs on Azalaïs, but to induce her to receive his love, under the veil of mystery.

The sensibility and delicacy of Azalaïs was so wounded by the discovery of Folquet's baseness, that, to whatever motive it was owing, in the height of her indignation, she accused him of criminal views on the Lady Saint-Julien; of this she brought several witnesses, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and had him immediately expelled from her court.

In despair, at so terrible a disgrace, Folquet swore he would never more compose verses. Marseilles became insupportable to him, and he sought an asylum at the court of William VIII. Lord of Montpellier, who had married Eudoxia, the daughter of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople.

According to the custom of that age, she bore the title of Empress, which she inherited from her birth.

Generous and amiable, she received the Troubadour with kindness, interested herself, in a lively manner, in his chagrin, and re-animated his muse. The oath of a poet would be ill kept, with such encouragement to break it.

"The order I have received from the empress, to renew my song, is too much for my glory; I can make no resistance."

In the piece he composed, he inveighs against the malice of his censurers, and says, "The grief of being renounced, and denied pardon by Azalaïs, will distress my soul to the day of my death." A spirit so turbu-

lent as Folquet's, could not be at rest, and he employed it in exciting the Christians to make war against the infidels.

The battle of Alarcos, gained in 1194, by the Miramolin of Africa, against Alphonso, King of Castile, spread an universal terror in Spain, and the neighbouring territories. Twenty thousand Castilians perished in this battle, their king fled to Toledo, and several cities were taken and plundered.

New attacks were dreaded; the army of the Miramolin, augmented by preaching up an infidel crusade, in opposition to that of the the Christians; and this was very natural, as the wars of the Mussulmen passed always for religious wars. Alphonso, on his part, implored the assistance of the Pope, the Kings of France and England, and the other catholic powers; and Folquet, to implore their zeal, thus addresses them:

"There is no pretext for your delay; God must be served. The loss of the Christians must be revenged. The King of Arragon, who invites the aid of others, cannot refuse his own princes; this is the price you must all pay, if you would purchase the crown of glory! King of Castile, lend no ear to the false reports of your enemies; neither be discouraged by your misfortunes; God teaches you, by them, to put your trust in him alone."

These sentiments accorded with the change in Folquet's character. Having lost most of his patrons, by death, in a short space of time, he was seized with a deep melancholy, and gave himself up to devotion; and, as a last piece, he publicly confesses his enormous sins, and implores the mercy of God, in the humblest prostration before him, his hands clasped together, and tears streaming from his eyes: his sighs, his desires, were now only for a cloister.

He engaged his wife (of whom no mention was made before), to take the veil. He took the monastic vow at

Citeaux, about the year 1200; and his two sons followed his example.

If this converted Troubadour had ended his life as an obscure and peaceful monk, his history, considering the age he lived in, might justly have been concluded with celebrating his virtue; but, unfortunately for the world, he appeared in it again, to play the part of a fanatic; a part much more dreadful and dangerous, than that of a gallant and libertine poet, above all, when it holds its power from the intrigue and authority of courts.

Two years after his transformation, Folquet became Abbé of Torronet, in the diocese of Toulon; and, in 1205, the chapter of Toulouse elected him, in the place of William Rabastens, bishop of that city, who was deposed by the legates of Pope Innocent III.

This was the period when the most cruel storms were gathering against those unfortunate people, stigmatised by different names, but principally that of the Albigenses, who rose up against the riches and the power of the clergy, and were exposed to their keenest hatred, because they justly reproached them with the falsehood of their docrines, and the irregularity of their lives.

These people multiplied every day in Languedoc; and our new prelate found a cause, on which to exert his furious and ungovernable temper.

These wars with the Albigenses, are an essential part of the history of the Troubadours; as many of their pieces are invectives on the cruelties exercised against them; and to determine the truth of these invectives, their history must be known.

Innocent III. so celebrated for his enterprises, had issued orders to reclaim the secular power, in order to punish those who should refuse to submit themselves to the church; and, if the great lords refused to support him with their aid, they were to be excommunicated.

Raimond the Sixth, Count of Toulouse, did not

relish this strange method of conversion; and thought it by no means incumbent on him to destroy his subjects, because they had fallen into an error. On his refusal to do this, Peter Castelneau, a legate monk, excommunicates him without any ceremony. A threatening letter, from the pope, gives him new inquietude; intimidated by these measures, he promises to do all they desire, and receives absolution. But the legate, not finding sufficient rigour in his conduct against the heretics, becomes more incensed against him than ever. After having accused him, to his face, of cowardice, of perjury, and even of tyranny, he thunders out against him the most terrible anathemas. All the offers, all the promises of Raimond, are rejected with arrogance. Enraged at last with this treatment, he threatens the audacious monk with death: appalled at the threat, he withdraws from court. Two unknown persons attack him as he is passing the Rhone, and one of them kills him with his spear.

Count Raimond was suspected of this murder. Innocent published a crusade against the heretics, which had in view the destruction of this prince, rather than the extirpation of heresy. The cross had never before been taken to exterminate Christians. This first example of it was followed by the most dreadful consequences.

Folquet signalized his violent zeal at Toulouse; and, in consequence of this, he was sent by the new legates to the pope, as an agent the most worthy to be employed in this crusade. Raimond, on his part, sent his minister, charged with his submissions. The pope promised to absolve him when he had proved his innocence; but demanded, as a surety, that he should give up seven of his largest castles to the Romish church, which was in effect saying, he must deliver himself up to his enemies.

The weakness of this prince, in accepting such con-

ditions, is truly astonishing; but the conduct of the Bishop of Toulouse is still more so, who, though his subject, excited against him the suspicion and the hatred of the pontiff, and urged him, by instructions to his legates, to make use of the most odious perfidy against Raimond. "With respect to the count," says he, "I advise you to employ deceit. You may begin by making war on the other heretics, as if you feared, when united, they would be more difficult to conquer; and then you may attack the count, when he is alone, and unable to receive succour. We advise you, with the apostle, to employ deceit."

Folquet ought, at least, to have blushed for so unworthily profaning the name of the apostle.

The crusaders advanced, and the orders of Rome were going to be executed. Raimond, with all speed, delivered up the seven castles to the legate Milon.

A council was to judge him at Saint Gilles: he presented himself in his shirt, at the porch of the church, and took all the oaths they required of him. He was led into the church by the legate, who whipped him with rods; after which he received absolution.

Obliged, after this, to take the cross, and fight against his own subjects, he was at the sacking of Beziers, in 1209, where the inhabitants were massacred, without sparing even the Catholics. "Kill them all;" said a legate monk, of Citeaux, "God knows those who are his."

It was not sufficient to gratify the court of Rome, its fanatic partisans, and the famous general of the crusade, Simon, Count of Montfort, to overwhelm Raimond with shame and grief; they were bent on depriving him of his territories; and, to effect this, laid every day some new crime to his charge, and commanded him to deliver up all the Toulousians who were suspected of heresy. Raimond refused to comply, and protested he would go to the pope, and make complaint of these horrible injuries.

The legates, on this, laid his city under an interdict, and went to the pope to make their accusations against him. Raimond went to Rome, where a solemn absolution restored, to appearance, his tranquillity. Nevertheless, on his return to his dominions, offering to justify himself, at a new council at Saint Gilles, either from the crime of heresy, or from the murder of Peter Castelneau, his justification was not only rejected, but he was again excommunicated by the legates.

There was little doubt but that it was by the order of the pope, as he assured to the Count of Montfort the property he had invaded of this unfortunate prince. Folquet completed his misery, by raising a particular crusade against the heretics in Toulouse, to whom he granted extraordinary indulgences. The party which was strongest, and who possessed the chief part of the city, was called the White Brotherhood; and the burghers, who opposed them, the Black Brotherhood; between these parties there were continual and bloody engagements. The bishop, having ordered the white brotherhood to march to the siege of Lavour, where the fury of the crusaders was now signalised, the count forbade them; they despised his prohibition, and obeyed the commands of the bishop.

Soon after this, Folquet found himself perplexed, in what manner to conduct his ordination, because the legates had laid every place under an interdict, which belonged to the excommunicated prince. He, therefore, desired Raimond to leave the city on such a day, for the benefit of air and exercise. Raimond considered this request as an insult, and sent orders to Folquet, immediately to leave his dominions.

"I was not made a bishop by the count;" said Folquet. "I will not go: I am elected according to ecclesiastical law, and not by violence, or his power. I will not, therefore, go at his bidding. Let him come and oblige me, if he dare. I am ready to die, that I may

obtain glory by the blood of the holy passion. Let him come, the tyrant! accompanied with all his satellites, he will find me unarmed, and alone.

" I wait my recompense from heaven; and I fear nought that man can do unto me."

Could there be a more terrible enemy to princes than fanaticism, disguised under this fervour of devotion, and this seeming passion for martyrdom. Thus was that religion rendered odious, which these ambitious zealots affected most zealously to defend.

Folquet braved the count for three weeks, in his capital, and then went from Toulouse of his own accord; but it was only with the view of exciting, every where, against him the spirit of revolt and of treachery. He joined the army of Montfort, who laid siege to Toulouse, and declared to the Toulousians, that they besieged them for no other reason but for acknowledging Raimond as their prince, and permitting him to remain among them; and that they should receive no injury, if they would expel the count and his partisans, and receive, for their lord, whomsoever the church should appoint: but that, if they would not comply with these terms, they should be treated as heretics, and abettors of heresy.

The Toulousians refusing to deliver up their prince, Folquet sent orders to all the ecclesiastics to go out of the city immediately. They came out in procession, bare-footed, bringing away with them the holy sacrament.

The fidelity of the Toulousians, and their admirable affection to their prince, was not a sufficient defence against the cruel power that assaulted them. In 1215, Folquet, deputed by the legate, took possession, in the name of the church of Rome, of the city and the castle, which was the palace of Raimond. The city and the castle were delivered up to him, and Raimond, his sons, and their wives, were constrained to withdraw to a private house.

Triumphing in the success of these outrages, Folquet went to Rome the same year, and took with him Saint Dominic, whose order was just set on foot, at Toulouse. He presented him to the Pope, and earnestly solicited the confirmation of an order, so formidable to the innovators.

Raimond, with his sons, and the Counts of Foix and Cominge, appearing in the Lateran council, Folquet opposed a cardinal who spoke in their favour, and gave this reason for opposing him: "The Count of Foix cannot deny, that his province is filled with heretics; for, after the castle of Montsegues was taken, they burnt all the inhabitants." Among the prelates in this council, there were some who would have had the dispossessed princes re-established in their dominions; but Folquet and the rest threatened them with joining all their forces with the usurper, Simon Montfort, if they presumed to deprive him of the conquests he had made. The council, at last, decided, that the conquests of the crusaders should be held by that general: and the rest of Raimond's dominions should be sequestered for his son.

Fanaticism had no more regard for justice, than for religion; and this will more flagrantly appear in the finishing stroke of Folquet's execrable character.

Montfort had been expelled from Beaucaire. Suspecting the Toulousians held intelligence with his enemies, he marched against their city, and swore he would never lay down his arms, till they had delivered up the principal citizens, as hostages; they sent deputies to him to clear up his suspicions. His relations, his friends, exhorted him to clemency. Folquet alone, whose function obliged him, in a special manner, to join in these exhortations, urged him to the greatest barbarities. He advised him to strip the inhabitants of all their possessions, and to put the most distinguished among them into prison: and, not satisfied with having urged these violent measures, he determined to insure the success of them

by an infamous treachery. He went into the city, and assured his diocesians, that Montfort would pardon the citizens, if they would go and ask it of him; they relied on this assurance, and crowded out of the city in multitudes; as fast as they advanced, they were made prisoners; and Folquet, in the mean time, commanded the soldiers, who followed him, to pillage the city. His perfidy thus became apparent; the enraged people take up arms, fall upon the crusaders, and repulse them.

On this the general threatens the prisoners with death, if they do not persuade their fellow-citizens to surrender; but Folquet, and the Abbé of Saint Sernin, take a more effectual method; they run through the streets, declaring that Montfort relents: that he beholds their distresses with grief; that he offers liberty to the prisoners, and pardon for what is past, if the inhabitants will resign to him their arms, and their towers; if not, he will execute the prisoners. Folquet and the Abbé gave themselves for guarantees of these promises, and the Toulousians accepted the conditions; from whence they hoped for the restoration of their peace.

The next day Montfort came to sign the peace at the city hotel, where the arms were to be deposited; and, according to the convention, his soldiers took possession of the towers.

Beholding himself thus master of the city, he proposed, in council, the giving up Toulouse to pillage, and then razing it to its foundations. The persons of honour, in his council, vehemently opposed so detestable a perfidy; but Folquet, and the rest, who no doubt directed the opinion of Montfort, advised a sort of medium, which only rendered their dishonest measures more atrocious; this was, to detain the prisoners, and disperse them hereafter, and to make the citizens redeem the sackage of their city, by a heavy sum. In effect, they exacted from the Toulousians thirty thousand marks of silver.

After such repeated excesses, which branded with infamy the episcopal order, Folquet, in 1217, desired leave of the pope to return to the cloister: what was his motive is uncertain, whether enthusiasm, artifice, or chagrin; for the dispositions of such a man can never be ascertained.

The pope obliged him to continue in his see; and Montfort, to recompense him for his zeal in his cause, gave him the castle of Urefeuil, with a number of villages which belonged to it. Thus was the crusade, against the Albigenses, a source of riches to the church of Toulouse. The inquisition was more worthy of such an origin: Folquet firmly established it in his diocese, and completed there, by its means, the reign of fanaticism.

This prelate died in 1231, and was sainted, after his death, by the monks of Citeaux; even Petrarch extols him, in his Triumph of Love. Dante places him in his Paradise, with the souls of the blessed; and Genoa, and Marseilles, disputed the glory of having given him birth, as if he had been another Homer.

Poetical canonisations were of no consequence, but that of the church was likely to do much harm.

The prejudices of the cloister, and of the age, account for stranger things than these.

The wading through such a scene of blood, is a painful task; but it is recompensed by the happy reflections conveyed to the mind, on the comparison of past and present ages. Folquet would have had less renown as a simple Troubadour: as a cruel bigot, his name will be branded with eternal reproach.

THE DAUPHIN OF AUVERGNE, AND THE BISHOP OF CLERMONT.

From whence came the title of Dauphin, is a question of small import in the history of the Troubadours; but

as a few words will serve to explain its origin, it may not be amiss to give it a place here.

At the tournaments, each lord bore upon his shield some distinguished mark. A Count d' Albon, had taken a dolphin for his emblem; he signalised himself in the tournaments, and was extolled as the Knight of the Dolphin. It became soon the prevailing custom to call him simply the Dauphin; and this celebrated name became a title of honour for his descendants. It passed into the house of Auvergne, (according to Baluse and Charier), by a daughter of Guignes III. Count of Albon and Vienne, who married William VII. Count of Auvergne. Contrary to the right of representation, he was dispossessed by William VIII. his uncle, and only granted a considerable estate, which he transmitted to his posterity. His son was the first who took the title of Dauphin; and this new title distinguished his branch from that of William VIII.

The Dauphin of Auvergne is the same Troubadour who is spoken of in the life of Richard, King of England.

The Provençal manuscripts represent him as a most accomplished knight: in valour and in tenderness exceeded by none; of a fine imagination, solid sense, distinguished courtesy, and polished conversation; an emulator of genius, and patron of poets, whom he drew in vast numbers to his court, and whom he honoured and loaded with his favours. Perhaps the facts that will be related of his character may take something from the high praise here bestowed on it; and which accord neither with his ruinous prodigality on one side, nor his demeaning avarice on the other.

The splendour on which he piqued himself, had reduced him to such difficulties, that he is charged with the most dishonourable actions to repair his fortune, and to continue that excess, which was considered in this age, as it has been in too many others, to be the proof

of a noble mind, and the greatest virtue in society. The first instance given of the avarice of this prince, is however a little singular.

A lady, named Marina, of whom he was very fond, having one day asked his under-steward for some bacon, to fry with eggs, received only half of a flitch; and this was the subject of a violent satire.

The bishop of Clermont, brother of Count Gui, cousin of the Dauphin, whose disposition was turbulent and severe, wrote a sharp couplet, to reproach the prince for this stinginess.

The Dauphin, touched to the quick with this accusation, revenges himself with all the fury of a poet; he accuses the bishop of his amours with a woman, whose husband he had caused to be assassinated; and adds, that if he was not withheld by other motives, he should rejoice, from his soul, to kill an extravagant bishop.

A new satire from the bishop produced the same effect as the former. The Dauphin retorted with terrible severity, reproaching the bishop with refusing a place of burial to his best friends, unless they paid him profusely; of exacting from the rich a thousand crowns for a coffin; and employing the tax he raised upon the dead, in a war against the living*. He prays God to hate the bishop as much as the bishop loves England. "It is by treasons," he adds, "that he has made acknowledgement for the bounties of the king of France, who promised to raise him from the situation of a canon, to a high dignity in the church. Is it astonishing he should fail in his allegiance to kings and princes, who dishonours his profession, and disobeys his God! The prelate reviles me unjustly; and, did I not respect the office of the prelate, I would reveal such things of him, as should cause his gown to be stripped over his ears."

* The bishop had been the cause of prolonging the war against the king.

How singular and contradictory a manner his was, of expressing respect, appears from another passage in this invective, in which he says, "He waited with impatience for the legate, who was to depose the bishop." Violent passion operates like drunkenness on the mind, and produces the most glaring contradictions, both in word and action.

As to the bishop of Clermont, his conduct merited the severest reproaches. At variance with his brother, Count Gui, (probably because the latter had abandoned the king of England, to serve Philip Augustus), he plundered his territories, and launched against him a general interdiction; a more fatal enemy to princes than the greatest martial power. The count had recourse to Pope Innocent III. The archbishop of Narbonne was commissioned to do him justice.

After a short reconciliation, in 1199 the animosities of these brothers revived, with so much violence, that the pope, and Philip Augustus, could scarce put a stop to them, by the exertion of all their authority.

In a piece of the bishop's against his brother, addressed to the Troubadour Peter Maenzac, he says:

"The whole world would be ruined, if the power of the count equalled his desire to torment and destroy."

To return to the Dauphin of Auvergne. He seemed formed for quarrels, instead of the courtesy and tenderness ascribed to him; he had a shameful broil with Peter Pellisier, a citizen of Turenne, whose courage, courtesy, and liberality, are highly praised by the Provençal historian. By these good qualities, this citizen acquired a consideration and respect, which was singular in an age, wherein persons in common life were universally treated with indifference and contempt. The Viscount of Turenne made him bailiff of his province; this was an office of great dignity, and generally filled by persons of rank. The bailiff assembled all the militia in his jurisdiction, published the orders of his lord, and presided at the execution of them; received all the

duties of the province, passed the investitures, and received the homage of the purchasers. In fine, the bailiff governed as minister under the prince.

The Dauphin of Auvergne, who was in love with the daughter of the viscount, had occasion for the assistance of Pellisier: he was generous, and lent the dauphin the money he wanted; but he never restored what he had borrowed. At last, Pellisier demanded his money; the dauphin affected ignorance of the loan, and ceased to frequent the house of the viscount, to avoid the shame of such a conduct, or the obligation of paying the debt. Pellisier thus reproaches him with his baseness:

"I advise, and I order the dauphin to keep within his own doors, and not to starve himself, lest his visage should betray his meanness; no one can behave more vilely to a friend. When he could obtain principal and interest, then what couriers, what messages! Now, not a single letter or billet. Never was any one so unfaithful to their word; but he is young, he will amend."

A rude answer from the dauphin was all the fruit he reaped, for the mildness of his conduct towards him.

"Courteous villain! (an expression meant to reproach him with his low birth, and his high airs); courteous villain! after having spent the inheritance left you by your father, in folly and excess, do you think I shall enrich you with my wealth, in spite of heaven, who made you a fool? I swear to you, on my faith, you shall never have a sous from me. Go and seek your fortune as a pilgrim. Go, and ask alms as a blind beggar; and sing against those who refuse you."

These lines serve to shew the rude tone which was used, even by persons of rank in this age, to their enemies and inferiors. There are two other satires of the dauphin, against some jongleurs, which could not be read with patience.

The Dauphin of Auvergne died in 1234, as well as the Bishop of Clermont, who was made Archbishop of Lyons in 1227.

ALBERT, MARQUIS OF MALASPINA.

THE house of Malaspina was one of the most illustrious in Lombardy. Albert was contemporary with Rambaud, of Vaqueiras, and flourished at the end of the twelfth century, as appears from a curious dialogue of Albert and Rambaud, in which the marquis asks the latter, if it was true that his mistress had dismissed him; that all the songs he had made for her were in vain; and that she had written against him with severity?

RAMBAUD.

"The deceiver has abandoned me; I think you would do well to marry her, for I find much resemblance between you. Your word and your oath is as soon broken; you will sacrifice both to your interest; you, whom the Genoese reproach with having robbed on the highway; and of this the Milanese are not ignorant."

ALBERT.

"If I gave myself to pillage, it was not from the desire of heaping up riches, but for the pleasure of spending them. You, Rambaud, I have seen in Lombardy, walking on foot like a vile jongleur; as despised in love, as wretched in fortune. It would then have been a generous alms to have given you food. Recollect in what a miserable condition I found you at Pavia."

RAMBAUD.

"You are the first man in the world for calumny, and every evil work; the last for valour and merit."

ALBERT.

"And you have been guilty of a ridiculous folly, in quitting the occupation of a jongleur, by which you lived in ease, to become a knight: this new profession has caused you strange inquietudes. Since you have betaken yourself to a courtier, instead of a sumpter-horse, you have not once employed either sword or lance."

From this dialogue, pillage and violence appear to have been the sport of warriors; and, so far from being ashamed of it, they made it their boast, when they appropriated the fruit of their rapine to vain profusion and expense. The robbery on the highway, with which the marquis is here reproached, was esteemed a kind of right; and, in that continual state of war which the great were in with one another, bravery was looked upon as the soul of society.

There is a dialogue of great simplicity between this Troubadour, and his mistress, which merits to be noticed.

"I commend myself to you, madam. Never have I loved any one as I love you."

"Friend. I assure, I promise you, I will reward your love."

"You delay too long, madam."

"Friend. You shall lose nothing by this delay."

"I swear to you, madam, that I shall die if you defer my happiness!"

"Friend. Consider that I love you in good truth; that I love you with all my heart."

"Have pity on me, therefore, madam."

"And so I will, my friend."

"I am so rejoiced, so transported with the love I bear you, madam."

"My joyous friend, my heart is ever yours."

"Give it me then, madam."

"Yes, I consent, my handsome, my amiable friend."

"I place in you all my confidence, madam; for you I sigh, for you I sing."

"Friend. You are in the right; for you know how much I love you."

"What proof shall I have of it, madam?"

"Friend. I give you my faith. I pledge it with this kiss!"

"This tender proof of love soothes every pain."

"Friend. It is by patience and submission that loyal lovers arrive at felicity."

Simplicity like this must please in every age.

We have no other account of this Troubadour, but that he was courteous and liberal. It is not known in what year he died.

WILLIAM CABESTAING.

THE life of this Troubadour appears so much intermixed with romance, that was it not confirmed by other writings, both in manuscript and in print, it would have been past over; but as a view of ancient manners is included, it deserves a place.

William Cabestaing was a gentleman of Roussillon; noble by birth, but poor in fortune. He served as page to Raimond, of Castel-Roussillon*. The historian gives Raimond the title of my Lord, a title always claimed by knights.

Though the house of Cabestaing was as ancient as that of Raimond, it did not prevent his serving him; Raimond's superiority of fortune being dignified by his rank of knight.

The happy expression of countenance, the wit, and amiable qualities of this young man, rendered him dear to his master, and beloved by his family. Raimond soon gave him a singular proof of his affection, by making him gentleman-usher to his wife; he was far from apprehending the fatal consequence of his generosity.

Madam Marguerita (for so was this lady called) found so much attention, and desire to please, in her young domestic, joined with so graceful a figure, and

* There is still at Rousillon a tower, called Castel Rossello.

manner so lively and interesting, that she was inchanted with his society, and yielded her heart to every tender impression of love. Whether Cabestaing was withheld by timidity, or respect, he did not notice her behaviour; though his sensibility was extreme. Marguerita wished to be understood in silence; but, having waited long in vain, she was determined to break the ice herself, and thus questioned him:

"William, if a lady loved thee, couldst thou love again?"—"Yes, truly, madam, if I believed her in earnest."—"Thou speakest well; and canst thou not distinguish true love from feigned?" These questions opened the eyes of Cabestaing; and this passion produced the following tender lines:

"Gay is my song; for the softest love inspires me!—O thou, whose beauty transports my soul, may I be forsaken, may I be cursed by love, if I give my heart to another. Was my faith to heaven equal, I should instantly be received into paradise! I have no power to defend myself against your charms; be honourable, therefore, and take pity on me. Permit, at least, that I kiss your gloves; I presume not to ask any higher mark of your favour."

To a heart already conquered, such lines were irresistible. Though they were not addressed to her, Marguerita well knew their import, and made this known to Cabestaing, when they were alone.

"And hast thou, then, at last, discovered, William, that a lady can love thee; and dost thou find in me a true or a faithless friend?"

"Ah, madam, since that happy moment I entered your service, I have been always charmed with your goodness, and the truth and frankness of your behaviour towards me."

"I swear to thee," replied Marguerita, "thou shalt never have cause to change thy opinion. Never, no, never will I deceive thee!" With these words she em-

braced him, as a pledge of her eternal love. Cabestaing thus gave vent to his feelings:

"Among a thousand flowers, in a spacious garden, I have chosen the fairest. Heaven made it, no doubt, to resemble its own beauty. The dignity of her charms is still heightened by humility; the sweetness of her countenance, by tenderness; her affection has rendered me the most blessed of lovers. I weep with joy! but in my song only I dare make known my love. The dear object of my soul will receive my song. In the midst of a thousand adorers, she listens to none but me! Many have been touched with her beauty; but none have loved like me. Her merit impresses respect; and her reputation is unsullied."

We see in these addresses of Cabestaing, how deceitfully an unlawful passion makes its first approaches; and thus gliding into the heart, a remediless passion covers its unworthy views with undeserved praises, and the most honourable expressions of love. But the secret he wished to conceal from the eyes of the world, soon became public; and the reputation of Marguerita was not long untainted.

The courtiers, who have a nice discernment of evil, and a ready tongue to reveal it, possessed Raimond with the most tormenting suspicions, which shocked him the more, as he loved his wife, and relied on the fidelity of his servant.

Having inquired one day what was become of Cabestaing, they told him he was hawking; immediately he hid arms under his clothes, mounted his horse, and took the road they had pointed out to him. Cabestaing perceived, and advanced toward him, but not without uneasiness, seeing he was alone. "Ah! are you here, my lord; how chanced it you came alone?" "It was," said Raimond, "because I wished to converse with you, and to partake of your amusemeut. Have you had good sport?" "Very little; I have scarcely found

a single bird; and you know the proverb, Who finds nothing, cannot take much." "Very well," answered Raimond, "let us change the subject, and answer me, as a true and loyal servant, to all that I shall ask you."

"By heaven, my lord, if it is what I can reveal, I will hide nothing from you."

"I will have no conditions: you shall reply honestly, whatever questions I put to you."

"When you command, I will answer conscientiously."

"I would then know, by your God, and your faith," said Raimond, "if love inspires the verses you make; and if a lady is really the subject of them?"

"Unless I loved," replied Cabestaing, "how could I sing? In good truth, love has the entire possession of my soul."—"I believe it," said Raimond, "or you would not sing so well: but this is not all. I would know who is the lady you celebrate."—"Ah, my lord, do you consider! I appeal to your own heart; can one, without perfidy, reveal the object of one's love? You know what Bernard of Ventadour says on this subject.

"If those who spy out my love, inquire the name of my fair one, I know how a loyal lover ought to avoid the snare; he ought to confide his secret to none but those who are able to advise and assist him; but the fidelity we owe a mistress, consists in discovering all things to her, and revealing nothing concerning her."

"Well, then," replied Raimond, "whoever is the object of your love, I promise you my utmost aid and advice."

Cabestaing, thus pressed, and desirous of changing the idea of Raimond, told him, that he loved Madam Agnes, the sister of Madam Marguerita; and that he received proofs of her kindness: he besought Raimond to favour his suit, or at least not to injure him in her esteem.

Raimond was taken in the snare. Transported with

this declaration, which removed his suspicions, he shook hands with the Troubadour, promised him his good offices; and, pointing toward the castle of Robert of Tarascon, the husband of Agnes, he told him they would go there together. When they arrived at the castle of Tarascon, Raimond, after the usual civilities, proceeds to fulfil his design; and, being alone with Agnes, addresses her thus:

"By the faith you owe me, my lovely sister, answer me. Have you a lover?"—"Yes, my lord."—"I beseech you, who is he?"—"That I will not tell you: women are not obliged to confess such things; and, if they are urged, it constrains them to be guilty of falsehood."

Raimond assures her, she will risk nothing in confiding this secret; but that to him it was of the utmost importance. The lady had remarked distress in the countenance of Cabestaing. She was not ignorant of his amour, and suspecting how the matter lay between him and his master, she owned herself in love with Cabestaing, as readily as if he had given her the hint. She then went and related the whole affair to her husband, who very much approved the deceit of his wife, and permitted her to invite Cabestaing to supper; and do all she could to persuade Raimond of her love for him. They supped together, with great gaiety; and Raimond, perfectly convinced of their reciprocal tenderness, departs content and joyous with Cabestaing, desirous of nothing so much, as to reveal to his wife the intrigue he had discovered.

Marguerita had no doubt of her lover's infidelity; she passed the night in extreme agony of mind; and calling him to her the next morning, she overwhelmed him with reproaches. Cabestaing easily justified himself, by the simple recital of what had passed.

Her vanity, still greater than her love, prompted her to commit an inconceivable error; she obliged the

Troubadour to declare in a sonnet, that he loved her, and her alone. The sonnet was composed, and, by a second imprudence, more astonishing than the first, the piece was addressed to Raimond; for though it was the custom of many poets to address what they wrote, in praise of their ladies, to their husbands, in this case it could not certainly be done with impunity.

In effect, the most dreadful jealousy took possession of Raimond; he no longer doubts his wife's falsehood; he becomes furious, and breathes nothing but vengeance. Having found a pretext to draw Cabestaing out of the castle, he stabs him, cuts off his head, and tears out his heart; he then brings it to his cook, and orders him to dress this heart in the manner of venison. He has it served up; his wife eats it. "Do you know what it is you have been eating?" says he. "No; but I found it delicious."—"I believe it, since it is that you have always delighted in; it is just you should love that when dead, you was so passionately fond of when living;" and pulling out the head of Cabestaing, "Behold him whose heart you have just eaten." At this shocking sight, at these horrible words, she fainted; but, soon recovering her senses, she cried out: "Yes, barbarian, I have found this meat so exquisite, that, lest I should lose the taste of it, I will never eat any other."

Transported with rage, Raimond draws his sword; she flies; she precipitates herself from a balcony, and is killed with the fall!

The noise of this event was likely to impress the mind with terror, in an age when love ruled over the manners, like a despotic sovereign, and was considered as the soul of military exploits. The relations of Marguerita, and of Cabestaing, all the knights, and the lovers of that country, joined together against the bloody-minded Raimond; he had also for his enemy the King of Arragon. Alphonso, after having informed himself of the fact on the spot, had him seized and imprisoned, and

demolished his castle: after this the prince, by pompous funerals, did honour to the memory of these lovers. He caused them to be laid in the same tomb, before the church, in Perpignon, and their history engraved on it.

Thus religion served, in this age, among many other abuses, to defend the horrid crime of adultery, and to consecrate a licentious amour, which, from the miserable event attending it, was celebrated with enthusiasm.

According to the provençal historian, it was usual for all the knights of Roussillon, of Cerdagne, and of Norbonnois, to assist each year in a solemn service, in memory of Marguerita, and of Cabestaing; and all the lovers, of both sexes, came to pray for the repose of their souls. And it is added, this anniversary was instituted by the order of King Alphonso.

Such customs must have been very prejudicial to the manners, and a great offence to the honour of conjugal life. Belleforest relates, that the Duke of Burgundy rendered the like honour to the Lady of Vergi, and the Lord of Vaudroi; and the adventure of Couci and Fayel, so well known, is of a similar kind.

To relieve the mind from so disagreeable a scene, one line, from a sonnet of Cabestaing's, intermixed with many common sentiments, shall conclude this account of his life: for the beautiful turn of thought, it well deserves remembrance.

Speaking of Marguerita, he says, "From hence to Messina there is not her equal. Would you know her name? it is written, in the fairest characters, on the wing of every dove!"

WILLIAM RAINOLS d' APT, and WILLIAM RAIMOND DE DURFORT.

WILLIAM RAINOLS was a knight of the city of Apt, in the county of Forcalquier. He wrote on the events that happened in Provence, between the King of Arragon and the Count of Thoulouse, in the twelfth century, with respect to the house of Barcelona. He set these pieces to musical airs, of his own composing; and as they were all filled with keen satire on the great, he rendered himself hated and feared by the barons. These pieces are not in the provençal manuscripts; they are only mentioned; and that given, was composed at the beginning of the thirteenth century; when the crusade against the Albigenses, inflamed all the southern provinces of France.

This Troubadour declaims against the clergy, to whom were attributed these unjust and violent proceedings.

"A vile and cowardly populace, armed with surplices instead of swords, wrest from the nobles their palaces and towers; so formidable have they rendered themselves, as to establish, by their power, a new court of justice, (the Inquisition), where none are heard but the favourers of injustice.

"I behold wickedness triumphant, while merit and honour are laid low: I behold the world destroyed by these villains! The sheep dares to attack the wolf; the partridge chases the vulture; the lamb guards the shepherd! I behold the weak become strong, and the strong defenceless; the cart go before the oxen; and Christmas succeed the new year!"

These original expressions paint the state of things in this period, with great simplicity; when churchmen spread terror around, and overthrew the most powerful and mighty; assisted by the arms of those ambitious

enthusiasts, without whose aid, neither their anathemas, nor their Inquisition, could have produced these dreadful effects.

The praises given by William and Raimond de Durfort, to a nobleman called Gui Cap de Porc, are an amiable contrast to the character of William Rainols. From the castle of Durfort, in Querci, this illustrious house took its name; it was one of the most ancient which subsisted in the kingdom; was perpetuated by the greatest number of branches, and rendered as illustrious by the noble sentiments of its owners, as the antiquity of their origin. The two Troubadours I have named come out of it; there is but one piece worthy notice, supposed to be written by William, and addressed to the Lord of Perigord, in praise of the nobleman we have mentioned. After celebrating him for his love of honour and firm opposition to vice, he adds:

"How useless to his dignity are outward ornaments; he shines bright in virtue! Why do we not ardently desire to resemble him? Each would be happy if he did. The poor should imitate his temperance; the rich his humility. It grieves me he has not as many marks*, as deniers†: whom others beggar, he would enrich; whom others oppress, he would exalt to honour."

These few lines announce a noble writer, superior to the prejudices and vices of his age.

The rest of his works are dark; and those of Raimond quite unintelligible. It is thought they were contemporaries with Arnaud Daniel: the time of their death, or that of Rainols, is not mentioned.

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* A piece of money worth thirteen shillings

† A small coin.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BERTRAND DE BORN, Viscount of Hautefort, in the diocese of Perigueux, was one of the heroes of the twelfth century. A passion for arms and glory; pride, joined with meanness; gallantry, with the poetic talent; an ardent and lively imagination; great activity and courage, with a distinguished rank, were the peculiar qualities that marked his character. A false and ambitious valour, rather than a just courage was his pride, which he shewed in his contests with his brother Constantine, whom he expelled from his territories, and deprived of his right to part of the Lordship of Hautefort; for nothing less than all would satisfy his ambition: but the oppressed in this age met with protectors. The Viscount of Limoges, and Richard, Count of Poitou, the son of Henry II. King of England, suspended their own quarrels, to maintain the cause of Constantine; they sacked the dominions of Bertrand. In a piece, wherein he exclaims against his brother, for not delivering up all to him, he speaks the language of a despotic tyrant. "I will pull out the eyes of any one, who shall dare to invade my possessions. Peace suits me not; it is war alone that I love. To fear nothing is my only law; I regard neither Mondays nor Tuesdays, esteemed unlucky days; weeks, months, and years are all alike to me; at all times I will ruin those who trouble me, were they three against me, instead of two; and their power ever so great, they should not gain from me one inch of that land, which belongs to my children. Let others seek, if they choose it, to aggrandise their houses, and to procure the conveniencies of life. As for me, to provide lances, helmets, swords, and horses, this is my ambition. Right or wrong, I will give up no part of the Lordship of Hautefort: it is mine, and they may make war against me as long as they will." Constantine had ceded to Bertrand the land in question, on

certain conditions, settled between themselves; but he asserted he had been constrained to do so, and therefore reclaimed his portion. This was all the foundation Bertrand had for his conduct. "I should pass for a coward," says he, "to give up the portion my brother had resigned on his faith. Since he refuses my friendship, and all accommodation, why should I be condemned for defending my right against him? The givers of advice, of whom there are always plenty, fatigue and stun me with their noise. I shall be called imprudent, if I do not make peace; and, if I do, a coward."

The Count of Poitou had a private motive for vengeance against Bertrand. The revolts of Henry II's children are well known. After they had forced from him several of his appendages, they fell out with one another. Richard, whose temper was ardent and fiery, had great quarrels with Henry, his eldest brother. Their vassals, on each side, took up arms; and among them his most dangerous foe was Bertrand, who raised up enemies against him on all sides, and Prince Henry was the chief of this powerful league; but, though Richard was violent, he knew how to disperse the gathering storm, by his skill and address. He negotiated with Henry, whose inconstant and trifling temper he well knew; and he obtained from him, for a pension suited to his love of ease, and taste for trifling amusements, a resignation of his rights, and his lands. Henry retired into Normandy, and amused himself with tiltings, tournaments, and pleasures; while his vassals suffered under the vengeance of Richard, who made cruel devastations in their lands. Bertrand, on this occasion, was not silent.

"The young king alleges, (for Henry had been crowned), that the command of his father has obliged him to sacrifice his rights to his brother. Since he will neither possess, nor govern any domain, he shall henceforward be the King of Cowards. He shews as much

imprudence, as cowardice, in consenting to live on the pension of the Count of Poitou; there is no great hopes of a crowned king, who lives on the wealth of another. From the moment he deceives and betrays his vassals, he loses all claim to their love! Is it by leading an idle life, and dreaming away his hours in pleasure, that he will render himself worthy to reign over England? to conquer Ireland; to be proclaimed Duke of Normandy; to possess Maine, Anjou, Poitou, and Guienne? Richard, who has no longer his brother to dread, will cause his subjects to dread him! he may arm against them, seize and destroy their castles.

"Would to heaven that Count Geoffroi, (the third son of Henry II.) was the heir of his dominions; England and Normandy would be gainers, in having him for their sovereign: for he is frank and loyal." These pieces of Bertrand are interesting; as a monument of that liberty with which they then spoke, and wrote, and of the simplicity with which they treated the greatest affairs. By the defection of Prince Henry, the league was dissolved; the greater part went away on divers pretences, and Bertrand alone dared to resist the power of Richard: but he had soon reason to repent so rash an enterprise; his castle was besieged, and, had he obstinately persisted in defending it, he would have been lost, without resource. He, therefore, surrendered, and Richard accepted his submission, pardoned, and embraced him. Touched with this clemency, Bertrand composed this piece in his praise. "Notwithstanding my losses, I have still the heart to sing. I have resigned Hautefort to the Lord Richard; but since I have appeared before him to ask his favour, and that he has pardoned and embraced me, I fear no other misfortune. The barons of Limosin, and of Perigord, who plighted me their faith, have basely betrayed and abandoned me. I also will forsake them. If Count Richard will vouchsafe me his grace, I will devote myself to his service,

and my attachment to him shall be as pure as the finest silver. His high dignity should cause him to resemble the sea, which seems to retain all she receives, within her bosom, but casts it back on the shore. It befits so great a baron, to restore what he has taken from a vassal, who humbles himself before him. I beseech him, at least, to confide to me the care of my castle; for those to whom he has committed the charge of it, are my enemies, and we shall have perpetual broils; nor will he expose himself to dishonour by this restoration, since I shall be ever ready to serve and honour him; which, had they not betrayed me, perhaps I should never have done."

Whether this frank, and yet flattering address to Richard pleased him, or whether he merely considered the advantage of attaching so valiant a knight to his service, he received his oath, and restored to him his castle.

Bertrand made use of this peace to revenge himself on the Viscounts of Limoges, and of Perigord, who had so shamefully abandoned him; all the ravages war produced in this age, were the consequences of this vengeance.

The three sons of Henry II. having again revolted, Bertrand seized this opportunity of gratifying his prevailing love of intrigue and discord, by renewing his league with Prince Henry, who was going to war with the Gascons. The sickness and death of this young prince, in 1183, penetrated Bertrand with the most lively grief, because it disconcerted his designs; he composed two pieces on this occasion, and the prince whom he had bitterly censured, he now as lavishly commends. Among other things, common to panegyric, and tedious to relate, speaking of his generous character, and obliging manners, of the order, magnificence, and hospitality of his house, and the brilliant appearance of his guests, he has these singular passages. "Amiable prince, hadst thou lived, thou wouldst have become the

king of courtesy; and the emperor of the brave and honourable. Cruel death! thou may'st boast thy conquest over the best knight that ever lived! Why didst thou not launch thy darts against the many wicked, whom thou still permittest to live, the vile burthen of this universe? May the virtues of this young king serve as a model for all those to whom he was known. I implore the mercy of God, who died to save us, that he will vouchsafe to place him in honourable company, and in that region where is neither pain or sorrow!"

The king of England, attributing to Bertrand the seditious conduct of his son Henry, determined to punish him; he besieged the castle of Hautefort, and made Bertrand, and all the garrison, prisoners. When Bertrand was conducted to his conqueror, Henry reproached him with many bitter taunts.

"It is you, then," said Henry, "who boasted, you had more understanding than you could make use of."

"I had a right to say so formerly," replied Bertrand; "but in losing the young king, your son, I have lost all the reason and the ability I once possessed."

At the name of his son, Henry wept. "Ah, Bertrand!" he cried, "unfortunate Bertrand! your mind might well be perplexed on losing my son; for he loved you most tenderly; and I, for the parental love I bore him, restore to you your liberty, your castle, your possessions! I restore to you my favour and friendship; and I will give you five hundred marks, to repair the mischief I have done you."

Bertrand threw himself at his feet, and swore to him a faithful and everlasting attachment.

All historians attest, that Henry was a good father. Notwithstanding the continual revolts of his children, the death of his eldest son had filled him with bitter grief; and this sensibility of mind, joined to the spirit of chivalry, might naturally produce this heroic act of

generosity. Ancient manners afford many singular contrasts of violence and of bounty.

No one was more subject to excess of passion than Bertrand, and to keen satire on his enemies. Having some pique against Alphonso II. King of Arragon, he wrote with severity against him, accusing him of detaining money confided to his charge; and of borrowing, without repaying: and he adds, that the person of whom he had borrowed the money, being attacked by some Jews, and in his own defence killing one of the aggressors, the Jews complained to Alphonso, and promised him a sum of money, if he would deliver up the accused to their vengeance; the money was accepted, and the victim delivered up to their fury.

William Borgedon, a writer of that time, declares positively, that the Jews had him burnt on Christmas-day. Bertrand does not relate this tragical end; but continues to reproach Alphonso with bitterness.

" All the world speaks ill of this prince. I would have been at peace with him, but he is so disloyal, and wicked; to correct him, he must be sharply dealt with.

" One of his vassals related to me a base action he was guilty of toward a gentleman. This gentleman had invited him to a repast; the moment he entered his house, he expelled his host, and usurped his estate.

" Having sent a number of knights to the service of the King of Castile, fifty of which were taken prisoners in a battle; he exacted from that prince the payment of their ransom; but he carried off the money, and left them in prison.

" It was justly prophecied of Alphonso, from his youth, that he would be neither enterprising, nor brave; for he was always observed to gape when they discoursed of war and battles; and, when a young king behaves thus, it must be from dislike to martial exploits, and ignorance in feats of arms."

The wars of Richard, with Philip Augustus, opened a new field to our Troubadour, in which to exercise his martial inclinations, and vent the satire of his spirit. Attached to the first of these illustrious rivals, he was unjust to the other, and this is the natural consequence of a prejudiced and passionate mind.

The Provençal manuscripts afford some particulars of these contests, not mentioned in history, and which are well deserving of a place in biography.

A bloody battle was preparing on both sides; the two kings of France and England at the head of their troops, were only separated by the river Seure, near the Niort. They continued in the view of each other fifteen days, retained in this situation by their clergy, whose endeavours were unintermitting to promote peace, and save the effusion of human blood.

One day, when Richard was going to pass the river, and the French army waited with impatience the signal for battle, the prelates, and the monks, with their crucifixes in hand, conjured the two monarchs to sacrifice their cruel enmity to the God of peace and love. Philip protested, that he would never disarm, if Richard did not restore to him Gisors, and do him homage for Normandy, Poitou, and Aquitaine.

Richard, exasperated at these demands, mounts his horse, puts on his helmet, and commands to sound the charge. He had corrupted the Champenoise with bribes; they were in the army of Philip, and he relied on their defection. At the moment of giving battle, they alone, of all Philip's troops, were disobedient to his orders. Distressed by their refusal to advance against the enemy, Philip assembled the prelates, and monks, who had exerted themselves so much to promote peace, and sent them to the king of England, with a promise to conclude it. Their exhortations were now effectual, because they were accompanied with very advantageous offers.

Philip Augustus ceded Gisors to Richard, the demand of the homage was suspended, and peace was ratified. The provençal historian adds, that after this the two kings became economists, and even misers, expending their money only in the purchase of land, and accoutrements for the chace. This the barons beheld with chagrin; for they were exposed to many troubles and vexations from the parsimonious conduct of these monarchs. Bertrand was, in particular, afflicted at this event; war was his sole delight, and his fortune, no less than his ambition, suffered from this league; he therefore employed every effort to rekindle the fire of discord. His satire rendered him formidable to all princes; and he made use of it, without restraint, on this occasion.

He accused Richard and Philip of abject cowardice; and above all the latter, whom he hated.

"How contemptible," says he, "is an armed king, who stoops to treat, when he should charge his foe."

A small spark is sufficient to kindle the flame of war. The provinces were all in confusion. Richard, more arrogant than ever, behaved with the greatest injustice, and Philip complained bitterly of his infractions. At last, these furious rivals agreed on an interview. Philip broke out into invectives; Richard gave him the lie, and they separated in a rage, after a mutual defiance of each other.

Bertrand triumphed in his success, and wrote another piece, to widen the breach he had made. In it he compares the king of France to monks, who love idleness; and spurs him on by the example of Richard.

"He loves war," adds Bertrands, "as much as the Algaïs." The Algaïs were four brothers, famous robbers, who, at the head of eleven thousand villains, pillaged and destroyed the country around. By this comparison, their profession appeared, no doubt, to Bertrand, worthy to exalt even monarchs themselves.

On the first signal of war between the two kings, he

did not fail to excite the fiery mind of Richard, by his applause. This prince, and the poet, called one another by the nick-names of Oc, and No; and this was a common practice with persons in this age, united by friendship, or interest. Thus Bertrand took the name of Rassa, with Geoffroi of Bretagne; and, with young Henry, crowned King of England, the name of Marinier. This is a convincing proof of his familiarity with these princes, and the affability of the great to their favourites. The devotion or ambition of the crusades reconciled Philip and Richard, in appearance. It is well known what reason the latter had to repent this expedition, from the ill success of his attempts against the Saracens; from his long imprisonment in Germany, and the disorders which arose in his dominions, during his absence; the Barons of Limousin, and of Perigord, excited commotions, and regained several of the places Richard had conquered.

The league that took place between Philip and Richard, was in vain opposed by Bertrand: but, on their return from the holy war, he employed his pen in exciting the vengeance of Richard against the factious barons, who now in their turn experienced the rudeness of his satire.

It would be surprising to find a character like Bertrand's, famed for gallantry; but this was necessary to form a complete knight. The Princess Helene, sister of King Richard, who afterward married the Duke of Saxe, and was mother of the Emperor Otho, did not disdain the homage of Bertrand. Richard himself, then Count of Poitou, had encouraged the love of the poet, by recommending it to him to do all honour, and procure all the diversion possible for his sister. Helene, on her part, appeared sensible to the glory of being celebrated by such a lover. Bertrand speaks of Helene as the most excellent lady in the world. "Nothing like her is to be met with, either on sea or land." At the

time of this commendation, he did indeed want for every thing, being in the midst of a camp, where they had neither eaten nor drank at mid day.

Bertrand charmed even hunger herself, by singing the praises of beautiful Helene. It is probable, however, this passion only glanced on his heart; for Maenz, of Montagnac, daughter of the Viscount of Turenne, and the wife of Tallerand, brother of the Viscount of Perigord, inspired him with a more ardent and tender flame; but jealousy soon interrupted their love. Bertrand was profuse of his elogies on a lady of Burgundy, named Guiscarde, who had married the Viscount of Comborn; and who, before her marriage, had composed some verses in honour of Bertrand. Maenz suspected Bertrand of giving her a rival, and dismissed him from her presence; penetrated with grief, he composed the following lines, singular for their turn of expression:

"I disculpate myself, for I merit not the censure cast upon me; for pity, madam, do not suffer me to be banished from your frank, honest, and amiable person. At the first flight, let me lose my spar-hawk; let falcons carry it away, and tear it before my eyes, if I do not prefer the thoughts of you, to the love and favour of another!

"May I be on horseback during a storm, with the bridle fastened to my neck; my reins be so short, that I cannot stir; may my host, at the inn, be in the vilest humour, if my accuser has not belied me!

"My lady quits me for another knight. I know not what will become of me, nor what oath to make for my justification. May the wind fail me at sea; may I be drubbed by the porters, when I enter the king's court; and may they behold me fly in battle, if he is not an impostor, who has so villanously belied me!"

In another of his pieces, he flatters Maenz in the most lavish manner, to soften her anger, ascribing to her the different perfections of all other women; but her inflexi-

ble rigour towards him, determined him to leave her, and offer his heart to Tiberge de Montausier, a lady who was celebrated for her beauty, knowledge, and virtue. This generous woman appeared afflicted, as well as flattered, by his addresses, and seeks to reconcile him to his mistress. "If you have not wronged her," says she, "I shall know it; and, if you are true, I will do my utmost to restore you to the favour of Maenz: but, if you are culpable, neither will I, nor ought any other, to take you into their service."

Bertrand, satisfied with this generous offer, promised the Lady of Montausier to love none but her, if he could not recover the good graces of Maenz; and she promised, on her part, to take him for her knight, if she could not succeed in her negociation. Convinced, at last, of the innocence of the Troubadour, Maenz restored him to her favour, exacting, at the same time (so serious and nice of honour were these love affairs), that he should go and take a solemn leave of the Lady of Montausier; and get himself disculpated, by her, from the sort of oath he had taken.

Bertrand celebrates this reconciliation in a piece, not given; where, mixing gallantry with very opposite ideas, he concludes with saying, "The first laws of honour are, to make war: to tilt at Advent, and at Easter; and to enrich women with the spoils of the conquered."

Maenz, of Montagnac, was also courted by Richard, Count of Poitou; Geoffroi, Count of Bretagne; Alphonso, King of Arragon; and Raimond, Count of Thoulouse: but she preferred Bertrand to them all. She chose him, says the provençal historian, for her lover, and her lord. But such exalted rivals gave Bertrand uneasiness, and he sought to remove them, by an odious piece, in which he sullied the honour of Maenz. How ill does such a charge accord with the pure and ancient laws of love; and, without regarding the rank

of his rivals, any more than the reputation of his mistress, he adds, "I cannot endure a great lord, who never gives money or courtesy; who accuses people wrongfully; who asks favours, but grants none; who refuses to recompense the services done him; who knows only how to hunt and hawk; and who is wholly ignorant, both of love and of arms."

Discord reigned even in his love; and the character of Bertrand, throughout, is violent and severe: and, as it was his continual aim to promote quarrels, he used frequently to say, I would have the great barons in continual feuds with one another. The demon of ill nature seemed to have possession of his soul, notwithstanding all his pretences to love and gallantry, of which he seems to make a joke, by the turn of some of his expressions; and to act in the basest manner, if his conduct towards Maenz is to be his judge in others.

Having done all the mischief he could in his life, he piously finished his course among the monks of Citeaux, which did not, however, prevent Dante from placing him in his Inferno, for having divided the head and the members; he means the arming the young King of England against his father, Henry II. There, according to the Italian poet, he is condemned to carry his own head, in the shape of a lanthorn, after its being separated from his body.

The chief things concerning Alphonso II. King of Arragon, being given in this life, the account of this king will be passed over, it being only said of him, that he favoured the Troubadours, and was therefore flattered by most of them; though so notorious, as we have seen, for his vices. Among the Troubadours, adds the provençal historian, was a son of this Bertrand, who thus writes against the infamous cowardice of John, King of England: "He suffered himself to be stripped of his possessions in his life; his honour was sunk into

the dust, and he appeared flattered, rather than grieved, with the shame and reproach that was poured upon his despoiled head."

OGIER.

OGIER was born in Saint Donat, a town in the Viennois; he resided a long time in Lombardy, and flourished in the twelfth century. Most of his pieces are a mere play upon words. "As I shall be always their servant, to disserve in serving the corrupted corrupters, surrounded by their base counsellors, who counsel their disdain of honour." This specimen may very well suffice for this style of writing; but in another piece, in which he refers to the tragical death of the Viscount of Beziers, nature raises him above such an affected jargon.

The relation of this unhappy event is given in the history of Languedoc; and not only merits notice for its singularity, but for the pathetic lamentation of our Troubadour.

Raimond Trancaval, Viscount of Beziers, went to the succour of one of his nephews, who was attacked by his enemies. On the way, a citizen of Beziers quarrelled with a knight, and took from him his sumpter-horse. Enraged with this injury, and animated by the other knights, the gentleman went and complained to the viscount, demanding satisfaction for this insult; the knights even threatened Trancaval, to abandon him, if he did not render them immediate justice. Trancaval, therefore, delivered up the citizen, on whom they inflicted a punishment, not severe in itself, but which would reflect dishonour on him through his future life. All the citizens of Beziers were resolved to revenge themselves on Trancaval for this action.

When the campaign was ended, and the viscount re-

turned home, a few of these citizens, deputed by the rest, went to Trancaval, and intreated him to repair the disgrace which was fallen on their whole body. The viscount, naturally civil and benevolent, replied with great gentleness, that he would advise with the principal inhabitants, and would willingly fix a day, to make all the amends in his power, for that, which necessity alone obliged him to do.

They appeared satisfied with his answer. The day came; it was on Sunday the 15th of October, 1167. He went to the church of the Magdalen, followed by his whole court.

The principal citizens came thither soon after, armed with cuirasses, and poniards under their clothes. The man, who thought himself injured, advanced the first, and said to the viscount, "Behold a miserable wretch, weary of life, since he cannot live without shame; tell us, therefore, my lord, will you repair the wrong you have done me?"

The viscount replied with great affability, "That he should refer this matter (as he had promised) to the council of his lords, and the decision of the citizens."

"You would do well," replied the citizen, "if our reproach could be wiped away; but that being impossible, it must be washed off in your blood!"

The conspirators instantly drew out their poniards, and, throwing themselves furiously on their lord, they assassinated him at the foot of the altar, with all his friends, and his barons, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the bishop, whom they also wounded, as he was endeavouring to defend Trancaval from their rage; so horrid and atrocious was their passion for revenge! Ogier thus laments this dreadful catastrophe:

"My heart is so oppressed with grief, that I should think a whole life too short, to lament the death of the brave, the good, the glorious Viscount of Beziers; the most valiant, the most courteous, the most joyous, and

the best knight, that was ever in this world! Never was heaven so outraged, as by these renegade dogs, who massacred him, and who slew his friends and barons surrounding their amiable prince. What horror must come upon high and low, when they reflect, that the love and humanity of so kind a lord was forgotten! Alas, he is dead! and to whom shall we now appeal?

"A thousand knights of high birth are become fatherless; and as many ladies of rank and merit afflicted, and desolate widows. May God, who made the Holy Trinity of himself, receive those souls, which the wicked have sent from hence, into his paradise of peace and joy!"

Among the other pieces of Ogier, there is so just a satire against those old women, who use art to cover their wrinkles, that it may not be amiss to insert it; and it may serve as a relief to the mind, after the tragical story above related.

"I cannot bear the red and white faces the old put on, and which they compose of an ointment, made of an egg beaten up, and white smeared over that, which makes their old battered skins shine, from the forehead to the shoulder.

"I hold that man for a fool, who is fond of such a painted visage; and it is a great shame for a woman, who has lost her beauty, to occupy herself, with so much anxiety, about her appearance and dress. Instead of this solicitude for her body, which is perishing, she should employ herself in the salvation of her soul."

There are no other particulars concerning this Troubadour, or the time in which he died.

PETER D'AUVERGNE.

PETER D'AUVERGNE was the son of a citizen, in the diocese of Clermont. A talent for poetry, joined to a fine figure, an amiable character, and a cultivated mind, procured him much success; and many high barons, and noble ladies, treated him with favour. He passed, says the provençal manuscript, for the best writer among the Troubadours, till the appearance of Gerard Borneil; but he is reproached by some, for praising his own works immoderately, and for equally censuring those of others.

He was so well received by the ladies, that, after reciting his works to them, he received the reward of a kiss from those who pleased him the most; and the beautiful Clarette, of Baux, daughter of the Lord of Berre, had almost always the preference in his love. One of his songs to this lady, is in the following simple style:

"Go, sweet nightingale, go to the beauty I adore; tell her my feelings, and acquaint thyself with hers; let her charge thee to tell me, she forgets me not. Do not stay; fly fast back, and bring me word what thou hast heard; for I have neither parent, nor friend in the world, from whom I so much wish to receive intelligence." The pretty bird departs; he flies gaily along, inquiring every where, till he finds my fair one. On the view of her he begins those melting sounds, which he warbles forth on beholding the star of the evening. On a sudden he becomes silent, and reflects in what manner he should obtain her notice; then perching near her, he speaks thus:—"Your loyal friend has dispatched me to you, to pour forth those notes that may please and delight you. What shall I tell him, when he comes breathless to meet me at my return? If he receives a favourable answer, you ought to feel an equal joy, since he loves you more than ever;—but you are silent. I

perceive that my message is ill received. Your friend, I protest to you, places all his happiness in your love! Why do you pause? Embrace love while it is offered; seize the happy moment; it is a flower that swiftly fades away!"

The lady thus replied:—"Your pretty bird came directly to me; your message I received with joy; he will assure you, my kind friend, that your absence afflicts me much; for no one interests me like yourself: but you quitted me too soon; and, had I foreseen your absence, you would not have received such proofs of my regard. I now regret my past tenderness. My heart is so penetrated with love, that I am always melancholy, always sighing for the object of my affection. When with him, I live in joy! I would not change him for ought the world could bestow. I wait with impatience to behold him. True love, like gold, continues always refining; mine for you is always increasing. Gentle bird, depart; tell him how much I love him! tell it him in thy softest tone. Fly; make haste.—What! art thou not yet gone?"

The other sonnets of this Troubadour are a proof, that, notwithstanding all his tenderness, he was not happy in love. In one of them he speaks of the falsehood of women, and determines to renounce them all. Whatever they say, he will never more return to the follies, and passions of this world; but in God alone will seek peace and consolation. In another piece he very sharply declaims against those husbands, who form connexions out of their families. "From these adulteries," he adds, "arise children without courage, honour, and merit; possessing titles and wealth that belongs not unto them." In another sonnet he remarks the caprice of human nature. "Each one is eager to obtain what he desires; but, when attained, it becomes a source of chagrin and anxiety. All men ought to be circumspect in their desires, and their actions; for the secrets

of all hearts are soon divulged: sweetness is turned into bitterness, and tenderness into hatred."

His pride was sufficiently proved in his pieces, where he calumniates all the other Troubadours; and speaks of himself as the only man in the world, who composes with perfect judgment.

"Peter Rogiers sings always of love; but he would do better to sing his psalter, and carry a chandelier to church, with a lighted taper."—He was probably an inferior clerk.

"Gerard de Borneil resembles an old sheet, burnt in the sun, with his thin and languid compositions; fit, at the best, for old women, who draw water at a fountain.

"The father of Bernard de Ventadour was a bad archer, and his mother gathered faggots to heat the oven.

"Brival Limousin resembles a sick pilgrim, who sings to the mob. I have compassion on him.

"William de Ribes is like a tree, which is breaking; and, to see his eyes, one should take him for one of the heads which are fixed on the walls of churches."

He speaks of the rest in still lower terms; and this is frequent with those who encourage censorious dispositions, they generally descend at last to ribaldry.

This Troubadour might be compared to a frog, who went about croaking against his fellows. In his time, all poetry went under the name of verse, till Gerard de Borneil introduced the name of sonnet, which expressed the gallant pieces that were sung.

After having lived long in the world, with honour, Peter d'Auvergne embraced the monastic state, and died a monk.

IZARN, a Dominican; Missionary and Inquisitor.

THERE is no account given of this Troubadour, but that he wrote a piece which is called, *The Controversy of Izarn, with an Albigense Theologian.* It is a precious monument of the doctrine then imputed to these heretics, and shews in what manner they attempted to convince them of their error, and to inforce their arguments by the dread of torture.

If I may be allowed the expression, "It is a speaking image of the ancient Inquisition."

"Answer me, heretic! talk a little with me: but I have heard, thou wilt not, unless thou art forced. Thou dost make a fine mock of God, in denying thy faith, and thy baptism; in taking the devil for thy creator, and believing that such a monster is able to save thee! God alone is the creator of man. *Manus tuæ fecerunt me, & plasmaverunt me.* This Scripture proves, that God, and not the devil, made a man, and the woman after him; for the devil has no power to say, or do, any thing that is good; and how then could he make man, who is better than himself: how much less was it in his power to bestow on him salvation; he would then have given thee more than he has reserved for himself. I do not think thou art a hundred years old, and it is more than five thousand since thy father, the devil, has despaired of obtaining mercy.

"Thou, who art filled with the Holy Ghost, and who dost make a traffick of it among thy disciples, why dost thou not give salvation to thy father;—No. I will never believe that man should proceed from so bad a father as the devil. The true father of man is God; *Formavit hominem ad imaginem, & similitudinem suam.* Here are two great testimonies to convince thee; but, if they suffice not, thou shalt be obliged to submit to a third proof. Supposing, as thou sayest, the devil did make

thee from head to foot, I will demonstrate to thee this was impossible. Neither Solomon, nor any prophet, neither apostle, nor pope, has said that salvation was produced by the work of the devil; and the Holy Ghost is not so remiss, as to fix his residence in the edifice of Satan: but thou art as wasteful of the Holy Ghost, as if it was lard; and thou dost pretend, by this prodigality, to save the souls of thy brethren."

These very singular observations are, no doubt, overstrained, and arose from the ignorance of the missionary, as to the real doctrine of these heretics; but they had their foundation in the Manichean system, of two overruling intelligences, a Good, and an Evil Being. They were charged with believing, that God had made Lucifer, with his angels; that Lucifer had revolted against God; that he had been driven from heaven, with all his angels; and that, in his banishment, he had employed himself in creating the visible world, over which he reigned.

The ministers of this sect, as many modern fanatics have since done, pretended to communicate the Holy Ghost; and, to do this, according to the historians of these times, they blew seven times into the mouths of the believers. It was this which gave rise to the pleasantry of Izarn, who thus proceeds:

"Thou art on thy guard, and wilt not preach thy doctrine in churches, or in market-places; thou preachest it in woods, in thickets, and among the bushes, where the ladies Domergua, Renaud, Bernard, Garsens, sit spinning at their distaffs. While some spin, and others weave, the Gospel is explained, and the preacher holds forth. Was there ever such an assembly seen! people, who neither know how to read, nor write, yet pretending to deprive God of his right, but in vain; for we have a crowd of witnesses, that it was he who formed the heaven, the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars; and that he calls the beings he has made, sons and

brothers, according to their order in the creation. The prophet David says, on this subject, *Filii tui sicut novellæ olivarum.*"

It deserves notice, that the absurd application of this text would hardly have escaped the most ignorant devotees of this sect, notwithstanding the ridicule cast upon them by the missionary. It is well known the new sect triumphed in their references to the sacred books; and that the Inquisition forbade the reading them in the vulgar tongue, as if they feared their authority.

This prohibition constrained the Albigenses to hold their meetings in deserts, and in woods; and the precautions they used, occasioned the profoundest ignorance in the Catholics concerning them.

"Let us now see, heretic," continues Izarn, "whether thou art not guilty of an infamous perfidy, in calling man the adulterous child of God, and in giving him any other father than that holy and just one from whom he is derived. Thou liest like a thief; and thou art, in truth, the thief of souls: but I will put thee to it beyond reply, by this other question. If the devil has indeed made man, he has then made God also, who was crucified, and who, before his passion, was called man, according to these words, *ecce homo.* If my other arguments have not shook thee, this cannot fail; but since thou wilt have one more, here it is. If thou hast the power of blotting out the sins of men, and the devil has not, of what use has it been to thee? and if thou dost not hold this power from God, as thou sayest thou dost not, from whom hast thou, then, received it? Thou dost not believe that God has created the heavens, and the earth, nor any thing that doth now exist. Thou liest; for St. John, who has seen all his glory, says in his gospel, *Omnia per ipsum facta sunt, & sine ipso factum est nihil;* and this is confirmed by these words of Saint Paul, *Et in principio terram fundasti.* These writers

merit belief much more than Peter Capella, and the rest of the heretics, and Vaudois, or than thee, who acknowledgest not confession. There are four authors, filled with the Holy Ghost, and with truth; if thou refusest to believe them, behold the fire, which is burning thy brethren, ready to consume thee!"

It must be remarked here, that the Vaudois, properly so called, were not Manicheans, though Izarn considers them as also infected with this heresy. Whether it was ignorance, or falsehood, on his part, or that the Vaudois, having penetrated into Languedoc, were confounded with the heretics of that country, cannot be ascertained; but, as their opinions were essentially different, they ought to have been distinguished as such.

"I will have thy answer," continues Izarn, "in one or two short words. Either thou shalt be cast into the fire, or thou shalt range thyself on our side; on ours, I say, who have the true faith, with its seven steps, which are, the sacraments of baptism, of the sacerdotal order, of confession, of marriage, of extreme unction, of confirmation, and of the eucharist, the most important of them all, before which every creature ought profoundly to bow down, and which every day performs great miracles; for, whether the priest be holy or wicked, the sacrament has an equally powerful operation. When the priest begins the consecration, and the *verè dignum, & justum est*, when he pronounces over the host, and the wine put into the chalice, the sacred words, which God has ordained, they infallibly cause the body of Jesus Christ to descend, who was delivered up for us all. The host becomes his flesh, and the wine becomes his blood, which was shed for our redemption. Thus oughtest thou to believe, as do we, and all our convent, who are Catholics."

Ought this zealous Dominican to join the *verè dignum est* to the words of consecration? he seems, by this, to make them sacramental words, and that is very strange.

" I will propose to thee another argument; it is on the subject of marriage. Thou liest up to thy throat, when thou deniest it, and sayest, that those who have sons and daughters, cannot be saved. We have good proofs of the sanctity of this institution; God himself was the author of it, to multiply the human race, and to raise again that world, which was brought to ruin by the fall of the evil angels. It was he, who, to repair their loss, created man, and woman, destined to become one flesh. *Et erunt duo in carne una. Propter hoc relinquet homo patrem, & matrem, & adhærebit uxori suæ.* St. Paul charges them to live well together, and says, that *melius est nubere quam uri.*

" There is no chastity so agreeable to God, as a faithful marriage; but there is more merit in living chastely, when one can be contented with the state of virginity *. Jesus Chrsst has wisely permitted those men to be saved, who, by marriage, propagate their species. If he had not approved marriage, would he, for his first miracle, have turned the water into wine, at the court of the Architriclin, at whose marriage he assisted?—What! indocile to these authorities of God, and St. Paul! Wilt thou not yet yield? Fire and torture awaits thee, and to it thou shalt go: but, before they throw thee into the flames, I will give thy dismission by another argument, on the resurrection of man, and of woman, which thou dost not believe, nor the universal judgment of mankind. The word of God, on this subject, is unchanging, and infallible; insomuch, that if the head of a man was beyond the boundary of the ocean, one of his feet at Alexandria, and the other at Mount Calvary, one of his hands in France, and the other at Haut-Villar†, and that the trunk was carried into Spain,

* What a striking contradiction is this last assertion of Izarn's, to what goes before.

† A place now unknown.

in fine, that every part of him was burnt to ashes, powdered to dust, and scattered through the air, they would yet resume, at the day of judgment, the form they had at baptism. The proof of this is in scripture, *In carne mea videbo Deum salvatorem meum, quem visurus sum ego ipse & oculi mei,* &c.—*Carnis resurrectionem.* As God was raised from the dead, so shall we also be raised; and, if that was impossible, our belief would be the same as yours: but we find many passages in Scripture, which assures us, that all the dead shall rise from their tombs at the voice of Jesus Christ. Then shall he place the just at his right hand, and say unto them, *Venite benedicti;* and cast the unbelieving reprobates into the abyss of hell.

" But, thou heretic, thou pretendest this cannot be; and that the souls of those who are to be saved, shall take a new body, not their old one, but one that resembles it. It is an imposture.—If Peter Capella, John Colet, or any other man of your sect, can prove it is not, I would then join your party; but if this was true, what would become of the word of God, who has promised rewards to the performers of good actions, if a new body, having had no part in the good actions of the old one, should strip it of the recompense, which was its due? Where, then, are the promises of God? They are infallible; and, therefore, this cannot be.

" But let us suppose, for a moment, that thou art right in this point, yet I will overthrow thy doctrine by another argument.

" If men have a new body, and God will punish them for the deeds done in the old body, may they not plead, that they have not the body with which they could have visited the poor, performed alms, and other good works; to which, then, shall it be referred? It is the same with respect to rewards; to whom, then, shall they be given? Answer, heretic doctor; there is no lawyer subtile enough to draw thee out of this perplexity."

It must be owned, the Catholic doctor seems here to give the flesh, and not the spirit, the whole power; with him it is the body that is to be recompensed, and the body that is to be punished. One would suppose, that it was the flesh which had sentiment, the flesh which had merit; and that the justice of God was little concerned with the soul. Perhaps Izarn refers in this also, to the system of the Manicheans, who admitted a sort of metempsychosis, or passage of souls into other bodies, after leaving those they had before animated. But, if God had ordained it to be thus, it is yet evident, that virtue might still have been recompensed, and vice punished.

The system of transmigration came from Asia, where it was commonly believed. Izarn thus proceeds. "God ought to punish you in hell much more than the devils, since it is you who cause them, on earth, to be adored as God. Cursed heretic! it is you who have drawn away so many men, and women, to deny their faith, their baptism, and their God! who deny him the creation of all the beings in the universe, and the power of saving the souls of men.

"There is no sin equal to the sin of heresy! No. The Preaching Brothers have declaimed against none so much, as well as the learned Hugues Arnaud*, whom they beheaded; and brother B. de Caux resembled him: not but that these holy men had promised a complete absolution to those who were well confessed, and who had sincerely renounced their error, and who were restored to the true faith, by the means of some slight penitence. If they are blamed for their sacrifice, I answer, they were engaged to it by the Pope, and he has amply recompensed them †. I have drawn all these

* This was a Dominican Inquisitor, whose violences had rendered him odious.

† By indulgences he means, no doubt.

arguments from history, to guard the believers from error, and restore the miscreants into the path of truth; and not with any view to please the Minor Brothers, nor the Preaching Brothers*." But they ought to have informed the missionaries, that torture and fire were not the best arguments of conversion; for the flames they prepared for some heretics, only served to light up the rage and enthusiasm of others.

" But ere thou art delivered up to the flames," continues Izarn, " as thou art going to be, if thou dost not retract, I would again ask thee, why thou dost deny our baptism, which God, in the Scriptures, hath called good and holy? *Nisi quis renatus fuerit ex aqua, & Spiritu Sancto non intrabit in regnum Dei.*—None, then, can be saved, without the baptism of water, and of the Holy Ghost. When the water has been blessed, and the priest having taken the chrism, comes to the baptismal font, with his ornaments, his book, and his stole, the faith of the male or female child is then formed, by the promises made for it by the god-father, that it shall renounce the devil. The prayers of the priest, the signs of the cross, absolve the child, when it comes out of the water, from every sin.

" Such is the baptism which God giveth us, and which he received himself from St. John, the best of his three friends. Thou beliest thyself, then, heretic; thou hast perjured the oath which thy god-father took in thy name; thou beliest the chrism thou hast received, and thou admittest another baptism. Cursed be the man, who first thought of putting the ministration of these things into the hands of vile peasants; who come from foddering their cattle to these holy ordinances, and whose only science is to plough the land, and talk blasphemy; they use neither water, oil, nor incense.

* These monks exercised the office of Inquisitors in concert.

It was not thus they beatified Madam Saint Foi, nor Saint Catherine, nor Saint Agnes, nor Saint Cecile, patroness of the Albigenses*, and so many holy saints, and martyrs, who work miracles every day. Whoever believes not all this, ought not to receive compassion, if he is seized and burnt. It is from the ignorance of their patrons, that the miserable people are deceived; they are, indeed, worthy of compassion†.

" Tears and penitence are the only means of obtaining mercy; but there are tears that fall for the loss of the body. It is these only which are shed for the loss of the soul, that will be effectual. *In quâcumque die invocavero te*, &c.

" I have, in eight points, convicted thee of error, obstinate heretic; but all the authority of prophets, and apostles, weighs not with thee, and the time I give to thee is lost; yet a ninth argument shall force thee to return to that God, whom thou hast forsaken. Where hast thou found in Scripture, and who has taught thee, that thy soul proceeds from those who fell from heaven to earth, and were nine days in their passage? We know what is become of them; and how sayest thou that they shall return to that glory from whence they came? The angel Lucifer dragged them into the abyss, by the pride he had, at making himself equal with God. These beautiful and glorious angels became black, and hideous; and never will they find grace or mercy. In effect, would it not be a glaring injustice, that men who come after them, being dead, should be despoiled of the joys of Paradise; and that these joys should be granted to those demons, who had, by their own crimes, wilfully renounced, and lost this bliss? And, besides, what likelihood is there, that my soul should have been the soul of one of these demons, cast down from the highest hea-

* Of the Metropolitan church of Albi.

† They were not the less burnt, however, for this.

ven five thousand years ago, since I am not yet seventy years old; since I have no recollection of those things, that I must then have seen or done, nor whether I merited or demerited in the sight of God? This is what I can never believe; and I will behold thee dragged to prison, and hanged, ere I will give credit to thy vile impostures.

"Answer me again. In what school hast thou been taught, that the soul of man, when it has quitted his body, goes into that of an ox, an ass, a sheep, a pig, a fowl, or into the first animal it meets with, after its separation from the body, till it returns again into the body of some other man or woman; and that it does a long penance, while it is waiting for the day of judgment, when it is to recover its first glory? This, however, thou preachest to those thou hast seduced: thou takest from God to give to the devil, and thus thou dost cause him to hope for salvation.

"Every country, every land, where thy perfidious doctrine has been sown, and received, ought to be swallowed up. If thou hadst the faith, and the religion of B. of Montaigu, R. of Villar, or of B. Pagat*, thou wouldst long ere this have made thy confession; but, if thou dost not do it immediately, the fire is already lighted; they shall proclaim thee by sound of trumpet through the city, and the people shall assemble to see thee burnt!"

It should seem that the ancient doctrine of the Indians, with respect to transmigration, had penetrated into these southern provinces, a phenomenon singularly worthy of observation.

The fundamental principle of this doctrine was, that the spirits, here called demons, having disobeyed their Creator, were condemned to live in mortal bodies; that they subsisted herein in different transmigrations; and

* I suppose these were Albigense converts.

that, after this expiation of their crimes, they were to rejoin the supreme spirit: and that thus the soul of man, immortal by nature, would be punished, or recompensed, according to its works.

The missionary, in refuting one absurd doctrine, maintains another still more extravagant. He gives a body to these demons, and supposes them nine days in falling from heaven to earth.

This controversy was followed by the conversion of the heretic. Izarn is the speaker for him; nevertheless, we plainly see, that threats have operated much more powerfully than conviction.

"Izarn," replied the convert, "promise me, give me your oath, that I shall not be burnt, neither shut up in prison, nor cruelly treated, I will submit to all you desire. If I may but rely on your not abandoning me; that you will preserve my honour from imputation, and do me no violence, I will reveal to you the whole secret of our believers; for whatever Berit, and Parazols * might tell you; they did not know a tenth part of those things they inquired after, concerning the heretics.

"But I demand of you the greatest secresy. If I thought you capable of deceiving me, I would neither confess myself to you, nor to any other preaching brother; and I will give you my reason.

"Since they made me a bishop, I have, with these hands, which you behold, saved at least five hundred men. If I forsake them, it is so many men lost, delivered up to the devils, and to the pains of hell. What would become of me, if by chance I should meet any of their friends, unless you afford me an asylum? I should lose the dignity to which I have been raised, and become an object of contempt to the whole consistory. As I rendered up myself to you, on the faith of a safe

* These were emissaries of the Inquisition.

conduct, I will be free, and you shall give me all the sureties you promised."

This heretic, we see, was one of the principal ministers of their sect. The Albigenses divided these ministers into two classes; the superior were the bishops, the minor deacons. This bishop meant to dissemble with his proselyte brethren, and hide his conversion from them, that he might protect himself from injury, and bring them to the salvation he had obtained. This seems his meaning, though at first it appears contradictory, from his expression, that he had saved five hundred men, for whom he fears the pains of hell; no doubt meaning, he thought he had saved them, but now they must be converted.

"You ought to know, that it is neither hunger, thirst, nor indigence, that have forced me hither; that we are expressly forbid to obey any citation, and to consent to any conference with your party, as others have done who have been ill treated. But it will surprise you more to hear, that our best and dearest friends have turned against us. They address us with an appearance of friendship; to surprise us, then, they arrest, and cast us into prison, hoping, by our ruin, to obtain their own salvation.

"I am come to your court*, without constraint, and of my own free will.—When you shall hear the delicious life I lead, you will be convinced of my partiality toward you. I will give you an account of it, if it will not fatigue you. I have a great number of friends, who live in wealth and ease; not one of whom, but would rejoice to give me every thing I could desire, and who, indeed, deposit in my hands all their possessions."

It must be remarked, that Izarn, who writes thus, represented them before as vile peasants; and it is known

* The Inquisition.

the Vaudois affected poverty, and the most rigid manners.

" I have a great quantity of vestments, shirts, shoes, fine and soft cloaths, and the whitest sheets, and coverlids, with table-cloths, and napkins, for my friends. When I invite them to repasts, I make the best cheer with dainty meats, seasoned with excellent sauce, made of cloves and truffles, and completed with the nicest pastry. Our fish is well worth your bad meat; our distilled waters, your wine; and our new bread, the stale bread of the cloister*.

" While you pass many nights, travelling through wind and rain, and return in a woeful plight from your pilgrimages, I am eating and drinking, with my brethren, in a warm house, and amusing myself as I please, with my he or she cousins: for I can give myself absolution when I will; and there is no sin I cannot save myself from the guilt of, either by performing the office myself, or by the first deacon I meet with. Such is the happy life I lead. If I renounce it, to embrace the Romish faith, and own it criminal, you will surely do me justice, and treat me with honour."

Izarn forgets, in this painting, what he had asserted of these people, preaching in woods and thickets, and always in dread of persecution. How opposite to the delicious life here set forth. No doubt, it was to heighten the austerity of the missionaries, he drew this picture. He thus proceeds in it.

" Ermengard de Figueiras was my father. I might have been a knight, had fortune befriended me; but, if I am not armed at all points for the service of men, I will take care to be so for the service of God. Aid me with your counsel, Izarn; you, whose talents are great as a poet, but whose wisdom in holy things is so much

* The Albigenses neither eat bread, nor drank wine; so that it is plain the Troubadour's account is a venomous satire.

greater, as you have proved in so triumphant a manner over me, by your nine questions. I believe firmly all you have preached to me; and I am ready to believe more, if you can produce authorities that are equal.

" I will be baptized; fully convinced of the religion you have taught me, you and your brother, Ferrier, to whom was given the power of binding, and of loosing every sin whatever, committed by the heretics; and, if they ask you who is your newly baptized convert, you may answer, it is Sicard de Figueiras, who has abjured his errors, and who will become as great a persecutor of the infidel heretics, as he was formerly an enemy of the church of Rome. If I was ever kind to Peter Capella, and the chiefs of his party, if I was the friend and comrade of John Colet, I will, from this moment, be their declared foe. Unless they are converted before the month of February, I will have them all hung up by our archers.

" Berite, P. Razols, and Ricard le Portier *, shall know their caverns, and secret paths, and all the holes and corners wherein they hide their money; neither you, nor brother Ferrier, need be there, if they are not immediately converted at the view of our messengers."

The reader must consider this as a strange picture, in which the unskilful hand of the painter is very remarkable. The proud missionary pays himself the most absurd compliments, by the tongue of his proselyte; not only for his prodigious wisdom in sacred things, but also his talent for poetry. He then transforms his Albigense convert, all at once, into a cruel persecutor, though he had just before expressed his earnest desire of having his conversion concealed, that he might save the souls of his former ministry. The drawing, however justly, and simply, exposes the manners, and the preju-

* Emissaries of the Inquisition.

dices of these times. Izarn concludes this inquisitorial piece, by his benediction to the new convert.

" Sicard, I wish thee the blessing of God, who, without the aid of any one, formed the heaven, the earth, the sun, and the moon. May he give thee grace, to be found among those good labourers, whom he employs in his vineyard, and who, though called the last, shall receive as much as the first; and this thou shalt infallibly obtain, if thou wilt be as firm to the truth, as thou wast before to a lie.

" But penitents are always suspected, who have been gained over by fear; above all, when they have been chiefs of a party, and they need a powerful medicine, to purge away the poison with which they have been infected. Thou must, therefore, without delay, show thy sincerity; by thy works thou must show the truth of thy conversion. Sicard, thou must show an ardent zeal in the pursuit of heresy, and in the persecution of heretics; then, as maintains brother Ferrier, for this faith in Jesus Christ thou shalt receive the joys of Paradise; as also the pope assures to those, who shall persevere in good works, and shall suffer for the sake of God. And this St. Matthew first preached in his gospel.—*Beati, qui persecutionem,*" &c.

We shall see, among the Troubadours, a William of Figueira, of the same family, it is probable, with the Albigense minister, whose pieces contain bitter invectives against the church of Rome. This renders it probable, that this piece of Izarn is not a fiction; but that this Dominican did really triumph, in his manner, over the minister Figueiras; that he wrote to celebrate this triumph, and to teach the art of converting these heretics; and therefore causes the Albigense convert to speak those things, which would render his sect as odious, and despicable, as he wished it to appear.

GIRARD CALANSON.

GIRARD CALANSON was a jongleur, and Troubadour of Gascony, well skilled in letters, and who composed with elegance. He wrote songs, moral pieces, and reflections on the events of his age; but he was not, says the provençal historian, held in the esteem he deserved, and his pieces were ill received at the court of Provence, where he resided. Among them there is an elegy on the death of the infant Don Ferdinand of Castile, the son of Alphonso IX. and Eleanor of England, daughter of Henry II. worthy of observation.

Ferdinand was a young prince, of the greatest valour. In 1210, he commanded the Castilian army, against the Moors; he threw himself into Andalusia, and ravaged all the country of Baéca. At his return he concerted new expeditions with his father, when a premature death deprived the Castilians of their hero, and caused universal lamentation.

The Troubadour compares Ferdinand to King Arthur. "In him," says he, "was repaired the loss of the three sons of Henry II. he resembled Henry in courage and figure, and his father Alphonso in the good qualities of his mind. From the river of Jourdain, to the western ocean, never was there a young king more sensibly regretted. His death is even mourned by the French, the English, and the Germans, by Spain, and Arragon, and even by the emperor himself; for there is no Christian prince, who was not his relation, or his ally. Had he lived one year more, he would have gone and served God against the Arabs."

The most curious piece of this Troubadour, is a long instruction given to a jongleur; it contains details on the art of the Troubadours, and the Minstrels; the knowledge suited to each profession, and on the music of the ancients. Some parts of it are curious, but in

others the matter is so obscure, and the text so corrupted, that it is impossible to fathom the meaning of it.

"Learn to do well, speak well, and rhime well, and to contrive amusing games. Learn to play on the tabor, and the cymbals, and make symphony resound. Learn to throw and catch little apples on the points of knives; to imitate the songs of birds, attacks on castles, to jump through four hoops, to play on the cittall, and the mandore, to perform on the claricorde, and the guitar, for they are delightful to all; to string the viol with seventeen chords, sound the bells, to play on the harp, and to compose a jig, that shall enliven the sound of the psaltery. Jongleur, thou shalt prepare nine instruments, of ten chords; if thou learnest to play well on them, they will furnish thee with ample melody." It appears by this, a jongleur was to unite the games of jugglers with the knowledge of music.

After this follows a catalogue of romances, which the jongleur was to read; they were esteemed a sublime science.

"If thou learnest these things, they will abundantly reward thee, and furnish all thy wants. Sound, then, the lyre, and resound the bells.

"Learn, also, how love runs and flies; learn his simplicity of appearance, and be aware of his treachery. Behold how he repels justice with his sharpened darts, and his two-pointed arrows! the one is of burnished gold, dazzling the eyes of mortals, and the other of polished steel, which strikes so deep, that its wounds can never be healed.

"Learn the laws and decrees of love, and thou shalt be able to explain its various degrees; thou shalt unfold its rapid entrance, its irksome life, its swift decay, the deceits which it exercises, and the destruction it occasions. When thou dost perfectly understand all this, fail not to present thyself before the young King of

Arragon, for he is the prince of gallantry, and of all science.

"If thou distinguishest thyself among the excellent, thy gifts shall be noticed; but if thou remainest in mediocrity, thou meritest nothing but contempt, from the most gracious prince that ever lived."

This Troubadour had been rigorously treated by his mistress; he forsook her, and attached himself to another, with no better success. The time of his death is not mentioned.

GAUCELM FAIDIT.

Gaucelm Faidit was the son of a citizen of Uzerche, a town in the diocese of Limoges. Libertinism, and a passion for gaming, brought him to want; and, for a living, he betook himself to the profession of a jongleur. What he gained by this, he spent in good cheer, and became of such a size with eating and drinking, that he was pointed at as a sight.

He married a villager, who was called Guillelmette Montja; she was handsome, witty, tolerably well instructed for her station, and she sung the sons of Gaucelm with grace and spirit.

It was many years before Faidit acquired the title of Troubadour; when he was sought by Richard, Count of Poitou, the son and successor of Henry II. King of England.

A crusade was, at this time, concerted between Philip Augustus, and Henry II. to regain the kingdom of Jerusalem.

Mary de Ventadour, a lady of the most estimable character in all Limousin, urged Faidit, who had presumed to address her tenderly, to engage in this war.

She had treated him with rigour, and he compares her to the tarantula, which kills while it inspires with joy. She told the Troubadour, this was the only means of rendering himself worthy her regard. He consented; and, before his departure, he composed a sonnet, in which he expresses his distress at leaving the beautiful Limousin, and bids adieu to France, wherein he was nourished, educated, and raised to honour. It was long, however, before he embarked; and no sooner had he reached the Holy Land, than he prepared for his return again to France. "I die," says he, "to behold Madam Mary! Some rival, in my absence, will gain her heart." His mistress proving more severe, "I am like a man," says he, "cast into the sea, from whence I cannot be drawn out, and death awaits me there!" In despair he presents himself, with a troubled air, before Mary. "Madam," says he, "you behold a lover, whom your rigours have driven mad. If you will not relent, I am resolved I will never more behold you; perhaps I shall find another lady, who will treat me with less disdain." Without waiting for an answer, he departed in a rage.

An offended poet was an object of dread. Mary sent for Madam Audiast, a kind and beautiful neighbour, and desired her advice, in what manner she might honourably retain the Troubadour. The lady advised her, neither to retain, nor let him go. I will find a method, added she, to detach him from you, and to prevent his revenge. She then explained her design to Madam Mary, who was pleased with it, and begged her to hasten the execution.

On her return home, Madam Audiast sent a courteous messenger to Faidit, to ask him which he preferred, a small bird in hand, or a crane in the air. This question excited the curiosity of the Troubadour; he mounts his horse, repairs to the lady, and begs her to explain the enigma she had sent him.

"I pity you from my heart," replied she, "knowing

that you love Madam Mary, who is only polite toward you, because she is flattered with your songs. This lady is the crane, and I am the little bird. You know that I am of noble birth; that I have youth, and genius, and there are that flatter me with being handsome. Never have I promised or bestowed ought on a lover; never have I deceived, or been deceived. I am ambitious to be loved, by a man who can give me fame. You have all the merit that is requisite for my reputation, and I choose you, therefore, for my servant, and my friend. I will present myself, and my love to you, if you will take leave of Madam Mary, and politely assure her, that, as you cannot gain her affection, you have found another lady, who is loyal and virtuous, and who will return your love." Struck with her beauty, and the gracious words she uttered, Faidit composed the song that was to relieve Madam Mary from his importunities; and promised, he would celebrate no one but Madam Audiast, and devote himself entirely to her. Some time after, Faidit reminded this lady of her promise to vouchsafe him her love; she received him courteously, but gave him a cold answer, assuring him love was not in her power; and that what she had done was for his sake, to draw him out of the slavery in which he had languished for seven years, and to dissipate the vain hopes he had encouraged. These words were a thunder-stroke to our Troubadour. He besought the lady to have mercy, and not to betray and kill him in this manner.

"My intention," replied she, "is to cure you, to deliver you from deceit, and death; and you ought to be satisfied with my conduct." Not being able to move her, he had recourse again to Madam Mary; but she was ruthless. He then renounced poetry and love, against which he wrote an invective: but, soon after this, he attached himself to Madam Margarita, wife of Renaud, Viscount of Aubusson. She received him,

only because she wanted a panegyrist. She was attached to Hugues de Lusignan, son of the Count de Marche; and, not daring to make an appointment with her lover in her own castle, she continued to give him a rendezvous at the house of Faidit, who was from home. Counterfeiting a sickness, therefore, she made a vow to go in pilgrimage to Notre Dame, of Rocamador; and informed her lover she should stop at Uzerche, which was on the road. Hugues did not fail to meet her at the place, and the time appointed; the wife of Faidit received them kindly; they passed two days with her, and the rival of Faidit triumphed in the house of the Troubadour.

In the midst of these misfortunes in love, Faidit lost his benefactor, Richard, King of England, whom he highly celebrates for valour and all virtue.

The anecdotes given of this Troubadour will appear minute to many; but they were inserted, as they mark, in a striking manner, the simplicity of manners which belonged to some women of distinguished nobility, the virtue with which it was, in these ladies, accompanied, amidst the licentious addresses of this libertine Troubadour, and the unbounded desire that all were infected with, of having these poets for their panegyrists, the consequences of which were so often detrimental to the honour and peace of society.

Fatigued, and wore out with an irregular life, Faidit died at the court of Raimond de Agoult, in 1220.

ARNAUD DANIEL.

Arnaud Daniel was born in the twelfth century, in the castle of Ribeyrac, in Perigord, of poor, but noble parents. His taste was not for study, but he was passionately fond of rhiming. Dante, in his treatise on the

Eloquence of the Vulgar Tongue, after having marked the principal ends of poetry, which he calls honest, useful, and agreeable, adds, that the agreeable was the portion of Arnaud, and that he excelled particularly in singing the praise of love: and, in his twenty-sixth canto of the Inferno, he says, that this poet modelled his language in the most superior manner; that his tender verse, and his romantic prose, surpassed every thing that had appeared before of the same kind.

Petrarch speaks of him as the most celebrated of all the provençal poets, and calls him, "The great master of love." He even imitated, and borrowed a verse from one of his sonnets, the only Provençal to whom he has done that honour.

His success and reputation were, perhaps, in great part owing to a new kind of composition, called Sestino, of which he was the inventor; the merit of which consisted in the difficulty of certain combinations of verses, repeated in a certain order. Among many obscure pieces, not to be understood, the following is an example, rather more intelligible. Most of his pieces are sonnets, addressed probably to the wife of William de Bouville, whom he admired. He calls her, "my dear hope," or, "my more than dear hope."

Count Raimond de Thoulouse created two hundred knights in the full court he held in 1244, on his return from Italy; among these was a William de Bouville, probably the son, or the grandson of this lady. Let us hear our poet.

"The return of spring invites my song; and the enamel of the meadows animates it, with all the gay and beautiful variety of the flowers: but the flowers that I gather, shall have love for their fruit, as they have joy for their grain; and their perfume shall surpass that divine odour, which the month of May spreads over the meadows! I love the most beautiful woman in the world! I have frequented many courts; the pleasure I receive

from gay tents, refreshing alcoves, and magnificent balconies, where the ladies sit to assist at the tournaments, bears no proportion to my joy in beholding her. I have masses said, and lamps, and tapers burnt, to render her propitious; for she is, next to God, the object of my worship. I should prefer the delight of pleasing her, to the possession of those countries watered by the Ebro, the Meander, and the Tigris; to all the glory of Alexander, to the honour of being emperor, or pope. Yes, Paris was less fond of Helen, and Atalante was less beloved by Meleager! My love is shut up within my heart; and she who inspires it knows it not. Alas! how should she? When at a distance, I have a hundred things to say; when I approach her, I know not where to begin. I sigh in vain! I pursue her with the swiftness of a hare; yet my approach is like the slow and heavy steps of an ox.

"To avoid the raillery of those who mock my useless constancy, a thought occurs; I may feign that I am favourably treated, I shall be believed; for women are easily softened; so says Ovid, and all the gallant poets." The lady heard of this, and was offended. Arnaud excused himself, protesting, that he was in joke. After all, he adds, "Was my fault greater, I am as worthy of compassion as the penitent thief. Could I obtain the object dear to me, I would love her a thousand times better, than ever hermit, monk, or priest loved God! I should be even content, was I sure of possessing her in old age: but how distant, how tedious would the intermediate years appear."

The lady had given him some hopes; he accuses the sun of its slow progress, and compares himself to the traveller, who, approaching the famous mountain of Auvergne, finds it recede in proportion as he seems to draw near it.

At last the term of his sufferings was completed, and he received from the hands of love a mistress, as much

his own, as he had ever been hers. He represents her (so pure was his idea of love) under the emblem of a castle, presented to him without being subject to any acknowledgment; he only wishes they had joined to this freehold, the small revenue of a few kisses; and fears he shall die, unless he obtains this favour.

Arnaud composes the airs for his songs, for which reason he has been included among the jongleurs, whose profession it was to sing the pieces of the Troubadours; but they were sometimes also poets, as the following curious anecdote evinces, taken from the Provençal manuscript.

In a voyage Arnaud made into England, he met, at the court of the king, a jongleur, who challenged him in these terms: "You pique yourself on excelling in difficult rhimes; let us see which of us can perform the best." The challenge is accepted; the wager is laid; the two rivals shut themselves up in separate chambers. The king had given them ten days for the composition, and five to learn their pieces; after which, they were to be sung, or recited in his presence. From the third day, the jongleur announces that he is prepared. Arnaud affects to be diverted at this, saying, that for his part, he has never given himself the trouble to set about this work. He had, however, laboured, but could not compose two syllables.

One evening, in despair for this unexpected failure, he heard the jongleur repeating, with a loud voice, in his chamber; the same thing happened the following days; he listened attentively, and at last made himself master, both of the air and the words. On the day appointed, they appear before the king. Arnaud desires to sing the first. What was the astonishment of the jongleur! "It is my song," he cried out, interrupting the poet. "That cannot be," said the king. The jongleur insists upon it, and conjures the king to question Arnaud, assuring him, that he will not have the

impudence to deny the fact. The Troubadour agreed to this, and owned the circumstance. This adventure amused the king, who, after having restored to each the money they had deposited, loaded them both with presents ; but exacted of Arnaud a song.

We are not informed of any further particulars of this celebrated Troubadour.

GIRAUD DE BORNEIL.

GIRAUD DE BORNEIL was one of the most celebrated Troubadours on record. He was born of low parents, and sung the praises of a mistress he called Fleur-de-lis. Amongst a thousand common extravagances, he naturally observes, that in the midst of a crowded market, he should perceive no one, but the mistress of his heart; that he is unworthy of her, though his love is so great as to destroy his reason; and he compares himself to leaf-tin, which they dissolve with azure, to strengthen and embody the colour*. Giraud had sojourned in Spain. He addresses one of his pieces to King Ferdinand III. King of Castile; and to Alphonsus IX. King of Leon. In another, he records the falsehood of women's hearts, and cites the example of King Lewis, to prove, that of two evils we ought to chuse the least; alluding, no doubt, to the ancient divorce of Lewis VII. in 1150, from his wife Eleanor of Guienne. "It was better for him," says he, "to lose a part of his dominions, than to live with a wife of dishonourable character."

Three pieces of Giraud's, on the crusade, breathes that wretched enthusiasm, with which weak and credulous minds were inflamed. Sometimes he deplores

* This appears to indicate the early knowledge of painting in enamel, or in Mosaic.

the blindness of Christians, who abandon the holy sepulchre to the infidels; sometimes he promises them miracles from that God, who caused the mighty Goliah to fall under the strokes of feeble David; and sometimes he resounds the song of victory, because the sovereigns are raising troops, and going to the deliverance of the Holy Land. The poets, as well as the preachers-up of the crusade, conspired the ruin of Europe.

A Troubadour, called Ignauré, disputed with Borneil, and reproaches him with censuring obscure poetry. "All poets would be equal," says he, "if those compositions were the best, which all the world understands." Borneil replies: "Let each one compose according to his humour; but I maintain, that the poetry most loved and admired, is that which is most simple, and easy to comprehend." "I would not have general and indistinct approbation," said Ignauré; "I wish that fools may slight my compositions; and I prefer reputation from a few chosen minds, to general and extensive fame."

Borneil's manner of living was greatly to his honour, and would give us an advantageous idea of him, independent of his works. He employed all the winter in frequenting the schools, and in study; a very different course of life from that mob of Troubadours, who placed all science in the jargon of rhiming. In the summer he went to the courts, and carried with him two good singers, to recite his songs. By such mature cultivation, the true fruits of knowledge are obtained, and fitted for the view of the public. He would never marry; but he was not one of those vicious celibates, whose views and affections centre wholly in themselves. What he gained by his labours, he gave to his poor relations, by which means he enriched them all: nor did this prevent his bestowing large presents on the church of Sidueil, in his native country. He was worthy of praise, in particular, for not following the torrent of

that blind devotion, which despising the bonds of humanity, and the ties of blood, thought to purchase heaven, by giving all they possessed to the church. Borneil flourished at the end of the twelfth century. Dante makes mention of him more than once; and, in his Inferno, he places him much below Arnaud Daniel, whose life has just been given, that the reader may draw the comparison between them.

RAMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS.

RAMBAUD was son of a knight, called Peirols de Vaqueiras, or Vacheires, in the principality of Orange. He possessed not the gifts of fortune, but he had talents to acquire them. Though liberty was, by most in this age, sacrificed to interest, yet he wrote with freedom in the midst of courts.

He attached himself to William de Baux, the first Prince of Orange, and his sovereign. From the year 971, the house of Baux became illustrious. In the twelfth century, it disputed the county of Provence with the house of Barcelona. Bertrand, the son of him who failed in this enterprise (Raimond II.), had married Tiberge d'Omelas, sister of Rambaud, Count of Orange. Their son William took the title of Prince of Orange, by the concession of the Emperor Frederic I. This principality has passed successively, by marriage, into the house of Baux, into that of Chalon, and from thence into the house of Nassau. William heaped wealth and honour upon this Troubadour, and procured him the acquaintance of many great lords, which was of great advantage to the improvement of his fortune.

To shew his gratitude, and prove his zeal for the house of Baux, he wrote a piece on the twenty years war it had sustained against the house of Barcelona; and

to which, after many sufferings, it was at last constrained to submit. A more curious relation is that he gives of a tournament, in which he speaks with great freedom of those concerned.

"I will tell you, without ceremony, who behaved the best; for no one glosses over, or disguises, less than myself, in accounts of chivalry or gallantry.

"The Lord of Baux began the first onset bravely; his horse had a noble chest, and large flanks: so rude was his shock, and so swift his career, that he overthrew the brave Count R. and lamed twenty other horses, without injuring himself.

"In this crowd of combatants, I soon perceived Dragonet, mounted on a little horse, of prodigious strength. The fiery courser exhausted all the vigour and address of his master; overthrew him on the earth, and galloped away, without regretting the loss of his companion.

"The Count de Beaucaire appeared at the tournament on a grey horse. The Lord Ponce de Montlaur, in tilting, released the horse of his knight; but the count immediately remounted another horse, lighter and fitter for the just.

"I saw Barral de Marseille magnificently armed, on a good courser; but that of N. which was still better, ran against him, and threw him into an arbour; he pitched on his head; but, recovering, he caught his horse, and held him fast by one ear.

"Ponce de Montdragon tilted also in the list; I saw him fall without breaking his lance; the equerry who overthrew him was mounted on a sorrel horse, so meagre, that you perceived the great vein of his neck. Ponce did not pique himself on taking revenge, but went elsewhere to seek a new engagement.

"The Lord of Mevaillon, completely armed and accoutred, came proudly on an Arabian courser, some-

thing bigger than a quail; he justed against Nicholas, and shivered his helmet to pieces; but Nicholas only laughed, and said he cared not for it.

"In the midst of the fray, I perceived the Prince of Orange advance briskly, on a Spanish horse, become impatient by being too long reined in; he put to flight three strangers, united in a band; but I heard no one pity them, because they were come from a strange land."

The poet seems to have viewed this grand spectacle in the light of ridicule, though he has described it with so much simplicity.

The Troubadours loved to roam about the world, as well as the knights. From the court of the Prince of Orange, Vaqueiras passed into Italy, to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat. On his way, at Genoa, he made acquaintance with a woman, whose heart he wished to gain, but whom he found inflexible.

This is the subject of a dialogue, in which he expresses himself in the Provençal, and the woman in the Genoese.

VAQUEIRAS.

"Fair lady, I have besought you to vouchsafe to love me, for I am your slave. You are good, well-bred, and possessed of every virtue; you are so courteous in all points, that my heart is attached to you more than to a thousand others. It will be a work of charity to return my love! you will then render me happier than if I possessed the city of Genoa, with all the riches it contains."

GENOESE.

"Jew that you are, you have no courtesy, in thus importuning me. No, never should I be your friend, though I was to behold you for ever prostrate at my feet! I would strangle thee sooner, sorry Provençal. I have a husband much handsomer than thou art. Go thy way, and seek thy fortune elsewhere."

VAQUEIRAS.

"Genteel and discreet, gay, sensible, and worthy lady, grant me your favour; for joy, and honour, reason, and every other virtue, is your guide: for this cause, I am your faithful, frank, and humble lover, without reserve. My love presses me to seek for yours."

GENOESE.

"Thou art a fool to hold such a discourse. Go as thou camest. Thou hast not the sense of a cat. I should do an infamous thing to grant thee thy request. Wast thou the king's son, I would not consent. Dost thou take me for a slave? By my faith thou shalt not have me. You Provençals are wicked people."

VAQUEIRAS.

"Lady, do not treat me with too much rigour; that is neither decent, nor proper. It becomes me, if you please, to make my petition, to assure you that I love you with all my heart; to conjure you to ease my anxiety, and to protest to you that I am your knight, and your slave. In your beauty, though fresh and blooming as the rose in May, I see nothing so uncommon; but I love you; and, if you deceive my love, it will be an offence against heaven."

GENOESE.

"I esteem not a single Genoese*, thy Provençal babble; it persuades me not. I comprehend thee no more than a German, a Sardinian, or a barbarian; for thee I care not at all. Cease thy jargon. If my husband knew of it, it would go ill with me. Leave me in quiet."

However rustic the poet paints the Genoese in this dialogue, he does not disguise the idea they had in Italy of the Provençals, whose excesses in the kingdom of Naples augmented, after this, the hatred of the Italians.

Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, was an enlightened

* The coin of the country.

and generous benefactor to Vaqueiras, who improved so much at his court in the art of war, as well as in poetry, that he rose much in the public esteem. These talents united, were the delight of the Marquis. To recompense the Troubadour, he raised him to the rank of knight, made him his companion in arms and accoutrements, or brother in arms, a mark of the most perfect union among warriors, and gave him habits, exactly the same as his own, a distinction, of all others, the most envied in courts.

It must be a singular merit that could preserve so much favour, in so high a degree of elevation. With such advantages he became attached to Beatrix, the sister of Boniface, and the wife of the Lord of Del Carat. As he had a favourable access to Beatrix, he said to her one day, "Vouchsafe, Madam, to give me your advice; I stand in great need of counsel. I love a gentle lady, full of grace and merit. I converse with her continually, without daring to let her know my affection; so much do I stand in awe of her virtue. For heaven, and for pity's sake, tell me whether I ought to die for love, from the fear of making it known."

"Every loyal lover," replied Beatrix, "who attaches himself to a lady of merit, whom he fears as well as respects, always explains his sentiments before he suffers himself to die for her sake. I advise you to declare your love, and to request your lady to retain you as her servant and her friend. If she is wise, and courteous, she will neither take it amiss, nor think herself dishonoured, but will esteem you the more, for such a declaration; for you are so good, that there is no lady in the world, who ought not freely to receive you as her knight."

On this flattering assurance, Vaqueiras declared the object of his love. "Welcome, my new-found lover," said the lady, "try more and more, by your conversation and actions, to render yourself valuable. I retain

you for my knight."—This little dialogue accords perfectly with the ideas of chivalry, in its original and most perfect state.

In a piece, wherein he celebrates his felicity, he says, "When a heart, less penetrable by nature than others, is softened by affection, it loves with more tenderness; from the greatest height, we risk the severest fall. Good lady, do not believe the envious, who back-bite and traduce me."

Vaqueiras wrote a piece, in honour of his mistress, in which he gives a hint to those envious tongues who had wronged him. The invention, and images of this poetic picture are truly interesting. He entitled it, Lo Carros, alluding to the custom established, at this time, in Italy, of fixing the principal standard on a chariot. The combatants had nothing more at heart, on the one side, than to defend this chariot, and, on the other, to become masters of it. The idea of a war, undertaken from jealousy, against the heroine of the Troubadour, and sustained, with honour, took its rise from an incident, which gave Beatrix the name of the Bel-Cavalier. One day, when the marquis, returned from the chace, paid her his usual visit, he left his sword in her apartment.

Beatrix, who joined to a beautiful person a taste for the exercises of chivalry, pulled off the long robe she wore, and girding on the sword, like a knight, she draws it from the scabbard, tosses it up in the air, catches it again with dexterity, and wheels about to the right, and to the left; having finished her exercise, she puts the sword into its place. Vaqueiras observed her through the crevice of the door, and ever after gave her the name of the Bel-Cavalier.

"The ladies of this country would begin a shameful war, in imitation of the peasants who revolt against their lord. They are determined, whether on the mountain, or in the plain, to build a castle with towers; for the honour and glory of Madam Beatrix rises so much above

theirs, that all are resolved to elevate the standard, and attack her with war, fire, dust, and smoke!

"Already the commons assemble to make the walls, and the ditches; the old women hasten to the signal in rage, for having lost their youth, their beauty, their merit. What tiltings will not the daughter of the Marquis of Este be obliged to sustain; for she is possessed of all the graces, and of all the virtues; and she will no more remain in peace, than her father, when he once finds himself in the field of battle.

"The ladies of Verceil design to enlist in the army. Agnes of Lantu, and of Vintimille, are eager to recover their honour; they run in haste to the city, which they call Troy. They have committed the government of it to Madame de Savoie.

"They will have Beatrix restore to them their youth, even beyond the confines of Mount Cénis. The countesses invite the new city to make continual war against this lady, who is so good, and so beautiful, whose fame has deprived them of beauty, and whose complexion is admirable!

"The governess proudly announces to them, she shall give battle; she sounds the bell. The old commons advance in haste. Madame Savoie assigns to each her post. She complains that Madame Beatrix is become sovereign mistress of all the commons possest; and assures them, if she does not restore it again, much blood will be spilled.

"All their forces are assembled. They march out of the city, followed by the chariot which carries their standard; they are armed with cuirasses, and quivers. The battle begins. They doubt not that Beatrix will soon lose all her glory; but, were they four against one, they would gain nothing.

"Behold them setting up engines, traps, and petraries. They light up the fires, let fly the darts, and

undermine the walls with the battering rams. The heroine of noble manners will not surrender!

"She mounts her horse, armed with her valour alone, without cuirass or doublet. She precipitates herself into the midst, carrying certain death to every one she encounters. She pursues her enemies alone; smites them furiously, and puts them to flight. The old commons are in consternation. Beatrix pursues them to Troy, and shuts them up in the city."

The more such elegies were agreeable to the princess, the more desirous were the envious to ruin, in her esteem, the Troubadour who composed them. The perfidious arts of courtiers, are well known to seize any weak side, that may receive the fatal stroke. Vanity governs most women; what, then, must its power be in the midst of a court? This was the secret spring they set in motion. In presence of all the ladies, they said to Beatrix, "Who is, then, this Rambaud de Vaqueiras, though the marquis has made him a knight, that he should presume to love so exalted a lady as yourself? Know, that this does honour neither to you, nor to the marquis."—In fine, according to the genuine language of the Provençal author, so much censure passed on all sides, as is the custom with all ill-mouthed people, that Madame Beatrix became enraged against Rambaud; and, when he besought her for love, and begged her for mercy, she would not hear his prayers; on the contrary, she told him, "that he ought to carry his love to other ladies who were made for him, and that she would never have any thing more to say to him."

The felicity of Vaqueiras vanished like a dream. A violent chagrin devoured him. He ceased to sing of love; and, in his indignation, he dictated an injurious piece against the whole sex. In another he accuses his lady of infidelity. Notwithstanding all this, they were afterward reconciled, with ease, by the means of the

Marquis of Boniface, at whose court arrived two French jongleurs, who played perfectly on the violin. One day, when they were executing a stampide, with which all the world was enchanted, Vaqueiras, far from partaking of the diversion, appeared plunged in grief. "What ails you, Rambaud?" said Boniface, "Why are you not delighted with such fine airs, and in beholding so beautiful and brave a lady as my sister, who has retained you for her servant?"—"I have no reason to be joyful," replied he, drily. The marquis knew his reason; and, resolving to restore him to joy and repose, he said to his sister, "For the love of me, and of all the company, I will have you vouchsafe to beseech Rambaud to cheer up, and to sing and rejoice, as he used to do." We see, by this, the gallantry of the poet was not of a suspicious nature. The lady complaisantly complied with the wishes of the marquis.

Vaqueiras, more obedient than ever to the orders of his mistress, composed a sonnet, which she had requested.

"The first of May, and its smiling lovely train, cannot delight me, unless I receive from you a joyous messenger, who will make the jealous die with rage. Do not make them laugh at my expense, I beseech you. I should not survive the fatal day I was to lose you! But how lose you? I, who have never exceeded the tender measure of fear, respect, and love."—This is followed by the greatest elegies on his Bel-Cavalier; and he vows to her the most ardent and everlasting love!

These adventures preceded the year 1204, in which a very interesting scene engaged the attention of the public.

Innocent III. whose enterprises have been related against the unfortunate Count of Thoulouse, ordered a crusade to be preached up in France, against the Turks. The Count of Champagne was to be the chief; he died.

They chose, for his successors, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Count of Bar; but, on the refusal of both, they had recourse to the Marquis of Montferrat, brother of the famous Conrad, who, in the preceding crusades, was become prince of Tyre, and had been proclaimed king of Jerusalem, a few days before his death. Boniface accepted the command, which was particularly agreeable to him; he passed into France, where he took the cross, and concerted his enterprise with the principal lords of that country.

Our Troubadour embraced this occasion of celebrating his protector. The enthusiasm of the crusades breathe in this piece.

" We may now perceive that God is pleased to recompense the good. He has exalted the glory of the Marquis of Montferrat so much above other warriors, that the crusaders of France and Champagne have asked him of heaven, as the most worthy of all men, to recover the Holy Sepulchre.

" God has bestowed on this brave marquis courageous vassals, extensive territories, and great riches, to secure him the more success. He who made the air, the heaven, the earth, the sea, the heat, the cold, the wind, the rain, and the thunder, will have us all pass the sea in his train; as Gui, Gaspard, and Melchior, the three Magi, went to Bethlehem, where the Turks have taken from us mountains and plains, without any interposition on the part of heaven. May St. Nicholas guide our fleet. Let the Champenois erect their banners. Let the marquis cry Montferrat! Let the Count Badouin cry Flandre *! Let each one strike with all his might, and break the lances, and the swords. We shall soon put the Turks to flight! Let the valiant king of Spain

* He was one of the principal crusaders, and was elected emperor after the taking of Constantinople.

pursue his conquests over the Moors, while the marquis continues his siege against the Sultan.

" Bel-Cavalier, for whom I write, and of whom I converse, I know not whether, for your sake, I shall take, or quit the cross. You delight me so much when I behold you! and I am so afflicted when I behold you not!"

It was rare for love to be weakened by military ardour; above all on the affairs of the crusades, which excited the warriors to show themselves worthy of their ladies, by high exploits. Vaqueiras was, however, grieved, according to the Provençal historian, at being obliged to go to this war; he wished to remain near Beatrix; but he could not refuse to embark with the marquis. How ill do those understand the human heart, who believe heroes exempt from the weakness of love!

This war, hallowed by the errors of the age, dishonoured the Christian name, at the taking of Constantinople, in 1204. Instead of destroying the power of the Mussulmen, the crusaders were employed in dividing their conquests.

The Marquis of Montferrat had the kingdom of Salonica, and the Isle of Candia. He enriched Rambaud; who, occupied as he was with the beautiful Beatrix, and lamenting the absence of his Bel-Cavalier, yet, in a piece, the images and thoughts of which are very curious and original, he seems to boast of his services to the marquis, as a man who solicits new favours.

" Valiant marquis, Lord of Montferrat, I thank God, from whom you have received so much honour; for no Christian, who wears a crown, has acquired more, has spent more, or has bestowed more, than yourself. In you I find a good lord, who have maintained me, equipped me, exalted me, from a low to a high condition: who, from nothing, have advanced me to the honourable state of a knight, to the approbation of a court, and to the praise of the ladies. I have served you with faith

and truth. I have attended you in your court to the ladies, and in your warlike expeditions. With you I have lost and gained, given and received blows; I have assisted you to conquer empires, kingdoms, duchies, isles, provinces, and the territories of strangers; to take prisoners kings, and princes; to conquer armed knights, and to take cities and palaces by storm. With you I have driven out the Emperor of Romania, whom you dispossessed of his kingdom, to bestow it on another *: and, had I not been raised by you to wealth, and fame, it could never have been supposed I had served, or been in your train. You know, my Lord Marquis, that this is the simple truth.

"When we assaulted Azaistrigo †, four hundred knights pursued you, with all their might. With ten companions only you faced them; and they dreaded you more than the crane dreads the falcon. I came up with you when you stood in great need of my assistance. We raised up the Marquis Albert, whom they had overthrown. I have been in grievous prisons, for having happily served you in your wars. For you I have ventured many assaults, burnt many houses, and done many bold actions; for which, as you know, I was not over recompensed. At Messina I covered you with my cloak; and I came up at the very moment when the cross-bows, the lances, the arrows, the swords, and the cutlasses were showered on your head, and breast; and, when you took Rondasso, Paterno, Palermo, Calatagiro, I was the first under your banner.

"Then, when you went to the crusade, I had no ambition, Heaven forgive me, to pass with you beyond the sea; but, in compliance with your request, I made my confession, and took the cross. And when I went under your standard, toward Blaquerne ‡, I carried arms,

* The Count of Flanders. † An unknown place.
‡ The palace at Constantinople.

weighty as those at Brabançon. I fought on the steps, under the tower, and received a wound through my armour. So near the palace I fought, that the rebellious emperor was overthrown, the wicked Greek, who treacherously killed his brother. When he saw the smoke, and the flame, the walls pierced in several places; when he beheld you fight desperately in the field, and yet merrily, and without fear, (you was but one against a hundred); when he saw the Count of Flanders, the French, the Britons, the Germans, the Lombards, the Burgundians, the Spanish, Gascons, and Provençals, all engaged in battle, cavalry, and infantry, this emperor, having his heart in his heels, and his vile Greeks, fled with the utmost precipitation. We pursued them as the wolf pursues the lamb; they appeared like young eagles, and we like hawks. The emperor stole off in the flight, leaving to us the palace of Bucaleon, and his handsome daughter. You know, and all those who are with you know, I speak nothing but truth.

" I add, that your renown is so much increased by my verse, and my song, that it will extend to the latest posterity.

" When a good vassal serves a good lord, honour and reward will be his portion. Wherefore, I expect from you such profit and reputation.

" My Lord Marquis, I would recall to your memory all the high deeds of your first campaigns. To give lessons to others is our duty; and the brilliant deeds of your youth ought to serve for instruction to those who would enter into the path of glory. Your bravery exalts you so much, that you are praised as a noble lord, and I am next to a Banneret.

" Reflect upon my past attachment, and on the great actions we have done on the sea. Recollect, when in the midst of supper you ran away with the Lady Soldina, from the strongest intrenchment of the Marquis Malaspina, You gave her to Poncet d'Aquilane, who was

reduced to extreme sickness for her sake. Call to mind the jongleur Aimonet, who brought you news of Jacobina, whom they were carrying into Sardinia, to marry her against her will. Remember how tenderly she embraced you, when she took her leave, and besought you, in the most touching manner, to defend her against the injustice of her uncle! You ordered five of your best 'squires to mount their horses. We ran through the darkness. I myself carried her off from the park, while the multitude shouted for joy. Horse and foot pursued us. We took every measure to escape them. We thought ourselves out of danger, when we were attacked by the Pisans. Beholding so many knights at our elbow, so many dazzling shields, so many banners fluttering in the air, none need question the fear that possessed us. We retired, and hid ourselves between Albergue and Final; there, on all sides, we heard the sound of cornets, and clarions, and the cry to arms, to arms! We remained here two days without meat or drink. The third day we ventured out, and met, in a narrow way, twelve robbers. We knew not what to do; for we could not attack them on horseback. I went against them on foot. I received a wound from a lance; but I wounded three or four, and put them all to flight. My companions joined me; we forced the thieves to quit the passage, and then we passed along in safety. You recollect, without doubt, how gaily we dined, though we had but little to eat, having only one loaf, and nothing to drink. In the evening we arrived at Nice, and went to the house of Puiclair, who was so rejoiced at the sight of us, that he would even have given you his daughter Aiglete: but you, the next morning, like a good lord, and a brave baron, gave Aiglete in marriage to Gui Adhemar de Monteil. You also gave Jacobina to Anselme, and caused him to recover his province of Vintimiglia, in spite of his uncle, who would have dispossessed him.

" If I undertook, my lord, to relate all your great actions, of which I was witness, it would fatigue me to repeat, and you to listen to them.

" More than a hundred virgins have I seen you marry to counts, to marquisses, and to barons of high rank, without ever sinning against chastity on your own part, though in the prime of your youth and vigour. More than a hundred knights have I seen you establish in feudal tenures ; and a hundred others, who deserved it, I have beheld you ruin and destroy : thus elevating the good, and abasing the wicked. So many widows and orphans have I seen you console, and so many miserable people have you relieved, that if mercy can gain entrance into Paradise, you must be admitted there ; for never was there a man worthy of favour, whose petition you have ever refused. And to say the truth, my lord, you inherit the generosity of Alexander, the courage of Roland the twelfth peer, and the gallantry and eloquence of the worthy Berard. The magnificence of habits, the splendour of arms, the delight of games, of music, and of song surround your person ; and all the virtues reign in your heart.

" I can boast, my lord, that I have understood how to conduct myself in your court ; to give, to serve, to be complaisant, and discreet. I have never offended any one ; and no one could ever reproach me for having left your side in war, or that I feared death where your glory was concerned.

" Your whole life being thus known to me, you ought to prefer and serve me before any other. This conduct is but just, my Lord Marquis, to your witness, your knight, and your jongleur."

An attentive reader will draw many reflections from this piece. Beside those traits which characterise the ancient manners, there is equal address and simplicity. The eulogies bestowed on the marquis, apologise for those of the Troubadour. Few would dare thus to speak

of themselves, though with justice, in modern times; but many would do it in an insinuating and less honourable manner; and Homer gives us examples of this plain speaking, and the claim of that title which becomes due to men from their actions.

The Marquis of Montferrat died in 1207, in a battle against the Turks, leaving Montferrat to William his eldest son, and the kingdom of Salonica to his youngest son Demetrius. It is not known whether Rambaud Vaqueiras died before, or after his lord.

In a song of this poet, wherein he complains of the rigours of his mistress, there is a remarkable couplet.

"The day in which love made choice of us both, your beauty inspired me with the vanity of the peacock, when he contemplates the colours of his plumage, and climbs up, in crested pride, on the top of high walls; this arrogance continues, till, glancing his eyes downwards, he is humbled with the view of his feet. Thus the lovely appearance of my lady puffs me up with vanity and joy, till she makes war upon me with a No!"

RICHARD DE BARBESIEU.

Richard de Barbesieu was born in the castle of Barbesieu, in Saintonge. With great genius, and a very handsome person, he was so bashful, that in company he always appeared embarrassed, gloomy, and silent; and it required the efforts of his particular friends to give him the least degree of freedom and ease. He became attached, however, to a rich baroness, who was the daughter of Geoffroi Rudel, Prince of Blaye, and the wife of Geoffroi de Touai. Her character was the very opposite of his; she was extremely gay, had a wonderful pleasantry in conversation, and a great ambition to be praised, and admired. She soon perceived

the attachment of Barbesieu, and received it with pleasure, as she wished for nothing so much as to be celebrated by a poet of his talents; but, as this was her whole view in encouraging his passion, he complained bitterly of her rigour, and quitted her for another lady, who, after encouraging him, expressed the greatest disdain of his caprice. "Go," says she, "you are unworthy of any woman's love. You are the falsest man in the world, to abandon a lady so lovely, so amiable. Go; since you have forsaken her, you will forsake every other." Barbesieu returned, and besought the grace of Madame Touai, but all in vain; he became furious, and, in his rage, composed the following invective against women:

"To seek for fidelity in women, is to seek holy things among the carcasses of dead and putrid dogs; to confide in them, is the confidence of the dove in the kite. If they have no children, they bestow a supposed offspring, that they may inherit the dowry, which belongs only to mothers. What you love the most, their arts will cause you to hate; and what you cannot endure, they will force you to love. Their lives are spent in perverting one another, and in ruining all those who are connected with them; and, when they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, they laugh at their disorders, and justify their guilt."

Overwhelmed with despair, our Troubadour retired into a wood, where he built himself a cottage, resolving never more to appear in the world, unless he could be restored to the favour of Madame Touai. All the knights of the country were touched with his fate. When two years were elapsed, they came and besought him to abandon his retreat; but he remained firm to his first resolution. At last all the ladies, and the knights assembled, and went to beseech Madame Touai to have pity on him: but she answered, she would never grant this request, till a hundred ladies, and a hundred knights,

who were truly in love, came to her with hands joined, and knees bent, to ask for mercy, and solicit the pardon of Barbesieu. On this condition she promised to grant it. This news restored life to our poet, and he thus expresses his desires, and his griefs.

"As an elephant, who is overthrown, cannot be raised up till a number of elephants rouse him by their cries, so neither should I have ever been relieved from my distress, if these loyal lovers had not obtained me grace, beseeching it of her who alone can bestow felicity. Without their charity I had continued silent, shut up as a recluse, deprived of joy and life! for I partake not of the nature of the bear, who fattens on hunger and misery. I would have died like the phœnix, and, like him, have revived from my ashes, to have regained the favour of her whom I have offended, and whom, for two years, I have not dared to behold. My song, be the interpreter of my heart toward her. I will submit to her mercy, like the stag, who, having finished his course, lies down and dies at the feet of the huntsmen."

The ladies and the knights assembled, according to the number prescribed; they went to intercede for this unfortunate lover, and they obtained for him the pardon he desired; but Madame Touai died soon after; and Barbesieu, not being able to live in a country which recalled to his mind the sufferings he had undergone, and the loss of his beloved mistress, withdrew into Spain, where he ended his days.

SORDEL, BLACAS, and BLACASSET.

As the best piece of Sordel's was an elegy on Blacas, I have united the account of these Troubadours, and of Blacasset, the son of Blacas, who inherited the worth of his father.

Sordel was born at Gaïto, in Mantua. He was the

son of a poor knight: from his childhood he discovered a taste for poetry; and, when he grew up, he frequented the court of St. Boniface, near Verona, who proved to him a generous Mæcenas; but he repaid his kindness with ingratitude.

He fell in love with the wife of Boniface, and was beloved by her. A quarrel arising between the count and the brothers of this lady, she was harshly treated by her husband, probably for siding with them. In revenge, they engaged Sordel to carry her off. He accomplished it, and lived with them. Afterward he passed into Provence, where his talents gained him much honour; and he was particularly noticed by the Count and Countess of Provence, who gave him a castle, and married him to a lady of distinguished rank. Most of the sonnets he wrote were severe and licentious; and, though in one of them, among many common-place observations, he speaks highly of pure and tender love, and says, words may be feigned, but tender looks proceed from the heart, yet, in others, he boasts of his libertinism in so shameful a manner, that they ought to be buried in oblivion, and I shall therefore omit them, notwithstanding the high praises given them in that age, and proceed to the character of Blacas, and the elegy so justly given him by Sordel.

Blacas was a noble baron of Provence, rich and generous, formed for love, and renowned in war. He kept an open court, and was magnificent in all his actions. With the love of grandeur, he joined an unlimited hospitality; and had more joy in dispensing, than others in receiving his favours. He nourished and consoled the poor and wretched, and was the protector of all the oppressed and miserable; these virtues increased with his age, and obtained him the love of his friends, and the respect of his enemies. These are all the particulars given of his life, and which fully justify the following lamentation and panegyric of Sordel:

" I weep for Blacas. My grief is just; for in losing him, I have lost a generous lord, and a kind friend! There is no compensation for this loss, but to give to others what he so amply possessed, and they so greatly need.

" His heart shall be divided among the kings and princes.

" The emperor of Rome shall eat of it the first, that he may recover from the Milanese the country they have taken from him, in despite of his German troops.

" The noble king of France, St. Lewis, shall next eat of it, that he may regain Castile, which his folly has lost; but, if his mother is informed of it, he will not eat; for he fears her displeasure more than his own fame.

" The king of England, Henry III. ought to have a large slice; he has but little heart at present, and he requires a great deal to recover the dominions he has suffered the king of France to usurp.

" The king of Castile, Ferdinand III. must have the share of two princes; for he possesses two kingdoms, and is not able to govern one: but he, also, must conceal it from his mother, or she will bastinade him.

" James I. king of Arragon, must also eat of this heart, if he would wipe off the insult he received at Marseilles; for by this only can he retrieve his honour.

" The king of Navarre has also great need of this heart. When count of Champaigne, he was more a king than at present. It is lamentable when the defect of courage is found in those who are raised by heaven to dignity.

" If the count of Toulouse, Raimond VII. will recover what he formerly possest, and preserve what still remains, he must exchange his own heart for a better.

" The count of Provence, Raimond Berenger V. will do well also to eat of this heart, if he reflects how small is the consequence of a count, who is stripped of his

dominions. He may act vigourously, but he will need the heart of Blacas to sustain the burthen that will be laid upon him."

There is a little dialogue of Sordel, in which he thus speaks of the bad faith of princes, and the importance of truth:

SORDEL.

"I am astonished that a prince should promise what is right, and perform what is wrong. Actions should precede words, or it is better to be silent; but to promise, without ever designing to perform, is to add lies to deceit."

MONTAN.

"For my part, I wonder not at the deceits exercised by princes; it costs them so much to be generous and just, that their hearts can never keep pace with their words. They think they can disculpate themselves by handsome lies; but in this they wrong their judgment no less than their hearts."

SORDEL.

"In every condition, the true maxim is to promise nothing but what we know we can perform. To be apt to promise, is a lightness that reflects little honour; but to break our word is infamous."

Sordel could not be persuaded to venture on the crusade with St. Lewis, and gives this singular and profane refusal:

"The souls of all are saved, who perish at sea; but I wish to arrive at paradise as late as possible, and therefore I will not embark for it during my life."

There are no other particulars of Sordel's life, but those related in the beginning of it. Of Blacasset, the son of Blacas, there is the following sonnet, which, for its singularity and tenderness, was reserved for the conclusion of these lives; the character of Blacasset being only known by his works, of which this is the principal

piece, and is a sort of elegy on two ladies who had taken the veil.

"If the pangs of love should now torment me, to whom shall I fly for succour? for they have entered the cloister; they, to whom my song, and the song of the count of Provence was ever joyfully addressed. They are lost, and it is death to live without them.

"Honour, and virtue, where will ye now reside? for they were your glory and support!

"While Huguette and her sister chant their conventual orisons, we are shedding tears, and making lamentations; but what avails our grief! I will fly this instant; I will go and set fire to the convent, and burn all the Nuns. I could even blaspheme St. Pons, who has taken from Provence all its pride and felicity.

"Alas, they are lost! We are for ever deprived of Huguette and Etienette!"

SAVARI DE MAULEON.

SAVARI was a rich baron of Poitou, lord of Mauleon, and of several other fiefs. He was a brave and gallant knight; renowned for poetry, for his skill in tournaments, and for his taste and elegance at all public diversions.

A visit this lord paid to Madame Guillemette de Benavias, in company with two other lords, was the foundation of a dialogue on three different proofs of love, and which of them deserved the preference.

Each of these lords had besought the love of Madame Guillemette. Being seated, one at her right hand, the other at her left, and the third before her; she eyed the one with tenderness, pressed the hand of the other, and touched the foot of Savari, giving him, at the same time, a kind and gracious smile.

Savari went to his two friends, Gaucelm Faidit, and Hugues de Bacalaria, and desired they would resolve him, to which of the three the lady had shown the most affection.

GAUCELM.

"I think to him who received the tender look; that always arises from the soul. The pressure of the hand is a courtesy which belongs to all those who are politely received; and, to touch the foot, may arise from accident, and is no proof of love.

HUGUES.

"In my opinion, the look is of no signification; for kind looks are addressed to all, as well as to those who are foolishly intrapped by them. Nor do I make any account of touching the foot: but, when a white hand, without glove, presses tenderly its friend, this is a certain proof of the love that proceeds from the heart.

SAVARI.

"I rejoice you have left me the best proof of love. To touch the foot, is a favour of the highest kind, because hidden from the penetration of others; and, being accompanied with a gracious smile, it is assuredly a proof of frank and sincere affection. I am astonished that Gaucelm prefers the look, who has the reputation of being so skilful in the art of love.

GAUCELM.

"You do ill to slight the tenderness of looks. The eyes are the messengers of the soul; they announce to those beloved, what a fond timidity would conceal from others; they are the depositories of the whole treasure of love, and well understood by hearts united in affection. Looks are the only perfect tokens of preference, and of love!"

These gallant amusements were the serious occupations of heroes and poets in this age. In another fragment of Savari, he thus singularly expresses himself to his mistress.

"Lady, you have conquered all the world. It is the height of my ambition to conquer you. I have collected Basques, and Brabançons *; and, thanks to my care, we are five hundred of us, who will punctually execute your orders. Explain your wishes; give us your commands. Our coursers are ready bridled. We will mount them instantly in your cause." The lady, no doubt, exacted from her hero some military exploit; but what, is not mentioned.

This morsel perhaps referred to the expeditions of Savari into Gascoigne, and Poitou, to maintain against France the declining party of the king of England. The Provençal manuscript unites with the exploits of this Troubadour, some accounts which relate to the history of those times.

After the death of King Richard, in 1199, his brother John succeeded to the crown of England, with the duchy of Aquitaine, and the county of Poitou. Immediately on his being raised to such dignity and power, he went to Bernard, count of Angouleme (who had a most beautiful daughter of fifteen, already affianced to Hugues le Brun, count of Marche), and desired her in marriage; he obtained her of her father, married her immediately, and brought her into Normandy.

The count of Marche, in despair at having his intended wife thus carried off, implored the assistance of all his relations and friends, who, touched with his grief, and the injury done him, resolved to take Arthur of Bretagne, the son of Count Geoffroi, and acknowledge him for their lord.

In this they consulted the right of these princes, since the father of Arthur was the eldest brother of King John. The project was executed. The lords did homage to the young prince, and put him in possession of the

* Auxiliary troops.

country, except some castles and villages, which remained firm to the king of England.

In the mean while John continued in Normandy, nor could any thing prevail on him to quit his wife; and he passed his time in hunting, fishing, and hawking, in which amusements she always partook: and, without any concern, he suffered his dominions to be wrested from him. To draw him out of this lethargy, they told him, his mother was besieged in the castle of Mirabeau. At this news he set off instantly to her succour, without informing any one of his design, and falling unexpectedly on the besiegers, in the middle of the night, he carried off Arthur, and all those who accompanied him. But, impatient to rejoin his wife, whom he loved so tenderly that he could not live without her, he abandoned Poitou, and returned into Normandy.

After this he released his prisoners on their parole of honour, and obliged them to give him hostages. He then re-embarked for England, and brought with him his nephew, Arthur, whom he caused to be drowned. As soon as the king of France (Philip Augustus) was informed that John had passed into England, with his wife, he put himself at the head of a great army, and conquered Normandy. The barons of Poitou having revolted, took this province also from the king of England, excepting the city of Rochelle.

Savari had been shut up, by the order of John, in the tower, where they imprisoned those who were destined to perish for want; but he had so much foresight and ingenuity, that he rendered himself master of the castle in which he was imprisoned. He made a treaty, after this, with King John, and obtained the title of governor, or commander of all the places which this prince retained in Gascony.

The Provençal historian adds, that Savari, becoming the defender of the prince who had meditated his ruin, pursued all his enemies, and regained for him all that

John had lost in Gascony and Poitou, while the latter granted him neither troops nor money, but lived in the same retired manner with his wife, of whom he continued to be passionately fond.

Bertrand de Born, the son of the famous Bertrand, wrote a sonnet, which he addressed to Savari, on the conduct of John.

"I will cover John with confusion, by reminding him of the virtues of his ancestors. What ought he not to suffer, when he compares their glorious deeds with his shameful indolence?

"All Guienne regrets King Richard, his predecessor, who spent so much money to defend those provinces which he has basely given up! but he careth not; he loves hawking and hunting, and would rather possess pointers and hawks, than kingdoms! What I say is to correct his stupidity, which suffers the loss of subjects, and of dominions, for want of giving them the succour they need.

"My lord, I am distressed thus to speak of your folly. You have suffered your honour to sink into the dust; and the more you are censured, the more it seems to delight you!

"Savari, the king who wants courage, can neither make conquests, nor attach any to his service."

The Provençal historian says nothing more concerning Savari. In Rymer's records there is an account, which confirms a part of the anecdotes above related. It is there said, that in 1224, in the reign of Henry III. the successor of John, Louis VIII. king of France, marched into Saintonge; that he besieged Rochelle, of which Savari of Mauleon was the governor; that Savari yielded it up, and attached himself to the service of Louis for the remainder of his days.

FOLQUET DE LUNEL.

FOLQUET DE LUNEL is only known by his pieces. The Provençal historian gives no particulars of his life; but, in what he writes, his character will, in some measure, appear, and the manners of the age in which he lived.

One of his pieces contains an elegy on Alphonso, king of Castile and Leon.—"I am astonished the electors do not confer on this valiant king the government of the empire. I have heard that the Lombards, the Germans, the Brabançons, and the Romans, would have him for emperor; and that the people of Milan, of Pavia, and Cremona, are preparing him an honourable reception, if he comes into Italy."

History informs us, that after the deposition of Frederick II. who was persecuted by the sovereign pontiffs, Alphonso X. king of Castile, surnamed the Wise, was elected emperor, in 1257, by a party of the electors. The other gave the empire to Richard, brother of Henry III. king of England; and, after the death of Richard, to Rodolphus of Hapsbourg, on whose side was the court of Rome. Folquet complains of the partiality of Pope Gregory X. for the competitor of Alphonso, and wishes they could appeal from the pope to a greater power. Henry, count of Rhodes, was indeed the patron of our poet, and to him are most of his pieces addressed. Notwithstanding this, they differed greatly in those points of religion, which was in this age a source of extreme discord.

Folquet was a devotee to the Virgin Mary, not only with all the fervour of piety, but the gallantry and enthusiasm of romance. He called the Virgin an incomparable lady, and magnified her charms in the same strains as those with which the poets celebrated their mistresses, and called her his Gerson*.

* The foundation of this name is not given.

The count of Rhodes bantered Folquet for this pious gallantry. The poet, in his answer, after many friendly commendations of this prince, exhorts him to do penance for having traduced his fair one; and accuses the count of a great heresy, in speaking differently of the Virgin from himself. He even declares war against him till he alters his language. He then adds, "No praise is sufficient for the valiant count of Rhodes, and my Gerson, who was without sin. If the count will but forsake his base and ugly mistress, and cease to speak ill of my Gerson, we shall all be happy."

The other piece of this Troubadour is a satire on the vices of every condition, and begins in this singular manner:

"In the name of that glorious Father, who formed man in his own image, I compose a song, which will please the good, and displease the bad, who neglect God, whose blood has redeemed us. No longer do we behold emperors, kings, priests, dukes, counts, or barons, serving God! Formerly there was ever some of these who went into Syria, to avenge the cause of our Lord. The recovery of the Holy Sepulchre is now wholly neglected, and the Turks remain the peaceable possessors of Jerusalem!

"By excommunications, priests gain the summit of their wishes. The emperor exercises injustice against the kings; the kings against the counts; the counts despoil the barons; these seize the possessions of their vassals, and pillage their peasants. The farmers, and the shepherds, in their turn, commit fraud, injustice, and pay not the daily wages of their labourers. The physicians take upon themselves a profession, of which they are ignorant; they kill while they pretend to cure, and yet they oblige men to pay them for the slaughter they make. Merchants, and artists are thieves and liars. Jongleurs run about the world, to spread abroad their false histories. Husbands and wives sin mutually

against each other. The women have their gallants, to retort the falsehood of the men, and place to their account the children provided for them by others. Innkeepers address you with civility, and make haste to serve you; the hostess is full of complaisance; the servants are attentive to your minutest orders; you agree they shall partake of your provision; you furnish them with geese, partridge, excellent meats, fresh and salted, white bread, and unmixed wine. In return, they sell you bad hay, and rotten corn, and take care to give you only half measure. Besides this, their mangers are pierced through with holes, and what is put in them, for your horses, runs through to their pigs, who are enjoying a comfortable meal at your expense, while you are sleeping in hard beds, and dirty sheets; and, after all this, you are overwhelmed with injuries, if you do not pay a double price for the things set down to your account.

"Ye heretics; ye Vaudois; ye usurers; ye unfaithful depositories; ye infidel blasphemers; ye defrauding watermen, and toll-gatherers, who restore not to your masters what you have received for them; ye bailiffs, who unjustly seize the little all of the poor; ye unworthy borrowers, who pay not again, but live on the property of others; against ye all do I lift up my voice: fear the pains of hell; and think of the joys of paradise! I myself have been a sinner, but I hope the divine mercy will grant me space for reformation. The nets of the devil are spread over the world; they have entered into the cloisters: nay, so subtile is their texture, that they intrapped even the angels, and caused their fall.

"May God have mercy on all. May he give peace to kings. May he direct the pope, who ought to be the light and the guardian of Christianity, to expel war and tumult from those countries, which heaven has committed to his care; and to dread that disgrace, which must fall on God, if he does not compose these

troubles in Sicily, which afflict the Christians, and rejoice the heathens*."

Folquet concludes this piece in these singular words:

"This romance was begun in the name of God; and in the name of God it shall end. It shall be sent to the valiant count of Rhodes, to correct what he shall find reprehensible, for he has an excellent judgment.

"If this romance is good in his sight, let it be inserted in his book, which is a collection of ancient works. I, Folquet, composed at Lunel this romance, of mortal life, in the year of Jesus Christ, 1284; the same Folquet who hath forty years offended God. Aged forty years."

WILLIAM MAGRET.

WILLIAM MAGRET was a jongleur of Viennois. There are a few lines of his very singular. He says to Peter III. who was killed at the battle of Muret, "Since God has placed you in heaven, be mindful of us who are left on earth." The manner in which he paints the feelings of his heart, is touching: "I am so distracted with love, that being seated, I perceive not those who enter, nor rise to receive them; and I seek for that I hold in my hand. As I believe in that God who was born at Christmas, I never commited fault or crime to the lady of my love, except it was extinguishing the lights to hide my confusion; and lest she should perceive the tears that roll down my cheeks, when I contemplate her sweetness."

* The house of Arragon, at this time, disputed the crown of Sicily with the house of Anjou.

ARNAUD DE COMMINGES.

As this poet was of the celebrated house of Comminges, which suffered so dreadfully in the wars against the Albigenses, though there are only the following lines, they are inserted with these short extracts of Troubadours, little known. "I am pleased with a custom among us, which is lately come into vogue, that those who do injustice to the weak, shall find some more powerful than themselves, who will repay it unto them. I wish this custom may last, and that it may ascend from me to the emperor, insomuch, that every wicked man may find one more wicked than himself; for the crimes that arise from power are terrible." The poet perhaps meant the cruelties against the Albigenses, but these lines are all given of him.

DONNA CASTELLOZA.

This female poet was a noble lady of Auvergne. She thus writes to an inconstant lover, to whom she was tenderly attached:

"Friend, if I found you submissive, and sincere, how should I yet love; for though I recollect your past falsehoods, I am yet ardently desirous to sing your praise. Could I banish you from my heart, that would engage your affection; but, alas! I cannot make the trial. I will not expose myself to the reproach of changing, nor furnish you with pretexts for your inconstancy. I love you, and I find a joy in nourishing that love. The world asserts, it ill becomes our sex to show their love, when it is ill received; but those who say this, know not what love is; those who can practise it, have never loved! Ignorant are they who blame my tenderness; they little understand what passes in my breast; they never beheld you with my eyes; they never

listened to you as I have done! You told me, not to distress myself, for that one day you would be mine. This dear hope remains the cordial of my heart. Compared to yours, all other love is a shadow. I anticipate the joy of having you wholly mine; this is the delightful dream which transports my soul! What shall I say more to move your tenderness? I do not tell you by others; but I tell you truly, that there is no remedy in store for me, if you disdain my love! If I cannot soften your insensibility; if I die by your cruelty, you will commit a heinous, and a grievous sin, both in the sight of God and man."

WILLIAM DE LA TOUR.

William de la Tour was born in the castle of la Tour, in Perigord. There are few particulars of his life, but they are very singular. Love turned his head; and the account given of him, appears to be that of a mad man.

The object of his passion was a barber's wife at Milan. She was young and handsome. He carried her off, and brought her to Côme. Soon after this she died, which caused in him so violent a grief, that it deprived him of his reason. He was persuaded she was not dead; for ten days he remained fixed to her tomb. He opened it every night; he drew her out; he looked earnestly at her; he embraced, he kissed her! he conjured her to tell him, whether she was dead or alive? to return with him, if she lived; or, in case she was dead, to declare to him what she suffered in purgatory? for he would then bestow so many alms, and have so many masses said for her soul, that he would purchase her deliverance.

The inhabitants of Côme, informed of his madness, expelled him from their town, and from the country.

He wandered from place to place, seeking every where for astrologers, to know from them, whether his mistress could be restored to life. One of them made a sport of his wretched condition, and assured him, she would infallibly rise again, if he recited, each day, for a year, the whole Psalter, with five hundred Paters and Aves, and gave alms to seven poor people; but that he must do all this each day, before he either eat, drank, or spoke. The miserable man was ravished with this discovery, and punctually executed the conditions prescribed him: but finding himself no nearer his wishes at the end of the year than the beginning, he died in despair.

This Troubadour composed many sonnets. In one of them he asks Sordel, Whether a friend, who loved his friend tenderly, and saw her expire before him, had better die with, or survive his mistress? Sordel answered, "If death separated the souls of friends that loved, it was better to follow them to the tomb, than to remain a prey to agony and despair." William de la Tour replied: "The friend beloved would gain nothing by this voluntary death; and it could never be right to do that, from which a real evil, but no good could result."

Sordel answers, "The state of a friend, separated from the friend he loves, is so dreadful, that death alone can terminate their wretchedness and despair."

It is singular, that our Troubadour should mention such moderate sentiments in his writings, opposed to those of Sordel, and yet, in his life, become an example of the despair he, in this sonnet, endeavours to refute.

AZALAIS DE PORCAIRAGUES.

Azalais is the first woman mentioned among the Provençal historians. She was descended from a family of distinction in Montpelier; she loved Gui Guerujat, and the poems she composed for him were admired. He was the son of William VI. of the house of Montpelier.

There remains only one piece of Azalaïs. After a description of winter, not given, "I love," says she, "to behold nature in this weeping state. So much the infidelity of the prince of Orange chagrins me, that dismal objects are dear to my mind. Women show their folly in attaching themselves to great lords. Love, then, becomes to them a source of humiliation and contempt. They ought rather to prefer gentlemen: for it is a proverb in Vellai, Nothing is gained by the great. As to myself, I am so happy to have a dear and loyal friend; in giving him my heart, I have bestowed it well. For ever will I be faithful to you, my amiable friend; for ever will you possess my soul, if you exact nothing from me contrary to my duty; if you still adhere to the laws of true and tender love. Go, my song, to him who is formed for courage, and in whose presence is joy and delight." This short life proves the little regard shown by the great to their mistresses of inferior rank; they even made a sport of forsaking and betraying them: and it was justly a dishonour for women of a middling station to attach themselves to lovers of rank; and this opinion was a barrier against their licentiousness of manners.

THE COUNT AND COUNTESS OF PROVENCE.

RAIMOND BERENGER V. of the house of Barcelona, was the last count of Provence. He cultivated the Provençal poetry, and patronised the Provençal poets; but his works are not inserted. He was accused of ingratitude, and called the Inconstant Catalonian from the following circumstance, given by the commentators of Dante, who, in his sixth canto of Paradise, reproaches the count with this part of his life.

A gentleman of an ancient house, but a stranger in Provence, returning from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, arrived at the castle of the count of Provence; and, charmed with his generous behaviour, attached himself to his service. In this situation he showed so much understanding and wisdom, that this prince confided to him the administration of his finances. The labours, and economy of the new minister, tripled the revenue of his state; insomuch, that Berenger was not only able to support a brilliant court, but gloriously to maintain war against the count of Toulouse, who had fourteen counts for his vassals. By his counsel, also, Berenger married his four daughters to four great princes, Lewis IX. king of France; Henry III. king of England; Richard, the brother of Henry; and to Charles of Anjou. This completed the faithful services of the amiable pilgrim. But he escaped not the calumny of envious and wicked courtiers; they engaged the prince to require his accounts, and to dismiss him. The minister delivered them up; and, having proved his virtue and integrity, he added these words:

"My lord, I have served you many years. I have put your finances into such an order, that, from a small revenue, you have acquired a large estate. The malice of your barons has engaged you to repay my cares with ingratitude. I was a poor pilgrim when I came to your

court. I have lived honestly and reputably in it, on the wages you have given me. Restore to me my mule, my wallet, and my staff, and I will return in the same manner as I came."

The count, touched with this address, would have retained the pilgrim; but he resisted all his solicitations. He departed, and was never more heard of.

Others have given this account differently, and asserted, that though this minister, who was called Romieu, which signifies Pilgrim in the Provençal, was banished; he was again restored to his ministry, and made tutor and guardian of Beatrix, the heiress of Provence; and that from him descended the illustrious house of Villeneuve; and in the archives of Vence there is the will of Romieu of Villeneuve, made in 1250, which proves his birth, parentage, and possessions; and that the count of Provence had magnificently recompensed his services, in bestowing on him the town of Vence, and several castles in the territories of Nice, and of Grasse.

Beatrix, countess of Provence, the wife of Raimond Berenger, is included among the Troubadours, though there is but one couplet remaining of her writings, in which she says to her friend, "I would not have you so timid; for in good faith I believe you love. If tenderness transports you, we may mutually rejoice; for you have inspired me with love! This timidity is distressing to us both. You fear an explanation; and the advances toward it cannot honourably be made by our sex." This princess was enlightened, and generous; she was a liberal patroness of the Troubadours, and her beauty, wit, and generosity attracted their homage. The count was no less their patron; and he added to all his other favours, a free exemption to all poets from the public taxes.

This prince was the last male descendant of the house of Provence; and he died in 1245.

AUBERT DE PUICIBOT.

AUBERT, the son of the constable of Puicibot, was put into a monastery when a child, and designed for a monk. By the law of St. Benedict, children were admitted into the cloister, and formed to all its exercises, and they were considered as devoted to its engagements.

Many of these pupils felt the weight of this cruel yoke, as they grew in years, and cursed the authors of their slavery. Among these was the monk of Puicibot, whose genius led him to poetry and letters: these amusements served to charm away the tedious hours; but they increased his desire of liberty, and his detestation of the cloister. He determined to change his situation. Love inspired him with this resolution. A lady, who was related to him, paid him many visits; and joining her solicitations to his own inclination, he left the convent, and repaired to the brave and valiant Lord Savari of Mauleon.

This generous protector equipped him with horses, arms, and habits, and all that was necessary for his appearance in the different courts he should resort to. On his travels he became enamoured with a lady of great beauty, and noble birth, but who had a very small share of understanding; he soon discovered this, and complains bitterly and indiscreetly of it; that he repents his choice, but cannot conquer his passion. "I fear, and yet I hope. I am become a fool myself in the cause of beauty; I suspect; I weep; and I love!" His mistress, of whom he was jealous, having at last declared that she would never become his, till he was made a knight, and would marry her; he had recourse to his patron, who not only dubbed him a knight, but gave him a house, lands, and revenue. His beautiful mistress then consented to become his wife. Their union was happy at first; but, while Aubert was absent on a voyage to Spain, an English knight gained the favour

of his wife, and carried her away with him. After having kept her some time, he disappeared, and left her in poverty.

Aubert, who was ignorant of all this, returning from Spain, passed through a town, where his wife, perhaps for want of any other resource, lived on the fruits of dishonour.

As he was by no means scrupulous in conjugal duty, and made no secret of his vices, he was in search of such a one, when he was informed, that, at a small house belonging to a very poor woman, he would find a beautiful girl, who had been reduced to wretchedness, and gained a scanty pittance by the sale of her beauty.

Thither he went immediately, and in the poor girl discovered his wife; her beauty faded, and her health impaired with the miserable life she had led.

The next day he told her, she must prepare for the death she deserved, and be cast headlong from the dreadful precipice, opposite the isles of Hieres, into the gulf of Argencier: but, touched with her grief and supplications, he contented himself with shutting her up in a cloister. From that moment he renounced every pleasure, sold all he possessed, and finished his life in the monastery of Pignan, where he died in 1263.

HUGUES DE SAINT-CYR, AND CLARA OF ANDUSE.

Hugues de Saint-Cyr was born in the village of Montegra, in Querci. His father was an under-tenant when the castle of Saint-Cyr was demolished by war. The elder brothers of Hugues were desirous he should embrace the ecclesiastical state, either to relieve themselves from present expense, or as the means of enriching their family hereafter. They therefore sent him to study at Montpelier; but, by reading the history of

men celebrated for valour, he formed a desire to become a Troubadour, and neglected all his other studies. He began his course as a jongleur, by reciting the works of others; but fortune did not favour him. He travelled through Gascony, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, seeking the resources he wanted, by his talents. The count of Rhodes, the viscount of Turenne, the dauphin of Auvergne, assisted him in his writings, and thus helped to unfold his talents: but a violent quarrel arising between the count and Hugues, they reviled each other in the most opprobrious manner. "Be not terrified," says Hugues; "I am not come to ask any thing of you; I have what I need. I perceive you want money yourself; and I believe it would be a great charity to bestow some on you."

The count replied: "You came here naked and miserable; I repent that I sent you back rich and happy. You cost me more than two archers, and two knights; and even now, was I to offer you a palfrey (from which heaven defend me), you would be the man to receive it."

In some other couplets the count threatens a lord named Arnaud, and who protected Saint-Cyr, that he would come and besiege his castle.

"I fear you not," replied Arnaud. "When two gamesters engage in play, till the game is ended no one can determine the event. Till the close of the day, none have reason to rejoice; for a fair and beautiful morning is often succeeded by a gloomy and dreadful night."

The countess of Benangues favoured our Troubadour, and procured him the friendship of Savari of Mauleon, who equipped him very handsomely. After having been long with this lord in Poitou, and in the neighbouring provinces, he went to Spain to visit the courts of Leon and Arragon; and from thence into Provence, where he lived in the society of the barons, happy in

gaining instruction from them, and willingly communicating his knowledge to others.

Though he had but little tenderness for women, he could not resist the charms of a lady of Anduse, called Madam Clara, who was handsome, gracious, and virtuous; and whose only foible was an unbounded ambition to become renowned for knowledge, and sought by the most illustrious knights and ladies. Our Troubadour paid her the most respectful attention, and consulted her taste in every thing; he procured her the friendship of the noble ladies in Provence, and established between them and herself a regular commerce of messages, letters, and presents. All these kind offices engaged the growing passion of Hugues; but Madam Clara would never avow her feelings, but ordered him to address the sonnets, made in her praise, to the countess of Provence. In compliance with this command, he thus prefaces one of them:

"To the gallant countess of Provence, whose every action breathes wisdom and honour, all her words courtesy, and all her manners grace, love, and dignity, I address my song: for the fair one, who is the subject of it, has commanded me."

Many quarrels, and many accommodations, as is usual in such attachments, happened between our poet and his mistress. Other ladies sought him for their panegyrist, and endeavoured to supplant Madam Clara; and particularly a lady called Pansa, Hugues listened to, and believed her, which occasioned Madam Clara to write the following tender lines:

"Those censorious and suspicious minds, who are the enemies of all joy and peace, have disturbed my heart. My soul is agitated, my sorrow is extreme! Their evil tongues have banished me from you; you whom I love above all the world. I have lost the delight of beholding you! I shall die with rage and grief. In vain do they reproach me for my love; nothing can augment

my tenderness. I have no enemies, however odious, but if they spoke in your praise, they would become dear to me; and I would break with my best friends, were they to speak against you. Fear not, my amiable friend, that I will ever deceive you; that I will ever change. Though a hundred lovers were to solicit my affection, love for you would be sovereign in my breast; for you he reserves my heart, and for you I will reserve it.—My friend, I have so much grief, so much despair for your absence, that when I attempt to sing, I can only sigh and weep! Oh, that by these couplets I may again obtain the dear object of all my prayers, and all my vows."

The crime of Hugues was followed with repentance; and, after many prayers and solicitations, he was again received into favour: but, from jealousy, or some other capricious motive, he forsook Madam Clara again, and went into Lombardy, where he married a young and noble lady of Trevisane.

There are no other particulars of his life; nor is it known when this poet died. Among his pieces is one against a lord, whom he openly accuses of materialism. He speaks in it with the zealous rage of a Guelf against the Gibelins.

"God ought, no doubt, to reward and maintain the rights and freedom of the church, against them who have neither faith in God, nor in the law; who believe not in a future state, neither a paradise; and who say there is nothing remains of man after his death.

"If Count Raimond protects him, let him dread the sharing his misery. The ambition of the Emperor Frederick, is to ruin France and the church, and cause heresy to triumph. The church and the king ought then to command a crusade, and come to our assistance; for he that believeth not on God, should possess no inheritance."

Hugues also thus speaks of Eccelino of Romano,

called the Tyrant. "I rejoice to behold his power and pride overthrown. All the evil that befals him, rejoices me more than my own good. I weep at his joys; but I delight in his griefs. The ladies whom he has committed to the flames, the barons whom he has massacred, the monasteries which he has reduced to ashes, with their crosses, and their altars, all these crimes have availed him nothing; and, if God had deferred his vengeance, men would disbelieve his justice."

Hugues de Saint-Cyr was held in great esteem by Petrarch, who celebrates him in his fourth chapter of his Triumph of Love.

NAT DE MONS.

Nat de Mons was of Toulouse. He lived in the reigns of Alphonso X. king of Castile, and of James I. king of Arragon, toward the middle of the thirteenth century. School divinity was at this time the chief study of the learned; and the pieces of this Troubadour are a proof, that he was educated in the schools of the monks. They contain many lessons of morality, and warnings to the great, against the abuse of grandeur. In one of them he thus speaks to the king of Arragon:

"The valour, glory, and high deeds, the noble, courteous, and graceful manners of kings, or of lords, are shining qualifications; but they will not shield their reputation if they commit evil, and are guilty of injustice. The glory with which they are surrounded, however attractive, however admired, is often obscured by crimes, which they indulge themselves in with impunity, because no one dares to contradict their faults, or unveil their evil deeds.

"Reproach is more dreadful than death. Death is an evil to those alone, for whom it obtains no good. To the upright, who can make a valuable use of it, it is a blessing.

"It is a reproach, and a shame to a king to change lightly his mind: he ought to have a firm and determined disposition: he ought to be careful his resolutions are well formed; for all sudden opinions are subject to error.

"King of Arragon, worthy of so much praise, suffer me to address this discourse to you; and persevere constantly in your endeavours for the service of the Most High."

In another piece, which treats of the influence of the stars on the minds of men, he addresses a question to Alphonso on this subject. "It often happens," says the poet, "that the best and wisest men are persecuted by ill fortune, without incurring the evil by their own faults; while the wicked, who are full of vice and falsehood, succeed in all their ways. On this view many have asserted, that the fate of men depends on the constellation under which they were born. Others maintain, on the contrary, that the influence of the stars has no power; and that all things depend on chance. The first argue, that a number of learned men have studied the stars, and have plainly shown, that all events are written there; and, in effect, all that we behold in the world derives its source and preservation from the four elements, according to the motion of the planets; and what is regulated by the stars is equally predestinated and unchangeable. Is it not seen, say they, how all events are conducted by their influence, from the beginning to the end of them, often announced by dreams in sleep, and by augury, and other infallible signs awake? The testimony of our ancestors, of historians, and of the sacred prophets, confirm this opinion, and prove, that man is happy or miserable according to the laws of predestination.

"The refuters of this opinion argue, that authorities can never combat reason, and that she teaches

clearer than the light itself, that a Power, stronger than nature, is our conductor; and that chance is not the arbiter of our fate. To believe man subject to the stars, is to believe that he has no power to do good or evil; and consequently that he cannot merit reward, or incur blame and punishment.

"And besides this, if he is composed of the elements alone, there will remain no part of his being beyond the term of this present life. To believe this, is to be unmindful of God, and his bounty; nay, it is offending the Creator, and injuring his goodness; how does such a doctrine agree with the belief of God's existence, the immortality of the soul, and a future judgment?

"As to the absolute influence of the planets, in this opinion there is double folly. Rains and winds, indeed, and many other things in the natural world, follow the course of the stars; but the human mind is above the reach of such causes. His nature is even very different from that of the beast; the latter is impelled by desire alone to follow his appetites, and to preserve his life: but man is conducted by reason, even to those things which are repugnant to his present inclination."

The decision of King Alphonso concludes these observations: "We, Alphonso, king of the Romans, of Castile, Toledo, Compostella, Seville, Leon, Cordova, Murcia, &c. assert, that man is in part governed by the stars, in part by destiny, and principally by chance; and that good and evil proceeds from the first, or the second, or from all these causes united; but to say with precision by which of these three principles good and evil is conveyed to each individual of the human species, no one can decide; for no mortal knoweth the decrees of God."

Alphonso was surnamed the Wife, from his reputed skill in astronomy and philosophy; and there is a celebrated saying of his recorded, which some have con-

sidered as impious, and others as only meant to ridicule the astronomers of that age: "If God had consulted me, the world should have been better made."

The decision he gave on these philosophical arguments, would be thought by many no great proof of his abilities.

Besides these pieces, there is a letter of our poet to the king of Arragon, James I. in which he instructs princes in what manner they ought to form their courts.

"In courts there ought always to be persons who are capable of praising the good, and rebuking the evil they may behold. There ought also to be musicians to enliven the assembly; gay and cheerful persons who converse with ease; kind and gracious minds, who impart delight; spies, to discover crimes; and men of honour and probity, to distinguish and to reward merit. All are useful in a court, and advantage may be drawn from each; but a king ought not to confide the guard of his person to any but those of approved fidelity, or to take counsel of any but the wise and judicious. But, above all, he ought to be ever on his guard against flatterers; they are more to be dreaded than thieves and murderers; for they steal, they murder the most precious of all possessions, honour and reputation. Whoever listens to their advice, will be plunged into misery; for they know not the joys of clemency and moderation, but violence and cruelty are their delight."

There is also a reply of this Troubadour to a jongleur, who asked him, what was the best means of pleasing, and succeeding in the world; to whom he answers:

"Never praise yourself. Be not too hasty to speak, in the confidence of excelling others. Avoid equally a vain presumption, and an awkward bashfulness. Do not distress yourself for the little discernment of the nobles; among them there are many who are enlightened, honourable, and judicious; who reward the merit of good jongleurs, and grant them all sorts of pleasure

and distinction; and, among the least knowing there are few but who, from a natural respect for knowledge, treat them with civility and politeness. Be not prepossessed against those who are less generous at first, or charmed with the liberal and magnificent. Those who set out prodigally, and give all at the beginning, have nothing to give in the end; those, on the contrary, who make less parade, and dispense their favours with more reserve, have it in their power to do generous actions, and always do them in a more secret and noble manner.

"Go, first, to the glorious king of Arragon, address him with an open countenance, and a gay and respectful demeanour; for strangers are judged of by their mien. As a prince of his high importance is often engaged in affairs, take care to approach him at a leisure moment. Be not eager of applause; but wait patiently, till you obtain it by your talents. You will judge of the pleasure you give him, by the attention you perceive he bestows on you."

The last piece of this Troubadour is full of common invectives against the pride of the great.

There is no mention made of the particulars of his life, or what time he died.

PETER VIDAL.

PETER VIDAL might justly be called the Don Quixote of the Troubadours. He was the son of a skinner at Toulouse. Born with a poetic talent, and a melodious voice, he soared above his situation, and engaged in that career of genius, which in this age was so advantageous: his love of the fair sex induced him principally to this course of life. He admired every beautiful woman; and, with a presumption not uncommon, he believed himself as much the object of their admiration; and he had even the despicable assurance to boast of

their favours. His behaviour to the greatest lords was full of extravagance, and led them to consider him as an agreeable fool, formed for the amusement of their courts.

Nevertheless, his compositions announced a superior genius. Giorgi, a distinguished character among the Troubadours, says in one of his pieces, that to consider Vidal as a fool, is being a fool one's self, since his writings discover a great understanding: but the actions and the writings of men of wit and genius are very often opposite to each other; and of this, Vidal will appear a most conspicuous example.

In the first part of his life, he received a terrible lesson from a knight of Saint Gilles, of whose wife Vidal having spoken lightly, the knight revenged himself on our poet by slitting his tongue. Hugues, the lord of Baux, had compassion on him, and had him cured. Gratitude attached him to the House of Baux. Barral, the chief lord, honoured him above all the rest, and found in him a continual source of entertainment. Adelaïde of Roquemartine, wife of the viscount, charmed Vidal, and became the object of his love. Barral, far from being jealous, granted him the freest access to his wife; gave him arms and habits like his own, and amused himself with the follies his passion inspired. The viscountess, whose praises he sung under the name of Audierna, joined in this pastime, and pretended to be in love with Vidal; but she soon experienced the effect of her folly. One day, when the viscountess slept alone, Vidal stept slowly into her chamber, and, kneeling down by the side of her bed, he gave her a kiss. Adelaïde awaking, took him at first for her husband, his dress being exactly the same; but soon perceiving her mistake, she cried out with all her might. Her women, who lay in the next room, ran immediately to her assistance, and our poet made a precipitate retreat. The viscountess desired they would send instantly for Barral; when he came,

she intreated he would revenge himself on the insolence of Vidal. At first he only laughed at this adventure, and chid his wife for making so much noise about it; but he could not pacify her wrath. Vidal found he was not in safety, and that he had all things to fear from the viscountess, if he continued in the house of Barral. He therefore embarked for Genoa, where he thus expresses his regret for leaving Provence.

" O how delicious is the air that blows from France! So dearly do I love that charming country, that when I only hear it named, I am ready to swoon for joy! and for every word they speak, I desire a hundred. I have left my heart in that amiable nation; to it I owe all the wit, the knowledge, the genius, and the spirit I ever possessed. I groan in exile from my fair one. I remain as immoveable at the recollection of her charms, as a fool when he beholds the glare of the burning sun reflected on the windows of his casement. Why was I not upon my guard against so lovely a creature, whose charms would deprive the most sober mind of its reason? but her heart toward me is the heart of a lioness. This determines me on a pilgrimage; for here I languish, and I die."

Agreeable to this resolution, he followed Richard I. King of England, into Palestine, where his bravados were those of a madman. " My enemies," says he, " tremble at my name, and the earth shakes under my steps. All that oppose me, I bruise and cut to pieces!"

While Vidal was thus boasting of his prowess, a fatal trick was played him in Cyprus. They engaged him to marry a young Greek, from the persuasion that she was niece to the Emperor of the East, and that to her the empire would be transferred. In this design on his vanity they completely succeeded. They beheld him usurp the title of emperor; give that of empress to his wife, and invest himself with the marks of this dignity. He had a throne carried before him; and he saved all

he could for the honours of that empire, which he looked upon to be his rightful inheritance. In the midst of this glory he forgot not his love, and he believed it would be for ever obscured, if he failed to obtain the pardon of the Viscountess of Marseilles: for this purpose, he implored the mediation of Hugues, and of Barral, his ancient patrons. By their intreaties they obtained favour for him at last, and Vidal thus expresses his joy.

"All my thoughts are now turned to love; express therefore, my song, its soft delights! When lovers, who have been aggrieved, are tenderly reconciled, the accession of joy is inexpressible. I have suffered all the agonies of displeasure, and I now experience this delight! I am transported when I behold the renewed verdure, the expanding flowers, the melodious birds, and the tender felicity of faithful lovers! The distresses I underwent were so severe, they almost deprived me of reason; but I am again restored to joy, a joy that will never end; and I revive with the reviving spring, which re-animates all nature, and pours into my soul the soft effusions of love!

"Gayer than the gayest bird, I will fly to my fair one; she is in all I love, and nothing without her is delightful. If restored to grace, she gives an asylum to her servant; she will preserve him long in youth, and in vigour, gay, fresh, and tender as the new-blown flower on the branch. Beautiful Audierna! my heart, long subject to your power, is now revived by your mercy, like the new-blown flower on the green branch."

Vidal was perfectly well received on his return to Baux, by Hugues and Barral, and the former presented him to the Viscountess of Marseilles, saying, she must now sign his peace, by freely giving him that kiss he had before stolen; but Adelaïde giving no more encouragement to his passion than she had done before, he

became weary of playing a part, where his love was only an amusement, and engaged in another adventure, in which he appeared completely mad.

Smitten with a lady of Carcassonne, called Louve de Penautier, he caused himself to be called Loup, or Wolf, in her honour, and engaged himself to submit to all the perils of being hunted in a wolf's skin, for her sake. In this disguise the shepherds, with their mastiffs and greyhounds, drove him into the mountains, and pursued him there; and so cruelly was he mangled, for he would not suffer the dogs to be taken off him till they had almost killed him, that they carried him home for dead to his mistress. The lady and her husband took care of his cure, but they ridiculed his lamentable folly. Nor were these all his extravagancies. On the death of his lord, Raimond, the Count of Toulouse, he gave unheard-of proofs of affliction; he dressed himself in the deepest mourning, cut off the ears and tails of his horses, and his own hair, let his beard and his nails grow to an immoderate length, and required all his servants to do the same. Alphonso, king of Arragon, came into Provence with a numerous retinue, when Vidal was in this strange plight. The king and his barons, who loved him, besought him to resume his gaiety, and to dissipate his grief by a song; and they desired he would compose one for them, to carry with them into Spain; and, after many intreaties, they obtained their request. The king, to express his satisfaction, gave him the same habits he wore himself. In this piece he speaks of his former adventures; his grief for Raimond: of a girdle given him by Madam Rambaude, wife of William, Lord of Beuil, near Nice. He professes, that in this badge of her favour he thinks himself possessed of the riches of the world; and that even the king himself does not equal him in honour and power. "I am prouder of this gift than Count Richard of his

Poitou, his Touraine, and his Anjou." He felicitates himself on having been pursued, and almost killed by the shepherds, (which confirms the adventure of this uncommon chace); and assures the king, that he is more devoted to his dear Louve, than to any other being on earth!

After such a series of uncommon actions, and when many years had rolled over his head, Vidal began to reflect; and he composed, among sundry other pieces, a Treatise on repressing the Licence and Indiscretions of the Tongue, not inserted. An invective against Philip Augustus, king of France, who, instead of taking the cross, to recover the Holy Sepulchre, passed his life in a vile traffic, which brought evil on his subjects. Another against the kings of Spain, who rendered the Moors more insolent by purchasing peace with them, and fighting against each other. He complains also of the prelates, and the inferior clergy of the church, who gave birth to heresy by their ignorance and bad lives; and of the Emperor Henry VI. who violated the privileges of the crusaders, by retaining Richard I. in prison, whom, in his misfortunes, adds he, the disloyal English have shamefully insulted.—He exhorts the city of Milan to be reconciled with Pavia; and makes vows for the Pisans, because they abased the pride of the Genoese. He censures the slovenliness of the Germans in their feasts, and compares their language to the barking of dogs. He recites the affairs of the Albigenses, and the valour of King Mainfroi against the clergy, who had aimed at his destruction. As there is nothing singular in these pieces, they are only touched upon to shew the variety of Vidal's compositions. But the following tale, in which he gives excellent advice to a jongleur, is entirely deserving of regard, and is an astonishing contrast to the extravagancies of his conduct.

VIDAL'S TALE OF THE JONGLEUR.

On a beautiful morning in spring, Peter Vidal being in the square of Besaudun, walking there in profound meditation, there came to him a jongleur, who complained bitterly of the preference given every where to boasters. Vidal invited him to return with him to dinner. The repast being ended, they went into the orchard, and seated themselves on the grass, at the edge of a little brook, shaded by a tree in blossom. The sky was clear, and the air soft and refreshing. The jongleur, charmed with the scene, and enlivened by the encouraging frankness of his host, became collected and at ease, as befits a man of understanding, and thus spoke to Vidal: "Chance led me one day from Riom to Montferrand, to the dauphin of Auvergne. If ever there was a court filled with pleasure, it was his: there was neither lady nor gentleman, knight nor 'squire, but who was as familiar as a little bird fed on the hand. There I found a brilliant company assembled together: here I stopped. It was near Christmas, called in this country the Calend. When the guests rose from table, they seated themselves round the fire, and the knights and the jongleurs discoursed with mirth and pleasantry. After much entertainment, the knights, without speaking, retired to repose; but my lord seemed desirous of continuing in conversation. The opportunity appeared to me favourable, and I approached toward him.

"My lord, said I, I had a father who was well accomplished; he was a marvellous singer, an agreeable and copious story-teller: I trust I resemble him. But hearing of the favours which Henry, king of England, the valiant Marquis of Montferrat, and a great number of barons in Lombardy, in Catalonia, in Gascony, and in Provence, bestowed on the jongleurs, I determined to embrace their profession. I therefore travelled

through many towns and cities, but among the greater part of the barons I have found nothing resembling the noble manner of living among the ancients. For the most part, they live obscurely in their houses, confined to their families; and among them I beheld an infinite number who were foolish and ignorant. You, my lord, who appear to me to have an excellent judgment, you must have perceived this decadency of the nobles; may I presume to inquire of you the cause?" The dauphin rose, and after having paused some time, "Friend," replied he, "I will not refuse to answer you, though my knowledge is not what you conceive it. Formerly the talents of the mind, and the qualities of the heart, were held in esteem, and the love of genius presided in courts. Now, the barons have changed their conduct; they oppress men of merit, and nobles and ladies, who possess the most shallow wits, receive the highest marks of their esteem. Knowledge is no longer prized; and all those who aim to deserve praise, are sure of censure. I wish these barons were to share the same fate as the Moors in Spain. There was at first among them brave men, on whom they bestowed nobility, lands, and power; but their descendants enjoyed the good fortune of their fathers, without troubling themselves to acquire their virtues. They became indolent and faint-hearted; they filled the country with injustice and confusion. A race of Mammelus arose, who sought to repair by their noble deeds the defect of their birth. The people revolted against their ancient lords, and put themselves under the protection of these new masters. Our nobility is degenerated in the same manner, and is threatened with the same ruin." When I retired to rest, I reflected on what the dauphin had said, and I felt the truth of it. Some days after, having taken my leave of him, I traversed Auvergne, returned to Toulouse, passed from thence to Catalonia; and I can assure you, that had it

not been for my lord the dauphin, I should have found neither joy nor beauty in the world."

Vidal replied to the jongleur, " Friend, you complain of a change as new, which is now become old; and you speak of the good ancient time, from the account you have received of your father. For my part, I have been to the court of King Alphonso, father of that Alphonso who did so much good, and shewed to all so much courtesy and honour; and I have seen so many good examples, that I am become the better for them in every respect. If you had been there, you would also have beheld that happy age, of which your father spoke, in which shone such gallant and generous men; you would have heard the Troubadours relate how well they were entertained in these courts; you would have seen their brilliant equipages, and the honourable reception which was given them by the nobles. You would also have observed the same thing in Lombardy, at the valiant Marquis of Montferrat's; in Provence, at the Lord Blacas's; at William's the good Lord of Baux, and at many other nobles of worth and respect. Providence has also ordained, that in this very age there should be in Germany an emperor, Frederick; in England, a Henry and his three sons; at Toulouse, a Count Raimond; and in Catalonia, a Count of Barcelona, and his son Alphonso. All these lords know well how to distinguish characters, and reward merit; and they have shewn much honour, and bestowed great favours, on those jongleurs and knights, who sought and had need of their protection; and in the expeditions they made, they conferred benefits wherever they passed. The wise and the learned have visited their courts, and found encouragement for their different talents, in their generosity and their virtues. The lords whom I speak of were all gallant and brave. They were either engaged in wars and tournaments, or held brilliant assemblies for

the noble, amiable, and witty of the fair sex, for whom they ever expressed the highest regard. At present, it is true, the weakness and indolence of princes is communicated to their vassals, the great lords; sense and knowledge have disappeared in both, and knights, formerly loyal and brave, are become deceitful and effeminate. I see but one remedy for this evil, and that is, the art of jongleury. This profession demands gaiety, frankness, softness, and prudence. Science is the greatest of all treasures for those who know how to make use of it. Do not waste it on the ignorant; they only know how to dispute and sneer in their own silly manner, and from them we must only expect the rudest and most vulgar behaviour. Do not imitate those insipid jongleurs, who weary with the sameness of their compositions, and the repetition of their amorous complaints. Be always neat, but let not your dress appear studied. Have your cloaths made to sit easy, and lay them by smooth, that they may always appear new. Let your countenance be open and composed, and let all you say be accompanied with chearfulness and urbanity; but do not talk too much, and what you say will appear the more graceful. With these qualifications you may yet succeed in your profession; for the world is not so corrupted, but that there are still a few lords who are capable of patronizing and honouring those who cultivate their favours discreetly. I speak not of the conduct you should observe with men of sense and genius. Besides the infinite advantage of their society, they will not only esteem you for your knowledge, but will introduce and recommend you to the esteem of others like themselves. Among the young lords, always give the preference to those who have sentiment: such are always ambitious of true honour; they are naturally generous and noble-minded. They are also more prone to love tenderly than ignorant, conceited, and servile minds. Tenderness and genius are their delight, but gravity,

stiffness, and insipidity their aversion. But frequent those most, if persons of merit, who are arrived at manhood. They are come to the age of reflection; they are capable of distinguishing, and of encouraging virtue; and if they are truly amiable, they will oppose and combat vice, for their inclination will lead them to all goodness! Avoid those whose manners are corrupt, whose inclinations are base and vicious. Whatever their rank or fortune, you will find in all such a disdain of science, and of all who profess the love of it. Of those, indeed, who have led irregular and libertine lives, a few have been brought to reflect on their conduct, and have become wise and good. When this is the case, they deserve your regard, and are infinitely to be preferred to those arrogant upstarts, whose riches only serve to swell the bubble of their pride, to expose their ignorance and stupidity, and sink them into the dust from whence they sprung. Shun those, who join to some knowledge a revolting rudeness and brutality of manner, and a dogmatical turn of conversation; they must have something ungenerous and illiberal in their dispositions, as well as those who love to associate with their inferiors, for the pleasure of being thought the chief in company, of giving law to others, and of becoming important in their own eyes.—Receive those with kindness, who, failing in genius, but possessing independence and virtue, have good and generous minds, who love and reward merit: but be careful you never obtain their liberality by a mean and cringing behaviour. You will find among those you associate with, persons who, without any idea of what is delicate, and possessing no judgment, will desire you to exercise your talents to amuse their indolence, to sing, or recite before them; and you will scarcely have uttered a line, ere they will begin to whisper in their neighbour's ear, and perhaps engage with them in some ridiculous story. It is irksome to frequent such; but they must sometimes be borne with:

for those who are the most ill-bred themselves, always expect and exact the most perfect behaviour from others. Even among the highest barons, you will meet with some who will consider you as too much honoured by their hearing your compositions, without paying much attention to them. Others there are, who think of nothing but eating, drinking, brawling, and sleeping; nothing but shame can be obtained by frequenting men of this turn, however distinguished by their rank in life.

"Never condemn other jongleurs; those who are severe on persons of their own profession, shew a base and envious mind, and expose their own jealousy much more than the faults of their brethren.—If you are asked to relate what you have seen and heard in the world, be not too diffusive, but proceed by degrees; sound the disposition of your hearers, till you observe they relish your discourse; then speak of the brave lords you have met with, and of the ladies in the highest esteem; and endeavour to inspire those, who listen to you, with the love of virtue. If the company are persons of high rank, and of elevated minds, display, both in your countenance and voice, the eloquence which your subject inspires. Be distinct and grave in your manners; let your carriage be firm and graceful, and abstain from all mean and low expressions. Some jongleurs find fault with every thing, but take care to extol themselves highly; and such is their vanity and ignorance, that were they in the presence of the king himself, they would affect the free and familiar tone of men of importance. Do not imitate those; the more they are known, the less they are esteemed. For your part, whatever is your genius, your knowledge, or your wit, do not make a boast of it: be modest, and you will find persons enough who will set forth your merit and abilities. Avoid all excess; fly all bad company; but do not appear to despise any one; for the meanest, and the worst person, is most able to become your enemy, and they

sometimes pursue those they hate, with such inveterate malice, as to injure them in the opinion of the worthy and the judicious.

" While you are young and vigorous, recommend in your writings, and impress by your behaviour, the respect due to old age; and maintain continually this truth, that those who frequent the company of persons, whose lives have been spent in virtue, will derive to themselves a lasting blessing and reward.

" After this long conversation with the jongleur, said Vidal, we returned into my house, and supped. The next day my guest departed. I knew not whether he found the age better than he had conceived it, for I have never seen him since."

It was from reading this excellent piece of Vidal's, the Troubadour Giorgi cried out, " Those are fools indeed, who give that character to Vidal."

There is another tale of this famous Troubadour, which is a poetic fiction in the oriental style. It was composed at the court of the king of Castile, and is entitled,

THE NOVEL OF VIDAL.

" On the return of that delightful season, which bespangles the meadows with flowers, clothes the trees with a beautiful foliage, decks the woods and the groves with a verdant and refreshing shade, and fills all nature with melody, and love: I arose one fine morning, to go and visit my lord, who held his court at Muret: that I might appear with more respect before him, I ordered my knights to summon their 'squires, well mounted and armed. As we were on the way, we beheld a knight approach us in magnificent apparel; he was of a swarthy complexion, but majestic and handsome; his eyes were soft and tender, his nose aquiline and well-shaped, and his teeth were like polished silver; his countenance was

inexpressibly sweet; every tender charm played about his mouth; and his whole air and demeanour expressed the loveliness of his character. His shoes were studded with sapphires and emeralds, his robe ornamented with flowers of the most beautiful colours, and the most fragrant smell, and he wore a crown on his head: he was mounted on a palfrey of a middle size, its tail and one side was as black as jet, the other white as ivory; the right shoulder was brown, and the left grey; his head and mane were red; one ear yellow, and the other dappled grey. The saddle was of jasper; the housings of serpentine; the stirrups of agate, and the bridles of such inestimable jewels, that they exceeded in value the riches of Darius. By the side of this splendid knight rode a lovely lady, whose beauty attracted all eyes; the whiteness of her skin was as the driven snow, and her complexion, like the rose-bud in spring, was exquisitely animated with tender blushes; a wreath of flowers encircled her long flaxen hair, which shone like gold; her eyes were sparkling, yet full of softness, and her shape was gracefully slender. Her habits were suited to her beauty, and discovered an elegant simplicity; her palfrey was beautiful, and its harness and bridles lily-white. After them came a squire, accompanied by a gentlewoman. The squire carried a bow of polished ivory, with three arrows at his girdle; one was of burnished gold, the second of polished steel of Poitou, and the third of cast lead; he had also a wand of pliant wood. For the gentlewoman, we could not perceive whether she was fair or brown, for her long hair hung below her waist, covered her saddle, and came down over her face, below the ends of her fingers.

"The beautiful pair sung a new song, which the woods re-echoed, and the birds strained their little throats to resound. They sung, that those knights who loved not, or who had ceased to love, ought to be mounted on asses, to distinguish them from loyal lovers;

and that those ladies who bartered their love for gain, should be condemned to traverse the highways, with a sack of corn upon their backs.

" I was the first to salute them.—God preserve you from evil, said I; you, your lady, and your train. The knight replied, " God bless you also, Peter Vidal, and send you a lady who shall love you truly, for you have sought one long." " I have found one," replied Vidal, " and such a one, that I am more hers than my own." —" You may be hers," resumed the knight, " but she never will be yours."—" I am, however, satisfied," returned Vidal, " for she appears to be mine."—" It is thus, my friend, that all foolish lovers deceive themselves."

" But, if I love her constantly, she may be touched with compassion."—" No, my friend; for compassion she never knew," " Yet she was ardently desirous of my love."—" Friend, when one has an unjust lord, the best party we can take is to abandon the fief."—" But when one finds that is impossible?" " Remain, then, like a galley-slave, Peter Vidal."—" But how is it you know me so well; for you have often repeated my name? I beseech you continue with me this night, for never guest pleased me as you do: for the love of God remain with me!"—The lady said, she should like to repose near some fountain, meadow, or wood; for she did not like the close air of castles. " You will find, Madam," replied I, " an agreeable place of retreat, not far from the castle, in an orchard, inclosed with a hedge of sweet calamus, where a laurel-tree spreads its wide branches near a fountain, which rolls its transparent waters over the lucid pebbles." To this spot I led my guests, and seated them on the green turf; the flowers were springing up under us; they sent forth a most delightful odour; and the tender warblings of a thousand fond and faithful lovers were wafted, in every zephyr, to our delighted imaginations.

" The gentlewoman spread on the grass a carpet of gold brocade, wove in the finest manner, on which was worked, in their natural colours, birds, animals, and flowers, and a great salamander was represented in the middle of it. This carpet was of such a size, that a million of knights might lay down on it, without touching each other; and yet, when it was folded up, the gentlewoman carried it in a small bag; there was also a great many quilts, and cushions for the rest of the company. When our repast was ended, the knight said to me, " Peter Vidal, know that I am Love; this lady is called Mercy; this gentlewoman, Chastity; and this squire Loyalty: he carries the ivory bow; and be assured he never fails his mark." " My lord," said I, " could I presume so far, I would ask you a question." " Ask it," replied he, " I am ready to answer you."

" Tell me in pity, then, my lord, if Mercy will assist me with the object of my love; for as yet I have gathered only the thorns.—Tell me, I beseech you, the source and the progress of love; how it is lighted up in the heart, and how it is nourished there; how it can so slily insinuate itself by its softness; how it can set sleep at defiance; wage war with the elements themselves, burning in water, and freezing in fire. Tell me, I beseech you, how it can bind without any chain, and wound without any scar; how it can be produced without a father, and born without a mother; and how it happens, that being considered as so cruel an enemy, it should yet be so kindly fostered, grow imperceptibly as a spider's web, and, in the very moment of its dissolution, become stronger than ever. I would fain know how all this is done, and how Loyalty, your squire, launches his darts with such softness and secresy, that the wounded rejoice in their wounds, and will never permit their cure. I wish also to be informed, why you bring away Mercy, Loyalty, and Chastity from our country; this is to take the grain, and leave us only the

chaff. I would yet further know, if it may not displease you, for what crime a lady has a right to dismiss her knight, or a knight to quit his lady; for I have heard it reported, the King of Navarre has forsaken his: for her he held numberless tournaments, and made many assaults on cities, towers, and castles, gave sumptuous feasts, and laughed and sung continually, with such joy did love inspire him: but now he laments in plaintive or satiric strains. I pray God to restore him to his ancient courtesy and urbanity; and that his lady, pardoning him, may never need forgiveness herself."

"Peter Vidal," replied Love, "I should look upon any other, who could ask such questions as you have done, to be a fool; but, since Mercy commands me, I will conceal nothing from you. It is not impossible, but that after having suffered you to languish so long, Mercy may touch the heart of your fair one, if you remain constant in your love. I will now tell you what is the source, and the food of love. It arises from the heart, where it is fostered by the will, after having been conceived by the imagination; it lives on gaiety and joy, and is nourished by the persecutions of perfidious rivals; and it only arrives at perfection when their falsehoods are unmasked. It springs from the tenderness of the desire; and when delight and assurance are joined with this tenderness, it is then in its perfect state.

"With respect to Loyalty, our squire, he strikes the pensive melancholy lover with one of his arrows, the stroke enters with his sighs; and, astonishing to behold, instantly makes two souls one: but there is neither man nor woman, within whom these arrows will enter, if their hearts are not frank and loyal; and much more impossible is it for those who make a trade of affection, and sell themselves for money, to be owned or rewarded by Love: they are false gallants, they may go where they will for me; for I entirely abandon all such. I must now explain to you, for what offence a knight has

a right to quit his lady, without ever pardoning her, whatever may be her repentance; for infidelity to him, and base compliance with another. This crime can never be washed away; for, as there is nothing more important to women than virtue, so there is nothing more odious to them than dishonour. Women are the model of all courtesy and true love, and they ought to be infinitely respected, when their conduct is irreproachable."

The remainder of this piece is wanting. It is asserted that Vidal, in the last years of his life, was more possessed than ever with the desire of possessing the empire of the East, and made a second voyage for that purpose. He died in 1229, two years after his return.

BARTHOLOMEW GIORGI, and BONIFACE CALVO.

Bartholomew Giorgi was a gentleman of Venice, and one of his family was made Doge in 1310. The noble Venetians did not scruple to enrich themselves by merchandise, and they went to the ports of the Levant to carry on their different branches of commerce.—Giorgi associated with some other merchants in an enterprise of this kind, and embarked for Romania. The vessel was attacked in the night by Genoese pirates, who made themselves masters of it, and took all the crew prisoners.

Genoa and Venice, long embroiled in a fatal rivalry, maintained at this time a fierce and open war. The fall of the Latin empire at Constantinople, in 1262, was the cause of this war; the Genoese being for Michael Palæologus, and the Venetians against him. The latter had almost always the advantage, either from the superiority of their forces, or the intestine dissensions of their enemies; for Genoa was a theatre of discord.

While Giorgi languished in prison, Boniface Calvo,

a noble Genoese, and a Troubadour, who had fled for refuge far from his country, composed a piece, in which he equally attacked these rival people.

"I desire neither the esteem, nor the love of the wicked Genoese; I despise their friendship: it suits not the man who is a friend to virtue. Yet I am grieved for their divisions. If they chose peace, they might obtain it; for their power would easily surmount the malice of their enemies. Ah, Genoese! where is that valour fled, which you formerly signalised against a people, who now so eclipse you by their exploits, that all your friends are filled with consternation? Cease your discords; bethink yourselves in time of humbling your arrogant rivals, and put a bridle on their mouths. They brave you, because they behold you disunited. Your quarrels are now arisen to such a height, that one or the other must fall. While they attack you, you attack one another; and the victor derives no glory from his success: for he only owes it to your dissensions.

"As yon do not think of revenging yourselves on them, they will revenge themselves on you, for the reproach laid on them every where, that thirty Venetians would not dare encounter three Genoese: and know, Venetians, that you have great need to have God on your side against the Genoese. But for his aid, they would have made many rich captures, which you would have severely regretted."

This piece, in which the honour of Venice was so severely attacked, inflamed the patriotic zeal of Giorgi, and he became the champion of his countrymen against Calvo.

"I am astonished at this invective, because of its author! In all other respects, he has a right to my sincere esteem. The man who possesses knowledge and merit, should be more careful than others of what he advances, for if he mistakes, as it is not for want of judgment, he endangers his reputation.

"If Calvo had been well informed, he would never have acknowledged that the Venetians had the advantage over the Genoese. It is in vain he attributes this to their discords. They have conducted themselves so well in the war, that their dissensions have never affected their interests, nor have they failed in aught but courage in battle; for they were always well armed, and often two against one.

"If Calvo would have passed for a wise man, he would never have uttered such inconsistencies, as that three cowards were superior to thirty brave men, when it is well known that a single vessel of the Venetians took three of the Genoese vessels prisoners.

"Venetians, those who maintain that the Genoese have subdued you, are ignorant of the terrible losses you have caused them to suffer, as well of their treasure, as of their men.

"Boniface Calvo, I address this piece to you; and I pray you be not angry at what I have said: you ought rather to thank me for having said no more."

It was a great honour to both these Troubadours, that they became friends after this paper war. Calvo esteemed Giorgi, for having had the courage, while a prisoner among the Genoese, to support against them the honour of Venice. He owned that he had done wrong to speak ill of the Venetians, and he made excuses for it to his rival. After many distresses to both states, from the continuance of war, Philip king of France exerted his influence to procure peace, which was established in 1270, between Genoa and Venice; and Giorgi, restored to liberty, returned to his own country. The Morea belonged to the Venetians ever since the crusaders had taken Constantinople from the Greeks. Giorgi was sent thither on some commission from the Doge. He fell in love with a noble lady of that country, and there ended his days. Calvo, during the factions which disturbed his country, retired to the court of Alphonso X.

king of Castile, and attached himself to his niece, celebrating her in a very prophane and romantic manner on her death.

"All the world," says he, "ought to die of grief for her loss; and if I die not, it is because I am so accustomed to suffer, that I live upon that which would kill a thousand others.—I sow tears, and I reap sorrow! Her death has cut short all my hopes!—I pray not that God would receive her into his paradise!—Paradise, without her, would be ill furnished with courtesy!—I lament not for her, but for myself.—A great fool is he, who places his heart on the joys of this world; and a much greater, who prides himself on them!" To add to Calvo's afflictions, he was exposed to the jealousy of Alphonso's courtiers, which he speaks of with the usual bitterness of those who feel themselves much aggrieved; and he beseeches the princes and nobles to encourage truth and virtue.

Calvo was, however, charged with flattering the foibles of Alphonso, to gain his affection. The latter had several mistresses and natural children. Our poet exhorts him, in one of his pieces, to love; but he probably meant a more refined love than Alphonso had formerly cultivated. What he says seems clearly to prove this.

"Joy and song are still cherished by the protection of King Alphonso.—Without his favour, they would have been forgotten and lost.—If Alphonso then wishes to maintain their empire, he must not neglect love! Love! without whom joy and song would cease! Love invented song; the employment of lovers is to sing and love!—nor can any who love not, partake of their joy! He who neglects love, will never be inspired by the muse! If King Alphonso, so renowned for goodness, approves my lay, can he refuse to love?—and will he not desire to be beloved tenderly for his superior merit? Though now far distant from that tree, which would yield him the rewards of such love, let him not be de-

terred from the pursuit, or neglect its pleasant fruits. He may yet repair the losses he has sustained for the want of it. But I must say no more; I fear the quarrels I may draw on my head."

It is not known how many years Boniface Calvo survived the king of Castile, or whether he frequented the courts of other princes. It is only recorded, that Alphonso sent him to the count of Provence, who married him to a lady of the house of Vintimiglia; and that the monk of the Golden Isles introduces philosophy speaking thus of this Troubadour:

"I desire all those, who shall see the writings of Boniface Calvo, not to be at the pains of correcting them; because I, philosophy, acknowledge this Boniface for a great master in the art of poetry: and whoever shall attempt to alter, or correct the pieces which Calvo has written, I pronounce him the enemy of philosophy, and an ignorant and presumptuous fool."

There is no account of the time when Calvo died.

ARNAUD DE CARCASSES.

This Troubadour is only known by the following novel:

"In an orchard, inclosed with high walls, where the foot of man was never suffered to enter, I beheld a lady, who sat under the shade of a pine. A parrot, who had travelled from far, flew towards her, and addressed her in these words: "Heaven preserve you, madam. I am a messenger to you from the most amiable and joyous knight in the world, Antiphanor, son of the king; he salutes you by me, and conjures you to give some relief to that love, with which you have caused him to languish."

"From whence come you, friend? You are very bold, methinks, that you dare address me in such lan-

guage."—"I am astonished, on my part, if you resist it, and love not from your heart the gallant knight I speak of."—"Know, fond bird, that I love the most accomplished man in the world."—"Who is he, madam, I beseech you?" "My husband, inquisitive bird."

"There is no reason you should love none but him, or that because you love him, you should be confined, and debarred the sight of all others. You may love him in public; but in secret you may return the tenderness of the amiable knight, my master."

"Thou talkest finely. It is a pity, gay parrot, thou art not a knight; thou wouldst make love admirably. But tell me, why should I betray the faith I have sworn?"

"What a question. Love, to be sure, is very scrupulous of oaths; it is not directed by inclination, but by justice, truly. This would be fine love indeed!"

The libertine parrot perceiving the lady so ready to give ear, continued to plead his cause against the sacred laws of marriage, and enforced it with numerous examples, drawn from romances, those excellent sources of corruption. The lady at length replied: "Since you will have it so, parrot, go then, and tell your master, that I will love him constantly. As a pledge of my affection, take this ring, and this girdle of golden tissue, and desire him to accept them for my sake." The parrot departs with these gifts, and delivers his message, word for word, in the manner of Homer. After which, he concerted with Antiphanor the method of introducing him to the lady; and they concluded on setting fire to the roof of the house. Inspired with this lucky thought, Antiphanor and the parrot set out for the castle together. When they approached it, the parrot flew before to inform the lady of their arrival: he beholds her in the garden, salutes her, and announces his master. She represents to the bird the impossibility of seeing him, the garden gates being locked, and sentinels on guard at each wall, night and day.

"You cannot contrive it, then;" said the bird; "but I can. I have prepared the means. With your leave, I will set fire to the belfrey and the tower; the whole house will run thither to extinguish it. The keys may easily be taken from under the pillow, and then you may give entrance to Antiphanor; and you will have some time to converse together."

"Nothing could be better contrived, parrot; set about it with all speed, and give notice to Antiphanor."

The parrot returns to his master, who waited for him near the end of the wall, most gallantly equipped.—"You will have no time to lose," said the parrot; "the moment you hear the least noise, fly instantly to your lady."

Antiphanor then gave the parrot some wild fire, in an iron vessel; the parrot takes it in his claw, and flies directly to the tower; the four corners were soon in flames, and the cry of fire! fire! resounds through the house. The keys were taken from under the pillow by the parrot, and the door opened.

"The lady, for once in her life at liberty, runs to meet her lover, without asking leave of any one. In the mean time they had extinguished the fire by the help of vinegar, and the parrot was ready to die for fear, lest his master should be discovered. He flies with all his might to give him this information, and beseeches him to take leave of his mistress. Antiphanor obeyed with extreme regret; but besought the lady to inform him, if there was nothing he could do to serve her.

"I recommend to you, above all things," said she, tenderly embracing him, "to shew your love for me by your valour."

This novel was made by Arnaud de Carcasses, for the love he bears to many ladies, to correct those husbands who are such fools as to confine their wives. It is a much better way to let them go where they please. The only sure bond of safety, and of virtue, is liberty.

RAIMOND DE MIRAVALS.

Raimond de Miravals was a knight of Carcassonne, of small fortune; for he had only fifty vassals on his estate. His adventures shew the manners of some persons in this age; after which he ended his days in the monastery of Citeaux. His first passion was for Louve of Penautier, who was so celebrated by Peter Vidal. She flattered him with many hopes; but she secretly loved the Count de Foix: for in this country a woman lost her reputation, who attached herself to a noble lord; so extremely decried were their manners, and their honour. He soon perceived her indifference, and speaks of himself as being submissive to her will, as the Spanish prisoners to the Moors their masters*.

Weary of this pursuit, he attached himself to the mistress of the Count de Minerve, young, handsome, and innocent; who had never deceived any, nor had ever been deceived herself. The intrigue of Louve with the Count de Foix, coming to light, she was dishonoured. Miravals appeared to defend her; and she, charmed with his zeal, abandoned herself to his will, of which he took a most dishonest advantage, and vaunted aloud, that he had deceived the deceiver, and taken vengeance of her crimes: but soon after he received the just punishment of his villany.

A lady, whom he really loved, affected to return it, but devoted herself secretly to Peter II. king of Arragon: and the widow of a rich citizen, who was sought in marriage by a noble baron, feigned to attach herself to Miravals, and told him she would marry him, if he would repudiate his wife; for she heard he was married. Our poet promised he would bring about this divorce,

* The latter probably employed them in battle.

to marry her; and, and with a blind confidence, he hastened to execute this base project.

His wife was called Gaudeirença. She had a talent for poetry, and this was his pretext for their separation. When he returned to his castle, he said to her, "I will not have a wife who can make verses; one poet is enough in a family. Prepare yourself to return to your father's house. In one word, I will have you no longer for my wife."

Gaudeirença secretly loved a knight, called Bremon, who loved her, and was the object of her verse.—She affected a sorrowful air, and replied, that she would inform her parents and friends of his usage; but she sent immediate notice to Bremon, promising to marry him, and share in his fortune. Enchanted with this news, he came directly with his knights, and dismounted at the castle gate. The lady, informed of his arrival, told Miravals that her parents and friends were come to fetch her, and that she would go away with them. The husband and the wife were now at the summit of their hopes, and the pacquet of Gaudeirença was soon ready. Miravals conducted her to the gate, where he found Bremon, and shewed him much civility. The lady, just ready to mount on her horse, desired Miravals, since he chose to part with her, that he would give her in marriage to Bremon. He consented with all his heart. Her lover, advancing towards her, received her from the hand of Miravals, put the ring on her finger, and brought her home with him.

The Troubadour then went in haste to his mistress, and told her he had performed her orders, and that he waited the execution of her promise. "It is well done," said she, "go and prepare every thing for a magnificent wedding, and return and fetch me when I shall send you word." Immediately she sent for her lover, Oliver de Saissac, and married him the next day, with great eclat, before a multitude of guests.

At this news Miravals was petrified with astonishment and grief, and was two years deprived of his reason. When he recovered his senses, he followed the counts of Toulouse and Foix to Arragon, whither they retired, after being dispossessed of their kingdoms, and Miravals of his estate, by the cruelty of Simon Montfort, and the excommunications of the pope. One of the pieces of Miravals, is advice to a jongleur, what barons he should visit, and what gifts he should expect from each, which was chiefly horses and habits; and he offers him a piece of his composing to take with him. In another, he gives this good advice to a serjeant called Forniers, who wished to become a jongleur: "Forniers, I am told you desire instruction of me. Since God has inclined you to leave the occupation of a soldier, you must first learn the manners in use among civilized people. You must promise the hospitallers and the monks, that you will never pillage their sacred houses, or destroy the produce of their fields; and besides this, you must forget a great number of other sins belonging to your profession; the shameful oaths that you utter, when you are deprived of your last penny at the gaming-table. All those horrid blasphemies! leave them off, my friend, for swearing is a grievous sin. When you have corrected these manners, you may then go to the Lord Raimond, and tell him you have been with Azalaïs, that most amiable lady, who gives wit to the simple, and reason to the fool, and deprives the wisest and most eloquent of both."

The monk of Mantaudon says of Miravals: "He composes good pieces, and gives up his castle to the use of the ladies; for he does not pass one year in it himself." This pleasantry was founded on a saying of Miravals, "that he held of his mistresses his heart and his castle in fee."

BERTRAND OF MARSEILLES.

BERTRAND was a gentleman of Marseilles. In his youth he appeared stupid and insensible, but the society of the fair sex inspired him with wit and sentiment. He fell in love with a lady of quality, the daughter of Bertrand of Porcelet, lord of Ailes, and became a poet for her sake; but he was unsuccessful. She married a gentleman of the house of Eiguieres, and the Troubadour, in despair, became a monk in the abbey of Montmajour. The lady of Eiguieres dying in the flower of her age, he put this epitaph on her tomb:

"Weep, virgins, weep! and ye honourable wives, who are in the same fruitful state that she was; for the sun of your honour is lost!—Ere she had finished her course of nature, the cloud of death hid her from our sight, and raised her to the seat of blessed and eloquent souls."

In one of his sonnets, Bertrand deplores the cruelty of his mistress.

"She answered me not a word, the other day, when I confessed to her the ardour of my flame!—My heart was in so terrible a confussion at her silence, that it resembled a vessel whose masts and rudder were torn in pieces by the tempest! The higher the dignity, the more generosity is shewn in listening to the prayers of the humble! I trust, therefore, she will not be inflexible, notwithstanding the disproportion of our rank.—I beseech her to put my affection to the proof, for nothing is so delightful as such trials of love, where the sentiments of love are mutual!—Love considers neither riches nor honour; but discretion, gaiety, fame, and a wise mixture of reason and passion. If I inherit not the goods of fortune, I am, however, rich in these last treasures. What have I not suffered from the pains of love? yet how dear have been its rewards? When guided by jus-

tice, love is never a sin! True and pure love extinguishes all base and covetous dispositions, gives to the false a loyal heart, understanding to the simple, and cures fools of their folly. If I have any worth, if I am at all inspired by the muse, it is to you, madam, and to love, I owe my felicity."

One day, finding his mistres asleep, he went up to her, and kissed her eyes. She awoke, and broke out in violent reproaches; nor could he find any means to pacify her: on which he says, "Like a man who has found in his field a coffer, which he believes filled with gold, and who is overwhelmed with confusion when he finds it empty; so was I transported with joy, madam, believing I had found in you a heart full of sincerity and benevolence! but, in discovering the contrary of this, my present grief is equal to my former delight. I shall, therefore, go from hence, and seek a lady of true faith, in the place of her who has deceived me, and of whom I take my leave. It is but just to love only those who love us; to deceive those who deceive us; and to play the same game as those with whom we engage." And he complains of his heart, which is averse to the good resolution he has formed.

"Why, O my heart, dost thou cause me to love with so much passion, where my homage is rejected? It is a great folly to pursue what we cannot obtain. But, alas! my bonds are too strong to be broken!

"I feel that nothing in the world can loosen them but the lady who has made me her captive; and that I must submit to the yoke."

The two last pieces of our poet, paint the disorders of the clergy, who go about, says he, every where, preaching what is good, and doing all the evil in their power.

"Ah, false and wicked clergy! traitors, liars, perjurers, thieves, debauchers, miscreants! every day ye commit such, and so many public disorders, that the

world is overwhelmed with confusion! St. Peter had never revenues, castles, nor domains; never did he pronounce interdicts, or excommunications, but he held in his hands the balance of justice. As for you! your balance is gold; and your interdicts must be set aside by silver! But think not that I censure all ecclesiastics; there are some who are worthy: nor believe that this restriction proceeds from fear of any; but I would have them make peace between kings; pass the sea the next year, with the pope at their head, and restore tranquillity to Christendom. They refuse to give to their blessed Lord their rich and splendid habits, and their vessels of silver, and of gold.—May God exempt them from evils, as they are exempt from pride and ambition! As they have no ambition for the pomps of this world, and no relish for its prophane vanities, and fatal expenses. Alas! so many do I behold who have no merit but their wealth! who marry to their nephews the offspring they have gained by illegal commerce!—Others, who have no portion but the dower of hypocrisy; and who amass incredible riches by a false air of devotion, that I cannot hold my peace."—And among these a dean of the church of Marseilles is satirised in the most violent manner by our Troubadour.

By these misconducts of the clergy, the Albigenses and Vaudois upheld their cause, increased their influence, and shook the power of the sacerdotal empire.

GUI DE CAVAILLON, and BERTRAND d'AVIGNON.

The city of Cavaillon, in the county of Venaisson, had formerly its viscounts, who maintained their authority long after the decline of the house of Arragon. Gui was one of these viscounts; he was a brave and courteous knight, much beloved by the fair sex, and esteemed by

all the world. He was attached to the countess of Provence, and addressed to her the following lines:

"The exalted merit of that lady awes me to silence, and prevents my offering her my vows! Till I have done some glorious deed, that may deserve her notice, I cannot have the courage to approach her. Actions should be the messengers of the heart; they are the homage due to beauty; they are the proofs of faithful love."

There is a small piece of Bertrand's, in which he holds this singular dialogue with his cloak:

"Thou hast caused me so much shame and trouble, that I blush for thee! I would thou hadst been burned, I have incurred such reproach in wearing thee. Thou hast lost me the good graces of the amiable Donsava, and of the beautiful Lady Galberge."

"You despise me, and scoff at me now," replied the cloak, "though I have defended you from the wintry blasts, and done you innumerable other services. I am grieved if the amiable Donsava abandons you on my account. Much rather would I inwrap and shelter you both."

For this happy thought, and tender expression of good will, Gui promised his cloak he would dye it in scarlet.

"I am used," said the cloak, "to hear your fine promises; but I do not depend on the performance of them."

In another piece Gui speaks of the war he maintained against the French, for the count of Toulouse. And he tells Folcon, a descendant of the ancient counts of Avignon, to whom he addresses it, that he is besieged in Chateau-Neuf; that he has fought against them three months: and he reproaches Bertrand of Avignon with having quitted his post without leave, and invites him to return. Bertrand replies, "I reproach you, in my turn, for submitting to be forced by a base count in

Chateau-Neuf. Ill have you repaid the succour I gave you; and I refer to Refortats, if you are skilful in the defence of a besieged castle."

Gui was very zealous for Raimond VII. count of Toulouse, who had sent him as his ambassador to the courts of France and Rome, to treat of an accommodation. The count obtained absolution, says Gui, but not the restitution of his dominions. William VI. of Baux, prince of Orange, was leagued with the French against Raimond, and Gui thus writes against him:

"The valiant vassals of my Lord Raimond, with their armed steeds, and banners, will henceforward conquer; and I warn the chief of Courteson*, though he has the French on his side, to expect no terms from the people of Avignon. I shall not dissemble my joy for the evil that shall come to Baux; with reason may I rejoice! for they destroyed one of my fiefs; for which I have had no revenge. But when I hold the dice, they shall dearly rue their conquest.—Count of Toulouse, if you are ambitious of esteem, be loyal, generous, and magnificent; give nobly to strangers, and to friends; be always ready to grant, and unwilling to refuse.—Abase your enemies, and exalt your friends.

"Our half Prince William of Baux has been proclaimed king of Vienne, and even crowned, as know all his barons. Go, Bonnardon†, go quickly, and warn him not to leave his kingdom, without he provides himself with brave guards; for he is subject to be taken prisoner."

William's title of king of Arles and Vienne, was only nominal. The caution to the prince of Orange, which Gui refers to as necessary, is explained in the life of William, to which we will, therefore, immediately proceed, as there are no other particulars of Gui of Cavaillon.

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* The principal city of Orange. † A jongleur.

WILLIAM DE BAUX, Prince of Orange.

WILLIAM DE BAUX was the son of Bertrand de Baux, and became prince of Orange, in right of his mother Tiburge, princess of Orange, who, in 1160, married Ermengarde of Sabran, an alliance worthy of his illustrious house. She held her principality from the earldom of Venaisson, which the pope had seized from the count of Toulouse. William made use of this circumstance to free himself from all subjection; and, in 1214, he obtained letters patent from the Emperor Frederick II. which confirmed to him the title of king of Arles and Vienne, though it did not belong to the empire of Germany: but the imperial, as well as pontifical court, conferred titles and rights they never possessed themselves; and it was because they did not possess them, they conferred them on others. William, from that time, affected all the privileges of sovereignty, and entitled himself prince, by the grace of God. His sovereignty, and his royalty, did not however defend him from two very humbling adventures, which drew upon him the raillery of some daring Troubadours. A French merchant, who was travelling through his dominions, was despoiled of his effects by William, who confiscated them to his own use, alleging the merchant had defrauded him of his rights. The merchant went and complained of this treatment to Philip Augustus, king of France. The king replied, he was at too great a distance to do him justice; but that he permitted him to revenge himself in the best manner he was able. This answer was probably not serious; for Orange did not depend on France, and its prince was leagued with Philip, at this time, against the Albigenses. On this merchant's return into Provence, he contrived a very extraordinary method of revenge. He got the seal of the French king counterfeited, and wrote in his name a letter to the prince, by which Philip ordered

him to come to his court immediately, that he might receive some great honours and rewards he had destined for him. William, charmed with the letter, after great preparations, sets out for his journey. Unfortunately for him, the town in which the merchant lived was in his road, and he stopped there to refresh himself. The merchant, who had taken his measures with such secresy, that he had not given the least cause for suspicion, had the prince arrested, with all his train, and obliged him to repair the whole damage he had sustained.

William, too late informed of the trick that was played him, returned to his dominions, despoiled and disgraced. To understand this, the reader will observe, that in this age there was no restraint to licence and robbery; strength and power was the law of the world; and William, as a traveller, became the subject of his vassal. William sustained also another affront of the same nature. Embroiled with Aimard, count of Valentinois, he went into his territories, insulted the count with reproachful language, and pillaged one of his provinces.—As he returned, in his passage on the Rhone, some fishermen, the subjects of Aimard, stopped him on his course, and obliged him to pay for his ransom. These were the events to which Gui of Cavaillon alluded, when he said, the prince of Orange is subject to be taken prisoner. Gui was piqued against William, and therefore reproached him; but it is surprising Rambaud de Vaqueiras should do the same, who was at the court of this prince, and generously entertained by him. William answers his accusations very briefly and poignantly.

"I am much surprised, Rambaud, to perceive you enraged against me; it will soon be known you are the greatest of all great fools!—Go to the king of Barcelona, the king of Arragon, to other great princes, as you have proposed; for you love money better than the poor Armoriers."

Vaqueiras replied to him under a feigned name.

"Ingles, Aimard of Poitiers has taken speedy vengeance for the assault you made on his province. One of his fishermen seized you, as a pike seizes its prey! I do not say you were beaten, except by the counter-blow of the king of France; nor that he delivered you up; but that you had the folly to give credit to the seal of a crafty citizen."

William's answer to Gui of Cavaillon is as follows:

"Render your lion tamer; he is too furious;—and if he had devoured us all, you would have been no gainer! —Gui, you was well advised when you sought peace with us, and when you surrendered yourself a prisoner; but the count has taken you from us, and your ransom will now be dear: Friend Gui of Cavaillon, however noble and estimable your character really is, be more moderate; for fortune changes in a moment."

William de Baux too fatally proved this truth. He was the victim of his hatred to the Albigenses, whose party the city of Avignon maintained with great violence. The people of Avignon made him prisoner in an ambuscade, flayed him alive, and cut his body into pieces.

Pope Honorius III. dispatched thundering briefs to exhort the crusaders to punish this cruelty; and it was one of the motives that induced Lewis VIII. to besiege Avignon in 1226.

Several branches of the house of Baux, established at Naples, have possessed the first dignities there, under the government of the crown of France; with the duchies of Andria and of Nardo, the counties of Tricassi, of Castro, of Ugento, of Avelino, and of Montescaiolo. In Provence they still call many places Baussenques lands, which are fiefs that belonged to the illustrious house of Baux.

WILLIAM DE FIGUEIRA, and GERMONDA DE MONTPELLIER.

WILLIAM DE FIGUEIRA was a taylor's son, at Toulouse, and was bred up in his father's trade. Having been a spectator of the horrors of the crusade against the Albigenses, and the distresses of his country, he retired into Lombardy, and became a jongleur. An inveterate enemy of the great, from a hatred of their tyranny, he would never frequent any but citizens and the common people.—He went into ale-houses and shops, and houses of ill fame; and in these places vented his morose and satiric humour, tearing the nobility to pieces in his compositions, and placing them far below the populace in merit and genius. But, above all, he was severe on the clergy, and the court of Rome; and their injustice and corruption drew from him the following virulent satire:

"I know I shall be censured if I write against Rome, that sink of all evil; but I cannot hold my peace.

"I am not astonished the world lies in wickedness! It is you, treacherous Rome, who have sown confusion and war!

"Your avarice blinds your eyes, and you shear too close the wool of your sheep!

"If the Holy Ghost, who took the form of man, shall listen to my prayers, I will stop thy mouth, O Rome, in whom all the perfidy of the Greeks is revived!

"Rome, thou dost exceed the bounds prescribed thee by heaven; and a blind leader of the blind, thou draggest them into the pit!—Thou absolvest sins for money, and chargest thyself with a burthen too mighty for thee to sustain!—Know, that thy base traffick, and thy obstinate folly, have caused thee to lose Damietta*.

* The imperious bigotry of the Legate Pelage, who would

"God confound thee, Rome, who reignest with so much wickedness! Thy principles are evil, and thy manners treacherous!

"It is by the baits of thy delusive pardons thou deliverest up the French nobility to persecution!—Thou didst banish the good King Lewis from Paris; and thou wast the cause of his death*!

"Rome! thou dost little harm to the Saracens; but thou makest a dreadful slaughter of the Greeks and Latins!

"Thou dost establish thy throne in the bottomless pit!—May God remember against thee thy pilgrimage to Avignon†! May he never forgive thee the murders thou committest there!

"Thou takest the crooked road; and woe be unto him who follows thy track!

"Rome, it is a sport to thee to burn Christians!—May all the devils carry thee into the flames of hell!

"In what book hast thou read, that it was thy duty to exterminate Christians? Like an enraged beast, thou devourest both great and small!—But if the brave Count Raimond lives only two years longer, he will make France repent the abandoning herself to thy impostures!

"Thy crimes are risen to such a height, that thou despisest God, and all his saints!

"Thy tyranny is discovered; thy injustice to Count Raimond is known.—May God defend and assist him; may he give him the victory over the French; may he flea them alive, tear them in pieces; and may he make a bridge of their bodies, as he is hewing them down!

"Rome! I comfort myself in the assurance that thy power will decay, and thou wilt soon be no more!

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never consent to any treaty with the crusaders, lost this city, which was restored to the Sultan of Egypt.

* Pope Honorius engaged this prince to go and besiege Avignon, where he died.

† The enterprise against the Albigenses.

" If thy dominion is not destroyed, the world will be overthrown!

" Rome! thy crimes arise from thy cardinals:—their only aim is to sell God and his friends.—Thy pastors are false, and their followers are mad with zeal!—Thy anathemas are of as little value as thy pardons;—they are equally shameful and vain!

" Rome! your head and your whole body is arraigned, for having committed that horrible murder at Beziers * !—Under the covering of a lamb, with an air of modesty and simplicity, you are inwardly a deluding serpent, and a ravenous wolf!

" Thy clergy pass the night with abandoned women, and the next day in consecrating the body of our Lord! —And it is a mortal heresy to assert, that a priest ought not to defile himself with his concubine, when he is about to prepare the body of his God!

" If you cry out against these disorders, you are excommunicated, and can only save yourself by a bribe.—Holy Virgin! may I live to behold the day, when these wretches shall no longer flourish!"

Among the champions of Rome, who were endless, there was a female Troubadour, called Germonda. Nothing more of her is known, but that she was of Montpellier, and wrote the following recrimination on this catholic satirist.

" I cannot endure to hear such cutting falsehoods!—they wound my heart, and I shall vent the chagrin with which I am penetrated!—And let none be astonished at the war I declare against this presumptuous impostor, who calumniates and perverts all worthy actions.—May God listen to my prayer, and may all those who oppose the laws of Rome be confounded and destroyed!

" Rome! I am grieved to see you thus exposed to the arrows of the wicked!—It is to the folly of fools thou

* See Life of Ogier, p. 69, &c.

owest thy loss of Damietta.—I doubt not but thou wilt reclaim all France to the way of salvation!—They are viler than Saracens, those miserable heretics, who wish that the Avignons, instead of going to Paradise, should be doomed to the flames of hell; and Rome has overthrown their wicked hope!

"Rome! your laws ought to be strictly adhered to for ever!

"Rome! this impostor shews by his mad and injurious discourse, that his faith is suspicious, and that he is on the side of the Toulousians.—But if the brave Count Raimond abandons this heresy, every ill will be repaired!

"Rome! may the Great King, the Lord of Justice, give a fatal blow to the falsehoods of the Toulousians; for they transgress all his commands. If Count Raimond sides with them, I have no more to say in his behalf.

"Rome! I trust that your power, and that of France, the enemy of all evil, will bring to an end pride and heresy. Cursed be those heretics who dread no vice, and believe no mystery.

"Rome! you know that those escape with difficulty who listen to them! they are ambitious to be hung up, or burnt, for their bad lives; and they spread their nets so dexterously, that all are entrapped by them. There is among them neither faith nor virtue.—Whoever would be saved, ought to take the cross instantly to destroy them.

"The God of heaven is going against these rebels, and they must be indeed lost to fear, who would venture to plead their cause!

"Rome! those employ themselves in vain, who dispute against you; and, was the emperor to do it, he would dishonour his crown. But indulgence is easily obtained for those who confess and repent.

"Rome! may the King of Glory, who, by the pardon

he granted to Magdalen, fills us with hope, may he bring to that torture ordained for heretics, the presumptuous fool, who has uttered such vile falsehoods, and such horrid blasphemies."

It is singular that the poet, against whom this invective is directed, was a zealous advocate for the crusaders, which, as well as his address to the Virgin, proves he was a Catholic.

Germonda breathes the same spirit with the inquisitor Izarn, in the life before given of this Catholic priest *.

The following pastoral of Figueiras will be a more interesting conclusion of his life, than such bitter anathemas, which are only given to prove the bigotted spirit of these times.

PASTORAL OF FIGUEIRA.

"THE other day, as I was riding on my palfrey, the weather being bright and serene, I saw before me a young and beautiful shepherdess, who sung these words to a plaintive and tender air.

"Alas! she who has lost her joy, must lead a life of woe!"—I turned my horse immediately to the bank whereon she sat; she rose;—and, blessings be for ever on her, sweet and amiable as she is! she came toward me; I instantly dismounted to salute her for such unmerited bounty.

"Pretty shepherdess," said I, "will you please to tell me truly the subject of your song; for I swear to you I never heard any shepherdess sing so well."

"My lord, it is not long ago since I had at my devotion that young shepherd who now afflicts me: but now he has forsaken me, and is become passionately fond of another! It is for this I lament, and I sing to calm the grief which will soon destroy me."

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* See Life of Izarn, p. 75, &c.

" Shepherdess, I will tell you frankly, that the same treason has been done me by a deceiver, whom I much loved. She also has the injustice to leave me for another, whom I would willingly have killed for his robbery."

" It depends on yourself, my lord, to revenge the villany of that false lady; and here am I ready to assist you. If you agree to it, I will love you all my life; and we will change into joy and pleasure the mutual wrongs we have sustained."

" Frank and amiable shepherdess, if you consent to this, I have all that I wish and desire. You shall save me from shipwreck, and conduct me to the port of felicity."

" My lord, your love has so wrought on my heart, that I no longer remember the woes I have suffered. Your sweetness has dissipated every former chagrin."

GUI D'UISEL.

Gui was the lord of Uisel, a good castle in Limosin, which he possessed conjointly with his two brothers, Ebles and Peter; and they had, besides this castle, several others. A cousin of theirs, named Elias, who was very poor, sought to make his fortune by becoming a jongleur; and these brothers, from views of glory, associated themselves with him. It was agreed that Peter, who was an able musician, should sing the compositions of Gui and Ebles; that they should never separate; and that Gui should receive the money that should be gained, and distribute it in equal proportions.

Gui had been bred an Ecclesiastic, and was at this time canon of Brioude and Montferrand: but such was the irregularity of ecclesiastical manners, that he considered himself at liberty to follow his inclinations. He therefore went into Provence with his associates; and

there he fell in love with a lady called Nugidas of Mondus, niece of William Count of Montpellier, and cousin-german to the queen of Arragon.

Our Troubadour composed sonnets in her praise, which gained him much honour. He was at first rejected, but he received at length some encouragement.—One day, when he was ardently soliciting his mistress to receive the homage of his heart: "You are a man of honour," replied Madam Mondus. "Though you are a clerk *, you are loved and esteemed; and I feel so much good will toward you, that I cannot defend myself from your solicitations. Tell me, would you wish to have me for your mistress, or your wife? Consider to which of these you give the preference."

She sought, in this, to prove the character of her lover, who doubtless did not acquaint her with his being in orders, ecclesiastics being not permitted to marry. Transported with joy at this offer, Gui consulted his cousin Elias; and the following dialogue passed between them on this subject.

GUI.

"Tell me, Elias, a sincere lover, who attaches himself in good faith to his mistress, ought he to wish according to the just laws of love, and, supposing it is left to his choice, to become the lover rather than the husband of his mistress?

ELIAS.

"I have the heart of a loyal lover, and not that of a deceiver: therefore I hold it to be a much greater honour to possess a beautiful and amiable woman for life, than to enjoy her for a year, or a short time only; for the intrigues of love are subject to cease, and are broken off on the slightest pretences.

* Which signified a scholar.

GUI.

" I esteem that above all things, which increases regard; and I despise nothing so much as that which contributes to weaken it. A mistress endeavours to be every day more pleasing: a wife, to be every day less so. A lover is honoured for his love; a husband ridiculed for his affection.

ELIAS.

" If you are the least capable of feeling what true love is, you must perceive the absurdity you have just advanced.—A lover of your sort seeks only his own gratification, and has no care for the object of his passion. For my part, in preferring the charms which bind me for ever to my mistress, I prove that she is dearer to me than all others; and that I would not possess the liberty of forsaking her who has devoted herself to me.

GUI.

" I am guilty of no injury in avoiding this union; on the contrary, it is from the excess of my love, and respect for my mistress. The faith of a lover is more honourable than that of a husband: for the shame of inconstancy is his bond; and, if he sins against love, he offends all the laws of gallantry, and is for ever dishonoured.

ELIAS.

" I should look upon myself to be a deceiver, on your principles, if I could possess for ever, without a rival, and without a master, the object of my love, and yet desire her to prefer me to her own disgrace. The husband enjoys his affection with safety and honour; the lover pays dearly for his selfish passion; and the former may say to him with truth, I prefer my happy slavery to your unjust and dishonourable liberty."

Gui, fatally for himself, pursued the libertine sentiments he had maintained in his conversation with Elias, and professed them to Madam Mondus: but as this lady was not disposed to adopt such weak and visionary reasoning, or to accept such suspicious love, she was extremely offended; considered Gui as an inconstant libertine; dismissed him immediately from her presence, and soon after married a knight of Catalonia.

Gui was exceedingly mortified. He wrote a severe sonnet on the cruelty of his mistress, and on love itself. The following lines of which are alone worthy notice.

"From the inconstancy of my mistress I reap a great advantage; for she has taught me how to change. Her folly has altered my ideas, as swiftly as time will efface her attractions.

"Love is the reverse of all other passions: the more it is known, the less doth it profit. Alas, love is a great folly! I have experienced its miseries, and yet I cannot live a day without it.—Love is so degenerated in women, that they engage in it without any thought: they love by chance; take a friend from humour, and, as to their lovers, they change them as often as their cloaths: and what is worse still, they take a husband on no better foundation than pique and revenge.—I will add no more concerning them; he who reprehends with moderation, will succeed the best in correction.

"Ah! if love was now as in former times, no joy would be comparable! It would banish every care, every agitation of which it was not the source; and its own anxieties would be relieved and rewarded by a thousand soft and tender delights. Love breathes nothing but generosity, courtesy, and tenderness. All that tends to falsehood, reserve, and coldness, he rejects with contempt."

A profound melancholy, either the effect of an unfortunate passion, or of mortified pride, silenced the talents of Gui; he renounced love and poetry. The knights,

and the ladies were grieved at his situation; above all, Madam Mary of Ventadour: and, that she might draw him out of his languid state, she proposed to him the following question, which is related as follows, in the manner of a dialogue.

MARY OF VENTADOUR.

"Gui d' Uisel, I am concerned at your state; I grieve that you no longer sing. For my sake resume your lays, and answer me the following question; it is well suited to your ability. Ought a lady, according to the laws of love, to show as much attention to her lover, as her lover to her?

GUI.

"Madam Mary, I had determined never more to write, or sing; but I cannot resist your amiable invitation. I answer, therefore, that a lady ought to show as much attention to her lover, as her lover to her. Between friends, all things should be equal.

MARY.

"Yet it is the duty of a lover to ask humbly what he wishes; and the right of his mistress to command what she desires. The lover, according to the laws of gallantry, ought to execute her orders as those of a sovereign; but she is only obliged to treat him with regard, not with the respect and submission due to a lord and a master.

GUI.

"If a lady refuses to consider her lover as her equal, she is guilty of wrong; for in such an union two hearts become one. Either you must agree with me, that it would be a dishonour to a lady, for her lover to be more tender and faithful than herself, or that they are

equal; and that if the lover yields the superiority to his mistress, it is from mere politeness."

Though these were the sentiments of Gui on this subject, yet he celebrates, with the most tender and profound homage, the Countess of Montferrand, and the Viscountess of Aubusson; and was ardently attached to them both. Of one of these ladies he thus speaks, which well expresses the anxiety of his love: "The more obliging her expressions, the more intimidated are my feelings. I feign a thousand pretexts to behold her; but love alone is the cause. If I loved less, I should not fear so much; but where love is strong, expression is weak. It is my glory to speak of my flame to others; but my love overwhelms me when I am before her, and I cannot speak in her presence."

There are no other particulars of the life of Gui, but that a legate of the pope, who came into that country, obliged Gui to make a vow, that he would renounce poetry. The reason assigned for this is, that in some of his writings which do not appear, he had attacked the tyranny of princes, and the abuse of pontifical authority. On this the brothers returned home, with much wealth, which they had amassed in the courts they had visited. —A writer asserts, that notwithstanding the vow Gui had made, he continued his invectives against tyranny; and that he died of anxiety and grief in 1230, to which the account of him here given, plainly shows he was a prey during his life: but the particular cause of his death is not mentioned.

THE MONK OF MONTAUDON.

THE Monk of Montaudon was born of a noble family of Auvergne, in the castle of Vic, and he took on him the profession of a monk, in the abbey of Orlac, which was near this castle. The Abbé gave him the priory of

Montaudon. These priories were originally houses dependent on some abbey, where a certain number of religious were established, to perform the offices, and administer the charity of these foundations. In process of time they became benefices, much sought after, and possessed temporal advantages, which raised the jealousy of their superiors.

The monk of Montaudon had the character of doing great good to his house, which did not, however, prevent him from composing couplets and sonnets on the events of his province. The knights and the barons were much pleased with them; they invited him to their castles, and treated him with great respect and generosity. He enriched his priory and church with their presents, and all this without ever quitting his monastic habit, or functions. But at last, weary of the cloister, he went to the Abbé of Orlac, told him all the services he had rendered his priory, and asked his permission to repair to the court of the king of Arragon, to receive the commands of that prince. This was, in fact, asking the liberty to become a Troubadour. By frequenting the houses of the great, and enjoying their benevolence, he had formed a taste for the freedom and luxury of their splendid courts.

Having obtained his request, he arrived at the palace of the king of Arragon, who commanded him to eat meat, to compose, and to sing gallant poems: he obeyed. His talents rendered him so agreeable to this prince, that he bestowed on him the lordship of Pui-Saint-Marie. From hence he travelled into Spain, where he continued many years, and received many honours and rewards. His gallant poems are only repetitions of the fervour and distinctions of love; but in some other pieces he paints his own character and feelings, and those of others, with ingenuity and freedom.

"I love," says he, "a court filled with persons of

worth; a man who is ashamed of, and repents of his sins; joy, good cheer, and handsome presents.

"I love fine fat salmons at noon*; an amiable mistress by the side of a purling stream; and a dear friend every where.

"I hate small gifts; a poor and proud knight; young people who talk much and loud; and the society of low people; and of uncourteous knights.

"I hate a lord who wears arms to no purpose; a monk and a priest with great beards; a husband who doats on his wife; and a grocer's son who sets up for a man of quality.

"I hate too much water, and too little wine; the priest who perjures and lies; and the wicked who prosper in their wickedness.

"I hate those who speak ill of dice, and who will not engage in play; a damsel, who makes a parade of her handsome foot; and a poor and shabby courtezan.

"I hate a large table, and a scanty cloth; a man who marries his concubine; and a woman who espouses her valet.

"But above them all do I hate a baron who rides his horses to death; and a friend who fails in the time of need."

Another piece of this poet's is as singular as the former.

"The other day I went up to heaven to speak to St. Michael, who had sent for me, and there I heard a complaint which pleased me much; attend, and ye shall hear it.—St. Julien advanced toward God, and said, O God, I make my lamentation to you, for having been forcibly dispossessed of my fief: for whoever desired success in any matter formerly, prayed to me in the morning to be favourable unto him; but to the wicked lords, who live on earth at present, I know not what

* The canonical hour of dinner.

counsel to give. They have so despoiled me of my authority, that no prayers are now made to me, either morning or night; and they even let those depart fasting, whom they have received into their houses. This is a scandal for me.—I do not complain so much of the Toulousians, the Carcassonnes, and the Albigenses, as of others. I preserve my rights also in Catalonia, and am beloved and cherished there; and I am equally regarded in Limosin and Perigord, though they suffer much from the king and their count.—In Auvergne you may find hospitality without the appearance; and good cheer without invitation; for they know not how to be obliging, nor possess any of those graceful and touching manners which are the delight of life: yet they are not sorry to receive you. I have also some rights in Provence: but the Gascons and Provençals are neither to be praised nor blamed.

"Never will I complain of the Vivarais. If a stranger is pressed with hunger, or drought, they are out of breath till they have furnished him with all he needs."

It was thus, in the person of St. Julien, our poet characterised the Provinces, and recommended that hospitality which was the great resource of travellers in this age; and by the degree of which the dispositions of the great lords were judged.—The monk of Montaudon thus proceeds:

"When all these complaints were ended, there arose another process which displeased and disconcerted many.

"The ladies and the monks disputed with violence, and each party pleaded their cause in form.

"The monks said, all is lost, ladies, and we are undone. You wrong us cruelly, in thus wresting our pictures from us! It is a grievous sin to paint and disguise yourselves in this manner; for never was painting invented but for our use; and you lay it on so thick, that you eclipse the images suspended in our chapels.

"To this the ladies replied: Painting was given to us long before the invention of the Ex Voto for the superior and the inferior monks. I take nothing from you, said an old lady, in painting the wrinkles underneath my eyes, and in concealing them so well, that I can still exert my power over those who doat on my person.

"God said to the monks, If you think it will be of use, I will give those women, who are under twenty-five, twenty years to paint themselves; and I will allow you to be still more generous,—grant them thirty.

"The monks replied, We cannot comply with this. Out of complaisance to you, we will give them ten; but be assured, after this period, we will oblige them to let us possess our privileges in peace.

"Then came St. Peter, and St. Lawrence, and made a good and firm peace between the contending parties, on these terms, to which each swore a faithful observation, that five years was to be taken from the twenty, and added to the ten. Thus was the process ended, and the parties restored to peace.

"But I perceive the oath is violated, they keep not their promise; they act a dishonest part. They still put on so much white and red, that never was more daubing at those shrines where the greatest offerings are made.

"They mix with mercury a quantity of drugs, to make this paint; and they use a wash compounded of mare's milk, and of ground beans, the food of the ancient monks, and the only thing they ask of right, in charity, insomuch, that these monks are hereby deprived of their allowance; and when they have collected all their ointments and washes, you may reckon up three hundred boxes ready for use. Never did St. Peter and St. Lawrence intend, in the treaty they made, to comprehend those old women, whose teeth are larger than the teeth of a boar.

"But they do worse than this, they buy up all the saffron they can lay their hands on; and have rendered

it so dear, that, as pilgrims inform us, they are complained of in the countries beyond the sea.

"Better would it be, that they should devour it in sauces and ragous, than waste it in this shameful manner; at least it would become them to take arms, and go beyond sea to obtain this saffron *, for which they have so ardent a desire."

In this extravagant manner the monk of Montaudon finishes St. Julien's discoure with God. In these times it was by many considered as a mark of devotion, to express their sentiments with such indecent familiarity toward their Maker: but it was probably more frequently done as a covering to ridicule superstition.

There is another piece of this Troubadour, which is a gross satire on all the other Troubadours; and as it is only an imitation of Peter d'Auvergne, and the subject is very indifferently handled, I here forbore to insert it.

The monk of Montaudon having fully satisfied his curiosity in travelling, and visited many princes and great barons, retired to the priory of Villefranche, in Roussillon, which was a dependency on the abbey of Orlac. The Abbé of it, his old friend, presented him to this benefice.

He enriched it greatly; and in this priory he ended his days, at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

RAIMOND GAUCELM DE BESIERS.

Raimond Gaucelm was called the Noble Citizen, and was lord of a castle near Besiers. This title was owing to the municipal government, which every day increased, and became a barrier against the tyranny of the great lords: and sovereign princes had often favour-

* Saffron was in great use in cookery, and esteemed a great delicacy in this age.

ed their claims, either to weaken the power of the barons, or, by procuring them liberty, to gain money of the people. With some lords, and on some occasions, the citizens therefore enjoyed great privileges; and there was even an act passed in the year 1185, by which Roger II. viscount of Besiers, granted to every citizen, who should settle in his city, entire freedom and independence. The consequence of this was, that the pride of the citizens equalled, if not exceeded, that of the nobles; of which there was a dreadful proof in the assassination of Count Trancavel, given in the life of Ogier. Liberty becoming thus licentious, was soon checked by royal power; and the viscounty of Besiers was re-united to the crown of France, under the reign of Lewis VIII.

Raimond was much attached to the kings of France. He wrote an elegy on the death of Saint Lewis, and exhorts the Christians to revenge themselves on the Turks. He reproaches the clergy with their supineness, and that they will dispense with the crusade for their own profit. A little piece, on his own feelings, is natural and interesting.

"I can scarcely meet with any one, but I am asked, Raimond, are you about nothing new?—It delights me when I hear them say, that is he who writes so many sonnets: and this is not because I desire gifts or robes, for I have enough, and I know where to get more; but I am happy to observe, that my talents draw on me the caresses and favour of the worthy. Neither castle nor house, neither lands nor money, are objects with me; but that my name should be had in honour and estimation. How many are there, however, who invite not the poor to their tables; who shut themselves up to eat alone, and hide themselves when they eat, more carefully than the birds hide their provision? And I know prelates, also lords and rich citizens, who change their habits every month; but the poor are not the warmer."

AMANIEU DES ESCAS.

THE life of this Troubadour is not given, only his writings. He appears to have lived at the end of the thirteenth century, in the reign of James II. king of Arragon; and that he was by birth a Catalonian.

One of his pieces is an address to a lady, and is interwoven with proverbs almost in every line, according to the Spanish taste of writing.

"You cannot know how much I love you, if I do not declare it. "The kiss cannot be known, which is given to a person who sleeps."—You know, it is true, that I love you; but you know not the excess of my love.—"He that would warm himself, shall burn."

"At first, I found infinite joy in beholding you: now my joy is changed into bitterness!—May that day come, when you shall bear a part of that burthen which overwhelms me!—Love, that is all on one side, is half lost; it ought to be equally divided: the lover and the beloved should aid one another mutually, according to that proverb, which always pleases me much: "One hand washes the other, and both hands the eyes and the face."—I hope, with all your good qualities, you will not always be ruthless. "After the rain comes fair weather."—But I am terrified with another proverb, "The evil of another appears only a dream."—Whatever happens, I will tell you the proverb, "Suffering is worse than death."

"You will find many other lovers richer and handsomer than I am. "All that shines is not gold."—Some will smile, and address you kindly, who only desire your misery. "We often think we have a real, when we find ourselves possessed of but half a friend."—Be not displeased if I tell you, that a faithful friend is a treasure above silver and gold; and that in distress a friend is a sure defence. Such is the friend you will

find in me: if you treat me ill, it will be your own punishment.

"When they shall inquire abroad, Is there any news? Yes, they will reply, Amanieu des Escas is dying for love. To which they will not fail to answer, Cursed be she, who is thus without mercy! Your rigour reminds me of the proverb, "Let him who would have friends, keep clear of necessity."—You behold me perish, without deigning to save my life; and I verify that saying, "A bad salary for a good service."—When I am dead, you will repent your cruelty; "After death comes repentance;" but then it will be too late.—Mercy, madam, mercy! for the love of heaven, have mercy on me!"

The second piece of Amanieu's contains lessons to a young gentlewoman. In those days, young women attended noble ladies, without any disgrace; and it was esteemed the best education for those who had not riches equal to their birth.

"One morning, in the month of May, I met, as I was walking, with a young gentlewoman. I saluted her with civility: she took me by the hand, and conducting me to a seat on a green bank, "My Lord Amanieu des Escas," said she, "I beseech you to tell me sincerely, what a young woman ought to do to gain esteem, and avoid the censure of the world."

"My young friend," I replied, "I will do it willingly, though you have ten times the wit that I have; but the more solid the understanding, the more apt we are to ask advice.

"In the first place, I advise you always to rise so early, that when your lady calls you, she may find you ready dressed, and perfectly adjusted. Before you lace yourself, wash your hands, your arms, and your face: that being done, my dear friend, lace yourself very tight. Never let your nails be so long, that dirt is perceived. Be particularly careful that your head is neat: what is the most seen, ought to be the most attended to.

Clean your teeth every morning, and observe that every thing about your person is agreeable. When you have done this, prepare every thing for your lady, that she may not wait; but never go into her apartment till her husband comes out of it, unless she happens to call you."

"After this, you may walk in the great hall, and salute with civility those who pass there; answering them in a courteous manner, but without exceeding in talk. Be grave in your step, and modest in your look. When you go to hear mass, never let your eyes wander, but turn them to the altar, without repeating your prayers too high or too low. When you come out of the church, converse with those who present themselves, but without noise or dispute; for nothing is so indelicate as a young woman who talks loud, and causes an uproar. When the hour of dinner arrives, have some clean water brought you, and mix it with your wine, that the latter may not injure you; for a lady or gentlewoman are lost without resource, if they indulge the least excess in wine.

"Never press those around you to eat; it is the height of ill manners thus to intreat people in health: they will always take of what is set before them. Nevertheless, if you judge they prefer any dish, offer that to them. Carve for the guests; they will fail in courtesy and benevolence if they do not assist you herein.

"After the repast, when your lady has washed her hands, wash yours also; for nothing is so wholesome as to wash after eating. Take company with you, when you go aside to do this, that you may not be misjudged. Then take your place below your lady, and always, if possible, leave two seats between her and yourself.—Never use yourself to give uncivil answers to those who seek your love. Every one should be treated with politeness, and you should gain no enemies. There are a hundred methods of getting rid of troublesome people,

without affronting them, or wronging yourself. Let neither beauty nor riches regulate your choice in love; for the more beauty, or the greater wealth, the less safe you are, if merit does not accompany them. Choose an amiable man, and a man of honest birth. Consent to nothing improper, and retain but one lover. You will be attacked with sighs and messages, but heed them not: the lover who employs a third person is utterly unworthy of your regard; and the loyal lover will hide his affection from all. Seek a love which is wholly yours; dismiss all other lovers; and thus preserve your reputation unblemished."

The poet concludes with some examples of the amiable women of those times.

In another piece, he gives the following advice to a young page:

"At the season of Christmas, when the hail, the wind, and the frost covered the earth, and caused man and beast to shelter themselves from the cold, I was seated in my house with my pages, discoursing of love, of joy, and of arms, round a bright and warm fire, and in apartments well covered with mats. After having drank red wines and claret, we rose from table; when a young man approaching me, said, "My lord, you are perfectly versed in the art of love; instruct me how I may be well received, and beloved of all the world."

"I answered him, Friend, I wish I had all the knowledge you attribute to me; but flattery will not raise my reputation, nor your judgment; and, however true the praise may be, a man always risks something by obtaining it, with envious and censorious minds. Let your pictures of men be always so coloured, that their resemblance may be clearly known. I will say no more to convince you; you have over-rated my judgment, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it; and I have had occasion to make much observation both of men and things.

"I exhort you, first of all, to avoid the society of fools, and of impertinent, meddling people; for if you are among them, you will pass for the same.—Avoid deceit, buffoonery, censoriousness, and lies. If you would be esteemed in the world, and beloved by the fair sex, be generous, frank, brave; and always obliging and kind in conversation. Be neat in your dress; and if you cannot afford a habit of the finest cloth, let the elegance of the make compensate for the defect in the stuff. Take care your cloaths are never unseamed; a rent is less unsightly: the first announces a man ill educated, the latter only his poverty. There is no great merit in being well dressed, if you are rich; but to be neat and genteel on a little, argues true taste. When you meet the friend of her you love, try to engage her affections, and exalt her merit. Nothing wins more love, than sincerely to praise the friend of your mistress, and to be liberal in giving commendation where it is merited. Be true and faithful to the secrets of your mistress, and never make a parade of her indulgence; if you do, you will certainly lose her love.

"Courts are the best schools for manners; the wise are perfected there, and the weak become skilful in conversation. Attach yourself to a noble and magnificent lord, and be ever attentive to his minutest orders: do all you can to please him, but without encouraging his foibles. Be never envious or jealous of any who surround, or to whom he is attached; this is a contemptible and dangerous weakness. He has a right to divide his bounty as he judges best; to give to some, to caress others, and to vary his generosity according to their situation. There should be no emulation near a great lord, but who should serve him the best.—Let your accoutrements and equipage be always ready for use. Be up by day-break; be first in the saddle, when called upon by your lord; and exert yourself so vigorously in the tournaments, that none may exceed you in valour.

"When you are sufficiently known, I will give you for your lord a count of great merit, most courteous of manners, and one I dearly love. He is the lord of Astorat, and has all the qualities of a good knight.—There is not in all Christendom, count, duke, nor marquis, who has twice the power, or equal merit with himself. It is for this cause I send you to him.—Say to him, "Amanieu of Escas salutes you: he declares by me, that your worth is so much increased, that he will always be devoted to you. He has sent me to you, as to his master, that I may serve you for love of him; and I am ready to devote myself to you all my life, if you please to command me."

"Thus shall you speak to this brave count. I think, gentle and amiable page, you will gain much honour in his service; and that you will merit the love and grace he shall bestow upon you. Amen."

Thus ends the didactic pieces of this Troubadour.

WILLIAM ADHEMAR.

William Adhemar was a gentleman of Marvejols, in Gevaudan. He left his house with a view to obtain the honour of knighthood; but having no property to maintain himself therein, he was obliged to be content with the profession of a jongleur, and was held in great consideration.

Two of his pieces are alone worthy of notice; the first of these is in the satiric style.

"I have seen many things I have not appeared to observe. I have laughed and jested with those who were far from giving me pleasure. I have served many noblemen, from whom I received no recompense; and I have beheld a number of insipid talkers, who succeeded well in the world.

"I have seen ladies forsake amiable husbands for dis-

agreeable gallants; and fools obtain from them, what they refused to lovers of merit and understanding.

"I have seen many other women, who have ruined the fortunes of those they united with; and, notwithstanding their liberality, have hated them most cordially, while they loved other men, poor both in fortune, in mind, and in person.

"I have seen many women, who were won at first by good sense, complaisance, and submission, who, if a fool came in and uttered his miserable jargon, would give up the modesty and virtue of the former, for the stupidity and the impudence of the latter: whence I have concluded, that in love, folly is of more account than understanding.

"I have seen ladies contemn men, whom they were far from deserving; and overwhelm those with their favour, who held them in contempt.—In fine, I have seen many things which have turned my heart from the world: for I am convinced, that in the world noble desires are no recommendation, and praise-worthy sentiments a fatigue and trouble to their possessors."

It is probable our Troubadour had met with some severe disappointment at the time he wrote this piece, as the following expresses very different sentiments.

"I cannot delay my song; the summer returns, the fields are laden with grain, the orchards filled with fruit, and the mistress I adore assures me of her love! She retains me, from her heart, in her service, and has discovered more of my soul in a few moments, than any other would have done in as many years.—Truly, says the proverb, there is a lucky moment, which, when lost, returns not again.

"She, whom I adore, has restored me to life and joy! and will soon complete her tender friendship. Slanderers meditated my ruin; but they procured my good. I thank them from my soul for ridding me of an unworthy woman. I feel myself charmed with my liberty, and

bless the escape I have obtained from her chains! Never did mortal man experience such an adventure. Had my enemies been my friends, I should have been undone.—Was ever such felicity obtained by those who implacably hate, who would kill me if they could; and for whom I feel a mortal hatred, though they have drawn me from the place in which, had I continued, I must have perished.—Now I have brought my vessel into port, I have changed my lead for brass, and my silver for gold. The most beautiful of women has given me her free and bounteous love; and has pledged it with a kiss! and so amiable and excellent she is, that a monarch might boast of her love!

"If Alphonso, the best support of Christianity, and the terror of the Moors, would raise an army against the Saracens, and would take with him the man who keeps my fair one in confinement, there is no sin for which he would not be absolved."

This was Alphonso IX. who died in 1230. He distinguished himself with great bravery against the Moors, and was skilful in the art of war; but in other respects he was an abandoned character; and it is probable our poet alludes to this in the absolution he promises him, if he procures the release of his mistress.

After having long enjoyed fame, and the rewards attending his profession of a jongleur, Adhemar ended his days in the monastery of Grammont.

AIMERI DE BEAUVOIR.

Aimeri was born in a castle, called Esparta, in Bordelois. His uncle, Peter Corbiac, bred him up in a cloister; but he quitted the clerical function for the profession of a jongleur. He composed several sonnets for Madame Gentille Ruis of Gascony, and remained a long time in that country for her sake: but their ten-

derness for each other was so much censured, that they were obliged to separate, and he went from Gascony to the court of Raimond Berenger V. Count of Provence. Aimeri composed many pieces in honour of this prince, and of his wife, Beatrix of Savoy.

In this court was a lady called Barbossa, who joined to great beauty uncommon learning; for she had obtained the knowledge of the seven liberal arts.

One day when our poet was with this lady, in the apartment of the princess Beatrix, the daughter of the count, Barbossa having dropped one of her gloves, Aimeri ran to pick it up, and, kissing it, presented it to her. The ladies of the princess perceiving this, expressed their astonishment aside to Madam Barbossa, that she suffered such liberties; but she answered, that noble ladies could not grant too many favours of an honest kind to those distinguished men, who immortalized them by their verses. The princess Beatrix supported this sentiment. In a sonnet to Barbossa on this circumstance, Aimeri says,

"That hand I saw, when the glove was taken off, has enslaved my heart; that glove has broke through the lock with which I had shut my heart against love.

"The more I behold her, the more I am penetrated with her beauty! The more I think of her, the more I am charmed with her virtue."

In another piece he declaims against Albert Cailla, who had wrote a satire against women; and gives examples of their worth in the Countess of Provence, Aguesine of Saluces, and her cousin the Countess Beatrix, the lady of Massa, and the Countess of Carret, Italian ladies, who had followed Beatrix of Savoy into Provence; and he exhorts them all to punish this insolent censurer of their sex. Aimeri, in another of his pieces, thus laments the death of Nugno Sanchez, a Catalonian baron.

"Grief stifles my words; and if I sing, it will be like the swan in her last moments; for my Lord Sanchez is

dead! But cease, my tears; ye are unjust: for the impious man alone is exposed to death. My lord has only ascended to God, who called him to salvation."

The following sonnet to Barbossa, whose retreat some time after into a convent he could not survive, is esteemed his best piece.

"Pure, loyal, and sincere as thou art, my love has subjected me to thy empire, and in silence I have suffered all its grievous pains. Without any return of love, or a single murmur, have I devoted my heart to thee. Since mercy comes not to my aid, shall I withdraw my love? Ah! it is impossible! I can die, but I can never cease to love!—I will wait, then, with patience and submission, till I am relieved by your goodness; at least it is my glory to hope, whatever torments I endure: for a rich and a noble hope, is preferable to a poor and ignoble gift.—I will nourish your friendship in silence, till I can gain your free and bounteous love. Yet how great is my folly to contemplate such virtue, and to dwell on those charms, which exalt you above all praise. I ought rather to obliterate you from my soul, than augment my confusion, by recalling to my memory the extreme distance there is between your merit and my own; and yet did I not acknowledge it, I should be guilty of hypocrisy.—A thousand times, in the hours of solitary meditation, have I determined to supplicate your love; but awe checked my resolves; and the fear of offending you effaced my resolution. As the huntsman, in the ardour of the chace, flies from the object of his passion, so swiftly am I borne from you by the ardour of my love. When I return, and behold you, I forget my impatience; and so dear is your society, that I could not bear to lose it by my presumption. I should be the most guilty and miserable of wretches, was you to forbid me your presence. I am conscious I have feeling enough to deserve your heart; but my birth is

not sufficiently exalted: except this, I am free from all reproach. I challenge love, and you, to charge me with any other disgrace. With this your liberal mind will never accuse me; for you know that the true nobleness is that of the soul, and that the heart which is loyal, and exempt from deceit, is alone dignified in love!"

Soon after this address to Barbossa, she retired to a convent, where none were permitted to speak to any from without; and Aimeri, hearing she had taken the veil, died of grief.

This Troubadour flourished in 1233, when Raimond Berenger founded, in the mountains of Provence, the city of Barcelone, now called Barcelonette. He died in 1240.

FREDERICK, KING OF SICILY.

THIS prince may be compared to Richard I. king of England, as in both the poetic talent was the organ of politics as well as of gallantry.

After the bloody tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers, the house of Arragon maintained its power in Sicily, notwithstanding the thunders of the Vatican; and the Sicilians feared and hated the French too much to return again under the dominion of the house of Anjou. Alphonso III. endeavoured in vain to procure the restitution of Sicily. In 1285, the celebrated Boniface VIII. who so often commanded as master of the world, caused James, the king of Spain, to whom it belonged, to give his consent for the restoration of Sicily to France, on condition, that Charles of Valois should renounce the rights Martin IV. had given him over Arragon. The treaty was signed, and James appeared insensible to the prayers and remonstrances of the Sicilians; on which they took a most courageous resolution, they assembled

the States General of Palermo, and proclaimed Frederick, the younger brother of James, whom he had left in Sicily.

This prince was immediately excommunicated by Boniface; and his brother the king of Arragon, declared against him, and recalled from Sicily the Catalonian and Arragonian soldiers.

A few of them only obeyed his summons. He then went to Rome to concert with the pope the means of dethroning Frederick: he even accepted the command of the war; made great preparations for it himself; passed into Sicily with a great fleet, and overcame the fleet of his brother. After which he returned into Spain, but he was suspected, notwithstanding all this, of designing to deceive the formidable pontiff.

In this critical situation Frederick composed the following piece, and addresses it to the Count of Empurias, a Catalonian lord, who had accompanied James to Rome, and to Sicily, but who had endeavoured to support the cause of Frederick.

" I ought not to be disturbed at this war; and I should do wrong to complain of my friends. I see a multitude of warriors coming to my succour; each one solicitous I should recover my kingdom. If any one appears to abandon me, I condemn him not. My family is overwhelmed with honour and glory, by the great actions done in its service. I can yet call to arms the Catalonians, and the Arragonians, and successfully end the enterprise of my father. I believe the crown to be my right; but if any of my relations, armed with a noble ambition, shall oppose, let him shew himself: for I am not the man who will be governed by the fantasies of another.

" Ebles, go and tell those who have not yet declared themselves, that I love for my subjects men distinguished by the courage and the constancy of the ancient Romans; and that they will find me as faithful to their

interests as they are to mine. But my relations act toward me with little sincerity."—The Count of Empurias, who was also a Troubadour, thus answered:

"Go, my song, and say to king Frederick, that it becomes not a noble lord to give up any of his possessions. He will not, perhaps, at present receive the succours he expects from Spain, but he may rest assured he will receive them.—His relations desire not his ruin; nor would have him dispossessed of his kingdom, and the French gainers at his expense. May God confound those French, and pull down their pride; and may the king of Sicily be covered with glory, and his valiant deeds prove the defence and the safety of all his kingdoms. I am charmed with the courage of this young king. He will prove himself an able prince, if he retains the territories his father conquered."

The house of France could never recover Sicily, and it preserved Naples with great difficulty; so great was the hatred the French drew on themselves by their cruelty and debauchery.

WILLIAM DE MUR.

In the life of the nobles of Catalonia, we find the lords of Mur: they were of the house of the counts of Pallas. William de Mur was a younger brother of this house. He wrote a piece in the last crusade, in which St. Lewis engaged, not inserted, and the two short dialogues that follow.

"Which," says the Troubadour to Giraud, whose knowledge and learning he had heard extolled, "which ought to use the most ardent endeavours to please, the lover already rewarded, or the lover in the state of uncertainty and hope?"

"The former, undoubtedly," replied Giraud.

"This," replies William, "is contrary to fact, both

in animal and human nature. The nightingale, while he is pursuing his mate, exerts all his skill, and sings with the most enchanting melody; but, when possessed of his fair one, his notes become careless, and his song rude and unpolished: and so it is with mankind. When they are secure of what they wish, they become indifferent and inattentive."

Giraud answers: "Merit cannot be weakened by possession, nor true tenderness lessened by reward; and the example of the nightingale is of no value, a bird being incapable of knowledge, sentiment and reflection. For my part," concludes he, "I am never so solicitous to please, as when I am treated with tenderness and love!"

In the second dialogue he asks of Giraud, "Which is the most worthy of two barons, the one who employs all his wealth in enriching his household, and his companions in war, to the exclusion of strangers; or the other, who gives all to strangers, without considering or rewarding his own people?"

"That baron," replies Giraud, "merits no eulogy, who enriches strangers only; it is, on the contrary, a very praise-worthy and estimable conduct to do good to our own."

"But by giving to strangers," says William, "honour is obtained, and reputation is increased; glory is conferred, and this glory ought to be more delightful to the subjects of a prince, than the benefits they receive themselves."

"Can there be," replied Giraud, "a greater glory for a lord, than to acquit himself of his duty?—Is there a duty more obvious, more essential, than the kind treatment of his subjects?"

They chose, for judge of their dispute, Henry, Count of Rhodes, who gave this decision.

"William, and Giraud having invited me to be the judge of a dispute, in which both the one and the other

have maintained their opinion with spirit.—The one, that to do good to strangers is to be preferred; the other, to reward and aggrandize his own subjects.—We pronounce, with the advice of our council, that there is great honour gained in both; but that to him who confers happiness and wealth on his subjects, the preference is to be given."

These moral pieces, though short, are valuable, and worth a thousand frivolous sentiments of gallantry; the chief import of which is to express the manners of the times, and to distinguish the exact portrait of that age.

ARNAUD OF MARSAN.

ARNAUD of Marsan was of the illustrious house of Marsan, and joined to the nobility of his birth the merit of great talents and the honour of knighthood.

There remains only one piece of his, which paints the ancient customs and the manners of the great lords, who were esteemed most honourable; and it is also a sort of instruction in chivalry.

"It was in the month of October, I well remember, I ordered two of my pages to take two falcons, and the third a goss-hawk, the best that ever was with dogs and hares. We were ten knights, well mounted, and all eager for the chace. At the moment of our departure, behold there came to us a knight, in the habit of a pilgrim. He was the most beautiful and elegant figure that was ever seen in the robe of penitence. He advanced with slow steps, as if overwhelmed with fatigue; and he hung down his head, as if plunged in sorrow. When he was come up to me, without any salutation, or speaking a single word, he took my horse by the bridle, drew me aside, and casting on me a look of tender sorrow, he paused a moment, from the fulness of his grief. At last he said, "For the sake of God, my lord, have

pity on my state. I come from a distant country, to ask your counsel in love; for you are the only man in the world capable of giving me advice. I love a lady, as excellent for virtue, as renowned for beauty. I have used every effort, and cannot obtain her love. I know not what to do; in pity teach me how I ought to act. My pilgrimage has no other object than to seek instruction in love."

"At these words, I said to my barons, permit me to put off our party to another day; for at present I must converse of joy and pleasure with this young stranger, and our discourse must be in private. Immediately dismounting from my horse, I took the unknown knight by the hand, and conducting him in, I begged him to defer our conversation till the morrow, that I might have time to reflect on his situation, and be able to give him the advice he stood in need of. But I would know, added I, to whom I speak, that I may form some judgment of the advice I ought to give. His answer was as courteous as my request; and when I heard his name, I held him in great esteem. After he was refreshed, we sat down to play at chess and at draughts. We sung songs, and told a thousand tales, till sun-set; when they informed us that supper was served in the great hall, where many guests were assembled. After supper, as our new guest wanted repose, we all retired to rest. After a sound sleep, we rose, the priest having summoned us to mass. After mass was said, we went to the dinner, which Bidaus, my constable, had served up: it was good, and we sat long at table. At last I rose, and taking the stranger by the hand, we left the company in the hall, and went down into an orchard, where I seated him under a laurel-tree by my side. Then addressing myself to him, I said,—friend, what you desire of me, I wish I may be able to grant. You will find in me neither much knowledge nor skill, but courtesy, courage, and joy; and it is in these the most illustrious lovers of

all times have excelled. Remember well what I am going to say, and you will surpass all others in love. Be always dressed neatly and elegantly, whether your cloaths are rich or plain. Let your linen be very fine and white; let your shoes, your stockings, and your waistcoat be so well adjusted, that all who behold shall admire you; let your robe, if you have one, be rather short than long; let it be made wide before, the breast can then be left open without any impropriety. Let your cloak be of the same stuff; and let the girdle and the clasp be neatly fastened.—Nothing gives a man so much advantage, as the beauty of his hair: wash your head often, and wear not your hair too long; it is more becoming to have it somewhat shortened. Your whiskers and beard ought also to be neatly cut; it were better they were too short, than too long, but no excess of fashion is ever becoming; be particularly attentive to that. By the eyes and the hands, a man is often judged; there should be a dignity and delicacy in both. Never fix your eyes with a saucy assurance and effrontery on any; and let your hands be placed with decency and ease. If you see any one with something in their hands you wish to look at, and which strikes you with admiration, never be guilty of such unpoliteness as to take it from him, to gratify your own curiosity.—If you would gain the hearts of the ladies, you must be magnificent in your house; you must have squires to attend you: you must have two, in particular, who are handsome, and who know how to please. The rest need only to be courteous and polite; but these must converse with grace, and with discretion, that if you send them any where, they may not incur the laugh at your expense, and it be said of them, "Like master like man."—When you receive company, shew great kindness to all you receive; invite them to make good cheer, let them be well served, and set them the example of gaiety and freedom. None will frequent you, if

your house wears the face of poverty, and they do not meet with plenty and hospitality. When the day appears, do not set yourself at the table to eat alone; nothing is more unpolite. Place your guests near you, in a neat apartment. Do the honours of your table not only yourself, but be careful your attendants are assiduous in their service; and let the fire be well replenished. Recommend it, in particular, to your servants, that they never come in and interrupt the repast, by whispering in your ear: be careful, also, never to speak to them in a low voice; this has the air of poverty and stinginess. Before you place yourself at table, give all your orders for the day, as to wine, lights, and other accommodations. Take care that the horses, the attendants, and grooms of your guests have all that they want; for if they have not plenty of provision, you will hear murmurs, shamefully reproaching to a gallant knight.

" If you hold a court or assembly, spare for nothing. Let there be no gate locked at the entrance of your house; no porters to keep back, with their staves, the grooms, pages, hangers-on, and jongleurs, who would enter. Do not follow the example of those rich misers, who retire secretly from their feasts. Heaven forbid you should be the first to quit the company, when you ought to be the last. Your house ought to be open to all the world, and you ready to receive, at all hours, those who shall present themselves. Play high, it will do you honour: continue playing. It is shameful and base to take up the dice, and leave off immediately.—If you should lose, express no ill-humour; change not your place, nor clap your hands together like an enraged man, nor give any sign of displeasure; for if you do, you will be made a jest of.—In short, spend your fortune in a generous and hospitable reception of all the world. Unless you do this, you must for ever renounce gallantry.—Be well mounted; have a horse light and nimble for the course, easy to manage, and have it con-

tinually led in your train.—Let your arms be bright and valuable; and let your lance, your shield, and your cuirass be well proved*. Let your horse be well equipped in saddle, bridle, and breast leather; let the saddle and crupper be of the same colour with your shield, and the streamer of your lance. Have a war-horse to carry a change of arms.

"The reason I recommend these things is, that if you have not prepared them in readiness, and set them in order, on the first injury done you, on the first war that happens, you will be obliged to seek them with precipitation; and ladies are never fond of those knights, who are not always ready for war and tournaments; they will always prefer those, who seize every occasion of procuring fame and honour.

"If my exhortations do not weary you, I would recommend to you the love of chivalry, and to attach yourself to the means of pleasing universally. Be vigilant against all unforeseen attacks; fear neither cry nor murmur; be the last in retreat, and the first in charge: for such is the man who is conducted by love.—When you are at the tournament, have a halbert and a helmet in change, your steel armour, and your sword, which you must brandish to animate your horse. Let his breast be garnished with bells, well hung; nothing is more proper to inspire confidence in a knight, and terror in an enemy.—Put up with no loss, nor damage; and return not without some engagement. When once your arm is raised, if your lance fails, draw your sword directly, and let heaven and hell resound with the clash. Thus have I levelled my strokes since I was a knight, and thus I have possessed the love of many beautiful and worthy ladies."

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* An armour for the back and breast, wore under the coat of arms.

Thus Arnaud of Marsan finished his narration, and it is a valuable testimonial of ancient manners.

WILLIAM OF MONTAGNOGOUT.

William of Montagnogout was a knight of Provence, a good poet, and a tender lover. He attached himself to Madame Jasserande, of the castle of Lunel, and wrote many sonnets for her. He was distinguished for his amiable and modest character, and was called the Happy, because he joined a great fortune to great virtue. There was something so striking in his countenance, that it rendered him more and more interesting every time you conversed with him; and the qualities of his heart were answerable to the sweetness and dignity of his expression. He was the first gentleman in the court of Alphonso, king of Arragon, to whom he addressed a sonnet on the league of Raimond VII. count of Toulouse, with a number of lords, against St. Lewis. A poem, on the marriage of the heiress of Provence, with Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis, whose establishment in Provence was a great blow to Raimond. The following piece, more worthy notice, is a satire on the decay of virtue, and the vices of the clergy:

"Whoever is indifferent to glory, has a poor mind. God will be glorified and praised; and man, who is made in his image, should have the same desire. The clergy become Inquisitors with a bad grace; for it is in order to judge of things according to their humours. Let them be judges, I consent to it, if they will restore the wanderer to the truth by kind means, and charitably admit them to penitence.—They say, that fringes of gold and embroidery are not proper for women. Ah! may they never do a greater evil than put on these ornaments: for the richness of their habits will not deprive

them of the grace of God.—It is not by black or white robes this grace is obtained; but by virtue.

"Let the ecclesiastics renounce the world, and think of nothing but their salvation; let them put off their vanity and covetousness; let them never seize the property of others, and their precepts will be believed. To hear them declaim, you would suppose they required nothing; but behold them, and you see they possess what is not their own.

"The clergy and the laity go about the world, complaining of each other. The people complain of their lords, and the lords of their subjects; thus the world is filled with hatred. But there are people coming from the east, who, if God prevent them not, will reduce them all. This misery will come to the Christians, for the offences of which both clergy and laity are guilty. They will infallibly come, if God does not take pity of them, and cause their quarrels to be made up by the pope; for if the pope reconcile them, they are safe*.

"Why do the ecclesiastics desire such rich habits, and to live in opulence and excess? Why will they have such fine houses, when God lived in poverty? Why will they invade the property of others, since they know that all they expend in food and raiment, beyond what is necessary, is, unless Scripture lies, a robbery of the poor and needy?

"Why are not the great lords attentive to do no wrong, nor violence to their subjects? To do wrong to our own, is as criminal as to usurp the rights of others; it is even a double crime to oppress those whom they are bound to love and defend: by so doing, they lose all just authority over their subjects. They on their part are very culpable, when they fail in duty to their lords; for they ought to love a good lord with true love, and

* The poet probably means here the quarrels of the Guelphs and the Gibbelines.

serve him loyally. Each are obliged to live so cordially, that no falsehood can be laid to their charge.

"King of Castile, the empire awaits you.—When a great king undertakes a great enterprise, he must employ all his wisdom in the conducting of it."

Alphonso X. of whom he speaks, was elected emperor in 1257, by the party which opposed Prince Richard of England. He supported this election in a manner little worthy of the glorious surname of Wise, which had been given him. He overwhelmed his subjects with taxes, and did not succeed in his enterprise.

Another piece of our poet's is addressed to Madame Jasserande, and is estimable as a picture of the pure love boasted of in chivalry.

"None ought to be esteemed but those who use every effort to become as worthy as possible; for every man should be estimated by the riches of his mind. You, therefore, who are ambitious of merit, devote your hearts and your hopes to love. Love inspires the greatest actions! Love engages to the most amiable conduct! Love dissipates chagrin! Love fills with joy! To act fraudulently in love, is a proof you have never loved. You cannot love, nor ever ought to be beloved, if you ask any thing of your mistress which virtue condemns. It is desire, not love, that seeks the dishonour of virtue.—Love has no will but that of the beloved object, nor seeks ought but what will augment her glory. A loyal lover is never attached from passion, but from tenderness and reason.—True lovers are known by these rules: he who follows them, God will reward; but the deceiver shall come to shame.—Never did I form a wish, that could wound the heart of my beloved! No pleasure could be a delight to me, that reflected on her delicacy. A sincere and tender lover desires the happiness of his beloved, a thousand times beyond his own! In ancient times, the glory of lovers was to love thus tenderly; and their mistresses disdained every unworthy

expression of love. Each were full of merit; each aspired to honour. Now virtue is fallen to decay, because passion, and not tenderness, influences lovers.

"This lesson will draw upon me the reproaches of all false lovers, and all unworthy ladies; but to be silent, would be partaking in their guilt. It is the duty of a virtuous man to recover the sinner from the error of his ways: if I displease by doing so, it will rejoice my heart."

The piece finishes by an elegy on Alphonso, who had just mounted the throne of Castile.—Pons Saurel, an unknown person, laments the death of Montagnogout, which happened in 1181, and says he was a model of sanctity and virtue, the father and chief of all the Troubadours.—"I address myself," concludes he, "to the Holy Virgin, and pray for him who has oft devoutly celebrated her praise."

I HAVE now finished the best selection of these lives I have been able to make.—Though this work was recommended by a person of great judgment, I undertook the translation of it with a timid hand, apprehensive that some might esteem these memoirs frivolous, and others censure them as dangerous: and justly doubtful of my ability to collect and weed them properly, and without injuring my own principles, or their originality, to present them in any manner worthy of attention; not merely as curious details of ages little known, but as useful examples to succeeding times. The candid reader, will, therefore, I flatter myself, allow me, at the conclusion of this work, to declare the point of view in which I considered and engaged in it; and this was to enforce

one great principle, which, could it be established on the minds of men with the energy it deserves, would not fail to have the happiest influence on their conduct, I mean the referable consequence of *every single action*, and the chain of effects to which it leads, in the grand process of human life; and above all, the immense importance of the first engagement, made on their first entrance into the world, either in genius, business, or pleasure, by sanguine, unsuspicious, and inexperienced youth.

The greatest philosophers, divines, and moralists have spared no pains to impress this truth; but the former have been considered as placing virtue in too exalted a light for the reach of humanity; and the latter, as only exercising their profession, or exerting their taste.

The biographer, on the contrary, who proves this from the lively impression of facts, is acknowledged to deserve the sincerest attention; and it must be owned, that no period of time can be pointed out, in which he has been denied this just honour.

In these lives, collected by Mr. de St. Palaie, which he thought deserving of so much labour, and which he spent so much time to obtain, there are many striking proofs of the misery, as well as the guilt attending an improper indulgence of mind in early life, and the train of mischiefs that ensued from every false step adopted in it.

Nor is it to the philosophic eye alone, that cause and effect are so plainly demonstrated as inseparable. All must perceive this awful truth, and be well convinced, that

what was entered upon with avidity, as the means of a present felicity, was not only destructive of the poor and ignoble end it aimed at, but involved in constant anxiety, and often in irrecoverable distress, the subsequent periods of life.

If such, therefore, and such, if I do not entirely mistake, is the lesson held forth in the chief characters here given, I hope I may not only be pardoned, but justified for attempting to present them to the English reader: and that as no able pen thought fit to undertake this work, and the ages it treats of immediately precede the century in which Petrarch flourished, allowance will be made for the defects with which I am but too conscious it is accompanied in my hands; and the difficulty I had from the sameness of some characters, and the excesses of others, to join variety and instruction with the most striking picture of the times.

I trust, however, that under every disadvantage, these memoirs will at least produce this essential conviction, that birth and beauty, learning and wit, are nothing without virtue, to guard and direct them; or rather, that they become a curse to their possessors, when they are the sources of vanity and pride, and inflame instead of regulating the passions of the heart.

How happy am I, from a sense of justice I dare not oppose, and a respect I cannot relinquish, to congratulate the present age, and my own sex, on a character, which has shewn the possibility, and the beauty of genius, learning, exemplary virtue, and exalted piety, in perfect union with each other; who has proved the former in

her elaborate translation of Epictetus, and her excellent poems; the latter, in the extended scenes of public, and the domestic and tender friendships of private society. May her life, so dear to her friends, and so important to the world, be yet long preserved to adorn it. And, when both ancient and modern writers, who have perverted their abilities, and dishonoured their characters, shall incur present and future ignominy; then shall an example, so noble, be had in delightful remembrance, and excite the admiration and the virtue of a grateful posterity!

THE END.

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