POPE JOAN.

Pope Joan

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MODERN GREEK

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

MODERN Greek literature has produced scarcely anything in the shape of romances or novels, as the ordinary English reader would understand the term. Its historical romances deal mainly with the heroic deeds of those who fought and died on behalf of the independence of their country and contain little plot or "sensational" incident. Although this does not apply to *The Devil in Turkey*, by Xenos, that work is far too long. In any case, it is not in any sense of the word a modern novel. Short stories, such as those of Rhangabes and Bikelas, are more plentiful: but for novel reading the Greek has mainly to depend upon translations, chiefly from the French.

It is generally admitted that the present is one of the most striking productions of the modern Greek pen. It was an immediate success, and since its appearance in 1867 has been translated into French, German, Italian, Russian, and Danish. The book, as here translated, consists of three parts. (1) The author's preface, which should on no account be omitted, giving an interesting account of the origin of the book and the manner in which he set to work upon it. (2) The narrative proper. (3) Explanatory and illustrative notes, with references to the authorities from which statements and incidents are derived. In the author's own words: "Every phrase, almost every word, is supported by the testimony of a contemporary writer."

Translator's Note.

In a long historical study[1] the author comes to the following conclusion: "For my own part, after careful examination of all that might throw light upon the question, I have been led to regard it as certain that this woman really existed. I have endeavoured to make the reader share my conviction by giving precise facts and accurate quotations, which lead to a twofold result: (1) that, considering the people and manners of the period, there is nothing incredible in the story of Joan; (2) that it is supported by the evidence of writers and records whose authority only the blind or prejudiced can gainsay."[2]

It is to be regretted that so little attention is paid in England to the study of Modern Greek, a language which is of the utmost importance to all travellers in the Levant, and would enable the services of an interpreter to be dispensed with. Anyone who has a good knowledge of Classical Greek can read a Greek newspaper, official notices, or the letter of an educated native (although *written* Greek is at times very hard to decipher) almost at sight. This, of course, is not the same as speaking it or understanding it when spoken to. Six months, however, at the outside should be sufficient to enable anyone to use his classical knowledge in the right way. The pronunciation, with the exception of one or two letters, offers very little difficulty, while a little book like Wied's *Grammar* (of which an English edition has been published) and Mitsotakis *Konversations-Wörterbuch* in Meyer's *Sprachführer* (Leipzig) will supply all that is needful in the way of grammar and vocabulary.

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[1] I believe this has been translated into English.—(TR.)

[2] Being unable at the present time to consult the original Greek text, which has otherwise been followed throughout, I have to acknowledge my ndeb tedness to the French translation for this short passage.—(TR.)

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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HERODOTUS thought fit, at the commencement of his history, to set forth the reasons which induced him to recount the achievements of Miltiades. Later historians, Thucydides, Tacitus, St. Luke, Gibbon, and Guizot hastened to follow the excellent example of the "father of history," so that all histories invariably commence with the justification of the historian, as epic poems with an invocation to the Muse. In obedience to this rule, I myself in like manner, that I may not be accused of being a capricious despoiler of tombs, hasten to explain how I have come to disturb the repose of Pope Joan, who has slept in peace for so many centuries.

Religious sentiment was still flourishing in the West,—that is to say, there existed men who ate

lobsters on Friday and kissed the girdles of the monks—when, about twenty years ago, while still a child, I visited Italy. In accordance with the national custom, I spent several months of the year in the country, and often, during the long autumn evenings, while the snails crawled up the bare vines and the mushrooms grew under the chestnut trees, I sat by the hearth of the gatherers of the vintage. Hearing nothing from them but tales of miracles wrought by the holy images, the escapes of ghosts from the tombs and of souls from purgatory, I became considerably superstitious owing to my intercourse with these peasants: hearing that the Pope opened and shut the gate of Paradise, that he held friendly converse with the Holy Ghost, who flew every morning upon his shoulder, and that he stretched out his sacred feet for kings to kiss, I came to regard him as a monstrous and fabulous being, like an aerostat suspended between heaven and earth.

In this spiritual frame of mind, I was staying at Genoa, when suddenly the revolution of 1848 broke

out, which threw all Italy into confusion. Priests and religion were included in the anathema hurled against kings and tyranny, as is always the case in political upheavals in the West. An evil spirit had been for several years at large in this unhappy peninsula, inspiring all hearts with discontent, insubordination, and an inextinguishable desire of liberty. Thrones creaked as if ready to fall, and the teeth of kings chattered still more loudly. Harsh and unfamiliar words sounded in Italian ears: constitution, national guard, liberty of the press, socialism: such phrases were heard everywhere, like the hissings of vipers. Blind faith, which had been accustomed for so many generations to sympathise with and flatter the blind, was spurned, and fled trembling to the mountains, seeking an asylum under the peasant's roof, and often finding even his door shut and impregnable. But while faith wandered in the darkness, stumbling at every step, the kings, whose power depended upon it for support, were shaken: rebellious Genoa was besieged, bombs shattered the roofs of houses, and

the unhappy inhabitants, fearing the same lot as their roofs, took refuge underground where the most fragile furniture is kept, namely wine bottles. I myself took refuge in a cellar at midnight with the people of the house and the neighbours who came to seek shelter under the folds of the Hellenic flag. More than fifty men and women, nobles and fishmongers, countesses and colliers, were huddled together in that narrow space, in the midst of bottles and casks, onions and dried figs. The murderous bullets of La Marmora, missing the object of their tyrannical aim, destroyed, in place of social inequality, the ancient ramparts, uniting his pale subjects in a democratic brotherhood of affright.

A dejection and silence like that of the tomb at first prevailed in this underground assembly. But the house had five storeys, and the wine-vaults were solid and impervious to bullets, so that the faces of my companions, which were at first pale-green, like the bottles around, gradually resumed a more human complexion. We listened almost without alarm to the fearful sounds outside, feeling certain that death,

suspended over our heads, would never be able to reach so low. As the danger was removed, the tongue-tied Italians spoke again: and the echo of the vault repeated incoherent words, promises of tapers to the Virgin, recrimination of men, invocations to the saints, and terrible curses against the *Bombardatore*. But, as in the battles of Ariosto, when two famous heroes meet in battle, the other warriors lower their arms and stand silent spectators of the struggle, so those in the cellar became silent one after another, when the grey-haired Abbé of St. Matthew and the aged editor of the "Genoese Gazette," seated opposite each other upon two casks, began to discuss liberty and kings, progress and the papacy.

The drama that was being played over our heads rendered the discussion especially opportune: both opponents were well prepared for such a contest, and the audience surrounded them, opening their mouths and ears like the Carthaginians round Aeneas. The Editor declared that all our sufferings were due to the influence of the priests: the Abbé

persisted in regarding the blood of brothers which flowed around us as an expiatory sacrifice to the Most High. Meanwhile, the night was advancing, and the discussion did not appear to be approaching its termination. Witticisms were frequent, sharp and keen as duellists' swords: and I, having by degrees become accustomed to the babel, was gradually yielding to drowsiness, leaning my seventeen year old head upon my neighbour's knee, when suddenly strange stories drove sleep far from my eyelids. The hot-tempered journalist, having at length lost patience with the Abbé, who persisted in answering his most specious arguments with monastic sayings and fragments of Bonald and De Maistre, changed his tactics. Despairing of opening the eyes of the good Christian, who dreaded the light as bats fear the rays of the sun, he abandoned discussion and attempted to make his idols odious and ridiculous in the eyes of those present. Unfolding the dirtiest pages of papal history, collecting from them every stain and reproach, he spat them in the face of the poor priest like viper's venom. He showed us

Benedict IX., Gregory VI., and Sylvester III., who were contemporary popes, a kind of three-headed Cerberus, excommunicating each other and deluging Italy in blood: Zacharias condemning to the flames the geographers who taught the existence of the Antipodes, for, in the fulness of his wisdom, he thought that, in order for the Antipodes to be possible, there ought to be two suns and two moons: Stephen VII., a disgraceful desecrator of tombs, who disinterred the remains of his predecessor Formosus, dragged his decomposed body before a synod and submitted it to a ridiculous and abominable interrogatory: John XXII., who spent his life looking for the philosopher's stone and finally found it in composing a table in which the exact price of absolution for every sin, murder, theft, rape, or any other crime, was set down: Julius III., a second Caligula, who, in the midst of wine and women, proclaimed his ape Cardinal: John XII., who spread the carpet of the holy table beneath the feet of his mistress, got drunk with her out of the holy chalice, and was at last surprised and

assassinated by her husband, or by the Devil according to the chroniclers. Certainly, the Devil and a dishonoured husband possess common characteristics.

Such incidents the old man recounted in the midst of a deep silence, sometimes interrupted by the explosion of a shell not far off or the crash of a falling roof. Some of his hearers made the sign of the cross, others stopped up their ears, while the women hid their faces in their aprons: but what were my feelings, when the inexorable orator, not satisfied with the disgraceful conduct of the male Popes, began to recount the history of Pope Joan! the amours of a Pope, his maternity, and accouchement in the open market-place!

Soon afterwards the sun rose: firing became less frequent and gradually ceased altogether. The impregnable Genoa capitulated after three days' siege, and delivered into the claws of the "tyrant," as Victor Emmanuel was called at the time, the leaders of the "revolution," which on the next day was called a "revolt." Merchants metamorphosed into national guards; tenors and baritones of melo-

drama, who, having sponged the paint off their cheeks, had girded on medieval swords and sung in the streets "Liberty or death"; students, who boasted that they were able to put to flight the legions of the tyrant without other weapons than their books of law or medicine: all these disappeared at the first gleam of the royal lances, like owls at sunrise. Even the Italian women, who had embroidered so many flags and made so many tri-coloured scarves, remembered the instructions of their confessor, and whenever an officer kissed them in the market-place, turned the other cheek to the smiter. After a few days, red flags, odes to liberty, the blood of martyrs, bullets and ruins were forgotten. But I could not forget Pope Joan. The strange scene where I had heard her spoken of, the strange air of the orator, the cellar, the panic, the massacres in the streets above, all these rendered the picture indelible in my heart. The impression left on my mind was lasting. I was frequently visited in my sleep by the mournful shade of Joan, holding a male still-born child in her arms; and, during the

day, I devoted all my efforts to finding out something about this unique heroine. I questioned professors, servants, the peasant who ploughed the fields, and the fat Capuchin who asked me for a half-penny. I spent whole hours at the second-hand bookshops, sniffing the dust of worm-eaten tomes, in the hope of finding the traces of my Pope, which had been so carefully obliterated by the priests in Italy that, after a lengthy research, and after having often exclaimed, like Cæsar's parrot, *tempus et labor abeunt*, my curiosity, not finding even a crumb, at last died of hunger.

A few years afterwards I found myself in Berlin. I was not yet acquainted with the use of the pipe, beer, or public balls, and consequently was unoccupied and solitary in the midst of busy foreign students. Ennui and idleness are, as I have often observed subsequently, the principal, if not the only, incentives to love, and are capable of reviving old passions in default of new ones. Something like this happened in the case of my recollection of Pope Joan. On the morning of a holiday, when the sky

of Berlin, apparently desirous of justifying the text of Moses, opened its cataracts, I took refuge in the deserted library, and, conveying my yawns from one room to the other, suddenly found myself in an immense gallery, where the theological works of the Middle Ages, wrapped in a thick covering of white dust, like the dead in their shrouds, sleep peacefully and profoundly. The Swiss by the smell of cheese are reminded of their country, the ass of his stable by that of hay, the lover of his mistress by the odour of flowers, and in me the smell of old paper immediately awoke the recollection of the Pope. Fixing my eyes upon that dusty heap, "here," said I, "lies the solution of the enigma which has so long perplexed me." Having obtained permission from the librarian to open those mouldy folios, and a cloth to wipe them, I began to seek for traces of my heroine from volume to volume, and from page to page. With the assistance of the collection *Rerum Germanicarum*, the catalogues of Dufresnois, the dissertations of Bayle and Spanheim, I was able, after a few months, *veterum volvens monumenta*

virorum, to go through and collect in two large copy-books the greater part of all that had been written, during eight centuries, in support of or against the existence of the female Pope. But I was so little experienced in such matters that I was often obliged to read a whole chapter, or even volume, before my eyes rested upon the passage I was looking for, and in this manner I involuntarily gained a number of curious details concerning the religion, manners, and customs of those dark ages.

Such is the origin of my work upon Pope Joan, which I have left for nearly five years under the press of my imagination, and then

> Venutomi innanzi
> un che di stampar libri lavora,
> dissi: stampami questo alla malora.
>
> (Berni).

As soon as I commenced my task, I immediately perceived how dry and disagreeable the simple historical narrative of the life of Joan would be to most readers, the majority of them being ignorant even of her existence. Accordingly, limiting this

portion of my work to the introduction, I have made the remainder of my book a sort of narrative encyclopædia of the Middle Ages, and, in particular, of the ninth century.

Thanks to poets, writers, and artists, every age and every country, from the creation of this our terrestrial globe, is more or less known to all. Every age, every people, has bequeathed to us a monument representing the men of the time: the Jews have left us the Scriptures, the Egyptians the Pyramids, the Greeks the Iliad. From the days of mother Eve, whose life has been told by Moses and Milton, to those of Cymodocea, for whom Chateaubriand has woven a martyr's crown, the chain is almost unbroken. In what age can the traveller take refuge, on what shore can he land, without meeting the well-known smiling faces of friends stretching out their hands, Rachel offering water to his thirsty lips, or Nausicaa guiding him to a hospitable roof? But, dismounting from our Pegasus before he loses his shoes, let us observe that everyone knows the beards of the patriarchs, the cloaks of

the Greek philosophers, the yellow wigs of the Roman courtesans, the spotted skins of the northern barbarians, the knotted cords of the Christian martyrs, and all that has been described by poets and prose-writers, who form the subject of college lectures or whom we have read in a translation. Still better known are the heroes clad in armour and white-robed heroines who appeared during the second period of the Middle Ages, Amadis, Tristan, Coeur-de-Lion, the Templars, the Avencerrages, Yoland, Herminius, and Armidius. Their coats of arms, their panoply, their loves, and their doughty deeds are known to all from the novels of Walter Scott, the poems of Victor Hugo, the collections of museums, and the operas of Rossini and Meyerbeer. But from the sixth to the eleventh century, from the last Roman Emperor to the first "knight," who were the inhabitants of our planet? what did they do, what did they eat, what did they believe, what did they wear? The only person who can answer this question is the professed historian, the person who has undertaken the thankless task of examin-

ing the immense collections of Middle Age chroniclers, musty legends, the undigested nonsense of monkish folios, the writings of Cassiodorus, Caesarius, Alcuin, St. Agobard, Raban-Maur, and countless other books known only to learned men and book-worms, which are called by Muratori *sterili steppe della letteratura del medio evo.* In these deserts I have wandered, following the footsteps of Joan. As the traveller who visits distant and untrodden countries loves to take from each a souvenir of his wanderings, a leaf from the tree that overshadows the fountain in the desert, a shell from a beach unknown to voyagers, or a flower blooming upon an untrodden height, in like manner I myself, out of those volumes condemned to eternal oblivion, have extracted as a souvenir some passage describing past customs, strange beliefs, popular prejudices, traces of heathenism, and whatever else I found had escaped the attention of modern historians, who, devoted to general theories and having no other object but the justification of their views by history and of the aims of the party to

which they belong, have neither time nor room for such details.

Out of these pebbles, collected from the muddy streams of the Middle Ages, I have put together, or rather attempted to put together, a mosaic, representing with tolerable fidelity a picture of that dark age, a subject upon which, as far as I know, no work has yet been produced accessible to all, and at the same time conscientiously drawn, shedding as bright a light upon those times as the adventures of Telemachus upon heroic Greece, the Martyrs upon declining Rome, and Ivanhoe upon English chivalry. Immediately perceiving how incompetent my forces were for such a task, how inferior I was to those who have made a similar attempt, my ambition has been not to show myself inferior to them in regard to historical accuracy. Every phrase in Pope Joan, almost every word, is supported by the testimony of a contemporary writer. The anecdotes of the monks have been taken from the chronicles of the monasteries of the time, the miracles from the legendary writers of the Middle Ages, the description of the

ceremonies from the letters of Eginhard, Alcuin, and the ecclesiastical history of Gregory of Tours, the curious theological beliefs from the writings of contemporary theologians, St. Agobard, Hinkmar, Raban-Maur, and others. All the descriptions of towns, buildings, dress, or food are exact even to the most trifling details, as will partly be clear from the notes at the end of the work, which I might easily have multiplied: but, before making a book too large, it is first necessary to know whether it will be read or not. I have made these quotations not to display my learning, but simply to show how much I respect the public. This respect for the reader, which is quite new or strange amongst us, deserves to meet with the kindly reception which is accorded by all civilised people to strangers.

But respect for the public, although a virtue as worthy of reverence as a father of a family clothed in the uniform of the national guard, is not sufficient for those readers who demand from the writer that he should not send them to sleep. The books printed in Greece have the same narcotic influence

as henbane; this perhaps is the reason why most people do not even venture to cut them, but hand down to posterity, virgin and immaculate, the products of our contemporary literature. An English writer—Swift, I believe—relates that the inhabitants of some country or other were so undevotional and inattentive that whenever one addressed them it was necessary to give them a knock on the head with a pumpkin, to prevent them going to sleep while he was speaking. In like manner I have conceived the idea of using a similar anti-soporific against the apathy of the Greek reader; for want of a pumpkin, I have endeavoured to drive away yawning by having recourse on every page to unexpected digressions, original comparisons, or strange collections of words; investing each idea with a palpable image, I have adorned the gravest theological questions with fringes, tufts, and little bells like the apron of a Spanish dancer. This manner of writing, which was introduced into England by Byron, into Germany by Heine, and into France by Murger and Musset, was an inven-

tion of the Italian poets of the decline, who, despairing of climbing the heights upon which Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso had planted their flag, sought an easier road to reach, not fame but popularity. Such literature really resembles those *femmes galantes* who, lacking beauty or numbering more years than teeth, endeavour, by every means in their power—rouge, smiles, and promises—to excite, in default of a chaste love, the desire or at least the curiosity of the spectators. I do not here propose either to praise this school or to recommend it; but it was only with salt of this kind that I considered it was possible to season that most indigestible of all foods, the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages. A celebrated cook—Vatel, I think—boasted that he could cook a goat or even a rat so artistically, that those who ate them licked their fingers; as for myself, I shall consider it a great success, if, by any seasoning whatsoever, I have been able to render, not agreeable but simply endurable, a monk of the Middle Ages.

Before finishing this lengthy preface, I ought

perhaps, as I am writing in Greece, to apologise for the freedom of speech that prevails in several parts of my book. I have sometimes called things by their names, without having recourse to those periphrases, with which decent writers cloak indecent thoughts, as our first parents covered their nakedness with fig leaves. I might easily have succeeded in this by copying the literary theories prefixed by Voltaire, Byron, Casti, and others to similar works. But, as the French proverb says, *comparaison n'est pas raison*, and, besides, I am afraid of tautology, I would merely say that I have considered this freedom of speech as necessary and natural to this kind of narrative as salt to the sea. Anyone who has read the Maid of Orleans, Don Juan, or the Italian poets of the 16th century, will certainly not accuse Joan of being too *décolletée*; he who is acquainted with the Middle Ages, who has studied the chroniclers, the legendary writers, and the fathers of the church, will surely confess that, compared to their writings, the present work resembles the virgin of whom St. Basil dreamed "standing

upright like a venerable statue upon a marble pedestal of virginity, insensible to every touch of feeling."

It will perhaps be brought as a graver charge against me, that I have so audaciously stirred up the ecclesiastical mire of the Middle Ages in East and West, and sometimes digressed upon the present condition of our Church; any critical reader of my work, however, will at least be ready to admit that I have done my best to be strictly impartial. The shameful acts of East and West are exposed with the same indifferent impartiality—the visions of Middle Age theologians and the dreams of German professors are derided with equal heartiness. Wherever I found anything that afforded material for laughter, I seized it, indifferent whether it was hidden in a monastery or in an academy, beneath the frock of a monk or the mantle of a philosopher. Religious or philosophical paradoxes, from the creation of the world to our own days, are exposed with the same indifference as the navigator sets down in his log the direction of the winds. St. Basil,

Pascal, and Chateaubriand have defended Christianity; Libanius, Voltaire, and Strauss have attacked it in the name of humanity or philosophy; but all have written with passion, and, as they themselves declare, with a firm belief in their religious or philosophical principles. But whenever I read any work written on such a subject with purpose and conviction, I immediately recall the passage of Isidore where, speaking of the theologians of his time, he says, "carried away by ambition, they pretend to be at variance in regard to things divine and things beyond the ken of reason." As for myself, I unblushingly confess that I have had no other object

"Unless it were to be a moment merry."

As for my judgment upon the present-day ceremonies of the Church, I will merely say that, whatever be the inmost convictions of men, an external worship of the Divinity has been everywhere and always considered necessary. The simple Christian enters the Church to console himself with the hope of the diamonds and emeralds of the Paradise of the

Apocalypse; the philosopher reflects upon the infinite, the ideal, the destiny of man, and other knotty subjects of philosophy. But the mind of both is uplifted to meditations far above the embarrassments of daily life; both quit the holy enclosure better men than before, and understanding the truth of the words of Jesus: "man shall not live by bread alone." But such worship, in order to fulfil its object, must be in harmony with the ideas, manners, and customs of men, modified daily by the progress or simple changes of civilisation. "The sanctuary," said Chateaubriand, "must remain undisturbed, but its ornaments must be changed in accordance with the times." The Westerns, long convinced of this, have taken care to banish from their churches everything that does not harmonise with contemporary taste. The length of the Mass has been fixed at a quarter-of-an-hour, the fasts are endurable, the priests well educated, their pictures are pleasing to the eye, and their music charms the ear; so that everyone, without great trouble or unpleasantness, can be a good Christian.

But we Greeks have thought fit to continue attached to the rubrics of the Middle Ages, like oysters to the rocks. Our Mass lasts two hours, as in the times of St. Basil, and nobody attends it; the priests are chosen from the "offscourings of the earth," as in the time of the Apostle Paul, and no one listens to their advice; fasts are appointed for monks of the superior order, and none of them fast; our images are hideous, and no one salutes them; and as for our ecclesiastical nasal twang, I need say nothing of it here.

The result of all this is that, in the midst of other Christian nations, we alone—at any rate, the enlightened classes—are without, I do not say faith, because this has become a general misfortune, but all external worship, a form of worship which has its good points, since it reminds mankind that there are other enjoyments beside those of the flesh. As for myself, whenever I have knelt under the dome of a Gothic church, kissed a picture by Raphael, or listened to a sacred air by Mozart or Rossini, I have always felt the religious sentiment reviving in my

heart: and, forgetting ecclesiastical history, I have cried out like Galileo, *eppur si muove:* while anyone who enters our churches is seized with only one feeling—the desire to get out again. The correctness, or at least the truth, of all this will only be disputed by one who is blind or who voluntarily shuts his eyes. If there are amongst us sensible men who think it right that we should have empty churches and an ignorant and despised clergy, who believe that the nose is the most suitable instrument wherewith to celebrate the most High, the Καλοκαιρινή* a moral book for girls, and the Confessors' Manual by Nicodemus a *vade-mecum* suitable for a priest, I will wait until I become sensible myself before I share their opinion.

Others again, although confessing that the state of things is bad, insist that they must be left undisturbed out of gratitude to the Church which has freed us from a foreign yoke, from which sooner or later we hope for the realisation of our national ideas. A strange kind of gratitude, truly, in accor-

* Lives of the Saints.

dance with which, instead of tending the wounds of the Church that has saved us and dressing it decently, we leave it without a covering and an object of contempt, under the filthy rags of the Middle Ages. Those who wish to use it as an instrument of their political aims seem to forget that the age of miracles has long since passed away, that the sun no longer stands still, and that the walls which separate us from our enslaved brethren will not be thrown down by the nasal utterances of our priests, like those of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua the son of Nun.

I have set down the preceding remarks in order to avoid false interpretations, not certainly to justify my book, which I leave to the indulgence of my readers. As for the critics, I beg to remind them that it only contains things and facts which are supported by incontestable witnesses, so that those who are eager to criticise it must deal with *res et non verba.* Indefinite and unfounded protests in the name of morals, morality, or moralisation—or whatever name the newspapers give to the thing—not

only signify nothing, but remind us of the phrase of the English poet: *it is only the immoral who talk morality.*

ATHENS,

January, 1867.

PART I.

Il y a bien de la différence entre rire de la religion et rire de ceux qui la profanent par leurs opinions extravagantes.

(Pascal: letter xi.)

EPIC poets usually plunge *in medias res*, like those writers of romance, who relate the fortunes of a Porthos or an Aramis in ten volumes, and recommend some newspaper in their pay to dignify them with the title of epic poems: then the hero, when he finds a favourable opportunity, in a grotto or a palace, on the fragrant grass or a luxurious couch, gives his lady-love an account of preceding events.

This is the advice of Horace in his *Ars poetica*— and of publishers who, when commissioning an author to write a book, limit him in length, breadth, and material, as if they were giving a tailor an

order for a coat. Such in fact is the usual practice ; but I myself prefer to begin at the beginning. Anyone, however, who is fond of classical irregularity, can read the last pages first and then the commencement, and in this manner transform my simple and veracious narrative into an epic romance.

The great Byron had the patience to listen to the idle chatter of the old women of Seville, in order to find out whether his hero's mother recited the Paternoster in Latin, whether she knew Hebrew, wore linen underclothing and blue stockings. I myself in like manner, in order to find out the name of my heroine's father, have examined folios of nonsense written by middle-age Herodotuses : but he has as many different names as Zeus in the poets and the Devil amongst the Indians. If I were to spend several years in comparing different manuscripts, I might perhaps be able to discover whether the name of Joan's father was Villibald or Vallafried ; but I doubt whether the public would appreciate my efforts. Accordingly, following the example of the learned men of the present day, who are afraid that,

if they spend time in reading, they will write less and thus disappoint their contemporaries, I continue, or rather commence, my history.

The nameless father of my heroine was an English monk; to what district he belonged I have been unable to discover, for Great Britain had not yet been divided into counties for the convenience of tax-collectors. He was descended from the Greek Apostles who planted the first cross in Green Ireland, and was a disciple of Erigenes Scotus, who first invented the art of forging ancient manuscripts, by means of which he took in the learned men of his time, as Simonides imposed upon the *savants* of Berlin. This is all that history has preserved for us concerning the father of Joan. Her mother was named Jutha; she was fair and tended the geese of a Saxon baron. The latter, having gone down, the night before a banquet, to pick out the fattest, felt a desire for their keeper as well, whom he removed from the fowl house to his baronial hall. Soon becoming tired of her, he gave her to his cupbearer, who handed her on to the cook, and the cook to the

scullion: the latter, who was a devout man, exchanged her with our monk for a tooth of St. Guthlac, who lived and died in holiness in a ditch in Mercia. In this manner Jutha fell from her master's arms into those of a monk, like tall hats at the present day in England, which pass from the forehead of a diplomatist to the head of a beggar: since, in that well-regulated country, where many die of starvation and many offend against modesty from want of a shirt, all, members of Parliament and undertakers, dukes and mendicants, wear a high hat, which is looked upon as the palladium of constitutional equality.

The ménage was a happy one. During the day the monk went the round of the neighbouring castles, selling orisons and rosaries, and in the evening he returned to his cell, his hands moist with the kisses of the faithful and his wallet full of bread, pieces of meat, cakes and nuts: for as yet in England there were no potatoes, which were introduced later, together with the constitution, for the use of a free people, when, with the advent of equality, the

servants ceased to eat good meat at their master's table.

As soon as Jutha heard in the distance the song of her returning spouse, she laid the table; that is to say, she placed upon the rough-hewn planks a wooden platter for their common use, an iron fork, a buffalo's horn to serve as a glass, and spread dry sticks upon the hearth to give light during the meal, napkins, bottles and candles being at that time known only to bishops. After supper, the youthful pair spread sheep-skins over a heap of dry leaves, on which they stretched themselves, covered with a thick wolf-skin, and slept the sleep of the just.

In this manner the days passed peacefully and happily for our heroine's parents, until, one morning, while the monk was shaking sleep from his eyelids, two Anglo-Saxon archers, with bare feet and legs, carrying small shields on their arms, and a quiver full of arrows on their shoulders, appeared at the entrance of the hut, and summoned the master of the house, in the name of the heptarch Egbert, to follow them, with provisions for a long voyage. The

trembling monk slung his wallet over his shoulders, and, holding his wife by his right hand and his staff in his left, with his prayer-book under his arm, followed his surly guides. After travelling for three days and two nights over barren mountains and valleys covered with heather, meeting on their way numbers of clergy under the escort of archers, on the fourth day they reached Garianorum,* a small town on the sea-coast. A great crowd was assembled on the beach, where, standing upright upon a throne of turf, Volsius, the bishop of York, was bestowing his blessing upon the faithful.

A large Saxon vessel was tossing in the harbour, eager to spread its square sails to the breeze. When the monks, sixty in number, who had been recruited from all parts of England, approached the venerable Volsius, he embraced them one by one and, putting into the hand of each two *denarii*, said, "Go ye and teach all nations." The messengers of the Gospel immediately passed from the arms of the bishop to the planks of the hollow ship, and were soon cleav-

* Yarmouth.

ing the muddy waters of the German ocean, ignorant to what shores they were sailing in search of a martyr's crown or a fat abbey. While they are crossing the sea under the protection of the cross, we will inform the reader why the bishop was intrusting to the fickle waves the luminaries of the English church. For this purpose we must take leave of the island of the British and cross over into the country of the Franks.

The great Charles, having traversed the whole of Europe, reaping laurels and a harvest of heads with his long sword, and having blinded or tortured three quarters of the Saxons, in this manner acquiring the obedience and respect of the survivors, at last rested on his laurels at Aix-la-chapelle, a town famous for its relics and—needles. In his vast empire everything was going on favourably: the learned Alcuin washed in the waters of baptism the dirty subjects of Charles, cut their red beards and their long nails, and opening to them the treasure-house of his inexhaustible wisdom, anointed the lips of one with the honey of the Holy Word, fed

another with grammatical roots, and taught a third that the feathers of geese, which gave swiftness to his arrows, could also be used for writing. The happy Emperor passed his time free from care, counting the eggs of his fowls, regulating his clocks and dominions, playing with his daughters and the elephant presented to him by the Caliph Haroun-er-Rasheed, inflicting a small fine upon robbers and murderers, and hanging on the trees in his garden those of his subjects who ate meat on Friday, or spat after receiving the Holy Communion.

While the pious Charles, who, although he did not know how to write, was acquainted with classical antiquities, repeated every day *Deus nobis haec otia fecit*, the Saxons again lifted up their insolent and uncombed heads, and, plunging their hands in the blood, not of bulls but of human victims, swore by Tuiton, Erminsul and Arminius that they would either shake off the yoke of Charles or stain with their blood the banks of the Elbe and the Weser. After his usual manner, the invincible Emperor "came, saw, and conquered."

After his victory, the holy Emperor, fearing that he might be again compelled by these savages to interrupt his pious occupations, resolved to exterminate them altogether or to baptize them whether they liked it or not. No missionary ever succeeded in converting so many unbelievers to Christianity during so short a time: but the eloquence of the conquering Frank was irresistible: "Believe, or die," said he to the captive Saxon, before whose eyes the executioner's axe flashed as a most powerful argument: and the whole crowd leaped into the font like ducks into the puddles when it rains. But since it is necessary, however all-powerful faith may be supposed to be, that the Christian should know to some extent what it is he believes in, it was at that time the custom in Europe, as at the present time in Otaheite and Malabar, for the newly-baptized to learn a sort of catechism, which was taught them by Charles's gaolers, who arranged them in rows of ten like raw recruits, and buffeted them unmercifully as often as they stumbled over a word in the Belief which they found difficult to pronounce.

As long as the war lasted, the soldiers continued to fulfil the duties of priests; but when things became quiet and the knowledge of these mail-clad preachers was exhausted, everyone, and especially the Emperor, felt the need of more serious catechists. But among the Franks at that time the only monks to be found were more learned in brewing beer than in religious doctrine. They baptized children in the name of the Fatherland, the Daughter, and the Holy Breath, breakfasted before Communion, and obliged the deacon to drink the water in which they had washed their hands after mass. Charles did not venture to intrust even the Saxons to such teachers as these, fearing that he might soon be compelled to undertake a second expedition to overturn new idols, namely, those of Bacchus and Morpheus. At a loss what to do, he consulted Alcuin, to whose oracles the Franks had recourse as the ancient Greeks to those of the Pythian goddess. Alcuin was an Englishman, and England at that time had the monopoly of theologians, as to-day that of steam-engines. Accordingly a vessel was sent thither, to

fetch a cargo of apostles, who were to initiate the Saxons into the mysteries of the faith.

That saving ark of Christianity, upon which we have seen the father of Joan embarking with his wife, was carried for eight days over the waters, and, on the ninth, crossed the mouth of the Rhine and anchored opposite the city of Nimwegen, where, for the first time, those hunters of souls set foot upon German soil. Starting from there, some on asses, others on boats, and others on foot, tired and hungry, they at last reached Paderborn, where Charles was encamped in the midst of crosses and shields. Saxony was immediately distributed by the conqueror amongst the newly-arrived monks, each of whom received orders to decorate with the Cross every hut in every province of the conquered country, while Joan's father was commanded to direct his steps towards the South to overthrow the image of Erminsul at Ehresburg, around which revolutionists at that time assembled—like those of Athens at the Café Hafta—offering human sacrifices and framing new conspiracies every day. The unhappy monk,

having loaded his ass with his wife and four black Saxon loaves, commenced his new journey, dragging his animal by the bridle, and thinking with tears of the happy days spent in the paternal hut.

For eight whole years the father of Joan wandered in the forests of Westphalia, baptizing, teaching, confessing and burying. Condemned to endure more suffering than even the apostle Paul himself, he was often beaten with rods, ten times stoned, five times thrown into the Rhine and twice into the Elbe, four times burnt, three times hanged, and yet survived it all. If any one suspects that what I relate is incredible, let him consult the legends of the time, that he may learn how the Virgin supported with her fair hands the feet of her faithful ones, while hanging on the gallows, extinguished the flames of the blazing pile with a fan made of angels' wings, or, taking off her dark blue girdle, held it out to the drowning as Ino held out her mantle to Odysseus.

During the ninth year of their pilgrimage, in the year 818, Jutha gave birth at Ingelheim, or, accord-

ing to others, at Mayence, to the child who was destined later to grasp the keys of Heaven. Her father—wishing that the child should be accustomed from her birth to the hardships of a wandering life, baptized her in the cold waters of the Main, in which the natives plunged their swords to make them harder.

According to ancient custom, biographers adorn the cradles of their heroes with marvellous incidents, indicating their future greatness. Thus Heracles, while still a child, strangled two serpents and Criezotes a bear : bees settled upon Pindar's mouth : Pascal discovered geometry at the age of ten : while our heroine, who was destined to distinguish herself in an ecclesiastical career, would never take nourishment on Wednesday or Friday, but, as often as her mother offered it to her on a fast day, turned away her eyes in horror. Holy relics, crosses and rosaries, were her first playthings. Before she cut her first teeth she knew her Paternoster in English, Greek and Latin ; and, before she had her second set, she assisted her father in his apostolical work, catechizing

the little Saxon girls of her own age. When she was hardly eight years old her mother, the good Jutha, died: and, mounting upon the undertaker's shoulders, Joan pronounced a funeral oration over the grave of the deceased.

While Joan grew in beauty and wisdom, her father, broken down by fatigues and the loss of his companion, felt his strength failing every day. In vain he called upon St. Ghien to strengthen his tottering steps, in vain he lighted wax candles to St. Lucia in the hope that she would restore to his eye the power of distinguishing the letters of the Psalter, and in vain he invoked St. Fortius, calling upon him to strengthen his voice.

In this sad plight the luckless apostle wandered with Joan in the inhospitable forests between Frankfort and Mayence, spending his nights under the leafy canopy of the trees and eating acorns with the hogs of Westphalia; but this food, which makes the companions of St. Antony so fat, soon made him and his daughter thinner than the seven ears of corn which Pharoah saw in his dream. In vain the

monk tried to repeat the miracle of his fellow-countryman St. Patrick, whose mere invocations changed the wild boars that ran about the Irish mountains into toothsome fat hams; in vain he begged the eagles that flew above his head to bring him food. Joan sometimes, lifting up her eyes wet with tears in her father's face, cried, "I am hungry!" At first, her affectionate parent, extending his emaciated arms to heaven, replied like Medea, "I will open my veins to satisfy you with my blood." But, by degrees, hunger so dried his throat and heart, that the only answer he vouchsafed to his daughter's lamentations was, "Get on."

The swinging of a lamp led Galileo to the construction of the pendulum; the hungry monk was led by a white bear to the discovery of a new means of livelihood. Seeing one of those woolly sons of the pole dancing at a fair, while his master collected money from the spectators, he conceived the idea of making the same use of the precocious talents of Joan as the bear's keeper made of its dancing, to provide daily bread and beer. The learned Erasmus

was right in affirming that every sensible man can learn many useful things even from a bear. He accordingly commenced to prepare his daughter for her new profession, stuffing her ten-year-old head with all the rubbish which the learned man of the time dignified with the names of Dogmatics, Demonology, Scholasticism, and the like, which they wrote upon parchment, having first scraped off verses of Homer or satires of Juvenal.

When he considered that Joan was ready to play her part, he began to go round the castles and monasteries of fertile Westphalia. On entering, he bowed to the ground before the master, blessed the lady of the house, stretched out his hands or his girdle for the servants to kiss, placed Joan upon a table, and the performance commenced.

"My daughter," said he, "what is the tongue?"

"The scourge of the air."

"What is air?"

"The element of life."

"What is life?"

"A pleasure for the rich, a torment for the poor,

a waiting for death."

"What is death?"

"A voyage to unknown shores."

"What is a shore?"

"The boundary of the sea."

"What is the sea?"

"The abode of fishes."

"What are fishes?"

"A relish for the table."

"What is a relish?"

"The triumph of a cook."

After this exhibition by question and answer of all branches of knowledge, including theology and cookery, her father invited the chaplain to put difficult questions to the child concerning every branch of human knowledge, while Joan, casting the net into the ocean of her memory, always drew up a suitable reply, which she supported by a quotation from the Scriptures or St. Boniface. At the end of the debate she jumped lightly off the table, and, taking the corners of her apron between her fingers, held it out like a plate to each of the bystanders,

soliciting their generosity with a winning smile. Some threw in copper, others silver, others eggs and apples, while those who had nothing to give deposited a kiss upon the forehead of the fair-haired preacher.

In this manner they lived for five years, eating every day and even twice in the same day, passing the night at one time under the oak ceiling of a nobleman's castle, at another under the thatched roof of some gamekeeper's cottage.. Time and the recollection of his sufferings had somewhat moderated the zeal of the apostle: he no longer attempted to catechize anyone against his will, and baptized none without their permission, except the dead whom he found on the banks of the Elbe or Rhine the day after a battle; for, according to the prevailing opinion, the rite of baptism, even when administered to the dead, threw open to them the gates of Heaven.

After all his wanderings, the old man at last departed to those unknown shores from which there is no return. Death came upon him in the cell of

the good hermit Arculphus who lived alone on the banks of the Main, composing hymns of praise for the pious and weaving baskets for fishermen. Having closed her father's eyes, Joan buried him, with the assistance of the hermit, near the river under a willow-tree, on the trunk of which she engraved an inscription commemorating the virtues of the deceased. Then the unhappy girl, falling upon the mound of earth which covered the remains of her only protector in this world, like the wife of Othello, mingled bitter tears with the waters which washed her feet. Having offered this pious libation at her father's grave, she dried her eyes. The grief which we feel at the loss of one most dear to us is like the extraction of a tooth: the pain is violent, but momentary. It is only the living who cause us lasting pain. Who has ever shed over the tomb of his loved one the half, the hundredth or thousandth part of the tears which he shed every day over her wickedness?

When Joan had dried her tears, she stooped down over the water to moisten her burning

eyes. Then, for the first time, she looked with attention in the water at the reflection of herself, the only creature she had now to love in the world. Let us peep over her shoulder and see what the flowing mirror reflected. The face of a young girl of sixteen years of age, rounder than an apple, a head of hair as fair as that of Demeter and as unkempt as that of Medea, lips as red as a Cardinal's hat and a bosom as plump as a partridge's. Such was Joan as she saw herself in the water, such she was as I saw her in the manuscript at Cologne.

The sight somewhat alleviated my heroine's grief. She stretched herself upon the grass and, leaning her head upon her hand, began to consider what use to make of her beauty and wisdom,—whether to go into a convent or look for another protector to replace her father. For a long time she remained plunged in a reverie; but, at length, overcome by the heat and lulled by the chirping of the grasshoppers, she went to sleep under the shadow of the trees which

kept off the rays of the sun and the gaze of the inquisitive.

I don't know whether Joan had read Lucian: but as soon as she shut her eyes, like the philosopher of Samosata, she had a dream. She thought she saw two women coming out of the water. One had her bosom exposed, her head crowned with flowers, and a smile upon her lips: the other wore a black frock, carried a cross upon her breast and had a humble and contrite air.

When the two women drew near, the first outran her companion, and commenced: "Joan," said she, drawing her fingers caressingly through the fair locks of my heroine, "I saw you hesitating whether you should prefer the joys of the world or the tranquility of the cloister, and I have come in all haste to conduct your inexperienced steps into the true path of happiness. I am St. Ida: I have tasted all the pleasures of the world. I have had two husbands, three lovers and seven children; I have emptied many bottles of

good Rhine wine, and spent in gaiety many sleepless nights; yet I am respected and worshipped together with the Saints. This honour I have gained by eating good fish on Friday, by casting the crumbs from my table into the voracious mouths of the priests, and by giving my old clothes to the statues of the Saints. If you will listen to my advice, I promise you a future like my own. You are poor, without a shelter, and in rags: I too, before I became the wife of Count Egbert, used to blow on my fingers in winter to warm them, and my only fortune was my face, by which I acquired riches, honour and holiness. Take courage, my fair Joan. You are as beautiful as a flower of the field, learned as a book of Hinkmar, cunning as a fox of the Black Forest. With such qualities you can win all the pleasures of life. But tread the beaten track and leave the heights to fools. Find a husband to give you his name and Spanish shoes; have lovers to kiss those shoes; have children to comfort your old age; have, if you will, a

cross, beneath which you may take refuge, when you are tired of the living or they are tired of you. This is the only road to happiness; I have followed it for thirty years in the midst of flowers, banquets, horses and songs, surrounded by the tender care of a husband who loved me, by lovers who sang the praises of my beauty and by subjects who blessed my name: and, when my appointed end came, I breathed my last on a bed of purple, supported by the hands of my children, after having received the Communion from the hands of an archbishop. And now without fear I await the day of judgment beneath a beautiful marble slab, on which my virtues are engraved in letters of gold!"

Such were the words of Saint Ida. Even at the present day experienced mothers whisper into their daughters' ears the same prudent advice, inspiring them with a salutary dread of the tedious productions of novelists. After Saint Ida had thus displayed before the eyes of the maiden the dazzling panorama of worldly pleasures, her companion approached, and, in a voice that flowed gently, like the fountain of

Siloam, began as follows:

"I, Joan, am Saint Liobba, a child, like yourself, of Britain, cousin of St. Boniface the patron of this land, and the friend of your father, who rests beneath this soil. You have heard from my companion what are the blessings of this world. She has made up a gilded pill composed of marriage, maternity, amours, and horses, which she has thrown to you as fishermen their bait to fishes. But this conscientious matchmaker has not informed you either of the price or of the disadvantages of the bargain. Ask her how many tears she has shed on account of her husband's insults, her lovers' infidelity, her child's sick bed, and the revelations of her looking-glass when it reflected pallor and wrinkles instead of lilies and roses. Those early virgins were neither fanatics nor fools, who, spurning the world, sought tranquility under the roof of a monastery. They knew that marriage was full of sorrow; they had heard the cries of women when beaten by their husbands, and had counted the wrinkles on their foreheads caused by sleeplessness and suffering. It is such things as

these that have driven us into monasteries, not visions of angels or an appetite for dry bread, as doting hagiographers declare. There we have found independence and repose in shady cells, where neither the cries of children nor the orders of a master, nor any anxiety interrupts our tranquility. But, in order that the world may not be deserted, that women may not flock in crowds to the monasteries, we have spread strange reports concerning our manner of life. It is said that we spend the night on our knees on cold marble, that we water sticks until they bud and blossom, sleep on ashes and scourge our bodies unmercifully. In the same manner coiners, to keep away the inquisitive, spread it abroad that frightful phantoms and evil spirits haunt the caves where the base gold is manufactured. Fear neither the biscuit named after St. Pachomius, the only food of the foolish, nor the mighty bell which only wakes the simple, nor the poorness of our garments; see what is concealed beneath this coarse stuff!"

With these words, Saint Liobba let her frock fall

from her shoulders and appeared clad in a fine Coan robe, such as the poets call "textile air!" Then, bending over the sleeping maiden, she continued, in still tenderer accents, "Joan, my rival has promised you pleasure; but ask her whether, when surrounded by spiteful looks, she felt unmixed enjoyment, when she abandoned herself to her lover's embraces, listening, not to his sweet words, but to every noise about her, and repulsing him, pale with terror, whenever the door creaked, or a leaf stirred. Have you ever seen a cat get on the table and drink its master's milk? Its eyes look askance, its ears are restless, its hair stands up through fear, and its feet are ready to take to flight. Such is the manner in which these women of the world taste the forbidden fruit. But we, free from all anxiety, and free from all inquisitive meddlers, under the protection of lofty walls and thick forests, spend our days, like the philosophers of old, discussing pleasure.

"Do not, however, think our existence is always confined within four walls and our happiness limited

to such enjoyments. Sometimes a sense of weari ness comes upon us; the course of the sun appears to us slow through the bars of our cell, and mailed knights preferable to monks. Then, under the pretence of making a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of some saint, we go round the world, entering palaces and huts, theatres and baths, meeting everywhere with a kindly reception, open arms and humble obeisance. When I visited the court of the Emperor Charlemagne I arrived on the very evening when his marriage with Hildegarde was being celebrated. Counts, ladies, knights, and prelates jostled against one another in the saloon of the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The minstrels were singing of the exploits of the conquering bridegroom, mimes and female dancers provoked laughter by their strange contortions, the dice rattled, and the wine circulated in silver-rimmed goblets. No sooner did my black frock appear upon the threshold, no sooner had my name resounded through the hall, "The Abbess Liobba! the holy Liobba!" than all left glasses, dice, and

women to fix their gaze upon me. Some kissed the hem of my girdle, others my footprints; the Emperor alone saluted my hands. My garment of hair threw into the shade the brightness of the silk and diamonds, of painted cheeks and naked shoulders. In the midst of the kneeling crowd I distinguished the young Robert, a youth of eighteen years, who lifted up his eager eyes and clasped hands, vainly endeavouring to see my face beneath my veil. When the feast was over, the Emperor himself conducted me into the most magnificent sleeping apartment in the palace, and begged me to avail myself of his hospitality as long as I pleased.

For two whole months I remained at the court; and when at length, tired of banquets, salutations and noise, I bade farewell to this hospitable palace, the Emperor himself held my ass's bridle, while the Empress and the princess besought me with tears to remain, and Robert tore his hair in despair. Such, O Joan, is the life I promise you: pleasures unmixed with pain in place of the doubtful enjoyment of the world, independence instead of slavery,

the staff of an abbess instead of a spindle. You have heard St. Ida plead the cause of marriage, and myself that of the cloister. Choose between her and me."

The choice was not difficult, but could be made with one's eyes shut. Without hesitation, our sleeping heroine stretched out her hands to the eloquent nun, while her companion, abashed and unable to reply, vanished into smoke, like the evil spirits in the form of women, who interrupted the pious meditations of St. Pachomius by placing themselves between his eyes and his prayer-book. St. Liobba, saluting the young proselyte on the cheek added joyfully, "That I may be convinced that your choice of the monastic life is sincere, I have not told you what a thrice-glorious future I have reserved for you, what a priceless reward. Semiramis became queen of the Assyrians, Morgana of the Britons, Bathilde of France. See, O Joan, what shall be your destiny!"

Then a strange vision, a dream within a dream, astonished our heroine. She saw herself seated

on a throne so lofty that her head, adorned with a triple diadem, approached the clouds : a white dove flew around her, fanning her with its wings, while a vast crowd pressed round the throne on its knees. Some were swinging silver censers, the vapours from which gathered round her in fragrant clouds ; others, mounting high ladders, respectfully kissed her feet.

Has it ever happened to you, dear reader, to dream that you were being hung or that you were falling from a height into an unfathomable abyss? At the moment when the cord is going to choke you or your body to be dashed to pieces, you wake and find yourself in a warm bed, with your nightcap on your head and your dog at your feet. Nothing is sweeter than such an awakening. You feel your limbs and are happy to find them sound : then you open your eyes and the windows that the unpleasant dream may not visit you again. But if, on the other hand, your dream be a pleasant one ; if you imagine that you have found the philosopher's stone or a wise woman, and awake just at the moment

you were stretching forward your hand to reach these chimerical treasures, everything seems unpleasant and disagreeable. To dispel the annoying reality, you bury your head under the counterpane, endeavouring to grasp again the visions that escape you. Such were Joan's sensations, when after her enchanting dream, she found herself helpless, unprotected and alone near the newly dug grave of her father. The hospitable Arculphus soon came to offer consolation and food to the orphan: but she, rejecting the consolations and the insipid herbs of the good ascetic, asked him, "Which is the nearest monastery?" That of St. Blitrude at Mosbach," replied the astonished old man, pointing with his trembling finger towards the East. "I thank you," said Joan: then, having tightened the girdle of her robe, she followed the direction indicated, in haste to obtain the good things which had been promised her by St. Liobba. The pious hermit, seeing her depart in all haste, recorded in his diary that, thanks to his prayers, the trees which overshadowed his hermitage had acquired the peculiarity of inspiring

an irresistible impulse towards the monastic life in the hearts of all who rested beneath their shade.

Joan who, in her impatience, had forgotten to make accurate inquiries concerning the way, as long as the road lay straight in front of her, ran like a hunted hind : but soon losing herself in a network of narrow paths and tracks that led nowhere, she at last sank down, like Demeter, on the edge of a well, to quench her thirst and consider what she ought to do. In the meantime night was coming over the forest, a night dark and without a moon, and in the darkness the eyes of owls and wolves sparkled horribly through the leaves. The unfortunate maiden, alone in that frightful solitude, at one time cowered motionless at the foot of an old oak-tree, at another, deriving new strength from fear, ran like a vision of the night, between the trees. Wandering in this manner, she at last distinguished in the thickest part of the forest a dim light, towards which she directed her unsteady footsteps, hoping to find there the hospitable abode of some hermit. Instead of this she only found a

wooden image of the Virgin, placed in a hollow tree, underneath which was burning one of those marvellous lamps, the oil in which, according to some hagiographers, was never exhausted, or, according to others, was renewed every day by the angels. Falling on her knees before this statue, Joan prayed to the Virgin, seeking her protection and guidance in getting out of the dense labyrinth. Her prayers were heard ; the braying of three asses answered her request, and soon afterwards the animals appeared, bending beneath the weight of three fat monks ; a fourth ass followed, drawing a kind of wheelbarrow, on which were two long chests, reverently covered with a cloth embroidered with silver. The three riders were the most reverend fathers Raleigh, Ligoun, and Regibald, friends of her father, who were conveying to Mühlenheim the bodies of the blessed martyrs Peter and Marcellinus, and who allowed our heroine to sit between them on the car with its holy burden. These good fathers, having heard Joan's history, informed her that, by order of their abbot Eginhard, they had gone to Rome in

order to purchase sacred relics ; but that, being unable to agree about the price, they had entered by night, conducted by an angel who carried a lantern, the underground church of St. Tiburtius, and, having opened the tombs of St. Peter and St. Marcellinus, who reposed there in peace, had stolen their bones which, in spite of countless dangers and fatigues, they had succeeded in transporting into Germany. The disinterred saints at first appeared indignant because their rest had been disturbed ; pitiful groans issued from their coffins and streams of blood poured from them every day. By degrees, however, they had resigned themselves to their new destiny ; they gradually resumed their old habits and worked miracles, healing the lame, the blind, and the paralytic, chasing away evil spirits, changing beer into wine, crows into pigeons, and idolaters into Christians. Such was the story told to Joan by these reverend fathers, who glorified the miracles of their saints, as profligates extol those of the Syrian goddess : but she, whose ears were still full of the golden promises of St. Liobba, paid little attention

to the legends of her fellow-travellers, and, after yawning two or three times, ended by falling asleep between St. Peter and St. Marcellinus. Lest you, dear reader, should do the same, we postpone to the following chapter the continuation of our veracious history.

PART II.

Regrettez-vous le temps où nos vieilles romances
Ouvraient leurs ailes d'or vers un monde enchanté :
Où tous nos monuments et toutes nos croyances
Portaient le manteau blanc de leur virginité ?

ALFRED DE MUSSET. *Rolla.*

HAS it ever happened, dear reader, that, after having spent the day in reading a romance of the Middle Ages, such as "the deeds of King Arthur" or "the loves of Launcelot and Guinevere," you have let the book fall from your hands, and, comparing those times with our own, have indulged in regret for that golden age when religion, patriotism, and holy love reigned upon the earth, and faithful hearts beat under coats of mail: when queens wove shirts for their husbands, and maidens spent whole years upon

the castle-turrets awaiting the return of their suitors, when the famous Roland retired into a grotto opposite the monastery which contained his beloved and spent thirty years contemplating the light in her window? Often, at such recollections, the blood courses more hotly through my veins and my eyes are wet with tears. But when, abandoning rhapsodies, I have sought the truth under the dust of ages, in the chronicles of contemporaries, royal decrees, papal bulls and the acts of synods; when, instead of Hersart, I have consulted Baronius and Muratori, and seen the Middle Ages before me in all their nakedness, I have wept, not because those golden days of faith and heroism are past, but because they never rose upon the earth.

We left Joan travelling in the company of two saints, three monks, and four asses. The road was dark and uneven, like the style of the "New School"; both men and beasts were worn out after a two hours' journey over those difficult paths, and when, at last, they distinguished in the distance, on the top of a hill, the red light of an inn, they turned towards

the saving light, as eagerly as the Wise Men towards the East.

From the time of Tacitus to our own days, gluttony and drunkenness have been the deadly sins of the Germans; but, while the hospitable inhabitants of ancient Germany got drunk in their huts, offering food and shelter to the weary traveller, the monks of the Middle Ages, since the time when St. Boniface substituted beer for wine on the convent tables, lived in taverns like the ancient Greeks in the market-place. In vain the Councils and Pope Leo fulminated anathemas against retailers and drinkers of beer; in vain hospitable hermits built hermitages on the highways and in the forest, offering the traveller free hospitality, fresh herbs to eat and dried grass for a bed. The priests in their wanderings sometimes entered the cells of these hermits during bad weather, and as soon as the rain stopped, ran to the nearest inn. At the present day hotels are built for the sake of travellers: in the Middle Ages many monks became travellers for the sake of the inns.

The three holy men, having led their asses into

the stable, and deposited the relics of the saints on the sofa, and themselves in front of the fire (for there are no summer nights in that country) opened their nostrils wide in order to sniff the savoury smell that came from the kitchen. A plump goose was turning on the spit over a glowing brazier and another was boiling gently in a generous wine of Ingelheim. The sight of the spit and the singing of the kettle cheered the heart of the good fathers, who, having taken their seats at a marble table, were sharpening their knives and their teeth, in order to rend their prey, when, on a sudden, an inconvenient reminiscence caused a black cloud to spread over the cheerful faces of the banqueters. "Friday!" cried Raleigh, pushing away his plate: "Friday!" repeated Ligoun, putting down his fork: "Friday!" exclaimed Regibald, shutting his open mouth. All gazed upon the geese like Adam upon his lost Paradise, and in despair began to eat their finger-nails instead. The men of that age were corrupt, drunkards, debauchees, and impostors, but they had not yet, like those of the present generation, reached

the stage of eating meat on fast days. In the Paradise of that time there were, as in the Olympus of the ancients, saints who were patrons of drunkenness, and on earth bishops who regarded it with favour; but all who failed to observe the days of fasting, were struck by lightning, or hung upon a lofty tree by the imperial body-guard.

Joan, who knew by experience what hunger was, pitied her hungry companions, and being learned in casuistry, a science unknown to the Easterns, the object of which is to prove that black is white, that the moon is square and vice a virtue, endeavoured to bethink herself of some means which would enable them to dine without offending against religion. Having scratched her head for some time she said: "Baptize this goose as a fish and eat of it without fear. This was what my good father did, when, having been taken prisoner by the idolaters, he was compelled under threats of death, to eat a whole lamb on Easter Eve. Besides, fishes and birds were created on the same day, so that their flesh is closely akin."

If the argument was not good, it was at least ingenious; and hunger, which makes even dry bread a dainty morsel, has, as it seems, the peculiarity of strengthening weak arguments—at any rate in the minds of jurymen, who often acquit thieves and robbers because, at the moment they committed the offence, they had been for a long time without food.

Having thanked Joan with a resounding kiss upon the cheek, father Raleigh took a cup of water in his hands, sprinkled the geese three times and said in a contrite voice: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, this shall be for us a fish this day." "Amen!" replied his companions, and in a very short time there remained nothing but the bones of the newly-baptized fishes. Having satisfied their hunger, the good fathers bethought themselves of quenching their thirst: since the monks of those times at first ate till they could eat no more and then attacked salt condiments and wine, moistening and drying their throats by turns and vying with each other as to who could drink the most. Drunkenness was at that time the

cheapest of all enjoyments. A measure of wine could be bought for less than seven denarii, and this liquid flowed in rivers, not only in taverns, but in the streets, the churches, and even in the nunneries, in no wise restrained by the decrees of Popes and Councils, which it dragged along in its impetuous course, as a torrent sweeps away the trees. Our holy fathers, before beginning to drink, each took, according to the custom of the times, the name of an angel—the one Gabriel, the second Michael, and the third Roguel—and then emptied, one after the other, their cups of horn, not to their own health nor to that of their country, nor of absent friends, after the fashion of the worldly, but to the health of all the inhabitants of Paradise.

Meanwhile the night advanced, the host had gone to bed, the oil in the lamp and the wine in the jar were nearly exhausted, and only the high spirits of the monks increased at every glass. Their eyes sparkled like Charon's: out of their mouths proceeded nothing but inarticulate sounds, blasphemies, anthems and songs of revelry. Joan, knowing that

"wine was a mocker and that strong drink was raging," seized the opportunity, and left the room. Passing in front of the stable, she went in, unfastened one of the asses and mounted it.

The shades of night and the trees of the forest gradually began to clear. Our wandering heroine soon found herself in the midst of a vast plain covered with heather, with a clear sky over her head, and a black donkey under her. Not knowing the road, she went where the animal's four legs carried her; but, having managed to strike upon the course of the Main again, she followed its winding waters, like Theseus the thread of Ariadne, until at sunset she reached the end of her journey.

The lofty monastery of Mosbach was situated at the foot of a steep mountain, where it had been built by St. Blidtrude, that the zeal of the nuns might not be chilled by the blast of the North wind. Just at that moment evening prayer was over and the cloistered maidens were coming out of the church, holding each other by the hand, looking like a string of black pearls. When they saw Joan they

immediately thronged round her and asked who she was, whence she came and what she wanted. When they found that she desired a nun's frock, shoes, and a cell, they conducted her to the Abbess, who excused our heroine the usual ten months' noviciate in consideration of the services rendered to religion by her deceased father.

St. Blidtrude immediately conceived an affection for the young nun on account of her learning and piety, and appointed her keeper of the convent library which contained sixty seven volumes, a fabulous treasure for those times. Left alone in her cell from morning till evening, Joan at first fell into that state of weariness and depression which attacks novices, just as sea-sickness overcomes those who set foot on deck for the first time. She went in and out of her cell, dusted the books, cleaned her nails and her hair, counted the beads in her rosary, and blamed the sun for setting too slowly. Her companions, envious of the favour she enjoyed with the Abbess, and fearing that she might be a spy upon their actions, kept aloof from her with distrust.

Often, during the hour allowed for recreation, while the other maidens dispersed in sets throughout the garden, conversing cheerfully, laughing at the old women, relating the dreams of the previous night, showing their lovers' billet-doux, and comparing the length of their feet and the colour of their lips and hair, Joan remained by herself, like an obelisk in the middle of a square, measuring the height of the trees and accusing St. Liobba because, in place of the promised pleasures, she only found disgust and ennui, just as fortune-hunters curse the newspapers, whenever, instead of gold, they find nothing but stones and fevers in California.

Ennui and idleness, are, I think, the most powerful incentives to piety. Anyhow Joan, who formerly considered her theological knowledge merely as a means of livelihood, reciting passages from the Scriptures and the Fathers, like Ristori the verses of Alfieri, when she found herself within the four walls of her cell, finding her existence no existence at all, began to consider her future, a strange occupation for a maiden of seventeen years. But

monasteries have ever been the palaces of curious fancies. The Egyptian monks watered staves until they bore fruit: the holy women of Hungary ate lice and the Quietists remained for years with their eyes fixed upon their bodies expecting to see the light of truth come forth. But Joan, given up to metaphysical studies, spent the day at one time poring over the writings of St. Augustine, who described as an eye-witness the delights of the blessed and the flames of Hell, while at another time, burying her fingers in her fair hair, she put questions to herself concerning our present and future existence, questions which all the inhabitants of this vale of tears address despairingly to themselves, and to which confessors and theologians reply with subterfuges and "common places," in the same manner as ministers answer troublesome place-hunters. Strange dreams disturbed the poor maiden's rest: the good St. Liobba no longer promised her inexhaustible pleasures, but evil spirits shook their frightful horns and angels brandished two-edged swords. At one time she hoped for the joys of Paradise; at another she

dreaded the claws of the Evil One. One day she believed in the truths of Christianity from the Gospel to the miracles of St. Martin, and for three days doubted everything. At one time she bowed her head beneath the divine sentence which weighs heavily upon us all: at another, if she had had any stones she would have thrown them against the firmament, to try and break it. In a word, she had been attacked by that monomania into which every-one falls who attempts in all sincerity to solve the mysterious problem of our existence. What are we, whence came we, what shall be our future destiny? Such questions, insoluble in the brain of man, like wax in water, she attempted to solve. During that time poor Joan's hair remained unkempt and her teeth idle: her eyes were red from want of sleep, her face pale, and her nails black. Such, according to the illustrious Pascal, should be the natural state of the true Christian upon earth: he ought to live perpetually between the fear of punishment and the hope of salvation, and to seek, with sighs and groans, the road to Paradise in the darkness. But however

aristocratic and suitable to lofty spirits this condition may be, I do not desire it for you, dear reader. I myself prefer the cheerful and happy piety of those good Christians, who, singing anthems in honour of the saints and eating lobsters on Friday, await with tranquility the delights of Paradise. Many, wishing to make a show of their superiority, affect compassion for these unhappy mortals; but I myself envy the calm repose of their soul and their double chins.

Diseases, the plague, the small-pox, love and its attendant evils, have this advantage, that we are only subject to them once. Such also was the nature of Joan's metaphysical complaint. After having scratched her head for three months, in search of the solution of the insoluble riddle, she at last shut her books, and, opening the window of her cell, smelt the fragrance of spring. April was nearly over; nature, clotted with verdure, smiling and exhaling perfumes, resembled a maiden decked out by a skilful lady's-maid. The scents of spring intoxicated the youthful recluse, who, for

three months buried in the darkness of her cell and of metaphysics, contemplated and breathed, with increasing avidity, the scent of the grass in the meadows and the perfumes of violets. According to poets and physicians, there exists between spring-time and the heart, when we are twenty years of age, a relation as mysterious and inexplicable as that between Socrates and Alcibiades. The sight of the green trees, of the soft grass and shady grottoes makes us feel the want of a companion in this Paradise. Joan, who felt her bosom heave like the waves of the sea, remembered her dream and the hopes with which she had been inspired when she entered the monastery in which she had found nothing but ennui, old books, and troublesome thoughts. "Liobba! Liobba! when wilt thou fulfil thy promises?" she cried, shaking the bars of her prison in despair. But the bars were iron and the young nun's hands, from want of use, had become as white and tender as the wax of candles; she therefore let them go, and, having in her cell neither a dog to beat nor crockery to smash, she hid her face between her hands and began to

weep. There is nothing sweeter than tears, when another's hand or lips are ready to wipe away or quench this "rain of the heart," to use the language of the Indians. But when we weep alone, our tears are then as real and bitter as any truth in the world; and still more bitter when we weep, not for the loss of some earthly blessing, but because we cannot enjoy that upon which we have fixed our eyes.

The noise of footsteps in the corridor soon distracted Joan's attention from her gloomy reflections. The door opened, and the Abbess entered, holding by the hand a beardless youth wearing the robe of St. Benedict, whose eyes were modestly fixed upon his shoes.

"Joan," said the Lady Superior, presenting the young monk to our astonished heroine, "the Superior of Fulda, the holy Raban Maur, being about to send missionaries into Thuringia, has asked me for a copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, written in letters of gold on a valuable parchment, that with the brightness of the gold he may dazzle the eyes of the unbelievers, and inspire them with greater respect for the truths

of the Gospel. This young Benedictine is Father Frumentius, distinguished, like yourself, for piety and beautiful writing. Work in company with him until you have finished the commission of our brother Raban. Here is the golden ink : you already have pens : your food I will send from my own table. Farewell, my children ! "

With these words St. Blidtrude went out, shutting the door behind her, like the Moldavian peasants when the ruler of the village pays a visit to their wives. But St. Blidtrude was one of those excellent women, whose mind is unable to imagine evil. If she had seen a monk embracing one of the nuns she would have believed that he was bestowing a blessing upon her. Having been disfigured by the small-pox during her childhood, she had never known anything but the kisses of innocence and could not believe that there were any others in the world. Besides, at that time, the followers of St. Benedict, both men and women, all lived together without distinction in the monasteries.

Once left to themselves, the youthful pair, know-

ing how valuable time was, turned up the wristbands of their frocks, and immediately began the task of copying the Epistles of St. Paul. For fifteen days the young monk entered Joan's cell every morning, and worked together with her until the evening. This young man of eighteen years, who had been since his boyhood engaged in copying books of ritual, and had never read the Bible, the Confessions of St. Augustine, or any other sacred volume, was as pure and chaste as snow; so that the copying of St. Paul's Epistles proceeded rapidly.

As time went on, they began to look forward with dread to the time when their task would be finished and they would have to part. The copying was nearly over: there only remained the Epistle to the Hebrews, after which was to come the bitter and inevitable separation. Joan, like a second Penelope, frequently erased during the night what she had written the day before. Her companion perceived the device, guessed its object, and blushed or uttered sighs powerful enough to turn the sails of a windmill, but this was all: the day passed like the rest. But

neither you nor I, dear reader, have so many days to lose. Besides, as I am writing a true history, I cannot imitate those poets or authors who, heaping together emotions, tears, blushes and other Platonic furniture, couple their honied verses in pairs, as husbandmen yoke oxen, or turn out periods as round as the bosom of Aphrodite. The great Dante called such people "panderers," but I myself like neither the name nor the profession. Abandoning, therefore, such fashions to Plato, Ovid, Petrarch, and the whining disciples of their school, I shall always exhibit the truth, naked and unadorned, just as it has left the well.

The two lovers had finished copying the last of St. Paul's Epistles, and the sun, which Galileo had not yet condemned to immobility, was finishing its daily revolution. It was the hour when the oxen return to the stall and when Christians salute the Virgin with the *Ave Maria.* The bell had summoned the nuns to evening prayer, and no noise broke the silence in the corridor of the monastery. Joan was sitting near the window, turning over the leaves of a

volume of the Scriptures, while Frumentius was gazing in ecstacy upon his companion, whom the rays of the setting sun, passing through the red glass of the cell-windows, crowned with a fiery nimbus such as Russian painters put round the heads of their saints.

Frumentius continued silent, while Joan turned over the leaves of the Sacred Book, at one time murmuring between her teeth, at another reading a verse aloud. Often, at the hour of Vespers, seated near the open window, while the bells tolled mournfully, as if they were lamenting the expiring day, they too wept, and, like Joshua, said to the sun, "Stand still"; but that luminary went on his course to give light to the Antipodes, and our lovers separated, to wait for the morning.

They spent ten days longer in the narrow cell, writing and eating, finding no fault with the weather, which was fine, except that the days passed too quickly. But at last the dreaded day of separation arrived. The copy of the Epistles had been finished some time, and the Superior sent Frumentius a mule

and special instructions to return to the fold. The unhappy youth, cursing his vows, his Superior and all the Saints, went to take leave of his beloved, holding in his hands his traveller's staff, but unable to restrain his tears, Joan did not weep, for some of her companions were present; and women, however sensitive, never weep except on proper and necessary occasions. Take for instance those English ladies, who, when they go to the Opera, mark in the margin of the libretto the places where they ought to weep.

When Joan was again left by herself, she felt within her that sensation of heaviness which attacks us after too good a dinner, the loss of a mother, a mistress, or some property. According to the ancient Plutarch, women are ignorant even of the shadow of true love: I, however, for my part think that it is with them an accidental complaint, which has its origin in ennui and solitude. Women of the world, who every evening pass from the arms of one man to those of another—I mean in the dance—have no time to sigh or feel affection for anything else but

their fans. They resemble the ass which remained fasting in the midst of four heaps of clover, not knowing which to choose. I may be mistaken, but all the females whom I have known attacked by the tender passion were either young girls shut up and guarded by watchful parents like the apples of the Hesperides by the dragons, or well-seasoned matrons who reckoned more years than admirers. The despair of the unhappy Joan, confined in her solitude between those four walls, which but yesterday re-echoed the sound of vows of love and of kisses, increased every day. St. Augustine, whenever he was attacked by melancholy, used to roll in the mud, as if it were a sweet-scented bath: St. Francis embraced statues covered with snow: St. Libania tore her flesh with an iron comb, and St. Luitbirge strangled rats. Our heroine, wiser than all these, reclining in the corner of her cell, endeavoured to scare the flies and troublesome thoughts with a fan made of doves' wings, the only ones allowed in monasteries. The heat of June made her grief still more poignant, and the days seemed to her longer

than the life of an aged uncle to his heirs. In her paroxysms of despair, in order to drive away the troublesome phantoms that surrounded her, she sometimes had recourse to the pious recipes of legendary writers, flogging herself with her girdle, or endeavouring to drown her sorrow in wine. But all these miracle-working remedies, even *agnus castus* itself, the smell of which, according to the hagiographers, is enough to drive away love, were of no avail against the bitterness of separation.

Time is said to heal all wounds; but I make an exception of love and hunger. The longer one remains chaste or without food, the greater the appetite grows, until one ends by eating one's shoes, like Napoleon's soldiers in Russia. Such was almost the condition of our heroine when, one evening, while she was sitting on the edge of the fish-pond, dividing her supper amongst the carp, the gardener of the convent approached her mysteriously, and, after having looked round uneasily, with an equally mysterious air put into her hand a letter written in purple ink on the fine skin of a still-born

lamb. Joan, having unrolled it, covered with garlands of flowers, wounded hearts, doves billing and cooing, blazing torches and other tender symbols, with which the lovers of that age used to decorate their letters, in the same way as sailors tattoo their arms and legs, read the following:

"Frumentius to his sister Joan:

Lamentation hath seized upon me, and my eyelids run with water. Tears are my food by day and sleep by night. As the hungry man dreams of bread, so I dreamed of thee, O Joan: but when I awoke, I found thee not beside me. Then I mounted my ass and came to thy holy dwelling-place. I await thee at the tomb of St. Bomma. Come, my dove fair as the sun, come, eclipse the moon with the brightness of thy rays."

Such was the letter. At the present day, when we write to a woman, we borrow from Foscolo and Sand; but the lovers of those times copied the Psalms and the Prophets, so that their letters were as burning as the sand of the desert.

About five o'clock, when the bell summoned the

maidens to the early service, Joan, holding her shoes in her right hand and her heart in her left, to silence its palpitations, descended the convent stairs, gliding noiselessly like a snake over the grass. The moon, that faithful lamp of smugglers and adulteresses, whom the poets call "chaste" by euphemism, as they call the Erinnyes "holy," rising just at this moment behind the walls of the convent, lighted up the path of our runaway heroine, who hastened to the rendezvous, treading under foot without mercy the parsley and leeks of the kitchen garden. Having walked in this manner for about half-an-hour, she at length reached the cemetery, so thickly shaded by yews and cypresses that neither the rays of the sun nor a breath of wind could penetrate this gloomy refectory of the worms. Frumentius had fastened his animal to the branch of a tree which overhung the tomb of St. Bomma, upon which he was sitting, holding up on the end of his staff a lantern of horn to serve as a beacon for his beloved. As soon as he saw Joan advancing timidly among the tombs, he rushed towards her like a Capuchin towards a

knuckle of ham at the end of Lent. The place, however, was unsuitable for such displays of affection; accordingly, hanging the lantern round the ass's neck, he got upon its back together with Joan, and made haste to leave the shady abodes of the dead. The wretched animal, bending under a double burden, and encouraged by two pairs of heels, laid back its long ears and began to run, sending forth by way of protest such resounding brayings that, according to a trustworthy chronicler, several of the maidens who were asleep, thinking that the trumpet of the Judgment Day had sounded, came out of the tombs with their heads bare.

Joan, making a girdle of Frumentius's arms and a support of his breast, breathed, with indescribable delight, the air of the country. The youthful pair, having crossed the forest, hastened over an open plain, planted with barley and beans. The sun rose soon afterwards, and the young monk, in order to protect his companion from the heat of its summer rays, by a miraculous invocation compelled a large eagle to spread its wings above their heads, following

in its flight the track of the ass. Such miracles were easy for the Christians of those times, whose hearts were simple, their faith vigorous, and their prayers all-powerful, whereas the learned but sceptical wise men of this generation, who carry the microscope and compasses instead of the cross and the rosary, can tell you how many feathers there are in each bird's tail and how many seeds in the ovary of a flower, but are utterly incapable of taming eagles by a single nod or changing thorns into lilies by a single tear. Besides, they are insulted by the most reverend Abbé Guerin—who calls them idolaters, because they keep Mercury and Venus in the Christian heaven, and atheists, because they change the names of plants—and, like a second Jeremiah, cries out, "Anathema! anathema! and again anathema! on progress and science."

After four hours' journey the runaways halted to rest themselves near a small lake, on the edge of which had formerly stood a gigantic statue of Erminsul. St. Boniface had overthrown this image by a single breath, and blown it into the lake: but

its ancient worshippers, although they had turned Christians, cherished at the bottom of their hearts some remains of devotion to their drowned patron, to whom they continued to offer presents, throwing every year into the lake candles, cakes, honeycombs, and cheeses, to the exceeding delight of the fishes, who, thanks to those offerings, grew as fat as the priests of Rhea. Frumentius, who was descended on the mother's side from the heroic companions of Witikind, was, in superstition, a genuine child of Saxony, while Joan, although a clever theologian, shared, like Socrates, the prejudices of her contemporaries. Most Christians during those times, still hesitating between Christ and idols, resembled that devout old woman of Chios, who every day lighted a candle in front of the image of St. George, and another in front of that of the Devil, saying that it was good to have friends everywhere.

The two lovers, kneeling down by the lake, offered to Erminsul the remains of their breakfast, some hairs out of their heads and some drops of blood mingled together, rendering their union, by means of

this libation, eternal and indissoluble, like that of the Doge of Venice with the sea. After this ceremony Frumentius took out of his bag the dress of a monk, which he begged Joan to put on, that she might be received as a novice into the Convent of Fulda. "By this means," added the young man, "we shall be able to inhabit the same cell without being disturbed, to eat off the same plate, and to dip our pens in the same inkstand: while, if they think that you are a woman, the Superiors will shut you up with the rest of the catechumens, in the women's quarters, where they alone possess the right of entry, and I shall die of despair on the threshold."

Joan refused the disguise as an impious thing, opposing her lover's entreaties with the words of Scripture: a woman shall not put upon her the dress of a man, nor a man the robes of a woman. Frumentius insisted and to the verse of Deuteronomy opposed the opinion of Origen, according to whom women will be changed into men at the Day of Judgment. When Joan replied that Origen was a heretic and eunuch besides, the young man reminded

her of the examples of St. Thecla, sister of the Apostle Paul, of St. Margaret, St. Eugenia, St. Matrona, and others who, having hidden their persons under a monk's frock, acquired holiness by living amongst men, in the same manner as the Turks reach Paradise by living in the midst of women. Youth, beauty, and passion were arguments that rendered the eloquence of the youthful catechist invincible, so that Joan, soon trampling under her tiny feet the commands of Moses and her female attire, put on the frock and shoes which, some years later, she was destined to offer to the salutations of the great ones of the earth, kneeling before her throne. When the change was complete, Frumentius led her to the edge of the lake that she might look at herself in the water. Never had a girdle encircled the waist of a prettier monk, and our heroine's face shone beneath the cowl like a pearl in its shell.

The youthful pair, remounting the ass, directed the animal's course towards the monastery of Fulda, where Joan was to be made a member of the flock of St. Benedict. It had taken the fugitives twelve

whole days to traverse the thirty leagues of ground between Mosbach and Fulda, resting wherever they found shade, bathing in every stream, and cutting their names upon the trees. The heat of the sun and of riding rendered these halts frequently necessary. Frumentius, who was well acquainted with the hagiography of those districts, was never at a loss for a pious excuse, whenever he desired to dismount. At one time he pretended they ought to offer up a prayer at the foot of the tree where St. Thecla cured a blind man: at another time he wished that they should kiss the ground where the blood of St. Boniface had flowed, each drop of which, like the blood of Adonis, produced an anemone. The shepherds and labourers admired the beauty and piety of the two monks, and hastened, whenever they met them, to take off their three-cornered caps, and struggled for the honour of being the first to kiss their hands or to offer them bread, rennet, beer and fruit. On other occasions they met half-naked Sclavonians, who lived, like reeds, on the banks of rivers, demanding toll from travellers and throwing

the refractory into the water. Frumentius, however, drove them away by offering prayer to St. Michael, which immediately put these amphibious brigands to flight.

The sun, after having lighted up the longest day of the year, had set some time before the two travellers, having crossed the extinct volcanoes which surround the monastery of Fulda, at last set foot upon the grounds of the convent. The night was mild: there was no moon, and only the stars were reflected in the waters of the river; but as they approached the monastery, they distinguished, through the trees, something that looked like a great conflagration. Foxes, stags, and enormous wild boars fled round them in affright, and the birds of night sought the darkness of their nests, flapping their wings confusedly over their heads. Joan clung tremblingly to her companion, and even the ass pricked up its ears restlessly, advancing with caution and timidity, like a soldier of the Pope into the fire of battle. Columns of fire, clouds of smoke, the noise of bells and songs, the smell of incense and

cooking, soon affected not only the eyes, but also the nose and ears of our heroine, whose astonishment and affright increased at every step, nor could the cheerfulness of Frumentius, who answered her frequent questions with laughter and kisses, quiet her alarm. Being unable, unfortunately, to give you the same answer, dear lady reader, we will inform you that that day (or rather night) was the 24th of June, on which date, 800 years before, the head of St. John was offered to the daughter of Herodias as a reward for her dancing, as we offer at the present day bouquets of flowers to Taglioni. The bones of the Saint, disinterred by St. Athanasius, traversed the world, according to the custom of the times, performing miracles. The head had been removed by a French monk from Alexandria to Gaul : for the Franks of the Middle Ages robbed the Eastern churches of the relics of the Saints, as their descendants rob us of the remains of ancient art. A finger of St. Sergius or a leg of St. Febronia sold at a far higher price than a head of Mercury or an arm of Venus at the present day. The skull of St. John,

deposited in the monastery of St. Angeles, was used by its inmates as a remedy for fever instead of quinine. The fame of this wonder-working head gradually spread over the whole of the West ; every year, in honour of the Saint, numerous bonfires were lighted, round which the faithful danced and feasted, like their ancestors round the fires at the festival of Palilia. The goddess Pales had been long forgotten, but her ancient worshippers continued to love wine, dancing and festive vigils, and, in default of gods, offered to the long-bearded and frowning Saints of the Christian paradise the joyous worship of the smiling and beardless inhabitants of Olympus.

The festival was at its height when the two travellers entered the courtyard of the monastery. Some of the monks were heaping on the fire bundles of straw and empty barrels ; others, lifting up the hem of their frocks, leaped over the sacred fire, fleeing for refuge to a tub of water whenever the flames scorched their naked legs. Others danced round the burning logs or, stretched upon the grass, dipped their fingers into the pots and their cups into

the wine-casks ; others, again, holding in their hands blazing torches, ran round the garden in search of a bough of hawk-weed to put the evil spirits to flight, or of four-leaved trefoil, which rendered the spirits of the nether world subject to anyone who found this plant during the night. The merry monks received with shouts of joy their brother and Joan, whom he presented to them as an orphan and a relation, a subject of Duke Ansigise, who found the bonds of slavery too heavy, and desired to exchange them for the girdle of a monk. "*Dignus, dignus est intrare in nostro sancto Corpore!*" with one accord shouted the Benedictines, dragging the novice with them into the rapid whirl of the dance, which circled round the highest of the bonfires like the coils of a snake. Joan, as soon as she entered the monastery, learned to dance. But, at that time, dancing, which at the present day is forbidden by confessors, as an invention of the Devil, had nothing impious or contrary to religion about it, being simply prayer uttered by means of the feet as the psalms by the lips, both methods having been invented by the

prophet-king David, and united as legitimate children of the same father. The stars were fading in the sky and the bonfires were going out, when the bell obliged the revellers, heavy with wine and sleep, to leave the dance and the wine-cup to hurry to matins.

That morning, as was always the case after a feast, loud snores resounded beneath the vaults of the church instead of the sound of hymns; this is said to be the reason why monks are always in the habit of singing through the nose, even when awake. This habit, banished from the Western churches, together with the festival of the Ass and other Gothic institutions of the Middle Ages, has taken refuge with us, where it is preserved in health and vigour, every day making our churches emptier, the piety of the faithful colder and their offerings lighter. Religions resemble women; while they are young, neither has need of adornment or paint to secure a crowd of humble worshippers, ready, like lovers and the early Christians, to sacrifice their lives for them: but, as they grow old, they are

obliged to have recourse to cosmetics and embellishments in order to retain for a little while longer their scanty band of votaries. The Roman Church, aware of this, as soon as it saw that the zeal of the faithful was becoming chilled, had recourse to painters and sculptors, like Hera to the girdle of Aphrodite, in order to hide its wrinkles and clothe its nakedness: while the Eastern Church, although older than its sister, in consequence of either its poverty or its pride, still endeavours to attract the faithful by means of hymns sung through the nose and squinting Virgins. Piety has long since disappeared from the face of the earth: but the paintings of Raphael and the voice of a Lacordaire or rather that of the eunuchs of the Pope still attract some worshippers beneath the dome of St. Peter and the Pantheon, while we only go to church once a year and stop up our ears.

After the conclusion of the morning service, Frumentius hastened to introduce Joan to her new cage. The monastery of Fulda resembled a fortress rather than a fold of monks. Lofty volcanoes, the

flames of which St. Sturm had extinguished with some drops of holy water, surrounded it on all sides: and the stream of the same name served as a moat to this monastic fortress, crowned with towers and battlements. The followers of St. Benedict, besides being fond of wine and sleep, loved to interfere in the political struggles of the time, and, whenever they were pursued by those stronger than themselves, they entrenched themselves behind the walls of the convent, like journalists behind the Articles of the Constitution. The great Charles had to some extent softened the manners of these warlike monks by depriving them of all arms except spiritual ones, but the monasteries themselves still preserved their warlike appearance. Joan visited, one after the other, the cells, the novices' study, the refectory adorned with strange statues of the twelve Apostles, the underground dungeons, where the bad monks were buried alive, and lastly, the library, where sixty transcribers worked night and day, some scraping ancient manuscripts, others copying upon the parchment prepared in this manner the exploits of St.

Babylas and St. Prisca in place of those of Heracles and Hannibal. The garden was neglected, because the good fathers cared little about flowers and held vegetables in aversion, as taking up valuable space in the stomach, preferring breast of goose and leg of pork, which they likened to sentences of Holy Writ, which contain in few words much sustenance.

Having described the nest, we will now endeavour to sketch its inhabitants. Religious orders have so multiplied, so various are their names and forms, such as the Theatins, Recolleti, Carmelites, Johannites, Franciscans, Capuchins, Camaldolites, barefooted, sandal-shod, bearded, shaven, white, black and others, that the famous zoologist Born has endeavoured, in order to avoid confusion, to arrange them according to their special characteristics in genera and species, according to the system adopted by Linnaeus for animals and plants. Opening this Linnaean monachology at the word *Benedictine* we find the following scientific definition of this class of monks : face beardless, head shaven, sandals on the feet : wearing long, dark cloaks which reach down

to the feet and a mantle that falls down to the heels ; they croak three or four times a day and once in the middle of the night in a slow, hoarse voice : they eat anything, and rarely fast.

Such were the distinctive features of the Order : besides this, the Benedictines of Germany wore a small image of the Virgin stitched to their hoods, to keep evil thoughts and lice away from their heads. Their faces were very like monastic palimpsests, in which, underneath the pious rhapsodies of the Middle Ages, one can still make out erotic poems by Sappho and Anacreon. The good fathers had four meals a day ; instead of butter they used the fat of pork, and their fingers in place of forks ; offenders were punished by being deprived of fat for several weeks. They shaved twice a month : on Good Friday they all washed their feet, and, three times a year, the fattest of them were bled in order to mortify impure desires, or, according to other Chronicles, to prevent apoplexy. The majority of them were ignorant and illiterate ; some, however, understood the *Paternoster*, and some few even

knew how to write: to the last was distributed, in the same manner as to Homer's heroes, a double allowance at table and wine instead of beer. All kept the Sabbath holy, but as it is not known for certain on what day God rested after he had finished the work of Creation, being afraid of falling into some mistake, they remained idle the whole week. At last, the constitution of these monks became so robust, that most of them died standing upright, like the Russian soldiers, who need a push after death in order to make them fall. The shepherd of this cowled fraternity was at that time the famous Raban Maur, whose memory contained more drawers than a chemist's shop. The learned Superior, who had sailed over every sea into which the traveller has ever vomited, was acquainted with all languages, dead as well as living, besides which he was learned in astrology, magic, canonical law and midwifery. When Joan entered the monastery, St. Raban, who was advanced in years and suffered from dyspepsia, only concerned himself about his own safety, eating nothing but grass (like Nebuchad-

nezzar during the last years of his life, when he was changed into an ox) and composing hymns in honour of the precious cross. Each of these odes contained thirty verses, and each verse the same number of letters, arranged in the form of a cross, like the drinking songs of French poets in the form of a bottle or a wine-barrel. The copying of these masterpieces required a skilled calligraphist, and in this respect no one could rival Frumentius and his young brother John. It was to them, accordingly, that the frocked poet intrusted his poetic crosses, that the prophecy of Frumentius might be accomplished: "We shall dip our pen in the same inkstand."

Happy lovers resemble those fortunate people who have no history: and the life of our monks flowed on tranquilly and calmly under the shadow of the monastery, like the stream of the Fulda under the shades of its ancient poplars.

Seven years had passed since the entrance of the youthful pair into the monastery, and Fate continued to spin for them days with threads of gold; their

relationship remained secret and undisturbed like a pearl at the bottom of the sea, and there was no danger of the deception being discovered; for, before the time of the Crusades, no Frank ever troubled himself to inquire what was concealed under the complicated phraseology of Plato. Only the barber attached to the monastery sometimes joked with brother John, when he smilingly offered to the razor a chin as beardless and smooth as the surface of a lake in a calm.

One morning, however, the real state of affairs was accidentally discovered by one of the inmates named Corvinus. Knowing him to be of a malicious disposition, they felt convinced that he would sooner or later betray them. If then they desired to escape imprisonment and dry bread, they were bound to say farewell to that hospitable roof to which they were never to return, under which they had spent so many happy days in holy repose and idleness, in the enjoyment of all earthly blessings and their own society.

Years and good living had moderated their thirst for adventure, and they enumerated with horror the

toils and privations of a wandering life, sharing the opinion of St. Antony, according to whom convents are meant for monks as the sea for fishes ; and, as the latter die when they leave the water, in like manner monks fade away when they quit their convents. While they were occupied with these melancholy reflections, the bell for matins reminded them of the danger that threatened them from Corvinus. The night was dark and the stables close at hand : they were still occupied by that good old ass, which, seven years before, had carried Joan to Fulda. This patriarch of the monastic stud, already whitened by age, was reposing, surrounded by his descendants and bundles of clover. The fugitives, having unfastened him and bound his hoofs round with tow to deaden the noise,—as pirates cover up their oars,—quitted the walls of that happy monastery, dreading lest their companion should awake the living with the same voice that, seven years ago, had roused the dead from their graves.

PART III.

But the fact is that I have nothing planned,
Unless it were to be a moment merry.

(BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto IV.*)

DEAR reader, do you love good wine? If you really do, you of course detest those retailers who, utterly without conscience, out of love for filthy lucre, adulterate this precious liquid, mingling with it water, colouring matter and poison, and instead of divine nectar offer your thirsty lips an insipid or nauseous drink. In all generations such retailers have existed in the persons of those who profess to guard and distribute the generous wine of faith, as the wise Albinus called religion: the resemblance between priests and

retailers, Christianity and a cask, goes back to a Synod of the ninth century ; so that my expressions, if not polite, are at least canonical. I say that, as the genuine wine-drinker abominates those who adulterate his liquor, so the good Christian loathes those who mingle with religion, in order to make it more profitable, all the inventions of their shaven or bushy heads ; the wonders wrought by images, the gods of heathendom in the garb of Saints, adorations, the entry to Paradise, holy relics, rosaries and other sacred wares, which have made the profession of the Apostles a greater imposture than the art of medicine or the interpretations of dreams. From my childhood I have been fond of chemistry : this book of mine is nothing but a chemical analysis of the wine of religion, which was given to the people of the West to drink by monkish retailers during the Middle Ages. All venomous creatures, snakes, wasps, gnats, and scorpions become more deadly and harmful the nearer they live to the sun. Only priests must be excepted, who have grown sharp claws and poisonous teeth in the

sunless countries of the West, while in the East they have gradually become harmless and tame like the eels of lake Copais, and, since they are neither eaten like the latter nor bite like those of the Franks, but quietly and honourably pursue their profession, offering incense, baptizing and confessing, it would be a sin to molest these harmless inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Thus much, dear reader, I have said to convince you of my orthodoxy : let me now return to my hero and heroine.

After the death of the great Charles, there were no longer in Germany postal relays, nor country or city police. The Saxon horses were, as at the present day, so fat and slow, that our runaways had little to fear from pursuit.

Mounted on such an animal as they bestrode, the fugitives hastened on in perfect security, turning over in their minds numerous plans for their future. Presently the sun rose, hot and cloudless, behind the heights of Bibrastein, to mature the ideas that sprung up in their heads. They resolved to travel round the world on the ass, seeking hospitality from the

great, offering their hands to the faithful to kiss and leaving to others the conversion of the heathen. They commenced their wanderings in the direction of Mayence, in order to be present at the ceremony of the reconciliation of the Emperor Louis with his sons. But when, after a three day's journey, they reached this city, sorrowful strains and mournful-sounding bells were heard on all sides instead of cheerful songs: and, instead of the smell of roast meat, the sepulchral odour of incense defiled the atmosphere. The unfortunate Louis—called indifferently by the names of the Pious or the Débonnaire—had rendered up his soul without bitterness to his Creator on the previous day, his last words being, "I forgive my sons, as the condemned criminal pardons his executioner." His body was drawn to its last resting-place by four black horses, which, having been kept without food for a day, walked, as melancholy as those of Hippolytus, between a double row of priests carrying wax tapers, singing the praises of the virtues of the deceased, who had bequeathed to the Church

Sardinia, Corsica, and Sicily. It is true that those islands, occupied at the time by Greeks and Saracens, belonged to him just as much as, at the present day, Cyprus and Jerusalem belong to the King of Italy. But his good intentions deserved praise, incense, and a solemn procession. Our monks, having drawn their hoods over their faces, accompanied the deceased along the road which, according to Bion, is the easiest of all, since we can find it even with our eyes shut: then they silently withdrew from the walls of the sorrowing city.

After the death of the pious Louis, the air of Germany was no longer so healthy for the lungs of the monks, many of whom began to emigrate, in the same manner as gouty Englishmen have left Nice after its annexation, declaring that their physicians prescribed the air of Italy, not that of France. The sons of Louis contested the paternal inheritance by force of arms; the eldest, Lothair, wishing to conciliate the Saxons, employed—like our own ministers—various "means of corruption," allowing them to set up again the idols of their ancestors and even to

offer a fanatic missionary or a fat Benedictine as an expiatory sacrifice before the altars of their fathers. Certain spiteful chroniclers add that the impious Lothair set up within the palace images of Erminsul and Tuiton, which he sent to the Saxons and Thuringians in exchange for other articles. Even so, at the present day, the industrious English send out to their colonies images of Indian and Australian idols, carved in the workshops of London by pious puritans and quakers, who put on board at the same time as an antidote some parcels of the sacred volumes of the Bible Society, so that the Gospels and idols sail in peace together under the protection of the British flag.

The disagreements of Louis's heirs soon made Germany an unpleasant place to live in. The unhappy ass of the travellers stumbled against dead bodies at every step or slipped in pools of blood: rarely finding barley, grass, or leaves, the animal was reduced to munching thistles and brambles. Meanwhile, winter was coming on, a Saxon winter, so severe and keen that even the crows died of

hunger, being unable to tear the flesh of the dead bodies, which were petrified by the cold. The unhappy fugitives wandered like sparrows without a shelter over the snow. The fear of enemies and the keenness of the winter had chilled the hospitality of the Saxons, so that for a long time the two monks knocked in vain at the doors of monasteries and cottages. Sometimes no answer was vouchsafed; sometimes a Saxon head, red with cold or pale with fear, showed itself cautiously at a little window, urging the suppliants to continue their journey. Rarely a hand, more compassionate than the head, threw them a piece of black bread or dry fish to help them on their way. In this manner they wandered for two whole months, following, like carrion, the tracks of armies, to warm themselves by the flames of a half-extinguished fire, or to lick the bones of an abandoned repast. At last a day came when, gazing with envy upon the jackals mangling the bodies of the fallen soldiers of Lothair, while hunger tore their vitals, they almost felt inclined to agree with the opinion of the wise Chrysippus, who,

amongst other things, taught his disciples that it was allowable to eat the bodies of the dead, in default of other means of supporting life.

Joan submitted without a murmur to these miseries, enduring cold and hunger, as the camel of the desert endures heat and thirst. No sigh, no complaint, ever escaped her pale lips, with which she sometimes wiped away the tears of her companion, who often had occasion to bless the moment when he caught this yellow-haired pearl in the stream of his life. The character of women can only be compared to Corinthian bronze, an alloy of a thousand different metals, in which pure gold is sometimes found. In this manner, fasting, weeping, consoling each other, blowing on their fingers and ever directing their course towards the South, like swallows and consumptive English, they crossed the snow-covered deserts of Bavaria, sailed over the lake of Constance, and at last found hospitality in the monastery of St. Gall, whose good monks offered them a refuge against the wolves and the soldiers of Lothair. The travellers had already made up

their minds to fix their *penates* beneath this holy and inviolable roof, when an inquisitive monk, looking attentively at Joan, observed that her ears were pierced, which immediately aroused in him strange suspicions. Joan, fearing further revelations, persuaded Frumentius to leave the fold of the inquisitive Swiss the same day.

From St. Gall, they proceeded to Zurich, the most ancient city of Helvetia, famous for the strength of its inhabitants and its brandy ; thence to Lucerne, which they entered by night, in order to admire the wonderful lamp, which, according to the Chroniclers, gave so brilliant a light that it made the stars invisible and lighted up the pools, into which the majority of travellers were formerly in the habit of falling. From Lucerne, they directed their steps to Aventicum, the ancient capital of Helvetia, where they saw the print of Attila's boots stamped upon a hard rock : thence they made their way to Sedunum, where they found a boat, on which they sailed down the Rhone to Lyons.

This boat belonged to some Jewish merchants

who were on their way to Marseilles, to sell some Christian slaves to the Saracens of Spain. At that time the descendants of Israel, instead of being oppressed, were all-powerful in the south of Gaul. The Emperor, who every day borrowed large sums from them, paid the interest of the debt by allowing them to make proselytes amongst his subjects, just as we tolerate the sisters of charity, the writings of the Bible Society, the visions of Agathangelus, the golden expectations of his followers, and other inventions of the same kind. The Jews of Lyons made use of decrees, purchased from the Emperor, as teeth wherewith to devour the Christians, killing their pigs, stealing their children, forcing their slaves to keep the Sabbath and to work on Sunday, selling the refractory like beasts of burden and sometimes attempting to convert the concubines of the dignitaries of the Church. The unhappy bishops sent petition after petition to the Emperor, and the Jews bags upon bags of gold. The monarch did not answer the former, but sent soldiers to keep guard over the houses of the latter and to force their

debtors to pay their debts. It is unjust to accuse the present generation of being more avaricious than the past. Gold has ever been the only God reverenced on earth, and the Jews its prophets, especially at the time when the Gospel itself was written in letters of gold in order to inspire respect.

Amongst the passengers on the boat was an old Rabbi named Issachar who, in order to pass away the time, attempted to convert the two young monks, demanding, like the unconscionable usurer that he was, their soul as the price of their passage. The two young monks sometimes laughed when they listened to the extravagant ideas of the Rabbi, and sometimes felt afraid lest his blasphemies might sink the boat to the bottom; accordingly, by way of antidote, they whispered a prayer to St. Médard, who, like Neptune amongst our ancestors and St. Nicolas amongst ourselves, lifted up and stilled the waves at pleasure.

Thanks to this prayer and the fine weather, the boat, on the following day, safely reached Lyons, where St. Agobard was the occupant of the episcopal

see, the only one of the saints of that period the hem of whose garment I could have kissed with respect. His doctrine was that, since Jesus is eternal and everywhere present, all those who followed his precepts, whether born before or after his incarnation, whether they knew him or not, were Christians and lawful inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven. He disapproved of the worship of the holy images, thinking it an impiety to represent in human form an immaterial divinity, and taught that the early Christians preserved the features of Jesus, of the Apostles and Martyrs, as the likenesses of men whom they had known and loved,—as we at the present day keep the photographs of absent friends—and not as objects of a superstitious worship. The good bishop thought it ridiculous to believe that the Most High had dictated the Scriptures to the Prophets word for word, as the angel the utterances of Balaam's ass: he dissuaded the faithful from making long prayers, and ordered them to distribute their alms amongst the poor and not amongst the Churches, considering it a sin that, while so many

are in need of a copper to buy bread, gold should be given to the priests, in order that they might light candles in broad daylight, or decorate the images in their temples. Such Christian, or rather eternal, truths did that good priest teach : had he proclaimed them later, he would have been burnt like Huss, or thrown over the cliff, unlamented and unburied like Caïris. But, at that time, the priests of the West, being exclusively occupied with drunkenness and simony, had not yet been seized with a mania for judging and burning their fellows. If, amidst that general ignorance and corruption, anyone of them felt that peculiar desire of living virtuously, or conversing rationally, they ate the portion of that good man, laughing at his simplicity and leaving him the title of Saint, which at that time was bestowed as lavishly upon priests as that of Excellency at the present time upon Greek physicians. Such was Agobard, a diamond in the midst of pebbles, a swan in the midst of crows, shining in the darkness of the ninth century like a pearl in a swine's nostril. Having come across him, while laboriously stirring

up the mud of the Middle Ages, I have desired to rest for a few moments before him, like the weary Arab by the side of a fountain in the desert.

Frumentius, accompanied by Joan, went to kiss the hands of the good bishop. At that time travellers, on their arrival in a strange town, asked for the bishop's palace, as in modern times for their Consulate. There they presented their letters of recommendation, and asked for instructions or help to enable them to pursue their journey, in return for which they usually offered the bishop some sacred relics of the Saints of their own country: for, amongst the Christians of that period, the custom flourished of making collections of holy relics of every country and age, like the recent mania at Athens for collecting postage-stamps. Our travellers, who had much to ask and nothing to offer his holiness, presented themselves before him, blushing and timid: but St. Agobard, accustomed, like confessors and physicians, to try the reins and the heart, knew also how to discover merit hidden under rags. Having invited the long-suffering pair to his

frugal table, he admired the beauty of his youthful guests, their learning and brotherly affection. He compared them to Castor and Pollux, and, on their departure, gave them good advice, new shoes, his blessings, and some money to help them on their way.

Again sailing down the Rhone, after a six days' voyage they reached Arles, once famous as the abode of the great Constantine, but now renowned for its figs and its women, who, like the English horses, owe their beauty to their mixture of Arabian blood. Our travellers, having admired the ruins of the imperial palace, the cathedral, the amphitheatre, and the obelisk, felt the necessity of paying attention to their stomach, which had for a long time been as empty as the temple of Minerva, in front of which they found themselves at that moment. They accordingly directed their course to the nunnery the most ancient in Gaul, founded by St. Caesarius in the sixth century, who is said to have written his truly Draconian regulations with his own blood. No stranger, male or female, was allowed to enter ;

the nuns were not even permitted to put their heads out of the windows: those of them who washed, combed their hair, showed their teeth while laughing, or their feet while walking, were flogged with lashes of ox-hide or thrown in chains into underground dungeons. Such regulations could not possibly be endured by the pleasure-loving damsels of sunny Provence. The unhappy maidens faded away in the convent like flowers in the case of a botanist, until, trampling under foot their aged Lady Superior and the savage regulations of St. Caesarius, they regained, together with their liberty, their complexion and their gaiety. From that day they governed themselves constitutionally, erected a theatre in the monastery, went out twice a week and fasted whenever their teeth ached. When Louis the Pious attempted to bring these wandering sheep again under the yoke of St. Benedict, they replied in full synod that they only owed obedience to their Lady Superior, that they would keep the fasts and their chastity to the best of their power, but they would not consent to bind themselves by any oath

or promise, fearing, as they said, that to the sins of the flesh they might add that of perjury. Such at that time was the condition of the majority of the female monasteries in Europe, which St. Pierre Damien called the ruin of maidens.

The sun in mid-heaven having forgotten, as often happens in Provence, that it was still winter, was warming the flagstones of the court-yard when the travellers presented themselves at the entrance. The gate-keeper was snoring near the open gate, through which our fortune-hunters passed. After having wandered for a few moments through deserted porticoes and silent corridors, at last they reached the dormitory, where, according to the custom of hot countries, the nuns were taking their siesta. Curtains of rushes protected the eyelids of the sleepers from the noon-day sun, and the subdued light added to the charms of the frocked Aphrodites. Amongst these there were, as in the Sultan's harem, maidens of every nation and complexion : fair-haired Swiss, as white as the milk of their goats and as peaceful as the lakes of their country : recently con-

verted Saracens, with hair as black as coal: smiling daughters of Gaul and mountain-bred shepherdesses from the Pyrenees. The dormitory resembled those botanical gardens in which flowers of all kinds, differing in colour, smell, and habitat, but sisters in beauty, bloom in captivity inside a prison of glass. One of the sleeping maidens, overcome by a pleasant dream, was smiling, with her burning cheek resting upon her arm, while her palpitating bosom was visible beneath her white robe, like the moon behind a cloud; another, pale and frowning, resembled an image of sleeping sorrow, seeing perhaps in her dreams the shores of her country or her mother's lips, while another stretched her hands towards the Superior's staff. Others again were sleeping quietly and peacefully like the Pharaohs within the great pyramid: some were even snoring, but they were old and dreaming of the blessedness of Paradise.

The two lovers forgot their hunger in their admiration of these different personifications of Morpheus, when suddenly the voice of the silver cock, which adorned the dormitory clock, resounded

through the room. This clock was a masterpiece of Arabian art, and was the gift of a Saracen emir, who had been hospitably entertained in the convent, where, according to malicious tongues, he found all the enjoyments of his palace. At the sound, a number of black, blue, brown, and chestnut eyes, shaking off slumber, glittered like stars in the dim light of the dormitory, fixed with curiosity upon the two unexpected strangers. The nuns of that age were neither timid nor prudish : besides, the aspect of our heroes was in no way alarming : on the contrary, brother Frumentius was as fair and blooming as a Dutch tulip, while brother John was as tender and graceful as a lily of the field. The nuns, as white and disturbed as the waves of the sea, crowded round the young monks, asking who they were and how they made their way into the dormitory. After having satisfied their curiosity, they bethought themselves also of satisfying the strangers' hunger and invited them to share the afternoon meal. There, for the first time, those children of the North tasted the sweet fruits of the

South, figs and grapes, which Joan, licking her fingers and lips, imagined to be the fruit of the lotus.

For three months the travellers rested amongst the hospitable maidens, who were permitted by the regulations to keep gardeners and confessors, to water their gardens and direct their souls. At first everything went on as well as could be desired; both Frumentius and Joan grew fat and forgot their country under the gentle sky of Provence, beneath which even the Chians at the present day forget the perfumes of their country. "Where one is happy, there is one's country," said Euripides. Everywhere the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus grows, offering itself in every kind of shape to the insatiate lips of mortals: a throne for kings, a mistress for lovers, gold for merchants, and applause for artists. On the snow-clad heights of the mountains and in the sands of the desert the lotus formerly grew, when hermits sought holiness and slaves freedom, but to-day it has become a garden-plant like the leek, for which reason perhaps the poets have banished it from Helicon.

We said that the two monks, having found repose again, grew fat and lived contentedly in the female fold. But soon Joan was attacked by an unknown and terrible complaint. Her cheeks became hollow, her eyes dull and dim, like the stars at the approach of morning : instead of food, she ate her nails, and, instead of sleeping, sighed the whole night.

After having described the symptoms, I need hardly name the complaint. Our poor heroine's condition was so much the more to be pitied, since, consumed by jealousy that robbed her of sleep, she was unable to punish Frumentius in the same manner. The nuns heaped guesses upon guesses, in the attempt to divine what strange malady had attacked the beautiful fair-haired monk, who not only avoided all their caresses, but was enraged with his companion, whenever he conversed with them.

At the beginning of this century all diseases were attributed to irritation of the stomach and, under the name of gastritis, were treated without exception by means of leeches, by the blood-thirsty Broussais. In the ninth century, all affections of body and soul

were attributed to demoniacal possession, the only remedy against which was exorcism and relics of the saints. Theology and medicine, to which we look for the preservation of our souls and bodies, are the only sciences which are subject, like clothes, to the caprice of fashion. What our ancestors believed, to-day we call mythology, and surgeon-barbers ridicule the recipes of Galen and Paracelsus. Heaven knows what our descendants will say when they read the reports of the Parisian Academy of Medicine upon Chromidrosis, the marvellous effects of Pepsine and the wonder-working image in Tenos.

A council of nuns assembled, and it was resolved that brother John should be sent for treatment to the grotto of St. Magdalen at St. Baume, where grew a tree, the smell of which chased away evil spirits and healed the blind, both men and women, like fishes' gall in the time of Tobit. The good Frumentius, having mounted his mistress upon their faithful beast of burden, with a heavy heart directed his steps to the holy grotto, frequently turning his head round and cursing the evil spirits, who every day

pushed him towards new shores, like the wandering Jew.

Jealousy, when it is not idiopathic or constitutional, like office hunting in Greece, is always a troublesome and annoying complaint, but there is this to be said for it, that it ceases with the causes that foment it, like sea-sickness when the boat stops. In the same manner the evil spirit that tormented our heroine became quiet as soon as the presence of her rivals ceased to sharpen her nails and her teeth. Before they had accomplished half their journey Joan had recovered her cheerfulness and her appetite, so that there was little left for the Saint to do to complete her cure.

After a three days' journey they reached the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which was the open grotto. They commenced the laborious ascent of the steep incline, followed by the ass, which, having been without food and kept at a continual trot since the previous day, shook its head with a melancholy air, as if tired of its miserable existence. The first parents of this unhappy animal had (like

Adam and Eve) doubtless eaten some ears of forbidden barley in a corner of Paradise, and their descendants like ourselves, are bearing the burden of the sins of their ancestors. After a two hours' ascent, the three pilgrims at length set foot on a wooded plateau, in the centre of which appeared the shady grotto, where the fair-haired daughter of Gennesareth wept for her sins for thirty days. In the middle of the grotto was a basin hollowed out in the rock by the tears of the Saint, which were changed into precious stones and distributed by the fair hermit amongst the poor. Near this basin reposed her body, which had been buried there by Saints Lazarus, Trophimus, and Maximin, who had fled for refuge to Gaul, like the followers of Mazzini at the present day to Great Britain. A fragrant and evergreen shrub overshadowed the tomb, shewing pilgrims where to kneel. Having prostrated themselves, our heroes, with beating hearts and in a low voice, began to sing the hymn of that converted sinner, whose errors have made more sinners than her repentance has made saints. We are all ready

to ape the vices of the great, if we cannot imitate their virtues. Many have become drunkards to have something in common with Alexander, and the courtiers of Louis XIV. pulled out their teeth in order to make themselves like him.

While the two pilgrims were invoking the favours of the Saint, the ass, which had followed them to the grotto, seeking a shelter against the sun, smelt the shrub growing over the sacred tomb with increasing eagerness. The unhappy beast had not tasted anything green for a long time, but, having received a monastic education, he knew how to respect holy things. A terrible struggle between piety and hunger took place in his heart. His eyes became moist, his nostrils dilated, he opened and shut his mouth, gently licking the fragrant leaves with the tip of his tongue. At last hunger triumphed over every other feeling : laying his long ears back, after the custom of his fellows when preparing to commit some folly, he shook the miraculous shrub so rudely with his teeth that it was uprooted and remained suspended in his impious mouth. The lovers, seeing

the altar, before which they were worshipping, suddenly disappear in this manner, rose in horror, fixing their trembling gaze upon the sacrilegious animal and upon the stream of blood which poured from the root of the shrub, while, from the gaping hole, issued mournful groans in the midst of which was heard the sorrowful voice of a woman, cursing the voracious animal: "It is from my heart, not from a lifeless stump that the blood is flowing. Cursed be thou who hast rent it! thou shalt bend beneath a heavy burden and be flogged all the days of thy life!" From that day, asses, like the Jews, have been subject to a double curse. Both, scattered over the earth, insulted, beaten and despised, pay the penalty of a second sin, in addition to the original sin which lies heavy upon us all, the one, for their deicide, the other, for their sacrilegious voracity. The ass, who had caused this second fall, less fortunate than Adam, had not even time to digest the forbidden fruit, but, seized with fearful convulsions, immediately gave up the ghost. From that time the blind, lame, demoniacs, and paralytics of Provence,

who were formerly cured beneath the tree of St. Magdalen, assemble yearly on the spot where lie the unburied bones of the animal which destroyed their miraculous remedy, heap ten thousand curses on his memory and ten thousand blows upon the backs of his descendants.

The two pilgrims, whose hair stood on end with affright, while their teeth clattered like the castanets of a Spanish dancer, hurriedly descended the mountain, and did not stop until they perceived in the distance the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Having rested for a few hours under the shade of a beech tree, they continued their journey through the night, and, in the morning, entered Toulon, with the curse of St. Magdalen and the dying groans of the unhappy ass still ringing in their ears.

The harbour of Toulon was empty. There was only a Venetian galley, which after having transported from Alexandria to Venice the body and autograph Gospel of St. Mark, had sailed for the coast of Provence to purchase slaves to be exchanged in Levantine ports for incense, cotton, and

sacred relics. Those times were the golden age of the traffic in human flesh. Venetians, Amalfites, Pisans, Genoese, scoured the Mediterranean like sharks, to see which could buy the largest number of slaves from the condottieri and brigands, who after the death of Charles infested France and Italy, following their profession in perfect freedom and without being disturbed, as recently in Attica. The former, anyhow, instead of plundering one's relatives also by demanding a ransom, were in the habit of lighting a fire on the shore, to advise the merchants who sailed by, to whom they sold their prisoners on the spot, thereby benefiting rather than injuring their heirs. Sometimes the priests anathematized those who carried on this traffic, but all the same accepted from them embroidered robes, valuable perfumes, crosses adorned with precious stones and other products of their industry. Certain malicious tongues even spread the report that several officials of the papal Court, amongst them the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, entered into secret relations with the chief of the brigands, with the object of enriching

and adorning the churches.

The vessel was ready to sail: a boat was fastened on the shore awaiting the return of the captain, who had gone to meet his Jewish correspondent to make arrangements for completing his cargo. Soon afterwards this honest sailor appeared, followed by eight of his crew, who held a whip in their right and a rope in their left hand, to the end of which the recently purchased slaves, sixteen in number, nine men and seven women, were fastened in pairs like pigeons. The captain was a native of Ragusa: in his younger days he had been a fisherman and a heathen, but having been initiated into the mysteries of the Christian faith, he desired to imitate the Apostle, becoming in like manner a fisher of men, whom he caught and sold like his fish in former days. Observing the two lovers, who, wrapped in their frocks, were sitting with a melancholy air upon the steps of the landing place, he thought that it would be a good thing to take on board the two followers of St. Benedict, to assist the executioner in maintaining discipline amongst the captives by

threatening the refractory with the flames of hell, while the former threatened them with the gallows. The old sea-shark in this showed himself a profound politician, for he clearly saw that it is only by means of priests and executioners that men can be transformed into a docile flock, which offers its back cheerfully to the scissors of the shearer.

The unhappy pair, having tasted every bitterness on land, readily agreed to the proposals of the trafficker in human flesh, hoping to find at last some repose in the midst of the ocean. Meanwhile, the oars were cleaving the waves, and sailors, slaves, captain and passengers were soon treading the deck of St. Porcarius, as this pious bark was called.

The lovers seated themselves on a heap of ropes at the prow, gazing at the shores of verdant Provence gradually disappearing from their sight. Jealousy had revived Joan's love, and her caprices that of Frumentius; accordingly they sat close to one another, enjoying the delight of reconciliation and forming all kinds of plans for the future. The vessel was bound for Alexandria: but they proposed to

land at Athens and to build their new nest in the midst of the columns of the Parthenon and the laurels of the Ilissus. The putative father of Joan was, as we have said, of Greek descent and had taught his daughter the language and history of his ancestors, so that our heroine's tiny feet were ready to dance with joy at the idea of soon setting foot upon the soil which covers the ashes of Pericles and Aspasia.

Meanwhile, the vessel coasted along the musk-scented coasts of St. Marguerite. The day was warm, the sun shone behind the milky clouds like the face of a Turkish maiden beneath the folds of her yashmak : the sea was asleep, and white cranes were journeying towards heaven. In such weather nothing is sweeter than to recline upon the deck of a swift sailing vessel, after breakfast, waiting for dinner, admiring the beauties of the sky, the earth, and waters. The heart and stomach must be satisfied in order that we may be able to admire nature ; otherwise the sun appears to us—at any rate to me—only a machine for ripening melons, the

moon a lantern for thieves, the trees so much firewood, the sea a briny liquid, and life as insipid as a pumpkin boiled in water.

After a three days' voyage, the vessel anchored in the harbour of Alesia, the capital of Corsica, where the crew disembarked to fetch water. Joan and Frumentius also landed, in order to go and worship the venerable and world-renowned relics on the island. In Corsica is preserved Moses's rod, some clods of the earth out of which Adam was formed, a rib of the Apostle Barnabas, and other antiquities equally sacred and genuine, which pious travellers may worship even at the present day. On the following day, the wind being a little stronger, they passed the island of Sardinia, famous, according to the poets, for its cheeses and the bad faith of its inhabitants, and, on the fourth day, the wind having gone down——. But, being only a moderate swimmer, I cannot follow the track of the vessel that conveyed my heroine, like that of the deceased beast of burden. Besides, nautical descriptions, waves, cables, pitch and shipwrecks, have become so hackneyed that

they are as nauseous to the reader as the motion of the vessel to the voyager, unless some pleasant episodes of hunger or cannibalism are introduced. Accordingly, sending those who are fond of such details by way of punishment to the "milky" descriptions of Soutzos, in which not even the least poetic breath disturbs "the silent shore, all smiling milk," we will inform the rest of our readers that our heroes, having yawned, vomited, gone to sleep lulled by the splash of the waves, and endured all the miseries of travellers, after a two months' voyage safely reached Corinth, where they disembarked, to cross through Megara to Athens under the escort of a young Greek slave named Theonas, who had been presented to them by the captain.

The sun was rising behind the heights of Hymettus, bright and cloudless as that which ripened the apples in the garden of Eden, when the three travellers, having passed the Poekilē, entered the city of Hadrian. A crowd of Athenians was streaming in all directions into the churches to celebrate the Sunday of Orthodoxy, or the day of

the restoration of the holy images; hurried along in the crowd, the three travellers entered the temple of Theseus, which was at the time a Christian church dedicated to St. George. Christianity had stifled idolatry: but this innocent victim had appointed the murderer its general legatee, having bequeathed to it temples, festivals, sacrifices, prophets, priests, and interpreters of dreams. Having taken possession of all these things, the Christians, in order to make use of them, slightly altered them, as plagiarists adapt the ideas of others—calling the temples churches, the altars tables of sacrifice, the processions litanies, and the gods saints. Poseidon became St. Nicholas, Pan St. Demetrius, and Apollo St. Elias, to whom, in order to make them more venerable, the priests have added a long beard.

But let us return to Athens.

After the death of the infamous Theophilus, who cut off the hands of the painters and daubed the images of the Saints with lime, the unhappy inhabitants of the East, having been deprived for eleven years of their images, felt their longing for

for them redoubled in consequence of their long deprivation.

From all sides, orthodox monks and painters, who had been proscribed by the tyrant, were descending the mountains: according to some sacred chroniclers, not only did the living flock in crowds to the churches, but many of the dead martyrs rose from their tombs, to be present at that joyful solemnity, while the images conversed and the coals leaped for joy in the censers, and even the most savage iconoclasts were suddenly converted into fervent *iconolaters*, as soon as Theodora succeeded Theophilus. Parents gummed their children's hair upon the images: monks offered up their hair as a sacrifice: women scratched off the colours, mixed them with water, and drank them. At Athens, the classical home of idols, the frenzy of the faithful reached such a height that the bishop was obliged to cover the images with glass to prevent their being effaced by kisses and becoming after a few days pale and indistinct. According to the students of law, every abuse

creates a new law : in the Church of Christ, every heresy produces an orthodox dogma. The frenzy of the iconoclasts has produced iconolatry. Who knows what new blessings may result from the blasphemous work of Rénan, which, according to the most reverend Abbé Crelier, has rendered great service to religion, by furnishing him and his colleagues with the opportunity of making the truth to shine like the light of the sun ?

The lovers, having entered the temple of Theseus with their servant, with difficulty found a place in a narrow corner of the crowded sanctuary. That morning, Nicetas, bishop of Athens, conducted the service, glittering like a florin fresh from the Mint, in his golden raiment. The two children of the North stared at the magnificent robes of the servant of God, who preached poverty, promising the faithful as a reward after death a paradise paved with gold, sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts. But the prelates of those days preferred the egg of to-day to the fowl of to-morrow, leaving to the ascetic successors of the Cynics the ragged frocks, vermin,

and emeralds of Paradise, while they themselves, decked with golden raiment, performed the services in those very temples, which, according to Plutarch, no heathen dared enter with any gold about his person. Theonas, who had held the office of candle-lighter, explained to Joan the Greek ritual. After this, he told her the name and use of each portion of the sacred panoply of the officiating minister: of the girdle, which girds him with strength: of the gremial, which is as a sword upon his thigh: of the chasuble, and of the spear which the priest plunged sideways into the shewbread.

The two children of Germany marvelled at the interminable service, which in fact was only an abridgment of the abridgment of the Synaxis of St. James: while the descendants of Pericles regarded with astonishment the two strangers, as a physiologist examines some curious product of the animal kingdom, being unable to reconcile their frock with their smooth faces and short hair. When the service was concluded, an inquisitive throng surrounded the two young Benedictines, scanning them

from head to foot, asking whence they came and how it was that, being monks, they were not ashamed to cut their beards, and, most dreadful of all, to wear trousers, which was regarded by the Eastern monks as an unpardonable effeminacy.

Joan and Theonas could scarcely answer all these different questions, while the human circle that surrounded them became so tight that they could scarcely breathe. Frumentius, who did not know Greek and possessed very little patience, tried to open a passage with his fists when, by good luck, the bishop came forward and liberated them, rebuking his flock for their indiscretion. Having taken up the two strangers in his archiepiscopal litter, which was carried by eight newly-converted Bulgarians, who served his Blessedness as horses, he conveyed them to the Bishop's Palace at the foot of the Acropolis, where a sumptuous banquet had been prepared to celebrate the restoration of the images.

The table had been laid in the garden, beneath the shadow of an aged plane tree. It bent beneath

the weight of jars and viands, the smell from which mingled with the perfume of flowers. Soon the guests began to arrive. Most of them were orthodox monks, who had taken refuge in the caverns and mountains, to avoid being forced by Theophilus to spit upon the holy images. These pious hermits had become savage and fearful to look upon, owing to their long association with wild animals. Amongst them might be distinguished Father Batthaeus, out of whose mouth came forth worms, in consequence of his long fasting; St. Athanasius, who never washed his face or his hands, or ate cooked food, because the sight of the temporal fire in the kitchen reminded him of the eternal fire of hell; and Meletius, whose body, like Job's, was covered with sores.

After these came father Paphnutius, who, ever wrapped in celestial ecstacy, gave so little heed to earthly things that, when he was thirsty, he often drank the oil from his lamp: the holy Tryphon, who never wore any shirts except his Superior's dirty ones: the hermit Nicon, who, having been guilty of

the sin of incontinence, was shut up in a cemetery to repent, where he remained for thirty years, sleeping upright like the horses and eating nothing but the grass which grew out of the ground watered by his tears. After them came other monks from the mountains, supporting by means of a long staff their slow and tottering steps. Some of these were mutilated like ancient statues: all were without exception dirty and reeked of fasting, sanctity and —garlic.

Poor Joan retreated with horror before these dreadful products of Eastern fanaticism, at one time stopping her nose, at another shutting her eyes, in doubt whether they were human beings. Unwillingly she recalled to mind all that she had read in ancient writers about beings with dogs' heads and men like apes, or in the legends of the Satyrs which dwelt with St. Antony in the deserts of the Thebaid, discussing theology with him. But these fragrant and worm-eaten skeletons, with whom pleasure and perdition, hell and cleanliness, were synonymous terms, these monks, hermits, and ascetics, the mere

recollection of whom at the present day arouses our horror and compassion, enjoyed great favour during the reign of the pious Empress Theodora, like chariot-drivers in the time of Michael III., and apes during that of Pope Julius. The ambitious and courtly Nicetas was compelled to make much of them, just as, amongst ourselves, candidates for Parliament are forced to shake hands with the scum of the market-place and the brigands of the mountains. Besides the monks two professors of Greek, an astrologer and three eunuchs from the Byzantine court, who had brought to Athens the imperial edict for the restoration of the holy images, had been invited to the episcopal table.

When all had taken their places and the *comedent pauperes* had been recited, Nicetas cut a piece of bread and offered it on a silver plate to the image of the Virgin who at that time, at the banquets of pious Christians, always received the first portion. After this the bishop attended to his guests. He plunged his knife into the belly of a fat kid, from which immediately issued a savoury smell of garlic, onions

and leeks, with which it had been stuffed in a wonderfully artistic manner. After the kid, fishes seasoned with caviare were set on table, and afterwards a *fricassée* of mutton with honey and quinces.

Joan, who had been accustomed to the simple and unseasoned dishes of Germany, where banquets began and ended, like those in the Iliad, with roast meat, plunged her fork with hesitation and distrust into the complicated productions of Byzantine cookery. After tasting the wine of Attica, mingled with pitch, plaster and resin, she turned her lips away in alarm, being afraid that the Athenians had given her hemlock to drink, like Socrates. The monk who sat by her side, by way of compensation offered her another glass: but this caused her still greater disgust, being full of a certain monkish drink called *balanium*, probably invented by St. Antony, which is still preserved in Greek schools and set before the unhappy boarders as a substitute for coffee. In a word, Joan and Frumentius sat at that well-furnished board hungry and thirsty, until the hospitable Nicetas, taking compassion upon

them, ordered some roast pigeons to be set before them, some honey from Hymettus, and pure Chian wine. At the sight of the red jar which contained this divine drink, the gloomy faces of the good ascetics shone with joy. All eagerly held out their glasses for the purple nectar of the native land of Homer, thereby proving that human nature is subject to peculiar desires, being able to like *balanium*, dirt and resin wine, but as soon as that which is really and truly beautiful shines upon it in any shape or form whatever, it immediately turns towards it, like the loadstone to the pole, and the guests of Nicetas to the wine jar of Chios. I regard those as sophistical who insist that every people and every individual has some peculiar type of beauty, and look upon the proverb *de gustibus non disputandum* as a falsehood. The eyes, ears and lips of Adam were created from the same clay: "we being many are one bread and one body," and all alike are pleased by the maidens of Circassia, the diamonds of India, the horses of Arabia, the columns of the Parthenon, the grapes of Constantinople, the feet of the ladies

of Spain, ice in hot weather, Italian music and French wines: even the negros of Africa prefer white women to Ethiopian. If, by chance, a Madonna of Raphaël were to appear in one of our churches, or a sacred melody by Rossini or Mozart were suddenly to be heard, it is towards them, I imagine, that truly orthodox eyes and ears would be directed, while those who prefer Byzantine daubs and nasal utterances would deserve the name of schismatics.

Nicetas mixed the wine for his guests, quoting the verse of the Proverbs, "Drink of the wine which I have mingled" for you. Before drinking, they piously shut their eyes, according to the express command of Solomon, who forbids wine-drinkers to look upon the wine before they drink it, as Mahomet forbids the faithful to cast their eyes upon their wives before marriage. To get drunk easily is a sign of temperance, and the heads of those good ascetics, who for so many years had only been acquainted with the moral drunkenness of prayer and heavenly ecstasies, soon began to revolve, like the earth

round the sun. But, although intoxicated, those holy hermits only spoke of holy things. Just as old soldiers love to recount their campaigns and trophies after dinner, so the monks began to tell again of their miracles and wrestlings. One of them told how, having been hospitably received by a poor man who had nothing to offer him but some lentils, he had planted in his entertainer's beard a grain of wheat which so multiplied that the good man, by shaking his beard, was able to fill fifty sacks of corn: another related that by order of his Superior he planted in the orchard of the monastery his pastoral staff, which, being watered every day with water and tears, after three years budded and produced such an abundance of all kinds of fruits—apples, peaches, figs, and grapes, that all the brethren were able to satisfy themselves. After these, the holy Pancratius followed, whose staff made the rocks bloom with lilies. Then the Athenian hermit, Aegidius, whose shadow cured all the sick, so that, whenever he went through the streets, the sufferers fought for it, like the ancients for the "ass's shadow."

These and similar miracles the good monks recounted while drinking the wine of Chios to the health of their orthodox and well-beloved lady Theodora. Do not think, dear reader, that these are the visions of heated monks or the ravings of legendary writers. On the contrary, they are authentic miracles, recognised by the Church, which the orthodox are obliged, according to the canon of the holy œcumenical council of Nicæa, to receive with absolute faith: and should they attempt to calumniate them as impossible or to interpret them in an arbitrary manner, they shall be Anathema.

Meanwhile, night having come on, the deacons who served at the banquet hastened to bring lanterns to light their argumentative bishop. The guests, tired of the interminable discussion, deserted arguments for glasses. Joan, dizzy with wine and the cries of the monks, who were beginning to teach plates to dance and glasses to fly, rose quietly and left the palace, followed by the faithful Frumentius.

The garden, as we have said, was situated at the foot of the Acropolis, so that, after a short ascent, the

lovers found themselves on the summit of that marble rock, which a supporter of the doctrine of "final causes" would have said had been placed there for the express purpose of being used as a pedestal for the monuments of Pericles, like the nose in the middle of the face as a support for spectacles. It was the hour when vampires, tympanitics, ogresses, and other inhabitants of darkness escape from the grave-worms or the gates of Hades, no longer guarded by the three-headed Cerberus, and wander in the fields, disturbing the dreams of sheep and the kisses of lovers. But our monks, who carried round their necks a tooth of St. Sabina, avoided these ill-omened meetings: only at a distance they saw a herd of creatures with asses' heads and monkeys' tails, which, shaking their long ears, gazed yearningly at the moon. Two or three times they stumbled against some monks sleeping on the flag-stones of the Propylaea, who hardly moved: for the Greeks had already become used to being trodden, like grapes, under foot by strangers.

Joan, who had never seen any temples besides the

druidical monoliths, some shapeless Roman ruins, and the churches of her native country, which were for the most part made of wood and as rough-hewn as their German architects, was never tired of admiring the columns of the Parthenon, and the Caryatides of the Erechtheum, whose feet the good Frumentius kissed, at the same time asking if they were petrified angels. The temple of the Virgin Athena at that time belonged to the Virgin Mary. But, at this moment, neither drawling psalmodies, the funereal smell of incense, nor troublesome bells disturbed these charming memories of the past. Nothing but a few owls, which had made their nests in the hollow roof, uttered from time to time a plaintive cry, as if weeping for the banishment of their patroness. The orb of Hecate, surrounded by diaphanous clouds, shone, like a chaste maiden in her robes of night, motionless in the boundless heights above, shedding over these immortal marbles a dim white light, such as she poured upon the sleeping Adonis, when she visited him on the heights of Latmus. The columns of the temple of

Olympian Zeus, the stream of Ilissus, the blue waves of Phalerum, the olive-trees, the rose-laurels, the tops of the hills crowned with churches or tombs, all these surrounded the vision of the two young monks with a girdle more enchanting than the cestus of Aphrodite. The pleasure which they felt at this panorama was the greater since, being somewhat intoxicated, they saw everything double. Joan, overcome by emotion, had seated herself on a slab of marble, and Frumentius, reclining at the feet of his beloved, pointed out to her the temple of Wingless Victory, praying that their love might ever remain in like manner wingless and never take flight. With such conversation, frequently interrupted by embraces—like periods by commas—they at last went to sleep on a polished couch of Pentelican marble.

The following morning, at daybreak, having shaken off sleep from their eyes and the morning dew from their frocks, they descended the hill to visit Athens. Joan's heart beat with mingled curiosity and fear, at the thought that she was soon

about to behold that city of idols, the mere sight of which, according to St. Gregory, was as dangerous to the souls of Christians as the sight of an old love full of beauty and smiles, to a man who has wedded an ugly and frowning wife. But the hopes and fears of our heroine turned out unfounded. Long ago the pious Byzantine Emperors had thrown down the chefs-d'œuvre of Myron, Alcamenes and Polycletus, which St. Luke himself had admired and even Alaric had respected. The work of destruction, commenced under Constantine, was finished in the reign of Theodosius the Little. Not only did those indefatigable iconoclasts display their Christian zeal against the stones, but even against all those unfortunate persons who were suspected of adhering to the religion of their forefathers. He, who killed a sheep for a family festival, he, who offered flowers at his father's tomb, he who gathered chamomile by the light of the moon, he who burnt perfumes in his house or carried a charm against fever suspended round his neck was denounced by spies as a sorcerer or idolater, loaded with chains and sent to

Scythopolis where the Christian shambles had been established. In that city pious judges assembled, who vied with one another in roasting idolaters upon the gridiron, boiling them in seething oil and cutting them in pieces. Thousands of martyrologists relate the struggles of those who professed the Christian faith, from whose wounds flowed milk and whom the flames refreshed like dew, but no one has yet given the true story of those martyrs, who, instead of fabulous milk, shed real blood, and instead of being refreshed, were consumed by the fire of Christian intolerance, more burning than the flames of pagan cruelty.

The two Benedictines, followed by Theonas and a crowd of Athenians, who, as in the time of the Apostle, had no time for anything except relating or listening to something new, went over the city, which, without its idols and altars, resembled Polyphemus when blinded by Odysseus. Where formerly stood a statue, a wooden cross had been set up ; the altars had been replaced by microscopic churches, covered by vaults resembling stone wigs.

These chapels had been erected by the Athenian Eudoxia, who, wishing to consecrate a special sanctuary to each of the saints, had been compelled to build a number of huts, which reminded one of the architectural industry of the beaver rather than of the greatness of the unknown God. At their entrances sat monks and ascetics scraping their sores or ancient manuscripts for the inscription of legends, weaving baskets, breakfasting on onions, and perhaps thanking God that they had been born Greeks and not barbarians. The ancient beauty of the Athenian women alone excited the admiration of the two strangers. At that period Athens was the female recruiting ground of the Byzantine Emperors, who sought their wives there, as their successors, the Sultans, fill their harems from Circassia. This amelioration of the Attic race dated from the time of the "war of images," when, after the Byzantine images had been banished, the women, instead of having incessantly before their eyes dried up virgins and half-starved saints, lifted them up again to the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon and gave birth to

children who resembled them, so that, even from this point of view, the reform of our ecclesiastical iconography appears to be necessary. Besides the beauty of the women, the two children of the North admired the unfamiliar modesty of the maidens, who, wrapped in their long robes, clung as closely to their mothers' side as a sword to a soldier's thigh. Instead of distributing their looks amongst the passers-by, they fixed their eyes upon the ground, to avoid puddles and false steps, blushing whenever the wind disarranged the folds of their garments, and in every respect differing from the nineteenth century girls, who are so like married women that one cannot help wondering why their parents ever look out for husbands for them.

Having passed the Tower of the Winds and the market place, where they saw with astonishment magistrates and bishops buying their own leeks for the daily meal, they reached the Painted Porch. There, in the place of philosophers, they found astrologers, diviners by means of basins, interpreters of dreams, and professors, who once a week came

down from their schools on Mt. Hymettus, to attract students by the charm of their words and pots of honey, since, as teaching was no longer sufficient for their needs, they thought fit to supplement it by bee-keeping as a means of existence.

Joan spent ten days in visiting with Frumentius the antiquities, churches and environs of Athens, and the same number in resting under the hospitable roof of the monastery of Daphnium. The monks were ready to offer perpetual hospitality to the two Benedictines, whose descendants were soon afterwards to chase them from their fold like ravening wolves. But the diet of vegetables, the long prayers, the straw bed and the dirtiness of the good fathers could not long content the children of the West accustomed, in the monasteries of Germany, to eat and wash every day. Therefore, renouncing the glory of the Megaloschemi and Angelici, followers of St. Basil, and finding the rules of the Microschemi* too severe, they enrolled themselves amongst the Idiorrhythmi or Independents, who, according to the number of their fastings and

* Minorites.

flagellations had the choice of gaining a higher or lower place in Paradise, and were free to go to hell, if they happened to love their neighbour, wine, or meat. A little distance from the monastery there was a hermitage for disposal in consequence of the death of St. Hermylus. There the lovers established their home, having laid out their slender resources in the purchase of a thick mattress, a long spit, a copper kettle, a jar of oil, two goats, ten fowls and a big dog for protection : the furniture necessary for the salvation of the soul, the lash, the good example and head of the dead man, they received as a free inheritance from the deceased.

The first days of their installation were a continual feast. Lent was over : on every side were heard lambs turning upon the spits ; and nature herself, as if desirous of celebrating the period of feasting, shook off her winter attire, as a young widow her sorrow for her late husband. The laurels of Apollo were tinged with red, the grass grew upon the ruins, and spring taught the asses to skip round their companions. Joan, awaking at daybreak,

breathed with enjoyment the early scent of the mountains, milked the goats, gathered the cherries moist with dew, boiled eggs, and then woke Frumentius. After breakfast, the latter went out to catch fish or set snares for rabbits, while Theonas cultivated the garden; and Joan, retiring into the corner of the hut, wrote lives of the saints, which she sold to increase the revenues, or spent the day in reading the reveries of Plato or the complaints of Theocritus in the manuscripts, which the monks lent or gave her with as much disinterestedness as the fox in the fable passed on the barley to the horse. In the evening the table was spread in front of the door under an old pine-tree, called by the peasants the Patriarch on account of its age and height: the products of the garden, of fishing and hunting made the table of the two monks unique on the mountain, and, as Saxons and Benedictines, they were by nature omnivorous. Joan, by reading night and day the works of Greek philosophers and sometimes of apostolic or heretical fathers, who lived before the invention of fasting, doctrine and anthems, had

gradually rubbed off her monastic rust. Being shrewd and thoughtful, she drew up for her use a kind of religion of toleration, very like the present-day systems of her compatriots, who, thanks to the advance of science and the theological schools of Berlin and Tübingen, have succeeded in composing a kind of Christianity without Christ, just as civilised cooks succeed in making garlic sauce without garlic. Frumentius, being ready, like the heroes of the romantic school, to share Paradise or hell with his beloved, ate fowls on Friday and lamb on Wednesday. In ancient Rome, whenever a dictator was chosen, all other authority ceased: in like manner, when love becomes absolute master, all other sentiments are extinguished in the heart, like the stars in heaven when the moon is at its full. Zeus, forgetting his divinity, put on wings or horns to please his mistresses: Aristotle, with a pack-saddle upon his back and a bridle in his mouth, offered his septuagenarian back to Cleophile, like an Indian ass: and Frumentius, in like manner, would not only have eaten meat every Friday, but wood every day for the sake of Joan.

The savour of that impious kitchen scandalised not a little the pious nostrils of the Greek monks. Many of them, when passing in front of the hermitage, made the sign of the cross and stopped their noses, as Odysseus his ears to protect himself from the song of the Sirens : others, bolder than the rest, actually went in, in order to terrify the flesh-eating monks with the flames of hell, or the excommunications of the Church. But Joan made them welcome and offered them the most tasty morsel with such grace that the followers of St. Basil, who ate nothing that had wings except the flies which fell into their broth, often quitted the cottage with a pigeon in their belly and a sin upon their conscience.

Meanwhile, the fame of the wit, beauty and learning of the young monk John extended over the mountain and began to make its way down into the city. Many of the learned professors of Hymettus, leaving their bees and pupils, went to visit our heroine, in order to discuss thorny problems of doctrine, demonology and divination : even Bishop Nicetas frequently came to rest under the shade of

the gigantic pine, wondering, like Petrarch, how the fruit of knowledge had been able to ripen so quickly beneath the fair locks of that head of twenty years. Not only priests and learned men, but magistrates and patrician visitors to the new Rome gradually learnt the way to the hermitage. No one passed through Daphnum without knocking at the door.

Frumentius at first rejoiced at Joan's success: soon, however, he began to observe an alteration in her conduct, which troubled him as much as her first wrinkles worry a courtesan. The young monk beneath his vigorous and manly form concealed a heart softer than a fig; love came as naturally to him as singing to the nightingale, or kicking to the ass. Although he was able to swallow two hundred chestnuts without feeling the least weight on his stomach, he could not digest a yawn or a cold look from his beloved. Months and years went on; Joan became colder and colder as the circle of her admirers increased, and the youth's despair grew daily greater, while a pale cloud overspread his youthful and smiling countenance like a black veil

over a rose tree in bloom. As the Spartans concealed the fox that rent their vitals, so for a long time the youth forced himself to hide his anxiety, but at length tears gushed from his eyes and complaints from his lips. Joan at first endeavoured to calm her companion, declaring that the dark clouds which surrounded him were nothing but the spleen, and phantoms of his heated brain. But Frumentius was hard to persuade, and women soon tire of melancholy. Even the daughters of Ocean, although goddesses, only remained a single day to console the captive Prometheus; then, tired of his complaints, they left him on the rock with the vulture gnawing his vitals. Thus our heroine bestowed on her companion a few words of consolation or a hasty kiss, as one throws a penny into the hand of a beggar. Frumentius generally remained in a corner of the room "digesting his bile" like the Homeric heroes: and when he felt himself unable to restrain his tears or his fists any longer, he rushed out of the room to pluck a fowl for dinner, or a daisy, to learn whether Joan loved him.

Such a state of things could not last for ever. The young monk at one time thought of breaking Joan's head, at another of breaking off all connection with her. The coquetry of our heroine every day assumed a more serious character, to use a journalistic phrase. One abbot, two bishops, and the Governor of Attica already knew what was concealed beneath her frock, many others suspected it, and the rest continued to offer brother John a Platonic devotion. Frumentius did not cease to complain and insult his beloved, who, finally losing her patience, gave him answers as dry as the figs of Calamata. The relation of the two young people had gradually come to resemble the Indian fig trees which surround the royal garden at Athens, the fruit of which only lasts for a day, and the thorns all the year round. Meanwhile, whenever Frumentius seriously entertained the idea of separation, he felt his hair stand on end with horror. He could no longer live with or without her ; and, ignorant that woman's heart is as shifting as sand, on which it is only possible to put up a tent for a single night, he

had built upon it a palace, in which he proposed to pass all his life. Driven by insults and kicks from that Eden, instead of submitting, like Adam, to his condemnation, he sought by every means to enter again the forbidden garden, the door of which was shut by the coldness and spitefulness of Joan, like the gates of Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. Sometimes, reclining at Joan's feet, he endeavoured to move her by reminding her of their vows, but his words glided over her hardened heart like rain over leaves; at another time, in despair he endeavoured with all his might to tear his love from his heart by the roots, as a gardener pulls up a stinking onion which has grown up amongst the heliotropes; but the pernicious weed had taken such deep root that, after all his fruitless efforts, he abandoned the attempt and fell on the ground, bathed in sweat and cursing, like Job, the day he was born and the hour when it was said: behold, a man has been born.

Do not imagine that the good Frumentius had become an Erotocritus, or any other biped of the

menagerie of romance; on the contrary, he was a wise and pious child of heroic Germany, such as that classical country of beer and sour-kraut used to produce until it was ruined by the sighs of Werther and the blasphemies of Strauss and Hegel. Perhaps he loved Joan as Aristippus loved Laïs, and as cats love milk: but he was acquainted with no other mistress but her, nor would he have been able to find one at Athens, for the descendants of Solon were not as civilised as at the present day. Mothers husbands, brothers, and such troublesome creatures, who surround women like thorns the roses, did not yet dispute the honour of holding the candle to strangers, whether admirals or diplomatists. The Athenian maidens of those days stretched out their hands to none but the Emperors of Byzantium, and only the right hand to them. This rendered the position of the unhappy Frumentius difficult. Poets and mythologists banish to different countries and to fabulous ages certain strange and monstrous products of the vegetable or animal kingdom, lotuses dripping with honey, singing trees, winged dragons,

goat-footed satyrs, hydras, giants, sirens, heroes, sorcerers, prophets, martyrs, saints and similar beings, which none of us have ever seen except in a picture or in a dream: but even the moral kingdom, if I may be allowed the expression, has its mythology, its heroic devotion, its pious ecstasies, superhuman sacrifices, unbroken friendships and similar tragic or romantic incidents. Amongst the chimerical products of past ages we must also reckon love, as the knights of the Middle Ages and the erroneous interpreters of Plato understood it. If Frumentius was ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of Joan, if, rolling at her feet, he cursed the day he was born, he did this for the same reason that obliged Adam to pardon his unfaithful wife, namely, that he had no other.

Our heroine, although surrounded by devoted admirers, was far from resting upon a bed of roses. The groans and lamentations of Frumentius, even if they no longer moved her, shook her nerves and spoilt her sleep and appetite, and, what was worst of all, revealed the secret to everybody. According

to Athenæus, love and a cough are the only things which cannot be concealed. As for myself—if I may be permitted to express a contrary opinion to the intoxicated Deipnosophists—I think that, on the contrary, there is nothing easier to conceal than love, when the lovers are happy. Only jealousy, restlessness, despair, and similar erotic condiments leave their mark, like the lash of the executioner, upon the face: joy and happiness are distributed to us by the daughters of Eve so sparingly that it is very easy to hide them. All women, without exception, resemble those savage Romans of the period of decadence, who required that the victims slain in the amphitheatres should fall gracefully, and hold their neck out to the sword without murmuring. Thus Joan, having tortured the unhappy Frumentius in all manner of ways, by jealousy, coldness, caprice, and other feminine devices, became angry with him, if a cry of pain escaped his lips in the midst of such tortures, or if, in his distress, he shewed his fists or the door of the cell to one of his rivals.

Meanwhile, the state of things in the hermitage

roused all the hooded inhabitants of Daphnium, in whose eyes Joan, whose sex and freaks were no longer a secret, was a monster sent by the Franks to swallow up the orthodox church. Undoubtedly many women before her, St. Matrona, St. Pelagia and St. Marina, had put on the frock and lived with the monks, but none of them had done so in order to eat pigeons and to damn bishops. Amongst this infuriated herd were certain monks who sometimes attempted to defend the beautiful German, but their voice was stifled by the general outcry.

Joan, attacked within by Frumentius and without by public opinion, and seeing the zeal of her faithful followers growing colder every day from fear of anathema, while the audacity of her enemies increased correspondingly, began to think seriously of leaving the country. Having been eight years at Athens, she was familiar with all its monuments, manuscripts, and inhabitants, so that the city of Athena by this time seemed as insipid as the kisses of Frumentius. Besides, she was consumed with the desire of displaying, on a wider field, her learn-

ing, beauty and accomplishments. She was approaching her thirtieth year, the age at which women, not content with the peculiar defects of their sex, are accustomed to equip themselves with ours as well, such as ambition, pedantry, drunkenness, and every other masculine vice which may tend to make their heart a model of feminine perfection, in the same manner as, owing to its politicians, Greece has become to-day a model kingdom in the East. Joan did not resemble those shepherdesses of Ovid who were satisfied if only Mt. Athos heard their song or the brook reflected their forehead crowned with flowers; on the contrary, she frequently wept over her books, when she reflected that her learning would remain unknown and ignored in that corner of Attica.

In such a frame of mind, Joan, wandering one evening along the hollow beach of the Piraeus, where she had gone to take leave of her friend Nicetas who was returning to Constantinople, saw a foreign vessel entering the harbour, the white sails of which seemed to her the wings of an angel

who had come to set her free from that land of exile. The vessel was Italian, belonging to William the Little, Bishop of Genoa; it had come to the East to procure frankincense for the Most High and robes for his ministers. Joan, having addressed the sailors in Latin after they had landed, was informed that they intended to set sail on the following morning for Rome. They expressed themselves willing to take her on board to fill the place of their chaplain, who had been swept away by the waves whilst standing by the prow and endeavouring, according to the custom of the Catholics, to still the violence of the storm by throwing consecrated morsels into the sea. Having made all arrangements with them, Joan returned to Frumentius, who was waiting for her in the grotto near the harbour of Munychia, where he had prepared dinner. The weather was damp, the wind keen, and the sea moaned mournfully beneath the cave. The young Benedictine hastened to light the fire, by the side of which Joan sat down to dry her clothes which had been drenched by the waves.

Her heart, although it had been hardened long ago by coquetry and pedantry, was seized with a sort of disquietude, at the thought that she was shortly to leave her companion, never to return, from whom, during the space of fifteen years, she had never been separated. For a few moments she thought of taking him with her on her fresh journey; but the peculiar jealousy of the young monk, who held the superannuated idea that a woman ought to have only one lover,—as asses one pack-saddle and the people one king—made him a troublesome and unmanageable piece of furniture. Nor again did she venture to take leave of him, being afraid of his tears or his fists in that lonely spot, but thought it more compassionate and at the same time more prudent to put him to sleep in her arms before leaving him, as the executioners of Judæa offer an intoxicating drink to the condemned before crucifying them. Taking Frumentius's head between her knees, she began to lull him to sleep: the youth, bearing no grudge, although he had been so cruelly tortured, deceived and trodden under foot, forgot

in a moment infidelity, outrage and torture. The mere touch of Joan's fingers closed up all his wounds, as the French kings, before the introduction of the constitution, healed the wounds of their subjects merely by the laying on of hands. Frumentius, seized with an indescribable joy, did not know which of the saints to thank for the sudden change, since he had invoked them all in his despair, and, having been for a long time without sleep, at last closed his eyes in slumber on that charming pillow, vowing anthems and candles to all.

When he opened his eyes before daybreak on the following morning to embrace his mistress, he found in his arms nothing but the straw of his bed. Jumping up in alarm he stretched out his arms and groped in the darkness like the blinded Polyphemus seeking for Odysseus. Light was struggling with darkness, when, bareheaded, barefooted and in despair, the unhappy youth rushed out of the grotto, but found no trace of Joan. Having run two or three times round the hill to no purpose, he rushed to the shore, leaping from rock to rock like a wild

boar, crying with loud voice "Joan!" The hollow rocks repeated the cry, calling upon the fugitive whenever he uttered her name, as if they pitied his unhappiness: at the same moment also the sun rose, to assist him in his eager search. The shore was deserted, but on the sea he saw a boat cleaving the waters of Munychia, and in the stern stood Joan, her face hidden in her frock. The fugitive perhaps saw him on the beach stretch out his hands towards her and then throw himself into the sea, but, turning away her face, she urged the boatman to row faster.

Soon afterwards, the boat was drawn up by the side of the vessel, which spread its sails to the wind, while Frumentius, after a vain pursuit, his hopes and strength exhausted, lay, a motionless wreck, upon the beach. When he came to himself, he rejected life as an evil dream. But the hours went on, the sun dried his clothes, and his dream continued. For a moment he thought of drowning himself in the sea, as Solomon his griefs in wine, but the water was low, and besides, he was afraid

of hell, where he would have been obliged to wait a long time for Joan. He lifted his eyes complainingly to heaven, but no saint descended to offer him her lips by way of consolation, like Bacchus to Ariadne; besides, Frumentius was not a woman, and in his state of mind he would most likely have rejected even St. Thais.

When it was dark he returned to the grotto. What a night he passed there, before the couch upon which the charms of his beloved had left their traces! For fifteen days he remained there, asking, in the words of Job, why "light has been given to those that are in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul." But at last his patron saint, Boniface, had compassion upon him and ran to his assistance. One evening, while he was sleeping on the sand of the sea shore, having exhausted all his complaints, the apostle of the Saxons descended from heaven, opened with a knife the bosom of the sleeper, plunged his holy fingers into the gaping wound, pulled out his heart and dipped it into a basin of water, which he had previously blessed. The burn-

ing heart frizzled in the water like a smelt in the frying-pan : when it was cold the saint put it back in its place, and, having healed the wound, returned to heaven.

Have you ever, dear reader, gone to sleep with an intolerable cough, perspired freely during the night, and woke up cured ? Not knowing that you are well, you open your mouth mechanically to pay the usual tribute to the cursed cough. But how great is your joy when you no longer find the troublesome monster in your throat! Thus Frumentius, when he opened his eyes, was prepared to offer the ungrateful Joan his usual libation of tears, but quite contrary to his expectation, his eyes remained dry and, after a fast of several days, the good Benedictine felt more inclined to eat his breakfast than to weep. A young shepherdess presently passed by with a can of milk upon her head and a string of biscuits in her hand. He called her and made a good breakfast: and when Amaryllis, having received a copper coin and kissed the hand of the monk, went on her way, uniting her cheerful

song with that of the larks, while the morning breeze sported with the folds of her dress, Frumentius then for the first time felt that there were other women in the world. From that time his cure might be considered complete. Having been thus delivered by a miracle from his insensate passion he henceforth becomes useless to us as a hero of romance. From that moment he might have been a useful member of society, most competent, if he had lived at the present day, to practise any profession whatever—that of postman, spy, member of parliament, or hunter after dowries or places, to keep the books of a Chian merchant, or to hold the feet of a criminal when being hung. But in that wretched epoch *Kyrie eleison* was the best trade: Frumentius remained a monk and prospered. Before I follow Joan to Rome I will rest awhile. Great poets, like Homer, have written beautiful poems while asleep, but I myself always dry my pen before I put on my night-cap. Only men of distinction are allowed to use sleepy phrases, but we humbler knights of the pen are obliged to be always as wide-awake as the geese of the Capitol, who woke the Romans.

PART IV.

φεῦ τῆς θηλείας ποῖ προβήσεται φρενὸς ;*
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θρασους γενήσεται.
EURIPIDES, *Hippolytus.*

THE cradle of all great men is wrapped in thick mist, into the midst of which none but poets and novelists dare venture, lighting the magic lamp of imagination, by the aid of which they see thousands of pale or smiling phantoms. But as soon as the hero has grown to man's estate, as soon as the flower has changed to fruit, a swarm of historians comes upon the scene, holding up the blazing and luminous torch of criticism. The appearance of these scowling torch-bearers puts to flight the golden-winged

* The word in Euripides is *βροτείας.*

creatures of imagination, which, like the stars and women of forty years of age, can only endure the twilight; and, if the light be too brilliant, the hero himself frequently disappears in the eyes of the critic, like Homer in those of Wolf. Joan has hitherto remained undisturbed on her lofty pedestal, in no way frightened by the light: but henceforth she becomes a heroine of history, and the imaginary garlands with which I have adorned the fair hair of the young girl of seventeen years, are unsuitable to the head which is soon to be adorned by the triple diadem of St. Peter. Instead of drawing the material of my narrative out of my head, as before, I am compelled to draw from respectable chroniclers: and, if you, dear reader, find this portion of the book less amusing, I thank you for the preference.

Rome, having lost the world which she had conquered with her sword, was occupied with re-establishing her universal sway by sending into her ancient provinces doctrines instead of legions, and weaving in silence that enormous web in which she was to catch all nations. The spider who was weav-

ing that web, when our heroine arrived at Rome, was his holiness Pope Leo IV., the successor of Sergius, the pig-throated. Nearly all the high pontiffs of that period, whether they liked it or not, received the title of holy: but Leo had really won it by his personal efforts, having recovered the bodies of the blessed martyrs Sempronianus, Nicostratus, and Castorius: with his pastoral staff, like Poseidon with his trident, he raised a fearful storm, which dispersed the Saracens' fleet, slew by a prayer a terrible dragon which had made its lair in the church of St. Lucia, often repulsed the attacks of the infidels, and, what was still more pleasing to God, established within the precincts of the papal palace a female monastery where, under his fatherly protection, the chosen maidens of Rome were sanctified. The cultivated Pontiff was likewise a patron of letters, and was so charmed with Joan that, having conversed with her for a whole hour *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*, he immediately appointed her Professor of Theology at the college of St. Martin, where St. Augustine himself had formerly taught.

Joan, or rather Father John—for since her female name creates a certain unpleasantness, we will only bestow it upon her when we are alone with her, as the Emperor Alexander bestowed the title of robbers upon his ministers—devoted the first days after her arrival to the exploration of the eternal city. But at that time the monuments of Rome were not worth the shoes worn out in visiting them. Charles the Great, the tutor of Lord Elgin, had plundered the ancient temples after the custom of the Franks, to adorn with the columns and bas-reliefs the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle: and the Christian churches built by Leo's predecessors were irregular and hideous mixtures of Roman and Oriental Art, much resembling the state of Christianity in the West, which was an incoherent and indigestible mixture of Judaism and idolatry. But at that time no one any longer cared about dogmas. The ancient gods—at least, those of them who had not been changed into Christian saints—when banished from Olympus, changed their residence to hell, where they lived in peace with the Devil of the

Christians, and the Satan of the Jews, recognised by theologians, listening to the invocations of sorcerers, and sometimes taking up their abode in the bodies of Christians who were called Demoniacs. On the day of Joan's arrival, a strange festival was being celebrated round the churches in honour of the ancient gods. Bands of drunken Christians danced to profane songs, shouting Evoe! Evoe! and pursuing each other with whips, as at the festival of Saturnalia, while priestesses of Aphrodite ran round the assembly, offering, for a few pence, wine and kisses to the dancers, to the great offence of the newly-baptized strangers, who thought that it all formed part of the Christian service, just as those who find themselves present at a stormy sitting of an American parliament imagine that kicks form part of democratic freedom.

Such were the men whom our heroine proposed to season with Attic salt. At first she endeavoured to converse with them about doctrine, but her hearers considered these discussions with which the Greeks were so engrossed, as superfluous as the

long beard which adorned the cheeks of the Byzantines. The successors of the divine Plato in the East still discussed the nature of God, but the descendants of Cato and Cincinnatus, more practical, regarded theology as a serious profession, from which the priest expected his daily bread, not to mention offices, bishoprics, and other good things which are only obtained by activity and practical knowledge. Therefore, instead of examining the mysteries of Heaven, like wise men they occupied themselves with extending God's kingdom over the world, exacting tribute from all nations in His name. Joan, who was quick-witted and versatile, soon divined the tastes of her disciples. Shaking off Byzantine ideology, she hastened to descend from heaven to earth, from the snow-clad heights of metaphysics to the fat and fertile plains of canonical law, speaking glibly on the following day of the temporal power of the Pope, of the donation of Charlemagne, of tribute, tithes, gilded vestments, and other priestly luxuries, by means of which the wearers of the frock try to render the expectation of

Paradise less insupportable, as the suitors of Penelope amused themselves with the maid-servants while awaiting an audience of their mistress.

By such conversation, Joan at last succeeded in gaining the goodwill of her hearers, as Orpheus moved the rocks by the music of his lyre. The comparison is not exaggerated; for if the Italians of that age were not stones, they were at any rate called asses by other nations, and their councils "assemblies of asses." The few learned men of the country were sent from Ireland, Scotland, and Gaul to the unhappy descendants of Cicero, like Hellenists from Germany to Greece at the present day. Claude, Dungal, Vintimille, and other foreign savants were either dead or very old men: and in the midst of the darkness of the Middle Ages, Italy surpassed the neighbouring nations in ignorance as Calypso threw her nymphs into insignificance by her majestic stature. Most of the priests did not know how to read, and instead of preaching the Gospel from the pulpit they related fables to the faithful. The Lombards, Franks, Burgundians, and other

barbarian neighbours of Italy, when they heard these stories, conceived such a contempt for the subjects of the Pope, that the epithet "Roman" was considered the greatest possible insult amongst them, just as that of "Greek" has become synonymous with "sharper" amongst card-players.

Our heroine's learning shone in that thick darkness like a beacon through the mists of a cloudy night. A crowd of listeners, often Pope Leo himself, flocked to the monastery of St. Martin, to hear this new Augustine, who, instead of touching upon the terrible mysteries of religion, spoke only of useful and pleasant things, extolling the virtues of the Pontiff and ridiculing the Byzantines, explaining the theorems of Aristotle or relating the miserable life of his descendants, their meals of garlic, their sores, and their fasts. Our heroine often began with Theodicea and ended with cookery. But at that time the products of the human brain were not as yet arranged in regular compartments like reptiles in the bottles of a museum. The only science of the age was theology which had a hundred hands

like Briareus, embraced everything in its arms, and was contained in its entirety in the fair head of our heroine.

Joan continued to teach for two years : she owed all her reputation to her eloquence, for no one in Rome suspected what was concealed beneath her frock. In that city all shaved their faces, and only the monks' noses were seen protruding from their cowls. By degrees, in the intoxication of her *amour-propre*, she almost succeeded in convincing herself that she had changed her sex like Tiresias. Frumentius had been long forgotten, and the ambitious monk was in no hurry to choose his successor, her mind being fixed upon higher things. An abbot's cloak, a legate's mule, a bishop's mitre, sometimes the golden shoes of a Pope,—such were the dreams of our fair-haired heroine ; as for lovers, she banished them, like a prudent woman, to the further end of the stage, as we keep the pastry and sweetmeats until the end of a banquet. Instead of merely abandoning herself to idle dreams, she worked night and day to secure her elevation,

flattering the influential, teaching, writing and composing rhymed hymns to Christ and the Pope, which she was the first to introduce into Italy. She also practised medicine, and, according to the malicious, the art of magic, compelling evil spirits or the gods of antiquity—Dionysus, Hera, Pan, and Aphrodite—to leave the gates of darkness and hasten, like faithful servants, to obey her orders.

Meanwhile, the illustrious Pope Leo—who was already advanced in years and had suffered from rheumatism, ever since, when attempting to walk upon the sea, he had taken an involuntary bath and lost his golden tiara and some of his reputation—appointed Father John his private secretary. When our heroine for the first time entered the apartments of his holiness, she scarcely ventured to tread upon the thick Eastern carpets, over which one would have liked to glide like the horses of Erichthonius, whose hoofs scarcely touched the tops of the flowers as they ran. When she came before the chief of the Christian church, seated on a throne of purple and gold, surrounded by silver vases, golden goblets,

censers adorned with emeralds and other valuables she was so dazzled by their splendour that she was obliged to shut her eyes for a moment. On bended knee she piously kissed the shoes of Leo, who, raising up father John with paternal tenderness, worked with him until evening, and was so delighted with him that from that day he could more easily have dispensed with mass than with his favourite secretary.

The Pontifical retinue—the *cubicularii*, *dapiferi*, *ostiarii*, *scriptores*, *arcanii* and others, who were proud of rendering to his holiness those services which were rendered by slaves to the Roman Emperors, at first murmured against the new favourite, like the body-guard of the august Catherine of Russia, whenever a new candidate knocked at the door of her chamber. But Father John's manners were so affable and gentle that he soon won the hearts of all who addressed themselves to him whenever they had any request to make to the Holy Father. Joan, being a stranger in Rome, who had no nephews or mistresses whose greed she

was obliged to satisfy, willingly submitted to the Pope the requests of her friends, whose numbers and gratitude increased daily, so that in a short time the private secretary became the real head of a party, surrounded by a swarm of insatiable courtiers, who jostled round her like fowls round a farm servant when at sunset she shakes her apron full of corn before them.

While Joan thought of all her friends, she desired nothing for herself, or rather she only ventured to beg heaven to reward the virtues of the holy Pope Leo as soon as possible by removing him to a better world. I do not know who heard the prayers of our heroine, and she herself did not know, but, be that as it may, Leo soon afterwards fell ill, and his weakness increased daily: so that, after the physicians' had exhausted their remedies and the monks their invocations to the archangel Michael the successor of Aesculapius, after Jewish cabalists and Arabian astrologers had employed all the secrets of their art, it was resolved, at a general council of bishops, to remove the chief of the Christian world to the

crypt of the church of St. Tiburcius, to wait for a dream from heaven, in which the saint should reveal to him a suitable remedy for his disease. At that time the faithful, when in difficulties, had recourse to such dreams, and the Church, although it burned sorcerers, allowed divination by dreams, just as at the present time some physicians persecute mesmerists, although making use of their art themselves.

The unhappy Pope was removed from his bed to a black litter, and carried by four stalwart monks to the underground church, where he was set down in front of the altar in the midst of burning lamps, physicians in despair, and priests singing psalms. That illustrious pontiff, although a saint, had never been more pious than necessary, but had spent his life in beautifying Rome, amassing treasures, building more fortifications than churches, and protecting his kingdom against the Saracens rather than against the Devil, burning no heretics, but cutting to pieces the forces of his enemies, and having in every way shown himself more worthy of the title of Great

King than of Saint, as even Voltaire allows. If he had sometimes been obliged to work miracles, he did it to satisfy his foolish subjects. But sickness changes even "lions" into hares and the greatest sceptic into a pious Christian. The greatest poet of the century, Lord Byron, whose brain weighed six hundred and thirty-eight drams, confesses without reserve that when he felt ill after his first blood-letting he believed in the miracles of Moses; after the second in the incarnation; after the third in the immaculate conception; after the fourth he regretted that there was nothing else of the kind to believe. In the same spirit the good Leo, perhaps the wisest man of his age, awaited his cure from St. Tiburcius. For three whole days he remained without moving and without eating, waiting for the coming of the heavenly dream. But the pains he endured did not allow him to enjoy sleep or to dream dreams; and at length, after three days' agony, he shut his eyes in that sleep which is not visited by dreams and from which there is no awakening.

After the body of the illustrious Leo, washed with

oil and wine, had been offered with the usual ceremonies to the worms to feast upon, after the bells had ceased to toll and tears to flow, the bishops, the inferior clergy, the imperial ambassadors, the nobles and all the people assembled in the piazza of St. Peter to consider the election of the future keeper of the Keys of Paradise. In the ninth century it was not as yet the practice to elect the Pontiff in the mysterious darkness of a hieratical council: there was no conclave, no cardinals shut up in dark cells, each voting for himself until hunger forced them to agree, but the Popes were elected in the crowded market-place, at mid-day, while wine flowed in abundance and very often blood, for factions fought with sticks and stones rather than with intrigues. The Popes at that time were the representatives of the people, as the tribunes amongst the ancient Romans, and to the people in great measure belonged the choice of their representative. Their votes were openly purchased with promises, gold, wine and women who ran through the Forum, exchanging kisses for votes. Thus the death of a

Pope was a real delight to his subjects, who, like modern constitutional peoples of the present day, had only one possession—their vote, which at every new election procured even baggage-porters the honour of clasping the hand of a wealthy magistrate, of drinking Falernian wine out of his golden cup, and of enjoying the kisses of his mistress. According to St. Prudentius, there are days in hell when the eternal fire is quenched and the torments of the damned are temporarily interrupted. Such are and were election days for the proletariat, the only days upon which they are allowed to remember that master and slave, the vessel of porcelain and clay, are brothers, created out of the same clay by the same potter.

While all Rome was hurrying towards the piazza, our heroine, who had long ago made all preparations for the success of her ambitious designs, was standing on a lofty terrace in the convent of St. Martin, her hands, like Napoleon's, crossed upon her breast, and with restless looks following the phases of the electoral struggle. In that year the candidates for

the tiara were numerous: but Joan's four hundred pupils, the monks of her order, the courtiers who had received benefits at her hands, the women who admired the beauty and eloquence of the young Benedictine, the old servants of Leo,—all worked for Father John alone, singing to the people the praises of his wisdom of his disinterestedness, and of the virtues of their candidate who, being a stranger, without nephews or a harem, would distribute the revenues of St. Peter amongst the poor.

Four whole hours the struggle continued, during which Joan's face changed its colour, like the hands of Syrian dyers: and, at last, overcome by emotion, she fell upon a marble seat, and, shutting her eyes, awaited her destiny, when the joyful cries of her friends, saluting with acclamations Pope John the Eighth, drew her out of her lethargy.

The new Pope, scarcely able to stand for joy, threw the purple over her shoulders and put on the shoes ornamented with the cross, which, either because they had an aversion to a woman's feet or because they were too large, slipped off three times

while she was descending the stairs. A crowd of enthusiastic people and a mule caparisoned with gold awaited at the gate the newly-elected Pope, who mounted it and proceeded immediately to the Lateran, where he took his seat on the golden throne and placed on his head the triple diadem, the symbol of his sovereignty over Rome, the world, and Heaven; while the scribes drew up the formal report of the election amidst the noise of the "acclamations" of the people. At that moment, as if to render our heroine's triumph still more splendid, Ethelwulf, King of England, entered Rome on a pilgrimage, and demanded to be the first to kiss the feet of the new Pope, thereby rendering his estates tributary to the Holy See; and at the same time ambassadors presented themselves from Constantinople, bringing from the Emperor Michael valuable presents and the cession of Syracuse. Joan at last saw the dream of her youth fully realised. She was seated on a lofty throne, and around her fragrant clouds of incense filled the air. Seized with an indescribable joy, she turned her sparkling eyes

towards the kneeling crowd, and then, lifting her eyes to heaven, cried out "Liobba! I thank thee!"

Our heroine's dream was fulfilled: she had attained the summit of her desires. Veracious historians further inform us that she at first justified her election by fulfilling the duties of her office to the satisfaction of all. One day, however, the secret was revealed; during a procession to the Lateran palace she gave birth to a child on the road between the Coliseum and the church of St. Clement. She is said to have either died in child-birth or to have been stoned to death. She was buried unmourned and unhonoured after having occupied the chair of St. Peter for two years, five months, and four days.

NOTES ON PART I.

Page 3, line 9. Christianity was introduced into the British Islands in the third century, into England and Scotland by Roman, into Ireland by Greek, missionaries (see the Venerable Bede: *Historia gentis Anglorum*, Bk. I., ch. 9). The Greek monk, Theodorus of Tarsus, who was appointed bishop of Canterbury in the middle of the seventh century, by Pope Vitalianus, introduced into that city the Greek ritual and the study of Homer; so that it is to the Greeks that the English owe their religion and the distinguished men who appeared in England during the Middle Ages in the midst of the surrounding barbarism, men such as Alcuin, Scotus, St. Boniface, and others, who were summoned by St. Gregory and the great Charles to christianise the Germans, their brothers in race and language. See the work of Stillingfleet (*The Antiquities of the British Church*, Book II.), in which the learned writer, although rendering to the Greek missionaries their due tribute of gratitude, endeavours to prove that Christianity in England goes back to the times of the Apostles. But, just as all the aristocratic families of Rome love to boast of their descent from Aeneas, so all churches delight to plant their genealogical tree in the neighbourhood of the cradle of Christianity.

Page 3, line 10. This Scotus, surnamed Erigenes, from the name of his country Erin (the modern Ireland), journeyed to Athens about the middle of the ninth century, and, having learnt Greek, translated the theological treatises (attributed to Dionysius, the Areopagite) on "*The Hierarchy of the Angels*," "*Mystical Theology*," and other works: besides

this, he composed a special treatise with a Greek title, περὶ φύσεως μερισμοῦ (*On the division of Nature*) in which he attempted, in imitation of St. Clement, to reconcile the theories of the neo-Platonists with Christianity. Wishing to give greater authority to his work he offered it to contemporaries as a translation of that of the Areopagite, showing, in support of his assertion, a forged manuscript which he declared that he had discovered at Athens.

Page 4, line 2. This saint, the ditch in which he lived, and his teeth are historical. See the *Lives of the Saints* by the Abbé Cailleau (Paris, 1863) and the *History of England* by Rapin-Thoyras, vol. I, p. 275 (Brussels, 1721) of which there are two mouldy copies in the University Library at Athens.

Page 4, line 5. The clergy in England were permitted to marry and have concubines until the tenth century: but, by a strange contradiction, they were forbidden to charge their wives with adultery or on account of it to banish them from the conjugal roof, but they were obliged to bear it with Christian resignation. See the above work, p. 278.

Page 5, par. 1. This description is taken nearly word for word from Ricobaldi: *in cenis vir et uxor in una manducabant paropside, in mensis unus vel duo scyphi in familia erant. Nocte cenantes, facem tenente uno puero vel servo, illuminabant mensam* (see Muratori, Dissert., xiii). In this manner the people and the lower clergy lived at that time, while the luxury of the prelates was very pronounced, as we are informed by St. Pierre Damien (*Opusc.* xxvi, 6, Potter) who describes in the following manner the habits of the bishops of his time: *ditari cupiunt ut in turrita dapibus lance*

Indica pigmenta redoleant, ut in crystallinis vasculis adulterata mille vina flavescant. Many of these bishops refused to go as ambassadors to Constantinople on account of the bad flavour of its wine, which is mixed with gypsum and resin.

Page 5, line 17. See in Goldsmith's *History of England*, the portrait of a Saxon archer, taken from an old MS. of the Bible in the British Museum.

Page 6, line 21. The epithet "hollow" has not been added as a Homeric reminiscence, but because at that time the ships of northern nations were really "hollow," and had no deck: see in Goldsmith, *op. cit.*, the facsimile of a Saxon vessel. Such also were the Russian *monoxyla*, which, a little later, in the reign of Michael III. caused trouble among the inhabitants of Byzantium. For a description of these consult Gibbon, ch. 55.

Page 8, line 4. This section is taken nearly word for word from a letter of Alcuin to the great Charles (Alcuin: *Epist.* xxxviii. Migne, *Patrol*, vol. liii). As for the other details concerning Charles, the counting of his eggs, his clock, his elephant, the hanging of those who ate meat on fast days, &c., they are historical facts. See F. Gaillard, *Histoire de Charlemagne* (Paris, 1785) and the biography of Charles written by his contemporary and secretary Eginhard, included in Didot's collection. See also Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, vol. II, pp. 380-399.

Page 8, line 13. According to Eginhard, Charles *scribere tentabat . . . sed parum prospere successit labor, praepostero ac sero incohatus.* This passage has greatly perplexed the commentators, who, finding it difficult to admit that the

learned Emperor did not know how to write, have suggested several different explanations, some maintaining that he was not a *good writer,* others, that his biographer by the word *scribere* meant "painting." But the question remains unsolved to the present day, although some Latin verses have been recently found in the Abbey of Mt. Cassinus, which, according to the tradition of the monks, were written by Charles with his own hand during his stay amongst them (see Ozanam, *les lettres au Mont-Cassin,* pp. 451 sqq).

Page 9, line 11. The legates of the holy see in Germany, Sidonius and Vigilius, who were present at such a baptism, wrote to Pope Zacharias, asking whether these children ought to be re-baptised. He replied that it was unnecessary, because the priests had distorted the formula from ignorance, and not out of ill will. See *l'histoire ecclésiastique* of the Abbé Fleury, vol. III, p. 262. As to the custom of compelling the deacon to drink the water in which the priest washed his hands, see *l'histoire d' Innocent III,* by Fr. Hurter, vol. III.

Page 13, line 15. St. Stephen and St. Roche never took the breast on fast-days : the latter even bit his mother's nipple whenever it was offered to him on such a day (see *le Martyrologie* of Mavrolycus, Nov. 28 and Aug. 16).

Page 16, line 8. After the capture of Alexandria by the Saracens, the importation of the papyrus into Europe ceased. Linen paper was not invented until the tenth century, and in the meantime the only writing paper was sheepskin : and, whenever there was a scarcity of this material, old classical MSS. were scraped, and upon these were written Martyrologies, Psalters, monastic regulations

and other monkish nonsense. See Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. IV. p. 97.

Page 16, line 17. All this is taken *verbatim* from the lectures of Alcuin at the Academy Palatine, the school established in the palace of the great Charles. See Guizot, *History of Civilisation*, vol. II, p. 352.

Page 18, line 17. See Migne, *Dictionary of Heresies,* Article *Cataphrygians.*

Page 21, line 20. For this saint, see the Chronicles of the lives of the Saints, quoted above, 4th September.

Page 24, line 2. Liobba, or Liogbitta (whose name has been grecised into Philothea) was the cousin of St. Boniface: she accompanied him to Germany, where she founded a number of female monasteries: according to the authors of the legends, she was so beautiful that the wild Saxons and Thuringians, whenever they met her, fell on their knees before her and kissed her feet. See *Studies of Germany*, by Ozanam (Paris, 1849) and the legendary writers in general, who weave an unfading crown for this most charming saint.

Page 25, line 17. In the Middle Ages the little loaves weighing one ounce which were used by the monks were called "biscuits": see Rosweyde, *Onomasticon,* p. 1405. But I do not know whether the etymology of the word "Pachomius" is correct.

Page 25, line 18. It is well known that, in the western monasteries, the monks seldom appear at evening prayers, and that the bells which according to St. Germain (*Mystic Theory*, p. 386) "are the trumpets of the angels, rousing

warriors to battle against invisible foes," have gradually come to serve as lullabies for the monks. Many of them confess that instead of being awoke by the nightly bell, they on the contrary awake whenever it does not ring at the appointed hour. See *the Voyage in Spain*, by Father Labat, vol. I, p. 10.

Page 26, line 1. See the description of the silkworms in Cos, and of the transparent robes made in this island in the 11th book of Pliny's *Natural Hisory*, ch. 26. According to him, these garments were invented *ut in publico matrona transluceat.* The satirists called them *ventus textilis*, and *toga vitrea.*

Page 27, line 9. St. Liobba actually visited the court of the great Charles, having been invited by his wife Hildegard.

Page 27, line 14. This description of the amusements of the Middle Ages is exact. See Hauréau, *Charlemagne et sa cour*, and the 29th dissertation of Muratori.

Page 29, line 10. Sometimes the spirits changed into naked women and sat by his side, but he put them to flight by his prayers; see the Καλοκαιρινή p. 40.

Page 30, line 5. See the description of similar lamps in Gregory of Tours, *Miracles de St. Martin* (Paris, 1861), vol. II, ad fin.

Page 33, line 15. The narrative of this expedition of Raleigh and Regibald to Rome, the blood dripping from the bier, the changing of the beer into wine, etc., are taken from the *historia translationis* of the contemporary writer Eginhard. The most curious thing is that the theft of relics was regarded by the pious Christians of the time as not only permissible, but as worthy of praise. See the 59th dissertation of Muratori, and the *Gloria Martyrum* by Gregory of Tours, vol. II, p. 312.

NOTES ON PART II.

Page 38, par. 1. See Tacitus, *Germania*, ch. 21. On the hospitality of the ascetics, the life of Boniface, in the *Martyrologium ecclesiae germanicae*, edited by Fr. Beck, may be consulted.

Page 39, line 2. The great Charles, whenever he visited the monastery of Proma in the month of June, had a fire lighted in his bedroom; see Deslys, *Héritage de Charlemagne*, vol. II, p. 216.

Page 40, line 3. Saint Martin and Saint Liutbirgha.

Page 40, line 5. See the works of Gregory of Tours, vol. II, p. 216.

Page 40, line 16. The monks of the Middle Ages, in order to justify their eating of fowl on fast-days, were in the habit of asserting that the flesh of birds and fishes was akin, since both were created on the same day. See the *Golden Legend*, life of St. Odo, Nov. 18.

Page 41, par. 2. Alexandre Dumas has described a similar scene in *la reine Margot*, having taken the anecdote from the chronicle of Charles IX by Prosper Mérimée, who copied it from the above-mentioned legend of St. Odo, where it may be found almost word for word. Musset was right when he said

> Il faut être ignorant comme un maître d'école
> Pour se flatter de dire une seule parole,
> Que personne ici bas n'ait pu dire avant nous;
> C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux.

Page 41, par. 2. In regard to the price of wine and comestibles, the condition of the inns, the gluttony of the priests, etc., consult Ed. Fournier, *Les hôtelleries et les cabarets au moyen âge*, in the collection of *Livres d'or des métiers* (Paris, 1859; vol. I, p. 195, sqq.)

Page 41, line 11. In reference to this and to the custom of drinking wine to the health of the Virgin, consult the works of St. Caesarius, Bishop of Arles, in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, vol. VIII.

Page 43, line 15. I have taken the name of this monastery from a letter of Eginhard to the abbess St. Valtrude (*letter* xv, p. 189).

Page 44, line 11. Upon the rarity and exorbitant price of books at the beginning of the Middle Ages, see the 43rd dissertation of Muratori and the preface to the history of Greek letters by Constantine Asopius.

Page 44, line 14. From his own experience, Cassianus describes this feeling of slackness under the name of ἀκηδεία, *saepiusque* (monachus) *egreditur et ingreditur cellam, et solem velut ad occasum tardius properantem crebrius intuetur* (Cassianus: *Instit. monast.*, Book IV, *apud* Rosweyd).

Page 46, line 2. See *L'histoire de sainte Elisabeth* by Montalembert. This queen drank urine instead of water to show her excessive Christian humility. As to the fruit-bearing staff, consult *Le salut des pécheurs*, life of St. John the Mutilated. For the "quietists," the flame which issued from their belly, their leader Palamas, and the troubles of which they were the cause at Constantinople

in the 14th century, see the life of Barlaam the monk, in the *Histoire ecclésiastique* of Guérin, vol. II, col. 1071.

Page 46, line 8. In the Middle Ages, the ideas and expressions of Moses in regard to heaven, which he employed in order to make himself intelligible to his contemporaries, were still in use.

Page 50, line 19. St. Boniface begged the abbess Eidburgha to have the Epistles copied in letters of gold, "in order that the heathen, dazzled by the gold, might embrace Christianity" (Boniface, Ep. xxviii in Migne's *Patrology*, vol. LIII, col. 419.) We may here perhaps apply the French phrase, *pour dorer la pillule.*

Page 54, line 3. Coloured glass was known even to the ancient Romans, who preferred it to plain glass, which they could not succeed in making altogether transparent; see Winkelmann, *Monumenti antichi inediti*, vol. II, Rome, 1767. Amongst the Christians, the use of coloured glass became common immediately after the triumph of Christianity. Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Padua and an indefatigable composer of verses, who flourished in the middle of the sixth century, describing in verse the church erected by Hildebert at St. Germain, praises the glass of the windows, "through which the sun penetrated with varied colours," *epistola ad Falconem episcopum* in Ozanam, *la civilisation chez les Francs*, p. 454.

Page 56, line 12. See his *Confessions.* As to Libania and Liutburgha see the *Golden Legend* and *the history of magic in the middle ages*, by A. Maury, p. 408.

Page 57, line 7. According to ancient legends, a small knife with a handle of agnus castus hung round the neck or the

waist, was sufficient to extinguish all erotic desires. This knife is very much like "the shrub called 'white-leaf,'" which grew on the banks of the Phasis, and which jealous husbands were in the habit of plucking and placing in the nuptial chamber in order to keep their marriage ties inviolate; see Aristotle, *παράδοξα ἀκούσματα.*

Page 58, line 1. These calligraphic ornaments were very common in the Middle Ages, at a time when only professed calligraphists knew how to write. See Eginhard's letter to Theganus, abbot of Proma, in the book of Desly's above-mentioned, vol I, p. 238.

Page 60, line 21. St. Médard, bishop of Nimeguen, whenever it rained, summoned an eagle with large wings, or some other bird when an eagle was not available, to act as an umbrella for him; see *Curiosités théologiques*, p. 84.

Page 61, line 12. By a slip of the pen we have bestowed the title of Abbé on the honourable M. Guérin, who, although a layman, practises in France the profession of collector of holy relics.

Page 61, line 13. The planets of that name.

Page 62, line 4. The custom of throwing offerings to the divinities who inhabited the lakes appears to have been handed down to the Christians by the ancient Gauls. Posidonius (in Strabo) informs us that the Gauls 'threw into the lakes ingots of gold and silver; when the Romans became masters of the country, the lakes were sold by public auction, and many of the purchasers found masses of silver worked by the hammer.' From Gregory of Tours we learn that in the district of the Gabaleis (mod. Gévaudan) there was, on the top of a mountain, a lake,

into which at a certain season of the year the peasants threw, by way of offering, pieces of white linen, lambs' skins, cheese, pieces of wax and other presents, which it would be tedious to enumerate. The majority arrived there in waggons, bringing with them wine and beasts which they slaughtered, and feasted for three days. On the fourth day, the waters of the lake were disturbed, the sun was darkened and such a storm came on, accompanied by hail and lightning, that the pilgrims barely escaped with their lives. The same thing occurred regularly every year, on the same day, at the same hour ; see *gloria confess.*, vol. II, p. 363 (Fr. Trans.)

Page 62, line 13. The distinguished A. Maury, who has devoted his whole life to the study and comparison of different religions draws the following conclusion : *on peut le dire hardiment, l'Europe était plus qu'à moitié païenne au moyen âge.*

Page 65, line 21. Concerning these Sclavonians and their invasion of Germany, see Fleury, *Hist. ecclés.*, A.D. 736.

Page 66, line 14. In regard to the number and size of the stags and wild boars which filled the woods of Fulda, consult the *dictionnaire géographique.*

Page 67, line 10. In regard to holy relics and, above all, the head of St. John the Baptist, there exist so many and such contradictory traditions, that one is inclined to believe that this saint had as many heads as the Lernaean hydra or that, after his death, his remains were multiplied, according to the custom of the Middle Ages, in order to ensure a sufficient supply for pious Christians. Anyhow, there are in France alone seven churches which boast of

possessing relics of St. John the Baptist, and the learned Du Cange did not disdain to compose a bulky *dissertation historique sur le chef de saint Jean Baptiste* (Paris, 1745), containing 800 pages quarto, to which we send the curious reader.

Page 67, line 20. For the finger of St. Sergius, the price for which it was purchased by Gondebaud, son of Clothaire, from a Syrian merchant named Euphranius, and the miracles worked by it, see Gregory of Tours, vol. II, pp. 110 and 525.

Page 68, line 16. The fires of St. John, like most of the other popular rites of Christianity, are an inheritance from the heathens who, all over the Roman Empire, during the longest days of summer, lighted fires in honour of Pales, the goddess of shepherds; see Dionysius Halic., I, 88; Tibullus, II, 5; Propertius, IV, 4. After the banishment of idols, the festival was celebrated in honour of St. John; see Maury, *history of Magic*, p. 164.

Page 69, line 3. This plant is called in France *herbe de la Saint Jean*. Amongst the Druids it was sacred to the sun; amongst the Christians it was used to keep off unclean spirits, and was called *fuga daemonum*. In Northern Italy, there is still a superstition, according to which he who finds a four-leaved trefoil by the light of the fire of St. John is able by its means to render the spirits obedient to his will. See Wolf, *German mythology*, I, p. 236.

Page 72, line 9. The wealth which flowed into the coffers of the monasteries aroused the cupidity of unbelievers, and often that of Christian captains, so that the abbots were

obliged to fortify their convents like castles. Concerning the bravery of the monks, the weight of their clubs, the size and ferocity of their dogs, see Migne, *encyclopédie théologique*, vol. LIII, col. 56, sqq., and the description of the monastery of Proma in Deslys, I, page 202.

Page 72, line 17. Most of the refectories at that time were ornamented or rather disfigured by these hideous statues; the thirteenth disciple, Judas, was sometimes added, with a cord round his neck. The monks, when entering, did homage to the twelve Apostles and spat in the face of the traitor.

Page 72, line 18. See a description of these terrible *vade in pace* by M. Viollet Leduc, in the *Journal des Débats*, Oct. 30th, 1865.

Page 73, line 14. This work was published anonymously in Vienna in 1782, under the title of *Specimen monachologiae, methodo Linnaeana.* Most bibliographers attribute it to the famous conchyliologist Born, who is said to have composed it for the amusement of the Emperor Joseph II. The greatest merit of this little book is the really scientific exactness with which the monks are arranged in different divisions and sub-divisions, according to the most trifling distinctions of dress or customs. Thus the learned author, in regard to their voice, examines whether its sound is *melodus vel ingratus, cantans vel irans, gutturalis vel nasalis, clamosus vel murmurans, flebilis vel hilaris, grunniens vel latrans.* Their walk is divided into *tardigrada, festinans, ignava, dura, etc.*

Page 74, line 8. This custom, which is mentioned in the ancient legends of the saints, is still observed amongst the German peasants. See H. Heine, *Atta-Troll*, I, 9.

Page 74, line 13. In the eighth century, St. Benedict of Anagni introduced fat into the Frankish monasteries by reason of the exorbitant price of oil, and also in order to show that the monks did not abstain from meat owing to superstition. See Guérin, *hist. ecclés.*, iii, col. 82.

Page 74, line 15. Those who got drunk were compelled to remain without fat for thirty days; see Ed. Fournier, *histoire des hôtelleries*, p. 194. As to the shaving, bleeding, feet-washing, etc., of the monks, see the life and rules of St. Benedict of Anagni, from which these details are taken. See Migne, *encyclop. théol.*, vol. LIII, col. 79, sqq.

Page 75, line 13. For the life, writings, verses in the shape of the cross, etc., of this abbot, see the *Annales ordinis S. Benedicti* of Mabillon, in the year 840, or the *Biographie Universelle* of Didot, article *Raban-Maur*.

Page 78, line 3. "As moisture nourishes fishes, so the desert is an ornament to monks; and just as fishes die if they touch land, so monks lose their modesty when they approach cities." Sozomen, *hist. eccl.*, col. 807, Paris edition, 1859.

NOTES ON PART III.

Page 81, line 12. The use of posts, that had been abandoned with the fall of the Roman Empire, was re-introduced by Charlemagne, but again discontinued by his successors.

Page 84, line 15. This description of the state of Germany at the time is exact. See Eginhard's *Chronicles* and Sismondi's *Histoire des Français.*

Page 87, par. 1. All these details concerning the Swiss towns at that period are historical: see *la chronique de St. Gall* and *le dictionaire géographique* (Paris) under the names of the different towns. I have traced Joan's route by the aid of Lenglet-Dufresnois' map of the Middle Ages.

Page 88, line 3. For the great power and oppressions of the Jews in the ninth century, see the letter of St. Agobard, bishop of Lyons, to the Emperor Lothair, in which are enumerated the acts of violence committed by them with the assistance of the Imperial Guard, which they had purchased by bribery. See St. Agobard, *epistola de insolentia Judæorum.*

Page 89, line 22. See the biography of this truly apostolic man in Migne, *encyc. théol.*, vol. LI, and the article by Alembert in the *grande Encyclopédie*, where the philosopher pays the wise bishop his due tribute of admiration.

Page 93, line 8. This city is called Ἀρέλατε (indeclinable) by Strabo. For its Roman remains, figs, sausages, and women, consult *les discours panégyriques sur la ville d'Arles*, by J. Priva (Paris, 1612).

Page 93, line 18. The monastery of Arles was the only one in France where, in place of cells, there was a common dormitory, that the nuns might be subjected to stricter supervision.

Page 102, line 14. The more serious French theologians and chroniclers have not disdained to support, in voluminous works, the journey of St. Magdalene to France, accompanied by St. Lazarus, St. Trophimus, and St. Maximin! The origin of this claim is the desire to prove that the church of France was contemporary with the Apostles. The catalogue of books written concerning this journey of St. Magdalene is inexhaustible: we confine ourselves to sending the curious to the *Magdalena Massiliensis advena* of the Jesuit Guesnay, and to the three dissertations of the learned Lannoy, in which this pitiless enemy of public superstitions, who has been called the *dénicheur de légendes*, shows the impossibility and absurdity of this journey. But the works of Lannoy were condemned at Rome, and the priests of Provence still continue to levy contributions upon pilgrims, showing them the marks of the knees of the Magdalene on the rock, the basin hollowed out by her tears and the hole from which the evergreen and wonder-working tree had sprouted. For these details and the chapel built in her honour, consult Migne, *Monuments inédits sur l' apostolat de Marie Madeleine en Provence* (2 vols. in 4°, Paris, 1848) and *le dictionnaire des pèlerinages* (vol. I, p. 281).

Page 105, line 19. The remains of St. Mark were (in 820) removed to Venice, where his autograph gospel is to-day shown to the curious: but, having been originally deposited

in an underground cellar, it has been so damaged by the rats and mice, that it is impossible even to say to what language the characters belong. Some critics affirm that it is written in Latin, while others are able to make out letters belonging to the Greek alphabet. See Montfaucon, *Iter Italicum*, ch. iv, p. 55.

Page 106, line 2. On the traffic in human flesh in the 9th century, see the above letter of St. Agobard, in which the good bishop inveighs bitterly against those who sell Christian slaves to the Jews. For the pirates and the commerce of Genoa and Venice in the East, see Muratori, dissertation 30.

Page 110, line 8. For these relics, which are even at the present day displayed for the worship of the devout see, the history of Corsica, by Filippini, bk. ii, p. 390.

l' isola di Sardi
ricca di caccio e d' uomini bugiardi
(Tassoni, *Secchia rapita*).

Page 112, line 3. During the persecution of the heathens by Theodosius, when a decree was issued ordering the destruction of all the ancient temples in Athens, the friends of antiquity, in order to save the most beautiful of them, hastened to change them into Christian churches, consecrating the temple of the virgin Athena to the virgin Mary, and that of the hero Theseus to the hero St. George : see John Malalas, bk. i.

Page 112, line 13. Most of our saints are, in reality, Greek gods or demi-gods, who have changed their name, but in everything else resemble the gods of antiquity. St. Nicolas,

who rouses and stills the tempest, has replaced Poseidon: St. Michael transports souls to Paradise or Hell like Hermes: St. Demetrius is the Pan of Christian shepherds: the sun of Helios is worshipped even at the present day on the tops of the mountains under the name of St. Elias: see Pouqueville, *Voyage en Grèce,* vol. VI, p. 143: A. Maury, *Croyances de l' antiquité,* p. 333, sqq.

Page 113, line 1. "Some had reached such a degree of continence that worms crawled out of their mouths" (Sozomen: *hist. eccles.*, col. 1392). For Meletius, Paphnutius, Nicon and the rest, see Simeon the Metaphrast, *Vies des Saints,* or the Nouveau Paradis.

Page 114, line 8. During St. Antony's sojourn in the Thebaid, he formed a friendship with a goat-footed Satyr, to whom he taught the truths of the Christian religion, and the grateful Satyr offered him dates in return for his instruction: see the life of St. Antony by St. Jerome. St. Augustine also mentions Dryads, Sirens, Satyrs, &c., who embraced Christianity. See the work of Rémusat: *des races humaines,* p. 83, sqq.

Page 115, line 3. Mutilated priests were so numerous at this time that Luitprand, the ambassador of Otho, imagined that "eunuch" was a title of distinction amongst the Greek bishops.

Page 115, line 8. This custom of offering the first portion to the blessed Virgin was preserved amongst the monks of Mt. Athos until the seventeenth century. As soon as the monks were seated at table, the Abbé cut a slice of bread, which he offered on a silver platter to the image of the

Madonna, which was placed on a console near the table: see Covel, *Voyage en Grèce*, vol. V, p. 1. The custom appears to be a heritage from the heathen, who believed that the gods were present at their banquets. See Ovid. Fasti, V.

Page 115, line 22. The description of the dishes is taken from the narrative of the embassy of Luitprand, bishop of Cremona, who was sent to Constantinople to Nicephorus Phocas, and who has described in detail the customs, clothes, banquets, &c., of the Byzantine court. See Zampelius, Βυζάντινα μελετήματα, p. 515.

Page 116, line 2. The greatest complaint of Luitprand against the Byzantines was the bad quality and adulteration of their wine with plaster and resin. The custom of mixing pitch, plaster, resin or sea-water with wine is of very great antiquity amongst the Greeks: See Plutarch, φυσικ. αἰτ. 10.

Page 118, line 18. All these miracles are almost literally transcribed from the legendary writers: see the *Salut des pécheurs*, the *nouveau Paradis*, *l' Estival*, and the *Légendiste* in the lives of the saints mentioned.

Page 120, line 3. This was the name given to those who were excommunicated by the church and died impenitent. Their flesh became hard and their belly sounded like a drum, whence their name. By night they quitted the tomb and maltreated the living: their body did not suffer decomposition until their heart was taken out and burnt: see Leon Allatius, *de Graecorum hodie quorumdam opinationibus epistola*, and Chr. Angelos, *Essai sur la condition des grecs actuels*, ch. 25, *ap.* Picart.

Page 120, line 20. This was the name given in the Middle Ages by the Greeks to certain imaginary monsters, which had the head of an ass and the tail of an ape, worshipped the moon in the cross-roads, and fed on snakes and insects. Certain ecclesiastical writers have declared that these animals are Jews, who have risen from the dead to look for the Messiah. See the above *Epistola* of Allatius, ch. ix, and the *Canons* of St. John the Faster, p. 88.

Page 123, line 15. "Athens is spiritually injurious to the pious: for it is rich in abominable wealth, idols, &c. Λόγ. εἰς Βασίλ. ch. 29.

Page 124, line 6. At the commencement of the Middle Ages, in the time of the Emperors Valens, Valentinian, and Theodosius, a veritable Holy Inquisition was established in the East, the cruelties, oppressions, and massacres of which were not rivalled by the Spanish inquisitors, who only persecuted individuals suspected of unorthodoxy, while the orthodox "regulators" of the East proposed to wipe all hellenizers and philosophers off the face of the earth. Passages of contemporary historians remove all trace of doubt, and arouse a feeling of indignation and horror against those who came "to bring not peace but a sword." Zosimus describes in fearful colours the persecution of the philosophers in the time of Valentinian: IV. p. 218, ed. 1676. Libanius περὶ ἱερῶν ed. Reiske, p. 167. Ammianus Marcellinus xix, 121. All these horrors ought, I think, to have made ecclesiastical writers more moderate, whenever they inveighed against the cruelties of the heathen, who only punished conspirators and those who insulted religion: and ought in like manner to make us orthodox

Greeks less severe against the Westerns, when we throw in their teeth the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Holy Inquisition, which they received from the Byzantines.

Page 124, line 14. See Cedrenus, Zonaras, and above all Genesius (*Vie de Théophile*, p. 29, ed. Venice); also the *Annales* of Baronius, 804. For the dead raised to life again, talking images, and dancing coals, consult the life of St. Theodorus Studites, in the New Paradise.

Page 124, line 19. All these details are taken almost word for word from the letter of the Emperors Michael and Theophilus to Louis the Débonnaire: see Eginhard: *Annales*, p. 162, ed. Teulet. The letter of the Greek Emperors has been inserted by Zampelius in his Byzantine Studies, p. 335.

Page 125, line 12. This bishop was sent to Athens by the patriarch Ignatius: his name is mentioned two or three times by Photius.

Page 126, line 21. The mass of St. James lasted six whole hours: but when the devotion of the faithful diminished, St. Basil cut it in half, and St. Chrysostom reduced it to its present proportions. No one after him attempted fresh reforms, so that we Greeks alone, of all civilised nations, still have a medieval service lasting two hours, which we listen to perhaps once a year.

Page 129, line 19. I have borrowed this comparison from Libanius: "a field without a temple becomes blind and lifeless."

Page 130, line 14. The Empresses Irene and Theophane were Athenians.

Page 130, line 22. Empedocles in Plutarch (*περὶ αἱρεσ. φιλοσοφ.* V, § 12) "believes that children are formed in accordance with the fancy of the woman at the moment of conception. Women have often been enamoured of statues and pictures, and have brought forth children resembling them."

Page 131, line 18. For the avarice and filthiness of the Eastern priests see the "Embassy" of Luitprand, who describes most wittily the habits of the bishop of Leucas.

Page 132, line 2. Synesius (ep. 136) gives the name of *μελιττουργοὶ* (bee cultivators) to the teachers of Hymettus, who occupied themselves with rearing pupils and bees at the same time.

Page 135, line 17. The only philosopher known to the schools of the Middle Ages was Aristotle: the rhapsodists of the time, wishing to represent the power of love, invented a fable, according to which this prince of philosophers, enamoured of Cleophile, consented at her request to have a saddle put on his back and a bridle in his mouth. But the ungrateful Theophile, instead of being touched by the poor philosopher's humility, mounted upon his back and, with frequent applications of the spur, conducted him in this plight to his pupil Alexander, who hastened to offer his master a wisp of hay. The anecdote is amusing and besides teaches a great truth, that most women like, as Circe of old, to change their lovers into beasts. See Quitard, *proverbs*, p. 245.

Page 146, line 3. This bishop is historical; he occupied the episcopal throne of Genoa from 821—860; see Bima *Cronol. dei vescovi di Genova*, p. 231. For the custom of throwing into the sea sacred packets to lull the storm, see *le passe-partout de l'église romaine*, p. 171.

Page 148, line 3. The kings of France were really thought to possess the privilege of this miraculous cure, which is mentioned by the most serious French historians. The learned German Choulant has written a voluminous quarto on the subject, *die Heilung der Scrofeln durch Königshand*, Dresden, 1833, Cp. also Maury, *la magie et l'astrologie*, p. 391.

Page 150, line 19. The Turks relate something of the kind concerning Mahomet, whose breast was opened by two angels while he was asleep, who took out his heart, washed it clean of sin and then replaced it, and healed the wound. See Rénan, *Origines d'islamisme*, p. 243.

NOTES ON PART IV.

Page 156, line 10. Concerning the mutilations of the ancient temples of Rome by the envoys of the great Charles, who sent to Aix-la-chapelle columns and sculptures to adorn the church which was being built there, see P. Rota, *Storia dell' architettura italiana dal secolo sesto al decimo;* for the want of elegance in the churches built by the Popes, see Ranelli, *Storia delle arti italiani*, Book I.

Page 157, line 5. For the gross ignorance that then prevailed in Italy, see Tiraboschi and Muratori *de statu litterarum in Italia;* Milan edition IV, p. 185.

Page 158, line 14. All these and the following details are historical: *bonarum artium praeceptores Athenis audiendo (Johanna) tantum profecit ut, Romam veniens, paucos in sacris litteris haberet pares: ea quippe legendo, disputando, docendoque tantam benevolentiam et gratias sibi comparavit, ut, mortuo Leone, in eiusdem locum, omnium consensu, Pontifex crearetur.* (Stella, *Vit. Pont.* ad ann. 852). The author of the chronicle of Cologne informs us that most of the distinguished men of that time boasted of having been pupils of father John.

Page 168, line 8. According to the Christian poet Prudentius, punishment in hell is not eternal, but its duration is in proportion to the enormity and number of sins. Besides, during great festivals, the devils put out the fire and cease tormenting the souls of the damned: *ap.* Picart III, p. 39, Amsterdam edition, 1733.

Page 170, line 12. All the historians mention this journey of the King of England to Rome. The documents recognising England as a vassal of the Pope have been published in William of Malmesbury.