

The following illustrates the way in which the Hansa towns negotiated with the city of London.

168. Agreement between the mayor and citizens of London and the merchants of the Hansa towns (1282; somewhat condensed).

In the tenth year of the reign of King Edward, son of Henry, Henry de Maleys being mayor of London, a contention arose between the mayor and citizens of London and the merchants of the German Hansa, concerning the gate called Bishopsgate, which was falling into ruin. For the mayor and citizens of London claimed that the merchants of the German Hansa were bound to repair this gate in return for the liberties granted to them; but the merchants said that they were not so bound.

Then the lord king of England, at the suggestion of the aforesaid mayor and citizens, wrote to his treasurer and the barons of the treasury, and commanded them to call together the contending parties and inquire into the facts of the matter; and if they should find that the said merchants were bound to keep this gate in repair, they should compel the Germans to rebuild it.

When the two parties came before the treasurer and barons, the merchants could show no cause wherefore they should not make the repairs in question, especially since it is clearly prescribed in the liberty which they have from the aforesaid city that they should make them. Therefore the treasurer and barons did enjoin the mayor and council aforesaid that they compel the merchants to repair the gate in question.

The merchants, Gerard Merbade, alderman of the Hansa, Ludolph of Cusfeld, burgher of Cologne, Bertram, burgher of Hamburg, John of Erest, burgher of Tremoine, John of Dalen, burgher of Münster, did, for themselves and all their associates of the Hansa then dwelling in the city, promise to pay to the mayor and citizens of London for the present repairs of the gate 240 marks sterling. Further they agreed that they and their successors, merchants of the Hansa, would at all times repair the aforesaid gate whenever it should be necessary; and that when need should arise to defend the gate, they would furnish a third part of the guard, to

hold it above, while the mayor and citizens furnished two thirds, to guard it below.

The mayor and citizens confirmed to the merchants . . . the liberties which they had possessed before this time, to be enjoyed by themselves and their successors forever. And, moreover, in consideration of the repairs and defense of the gate aforesaid, the citizens shall, so far as in them lies, hold their peace forever concerning the duty of watch and ward. . . .

The mayor and citizens agreed that the merchants should have their own alderman as in former times, so that the alderman be free of the city aforesaid; provided that, after his election by the merchants, he be presented to the mayor and aldermen of the city, and swear to do right and justice to every man, according to the law and custom of the city.

IV. KNIGHTS, BURGHERS, AND FARMERS

Although the various contracts and other legal documents, examples of which have been given, contain the most accurate information available in regard to the condition of the farmers and townspeople in the Middle Ages, we may get a livelier, and in some ways better, idea of the general situation from the fiction of the period. While this cannot be taken as history, such tales as those given below seem to give an essentially true and living picture of the attitude of the various classes of society toward one another.

Wolfram von Eschenbach (d. *ca.* 1225), the famous German minnesinger, narrates the adventures of William, count of Orange and margrave of Aquitaine, who, although he really lived in the eighth century, fares in Wolfram's tale as any knight might have done at the opening of the thirteenth, when Wolfram wrote.

William had to defend his possessions in southern France against the Saracens. Having carried off a Saracen princess, he was attacked by the infidels, defeated, and forced to hasten to the court of King Louis of France for assistance.

169. Knights and burghers in the early thirteenth century. (From Wolfram von Eschenbach's *William of Orange*, condensed.)

After some days — I know not how many — the bold hero came to Orleans. . . . In the morning he left his inn and fared forth into the city. Now there was in the town a man of power who held his head high because he wielded authority in the king's name. He tried to wreak causeless spite upon the margrave; but the knight gave him as good as he sent. "I go scot free of toll!" he cried. "There are no merchants' mares nor pack horses at my back. I am a knight, as you see. If you can ferret out no harm I have done to the land here, let that stand to my credit. I did not ride out of the road upon the harvest field; I kept to the beaten track, which is free to all the world. What I had need of to feed myself and my horse I have paid for."

But the magistrate and his men sternly ordered him to halt, and at the burgher's behest forthwith the people of the town came flocking from all sides. The magistrate cried, "This traveler must pay to the full a tax as great as the harm he has done." In sooth it was a shame that they did not let him go free. The magistrate called to his people, "Seize his bridle rein!" He answered: "My horse carries no load but only me and this shield. I've had enough of this." Out flashed his sword, and the magistrate grew shorter by a head. Then the margrave hewed out a way through the crowd for man and steed, so hastily that soon the street was wide. The alarm bell began to sound.

Arnalt, son of the count of Narbonne, heard in his castle the doleful cries that rang through all the streets. Soon the magistrate's wife came to him and fell down on the ground before him. She made her moan: "The king is put to shame and I am undone. My husband lies in the market place, slain by one who travels without retinue. He fought

off all our people, and has gone hence unhindered. Woe is me! He has left us a grim trophy for toll on the king's highway."

To whom Count Arnalt: "Who can this be whose might has done ye this ill? Were he a merchant, woman, he must needs have a train and pay toll for his wares." Those who had come with the woman bore witness: "He carries a shield, his banner is flecked with rust, yet in all Frankland know we no knight whose armor is so costly and beautiful, like the sun's beam to look upon — and eke his doublet and his shield. As he put us to rout he cried wildly, 'Monjoie!'"

The count cried: "Cowards all! Did ye not even know it is not seemly to treat a knight like a tradesman? What should a knight give for toll? Ye durst not murmur if he took all your lives. Yet for the king's sake, whose crown my sister wears, I must after him."

With his knights, he armed and hastened after the margrave. A little way from the town they overtook him, and the count gave him battle. Both bore themselves bravely. They did not give over fighting until the count became aware that the stranger knight was his own brother. After a parley, Arnalt let William ride on to seek the king. Then the burghers clamored to know why he was suffered to go free. To whom the count: "It is William, the margrave; I can in no wise suffer him to be killed here on French ground. The burghers of Orleans have borne themselves like clumsy boors. Ye dolts! How could my brother pay toll like a merchant? Even he who knows but ill the just dues of knights knows that he goes free of tax."

Meanwhile William rode on his way, and in due time reached Moulon. A great crowd was gathered there for a royal festival, and the knight could find no place to lodge. At last he went forth from the town. He took off his helmet and stretched himself on the grass beside the road. Then came a merchant from the town and begged him most courteously to do honor to all merchants by going to lodge with him. The merchant's name was Wimar, and he was born of knightly blood. He said, "If ye will but grant me this

boon to-day, all my fellows will tell afterward of the great honor that was done me." The margrave answered: "What ye ask I grant right gladly. I will requite ye as I can. And now lead on; I follow you."

The merchant then said courteously: "You should ride, and I must walk; else will I stand here the week through." The margrave replied: "I know friendship's tie but ill if I suffer ye to be my servant. Let me show courtesy like your own. I will follow you on foot; for I would be your good comrade."

Wimar led his guest to his house. There the knight suffered them to disarm him, for he had no fear. And now the host bade his servants lay mattress and pillow and rich coverlid on the carpet. Then Wimar ordered that many viands, dainty and fresh, be brought to be cooked and roasted, — meat of all sorts and fish besides. All was daintily prepared. They set a little table for the margrave alone; and when he had washed his hands, his host served him right deftly. There were dishes manifold, and an emperor would not have disdained the liquors. The roast peacock was served with the best sauce the host knew; and there were capon, pheasant, partridge, and lamprey served in jelly.

The knight rested at the merchant's house until the next day and then went to seek the king.

The following story was written, about the middle of the thirteenth century, by one who calls himself Wernher the Gardener. The scene is laid in southern Germany. The version here given is an abridgment of the more lengthy original, which is in verse.¹

Old farmer Helmbrecht had a son. Young Helmbrecht's yellow locks hung down to his shoulders. He tucked them into a handsome silken cap, embroidered with doves and parrots and many a picture. This cap had been embroidered by a nun who had run away from her convent through a love

¹ I owe this tale in its present form to Professor George L. Burr, who bases his translation upon the prose version given by Freytag in his *Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*.

170. Farmer Helmbrecht: a picture of German life in the thirteenth century.

adventure, as happens to so many. From her Helmbrecht's sister Gotelind had learned to embroider and to sew. The girl and her mother had well earned that from the nun, for they gave her in pay a calf, and many cheeses and eggs. Sister and mother dressed up the boy, too, with fine linen clothing and a chain doublet and a sword, with pouch and kerchief and a fine overcoat of blue cloth; its buttons of gold and silver and glass gleamed bright as he went out to dance, and its seams were strung with bells which tinkled in the ears of the maidens as he tripped to the measure.

When the proud boy was thus tricked out, he said to his father: "Now I want to go to court; do you too, dear father mine, give me something toward it." His father replied: "I might, to be sure, buy you a swift steed that would leap over hedge and ditch. But, my dear son, give up the journey to the court; court etiquette is hard for one who is not used to it from his youth. Take the plow and till with me the field; then you'll live and die respected. See how I live, — true, respectable, honest. Every year I pay my tithes, and my whole life long I have never known hate or envy. At court you'll suffer hunger, your bed will be hard, and you must do without love; there you'll be the butt of the genuine court folk; in vain you'll try to do like them; and, on the other hand, you will be just the one worst hated by the peasant, — on you will he most gladly revenge himself for what the bluer-blooded robbers have taken from him." But the son said: "Stop, father! Never shall your bags chafe my shoulders; never will I load dung upon your wagon: ill would that befit my long curling locks, my handsome coat, and my embroidered cap. Shall I drudge three years for a colt or a calf, when I can have my plunder every day? I'll drive other people's cattle over the border, and haul the peasants by their hair through the hedges. Hurry up, father; I stay with you no longer." Then his father bought him the horse, and said: "Ah, me, wasted money!" But the boy shook his head and cried: "I could bite a stone in two, so fierce is my mood. Good-bye, father, mother, and sister!"

So he galloped through the gate and rode to a castle whose lord lived by fighting and gladly kept those who did knight service. There the boy joined the troop and was soon the readiest rider. No robbery was for him too small and none too great; he took horse, he took cow, he took mantle and coat; even what another let lie, he stuffed it all in his sack. For the first year everything went to his wish. Then he began to think of home, took a furlough from court, and rode to his father's house. His sister ran to meet him and threw her arms about him. He said to her, "Gratia vestra!" His parents came after and embraced him again and again.

He shouted to his father, "Dieu vous salue!" and to his mother he spoke Bohemian: "Dobra ytra!" Father and mother looked at each other. His mother said: "Husband, we're out of our wits; it's not our child; it's a Bohemian or a Wend." His father cried, "It's a foreigner — not my son, much as he looks like him." And his sister Gotelind said: "It's not your son; to me he spoke Latin — it must be a priest." Now, it was late and there was no inn in the neighborhood for the boy to put up at, so he bethought him and said: "Indeed, I'm he; I'm Helmbrecht; once I was your son." His father said, "You're not he." "Yes, I am." "Well, then, name me the names of my four oxen." "Auer, Rāme, Erke, Sonne; I've often swung my switch over them; they're the best oxen in the world — do you know me now?"

So the son was well received, and a soft bed made ready by sister and mother. His mother called to her daughter, "Run, bring a bolster and a soft pillow." That was laid under his arm on the warm stove, and snugly he waited till supper was ready. It was a royal meal: fine chopped cabbage with good meat, a fat goose roasted on the spit, chickens roasted and boiled. And his father said: "If I had wine, to-day it should be drunk; as it is, however, drink, dear son, of the best spring water that ever flowed out of the earth."

And young Helmbrecht unpacked his presents: for his father a whetstone, a scythe, and a hatchet — the best

peasant jewels in the world; for his mother a fox skin which he had pulled off a priest; for his sister Gotelind a silken band and a tagged lace that would better have befitted a noble dame — he had taken it from a peddler. And he said: "I must to sleep; I have ridden far; I need rest to-night." So he slept far into the next day in the bed over which his sister Gotelind had spread out a new-washed shirt — for a coverlet was there unknown.

So the son tarried at his father's for a week.

Then the father asked his son how court etiquette was in the place where he had been living. "I myself," said he, "when I was a boy, went once to court with cheeses and eggs; in those days there were knights of other sort, courteous and well mannered; they practiced knightly feats of arms, then they danced with ladies and sang to their dancing. Then came the musician with his fiddle; and when he began, the ladies stood up, the knights went up to them, took them politely by the hand and danced gracefully, and, when that was over, came another man and read aloud out of a book about somebody named Ernst.

"All in those days was merry good-fellowship. Some shot with bows at a mark, others went hunting and fishing; the worst one then would be the best nowadays. For now the man is prized who can spy and lie; truth and honor are turned into falsehood; not even the tourneys of the old sort are in fashion any more — others are all the rage. Then one used to hear in knightly sport the shout: 'Heia, knight, good cheer!' Now there rings through the air: 'Chase him, knight, chase him, chase him; stab him, hit him, maim him, cut me that fellow's foot off, hew me this one's hands off, hang me that one, catch this rich man, he'll pay us a good hundred pounds.' So it was, methinks, better in the old days than now. Tell me, my son, more of the new customs."

"That I'll do. Nowadays court etiquette is: 'Drink, sir, drink, drink; if you'll drink this, I'll drink that.' One does n't sit any more with women, only with the wine. Take my word for it, the life of the old fogies who live as

you do is now hated like the hangman by man and woman. Law and order is now a joke."

"Son," said his father, "let court etiquette go; it is bitter and sour. I'd much rather be a peasant than a poor courtier who must forever ride for his life and take care that his foes don't catch him and maim him and hang him."

"Father," said the youngster, "I'm obliged to you, but it's more than a week since I've tasted wine — since then I've buckled my belt three holes tighter. I'll have cattle to lift before the buckle goes back to its old place. A rich man has done me a grievous wrong; I saw him once ride through the grain of my godfather the knight. He shall pay dear for it: his cattle, his sheep, and his hogs shall trot for his trampling that field of a godfather of mine. And I know another rich man who did me also great wrong: he ate bread with doughnuts — by my life, I'll be revenged for it. And I know still another rich man who has given me more pain than anybody else; I would n't forgive it, not even if a bishop should pray for him, for once as he sat at table he loosened his belt most ungracefully. When I get hold of what he calls his, it shall help me to a Christmas suit. And there's yet another stupid fool, who blew the foam off his glass of beer in the most awkward fashion. If I don't revenge that, I'll never wear a sword or win a wife. Helmbrecht will be heard of shortly."

His father said: "Ei! just name me once these fellows, your comrades, who have taught you to rob a rich man if he eats bread and doughnuts together!" Then his son named his comrades: "Lämmerschling and Schluckdenwidder, Höllensack and Rüttelschrein, Kühfrass, Knickekelch and Wolfsgaumen, Wolfsrüssel and Wolfsdarm¹ — these are my schoolmasters."

His father asked, "And how do they call you?"

"I'm called Schlingdengau [i.e. Gulp-down-the-land] — I'm not the joy of the peasants; their children have to eat water

¹ I.e. Swallow-the-lamb, Gobble-the-buck, Hell-bag, Ransack-the-cupboard, etc.

soup; what the peasants have, that's mine; for one, I gouge his eye out, another I slash in the back, this one I tie in an ant-hill, that one I string up by his legs on the willow."

Then his father burst forth: "Son, those you name and brag of, be they never so fiery, still I hope, if there lives a just God, the day will come when the hangman shall seize them and push them off his ladder."

"Father, often from my comrades I've saved your geese and poultry, cattle and fodder; I'll never do so again. You speak too sorely against the honor of good fellows. Your daughter Gotelind I would have given as a wife to my comrade Lämmerschling; with him she'd have led the best of lives. That's past now; you've spoken too boorishly against us."

And he took his sister Gotelind secretly aside and told her confidentially: "When my comrade Lämmerschling first asked me for you, I said to him: 'You'll find her worth your while; if you take her, never fear that you'll hang long on the gallows tree — she'll cut you down with her own hand and drag you to the grave at the crossroads; with incense and myrrh she'll march about your bones swinging the censer a whole year. And if you have the luck to be only blinded, she'll lead you by the hand over highway and byway through all the world; if your foot is struck off, she'll bring you the crutches to the bed every morning; and if they take your hand too, then she'll cut your meat and bread to the end of your days.' Then said Lämmerschling to me: 'I've three full bags heavier than lead with fine linen, with gowns and underwear and costly clothing, with scarlet and sable; I have it hid in a gorge near by — that I'll give her for a morning-gift.' All that, Gotelind, you've lost through your father's fault; now take you a peasant and spend your days digging turnips for the churl. A pity about your father! For my father he's not: I'm sure some courtier had to do with my mother — from him I get my high spirit."

And his foolish sister said: "Dear brother Schlingdengau, let your comrade marry me, and I'll leave father, mother, and kinsfolk."

"I'll send you my messenger, whom you must follow; hold yourself ready. Good-bye, I'm going; the landlord here is as little to me as I to him. Mother, good-bye."

So he rode back whence he came, and told his comrade his sister's wish; and the comrade kissed his hand for joy, and made a bow to the wind that blew from Gotelind's way.

Many the widows and orphans who were robbed of their own when the hero Lämmerschling and his bride Gotelind sat on the bridal seat. Busily did the retainers, on wagon and on horseback, carry stolen food and drink into Lämmerschling's house. But when Gotelind came, the bridegroom went to meet her, and received her: "Welcome, Lady Gotelind." "God save you, Sir Lämmerschling." Thus did they greet each other in friendly fashion; and an old man, wise in words, stood up and placed the two in a ring, and asked three times both the man and the maiden, "Will you take each other in marriage; if so, say yes." Then he gave them to each other. All sang the bride-song, and the bridegroom trod on the bride's foot.

Then the wedding feast was made ready. But strange it was: the food vanished before the men as if a wind blew it from the table; they ate without end whatever the steward brought on from the kitchen, and there was not enough left of it for the dog to gnaw the bones. They say that when anybody eats ravenously like that his end is nigh. The bride, Gotelind, began to be frightened, and she moaned: "Ah me! some trouble is nearing us, my heart is so heavy! Woe is me that I have left father and mother; who grasps at too much gets little; this greediness leads to the pit of hell."

They sat yet awhile after the feast, and already the musicians had received their gift from bride and bridegroom, when the judge was seen coming with five men. It was a short fight; with five the judge was victorious over ten, for a real thief, no matter how bold, even though he can beat a whole army, is helpless against the hangman. The robbers hid in the oven and under the bench; whoever had not taken to his legs betimes, the hangman's man now hauled

out by the hair. Gotelind lost her bridal gown: in a hedge they found her, scared, tattered, despised. But on the necks of the thieves were bound the hides of the cattle they had stolen, as a fee for the judge. Nine the hangman hung; the tenth he left alive, by hangman's right, and this tenth was Schlingdengau Helmbrecht. The hangman revenged his father on him — he picked him his eyes out; he revenged his mother, and chopped him a hand and a foot off. So the blind Helmbrecht on a crutch was led home to his father's house.

Hear how his father greeted him: "Dieu salue, Sir Blind Man. Be off with you, Monsieur Blind Man; if you loiter, I'll have you clubbed off by my man; get away with you from the door."

So shouted his father; yet his mother put a loaf of bread into his hand, as if he were a child. And so the blind man went away; and the peasants called after him and taunted him.

A year he suffered want. Once early in the morning he was going through the forest to beg bread, when some peasants who were gathering wood saw him; from one of them he had stolen a cow which had seven times calved, and now that peasant called the others to help him. He had wronged them all: one's hut he had broken into and plundered; another's daughter he had disgraced; the fourth quivered with fury and said, "I'll kill him like a hen — he stuffed my sleeping baby at night into a bag, and when it awoke and cried, he shook it out into the snow, where it would have died had I not come to its help." All turned then toward Helmbrecht: "Now look out for thy cap!" The embroidery which once the hangman had left untouched was torn in pieces and scattered with his hair along the road. His confession they let the wretch utter, and one broke a clod from the earth and put it in the gentleman's hand as an entrance fee to hell fire. Then they hanged him on a tree.

If there are still at home, with father and mother, children who want to be knights, let them be warned by Helmbrecht's fate.

V. MALTREATMENT OF THE JEWS

171. Ex-
pulsion of
the Jews
from France.
(From
Rigord's
Life of Philip
Augustus.)

[Philip Augustus had often heard] that the Jews who dwelt in Paris were wont every year on Easter day, or during the sacred week of our Lord's Passion, to go down secretly into underground vaults and kill a Christian as a sort of sacrifice in contempt of the Christian religion. For a long time they had persisted in this wickedness, inspired by the devil, and in Philip's father's time many of them had been seized and burned with fire. St. Richard, whose body rests in the church of the Holy Innocents-in-the-Fields in Paris, was thus put to death and crucified by the Jews, and through martyrdom went in blessedness to God. Wherefore many miracles have been wrought by the hand of God through the prayers and intercessions of St. Richard, to the glory of God, as we have heard.

And because the most Christian King Philip inquired diligently, and came to know full well these and many other iniquities of the Jews in his forefathers' days, therefore he burned with zeal, and in the same year in which he was invested at Rheims with the holy governance of the kingdom of the French, upon a Sabbath, the first of March, by his command, the Jews throughout all France were seized in their synagogues and then bespoiled of their gold and silver and garments, as the Jews themselves had spoiled the Egyptians at their exodus from Egypt. This was a harbinger of their expulsion, which by God's will soon followed. . . .

At this time a great multitude of Jews had been dwelling in France for a long time past, for they had flocked thither from divers parts of the world, because peace abode among the French, and liberality; for the Jews had heard how the kings of the French were prompt to act against their enemies, and were very merciful toward their subjects. And therefore their elders and men wise in the law of Moses, who were called by the Jews *didascalii*, made resolve to come to Paris.

When they had made a long sojourn there, they grew so rich that they claimed as their own almost half of the whole

city, and had Christians in their houses as menservants and maidservants, who were open backsliders from the faith of Jesus Christ, and *judaised* with the Jews. And this was contrary to the decree of God and the law of the Church. And whereas the Lord had said by the mouth of Moses in Deuteronomy (xxiii. 19, 20), "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother," but "to a stranger," the Jews in their wickedness understood by "stranger" every Christian, and they took from the Christians their money at usury. And so heavily burdened in this wise were citizens and soldiers and peasants in the suburbs, and in the various towns and villages, that many of them were constrained to part with their possessions. Others were bound under oath in houses of the Jews in Paris, held as if captives in prison.

The most Christian King Philip heard of these things, and compassion was stirred within him. He took counsel with a certain hermit, Bernard by name,¹ a holy and religious man, who at that time dwelt in the forest of Vincennes, and asked him what he should do. By his advice the king released all Christians of his kingdom from their debts to the Jews, and kept a fifth part of the whole amount for himself.

Finally came the culmination of their wickedness. Certain ecclesiastical vessels consecrated to God — the chalices and crosses of gold and silver bearing the image of our Lord Jesus Christ crucified — had been pledged to the Jews by way of security when the need of the churches was pressing. These they used so vilely, in their impiety and scorn of the Christian religion, that from the cups in which the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was consecrated they gave their children cakes soaked in wine. . . .

In the year of our Lord's Incarnation 1182, in the month of April, which is called by the Jews Nisan, an edict went forth from the most serene king, Philip Augustus, that all the Jews of his kingdom should be prepared to go forth by

¹ Not St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who died some thirty years before, whose advice in regard to the treatment of the Jews will be found above, p. 332.

the coming feast of St. John the Baptist. And then the king gave them leave to sell each his movable goods before the time fixed, that is, the feast of St. John the Baptist. But their real estate, that is, houses, fields, vineyards, barns, winepresses, and such like, he reserved for himself and his successors, the kings of the French.

When the faithless Jews heard this edict some of them were born again of water and the Holy Spirit and converted to the Lord, remaining steadfast in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. To them the king, out of regard for the Christian religion, restored all their possessions in their entirety, and gave them perpetual liberty.

Others were blinded by their ancient error and persisted in their perfidy; and they sought to win with gifts and golden promises the great of the land,—counts, barons, archbishops, bishops,—that through their influence and advice, and through the promise of infinite wealth, they might turn the king's mind from his firm intention. But the merciful and compassionate God, who does not forsake those who put their hope in him and who doth humble those who glory in their strength, . . . so fortified the illustrious king that he could not be moved by prayers nor promises of temporal things. . . .

The infidel Jews, perceiving that the great of the land, through whom they had been accustomed easily to bend the king's predecessors to their will, had suffered repulse, and astonished and stupefied by the strength of mind of Philip the king and his constancy in the Lord, exclaimed, "Scema Israhel!" and prepared to sell all their household goods. The time was now at hand when the king had ordered them to leave France altogether, and it could not be in any way prolonged. Then did the Jews sell all their movable possessions in great haste, while their landed property reverted to the crown. Thus the Jews, having sold their goods and taken the price for the expenses of their journey, departed with their wives and children and all their households in the aforesaid year of the Lord 1182.

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- CUNNINGHAM, *Outlines of English Industrial History*, and his fuller *Growth of English Industry and Commerce during the Middle Ages*. All these give good descriptions of the manor, the guilds, the fairs, etc.
- JUSSERAND, *English Waysfaring Life in the Middle Ages* (fourteenth century), translated from the French by Lucy Smith, 1887. Very interesting and instructive, with good illustrations.
- ZIMMERN, HELEN, *The Hansa* (Story of the Nations). Interesting, with good illustrations.

C. Materials
for advanced
study.

GROSS, *The Gild Merchant*, 2 vols., 1890. The second volume contains documents. Excellent.

ASHLEY, *English Economic History*, 1892.

VINOGRADOFF, *Villanage in England*. One of several special treatises upon this rather obscure subject, some of which are reviewed in ASHLEY's *Surveys* (see above, p. 192).

LUCHAIRE, *Manuel*, Part I, Book II. On the agrarian arrangements in France.

LEVASSEUR, *Histoire des classes ouvrières et de l'industrie en France avant 1789*, 2d ed., 1900, Vol. I. Excellent.

SÉE, *Les Classes rurales et le régime dominiacal en France au moyen âge*, 1901. With many short extracts from the sources.

PIGEONNEAU, *Histoire du commerce de la France, 1885-1889*, Vol. I.

HEYD, *Geschichte des Levantehandels im Mittelalter*, 2 vols., 1879. Also a French translation, 1885-1886. A very important work.

SCHULTE, *Geschichte des mittelalterlichen Handels und Verkehrs zwischen Westdeutschland und Italien*, 2 vols., 1900. Very careful treatment.

VON BELOW, *Das ältere deutsche Städtewesen*, in the beautifully illustrated and inexpensive series of *Monographien zur Weltgeschichte*.

The most important work on German towns is HEGEL, *Städte und Gilden der germanischen Völker im Mittelalter*, 2 vols., 1891.

The discussion which has raged over the origin of the towns is summed up by PIRENNE, *L'Origine des constitutions urbaines au moyen âge* in the *Revue Historique*, Vol. LIII (1893) and LVII (1895).

Besides the material given by Professor Gross in the second volume of his *Gild Merchant*, the following in the *Collection de textes* (see above, p. 220) are readily procured:

Documents sur les relations de la royauté avec les villes en France de 1180, à 1314, edited by GIRY, 1885.

FAGNIEZ, *Documents relatifs à l'histoire de l'industrie et du commerce en France*. Fascicle I (to fourteenth century).

CHAPTER XIX

THE CULTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN LANGUAGES

A. — English

From the little example of Anglo-Saxon given below one can form some notion of the general appearance of English as it was written from the times of Alfred to those of Henry II. The characters þ and ð both stand for *th*. The former is equivalent to *th* in "thin" and is used at the beginning of a word; the latter corresponds to the vocalized *th* in "father" and occurs in the middle of a word. The sign ȝ means "and."

A little study and comparison with the translation will show that almost all the words used correspond to those with which we are familiar in our own modern speech.

Here on þissum geare Willelm cyng geaf Rodberde eorle thone eorldom on Norðhymbraland. Ða comon þa landes menn togeanes him. ȝ hine ofslogon. ȝ ix. hund manna mid him. And Eadgar æðeling com þa mid eallum Norðhymbram to Eoferwic ȝ þa þortmen wið hine griðedon. ȝ se cyng Willelm com suðan mid eallan his fyrde. ȝ þa burh forhergode ȝ fela hund manna ofsloh. ȝ se æðeling for eft to Scotlande.

172. Example of Anglo-Saxon. (From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.)

In this year [1068] King William gave to Earl Robert the earldom of Northumberland. Then came the men of the country against him (Robert), and slew him, and nine hundred men with him. And Edgar ætheling came then with

Translation.