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FICTION

HAROLD BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

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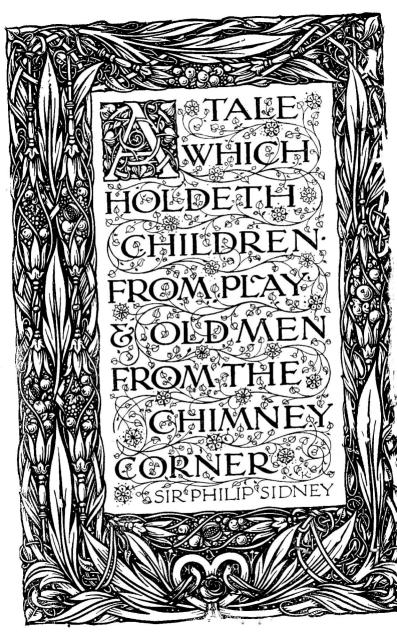
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INTRODUCTION

ENGLISH HISTORY, a great begetter of romance, never gave the romancer a finer opening than that seized upon by Lord Lytton in his HAROLD. He seized on it too with a full perception of the epic events and heroic men associated with it: King Edward the Confessor, Earl Godwin, Tostig, Sweyn, Harold Hardrada, Harold of England and William of Normandy. He revived these and their surrounding figures, and their old fashions with a spirit and novelty that made them fairly pass for modern; and the result is a book which must have opened the doors of history to thousands, who usually avoid it as a literary museum of the dead. Not only this, but by his narrative art, combining the bold ingredients of a period which from three races made a new nation in these islands, he has turned this story of Harold into the best of all popular beginnings to the History of England as written by the English novelists.

Lytton's prefaces to the story show how clearly he recognised the value of the work he was doing, and of the way it should be done. He speaks there of his master in romance, Sir Walter Scott,

and compares their two methods.

"The great author of Ivanhoe," he said, "and those amongst whom, at home and abroad, his mantle was divided, had employed History to aid Romance; I contented myself with the humbler task to employ Romance in the aid of History." He goes on to tell us exactly what this implied. It meant to extract from old, neglected chronicles and "the unfrequented storehouse of archæology," the incidents and details that enliven the dry narrative of facts in which the historian must keep. "I consulted," he says, "the original authorities of the time with a care as scrupulous as if intending to write not a fiction but a history." And for his plot, it was to be constructed from the actual events themselves; "the staple of such interest as I could create," he adds, "in reciting the struggles and

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delineating the characters, of those who had been the living actors in the real drama." And so, "having formed the best judgment I could of the events and characters of the age, I adhered faithfully to what, as an historian, I should have held to be the true course and true causes of the great political events, and the essential attributes of the principal agents."

Only in the inward life of his characters, their motives and emotions, did he allow himself a novelist's licence; and even there, he sought to make them accord with the spirit of the age they lived in; or as he puts it: "Even here, I employed the agency of the passions only so far as they served to illustrate what I believed to be the genuine natures of the beings who had actually lived, and to restore the warmth of the human heart to the images recalled

from the grave."

It would be hard for any critic of Lytton in this story to decide how far the story-teller had succeeded in this intimate part of his task;-how far he had failed, by carrying his own day into Harold's time even when he thought himself most completely detemporised. It is easier to decide how far his "Harold" is in its outward signs a fair historical picture of the day it presents. One's first impulse in reviewing a writer of Lytton's glittering verisimilitude is to suspect that his science of the past goes no deeper than that of a hundred other half-forgotten historical romances. But in fact he is in his groundwork, as a closer scrutiny shows. one of the most careful workmen that ever reared from the ground upward, and reconstructed with new bricks an ancient edifice of stone. He drew largely upon Sir Francis Palgrave, and in a less degree upon Sharon Turner and other historians who have dropped out of our reckoning. But here again, he did not take their conclusions for granted. He tested them by numerous first-hand evidences on his own account. The result was that when so modern a historian as Freeman, who was in his relation of history to the physical fact, and to place and scene, the virtual father of the modern school, wrote on this very period of the coming of the Normans, he paid Lytton a passing tribute for this very book.

Lytton's chief temptation in writing "Harold" was to make his title-rôle too royal and perfect and irreproachable; and it was not a temptation that he could or did altogether resist. Accordingly Harold is idealised with a gain to the book as heroic romance, but with some loss to its effect as a disinterested piece of real life and history. Even romance must allow that in his relations with his great Norman rival, Harold was not without his human failings.

There has always been the question of the promise he is said to have made to William in the course of his unlucky visit to Normandy. Harold had been cast by a storm on the French coast, imprisoned by Guy of Ponthieu, in his "Castle of Belrem" or Beaurain, and set free by the Duke of Normandy. The scene in which William receives the news of this overtaking of his rival is a capital instance of Lytton's fashion of contrasting the two men. The Norman Duke, as seen speaking to the Sire de Graville, and then Harold's messenger Godrith is everything that is astute; we are bid note "the shrewd and cunning twinkle of his luminous dark eyes." He is the "grand dissimulator," and Matilda his Duchess is his gracious completter. This of course makes the greater the peril and the suspense of Harold's predicament, and adds a sharper counterpoise to the Saxon balance when the two great rivals are set on the beam in the palace of Rouen. But history has said something of Harold's dissemblance too; and it is impossible for us to forget that he was the son of Earl Godwin. Nothing more interesting than to compare what Lytton has made of the famous oath-taking scene of Harold with what the chroniclers and historians say of it.

Of course, if the oath was taken, the action of King Edward afterwards, in appointing Harold his successor, does not alter its quality. One is inclined to think that Edward did, on his deathbed, if not before, indicate Harold. What says the chronicler—

"There suddenly came Death the bitter: And that dear Prince Took from this earth. The angels bore His soothfast soul Into heaven's light. But the wise King Bestowed his realm On one grown great; On Harold's self, A noble earl!"

Always, says this chronicler, Harold had faithfully hearkened to the king, nor ever failed him. On his death-bed, the king spoke too, they told afterwards, of wars to come. Did he foresee the results of the crown going to Godwin's son?

But this carries us before the calendar. We must return to Rouen, and Harold's oath. The fear of a deeper dungeon than Guy de Ponthieu's, conveyed by the menace that Harold had overheard and the ideas which determined him to swear as he did, do

not, as Lytton realises them for us, increase our conviction of his Saxon simplicity. Meet guile with guile!—" Guile by guile oppose!" Lytton already makes him mutter this vaguely just before the oath-scene; and then, in the scene, he makes him lay his hand on the reliquary, "mechanically, dizzily, dreamily," and repeat the oath with automaton lips. It is quite open to the history-painter to colour in his hero's favour the motives and ideas that influenced him at such a pass; but when the romancer has declared that he is strictly historical, we expect him to grant to his Norman, the psychological courtesy he has granted to his English, prince. But Saxon versus Norman is white innocence against dark cunning in Lytton's fable. Duke William's motives are sinister, and Harold's directed by the sheer right hand of honour, even when the result in action is or seems the same.

However, in the main, in the larger fabric Lytton's use of the policies and the historical activities of the two chief figures is well borne out by actual history. The aspect of his other male characters is equally close to their originals. Godwin, Earl Godwin, the eloquent, the Saxon Mark Antony—if any Saxon could be Antonine and opportunist: in his portrait, history and romance are fairly agreed. And his sons—Sweyn in his wild and mournful majesty; Tostig, the fop of war, beautiful as a Greek, and ruthless and dreadful; Woolnoth, Leofwine, Gurth and Harold. How

well their features are designed.

The same with King Edward, pious and delicate. The same with the contrasted Norman group about William; the same with the great ecclesiastical figure of Lanfranc, upon whom Lytton writes a particularly serviceable note. But the real question in Lanfranc's spiritual history is not brought in the story to its final issue. As it is suggested in the note Lanfranc was, at first, a disinterested servant of his Church and faith; and as such, unwilling to accept the great preferments that came his way. Did the change that comes from the access of fame and the increase of worldly power affect him too at last, notwithstanding that he had, out of an instinct of piety, long fought against them?

From the first Anglo-Norman prince of the English Church, turn to other personages. What of the Welsh King, Griffith, who appears in the seventh book? For the sake of contrast, Lytton relatively increases the wildness of the Welsh princes. In this he

¹ Lytton takes the only possible view of Godwin's heritage and descent, when he makes him no son of a peasant, but son of Wolnoth, 'Childe' of Sussex, who was nephew to the Saxon Earl of Mercia.

follows Walter Scott's lead. He gives his Normans something like a century more of refinement and his Cymric people a century less. The Norman, after all, was not so far from the barbaric Wicking and "Black Pagan" in his practice of war, and the Saxons were almost as savage in the battle-field as the Welsh.

Of Lytton's female personages, the figure of Hilda is wholly invented; and it has been objected that she too, like Lytton's Welsh people, is moved a stage further into the past. But Pagan customs and superstitions do not die away simply because a new faith comes in. Lytton might have used even more of Pagan colours than he did, especially in the later parts of "Harold"; and history need not have reproached him for it. Witchcraft survived in these islands almost to our own time; and the survivals of Paganism on the eve of Senlac were to be met in every homestead. The figure of Hilda, rising on her hillock of furze, in the opening scenes, is one of the most impressive in the story. If any criticism passed here, it would be that primrose, cowslip, and daisy, are not easily to be had growing all together around a furze-tump in the month of May, any more than a Christian chapel, a Druid cromlech, and a Roman villa were at that time to be found in a convenient stage-group hard by,

But by the rather incongruous recall in this Saxon setting of the Roman occupation of some centuries before, Lytton, breaking with archæology as he did, gained in historical perspective. That is, he reminded the casual reader, although too obviously, of the present sense the "Saxons" and the Celts still had in these islands in Harold's time, of the Romans and their military roads and their ruined and haunted forts and villas.

In point of English and Norman domestic life and its environment, Lytton keeps exceptionally near the reality, or what history has conceived it to have been. His costumes are carefully drawn; and his household furniture is kept fairly within the period. He is not justified, however, in all his wealth of accessories. Glass in the windows was certainly not so common as he thought; and the tripod with the "Runic manuscript!" the inkstand of elegant form, and the silver graphium or pen, painted in the same house, were not likely to be found in that of a Hilda, and they recall, as Lytton's details occasionally will, that he is making a stage-picture, and not a real one. This is to be seen in the opening tableau in several chapters, when the idea is to surround the chief figure with every detail expressive of his race, his character, rank and function.

Of the colloquial idioms used to render the different tongues of Saxon and Norman, one may say that while Lytton's ear was not very sensitive, and although his characters are apt to fall back upon stage heroics in time of excitement, their speech is on the whole as close to the time as the average romance-reader would be likely to tolerate. It is harder, of course, to suggest early Norman turns of expression, than early English, in modern English; and when Norman and Saxon, or William and Harold confer, we are allowed to forget sometimes that there was any difference. But this is an old romancer's difficulty, over which all our modern practice in rendering lights and shadows of language and dialect has not yet taught us to triumph.

The last and greatest achievement of Lytton in this romantic pageant is in the companion pictures of the two final battles—Stamford Bridge and Senlac, which with their episodes and their effects, make up the two last books. The eleventh book opens in London, on the eve of the fifth of January, with the scene in the Painted Chamber at the Abbey in the Isle of Thorney, which became known as Westminster. Here, again, Lytton's imagination enlarges and over-decorates: but the historic illusion is if anything proportionally increased. And Harold Hardrada's fame, his superb and tragic lineaments, his swift and vivid passage to his fate, with Tostig as his fatal torch, are all according to the chroniclers of the time.

Finally, Freeman again helps us to criticise the account in "Harold" of the last battle. The best way of all to realise it is to take train to Hastings, and with the aid of maps, old and new, a good guide, Freeman's third volume, this romance, and a few kindred remembrancers, reconstruct on the spot the whole scene, to which the abbey and town of Battle were witness. The walk from Hastings to Battle is indispensable in this pilgrimage.

There are various theories of the real disposition of the English and of their defences—"palisades or breast-work," about the mound in their last battle; but there is no conclusive reason for giving up the traditional account which Lytton and Freeman, who admitted being impressed by him, followed.

It would not be in romance if we did not leave that field of blood remembering last, not the dreadful dead and the crimson ground, but the figure of Edith of the Swan-neck. She, to be sure, is a character from history; but Lytton frankly outgoes its limits in painting her. Tennyson in his play of "Harold" (which he dedicated to the second Lord Lytton) makes

wonderful use of Edgyth Swanneck, too. Thus we have both the most representative poet of the Victorian time, and one of its foremost historians recognising Lytton's testimony. Was ever romancer so honoured by two such writers before? Together, Lytton's novel and Tennyson's tragedy, two capital companion-books to English history, leave history indeed more alive than it appears in the exacter roll of the chroniclers and historians.

Two striking foreign episodes there are in the history or Harold, of which Lytton makes no use. The one is that pilgrimage to Rome, which is best to be realised in Freeman's account. Whether it was policy or religion that inspired it, the witness it affords to Harold's character and far-sight is important. We recall that Cnut had been to Rome; that the powers of Rome were becoming more and more evident in England under Edward, and that the Norman invocation of those powers was notorious and always ready to be directed against England. If Harold went on pilgrimage, it looks like a pilgrimage of signal diplomacy. Lytton uses the religious influences of the period with such effect, that it is curious to find him omitting this. The other episode is less to the purpose, both in history and romance. But it, too, counts in Harold's story. It is the account of his campaign in Brittany in the year 1064. It brings one more military achievement into his brilliant record,—and is of interest, too, because of the dealings, late and early, of the French and the English with the Breton and British races.

A brief summary of Harold's tireless career as military chief, statesman, king's deputy and king, would read, counting from the date of the opening of Lytton's story in 1052:

Earl Godwin dies Harold succeeds to the earl-

dom	•••		•••	•••	•••	•••	1053
Harold's pilgrimage to Rome (about)							1058
His Welsh	campaig	n	•••	•••	•••	•••	1063
His imprisonment by Guy de Ponthieu							1064
His Rouen visit and Breton campaign							1064
Edward the Confessor dies. Harold succeeds to							
the cro	wn	•••	•••	•••	•••	• • •	1065
Harold cro	wn e d	•••	• • •	•••	Jan.	6	1066
Battle of Sta	amford l	Bridge	•••	• • •	Sept	. 25	1066
Battle of Hastings and death of Harold, Oct. 14							1066

This gives us only three years for the major events in Harold's life: he was not actually king for one year.

It remains to speak of his mysterious burial, and the still more mysterious tale of his survival of the battle, and his life as a monk thereafter, as told by Giraldus Cambrensis. There seems a faint beginning here of yet another version of the sleeping-king legend, to which the uncertainty about his grave might lend an excuse. But if King Harold, like King Arthur sleeps to wake and conquer again: the real place of his sleeping is like Arthur's still unknown. His best memorial is Battle Abbey; but the monuments of his martial fame are scattered far and wide over the country, from Stamford Bridge to Thorney Isle or Westminster, from Senlac hill to the hill above the Wye at Tintern Abbey, where at Trelech one reads on the carved stone: HIC FUIT VICTOR HARALDUS.

In addition to the histories that have already been mentioned and the chronicles referred to in Lytton's notes, the best and most entertaining accompaniment to Harold's story is still the Bayeux Tapestry.

Born in 1803, Lord Lytton was forty-five years old, and a novelist of over twenty years' experience, when "Harold" appeared in 1848. He wrote it with extraordinary rapidity, almost as rapidly as Scott wrote "Guy Mannering," that is in three weeks; but he had thought over its plan and subject for a long time previously.

The following is a list of Lord Lytton's works:-

Ismael, and other Poems, 1820; Delmour, or the Tale of a Sylphid, and other Poems, 1823; Sculpture (Cambridge Prize Poem), 1825; Weeds and Wild Flowers (Poems, etc.), privately printed, 1825; O'Neil, or the Rebel (Poem), 1827; Falkland, 1827; Pelham, 1828; The Disowned, 1829; Devereux, 1829; Paul Clifford, 1830; Eugene Aram, 1832; Godolphin, 1833; England and the English, 1833; Pilgrims of the Rhine, 1834; The Last Days of Pompeii, 1834; The Student; Essays ("New Monthly"), 1835; Rienzi, 1835; The Duchesse de la Vallière (Drama), 1836; The Sea-Captain, or the Birthright, 1837; Athens, its Rise and Fall, etc., 1837; Ernest Maltravers, 1837; Alice, or the Mysteries, 1838; Leila, or the Siege of Granada, 1838; Calderon the Courtier, 1833; The Lady of Lyons (Drama), 1838; Richelieu (Drama), 1838; Money (Drama), 1840; Night and Morning, 1841; Zanoni, 1842 (first sketch, "Zicci," in "Monthly Chronicle," 1841); Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, with other Tales and Poems, 1842; The Last of the Barons, 1843; Poems and Ballads (from German of Schiller), 1844; Confessions of a Water Patient, 1845; The New Timon (Poem), 1845; 1847; Lucretia, or the Children of the Night, 1846; A Word to the Public, 1847; Harold, or the Last of the Saxon Kings, 1848; King Arthur (Poem), 1848–9; The Caxtons 1850 (first published in "Blackwood"); Not so bad as we seem (Drama), 1851; My Novel, 1853 (first published in "Blackwood"); What will

he do with it? 1858 (first published in "Blackwood"); St. Stephen's (Poem), 1860; A Strange Story, 1862 (first published in "All the Year Round"); Caxtoniana (Essays), 1863; The Boatman (Poem), 1864 (from "Blackwood"); The Lost Tales of Miletus (Poems), 1866; Walpole, or Every Man has his Price, 1869; Odes and Epodes of Horace (Translated), 1869; The Coming Race, 1873 (first published in "Blackwood)"; Kenelm Chillingly, 1873; The Parisians, 1873 (first published in "Blackwood").

Occasional Writings:—Letter to a Cabinet Minister on the Present Crisis, 1834; Letter to John Bull, Esq., 1851; A Lecture: "Outlines of the Early History of the East, etc.," 1852; Inaugural Address at Edin-

burgh, 1854.
Posthumous Publications:—Speeches and other Political Writings, 1874;
Pausanias the Spartan (unfinished), 1876.

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DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. C. T. D'EYNCOURT, M.P.

I DEDICATE to you, my dear friend, a work, principally composed under your hospitable roof; and to the materials of which your library, rich in

the authorities I most needed, largely contributed.

The idea of founding an historical romance on an event so important and so national as the Norman Invasion, I had long entertained, and the chronicles of that time had long been familiar to me. But it is an old habit of mine, to linger over the plan and subject of a work, for years, perhaps, before the work has, in truth, advanced a sentence; "busying myself," as old Burton saith "with this playing labour—otiosaque diligential ut vitarem torporem feriandi."

The main consideration which long withheld me from the task, was in my sense of the unfamiliarity of the ordinary reader with the characters, events, and so to speak, with the very physiognomy of a period ante Agamemona; before the brilliant age of matured chivalry, which has given to song and romance the deeds of the later knighthood, and the glorious frenzy of the Crusades. The Norman Conquest was our Trojan War; an epoch beyond which our learning seldom induces our imagination to ascend.

In venturing on ground so new to fiction, I saw before me the option of apparent pedantry, in the obtrusion of such research as might carry the reader along with the Author, fairly and truly into the real records of the time; or of throwing aside pretensions to accuracy altogethel;—and so rest contented to turn history into flagrant romance, rather than pursue my own conception of extracting its natural romance from the actual history. Finally, not without some encouragement from you, (whereof take your due share of blame!) I decided to hazard the attempt, and to adopt that mode of treatment which, if making larger demand on the attention of the reader, seemed the more complimentary to his judgment.

The age itself, once duly examined, is full of those elements which should awaken interest, and appeal to the imagination. Not untruly has Sismondi said, that "the Eleventh Century has a right to be considered a great age. It was a period of life and of creation; all that there was of noble, heroic and vigorous in the Middle Ages commenced at that epoch.\(^1\) But to us Englishmen in especial, besides the more animated interest in that spirit of adventure, enterprise, and improvement, of which the Norman chivalry was the noblest type, there is an interest more touching

¹ Sismondi's "History of France," vol. iv. p. 484.

and deep in those last glimpses of the old Saxon monarchy, which open

upon us in the mournful pages of our chroniclers.

I have sought in this work, less to portray mere manners, which modern researches have rendered familiar to ordinary students in our history, than to bring forward the great characters, so carelessly dismissed in the long and loose record of centuries; to show more clearly the motives and policy of the agents in an event the most memorable in Europe; and to convey a definite, if general, notion of the human beings, whose brains schemed, and whose heart beats, in that realm of shadows which lies behind the Norman Conquest;

"Spes hominum cæcos, morbos, votumque, labores, Et passim toto volitantes æthere curas" 1

I have thus been faithful to the leading historical incidents in the grand tragedy of Harold, and as careful as contradictory evidences will permit, both as to accuracy in the delineation of character, and correctness in that chronological chain of dates without which there can be no historical philosophy; that is, no tangible link between the cause and the effect. The fictitious part of my narrative is, as in "Rienzi," and the "Last of the Barons," confined chiefly to the private life, with its domain of incident and passion, which is the legitimate apparage of novelist or poet. The love story of Harold and Edith is told differently from the well-known legend, which implies a less pure connexion. But the whole legend respecting the Edeva faira (Edith the fair) whose name meets us in the "Domesday" roll, rests upon very slight authority considering its popular acceptance; 2 and the reasons for my alterations will be sufficiently obvious in a work intended not only for general perusal, but which on many accounts, I hope, may be entrusted fearlessly to the young; while those alterations are in strict accordance with the spirit of the time, and tend to illustrate one of its most marked peculiarities.

More apology is perhaps due for the liberal use to which I have applied the superstitions of the age. But with the age itself those superstitions are so interwoven—they meet us so constantly, whether in the pages of our own chroniclers, or the records of the kindred Scandinavians—they are so intruded into the very laws, so blended with the very life, of our Saxon forefathers, that without employing them, in somewhat of the same credulous spirit with which they were originally conceived, no vivid impression of the People they influenced can be conveyed. Not without truth has an Italian writer remarked, "that he who would depict philosophically an unphilosophical age, should remember that, to be familiar

with children, one must sometimes think and feel as a child."

Yet it has not been my main endeavour to make these ghostly agencies conducive to the ordinary poetical purposes of terror, and if that effect be at all created by them, it will be, I apprehend, rather subsidiary to the

1 "Men's blinded hopes, diseases, toil, and prayer, And winged troubles peopling daily air."

² Merely upon the obscure MS. of the Waltham Monastery; yet, such is the ignorance of popular criticism, that I have been as much attacked for the licence I have taken with the legendary connexion between Harold and Edith, as if that connexion were a proven and authenticated fact; again, the pure attachment to which in the romance, the lovers of Edith and Harold are confined, has been alleged to be a sort of moral anactronism,—a sentiment wholly modern; whereas, on the contrary, an attachment so pure was infinitely more common in that day than in this, and made one of the most striking characteristics of the eleventh century; indeed of all the earlier ages, in the Christian era, most subjected to monastic influences.

more historical sources of interest than, in itself, a leading or popular characteristic of the work. My object, indeed, in the introduction of the Danish Vala especially, has been perhaps as much addressed to the reason as to the fancy, in showing what large, if dim, remains of the ancient "heathenesse" still kept their ground on the Saxon soil, contending with and contrasting the monkish superstitions, by which they were ultimately replaced. Hilda is not in history; but without the romantic impersonation of that which Hilda represents, the history of the time would be imperfectly understood.

In the character of Harold—while I have carefully examined and weighed the scanty evidences of its distinguishing attributes which are yet preserved to us—and, in spite of no unnatural partiality, have not concealed what appear to me its deficiencies, and still less the great error of the life it illustrates,—I have attempted, somewhat and slightly, to shadow out the ideal of the pure Saxon character, such as it was then, with its large qualities undeveloped, but marked already by patient endurance, love of justice, and freedom—the manly sense of duty rather than the chivalric sentiment of honour—and that indestructible element of practical purpose and courageous will, which, defying all conquest, and steadfast in all peril, was ordained to achieve so vast an influence over the destinies of the world.

To the Norman Duke, I believe, I have been as lenient as justice will permit, though it is impossible to deny his craft as to dispute his genius; and so far as the scope of my work would allow, I trust that I have indicated fairly the grand characteristics of his countrymen, more truly chivalric than their lord. It has happened, unfortunately for that illustrious race of men, that they have seemed to us, in England, represented by the Anglo-Norman kings. The fierce and plotting William, the vain and worthless Rufus, the cold-blooded and relentless Henry, are no adequate representatives of the far nobler Norman vavasours, whom even the English Chronicler admits to have been "kind masters", and to whom, in spite of their kings, the after liberties of England were so largely indebted. But this work closes on the Field of Hastings; and in that noble struggle for national independence, the sympathies of every true son of the land, even if tracing his lineage back to the Norman victor, must be on the side of the patriot Harold.

In the notes, which I have thought necessary aids to the better comprehension of these volumes, my only wish has been to convey to the general reader such illustrative information as may familiarise him more easily with the subject-matter of the book, or refresh his memory on incidental details not without a national interest. In the mere references to authorities I do not pretend to arrogate to a fiction the proper character of a history; the references are chiefly used either where wishing pointedly to distinguish from invention what was borrowed from a chronicle, or, when differing from some popular historian to whom the reader might be likely to refer, it seemed well to state the authority upon which the

In fact, my main object has been one that compelled me to admit graver matter than is common in romance, but which I would fain hope may be saved from the charge of dulness by some national sympathy between author and reader; my object is attained, and attained only, if, in closing the last page of this work, the reader shall find, that in spite of the fictitious materials admitted, he has formed a clearer and more intimate acquaintance with a time, heroic though remote, and characters which ought to have

difference was founded.