

Extracts from the First Version of Hardyng's Chronicle

As promised in the last number of this Review, the three most distinctive passages of the version of Hardyng's Chronicle, which the author finished and presented to Henry VI in 1457, are now given in full from the only copy in the Lansdowne MS. 204. They are (i) The Introduction, (ii) The Praise of King Henry V, and (iii) The Conclusion celebrating the fame of Robert Umfraville, and exhorting Henry VI to keep peace and law and reward the writer. As explained on pp. 470-6 above, these passages give something of Hardyng's autobiography, and have a special interest for their picture of the state of England at the time when he wrote. To the description of Umfraville as the accomplished knight should be added Hardyng's account of the training of a young lord, which is quoted by Ellis, on p. i of the preface to his edition, from f. 12 of the same manuscript.

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I. INTRODUCTION

[DEDICATION]

O Souerayne lorde, be it to your plesance
 This book to take of my symplicite,
 Thus now newly made for Rememorance,
 Whiche no man hath in worlde bot oonly ye;
 Whiche I compiled vnto your Rialte,
 And to the Queenes hertes consolacion
 To know thestate of youre domynacion;

 And for the Prynce to haue playne conyshance
 Of this Region, in what nobilite
 It hath been kept alway of gret pushance
 With baronage and lordes of dignyte;
 The whiche alway God graunte that ye and he
 May so kepe forth vndyr your gouernance
 To Goddes plesir withouten variance.

 Thus to yow thre Rials in vnyte
 This book with hert and lowly obeishance
 I present now with al benygnyte
 To been euermore within your gouernance,
 For soueraynte and your inherytance
 Of Scotlond hool, whiche shulde your Reule obaye
 As Souereyn lorde, fro whiche thay prowldly straye.

 Wythin thre yer thair grete Rebellion
 Ye myght oppresse and vtirly restrayne,
 And haue it all in youre possession,
 And to obaye your myght make thaym full fayne,
 As Kynge Edward the first with hungir and payne
 Thaym conquerde hool to his subieccion
 To byde for euer vndir his hole proteccion.

[PROEM]

Who hath an hurte and will it nought diskure
 And to his leche can nought his sore complayne,
 In wo euermore withouten any cure
 All helpes forth he muste comporte his payne;
 And who his own erande forgatte to seyne,
 As alle thise wise men say alway and wote,
 Men calle a Fool or elles an Idyote.

Wherefore to yow, as prynce most excellent,
 I me complayne, as reson techeth me,
 That youre Fadir gafe me in commaundement
 In Scotlonde ryde for his Regalyte
 To seke his ryght thar for his souereynte,
 And euydence to gette and to espy
 Appurtenant vnto his monarchy.

Whiche euydence by labour and processe
 Thre yere and halfe amonge the enmyte,
 On lyfes peryle, maymed in grete distresse,
 With costages grete as was necessite,
 I boughte and gatte of grete auctorite;
 Of whiche I gafe vnto your excellence
 At Esthamstede¹ parte of that euydence.

I gafe yow ther a lettre of Rialte,
 By whiche ten men claymyng the croune
 Of Scotlond than boonde thaym by thaire agre
 The iuggement to bide and constitucion
 Of kyng Edward with longshankes by surnoun,
 Whiche of thaym shulde of Scotlond been the kyng
 Vndir thaire seels hys souereynte expressyng.

I gafe yow als other two patentis rial,
 By whiche Daud and Robert ye Scotis Kynges
 Boonde thaym and al thaire haies in general
 To holde Scotlond of Kyng Edward, expressyng
 His soueraynte by clere and playn writyng
 Vndre thaire seels to bide perpetualy,
 As playnly is in thaym made memory.

I gafe yow als the Relees, that Edwarde
 The thrid to Kyng Robert of Scotlond made
 In tendre age; whiche whill it was in warde
 Of Vmfreuile was dreynt in oyl and defade,
 Sex woukes ligging in it, as it abade;
 Bot noght forthy it may hurte yow right noght,
 For it is all agayn youre hieghnesse wroght.

¹ In July 1440; see pp. 464-5, 467, above.

[In] the lettres is graunt Yorkes primacy²
 [Thru]gh all Scotlonde and to hys successours
 [To ha]ue and vse aboute the prelacy
 [As dyd] afore of olde hys predecessours
 [And also t]he hows of Durham of honours
 [And C]uthbertes ryght with all the liberte
 [Thru]gh al] Scotlonde withoute difficulte.³

[Also that p]rynce of grete magnificence,
 [Your Fadir] so gafe me in commaundement
 [Scotlond to] spy with alkyns diligence,
 [How that it] myght bene hostayde thru]gh and brent
 [.] wele to his wille and intent,
 [Whatkyns p]assage were for ane hoste to ryde,
 [What toures a]nde touns stode on the este see syde,

[Wher tha]t hys flete myght londe and with hym mete
 [With hys] vitayle, gunnes and ordenance
 [Hys host to] fresshe, and lygge in all quyete
 [From stor]mes grete and wethyrs variance.
 [Whiche] all I dydde and putte in remembrance
 [At hys] biddynge and riall commaundement,
 [Bot was] nought rewarded after his intent.

Whiche remembrance now to youre sapience
 Vpon the ende of this boke in figure
 Illumynde is for your intelligence,
 Declared hool by wrytynge and lettrure,
 How lyghte wer now vnto your hiegh nature
 For to conquer by riall assistance,
 And kepe it euer vnder your hiegh regence.

Now seth that prynce is gone, of excellence,
 In whom my helpe and makynge shulde haue bene,
 I vouche it sauf, wyth all benyvolence,
 On yow, gode lorde, hys sonne and hayre that bene,
 For to none other my complainte can I mene;
 So lynyall of his generacioun
 Ye bene discent by very demonstracioun.

For other none will fauour his promyse,
 Ne none that wylle ought forther myne intende,
 Bot if it lyke vnto your owne avyse,
 Alle oonly of your riall Regymente

² The defect of these stanzas is due to a corner of the leaf on which they are written having been torn away. The words in brackets are restored in part from a comparison with the parallel passage on p. 751, below.

³ This refers to the forged letters of David Bruce exemplifying a charter of Alexander of Scotland, in which the English overlordship is acknowledged, and the rights of York and Durham are reserved: Palgrave, *Documents*, pp. cciv-v, 368-9.

To comforte now withoute impedymente
 Your pore subgite, maymed in his seruyse,
 Withoute rewarde or lyfelode any wyse.

Sex yer now go I pursewed to your grace ;
 And vndirnethe your lettres secretary,
 And Priuy Seel that longeth in that cace,
 Ye graunted me to haue perpetually
 The maner hool of Gedyngton truely
 To me and to myne hayres in heritage,
 With membres hool and other all auauntage.

Bot so was sette your noble chaunceller,
 He wolde nought suffre I had such waryson,
 That cardinal was of York withouten per ;
 That wolde nought parte with londe ne yit with ton,
 Bot rather wolde, er I had Gedyngton,
 Ye shulde forgo your ryall soueraynte
 Of Scotlonde, whiche long to your rialte.

Your patent couthe I haue in nokyns wyse,
 Bot if I sewed to alle youre grete counsayle,
 To whiche my purs no lengar myght suffyse :
 So wente I home withoute any auayle ;
 Thus sette he me all bakhalfe on the tayle :
 And alle your grace fro me he dyd repelle,
 Your lettres bothe fro me he dyd cancelle.

Bot vndirnethe your Fadir's magnificence
 He durste nought so haue lette hys righte fall down
 Ne layde asyde so riall euydence
 Appertenant vnto hys rial croun,
 Who sonner wolde suche thre as Gedyngton
 Hafe youe than so forgone that euydence
 By whiche the Scottes obey shulde hys regence.

For whiche Kynge Iames vnto my waryson
 A thousonde marke me highte of Englysshe golde ;
 Whiche I forsoke in myne oppynyon,
 As natyfe birth and alkyns reson wolde ;
 Sex and thretty yer I haue it kepte and holde
 In truste ye wolde of youre haboundant grace
 Your Fadirs promyse so fauoure in thys cace.

Whiche euydence in this afore comprised,
 With other mo whiche I shal to yow take,
 Four hundre marke and fifty ful assised
 Cost me treuly for youre Fadir sake,
 With incurable mayme that maketh me wake.
 Wherefore plesse it of youre magnificence
 Me to rewarde as pleseth youre excellence.

II. THE PRAISE OF KING HENRY V

The compleynt and lamentacion of the maker of thys for the Kynges
deth, wt commendacion of his gouernance.

O gode lorde god, why lete thou so sone passe
This noble prynce, that in all Cristente
Had than no pere in no londe more ne lesee ;
So excellent was his fortunyte
In florisschyng age of all fresh Iuente :
That myght haue lete hym leue to gretter age
Tyll he had hole reioysed his herytage

Of Fraunce, all hole Guyen and Normandy,
Whiche thre wer his of olde inheritaunce,
And Angoy eke of full olde auncetry,
As Cronyclers haue made remembraunce ;
For he was sette with myghty grete puisaunce
To conquere than the londe of all Surry,⁴
That ys the londe of byheest proprely.

To whiche he than, and eke the Emperour,
Accorded wer withoute colusion
To Criste, goddes sonne, to gyfe thair hole labour
Fro tyme that thay myght make an vnyon
Betwyx Englonde and Fraunce by gode reson,
With helpe of other londes that wolde assent
To that vyage and conquest excellent.

O gode lorde god, that knew his hertes intent,
That was so sette for soules remyssion
To thyne honour by his attendement
To conuerte so that londe of promyscion ;
Or elles it sette by Cristes hole permyssion
With Cristen folke, fayling thair conuersion
For thair foly and thayr peruersion.

O verry lorde, that arte omnipotent,
What hath Englonde so felly the offende,
This noble prynce, peerlesse of Regyment,
To Rauysshe so fro vs withouten ende ?
O lorde, who shall Englund now defende ?
Seth he is gone that was our hiegh Iustyse
For whom none durste his neyghbor than supprise.

Aboue all thyng he kept the lawe and pese
Thurgh all Englonde, that none insurreccion
Ne no riotes than wer withouten lese,
Ne neyghbours werre in fawte of his correccion :
Bot pesybly vndyr his proteccion
Compleyntes of wrongs alway in generall
Refourmed were so vndyr his yerde egall.

⁴ Syria.

Whan he in Fraunce dayly was conuersaunt
 His shadow so abowmbred all Englonde
 That pese and lawe wer kept contynuant
 In his absence full wele thugh all the londe :
 And elles, as I can sayne and vndyrstonde,
 His power had bene lyte to conquerr Fraunce
 Nor other Reme that wer wele lasse perchaunce.⁵

The pese at home and law so wele conserued
 Wer rote and hede of all his grete conqueste,
 Whiche exilde bene away and foule ouerterued
 In so ferr forthe that north and south and weste
 And este also is now full lytill reste,
 Bot day and nyght in euery shire thugh out
 With salades bright and iakkes make grete route.

O souereyne lorde, take hede of this meschefe,
 That regnyth now in londe so generaly ;
 Such Ryottours sende after by your brefe
 And prison so the partyse opynly,
 And raunson thaym ; els is no remedy :
 And seurte take of thaym, afore ye cese,
 With thayr neyghbours forthward to bere the pese,

Enrolled in your courte of Chauncelry,
 Thar to abyde for alway of recorde :
 For your Iustyse of pese darr noght reply
 Suche tyrauntes that perteyne to any lorde,
 For parseners thay bene of suche discorde ;
 Or els thay ere the comon Barectours
 Or of suche folyse the pryuy manteynours.

Or els thay bene so symple of estate
 The malefesours by law to Iustify :
 Or els thay bene with fe so alterate
 That thay darr noght agayn suche Tyrany
 By thayre office, so do no remedy ;
 Iustyse of pese thay bene, as I deme can,
 As now on days men call the blacke oxe swan.

Bot, O gode lorde, by ye the chefe Iustyse
 Of pese thugh oute your londe as for a yer
 Withoute fauour or grace to excersyse
 Your offyce wele after your hiegh power,
 And ye shall wyn heyn to your mede full clere,
 And Rychesse also of fynes for thayr outrage,
 That suche riote do make ouer your homage.

⁵ This and the previous stanza appear with but slight variation in the later version Ellis, p. 388.

And at the leeste ye may sende hem ouer se
 To kepe your right in Fraunce and Normandy :
 Thayr hiegh corage to spende and Iolyte
 In sauynge of your noble Regaly ;
 For better is ther thair manly vycory,
 Than her eche day with grete malyuolence
 Make neyghbours werre with myghty violence.
 Men chastyse ofte grete courours by hakenayse,
 And writhe the wande while it is yonge and grene ;
 Therfore whare so er any such affrayse
 For both partyse sende, forth to come, I mene,
 To your presence riall what so er ye bene,
 And putte thaym in suche reule and gouernaunce,
 Than men shall drede youre wytte and gouernaunce.

III. THE CONCLUSION

⁶ How the maker of this commendeth his maystir syr Robert Vmfreuile, and by exemple of his gude Reule to enforme the Kynge to kepe the publike profite of his Reme and with pees and lawe.

In this mene tyme syr Robert Vmframuyte,⁷
 That was my lorde distilde by kynde nature,
 Thurgh besy age, right as I can compile,
 To suche waykenesse he might no more endure,
 Bot fell so in his graue and sepulture
 Thurgh cruell deth that wyll forbere no wyght,
 Whom so afore that neuer man conquer myght.

Thof my body here be a symple wyght
 Abydyng at the wyll omnipotent,
 My herte with hym shalbe bothe day and nyght
 To pray for hym with all my hole intent.
 A beter lorde I trow God neuer yit sent
 Into the north of all gode sapience,
 Ne so helply with knyghtly diligence.

Ne contekour he was in his Cuntre,
 Nor neuer drewe swerde ne knyfe to Englyshman,
 Ne Riotour, ner neuer made assemble
 Agayn neyghbour that any man tell kan.
 The Comonte he halpe and neuer ouer ran ;
 A trew Iustyse of pese in his Cuntre
 He was alway withouten partyalte.

A beter knyght was neuer in that Cuntre
 To kepe the trewes whils that it dyd endure ;
 With costage grete eche wouke in sertaynte
 Days of redresse to euery creature,

⁶ In the margin are illuminated the Umfraville arms : gules, a cinquefoil, the field powdered with crosslets paty, or.

⁷ Robert Umfraville died on 29 January 1436.

To Scottes he helde, and Englyssh also full sure ;
 Who so complaynde of ought it was reformed,
 So godelyly to pese he hym conformed.

In so ferr forth his Iugementes wer approued
 That Scottes feel byyonde the Scottysse see
 Thar own Iugges forsoke as hole reproued,
 And by assent to Berwyke came I se ;
 And bonde thaym thar to stonde to his decre,
 And plesed were with all his iugymentes,
 So right wyse was his reule and Regymentes.

With Couetyse he was neuer yit infecte,
 Nor key of lok kepte neuer in his possession
 Iewell ne golde, so was he hole protecte
 With gentyll herte by his discreccion.
 Comon profyte withoute oppression
 Was his labour and all his diligence
 In pese and werr with hole benyvolence.

Bot noght forthy whan enmyse gafe vp pese,
 And it away with werre had hole exilde,
 As lyon fell he putte hym forth in prese,
 The werre maynteynde and kepte hym vnreuyld.
 What so men gat couetyse noght hym fylde,
 The wynners had it all withoute surpnyse ;
 For whiche the folke wer glad to his seruyse,

And with hym rode away euer at his wyll,
 So hole he had thayr hertes to hym inclyned ;
 What so he wolde the londe assent hym tyll,
 His language so thair hertes medycyned,
 So benygne was and trewe it vndyrmyned
 Thair hertes hole to loue hym at thair myght,
 And go with hym whar as he went to fight.

Of the Garter full eght and thretty yere
 He was a knyght electe for worthihode,
 Whan his lyfelode exceded noght all clere
 An hundreth marke to leue vpon in dede,
 Bot oonly of the werres thurgh his manhede ;
 Yit helde he than a countenaunce and estate
 With hym that was a baron nomynate.

His seruantes wolde he noght rebuke ne chide,
 Bot softly say to hym in pryuyte
 All his defaute and as his preest it hide ;
 And whan thay stale his gode that he dyd se,
 He wolde it layne fro his other maynee,
 And noght repreue hym more in any wyse,
 So was he kynde withouten couetyse.

An hardyer knyght was neuer none gatte ne bore,
 For at my dome he was neuer yit aferde;
 Nor wyser knyght for to deuyse afore
 The fetes of werre, with whiche he had conquerde
 His foose full ofte and made thaym many auerde;
 Nor frear knyght of herte was none I gesse,
 So he want noght he count by no rychesse.

A clenner knyght of his leuyng was none
 In all degre withouten vice detecte,
 And as of treuth he myght be sette allone;
 His worde so sadde was wele and euer protecte,
 With variance yit that it was neuer infecte;
 In so ferre forthe his fose had delectacion
 Mor in his worde than neyghbours obligacion.

Of sapyence and verry gentylnesse,
 Of lyberall herte and knyghtly gouernaunce,
 Of hardyment, of treuth and grete gladnesse,
 Of honest myrth withoute any greuaunce,
 Of gentyll bourdes and knyghtly daliaunce
 He hath no make: I darr right wele auowe;
 Now is he gone, I may not glose hym now.

His vertuse dygne so hole were and plenere,
 That thay hym made so excellent in all,
 That fortune satte hym on hir whele so clere
 At his deuyse and wolde neuer latte hym fall;
 Ne his honoure she suffred neuer appall,
 Bot euer hir whele tyll hym she dyd apply
 That of his fose he had ay vyctory.

And yit he faught vndyr his own banere,
 And what also vndyrnethe his penon,
 Eghtene tymes agayne the Kynges fose clere
 In socour of the Kynges Region,
 And nothyng for his own opynyon,
 Bot in defence of all the comonte
 Marchyng so with the Scottes in his contre.

How the Kynge shulde Reule moste specialy the comon profyte
 of his Reme with pese and lawe aftir syr Robert Vmfreuile.

Treuly he was a Iewell for a Kynge
 In wyse counsayle and knyghtly dede of werre;
 For comon profyte aboue all other thyng
 He helped, euer was nothyng to hym derre,
 In werr and pese comon profyte he dyd preferre,
 For that poynt passed neuer out of his mynde,
 Which poynt he sayde shulde longe a Kynge of kynde.

Wharfore to yow, moste souereyn prynce and lorde,
 It fytte wele that poynte to execute,
 The comon wele and verry hool concorde,
 That none ouer ronne your comons ne rebute,
 And kepe your lawe as it is constytute,
 And chastyse hem that market dasschers bene
 In euery shire that now of new er sene ;

In euery shire with Iakkes and Salades clene
 Myssereule doth ryse and maketh neyghbours werre ;
 The wayker gothe benethe, as ofte ys sene,
 The myghtyest his quarell wyll preferre,
 That pore mennes cause er putte on bakke full ferr ;
 Whiche through the pese and law wele conserued
 Myght bene amende, and thanke of God deserued.

Thay kyll your men alway by one and one,
 And who say ought he shall be bette doutlesse ;
 For in your Reme Iustyse of pese bene none
 That darr ought now the contekours oppresse ;
 Suche sekensse now hath take thaym and accesse,
 Thay wyll noght wytte of Ryot ne debate,
 So comon is it now in eche estate.

Bot this I drede full sore withouten gabbe
 Of such riottes shall ryse amore mescheue,
 And thugh the sores vnheled wyll brede a skabbe
 So grete that may noght bene restreynt in breue ;
 Wharfore gode lorde, iff ye wyll gyffe me leue,
 I wolde say this vnto your excellence,
^s Withstonde the first mysreule and violence.

Wythstonde, gode lorde, begynnyng of debate,
 And chastyse well also the Ryotours
 That in eche shire bene now consociate
 Agayne youre pese, and all thair mayntenours ;
 For treuly els wyll fall the fayrest flours .
 Of your coroune and noble monarchy,
 Whiche God defende and kepe through his mercy.

Who prayeth yow for any contekoure,
 Whether he be Duke, Erle, or other estate,
 Blame him as for the verry mayntenoure
 Of suche mysreule contecte and eke debate :
 Whiche elles your lawe wolde chastyse and abate,
 If mayntenours wolde suffre it haue the course
 That playntyffs myght to lawe haue thayre recourse,

^s In margin : Principiis obsta ne deterius contingat.

The lawe is lyke vnto a Walshmannes hose,
 To eche mannes legge that shapen is and mete ;
 So mayntenours subuerte it and transpose,
 Thurgh myght it is full low layde vndyr fete,
 And mayntnanse vp in stede of law complete ;
 All, if lawe wolde, thynges wer by right reuersed,
 For mayntenours it may noght bene rehersed.

Consyder nowe, moste gracious souereyn lorde,
 In this tetryse how long your auncetry
 In welthe and hele regned of hiegh recorde,
 That keped pese and law contynuly :
 And thynke thay ere of all your monarchy
 The fayrest floures and hieghrest of empyse
 And sounest wyll your foreyn foos suppryse.

Consyder als in this symple tetryse,
 How kynges kept nayther law ne pese
 Went sone away in many dyuers wyse
 Withouten thanke of God at thayr decese,
 And noght were dred within ner out no lese,
 Bot in defaute of pese and law conserued.
 Distroyed wer, right as thay had deserued.

Consyder als, most souereyn lorde and prynce,
 In these Cronycles that hath bene redde or seyne
 Was neuer no prynce of Bretayns hole prouynce
 So yonge as ye wer wan ye gan to reyne ;
 And thenkes hym that was so your wardeyne,
 Aboue all thynges that is omnipotent,
 That keped yow whils ye wer innocent.

Consyder als, he⁹ that the dyademe
 Of Remes two, of Englund and of Fraunce,
 Vpon your hede bene sette, as dyd wele seme,
 In tendre age suffred withoute distaunce
 Thurgh pese and lawe and all gode gouernaunce
 Whiche if ye kepe, ye shall haue vycory,
 Shall none gayn stonde your noble monarchy.

Consyder als, moste souereyn erthly lorde,
 Of Frenssh ne Scottes ye gette neuer to your pay
 Any tetry of trews and gode concorde,
 Bot iff it be oonly vndyr your Baner ay ;
 Whiche may neuer bene by reson any way
 Bot iff your Reme stonde hole in vnyte
 Conserued wele in pese and equitye ;

* *Read how.*

Than may ye wele and sauflly with baner
 Ryde into Fraunce or Scotlonde for your right,
 Whils your rereward in Englund stondyth clere;
 With you hauyng gode power for to fight
 Vndyr your baner, the enmyse will yow hight
 Better trefy within a lytill date
 Than in foure yere to youre embassiate.

How the maker of this boke compleyneth his greuance and sore to the
 Kyng touchant the Euydence of the souereynthe of Scotlonde, that he
 gefe to the Kyng and noght rewarded as the Kynges wille was.

O souereyn lorde, to yow now wyll I mene
 Myne owne erande that greueth me full sore.
 Your noble Fadyr, most famouse as was sene,
 To me, his pore liege subgyt, that was bore
 Iohn Hardyng so, promysed for euer more
 Fourty pounde by yere of londe assised
 Whare that it myght by reson ben deuysed,

To holde for ay to me and to myne hayres
 For feute fre of all maner seruyse
 In fe symple to thaym and to thayres:
 So thought he wele that it wolde me suffyse
 For my labour amonges his enmyse
 And costage grete with sore corporall mayme,
 Whiche I may neuer recouer ne reclayme.

For to enquire and seke his Euydence
 Of his riall lordship and souereynthe
 Of Scotlond, which longe to his excellence
 Of auneyen tyme ande longe antiquyte;
 And vndyr that that prynce of dignyte,
 Your Fadyr, so gafe me in commaundement
 Scotlonde to spyte than after his extent;

How that it myght bene hostayed and destroyed,
 Whatkyns passage wer for an hoste to ryde.
 Thugh out that londe, with whiche thay myght ben noyed:
 And what tounes stode vpon the Este se syde,
 Whare that his flete myght mete hym and abyde
 With his vytayll and all his artelry
 His hoste to fressh in eche coste by and by.

Whose charges so I labourde bysyly,
 And wrote it all to his intelligence,
 And drew it eke to byde in memory,
 Lyke as he bad me of his sapience,
 And as me thought was moste expedyence
 For his noblay to haue that londe conquerde,
 With grete costage I spyed it and enquerde.

Of whiche Cuntrey a figure now depaynte
 To your noblesse right as my wytte suffyse
 I haue her drawe, whils that this boke remaynte
 To byde with yow and with your hayres wyse,
 By whiche ye may it hostay and supprise,
 And conquerr it as your priorite,
 Or by concorde reioyse your souerente.

For whiche lyfelode I pursewed to your grace,
 And vndyr neth your lettres secretary
 And pryuy sele that longed in that case
 Ye graunted me to haue perpetually
 The maner hole of Gedyngton trewly
 To me and to myne heyres in heritage
 With membres hole and all other auauntage.

Bot so was sette your noble Chaunceller,
 He wolde noght suffre I had suche warison
 By counsayll of your trusty Tresorer,
 That wolde not parte with londe ne yit with ton,
 Bot rather wolde er I had. Gedyngton
 That ye shulde lese your riall soueraynte
 Of Scotlonde, whiche longe to your Rialte.

Youre patent couth I haue in nokyns wyse,
 Bot iff I serued to all youre wyse counsayle,
 To whiche my purse than myght nothing suffyse :
 Wharfore I yede than home withoute avayle.
 Thus sette thay me all bakkhalf on the tayle,
 And all your grace thay dyd for me repelle,
 Youre lettres bothe thay dyd fro me cancellle.

Bot vndyrneth your Fadyrs magnificence
 Thay durst noght so haue lette his right fall doune
 Ne layde on syde so riall euydence
 Appurtenaunt vnto his riall croune :
 For whiche Kyng James vnto my warison
 A thousonde marke me hight of Englisshe golde,
 Deliuerde thaym than to hym iff I wolde.

O noble prynce and moste souereyn lorde,
 Meruell yow noght thof I thus sore compleyne,
 Seth my makynge stode in his mysericorde,
 That now is dede and all my truste in veyne ;
 And no wyght wyll for me ought to yow seyne ;
 Youre offycers vnfaours his promyse,
 That som tyme wolde haue plesed hym in all wyse.

[In the following chapter Hardyng describes

How the Kynge may moste esely conquere Scotlonde, with a figure of the londe and the myles fro towne to towne, and whare his flete may vpon euery coste mete hym, begynnyng on the Este coste of Scotlond at Berwyk on Twede; and how he may charge the wardeyns of Marche to do with lesse costages if he will abide at home.¹⁰

At the end (fo. 226^v) he gives the two stanzas following, as an Envoy: with slight alteration they reappear in the later version at the beginning of the Excusacion to Edward IV.¹¹]

Off thys mater I haue sayde myne intente,
Like as I couthe espy and thare inquiryre;
Whiche if it may yow plese and wele contente
Myne herte reioyeth to comforte youre desyre,
And of youre grace euer more I yow requyre
For to consider my losse in this matere,
My mayme also that neuer more may be clere.

Besechyng euer vnto your Rialte
To take in thonke this boke and my seruyse,
Thus newly made of my symplite:
Amonges makers that neuer was holden wyse;
Bot yit I wolde in that I couthe deuyse
To your estate Rial do some plesance,
To whiche I lakke nought elles but suffishance.

The Anglo-French Peace Negotiations of 1806

IN the *Napoleon Correspondance* (no. 10604) there is printed a draft treaty with the emperor's notes on it. The text of the draft was not in the French archives, but was obtained from the British foreign office records. M. Coquelle in his *Napoléon et l'Angleterre*, published in 1904, regarded it as a document presented by Lord Yarmouth, conveying the offers of the British government; and he blamed the emperor for not accepting such favourable terms. It was pointed out, however, in this *Review* (xx. 817) that several of the clauses were inconsistent with such a supposition, and that the draft seemed to have been prepared in the French foreign office.

The eighth volume of the *Dropmore Papers*, which has been published this year, throws some fresh light on the document. On 1 August, when Fox was too ill to attend to business, Lord Grenville (who was acting for him) wrote to the king:

Mr. Goddard, who was the bearer of Lord Yarmouth's dispatch, has brought with him the enclosed notes of a project which Monsieur Talleyrand

¹⁰ Cf. *Chron.*, ed. Ellis, pp. 423-9; see p. 476, above.

¹¹ *Chron.*, ed. Ellis, p. 420.