

THE ROMANCE OF MANEKINE

PHILIPPE DE REMI HAS AIMED, in composing this romance, at giving delight to all his hearers—and benefit as well, if they care to pay attention. But if there is anyone present who is pained by listening to something worthwhile, for God's sake let him not stay here! It is neither courteous nor sensible to disturb a storyteller. I would as soon cut peat in a bog as relate anything before people who are full of base qualities, those who reveal all the bad things they know about while they are mum on the subject of anything good. And so, before beginning, I wish to invite them to depart, or at least not to heckle or make noise; for a fine tale goes to waste when it is not understood with the heart. Therefore I ask all ill-disposed persons not to listen to this tale that I am putting into verse. And if I am not skilled at clever rhyming, no one should be astonished, for I know little of scholarly matters and never composed in verse before.¹ I have embarked on it now because the account at hand draws on true material, and no one should keep to himself something that may give pleasure to others. And now I pray God that He let me carry to completion the work I have undertaken, and that He bestow blessings on all who think well of it. I shall begin forthwith, not lying by so much as a single word, except to stretch out my lines as straight as I can align them.

Once upon a time there was a wise and courteous king who ruled over all of Hungary.² He had a highborn wife, the daughter of the King of Armenia. She was so perfected in loveliness and virtue that anyone could travel for a long time before finding her equal. I shall not pause to describe her, but launch into the tale, which relates that they were together for ten years without having offspring except for one daughter. But she, to my knowledge, was the loveliest of any ever conceived of humankind. The child received the name of Joy because of the many people who were joyful at her birth. And God, who favors all good things, bestowed upon her all that ought to be provided by Nature, who unstintingly gave her beauty, goodness, discernment, and nobleness. Never was a girl of her age considered to be so wise.

Then came Death, who will never weary of turning high things to low and who spares neither king nor queen, but changes sunny weather into fog and makes happy people sorrowful. Nor will she ever take ransom for

anyone she holds in prison, young or old, except for the bare, livid body; for this, everyone laments. She did not await the Queen's old age, but so attacked her that her complexion, lovelier than a budding rose, lost all its color. The Queen was quite bedridden. This was far from suiting the inhabitants of the country, who were in great distress for her, or the King. He stayed beside her, unable to tear himself away; he could not help weeping when he could find no physician who knew anything about curing her.

One day he said: "My dear lady,³ I am very concerned to see you so pale. Given your age, you ought not to leave me yet." She said, "Sir, truly, neither old age nor youth averts the will of God. Often the first bier is filled by the person expected to occupy the last one. If God wishes it, so do I. I well know that I must die and that it cannot be otherwise. But by that great love that you have often shown me, I beg you to grant me something as reward for all I have done well."⁴ "Certainly, lady," the King answered. "There is nothing in this world that any man could do for a woman that I should neglect to do for you. Just speak your will; I am eager to carry it out, I swear it on my fidelity."⁵ "Now my mind is at ease, sir, and so I entreat that after me you will never take a wife. And if the princes and counts of this country do not want the kingdom of Hungary to pass to my daughter after you, but insist that you marry in order to have a son, I make this concession: if you can have a wife who resembles me, you may form a union with her and avoid all others, if you are to keep your promise to me." "Certainly, lady, I grant you this; I shall in no way fail to keep my word."

When the Queen had gained this point, she turned her thoughts toward her soul and made her confession. She felt Death pressing upon her; she asked for the last rites, and they were all given to her.⁶ Then she passed away from this world. Many people wore themselves out with weeping for her. Even the King fainted over her many times, without anyone being able to comfort him. When he saw the Queen borne before him, dead on her bier, he lamented bitterly. No greater mourning was ever seen. She was buried in noble style. Her tomb was made of silver, gold, and precious stones, good, bright, and filled with power. The dukes and the prelates who were at her burial were portrayed on the tomb in ivory carving of wonderfully fine workmanship. They spoke together in pairs and it seemed as if they were overwhelmed with grief.⁷ When the funeral Mass had been sung they returned from the church. Some of them departed; but the great barons remained to comfort their lord, whose heart was heavy.

All deaths must be forgotten. The King honored the covenant that he had with the Queen. He was for some years with his daughter Joy, whom he

greatly cherished because of the love that he had had for her mother. Every day the young lady grew in sense and beauty, in worth and faithfulness and good manners, until she reached the age of sixteen. She was devoted to serving and honoring the Virgin Mary. Daily she went to worship her with prayers that she knew, before an image designed in the Virgin's likeness. This was Joy's delight and her training.

Now I turn to the barons of the country, who by and by held a meeting. Many of the great personages attended it. When all were assembled, they elected the wisest one to declare what had brought them into conference. "My lords," he said, "hear me. In this land we have a king who had a wise and virtuous wife. Her death is a great loss to us. Of that consort he has no heir except for a daughter who, truth to tell, is very good and courteous. Nevertheless the Kingdom of Hungary will be in peril if a woman has it in her power. We would do well therefore to go to the King and beg him earnestly to take a wife according to our counsel." They answered: "This is good advice." All agreed with this proposal; there were no dissenters. On the third day they went to the King where he was in residence and requested of him that he marry for the honor of the kingdom. He replied, "My lords, I shall not. I shall never take another wife, for I made a covenant with my spouse that never would I remarry unless (I must not lie about it) I should find her equal in beauty, in behavior, in elegance. And I do not believe that such a woman is to be found under the moon. But if she can be found, then for the welfare of the country you see me ready and willing to comply with your wishes."

When the barons had heard his answer they chose twelve messengers, courtly, wise, and well taught, who knew several languages and who had all seen the Queen. (She had provided for them and advanced them, and so they minded less the great hardships they endured in going in search of her equal.) And these twelve, two by two, by order of the King and the barons of the land, went off on what would be a futile errand. Once they had as much gold and silver and provisions as they wanted, they decided that they would seek her for a year and then return. Six of them, in three groups, went toward the east and the others⁸ toward the west, searching through many countries. They saw the daughters of many a king and count and thought nothing of them. They experienced much toil and hardship, without attaining the goal of their quest. The account of their troubles would make for painful listening. After seeking in numerous places, without hearing any news pleasing to them, they returned at the beginning of the next year—but not as they had set out. They had departed rich and happy, poor and downcast they came home; they had left in two ships, but returned in six.

At Christmastime they found the King and all his barons with him where he was holding a great plenary court.⁹ There were many sorts of people there: ladies, and many a damsel who thought herself the most beautiful. At dinnertime¹⁰ the messengers arrived and narrated their fruitless quest. Hearing the report, the barons scarcely rejoiced. But the messengers were not blamed. Far from being paid with straw,¹¹ they got white silver and red gold, with which each one could make up a fortune. I shall leave them and speak of the King and the barons who were with him. At the court were also a number of archbishops and abbots and bishops. There too was lovely Joy, with many a lady in her company. The damsel was sitting at table, served by one of the barons in attendance. (May God give him suffering! For great misery came upon the young lady through him, as you will soon hear.) This baron was much troubled because the King had no son. He too had heard the messengers. He looked at the damsel, who was pink and white; it seemed to him that she was her mother, except that she was younger.

When they had all eaten, the barons of the country promptly gathered in council. And the count who had carried lovely Joy's platter said to them: "So help me God, my lords, the King will never have a wife, nor will anyone find one such as he wants to have, unless, to speak truly, it is arranged that he can marry his daughter; except for her, there is not her mother's peer in the world. But if the prelates who are here, who will be in a difficult position if a bad ruler comes over them, wished to bring it about that the marriage of those two would be valid, I believe it would be to the benefit of everyone in this country." There were those who agreed with these words, and those who disagreed strongly. They argued at length among themselves. At last the clerics concurred that they would entreat the King to do it and would take the responsibility upon themselves. They would show the Pope the great benefit for which they had acted.¹²

They promptly went to the King and drew him into a council, saying: "Dear lord, because you cherish us, we should like to have an heir of yours to keep this kingdom. But you have sworn an oath to have no wife except for someone who closely resembled the spouse you had first. You see that in no way can a woman like that be found, except for one whom you are bound to love: your wise daughter. And so we beg you to take her in marriage. We advise you to do this, and we take on the responsibility for the matter. Do not be anxious about this, for a person may well commit a small wrong in order to avoid a greater one." "My lords," said the King, "I tell you that I shall not do this, not for anything. It would be too great a transgression." "Indeed you will, Sire! Even your clergy wish you to do it. And if

you refuse, your liege men will oppose you.”¹³ When the King saw that his barons wished him to do their will, he asked for a delay until Candlemas.¹⁴ Let them come back then and he would tell them whether he would refuse or comply. They granted him this and broke up the council. On the following day they took leave of the King and departed.

The King remained with his daughter, cherishing and honoring her. One day he entered her tile-paved chamber as she was combing her hair. She looked around, and seeing her father close to her she blushed with embarrassment.¹⁵ “Sir, welcome!” she said. “Daughter,” he said, “good day!” He took her by the hand and seated her beside him. Looking at her very attentively, he saw that never did Nature form a woman more skillfully than Joy, whom she had adorned with beauty greater than Helen’s,¹⁶ the cause of much suffering to the Trojans, killed, vanquished or exiled. But it has often befallen that through women the wisest and the most scholarly men have been destroyed; and sometimes with no guilt attached to the women for whom those men committed follies and excesses. The consequences turned upon the men, and upon the women also, for as is often said: one person’s wrongdoing is often paid for by someone who is blameless.¹⁷ So did lovely Joy pay. For her father, touched by the spark which Love knows so well how to strike, let himself enter her path little by little; he was unaware of it, but he looked at Joy more willingly than ever before. Reason,¹⁸ which set herself up in opposition, told him to depart lest he fall into danger. So he did; he took his leave of Joy and she commended him to Jesus. In departing, he carried away with him the dart of Love, which caused him much distress; she shot him so subtly through the eyes that she struck him in the heart.¹⁹ He could never afterward find a cure before undergoing much affliction.

One day, Reason gaining hold, he took to complaining: “I may well despise myself, since I am not to win what my foolish heart desires. Love, which treats me like this, is behaving outrageously, making me love with a base and unreasonable passion whether I wish it or not. I well know that the one for whom I am so tormented is my own daughter. This frame of mind is foolish and ignoble; I have been brought to it by my barons and my people, who have pushed me into it. Yet why do I sigh about it? Do I not have from the prelates not only the permission but the entreaty to marry her? Unless I myself have some objection, I may both relieve my longing and also satisfy the greatest men of my realm. The other day, when I refused to grant them this, I was behaving like a fool. Like a fool? No, I acted wisely, for it is not at all customary that anyone should take his daughter in marriage. They make me contemplate folly. Folly? Yes, so they do, for there is nothing

reasonable in it. No, I shall not wed her. It would be outrageous. I must promptly withdraw my heart from her, my heart which keeps thinking of her. But from now on I forbid it to do so."

Thus the King debated within himself. But Love tried another strategy, for she told him of the young girl's great beauty and her manners, thereby canceling out completely the thought that he had had a short while ago; he did not in the slightest remember it. He was so stirred up that the fire could not be extinguished; he had to remain in that mad inclination. Thus he was of two minds, made to suffer by Sense and also by Love, who were at war within his heart so that they pushed the King now toward Sense, now toward Folly. Love bound him to a foolish inclination, and Sense attacked him from the other side, showing him that he must draw back from what Love advised him to do, since great misfortune would soon result. But this was useless, for Love attacked him so fiercely that whatever Sense showed him was contradicted by Love. And when Sense saw that the King was leaning toward Love and abandoning Sense, it sadly departed. Love, though, did not leave him, but was glad when Sense fled, for now the King was in her power and she did as she liked with him. Over and over she made him suffer, leading him on until she brought him to the decision to speak of it to his daughter, for whom Love was tormenting his heart.

And so he came into her chamber, where she received him amiably. Taking her by the hand, he seated himself beside her on a fine coverlet. There was no one there to disturb them. "Dear daughter," said the King, "don't be displeased by what I want to tell you." "Surely, sir, what you wish cannot offend me. Say whatever seems good to you; whatever a daughter should do for a father, I must not refuse." "My child, that is a fine answer; and I shall indeed not tell you anything that you ought not to do for me. For with the approval of my barons, I am giving you a husband, one who is by no means far away. I had a covenant with your mother that I would never, as long as I lived, remarry if I did not find her equal. But no such woman can be found—except for you; this is how things stand. And my barons do not want the Kingdom of Hungary to remain without a male heir after me. Therefore the clergy have given me leave to wed *you*; *you* shall be crowned Queen. At Christmas I would not agree to this, but told them all that at this coming Candlemas I would give them an answer. And now I am indeed of a mind to do it, provided that you agree."

The young girl understood what she was being told; but she was devoted to God, and so her father's proposal revolted her. She said, "Father, if you please, you can leave off such talk; for no one could make me think it right

for a man to marry his own child, according to our law. People who give you ungodly advice and urge you to do such a thing are full of wickedness. I'd never agree to it, not for anything; I would rather die. I am not obliged to do what would put my soul in peril. Far better that you should repent of the pledge that you made to my lady mother, for you made her a foolish promise. Take a wife who will bring you honor. In the whole world there is no man so proud that he would not rejoice if you wanted to have his daughter. And so I beg you to leave me in peace. My heart will never, for anyone, be brought around to wedding my father. A woman who loses her soul pays too dearly."

Hearing that he was making no headway in the matter of most importance to him, the King was even more determined than ever. He replied angrily: "Indeed, daughter, I shall do it, since I have leave to do so. You have answered me foolishly; but I realize that you do not know any better. If you do not wish to do my will, you will soon suffer for it. I shall never entreat you about this again. Candlemas is near, when all my barons will return, and I know that they will urge me. On that day I shall take you in marriage. Until then, I shall say no more to you." Before she could answer, the King left the chamber, without another word.²⁰ The damsel remained there, in great distress. "I wish I had never been born," she said, "since I am now brought to this: that my father will marry me. He will not give it up for anything, since he and his barons are so set on it. But I would rather be dead, for it is against the Heavenly King, and no one can reasonably do what they want to make me do. I really think that they will compel me. They will not leave off for anything I say—unless they see in me something that will make them renounce this project."

Time passed, and Candlemas came. The barons, knights, and prelates of the country all returned to court. They were received joyously by the King, who assembled so many people that it seemed as if never before had he held so great a court. All sorts of goods and riches were offered in profusion; everyone took as much as he wanted. It was so ordered by the King, in the expectation that he would soon gain what he desired. He cared nothing for the refusal that his daughter had made, for he took it into his mind that a woman's thoughts are so much wind. He well believed that he could overcome her resistance at the bidding of the barons and the prelates in attendance, who came to him and urged him not to disdain their counsel and to take Joy in marriage. The King answered that he would do it willingly, since it was needful and they all agreed on it. They were delighted that the King was minded to do their will, and told him that they would go to fetch Joy. "We wish no postponement of this match, lest it come to nothing."

They believed that they held in their hands something they were actually very far from grasping. To the hall Joy had sent a spy, who was eager to learn all their deliberations. And as soon as he had overheard them, back he came and told Joy how the knights and counts were coming to fetch her for the King. When she heard this she was so terrified that she did not know what to do; she burst into tears. Now she was certain that unless she could find some way out, her arguments alone would be worth little to her. But she would not wait for the courtiers to come. She left her maids-in-waiting, none of whom took notice, and slipped away. She went along from chamber to chamber, until she came into a kitchen adjoining the wall of the great hall on one side; from the other side the kitchen bucket would be lowered into an extremely swift river, not far from the sea. All the cooks in the palace had gone to see their lord pledge his troth to his daughter, so that Joy was all alone, and full of consternation. On the sideboard she found a great meat cleaver. The young girl picked it up, and had the idea of cutting off her hand and letting it fall into the river, called the Yse,²¹ which is wide and deep. Then she began to lament: “Alas! Now I can truly claim that I have come to an evil pass. For if I cut off my hand, the King will take no pity on me; in truth he will know that I have done it to thwart him. How unfortunate I am! I know that he will have me burned at the stake; I shall have no other reward for it, truly. I must be mad, to want to bring about my death in anguish while I can well save myself and avoid this pain. How? By wedding my father. My father? Alas! A bitter life I should have, through fear for my soul. Virgin Mary, sweet Lady, I ask, I beg your counsel: please intercede with your Son about this. Since with my whole heart I plead for help, I know that I shall not be refused.”

Joy struggled and agonized until she heard the hue and cry of those who were in her chamber, meaning to escort her to the King. Now she saw that there could be no more indecision. Holding the great knife in her right hand, she stretched out her left hand until it was on the windowsill. Never before did a woman do this: she raised the knife very high and struck her fist so hard that she made it fly far down into the river. She fainted from the pain. While she lay unconscious her hand was swallowed by a fish, one called a sturgeon. (It seemed very happy about this; it went frisking downstream.) Recovering from her faint, Joy managed with her other hand to wrap a handkerchief around her stump, which hurt very much. Her complexion, usually rosy, was now colorless (which was not surprising). She emerged from the kitchen and returned to her chamber, where she found four counts waiting for her. They were very pleased to see her, and said: “My lady, it is a

fine piece of news that we are bringing you. But be glad! You will be queen of Hungary. The King awaits you in the great hall; through us he commands you to come to him without delay. The King well deserves to be honored by you, and so do all those of the country who have striven and searched so much that you will have a golden crown on your head. The one who does this for you gives you a fine gift. Now come along, for they are all asking for you. The prelates who are awaiting you will sever this bond of kinship; they will marry you and the King."

The young girl answered briefly that since the King had summoned her she would go to hear his pleasure. Pale and wan, she went off with the escorting counts and many noble damsels. She was led into the great hall where all the barons were gathered and, around them, many a knight who loved the young girl for the great goodness they knew to be in her. They were all glad at her arrival; the King greeted her amiably. She answered appropriately, wishing that God might grant them a good day. The King took Joy by the hand, then embraced her warmly. Glancing down, he noticed her bandaged stump, "Daughter," he said, "how did you get this hurt that gives you such trouble?"²² He explained to her all that had been said to him. The speech pleased her little, and to whatever he told her she responded with few words: "Sir, I have understood you well. But I may not be a queen, for I do not have a left hand, and a king may not take a wife who does not have all her members, upon my soul!" Then she drew out her stump, bound up with a kerchief.

When the King and the assembly saw the arm and perceived that the hand had been taken off, in no time at all their happiness turned to dismay. Never before in so short a space did joy turn to such sorrow; for they took to shedding tears without end. The King, who very well knew that she had done it intentionally to avoid complying with his will, took no account of the steadfastness for which she had mutilated herself, but fell into such wickedness because of frustrated desire that he had her seized by his guards and put into a dark, grim dungeon. He swore to God that she would be burned alive the next day—but he would not be there; he did not want pity to take hold of him and perhaps cause him to relent. He called his seneschal to him and commanded that, without any opposition, on the third day he was to burn the Princess at the stake, "If you wish to carry out my will; and if you do not do it promptly, I shall have the same done to you. If ever I get you in my power you will suffer for it and so will any man of your family afterward." (The barons were dismayed at this but did not dare to show it.) "Sire," he said, "I shall do it, since I have the order. I should not dare to neglect it, however much it may grieve me."

Thus the court broke up, a court of weeping and sorrow. The King himself went off to a castle of his, not wishing to stay where he was. His seneschal and his provosts remained there, as ordered, to carry out the sentence upon Joy, down below in the prison.

Now we shall turn to the kindly jailer. Into Joy's dungeon he let down one of his daughters,²³ who kept her company; and with them they had burning torches so that they could see clearly. And if they had wanted to eat they would have had food²⁴ without hindrance. But they were not so inclined, for their hearts were heavy. In a short time the news traveled throughout the country; it was promptly known everywhere that Joy was to be burned. All the common people were dismayed. The poor especially, those to whom she was accustomed to give clothing, were full of sadness. Throughout the country you would have heard it said, if you had been there, "God! What a sorrow and what a misfortune comes to the dwellers in this land on account of the best woman who ever was born, who will be burned alive without mercy simply because of the goodness that is in her!" So they were all saying, quite broken down with grief; and they cursed the man who had brought this affliction upon her.

As for the seneschal, who was wise and full of good faith, he was greatly troubled because of the cruel order that had been given to him. Out of anxiety, he did not sleep for two nights. "Alas!" he said. "If I burn my lady I know well that I shall lose my soul; and I shall never be loved by anyone who hears of it, not a single day. And on the other hand, it often happens that while a person is angry, he does or causes to be done such things that can displease him afterward. Perhaps the King will yet change his mind; and if he does, and I have burned her, it would be better for me to be in Tarsus or in greater India, for I should still have a bad time of it. I shall not burn her ... I don't know what course to take. What shall I do, then? If I drive her away, I can still get into trouble. I fear my lord; I well know that when he returns he will want to burn *me* to death. What shall I do? I don't know how to help myself, nor what is the lesser evil. But seeing that both these courses are risky, I shall not in any case let her die in such cruel torment. It is not very far to the sea.²⁵ I'll take her there at midnight, no matter what. I'll put her in a boat and furnish her amply with wine and food for a week. But with her there will be no companion, no oar, no mast, no rudder. If it pleases God the Heavenly Father that she should voyage to safety, this is the outcome I hope for. And if she dies out there, I shall not see it. May she be in God's keeping! And to keep anyone from reporting that I saved her from death, after I've shipped her off I'll have a big pile of thorny branches made; and at daybreak,

when she is out at sea, I'll have the fire lit before anyone can get to it. Then I'll give them all to believe that she has been burned, and I'll say that because of the common people, who would have made a demonstration, I had it done before dawn."

He lost no time in carrying out this program. He sent for the jailer, who came to him without demur, since he both loved and feared him, and asked him what was wanted. The seneschal replied that he wished to have his pledge: that he would never reveal what he was about to hear, and that he would help him to do something. The jailer quickly promised him this. Now, feeling confident, the seneschal explained the matter, how he had planned it and how he hoped to accomplish it. The jailer answered that this business was aimed in just the right direction; he advised hurrying it forward without losing a moment. "If you wish, here I go." The seneschal said that he did wish it, and the jailer went on his way. Coming to the sea, he hunted about until he had found and purchased everything needful: a boat and food and wine; and then he got back on the road. He told the seneschal that he had carried out his commission. "Well done!" said the seneschal.

They got three horses ready. On one of them they mounted Joy, who was scarcely joyful; the two men mounted the others. They departed from the city without being noticed, because of the dark night. They were resolved not to stop until they came to the sea, and straight to the ship that was awaiting them. Joy asked, "What does this mean, sirs? And by what design have you brought me here? Truly, never has a king's daughter been led away in so unseemly a manner." "Lady," the seneschal said, "know that I was ordered by the King to burn you in a fire without delay, on pain of losing my life. But the pity in my heart does not allow me at any price to kill you in such torment. And so I place you in God's keeping; may He guard and guide you! For, you must know, it troubles me greatly to be acting so; but I have no choice. The King is evil minded and rash; I greatly fear his ill will. I can tell you one more thing: if he learned that you had not been burned, the misfortune would fall upon me."

The damsel answered him: "Truly, good sir, they all of them do wrong, those who have brought me to embarking alone upon the salt sea. I have not deserved it. But since this is how it is, I'd rather be drowned than be burned, if it pleases God the Heavenly King. Since you had the order to do it, I am grateful that you have saved me from burning. And also from my heart I pray the true God to forgive my father for his sin against me, and to give him greater joy than remains to me." The seneschal cried hard, and the jailer as well. Weeping, they put her into the boat; then, commending her to God,

they pushed her off into the sea. Now may she go where God leads her! For the separation distressed them.

Turning back, they rode to the edge of the city. There, before daylight came, they had four carts filled with wood and taken to the fields. At dawn the seneschal set fire to the thorny branches. Off into the city went the jailer to raise the hue and cry; he kept saying: “Alas! What a pity, Joy, for your great goodness!” When the people of the town heard him thus lamenting their young lady, they asked him: “What has happened to her?” He answered that she had been burned. In a short time the town was in an uproar. Everyone nearly went mad with grief. They all went running toward the fire, where the seneschal was stationed; he kept assuring them that she was in the fire, and made a show of sorrow. Through such a ruse, he gave the people of the country to understand that Joy had been put to death. At this, the common people thought themselves badly abused, and the King was much hated because of it.

The seneschal went straight to the King and told him that he had carried out his order; and the King was very pleased with him, being still angry. (But afterward there would come a day when he would feel remorse having caused such anguish to be given, wrongfully, to his daughter; and then he would repent of it bitterly, as anyone can hear who wants to listen to the whole story.) Concerning the King and his barons and the people of Hungary I leave off here and return to Joy, alone in her little boat.

There she had a wretched time. Often she prayed to God and His Mother to save her from peril and bring her to a safe harbor. One good thing did happen to her: the skin grew back over her stump and it healed very well. But her heart was heavy. Truly, this is no wonder: a young girl at sea, without company, without sail or mast, oar or rudder, might well be anxious. So she was, and lamented aloud: “Fortune, for me you have turned over your wheel soon and badly.²⁶ You raised me up upon it to where I had joy and contentment. Now it seems to me that from such a height you have thrown me just as far down, beneath your feet, and no pity moves you—never before, because of doing the right thing, did any woman suffer such a reversal—no pity for me, who go alone and wandering night and day on the salt sea.

“Dear Lord God, by whose goodness all good people are rewarded, You who to save us from suffering were willing to die in pain upon the cross, because of the sin of Adam and Eve, from both of whom many a woe came to all who were born before the virginity of the Virgin was known or Your holy flesh had come—for there were awaiting You in Hell many worthy people who had died: Adam, Eve, Saint Abraham, and David, professing his

faith in speaking Your holy words, from which he had the Psalter written. He it was who prophesied, understanding in his heart that You would will to be born of a woman, and that in no other way could the first sin, committed by pride-filled Adam, be pardoned. True, sweet God, before that might happen, Adam had to leave the world. And thus it was: whoever left the world had to go to Hell to endure great pain. For many years this custom lasted, one that was very hard on the good people. You no longer wished to permit it, but came to accomplish what David had prophesied. For thirty-two full years You suffered poverty on earth. You took upon yourself the war that the Devil waged on man merely for a bite of an apple, and You engaged so much in that war that You received five wounds on the cross where You were fixed, and pierced in the side with a lance. There You willed to give up Your soul; and without more delay You went into Hell to seek Your friends whom the devils had seized. You broke down the strong gates of Hell and brought out all Your friends, and for this act the devils were aggrieved. There will never come a day when they do not lament it. Then You willed to rise from death, and to visit Your apostles on the day of the Resurrection. It is well known that both before and afterward You performed many a miracle, like One who does His good pleasure as He wishes things to come to pass. Fair Lord God, as surely as I believe that what I have related is true, so may it please You, through Your goodness, that I may be guided to such a harbor that no one will harm me, and where I may be delivered from this sea, if it pleases You that I should go on living.”²⁷

God, who heard her prayer, did not wish to forget her. He so guided her boat that an arrow shot from a laburnum-wood bow would not fly with such speed as that boat did, day and night. Joy was at sea for eight days. On the ninth she caught sight of a land that is near England; Scotland is its name. Just then, on the first Sunday of Lent, the people of Berwick²⁸ were at the seaside, where they were enjoying themselves. Some were stamping their feet, some leaping; they all were playing hard. Such was their custom; they had gone there for many a year. With them, seeing to it that they would not become so bold as to fight among themselves, was the provost. He turned his face toward the sea and saw the vessel approaching. He could not help watching it because it was approaching so swiftly and because he saw no one steering it. He signaled to the people who were there, pointing out the boat that was coming so, without sail or mast. They all watched it attentively. Meanwhile the boat drew near, not stopping before it reached the shore. The provost and the others came up to it and beached it. In the boat they perceived her, the one who had come without any company.

The provost, a man practiced in speaking wisely and well, greeted her appropriately.²⁹ "Young lady, may that God Who never lies give you good adventure and joy!" "Sir," she said, "may He whom you have invoked hear you!" "Young lady, do not conceal your origin from us; and, if you don't mind, we want to know your name." "Sir, I am an unfortunate woman come to shore in this place. If it pleases you, you will save me. Know that through me you will learn nothing more." "Truly, fair lady, I agree to this. I believe that, if someone has wronged you, you have arrived at a good harbor; for you will be taken to my lord, king over all this land, a young and jolly bachelor. You will be well placed with his mother; there you will lack for nothing." "Many thanks, sir," she answered. With joy they kept her with them and took her into the city. On that day much attention was paid to her lovely person (though her face was pale from the hardship she had undergone). The provost came with her to his house. He questioned her much concerning her story, all day long, but she said nothing about it; and so, through weariness, he let her be. He thought that there was much goodness in her. That night he made her very comfortable with two daughters of his. On the next day, when it was light, he did not wish to stay longer. He had Joy mount an ambling palfrey and took her straight to the King at Dundee, where he had his principal residence (as did his mother with her ladies-in-waiting). They came to the court and dismounted at the mounting block.

The King was seated at dinner; with him were twenty-three great lords. The provost came before him, holding the lovely girl by the hand. First he greeted the King, and then the barons who were with him. "Sire," he said, "today I bring a fine acquisition to your court. Yesterday I and your people were at the sea to amuse ourselves. Soon there came along a little boat in which there was no one but this young girl. I believe that she is of high rank, for she is very courteous and wise; but she has one hand cut off, a wound that is well healed. I know nothing more of her situation, although I have questioned her about it. She refuses to tell me anything, but I know that she is suffering from her adventure and from her hurt. If she had not had misfortune, I believe that no one so beautiful was fashioned even from stone or wood. Now she is yours, and you can do with her as you like, without opposition, since she has come here as a castaway. If you consent, let her be taken in. She will be well placed with my lady; and, if it pleases God, she will behave in such a way as to win her love."

What his provost told him was very agreeable to the King, for he was full of goodness. He called Joy close to him and addressed her courteously. "Fair one," he said, "I should like very much, if you don't mind, to inquire about

your country and your people. Tell me; and be sure that this will bring you no harm, for you shall have whatever you wish, to your heart's content." The damsel answered: "Sire, all those who are kind to me perform a very good work, for I am poor, without any possessions, come from a foreign country all alone across the salt sea, like a wretched unfortunate and the most miserable thing alive, one who would prefer not to exist, if it pleased the Heavenly King. Let no one inquire anything more about me! I would rather be on my bier than narrate my trouble. I'd sooner die." While she was speaking in this way the King looked at her and saw tears falling from her eyes. Because they disfigured her he sent her away to the Queen, requesting her not to fail in gratifying the damsel's wishes and not to pain her by inquiring about anything that might upset her, until such time as she would seem happier than she was at the moment. The Queen did not neglect to carry out her son's request. And she induced her ladies-in-waiting to honor her and love her. All that day the provost remained with his lord; on the next, he left him and went back to where he had come from.

Joy remained at court, much attended to and much loved. But they did not know what to call her and could not persuade her to say her name, her country, or her part of the world. One day the King went to see her and hear about her situation, if possible; but he could not bring her to speaking of it. Therefore he said, "Since we do not know your name, we must still call you something. So be it: I proclaim that you will be called Manekine."³⁰ (Thereafter she had this name for a long time, as you will hear. She did not wish to identify herself because her heart ached at the baseness of her father, which she was paying for in many ways.)

Now Manekine was in as much comfort as she had been distressed before. She conducted herself so courteously and agreeably that soon everyone took pleasure in watching her. And she was cautious of those who serve through slander; for no one could say anything but good about her, unless he were to lie. The ease she was made to feel made her beauty return; for the King caused maids to serve her at her pleasure and give her whatever she needed without stint. She made herself beloved by everyone who knew her, and everyone who heard about her esteemed her highly. They all said that her behaving so wisely in a country other than her own came from a good heart; they gave her much credit for it. Word of her spread so much that even those of the country who had never seen her were well disposed toward her because of her virtues as reported by the men and women who were with her. Even the King liked her very much. Every time he stayed at Dundee, where he had a residence, he went in Manekine's direction. With her he

would engage in courtly pastimes. She knew so much about the game of chess that no one could have checkmated her, however expert he was. She knew chess, backgammon, and several other enjoyable games that she played with the King, without any unseemliness.

The King went there and returned so often that later, many a day, he thought himself a fool. For when an arrow is released, it cannot be drawn back before it has made its flight; likewise, when love has flown through the eyes into the heart, it absolutely cannot come out before hitting its mark. And often it makes many a man and woman suffer, lament, and languish and throws them into many long thoughts. This love is highly perilous. If it were not delightful, if the suffering did not please the heart, it could not be endured. And how can suffering please? This is a quite contradictory thing. How can it be pleasing, this anguish that one feels night and day? And how can there be, in love, anything that must be called pain or sorrow or torment? I shall tell you straightaway, so that you will say that I speak the truth, if you know how to look within yourself.

Love is an inclination by which many hearts have been tested; and I shall relate how.³¹ Love has many messengers in the world: these are the eyes. Every heart directs its eyes where it wishes and must believe them entirely. And all eyes are by nature more stupid than beasts in a pasture, for they look at what pleases them most, not taking notice of anything but the heart's inclination; for they are placed so artfully that they are the light for the heart. And the eyes, encouraged by Nature, are very eager to see a beautiful form. Then come Nature and Inclination, who do as they will with the eyes and through them look at what most delights them; and when they see something pleasing, they promptly seize the heart and demand that it take notice of what is before it. The heart quickly pays attention, so much so that it lets its guard down. Love attacks it from front and rear and leaps through the eyes to the heart, then so stirs it up that it is set to yearning. From this the heart, bound by so many cares, is deeply wounded and goes from one extreme to the other, more than summer differs from winter.

Having told you of the suffering that Love can bring, I shall say why she is called Love. It is because people love that from which frustration can come, while hoping to gain what they long for. This hope does great good to those who have such desire, since because of it they better endure the trials that a lover can experience. People in love feel both suffering and hope. At one moment the hope of what they desire advances them, and at another they lose heart and torment themselves in vain. By this you may well understand that Love is gentle and tender to one person and, to another, bitter and

distasteful. Anyone who trusts her is a fool; to one she is a stepmother, to another a mother; to one she is generous, to the other stingy. Love is both good and bad, death and life, joy and sorrow. One person loses from her, another gains; therefore it is right both to rejoice and complain. The illness of Love is cold and hot; now it is ice, now it is the sun. And if anyone plunges into it, it is no wonder if he is beaten. These two people took that plunge, and were beaten thoroughly.

To return to my tale, the young girl called Manekine pleased the King so much with her beauty and her manners that he was pierced by the desire with which Love strikes her own. She bound him with such strong bonds that he could not thereafter free himself except through the one for whose bondage a great longing came over him, a longing that afterward caused him great trouble. But on this occasion Love proved herself better than she is toward many people; for, if the King felt pain for Manekine, she for her part was not unscathed. Love assailed her too, binding her as well. And so she loved the King, and he loved her; they had a common affliction. They were both inspired with a single desire and inclination. But to tell the truth, he did not at all know her will, nor did she know his. They would agree together very well if one of them knew that such a desire would be pleasing to the other. Yet neither of them knew of the other's love.

To begin with the King: his trials were severe. One day, after he had left the young lady and bedtime came, he retired, but sleep did not come. All night he tossed and turned; his thinking grew muddled, and he said, "I must be quite witless, when I think so hard without finding any answers, and yet I cannot keep from constantly remembering the one who delights me so much, today and yesterday and every day when I spend time with her. Is this love? Yes, I believe so, for I think of her day and night. I did not believe that there was anything harmful in love. Yet there is; the thought of her so weighs on me that I see only two solutions, both bad: if I keep her as my mistress, that love will be false and fleeting, and I should be strongly blamed for it. I ought not to agree to it at any price. What shall I do, then? I shall take her in marriage. Take her? What am I saying? I shall not! I don't know where she was born. Perhaps she had her hand cut off through some misdeed of hers and was sent out alone on the sea because of it. That cannot be; God made her with His own right hand. Truly, from what I can see in her, she did not deserve such a fate. But it happens in many a court that someone who has done no wrong is punished."³² Supposing that she has committed no crime; still I don't know who she is. Perhaps she was born of base people. Of base people? No, she never was. I am wrong to impute baseness to her; it is proud

and wicked of me even to think of it. For that, I should do penance. It is very apparent from her behavior and from her person, which is so elegant, that she is extracted from a great lineage, for never before did Nature shape so fair an image in this world. She is so beautiful that it seems to me, when I look at her, that her clear eyes, her sweet looks want to say to me: ‘I want you.’ No, they don’t! This is what troubles me the most.³³ Pale eyelids, lovely nose—Lord! How well placed it is! And it is neither too short nor too long. She has long, curling hair, and attractive ears, which support the treasure that God has placed on her head³⁴—which can be no hardship for them; and it isn’t, for they support it very well. Her brown eyebrows become her so well that I could not express it. And then her clear forehead, broad, white, and smooth—I never saw one so well shaped. Lord! What a mouth she has, and what teeth, close together and white! It seems as if they are made of ivory. It would be a great delight to anyone to kiss her as his sweetheart. I am at a loss to tell³⁵ of her sweet face, which makes my heart surrender and consider itself hers; for against its whiteness I see a rosy hue; it becomes her wonderfully well. As for her chin and her throat, there is no reason why anyone should turn from her, for never was so lovely a throat borne by any lady or girl. Neither bones nor veins appear there; it is like shining crystal. There never was any creature with her noble person, her figure. If I were embraced by her arms, I should be happy forever more. But I am speaking to no purpose, again. If anyone looks at her lovely hand, fine and white, the fingers white and delicate and straight—if only she had, in one fling, made a sweet circle around my neck (provided that she had her other hand), to me it would have been worth a hundred thousand marks! Nothing would ever trouble me after she had so embraced me. And when I see her little breasts, developing and firm, which shape her garments, it’s no wonder if they trouble me. Everything I see in her makes me desire her love.

“And yet I should be blamed and called a foolish king if I took her in marriage. I can’t help it, for my love of her holds me so tightly that she seems worth more than anything I might have without her. Without her, truly, I should die, for I should never find a cure. Therefore it is better to take her than forever entertain such a desire. So I shall do: I shall take her in marriage, if I have her consent. Her consent? Then the choice is not mine, if she does not want it first. Want? Lord! What would she want, then? There is no woman in the whole world who is not highly honored if she is crowned queen. How could a poor woman refuse a crown if it’s given to her? How? Because she would not dare aspire to accepting so great a distinction. Accepting? Truly, she will, she will never be so foolish, I hope, as not to be

inclined to honor and serve me so as to deserve my love. That's all there is to it; however it may go (provided that there is no objection on her part), I willingly grant that she will be my queen and my lady. So-and-so will promptly criticize me; but if he knows her behavior, his heart will soon be changed, and he will say that the country will be blessed with a good queen." So the King meditated every night in his bed; his thoughts were his delight. I do not believe it ever happened that Love held in her prison any king as she did this one, who was anxious in two ways: if he took her in marriage he feared that it would not please his people; and if he did not take her, he believed that it would be the death of him.

In such torment and indecision he thought night and day of his beloved. But *she* was always thinking of *him* and feeling every bit as much distress. At night, when no one heard her, she would lament and say: "Alas! Why was I born? What has brought me to this? Where does such folly come from, such a notion, such boldness as I see in my unstable heart, which shows me that I love the King? No one would have thought of that except me, for I am the most foolish woman in the world. My heart, which urges me so, went to a very silly school. If it pleases the King to treat me nicely and to play with me at backgammon and other enjoyable games, and if he keeps me company, do I believe on this account that I am his beloved? That he is thinking of me? This is an empty hope. He does this out of courtesy. Didn't he preserve me from death and save me from great shame? Do I believe, on that account, that he condescends so much as to love a wanderer, one who has one hand cut off? Don't I remember that I cut off my hand to avoid being a queen? And so I am thinking what cannot be, since I shall not be his wife; and I would rather burn in a flame than be his mistress. If he is handsome and noble in appearance, he may wish this more than anyone. Must I suffer on his account? No, not if I pay heed to Reason—but she is scarcely in season within me, when I cannot turn away my heart from him. What shall I do, then? If my heart remains with him, it works at a task that will never be rewarded. And so it is better to keep quiet, lest something worse should come of it. If my lady noticed anything and knew my mind, I'd be badly off; I well know that it would be the death of me. Therefore it is far better for me to control myself than to give in. No gain can come from it, nothing but trouble. Now I want to go to sleep, and not think about it any more."

She did expect to fall asleep. But Love came to arouse her, Love who cares for no reason and goes about nothing straightforwardly. She so pricked her and goaded her, excited her and stirred her up, as to make her relapse into folly, more deceived than ever. Now she refused him, now she wanted him

again, now she sighed, now she suffered for him, now he grieved her, now he pleased her, now he was agreeable, now he offended, now she said that she would love him, now she said that she would not. In such thoughts she tossed and turned, comfortless in her bed. The nights seemed very long. "Now, Day, it is really too much to bear," she said, "that you do not come. Ah! Love, how you possess me! I see well, however it may go, however long I remain with you, like it or not I must do your will. I must be yours, whatever danger I see here. I don't know whether I can survive. Now there is nothing for it but to endure and to hide my feelings, so that the Queen may not know them and no one else may take notice. Now I must frustrate the inclination of my heart; and shall suffer for it. I never knew before what Love is; and I never wanted to meddle with her. I have learned about her in a short time. But since I have undertaken to serve her, I shall do her will to the very end. Truly, I must love, for in my name I see the reason why.³⁶ Am I not called, by my baptismal name, Joy? That name as much as signifies: having the joy of love. From now on I should be wrong to blame Love, for she has honored me and led me into so exalted a love that I love the King himself. In the future I must not complain of any suffering that I have from her. I give myself entirely into her keeping, yet I don't know whether I shall ever enjoy it. I shall endure in hope."

Thus she struggled with herself, in travail and pain. There was not a night when she did not turn over a hundred times before day came. (Thus they were to love each other for seven years,³⁷ and both of them were sorely tried.) They played games together often, and she had the impression that the King had a tender feeling for her; therefore she behaved more cheerfully.

But the Queen took note of this and read their hearts. God curse her, body and soul! There was no such wicked lady in the world. She became very cunning because her son was clearly far from hating the girl, and she was convinced that they loved each other dearly. But this love would come to an end, if she could do anything about it. Therefore she sent for Manekine, who, fearing and respecting her, came without delay. The Queen said straightaway: "Manekine, so help me God! It seems to me that my son willingly puts himself in your path and that he loves you wholeheartedly. And so I forbid you to keep his company anymore if you value your life. Wicked slut, what right have you, what inclination forces you, to keep company with my son? You will pay for it. If this happens again, you will be burned in a fire. Now take care that it doesn't recur, if you don't want harm to come to you."

The damsel answered: "Lady, by the Lord of the world, never has my lord asked anything dishonorable of me. You do wrong to blame me and call me

wicked, for truly I have not deserved it. If my lord, who gives me everything I need, invites me out of courtesy to play games with him, it would not be polite of me to refuse." At that the Queen became angry and said to her: "You will abstain from it, or you will come to an early death." "Lady, that would be a bitter dish. I shall abstain, then, from now on." Thereupon she left with a heavy heart and in tears. She had good reason to lament. "Alas! Now there will be no lack of sighs and sadness; they will always be with me. How for a single day shall I be able to keep from my friend, from my lord, who has honored me so much that he preserved me from misery after I escaped from the sea? I must love him a thousand times more than I do his mother, who has set me such a cruel prohibition. But now I know what I am to do: I'll tell him about this order and how I am hated on his account. If he wants my company after that, I do believe that he will save me from death. He will not fail me, in spite of his mother."

In such conflicting thoughts she waited until the third day, when the King returned to her tile-paved chamber. The other ladies made way for him. And Manekine was more shy than usual, because of the interdiction that weighed on her heart. She was trembling from fear. The King, looking at her, guessed that she was uneasy and was far from being pleased. He said, "My sweet friend, why are you so flushed? By the faith that you owe me, I beg you not to conceal the reason." "Sire, you have entreated me solemnly, and so I shall not hide from you why I am afraid. My lady told me that she will have me burned to ashes in a fire if she ever again hears that you are keeping me company. That is what frightens me." "Indeed? My friend, did she say that?" "Yes, Sire, so help me God!" "Friend, do not be dismayed, and set your heart at ease, for I shall protect you well against her. And from now on I shall not hide from you what I have kept to myself for some time. I see that my feelings are clear to my lady mother, and to others; yet I have never spoken to you about them until now. I realize that if I delayed too long I might lose what I desire. And so I beg you to listen to me and give your heart to my words.

"Know truly, my sweet friend, that you are my life, my wealth, my health, and my joy, the one to whom my heart surrenders for all the days I shall live, the one to whom I belong and always shall, the one for whom (if she wished it) I want to live and die. You are the one for whom I want to do without hesitation whatever will please her, the one I love in good faith at least as much as I do myself, the one of whom I am always thinking, and with much distress, the one for whom I weep and sigh, the one of whom the desire and the thought do not let me sleep, desire and thought from which my heart

will never be turned, if not by you. From you comes the spark that makes me daydream and tremble, hope for good things, and then know fear. It is Love that has given me such an inclination, setting up her court in my heart. The sweet desire for you pierces me. I have been in such a state for a long while. Through longing for your company my heart has a hard time of it; it covets nothing but you. And understand from the outset that what I ask of you is without any base intention. I love you with good, true love. If it pleases you that I may have you, I grant you wholeheartedly that you will be my lady wife and will have a crown on your head. All the country hereabouts, Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall,³⁸ will be yours without fail. I shall be the lord of it, and you the lady. And you need have no fear about my lady mother, or about anyone who might do you harm. Thus Love gives you my favor. Now do not refuse it, for it would be folly to do so."

The damsel, listening, heard what made her heart rejoice. Without showing outwardly the joy she was feeling, she answered: "Sire, it is scarcely fitting for you to condescend to me; I am not at all suitable for you. Therefore it would be reasonable for you to give up this love and make no such plans. If you ever plighted your troth to me you would hear so much talk, both from my lady and from other people, that it would take away this inclination of yours. That is what would make me suffer. If once I had entered into such an honor, being deprived of it would be very hard. Therefore it is better for me to aim low than to reach high only to come down. Nevertheless I do not refuse you. My heart would be considered very proud if it withdrew from you and refused so great an honor. But if it pleases you to take me in marriage, keep me with faithfulness." "In God's name, fair one, so it will be, as may God keep me from peril! Every day I live I shall love you with a faithful heart."

Then he took her by the chin,³⁹ acting like a man who loved and esteemed her very much, kissed her more than twenty times, and said: "Do not be uneasy about anything, my dear friend. From now on, honors and riches will come your way. You are not unpleasant to kiss, for your breath is very sweet. Now I shall be happy evening and morning. Come, now! I am taking you to the palace; there are my people, who many times have requested that I send to England to seek out one of the King's daughters. But know, once and for all, that my heart is so set upon you that I have not wanted another wife since I perceived your good sense. You are the one from whom I expect to have joy throughout my life." Then he took her by the hand and led her off with him, hand in hand. And along with him he called the ladies who were murmuring among themselves because those two had

conversed privately; they were saying: "If my lady knew of this conversation, she would be very much on the watch to shame this damsel." Thus they were whispering; but in a short while they would hear something that would astonish them much more, for when the King called them they all trooped after him. The Queen was sleeping and knew nothing of all this. The King would have been loath to send for her, lest she oppose his plan, for she would be deeply offended. But if he had his way she would not know of it until after he had carried out his intention; then let the matter be known!

The King came into the palace, keeping Manekine close beside him. He sent for his chaplain, who promptly came. The King explained to him what he wished to be done. The priest did not dare resist his will, but rather placed their two hands together immediately, and united them by word. The King plighted her his troth and wedded her; the mass was sung straightaway.⁴⁰ It was done so privately that no one was present except for his household; his own retainers were there, much amazed at what the King had done. The event was soon reported to his mother. Such ill will seized her that never afterward did she do anything but plot to bring Manekine down from all honor, if she knew how and had the opportunity to do it. The King summoned her to the dinner but she went to lie down on her bed, saying that she would not go. "Shame on him for taking her in marriage and on anyone who henceforth will hold him to be king! Now he has done something really outrageous, taking in marriage a wanderer, a miserable woman, a foreigner, a woman with one hand. If only he were in the River Jordan!" The knights who heard this promptly left her, returning to the King and relating briefly how she had answered them. But the King showed no emotion. "If she wishes," he said, "let her come; and if she doesn't wish, let her stay where she is."

With as many people as he had there, the King behaved well and nobly that day. He was sorry that there were not more present. But he thought of something for which he was esteemed and therefore less criticized. From the day he took Manekine in marriage there were, as I reckon, only two weeks until Pentecost;⁴¹ and so he formed the plan of bringing together then as many people as he could. On that day he would hold his wedding feast and would crown his beloved in order to do her honor. Just as he had projected it, he carried it out. He sent word through all of Scotland, into Cornwall, and into Ireland, summoning ladies and knights to the feast. The news spread throughout the country, until everyone was informed that the King had Manekine. And so those who knew her were happy; all the others were troubled and kept asking who she was, what her character and conduct were.

"Who she is," they were told, "we do not know; but as to her behavior we learn that she is very courteous and wise and is disposed to doing good." Thus they were talking, everywhere in the land, some of them urging on the others; and so they said that they would all go to see the feast and celebration that would take place at court on Pentecost. There were few people who did not get ready.

Meanwhile the King was with his beloved, where they were leading a happy life. They lay together at night and had much delight, more than I could relate to you even if I had given it long thought. But in equal measure to the desire and torment that they had suffered, Love now served them with such enjoyment as true lovers experience in private. Very sweet to them were the embraces and touches, the kisses, the tender gestures, the solace that they had in each other's arms. And all that fortnight the King went to great lengths, because of his wife's entreaty, to bring it about that she might have her lady's love again. But his efforts were useless, for the old lady was seething from her resentment that *that* one would be Queen—not for any misdeed of hers that she was aware of but simply because envy was preying upon her. The King observed that the more he implored her, the more malevolent she became. And so, not finding in her any kindness or generosity, out of weariness he left her in peace and gave his attention to providing for his feast. He had the finest arrangements made that ever were prepared for a celebration. He ordered his provisioners to set up tents along the riverbank; and his plans were carried out just as he intended. At the water's edge, in the great meadow, the feast would be held. The day came, the people gathered; never before had so many come together.

It was in the sweet season when the nightingales sing because of the cheerful weather, when the meadows are green and flowering and the orchards are laden with the promise of fruit,⁴² when the lovely rose is in its glory—with roses ladies make garlands with which lovers do as they like—when the green grass, withered by the cold, has returned. Every bird in its Latin sings sweetly in the morning because of the new season, and all things revel. The water-courses receive again the waters that were scanty in the winter. Now the peasant girls run to dance the carol: Beatrice, Marietta, Margaret; with them they have Robin and Colin and Johnny.⁴³ Then they are off to the woods for lilies of the valley; they make all sorts of garlands before they come back. The nights and the days are delightful for those who are in love. In such a season as I am describing falls Pentecost, that high festival.

On the day before the feast the court assembled at Dundee. Many an ox, pig, and bear were killed there to provide meat, so many that I cannot know

the number.⁴⁴ If only you could have seen the ladies come and take the knights by the hand! All the tents were filled with dukes, counts, and barons. In the evening, when they had had supper, they all gathered in the meadow as if it were high noon; for I tell you truly that there were burning torches; no one ever saw larger ones. No wine or meat or wax was denied to anyone; each person had as much as he wanted and received it gladly.

When all night long they had danced carols and made noise, and day was about to break, they went off to rest a little so as to be fresher the next day. The Queen, rising early, was dressed with great care. Her hair was bound with a thick golden cord; on each finger were two rubies. (The weather was never so gloomy that you could not see quite clearly with the great brightness that came from them.)⁴⁵ Her lovely body was clad in a gown woven with gold, sewn all over with pearls. I can scarcely describe the material of her belt, except to say that there were many golden plaques held together with links of fine, clear emeralds. A precious alms-purse hung from it. At the buckle there was a sapphire that was worth a good hundred marks of silver. On her breast there was a clasp of gold and many precious stones. A mantle of cloth-of-gold was closed at her neck; nobody ever saw one like it. The lining was of sable, which makes people very elegant. On her head she had a crown; its equal could not be found anywhere. It was wonderful to look at for the precious stones that were in it and for the powers they had: emeralds, gleaming sapphires, rubies, jacinths, diamonds, of these the finials were made; more beautiful ones were never crafted. The crown above was of gold; but her hair was even brighter, more lovely and shining than the gold, you can take my word for it. She was beautiful, and had such beautiful adornment that no woman ever had better. Such was her finery on that day. As for the King's clothes, they were as rich and handsome as they should be.

When they had heard the service,⁴⁶ they returned to the tents, where the dinner was ready. The preparation was splendid; there were more than five hundred tables for the great lords and barons (whose names I do not know, nor is there any need to know them). If only you could have seen those squires preparing to serve properly! Some sharpened their knives in order to carve before their lords,⁴⁷ and others had several tasks according to how it was arranged for whatever rank each of them was to serve. They carried in bread and wine in plenty; everyone had as much as he liked. On that day nothing was spared. The tents were strewn with lilies of the valley and violets and many other small flowers. When the servants gave the signal, the trumpeters summoned the guests to wash their hands.⁴⁸ The King was seated first, and then the others all at once. At this table and that, just as it

pleased them, they sat down side by side, ladies and knights together, no commoner mingling with them. If I described their food, I should stop here all day. So much, so good, of such quality was never before given by mortal man. Everyone had his fill of it and of whatever he wished to have: meat, fowl, game, or fish prepared in many ways.

After eating, they washed their hands. Then the minstrels went off, each to ply his trade so as to earn his pay. It would be a waste of time to go seeking elsewhere for music such as was heard there. Viols, pipes, flutes, bagpipes, harps, zithers and psalteries, horns and trumpets and clarions—all of these performed such wonders as were never equaled. When the guests had listened to them for a little while, they ran off to carol dancing. Such a carol was never seen; it extended nearly a quarter of a league. Through the carols moved knights and ladies, singing, decked out in cloth-of-gold and in silk. Every man and woman rejoiced, except for the wicked lady (God curse her, body and soul!), who refused to be there; she was as distressed as she could be. She remained at a distance of seven leagues, in a city called Perth.⁴⁹ I'll leave her now and return to the feast, where they all knew how to behave properly.

The ladies and the knights went several times to change their clothes on that day; then they would return singing and lightheartedly rejoin the carol. If it were not for the injury that the Queen had to her hand, nothing could be said against her by any man who admired her beauty. (But this defect greatly troubled all those who rejoiced at her good fortune.) She was much looked at on that day, so lovely, so well adorned, so pleasing in every way. Her beauty and manners so impressed them that they said among themselves: “The King does well; in the matter of his marriage we'll ask nothing more of him.” So said all the men and women; but when they would come to know her character better, they would love her even more. The festivities lasted three whole days, as great and as abundant as I have related before. And when they wished to leave, the King had each male guest presented with a goblet of gold or fine wood or silver, according to people's rank.⁵⁰ Similarly, Manekine by the King's order gave many a fine adornment to the ladies: belts, rings, brooches of gold, gifts for which she was beloved ever afterward.

With that the court came to an end, and all the guests went back to their own regions. They were no longer astonished at the King for taking Manekine in marriage, for they thought her admirable. The King remained behind, and his wife with him. They loved each other so deeply that they would not wish to be separated for a single day. (And yet they were obliged to part later, with great suffering, through treachery, as I shall tell you. May God give shame to traitors! In this world they have caused much trouble.)

Now the King was with his beloved, leading a very joyful life; and she was with her beloved, far from unhappy. If she had been at peace with her mother-in-law, there would have been nothing to distress her. She begged her husband to attempt bringing it about. Far from refusing, he went to great lengths about it, but without success. His mother told him in few words that she would rather let herself be torn apart than ever find Manekine pleasing. The King replied: "I'm sorry; but seeing you in such a state of mind, I do not wish you to be with her anymore; you might soon make mischief. If you did her any harm, you would lose my love forever. I give you two choices; take one of them: either you set aside your anger toward her, or you receive your dower.⁵¹ If you do not wish to pardon her, I shall give you Evolint⁵² and the castles round about it. There you can settle. You must elect one of these options; tell me your pleasure." She said: "Since you have given me this choice, to be plain, I want my dower and nothing else." "Lady," said the King, "this grieves me, for she is very good and courteous. It is at her request that I entreat you, my dear lady; but I well see that it is useless. I put Evolint into your hands." "And I take it." Thus his mother left him, and on the next day she departed. Off to Evolint she went, much aggrieved because Manekine was Queen; she hated her out of envy. So she left the court, the thoroughly wicked lady.

Manekine remained at court, treated with great honor by the King. And she behaved so well that she made herself much loved, for there was no bitterness in her heart. She did not fall into pride because wealth had come her way, but gave of it abundantly, especially to the poor. She arranged marriages for poor noblewomen. She led a very pious life, honored God and His Mother, greatly liked to be in church, would read her Hours and her Psalter.⁵³ She delighted in such works. Her fine reputation pleased the people of the country, and the more so the better they knew her. She gained the goodwill of all, the well-born and the common folk, with the single exception of the King's mother, who was bringing dislike upon herself. The people of the country came to hate her because of the lady whom they saw to be better, but who for all her virtue and good sense could not win her mother-in-law's heart. But now I shall leave off speaking of the people and of the Queen Mother, and turn to Manekine and to the King, who loved each other very much.

Now the story tells that until Easter they lived in joy and pleasure, as they should, until she became pregnant. But toward Easter she conceived. Before five months had passed the King was aware of this and was extremely happy. In his joy he thought that idleness would no longer hold him from going to

France in order to make himself talked about. He wanted to go to the tournaments.⁵⁴ (From this he later had such regret that no one could express it and no clerk could put it into writing.)

"The goat paws till she spoils her bed."⁵⁵ He came to his beloved and said: "I come to entreat you, my dear, you who are my heart, my life, my wealth, my health, and my joy, that you give me leave for a journey, to win honor. This ought not to distress you."⁵⁶ "Sir," she said, "I want to do your will, however much I must regret it. And so you can command whatever seems good to you. But now tell me what you intend to do." "My gracious dear, there is to be tourneying in France; this ought not to grieve you." "Grieve? With all respect, this is scarcely an explanation that pleases me. I am dismayed at this project, for I am alone in this country, hated by your mother, and carrying your child. And so I fear, if you are in France, that I may suffer harm. Here there is no one attached to me personally and no wealth that does not come from you. I have told you how things stand; answer me what you please." "In God's name, lovely one, you needn't be uneasy. I shall leave you under such guard that you will have no concern about my mother, nor about anyone who might wish you ill. It is fitting that I should gain honor while I am young. Only until Lent; I do not ask you for a longer term."⁵⁷ "Sir, this seems to me too long; and nevertheless I grant it, since this is your will. May God give you much more joy and health than remains to me!" The King observed that she was crying and he cried too, out of sympathy; weeping, he thanked her for giving him leave to go. After this he made no delay, but sent for a hundred knights, valiant, handsome, strong, and agile, and kept them with him to accompany him to the jousts. He had his ship prepared in the port at Berwick, laden with wine and food and outfitted with good equipment. When he had arranged for his journey, he set out for Berwick and was escorted that far. There he took leave of Manekine, whose heart nearly broke as they separated.

The King had a seneschal, a knight, whom he trusted more than any other man living. This man and two other knights were his counselors and had been of his household ever since he had been king. He called these three to him and said: "My lords, I am going away for a short time into another land to win esteem and praise. You will remain with the Queen, whom I love dearly. Guard her, upon your lives, and see to it that my mother does her no harm, for it would go badly for you if this happened. And if the Queen gives birth before I return, do not fail to send me, promptly, the news about her and her child; send it in a letter, without any deception, to France, where I shall be found. Take care to acquit yourselves so well toward her that she

gives me a good account of you, if you like being at peace with me.” “Sire,” they said, “we must not find it hard to do your will. May God let us carry it out so well that it may please both you and Him! From our hearts we have a covenant with you that we shall serve her faithfully.”

“Lady,” said the King to his beloved, “here are three men whom I trust more than all others in all the world, for upon their lives they have sworn to guard you so well that you will lack nothing suitable for any queen. And so I request, my dear, that you trust them completely and follow their counsel.” “Sir,” she said, “I shall carry out your orders. I do believe that they will act loyally, for they are faithful and worthy men. But you should know this: my heart warns me that we shall pay for this journey of yours. May God keep you from hardship and regret, as He is king and lord!” “Lady,” he said, “so may it please Him!” Thereupon he kissed her more than twenty times. Seeing that she was weeping, he tarried as little as possible, but took his leave and put out to sea. Then she fainted; she would have fallen to the ground, if the knights had not supported her. They took her into the town and comforted her.

When the King⁵⁸ had prepared for his journey and had taken his leave, he embarked with his knights. They took with them many warhorses, many sumpters and palfreys, many suits of armor and much equipment, much cloth-of-gold and silk. The King also had plenty of minted coins with which his expenses would be paid, for he intended to live in fine style. He was on the sea only one night, without experiencing storm or distress. The next morning, in high spirits, he arrived right at Damme.⁵⁹ He had his horses taken from the ships to the shore so expertly that they suffered no harm. Then he passed into the town, where his lodging was arranged. He inquired about the Count of Flanders and where he was to be found.⁶⁰ They told him that he was at Ghent, where he was making preparations for the tourney at Resson. This information greatly pleased the King. The next day, when daylight came, he did not wish to stay there but set out toward Ghent.⁶¹ The Count of Flanders had heard the news about the King of Scotland. He hurried to go and meet him; he greeted him and made much of him, saying: “Sire, it is a great joy to me that you are pleased to come here. You may do with me and my people whatever you wish.” The King answered: “Many thanks!” Thus talking they came to Ghent, and that evening the King and his retinue were with the Count, in cheer. And the King inquired of him about the tourney and where it was planned. The Count told him: “At Resson.”⁶² Then the King said: “We shall go there. And I have one request to make of you: that you agree to joining my company.” The Count willingly granted him this.

That night they were very much at their ease and lacked for nothing. The next day, very early, they all were on their way. That night they came as far as Lille, where they were also made comfortable, for the town belonged to the Count. Again they set out promptly. Leaving Artois on their left, they entered Vermandois, then kept on their way through Roys until coming to Ressons. There the King dismounted at the castle, Flemings and Scots along with him. Then others began to arrive and take lodgings and occupy them.⁶³ Boulonnais and Artesians, Brabanters and men from Vermandois, Flemings and Normans and men from Poix, Swabians, Germans, and Bavarians—all these men dismounted at Ressons, and through the windows they put out many a shield and banner of different kinds.⁶⁴ Into the other area, near Gournay, came men from Beauvaisis and from Berry, Bretons and Frenchmen, Poitevins and Hurepoix, and Champenois also, all coming to the tournament; they dismounted at Gournay. Thus they awaited the day of the tourney. And when it came, they all heard mass; then they armed themselves and mounted their warhorses. They advanced toward the field for jousting (no sport for cowards).

The King of Scotland came forward first; in his company were a thousand knights, all of whom he retained with him.⁶⁵ He had such fine trappings that his equal was never seen. His large horse was covered with a rich cloth of gold. And on it he himself, tall and handsome, made a splendid appearance, equipped as well as anyone might wish. On that day he had no device on his arms; they were of plain gold. He did this as a sign that his desire was attained; for his proper arms were such: three golden lions rampant, on a black field.⁶⁶ Such arms he ought to have, but he had removed the lions; he bore arms of pure gold. Close beside him was the Count of Flanders, who supported him very well that day.

Approaching from either direction, they had come onto the field. If you had been there you would have seen many a fine horse and also a variety of shields and banners. Some were black, others white, others of gold or silver, others tinted red and other hues; and the sun made the colors resplendent. In numerous places there were sounds of trumpets and drums, and many horns were blowing, so that the whole field resounded with them. When both sides had come forth, each man thought about whom he would fight and which group he would join. Then everyone took his position, putting on his helmet and holding his shield close to his body. The King signaled to his men to give him his shield; a knight held it out to him. Then they laced on his helmet, which was of gold, bright and shining and delightful to see.

Once it was on his head, he positioned himself in the forefront of them all. Well schooled in love and arms, his shield placed close to him, a thick lance in his fist, he pricked his horse and it hurtled him forward. He never stopped spurring until he reached an opponent. It was a French knight who lamented when they separated, for the King struck him so hard that he knocked to the ground both rider and horse. But the knight could not help falling, for both his saddlebows broke and dropped down beside him. The King had broken his lance; he immediately gripped his sword, with which he gave many blows that day, for without losing a moment the adversaries engaged him. More than twenty went striking at him, on the arms or the body. But he was so strong and aggressive and kept his seat so well that he was not unhorsed, but defended himself until his own people came at a gallop to aid him. At the encounter there was a clashing and noise of lances, which were broken on both sides; such blows were exchanged that it sounded like thunder. More than fifteen hundred fine lances flew into splinters at one shock. There were many men struck down, many a horse caught and held, and many that ran away through the fields, reins dragging at their feet. Some squires ran to catch them, and others to prevent it.⁶⁷

Now the general combat was joined, where there was much fine array and many well-mounted knights, and many others facedown on the earth. One man won, the other lost, for so goes the game.⁶⁸ They fought in more than twenty places. Many fighters were knocked to the ground; often with their swords they gave each other blows on the head, and sometimes too on the shields, so that all these were split. Each man tested his own adversary, and they did not go counting up their blows; for if one of them dealt a stroke, he got back three. Above them all the King proved himself, spurring through the melee, receiving and giving many a blow. Right and left he brought them down. Any man he struck came right down flat on the earth. The King did not go chasing their horses; that would not have been suitable. What mattered to him was striking well, attacking and defending well. He was so intent on this that he put his whole heart into it and busied himself to the point of attracting much attention. One person said to another: "Watch the great feats that man is performing! You hardly notice anyone else; he seems to be everywhere. Do you see how he receives blows and how he returns them? He doesn't spend too much time in returning the strokes that he gets; he quickly repays the favor. It's good to lend to such a man, for he knows how to pay back quickly. Look at the shield he has at his neck! Really, a dove could wing its way through [the holes] without touching the frame. There was never such a king as this one, who comes to a foreign land to win

fame and who conducts himself so well. All knights ought to esteem him highly." So, throughout the ranks, said all those who had the opportunity. And others tugged and pulled; they tore apart many good hauberks among them.⁶⁹ Many a knight went upside-down underneath his saddle on that day;⁷⁰ many a helmet ring was detached and many a face bloodied. It went well for one and badly for another; one was on foot, the other mounted; one lost, the other won. There were many combatants in the field who lost their horses and never got them back except for the men who had a master;⁷¹ but these men did retrieve their losses. In many places there were great mists from the heated breath. The sword blows came so thick and fast that if there had been two thousand carpenters carpentering in a wood, the noise would not have been so great.

So they carried on that day, not stopping until night came and separated them. They left the field quietly, and were not as they had been on arrival. The bodies of most of them were black and blue from the strokes they had suffered. Off they went, on horseback and on foot, until they reached their lodgings. The King with his companions came to Ressons and made straight for the castle. He was glad to get there, for he was much wearied by the many blows he had taken. He was quickly disarmed, and the Count of Flanders also, who had done very well that day, although I have not told of it. And the King gave the order that they all were to have supper with him. So they did. Every one of the knights on the Ressons side was invited to be with him, and they had plenty of food and wine. By the time they had had supper, it was getting light; then they went off to bed, for they badly needed to rest. After sleeping until terce they rose and dressed, and all went back to court.⁷² The King did not turn a deaf ear to them; he honored them greatly, calling them friends and companions. To many, he made good their losses and kept the best of them with him; he gave them many fine gifts. He did so much that, fittingly, he had the prize of the tourney; each man individually granted him this. There were numerous winners on one side and losers on the other; it was hard to decide which region could congratulate itself more.

Before the King left the place, and with the consent of the Gournay party, he set another tournament, at Epernay,⁷³ in a fortnight. They let this be known generally; in the King's name the heralds went crying it down the town.⁷⁴ It was not taken lightly; everyone said he wanted to be there. They were already beginning to pack their clothes and put their hauberks in bindings; thus they prepared to go, every one, to that tourney that was being cried in the King's name. There he went with his people and conducted himself

well and nobly. He loved the valiant knights and was openhanded with them. At Epernay they tourneyed, and the King had the prize. Thus, seeking esteem, he journeyed on through France, greatly exerting himself to do well. The result was that he had everyone's goodwill; whatever he did pleased them, and he was very welcoming with them all. But at this point I shall leave him and speak of Manekine.

After the King took to the sea, leaving her heartsick, she returned to Berwick but stayed only three days. On the fourth she went back to Dundee, for that was her favorite place in Scotland. She was escorted there by a large company, including the good provost, who first set her on her way when she had been taken from the sea. It was he who had conducted her before his lord at Dundee, with the result that she gained honor. Therefore the Queen loved him all her life; and she gave him many fine gifts, so that he was a rich man ever afterward. With him was the seneschal, wise and loyal, and also the two knights whom the King had entreated to guard her in company with his seneschal. These three would be very reluctant to leave her. They were of her household, and they had served her very well. They scarcely awaited her orders once they knew her mind, but willingly had her supplied with whatever was needful. Thus she lived in great comfort. Yet she saw nothing that pleased her when she could not see her lord. This was the distress that troubled her; but she comforted herself as well as she could because of the fruit she was bearing within her.

She carried it until she gave birth. She had the fairest child, a son, that Nature ever made. A more beautiful creature was never born. Swiftly the news traveled throughout the country that the Queen was delivered, and there was general rejoicing. And what did they do, the three knights who soon learned this piece of news? The seneschal called his two companions. "My lords," he said, "we must not delay. We need a messenger who will go to announce the news to the King in France; it will be very pleasing to him." They answered: "You speak truly. Get us one quickly. Write the letter yourself, and we shall be present to hear the wording." The seneschal, who knew both French and Latin and was able to write very well,⁷⁵ took parchment and wrote, beginning: "To the King of Scotland, his lord, to whom may God give joy and honor, greetings and friendship are sent by the seneschal whom he left to guard his land and his wife. I write to inform you that my lady is delivered of a child. Nobody ever saw a finer one. And she has remained well, she whom you have loved so much. The child's name is John. This is all of our news. But for God's sake, return quickly, if you please, for my lady misses you and finds it hard to do without you."

When he had written it all in this way, he read it out to his companions; they saw nothing to correct in it. They sent for their messenger and gave him the sealed letter, with the instruction that no hardship was to prevent him from going to France and giving the King that letter. They had him put it in a case; then they gave him money, more than he needed. He took leave of them and went off. In the morning, at daybreak, he set out, making his way straight toward the sea. In two days, not stopping, he reached Evolint, where the Queen Mother lived, and approached her residence. (This was unwise; but he was unaware of the hatred she felt for the young Queen.) He came up to her and greeted her. She asked him where he was going. He said: "To France, to your son. May God keep him from danger! I am taking a letter to him there. I don't know what words they put into it; I believe it is news that must be very pleasing to him, for my lady has given birth." "What sort of child does she have?" "I don't know, lady," replied the messenger, "except for what some people have told me: that it is a son who will be very fine if he lives until he is a young man."

What the wicked lady heard displeased her. Yet she gave the messenger no sign of the treachery within her heart. (It never was evident before the time came to pay for it, as she would learn.) In order to mislead him she had him given forty sous; and to confuse and deceive him she had him supplied with strong wine to drink. The wretch had no suspicion; he drank so much that he quite took leave of his good sense. When the wicked lady saw this, she smiled because of the evil she was plotting. She talked to him and flattered him so much that she made him lie down right inside her alcove that night.⁷⁶ He was longing to sleep. Because of the wine, which had gone to his head, his brain was all muddled; and so he slept. But that woman was awake. She went close to his bed and felt through his clothing until she found the case containing the letter. Jubilant, she quickly went away and called a clerk of hers from whom she did not conceal what she was planning. "Come here! You must do what I shall tell you." "Lady, speak, and I shall act." "Now detach this seal for me so neatly that I can have the letter out from under it and can replace it with another one." "In God's name, lady, willingly." Then he got what he needed. Prying off the seal with a very thin-bladed penknife, he opened the letter, which he read before his lady. "It says that the seneschal greets his lord and gives him to know how it is with his lady. He announces that she has a child, a son. Nobody ever saw such a fine one."

When the lady heard what kind of letter this was, she was far from pleased. She caused another, contrary letter to be drawn up. Just as she wanted it the clerk wrote it, putting in such words: That the seneschal sent

greetings to his lord and also conveyed to him, with much regret, some news at which he would not be happy. "Sire, my lady has given birth. But never before was there born such a thing as she has carried in her body. It has four feet and is covered with hair; sunken eyes and a big head—no one ever saw so hideous a creature. From its appearance it seems to be a devil. As soon as it was born it fled away, like a viper, from the hands of those who were holding it; they scarcely dared to pick it up again. Throughout the country, everyone who has heard about this is dumbfounded. Now let us know your will, what you wish to do with such an heir."

After dictating this letter, she had it put under the seal so that it would appear as if it had never been touched. She inserted the parchment into the case, putting it back where she had found it. Then she went to bed in her chamber and let the messenger sleep until the daylight woke him. Finding himself in there, he was much astonished; he feared that someone might have stolen his letter, and so he looked at the seal in his case and was much relieved to see it. He realized that he had been drunk; but now he was sober again. He thought that they had made him lie down there to rest in comfort; it was out of love for those whom he served, he believed, that such hospitality had been given him. He lost no time in getting ready. The wicked lady was already up (may God damn her, body and soul!), and sent for the messenger, who came to her promptly. She entreated him to return her way and to let nothing hinder him. He replied that since she wished it, he did not mind doing so. He would return that way willingly; no obstacle would hold him. When he had pledged this to her, he swiftly took leave; she gave it, and he went off straight toward the sea.

There he entered a merchants' ship that was bound for the Flemings. With a good wind they went sailing across the sea until they came to Gravelines. The merchants did not hold back the messenger, who took leave of them and went off, not stopping before Saint Omer. There he asked where the tournament was set. "It's to be right between Creil and Senlis,⁷⁷ this coming Thursday." After hearing this, he went on his way, traveling through Artois, and afterward through Vermandois, until he came into Beauvaisis. He did not stop before Clermont. There he inquired where the King was; and they told him that he was staying at Creil, where he was having fine preparations made for jousting. The messenger did not tarry but went straight back on the road. Only three leagues remained. Covering them quickly, he came to Creil; he did not slow down before reaching the castle where the King was lodged, Flemings and men of Artois with him. There too were many lords, to whom he had given fine gifts.

In came the messenger, who greeted the King in his own language. "Sire," he said, "the seneschal, who is very upright and loyal, sends you this letter by me. Have it read to you." Then he held it out; the King took it, broke the wax, and spread out the parchment that was inside. He well knew how to read French; he had learned it as a boy in daily lessons from his tutor, who had taught him to read and write both French and Latin. And so he himself read that letter, which had been drawn up through trickery. When he had seen part of its contents his blood froze; he did not have the power to read it all. And in order to keep the strangers from noticing anything, he moved away into his chamber with two companions. Then he no longer refrained from reading the letter from beginning to end. He saw the bad news that was falsely written in it.

He might have considered it a bad dream; but because of the seal, which he recognized, he readily believed the heartbreaking letter. Therefore he began to mourn, to pull out his hair and tear his clothing; and he was very much disfigured by the tears streaming from his eyes. The knights who were with him were heartily sorry for his distress; and they entreated him to leave off this grieving, for it was not fitting for a king to weep because of any trouble. "If your barons knew of it, they would blame you a great deal." "My lords," he said, "I can't help it, for no man ever heard such news as I have read here in this letter. For she whom I have deeply loved so much, she from whom came my joy and all my riches, whom I love more than anything, has given birth to such a thing that it is all I can do even to look at the letter informing me of it: she has given birth to a beast, she, Manekine, the Queen. What a vile gift this is! And my counselors, whom I left with her not long ago, write that I am quickly to let them know my will. I don't know what to reply to them. I wish to ask your counsel. On no account would I permit or cause harm to come to her whom I have loved so much. Now tell me your thought."

"Sire," answered one of the two, "I shall tell you what my counsel is. If God has done His will with the fruit she has borne in her body, she has not deserved death. Send word that she is to be served well and honorably and that likewise that creature of hers is to be guarded until you return. It is only a fortnight until Lent; then you will leave, no later.⁷⁸ You would be much criticized, because of the tourneys you have undertaken, if you left immediately, and your esteem would be diminished. And never reveal this news, for it is unwise to acknowledge what one may be ashamed of." The King replied: "You speak truly; I can have no better counsel. I shall do it just so. I'll write the letter myself, to be more certain of the wording."

In his hands he took parchment and ink, then composed his message in such words:

"The King of Scotland orders the three to whom he entrusted his beloved that she be guarded in her lying-in. And the creature from her, let them guard it carefully, as dearly as their own bodies, if they do not want to bring on their deaths. And let them know that he will return when Lent begins. At that time he will do as he sees fit concerning the matter of which they have informed him." When he had written these words, he put them under wax and sealed them with his seal. Then he called the messenger who had brought the letter and gave him this one; he added the oral message for his seneschal that he was not to fail in carrying out what he would see in the letter, or else he would regret it. The King did not ask the messenger for any news, nor did the messenger give him any, because he thought that the seneschal had sent it to him in the written communication he had brought, and so he dispensed with telling the King such news as would have been most welcome. But Fortune, enemy to many a worthy man, did not wish it. The King handed the letter to the messenger, who took it, putting it away in his case so as not to tear or crumple it. The King told him not to delay, but to leave early the next day. So he did, as soon as he saw the daylight. The King, remaining at Creil, honored his companions and showed them no sign of his distress; his good sense caused him to hide it and to put on a happy appearance. Thus he concealed his situation, so that no one knew of it except those two, deeply troubled by his trouble.

Now I turn to the messenger, who was speeding along and wished himself back in Scotland. Up hill and down dale he went; having traversed Arras, he arrived in Lens and then passed on to Bruges. At Damme he embarked on a ship used by people crossing to Scotland. (The sea is fairly narrow there.)⁷⁹ After a day and a night the ship came to shore. The messenger lost no time in traveling to Evolint, as he had trustingly agreed, and came up to the house where the wicked lady lived. She was very happy to see the messenger returning. After they had exchanged greetings, she said: "Now, tell me the truth. Have you been in France?" "Yes, lady." "Did you see my son? How does he do?" "Very well, lady. And he is so valiant that he is winning all the tournaments." "And about the news that he received, tell me if he rejoiced at it." "Indeed, lady, I well remember that he went into his chamber to read it, he and only two others. They were there a rather long time. I don't know what he saw in it or what he did, except that in turn he made up this letter that I am carrying back to the seneschal. And I am taking him word that he will pay for it if he does not do what he will see in the letter."

Hearing this, the lady did not dare to question him further lest he grow suspicious. And so she let it go at that and thought about putting him at ease. Strong wines were offered him, and he made such a disposition of them that he sank into a drunken state. Thus he failed twice, and afterward many a day he thought himself a fool. (Much evil is done through drunkenness; therefore he who indulges in it is very foolish. Many men have been killed through it, and many a great deed hindered.) The toper swallowed so much that he became intoxicated. This gladdened her, the evil, arrogant lady. As she had done on the first occasion, she made him lie down that night in her chamber, at the back. There the messenger satisfied his desire to sleep; on that score, he was most unwise.

Once night had come, the King's mother set to work; she stole the letter and took it into her chamber, so that no one knew of it except the man who had opened the first letter. The wicked lady exhorted him not to resist her will, but to detach the seal on this one. The false clerk, on the path of evil just as his lady was, said, "Gladly," without urging. He removed the seal with the little penknife, unfolded the letter that was inside, then spread it flat and read it aloud before his lady. When she heard that the King would return at Lent, and that until then his wife should be well served and honored and that the creature from her was to be carefully guarded, such a message did not please her. She tore it up quickly and had another and different one made. Such treachery was put into it that worse was never contained in a letter. The words were set down for her by the wicked clerk, who wrote that the King was instructing his seneschal not to await him a single day if he did not have his spouse burned at the stake as soon as her lying-in was over, and with her to burn her issue without delay. He had heard news of Manekine that was not good. He knew why she had only one hand; it was not for nothing that she had this affliction. "Burn her, do not wait, if you value your life."

When she had dictated this, the clerk put the letter back under the wax without breaking the seal. Then they returned it to where the messenger was sleeping (the wine still having him in its power), restored the letter to his case, set it down at his bedside, and departed. The wicked lady went to lie down and rest at her ease, until the dawn broke. Then the messenger arose, well pleased with his lodging; there was nothing like it along his route. By the time he was ready, day had come long since and the King's mother was up. The messenger asked leave of her and departed.

He did not stop until reaching Dundee, where they were expecting him to come with news of the King. He had been away for three weeks. Here he was, returned too soon! (It would have been better if he had been drowned.)

He showed the letter to the seneschal, saying: "The King gives you to know that, if you value your life, whatever you see and find in this letter you are to carry out without fail, or you will regret it." The seneschal took the letter. The two knights who were his counselors were with him; all three saw the seal, which they recognized as the King's. Then the seneschal broke it and saw the letter that the wicked lady had had put there. He read it aloud to them; but when they all grasped what it contained, they were astonished and quite disconcerted. Each of them wept copiously and sighed, and they were silent for a while without saying a word, so full of distress that they did not know what to do. At last they asked the messenger how the King had behaved when he saw the letter; and he said: "Very badly. To judge by appearances, he was not at all at ease. I know nothing further, except that he orders you to do what he commands in the letter I've brought you, or you will come to a bad end. Here you see his mandate. Carry it out so as to please him, if you don't want to have trouble." They believed this deceptive letter to be authentic; and so they conferred with each other.

"My lords," said the seneschal, "what can we make of this message? We don't know why he gives us such an order. Perhaps someone has told him, off there where he is, about her birthplace and why she had her hand cut off. There may be some reason for this; but he would have been very reluctant to wrong her, not long ago. I have no idea where this present intention comes from. It is truly said: 'In great love lies great hatred.' What shall we do about this business? My heart shrinks from burning her to death. And if we let her live, we are not free and clear; for the King will have *us* burned, or make us die as it pleases him. Say which of these you agree to; I am quite at a loss." The others pondered, then answered him briefly: "Doing his lord's pleasure is fitting for anyone who esteems and fears him. Although we feel affliction or pity, we must still do his pleasure; otherwise much harm could come to us."

Thus all three agreed that they would burn Manekine at the stake the day after her lying-in was over. Soon, throughout the country, spread the news of the order that the King had given to his officers: to burn his wife and his child. The common people were stunned at this and deeply grieved. They all kept saying: "What can this be, dear lord God? What is the reason of such sorrow and pain, that the best lady in all the world will be burned with her child? How can he have such an inclination, the King who so loved her? No one would have believed that he might hate her enough to put her to such a death. How can he know any reason why she should have such torment? It seemed as if he loved her so much! Seemed? No, he did,

without fail. No one can suspect a lack of love. If he had not loved her with his whole heart he would hardly have married her, given that she was mutilated. But he saw her so well taught, showing such behavior and such qualities as a good lady ought to have, and so he took her in marriage; for she was well worthy to be queen. When he had wedded her, he honored her as long as they were together. And when he left her, the love was still there; you could tell by the tears they both shed at their parting. Now he orders her to be burned in a fire, and with her his fine heir. In faith, this is a great pity! Shame on anyone who will ever trust in affection, if it turns to such suffering!" So they were saying throughout the country; and they were all broken down with grief.

The Queen still had not heard the news, for they kept it from her. She remained in her chamber and knew nothing of all this; yet her heart was not at ease. She had a feeling that trouble was coming, without knowing where or when or how, but she would soon learn. When she had lain-in for her entire month, all that was fitting was done for her. She arose honorably and went to be churched,⁸⁰ greatly pitied by those who knew what was in store for her. The day drew toward evening without her suspecting anything. She looked at the seneschal, close to her, and called him to her. "Seneschal," she said, "my heart is troubled by the delay of my lord, who has loved me so much. What has become of your messenger? He really ought to be back. I am astonished that he does not come. Truly, my heart is fearful of bad news. I shall never be happy until I see my lord, who has done me great honor in taking me out of my servitude and joining with me in marriage. He must be waiting for Lent; I do not expect an earlier date. For God's sake, if you know anything about him, tell me! You will do well."

Hearing these words, the seneschal nearly collapsed from grief; pity so overwhelmed him that for a long while he couldn't answer. Tears came from his eyes, unstoppably; his whole face was covered with them. By and by he controlled himself enough to speak, and said: "Sweet lady, so help me God, there is no longer any use in concealment. This is how things have gone with you: the King my lord hates you. I don't know why. It's a full week ago that I had news from him; but because it wasn't good, we've kept it from you. But now it will be revealed. My lord has commanded that, as dearly as we value our lives, rightly or wrongly, we are to put you to burn in a fire, and also that which is born of you. And furthermore, he writes that if he finds you alive when he returns, he will put *us* to the ordeal. Now Lent is coming, when tourneying will no longer detain him. And so we are obliged to carry out his command promptly. You have three days' respite, no more. But now do not

put off thinking of your soul, for your body is doomed to being burned. I should not wish it, not for a thousand marks; but I know that if I neglected it I'd quickly die as a result."

When Manekine heard this news, she was so dismayed that her whole heart contracted. She fell down in a faint, and for a good while her breath failed her. Overcome by pity, the seneschal lifted her up. And when she had regained consciousness she cried out: "God, help! Where does it come from, what this man is telling me? Am I to die in such dishonor? What have I done wrong, dear Lord God? What has caused this hardness in my lord, after he did me such honor? Now he brings suffering upon me, he who so loved me. His love is turned away, replaced by hate. Unfortunate, miserable, what shall I do? But since it is so with me, how has my sweet son deserved this? What wrong has he done? For what crime is he to die? By my faith, I don't know what to say, except that we shall lose our lives wrongfully." After speaking so for a time, she slipped down to the ground. The seneschal did not comprehend this until he saw that she meant to kiss his foot.⁸¹ Swiftly he drew back and said to her: "Lady, may God never again give me honor on any day when you touch my foot. Truly, you would degrade me too much." "But I shall do it, sir, provided that you let my child live; you may do with me as you choose." The seneschal wept and sighed; words failed him. He was moved by her tears. Pity seized him; and so he told her that he would speak to the two knights and if possible would contrive some means for her to be saved. Still in distress, Manekine thanked him.

At that he came away to his companions. "Sirs," he said, "what shall we do? We must form another plan. Our hearts would be too hard if we brought about the burning of our benefactress. It would be well to find some way to deliver her, while keeping the King from knowing of it and doing us harm. Here is my idea. Just now I remembered that when she came to this country, she arrived in a vessel without any sail or mast. If you agree, we'll put her back into it, and thus save her from death. If God wills He will protect her; and, if not, she will perish out there. And to avoid the King's displeasure, if you think well of what I say, I'll have a wooden statue in her likeness made by a sculptor, as well as he can carve, and another that will look like our young lord her child. When mother and baby are at sea, we'll have a great fire lit; into it we'll throw the statues so cleverly that everyone in the country will believe they are my lady and her child. We must make a show of this sort, for such pity comes to my heart that nothing could make me burn her. I believe that I'd rather die. Now tell me your will: do you agree?" They answered: "We wish it, indeed. We have no objection, provided that we can

so carry it out that we have no trouble from the King, for we greatly fear his anger. He will have us all killed if he can perceive that we have not obeyed him. But it is better that we set ourselves at risk than that such a creature, one who has done us so much good, receive such cruel treatment at our hands. We agree with what you say. But now let us act quickly, for my lord will soon come and haste is called for."

Thus they planned the business. Promptly they caused a good sculptor to carve two statues: a small one for the child and a larger one for his mother, having obtained his assurance that through him this deception would never be revealed. He promised this easily for the sake of his lady, for he trusted that by this means she would be saved, and so was pleased to do the work. In a short time he had finished the statues, shaped like mother and baby. As for the seneschal, his heart full of pity, he did not delay. As soon as the daylight was gone, he and his companions caused the Queen, holding her son, to mount an ambling palfrey; thus they led her into exile. They rode for two days and two nights, making few stops on the way. They came to Berwick by night, not wanting the people of the town to see them lest they inform the King. They dismounted at the house of the provost, for they knew that she loved him very much. The seneschal promptly told him of their project and how they wished to carry it out. The provost was so dismayed by this that if I took all day I could not tell you his sorrow, for he loved the Queen dearly—and well he might, for she had done him much good. When she begged him for mercy, his heart was filled with gloom. But it could not be otherwise; the fear of the King so drove them all that they brought her to the shore where the boat was ready, the one in which she had come and been received with joy. Into that very one they put her again, pity stirring their hearts. The leave-taking was painful; they all wept. There was no laughter or playing among them when she said: "Farewell, fair sirs. I thank you that my body has not perished by fire. I require of you that on my behalf you greet my lord the King; and tell him that it is without just cause that he brings about my loss and his son's. Truly, I love him more than any living thing. And since my death is pleasing to him, I prefer my dying to his behaving in a way that would pain me; for I should be in great distress if I were with my lord and he showed me an unfriendly face. I prefer to die like this. May God forgive him this misdeed and give him honor and health! When he parted from me, I should scarcely have thought that he would so soon deal me such a choice. Well do I see that man's love is only wind.⁸² Now may God give me His love! For in that there is no sadness."

In this way the Queen took leave of those who, most reluctantly, put her in mortal danger. Through treachery and wrong, she was made to believe

that the King desired her death. (And yet there would be nothing so painful for him, as soon as he heard the news. His wheel would have turned over badly; he would have to suffer bitterly from it.) When she had said everything she wished, they commended her to the Virgin and then pushed her out to sea, and with her the child she loved. Many a time she called herself wretched.

So they separated from her, their hearts nearly breaking with pity. They returned to Berwick; but there they stayed only a short time, departing before dawn. Of two days' travel they made one. At night they rode by moonlight and came back to Dundee after dark. Without noise or notice they managed to obtain the statues. The maker of them was a skilled craftsman, for they resembled the models as closely as if there were life inside them; no one would believe that it was not she who was then at sea in the little boat. It seemed as if the statue of the Queen were weeping and praying to God for help. When the three of them had obtained the statues, the seneschal was very glad. As soon as dawn came, he caused a great heap of thornbushes to be brought to a place alongside the castle. This was far from pleasing to everyone.

The news had already traveled about so much that the common people of the country had come to Dundee to see the ill-treatment that the Queen was to receive, as they all believed. When they saw the thornbushes being dragged in, on all sides you would have heard the shouts: "Ah! King of Scotland, bad king! What wrong has my lady done you, she who did you so much good? We do not believe that she has deserved death." So they spoke. But much more, and very soon, would they be horror-struck when they saw the thornbushes alight and smoking everywhere and watched the seneschal descend from the castle, his companions carrying what looked like the Queen and her son to deliver them to such suffering, and noticed that in back and in front of them were the men-at-arms (who did not want the spectators to be so eager that they observed from close by, lest they detect the ruse)—and saw those two knights, before and behind, seize the statues and throw them into the fire. They truly believed that it was their lady and her child. Then, without hesitating any longer, they all began to cry out; and everyone kept saying: "How miserable I am! Why am I alive on this day when are losing the best lady who ever kept a kingdom? We do not know for what reason she has died so unjustly; it can only be the will of the King. May God give him such uneasiness that some day he repents of the pain and torment that he has inflicted on her, who loved him far more than herself—and also on her child, who is barely a month old. The King has done the

greatest wrong that ever was seen. May God never give him joy of it!" There were many so overcome by grief that they fainted repeatedly. They were quite broken down, and they put upon the King the deed in which he had no part. (This was apparent when he learned of it. On this account he hated his mother; for in the end such treachery is not hidden but is revealed to shame those who have committed it.) Of the people in Scotland nobody was happy, except for the one who had plotted the great betrayal and murder (for which she later had such a bitter time). She, on hearing the news, was jubilant, believing that the other woman had been burned. But as for her and the seneschal, who were far from being alike in will and in heart, and as for the common people and the gentry who were in mourning throughout Scotland, and as for the woman adrift with her son in the boat without sail or mast, I shall here leave off the tale. I must tell about the King and pick up where I left him: back at Creil.

Now the story relates that after the King received the news that the one he loved had given birth to such a creature as you have heard about, he did not know a moment's happiness. He greatly desired, if he could manage to do it without incurring dishonor, to leave the tourneys and turn back toward Scotland. For him, Lent was slow in coming; that was when tourneys were to end and knights were to go back to their homes. (Such is still the custom.) Until then, as well as he could, he had to conceal his chagrin. Until Lent he masked his feelings so well that his demeanor revealed his heart to no one, except for the two who had witnessed the writing and sealing of the letter. But they, knowing his heart, comforted him. So he awaited Lent.

When it had begun, he delayed no longer but took leave of the barons. He gave them many fine gifts: palfreys, warhorses, fine and unblemished pieces of armor, for all of which they were grateful. Thus he did to each one what was pleasing to him. Then he departed forthwith. The Count of Flanders accompanied him, for his own route lay in the same direction. They made their way through Vermandois, then on until they passed Artois without stopping. They came to Flanders on the third day from Creil. The Count was very much pleased by the King's behavior toward him. He would gladly have retained him in Flanders a fortnight or a week, to enjoy themselves. But he could not succeed in this wish, for the King was very anxious at staying away so long. He could hardly wait to see Manekine and learn whether what he feared was true. (Alas! It was not as he thought. His mother had caused him a loss that he did not anticipate.) When the Count of Flanders understood that his urging was in vain, he entertained the King very well for three days until his ship was ready at Damme, where it was anchored. Thus far he

was escorted by the Count, who was not at all happy that the King was leaving so soon. Over and over he offered him his own power and lordship. The King thanked him amiably and had him given four warhorses; not one of them was worth less than one hundred pounds sterling. The Count made no refusal. For his part, he gave him seven or eight hunting birds: falcons and goshawks and gyrfalcon, well trained. But the King took little delight in them; he had another matter on his mind, one that he did not yet grasp. When his ship was prepared and well laden with provisions, he briefly took leave of the Count and then climbed aboard, along with his knights who had come tourneying with him. The mariners who were waiting there and who were to take them across raised the sails high and wide. The strong wind filled them, and the ship moved off rapidly.

The seneschal of Scotland was staying in the port [of Dundee]. When he saw Lent beginning, he knew that without further delay his lord would come back; he would remain in France no longer.⁸³ And so he said to his chief barons: "It is well that we go to meet the King at Berwick—he will come through there, I believe—and we shall ask him how, why, and for what ill will he has made us throw into the flames our good lady and her fair son. My anger will never be appeased, yet at least he will have stated the reason to me. We must all be greatly afflicted, for we shall never be able to recover such a queen in all the world from among all the women who are in it." "Indeed," they said, "you speak the truth. We cannot again have one so good. We greatly desire to hear why he has caused her to die. But let us go, promptly, and await him at Berwick. The closer we are to the port, the sooner we shall know this news." Thus most of them prepared to go and meet their lord.

They came to Berwick and engaged, here and there in the town, the lodgings where they dismounted. For three days they awaited their lord; on the fourth the King came to the shore and his nobles with him. The seneschal learned of this at once, and the barons, who had their horses saddled and then mounted them. To meet their lord they went down to the shore. The King was glad to see them; there he received many greetings. And he lost no time in calling his seneschal and the other two also, for he wished to question them on the matter closest to his heart. "Now tell me, my lords," he said, "how she does, she in whom I have placed my love and never withdrawn it? You have caused me much distress through the letter you wrote and sent to me across the sea. But since God wishes it, I wish it—although it afflicts me greatly—for we must suffer in patience what pleases God. I shall comfort her about this matter; I shall never love her the less for it. But now let me know how she is and what she is doing."

"Sire," the seneschal answered, "for the Lord of all the world! Are you not aware that I have carried out your order completely? I do not know for what reason you commanded such madness. It is because we want to know this that there are so many barons here. If it pleases you, you will tell us how you could have been angry enough to ordain—such a thing; it is a bold man who dares to repeat it." "I sent you word," said the King, "I wrote it myself, that she was to be kept in great honor until my return. As for the creature from her, you were to guard it well, without doing it harm, until I came back; and then I should decide what I am to do with such an heir. For you gave me to understand that it was the ugliest shape that Nature ever formed: a beast covered with hair. I myself read the letter; because of it my heart was heavy. But restore to me without delay the one whom I left you to guard, or I shall skin you alive!"

When the seneschal heard the King's answer, he was so fearful and angry that for some time he could not express what was in his heart. At last he said: "So help me God! Sire, I never caused any such thing to be put in the letter. I should have told you a lie. Instead, I put—do not think it a dream—that the Queen had a son; no one knew a fairer child. I wrote that you should be very joyful and should know for certain that my lady was well and cheerful and happy with her issue. And thereupon you wrote back to me—and sealed it with your seal—that upon receiving your letter, if I did not want to die in shame and anguish, I was to burn my lady as soon as she had risen from childbed, and her creature with her. If need be, and so that you may do me no harm, I call to witness the two counselors you left with me. We saw your letter, all three of us, and we were not mistaken; we well recognized your seal. When I read such an order, my heart was indignant and grieved; and nevertheless such compassion took hold of us because of her friendship (I shall tell you the whole truth) that we were unwilling to burn her. Instead, we put her in a boat in which there was neither sail nor mast. As alone as she came here, just as alone she departed, except that she had her child with her. And because we feared you, we did not dare to do in full view what I have just related to you. Instead, it was carried out so secretly that no one knew of it except for just four people. For to cover up the truth and because we feared incurring your displeasure if you knew of this affair, we had two statues made; and we put them into the fire so deftly that it seemed to everyone that my lady was burned up; and they still believe it. I have lied to you in nothing. I do not know the origin of the error that has brought such an affliction upon us, for never did I write such a letter as the one you have given me the gist of; nor did

you ever send me the one that you summed up just now. I cannot explain anything so strange; I am amazed. Do with me as you please. I have told you how it is."

The King listened to this extraordinary account. It was so hard and bitter for him that he could not hold himself up; he sank to the ground. His heart was constricted to the point where he could not say yes or no. He sat there as if in a faint, and his seneschal beside him. The barons and knights who were on the pebble beach learned the news very soon; they wept from pity. Those who believed that she had been burned, and through the King's order, when they heard that she had had no harm because of him, but saw that it was through treachery that she had suffered such an outrage—they were so afflicted that they tore their clothes; most of them pulled out their hair. But their grief was not equal to the King's; for never before did a man grieve so much. He was so afflicted that no one could comfort him; he was forced to faint many times. When he regained consciousness, he did not refrain from lamenting her:

"Dear heart, lovely, sweet friend, you who were my life, you from whom came my joy, you from whom I expected always to have comfort and delight, you whose heart was empty of all malice and full of goodness, you in whom nothing was lacking, you who were both wise and worthy to be queen of the world, you whom I loved so much, you who were my bride—how, through what extraordinary events, does this misadventure strike me? Where can it come from, the treachery through which you were driven from the land of which you ought to be the lady—and were nearly burned to death? Burned! God! And for what crime? How did anyone think that I should want to command doing such a thing to her, who could have commanded of me anything she wished? Never, truly, would her request be so onerous that I would not do it, whatever might be the outcome for me. Now you are on the sea, in misery—or, perhaps, drowned. How shall I ever be happy for a single day? I am so disconsolate because of you that I am at a loss. May it not please Our Lord that I have joy and you have suffering! It would not be true love if I did not share your misery. I well know that for you it is great, even if it were only the belief that you were exiled by my will. Indeed, I never had that will. If you do not believe me about this, beloved, you doubt me wrongly; for I never had such a desire. I shall show proof of this; for before a month has passed I shall do what no king ever did before. I mean to leave my people and my country and go in search of you through land and sea. I shall never stop until I hear of you. If the news is bad, I shall die of it; and if God wills that I recover you, He will thus heal the wound in my heart, which will

never leave me unless you make it leave. Alas! How can I learn through whose plotting I have lost such a treasure as wife and son? For this I myself shall go into exile, never returning if I do not find her, far or near. My heart warns me that my mother has done this thing; for I do not know who else would hate her to the point of committing such treachery; but she hated her without any reason for it. I do believe that my mother has done this to me. And so for a long time I shall lead a bitter life, and so will she who has not deserved it. But if my mother has treated you thus, and I can find it out, may God never again give me joy if I do not make her repent of it and feel harsh imprisonment!"

Thus the King tortured himself, and wept and sighed; thus his heart was overcome with anger. And with him his people grieved until they could grieve no more. They all thought themselves lost. In such sorrow and anguish they went together into Berwick, to their lodgings. Never was seen such mourning as they made, all through the town; they wept together openly. The King went to the castle, with a large troop of knights. That day there was neither laughter nor play; knights, men-at-arms, cooks did not eat; no one remembered to do it, for anguish gripped them.

The King called his seneschal, not concealing his distress, and said to him: "The messenger who went to France, have him come to me immediately. I want to have words with him." "Sire," he said, "very willingly." He sent two squires for him. They soon went and returned, bringing before the King the messenger, trembling in terror; he believed that he must have done wrong. On seeing him, the King asked what route he had taken when he had left the seneschal to go straight to France. "And let there be no concealing from me the lodging where you were received, both coming and going. With that, I wish to acquit you. If you tell the truth, you will have nothing to fear; if you lie, you will soon know what death by hanging is like. You will be defended by nothing else."

The messenger understood the King and answered like a sensible man. "Sire," he said, "I shall tell you the whole truth, whatever I may get for it. Outward bound, I slept at the home of your mother, who was very hospitable toward me, I do not know why. She had forty sous given to me. Through cunning, as I guess, she had me drink so much of her strong wine that it went to my head. Thus folly took hold of me and did with me as it pleased. She made me lie in her alcove that night, until I arose the next day quite early. When I found myself in that chamber, my limbs trembled with fright. I feared treachery so much that I put my hand into my case. When I saw the seneschal's seal I no longer had misgivings, but believed that it was

through love of you that she had bedded me there. As I was about to depart, there she was before me. She strongly urged me to return that way without fail; and I immediately agreed. I kept my word to her: I went to you, I came back by her way—for which, the next day, I thought myself a fool. I drank so much that night that I was drunk; I did not recover until the next day. And the second time I lay where I had lain before, like a man fearing no harm or even thinking of it. Since I had your seal, in no way could I have perceived that someone might have changed the letter. But since you did not intend putting into it the words that the seneschal saw, I do believe that the treacherous woman, your mother, had them changed; but I could not have believed it. So help me God! Were I to die for it, if I had known, I should not have allowed it. I have told you the whole truth. Do with me as you will!"

Now the King knew truly that his mother had plotted this suffering for him and carried it through. And so he swore that what she had brought about would be a burden to her in turn. The one whom she had sent into exile would not be alone in undergoing hardship; she herself would have her share in it. Straightaway he sent for masons. Having assembled a good five hundred of them, he led them to a cliff near the sea, with no town nearby. Then he called the chief among them. "Master," he said, "I require of you that with stone and good mortar you make me here a great tower, quite round. Let the walls be good and solid, fifteen feet or more in thickness. Make it high and wide, with no entry at the base. Up above, make a window through which the interior can be seen. And take care that within thirty days the tower is completed." The master answered briefly that the tower would be constructed with all speed. Anyone who then would have seen people building, some of them cutting the stones, others shaping them with hammers, others rapidly making good lime mortar, others putting up scaffolding to apply it, others beginning the tower starting with the foundation, and those masons shouting: "Stone here! Mortar here!"—he would have said that they meant to finish that tower without stinting. They all worked so diligently that in thirty days the tower was quite finished.

Then the chief mason came to the King and said: "Sire, in faith, the tower you decreed is completed. You never saw a stronger one of its size." The King answered: "It is well done." He had the man paid so much money that he was rich from it and no longer had to be frugal. After the tower was finished, the King sent privily for his mother, who suspected nothing. It was all done so secretly that there was no warning until the moment when she saw the seneschal who was coming for her, accompanied by some barons of the land. "Mount!"⁸⁴ they said. "The King sends for you." "Why?" she asked.

They did not tell her, but made her mount without delay. At the hour the King had named to them, they approached the tower, where the King was awaiting them. Here they came, pounding along.

When the King saw his mother he was greatly moved; but her treachery had harmed him so much that it was time for her to have what she deserved. It is an ill thing to turn one's heart to treachery, for because of it, when the end comes, it will not be good; God hates faithlessness more than any other misdeed. And since God hates a traitor, He who sees and knows whatever is done, the person who becomes one is a great fool; he strikes himself down with his own action. By treachery a person can for a long time make life a burden for someone else; but the more harm is caused thereby, the more cruelly it turns back upon the one who has brought it about. This woman did not avoid that vice, and so she came to a bad end. For the King had her immured in the tower, where she long had to endure a hard life; never thereafter, all her days, did she emerge. She had nothing good to eat, nothing but the bread and water that was brought to her every morning and let down through the window. There the King made her stay, whether she liked it or not. Manekine would not be the only one to feel discomfort, nor would her son, who were both at sea in great peril; she who had brought this about had loaded the weight of it on her own shoulders.⁸⁵

When the King had put her in the tower and had decreed what supplies were to be brought to her and lowered by a rope, and had given the command to those whom he chose that they should guard the tower and that, upon their lives, they should take care that no one removed her from it without falling into harsh bondage, he did not wish to stay any longer. No day dawned when he did not weep all his tears, two or three times, over the one for whom he was distressed. To go in search of her he had a ship fitted out, the swiftest and sturdiest that ever was seen in a harbor. And he said that with him would go his seneschal and those who had put her to sea, because they had believed the letter that had misled them. He wished them to suffer for it; therefore he would take them along. But concerning the man who was preparing his journey the tale breaks off here and returns to Manekine, who was weeping on the sea.

Now the story relates that, full of necessity, distress, suffering, heavy thoughts, grief, and tears, Manekine departed from Scotland in a little boat. With her she had no lady or maid, no valet, man-at-arms, or knight, no one but her cherished son. Over and over she complained of her sad lot, lamenting: "What is the cause, Virgin Mary, of my being so afflicted? Why is it, sweet Lady, that the day before yesterday I was the wife of the one I loved best, and

wore a golden crown as Queen? What has caused my lord's hatred for me? I loved him as much as myself, and I was bound to do so, for he showed me honor. And since he honored me so much that he swore always to keep faith with me—and in fact he did keep his pledge for a good while—how then could he come, without my deserving it, to order my burning? How did it please him? How can he now be so hard toward me? I do not know, truly I do not know what it means, unless someone made him believe a falsehood—but he ought to have had so understanding a heart that he could not have believed anything for which he might harm me so.

“Truly, I see no reason why I should have such injustice, except for plain bad luck, which has put me back into the peril I was in before. Fortune has taught me her power and shown me that she always keeps turning her wheel. On it she holds the whole world attached; and I see the consequences. Those who are placed in the highest seat apprehend nothing until they fall into the trap beneath her feet, where a person is shamed and bruised and pitiable. A little while ago he was high, and now he is low. At this moment Fortune has on the wheel many persons on the way up, mounting so high that they overtop the highest; and often they are happy and confident when they have risen from bottom to top. Then it happens that the wheel turns upside down and they are back where they were—or worse. For they are stabbed in the heart by being vilely brought down in a short while from where they had long striven to be, through climbing on the wheel that now has mocked them. Such a wheel is not reliable; he who trusts in it too much is a fool. I trusted in it, and it has turned me according to its will. At first I was high upon it, and was on my guard against no evil; but it soon deprived me of all good things when it put my father into a mood that was not reasonable or good. It was on me that the blow fell; for in anguish I was maimed by it and exiled from the country. I was put out to sea—where I am again. At that point I was under her wheel. Then, through some unknown mercy—unless it was God's love—she took me again on her wheel and held me until I was in greater honor than ever before. When I had risen high, I was once more so confident that I did not think of falling again. But it is said that ‘the goat does not fear the knife until it strikes her in the skin.’⁸⁶ And they also say: ‘Much of what a fool thinks does not come to pass.’⁸⁷ Much of my own thought does not come to pass, for Fortune has punished me, too, for my foolish belief, and put me back where she found me; and so I am more miserable than before. When someone has been well off, mischance is all the more bitter afterward, and far heavier to bear. I see that in this world there is nothing but pain, for Fortune with God's permission leads people according

to her will. She has made me very sorrowful, for from great joy and prosperity she has plunged me into sadness. Of the person I loved best, and of all the wealth I had, she has left me only my son, who is with me in danger, and my clothes and this beautiful ring on my finger. The King gave it to me when he spoke to me of his love. Through it he made me the promise that never in all his life would he hate me. But he is not keeping this promise; and so I am in grievous danger. Earthly love is quite empty; there is no good, if God does not bestow it.

“Virgin Mary, sweet Lady, you are the star and the gem through whom good people are saved. I beg you to save me and to pray to your Son for me, that He may rescue me from this peril and make me understand the cause of what I am undergoing and that He may restore to my son his heritage, from which we are being driven without deserving it. Never before did a woman suffer such a loss. I entreat you concerning all this; please intercede with your Son about it.”

So Manekine lamented, over and over, and she had ample cause for it. If God had not been with her, holding and comforting her, she would have died at sea out of grief. But God sustained and guarded her so well that she did not fear the sea. She entrusted herself to the Mother of God, who had always protected her. The devotions to the sweet Virgin that she had always kept up were not wasted, for in her need they helped her. The Virgin prayed to her sweet Son so much on her behalf that He guided Manekine’s boat. In spite of perils, storms, and contrary winds, on the twelfth day she left the sea behind. She came straight into a river called the Phare⁸⁸ that keeps its course through Rome and from there flows directly to the sea. Into it her boat turned at night. And when day came, three poor fishermen of Rome, who scarcely had any great sum of money or provisions, arose very early. They took their tools and their nets and promptly entered the Phare, going toward the sea in their boat. They went along until they saw a single vessel that was coming toward them before the sun rose. They perceived that there was no one in it except for one woman. They pointed her out to each other; all three of them watched her intently. And the longer they watched this vessel, which they saw without sail or mast, without rudder or oar, going along the banks of the Phare, the more they wondered what this could be. It was unheard of that in their part of the world a vessel might move along without a pilot; yet in it they saw no one steering.

One of them addressed his companions: “Men,”⁸⁹ he said, “it’s fine pickings that God has sent us today. We have finished our fishing; in this catch we have gained a vessel and what is inside it. It seems to me that I see a

woman there. Let's go look, all three of us! If we seize this gain, no bargaining is needed." They answered: "That's fine with us." Thereupon they turned their boat and sailed until they neared the vessel, then with boat hooks caught and held it. In it was Manekine, still weeping. They were much amazed to see the child she had borne, not yet two months old, laughing in the lap of his mother. The most sensible of the fishermen said to the two others: "Men, now let me talk to her. I see well that she has had a hard time. If you said anything disrespectful or foolish to her, you might be accused of behaving badly; and it's a good thing to avoid doing what you might be blamed for. I believe that God loves us, when He sends us such a find; and so let us go about this so as to get no reproach. And if it's all right with you, I advise that you listen, and I'll talk, and ask her where she is from." They answered: "We'll be quiet and do as you like, provided that all three of us share the gain." "I agree," he said. "I want you to get as much as I do; now don't worry." "Then," they said, "we agree. We'll let you do the talking." So said the fishermen, making one of them their spokesman. And he came to the woman sitting in the boat. "Miss," he said, "or Madame—I don't know which, upon my soul!—may God, who dwells in Trinity, bring you to greater well-being than you are in now, dear lady, as it appears from your looks." "Good men, and may He give your hearts great joy, of which I have none!"⁹⁰ "Fair lady, I am sorry. But, for love's sake, I entreat you to tell me where you were born, and what chance has brought you by sea, and alone, with no one with you except a child who must need a nurse; for I don't believe that you are prepared for such a task. Such clothes, so well cut, as you have—nurses don't have them; they will never be so rich. If you please—do not be angry—tell me where you come from."

Manekine answered him: "Truly, good man, my sufferings are so painful to relate, I could not speak of them. If you knew my trouble, you could not amend it; and so it is better for me to be silent. But tell me—as to this country where I have come—what city is it that I see, so large, situated on this river? And I wish to know who you are. If you want to have my vessel, I give it to you on this condition: that you take me safely to town; for I am thoroughly weary of being at sea." "Fair lady, I shall tell you, for I am very sorry about your trouble. As for this country, it is called the Roman region, and the city you just asked me about is named Rome. And if you want to know what sort of men have stopped you and captured you here, we are fishermen, all three of us. We have no other fief or land. Today we were coming to look for fish, to have something to eat right away, for we need it badly. But we shall fish no more today; instead we shall take you, unharmed, straight to

Rome and to our houses. For you we shall leave our fishing and go sell your vessel, and so you will have money to spend. And you will be with my wife; you will have no ill-treatment. As long as the money lasts, we shall make you very comfortable, you and the child you are carrying. But leave behind this sorrow that you have taken to your heart. God is still in Heaven; He can well restore joy to you. You must not doubt this. For be sure that, insofar as we can, we shall carry out all your wishes." Manekine grasped that she was in the hands of poor people who wished to treat her decently. She could not have been so happy for all of Rome. She thought that she would stay with them; she would have to earn her bread, but thanked God heartily for it. She promptly said to the fishermen: "Good men, I thank you very much for addressing me courteously here. Since it pleases God, it suits me well to be in your company. I shall give you my silken clothes in exchange for others of less value, and also the vessel in which I have come. Except for this child and this ring, take everything; I am quite willing. But if you took the ring from me, you would have killed me; for I have no other comfort in my grief and wrong. But take all my other possessions and lead me to your homes, where I can have bread. Do not concern yourselves to know who I am or where I come from. Do not inquire any more, I entreat you, about this affair if you want to respect my wishes." And they all granted her this, just as she asked; she could not, with honor, better bring about her own well-being and theirs. After these words they put about and prepared to go to Rome. The boats were made fast to each other; the fishermen sped them along with their oars. But before they came to Rome, God, accomplishing all His will, sent them news that was pleasing to the fishermen and good to the wanderer whom Fortune had sent to that place.

In Rome there was a senator, wealthy and living in great state.⁹¹ There was nobody so rich in Rome, and no one known to be more generous. Generous, straightforward, kindly, courteous, openhanded, full of alms and charity, he was considered the worthiest man in the city. He was well on in years, a man respectable and wise, loved by God and by the world. It was ten years since the death of his wife, a very good lady. With her he had had daughters whom he had given in marriage, and two who were still unmarried. These two kept him company; they managed his household so well that there was none to match it in Rome. This excellent man had risen early that day. It was Lent, and so he was fasting. Restless in his house, he soon called his squire and ordered him to put on his saddle and to be quick about it. He was to bring him his palfrey and to mount his own. "Go promptly," he said, "and return promptly; and we shall ride out to amuse ourselves outside the

city, two leagues away, or three or four, along the Phare, and we shall see whether we meet some fishermen. If we find good fish there, I shall buy a quantity of them.”⁹² “Sir, he said, “what pleases you will quickly be done.” Thereupon he left his master. In haste he put on the saddles, and then the bridles, then took the horses to where his master awaited him at the step. The Senator mounted his long-maned palfrey, then went riding off in the direction of the sea and amusing himself along the riverbank. Glancing toward the water, he noticed the fishermen who were taking away the one they had found in tears inside the boat. The Senator looked at the lady, the child, the boat that they were pulling along so rapidly, and it occurred to him to ask how they had made this acquisition.

“Men,” he said, “may that God who gives and distributes all good things guard you—you and the one whom you are towing along! I see that you intend to take her into the city. If you do not mind, I want to inquire about this woman and where you got her. She does not seem to be one of you; your wives do not have such overdresses.”⁹³ I see from her appearance that she has had much hardship. Now say, so help you God! from where, and how, does she come to you?” The one who was the best speaker answered: “Sir, I shall tell you truthfully all I know about this. The three of us had climbed into our boat to come fishing on the water, for we needed money. We were going toward the sea, still seeing little daylight, when we noticed this vessel, without oar or mast or sail or rudder, and without guidance; and we expected to find it empty. We hurried in that direction and caught the boat with our boat hooks. But when we looked inside we found this lady, and a child with her. It is clear that she has known hardship; I found her sad and tearful and very much at wit’s end. When I saw her I promptly greeted her and inquired about her situation. But I could not bring her around to speaking of it. This much she did say: it would be too painful to tell me of her misfortune. As to this land and the countryside, and well-established Rome, she asked me the nature and the name, and I told her readily. Then she begged us to conduct her into the city without any trickery and take her to our homes. For this she offered us her belongings: her boat and all her clothing. Since, she said, what she has on is too noble, she will want to have simpler clothes. Thus we can have everything of hers with the only exception of her child and a little shining ring that she has on her right hand. And besides, I assure you—I don’t know how this can be or what it means—that she does not have a left hand. I wasn’t able to learn her story. Now she will have to endure her poverty with us. For, so help me the good God! I have such pity for her that if I had not eaten for two days and if I had only bread

enough to last until tomorrow, I'd give her the larger share of it, seeing her misery.⁹⁴ Now I have told you what we know, how we have her and her things."

Then the Senator answered: "So help me God!" he said. "Men, you have told me strange things here; I never heard the like. She does seem descended from great people, for her appearance is fair and noble. And you do not have any great means to provide her with much clothing and food for herself and her child; and if she must seek for her bread and ask for alms in God's name, it will be a shame. In Rome there are both fools and wise men; the fools will perhaps give her bad treatment; since they will see that she is beautiful, they will want to have their way with her. Yet she is, perhaps, a noblewoman and formerly the lady of much land. It is a great pity when such a woman loses her honor through no fault of her own. If you are capable of pity, and if you want to free her from distress and see her established in a mode of life fitting for a good woman, such compassion for her fills me that I shall buy her from you and shall treat her with honor, provided that she does not object. She will be well off, so help me God! And I shall have her child reared just as it will please her. But now I put it to her: if she desires good company and a good place to live, to her liking, rather than poverty (which is hard for those who are not used accustomed to it), and if she wants me to buy her, let her tell me, without quibbling, whether she will want to keep herself decently and come with me. If she likes, she will be with my daughters. My heart aches with pity for her, because it is clear that she has known hardship. Now let her answer me: whether it is more to her liking to be safe in my house than be someplace where she might meet with ill-treatment. I give her to choose one of these options, and tell me her decision."

Manekine understood what the Senator was saying to her from the river-bank. She responded sensibly: "Sir, it was the true God, who does His will in Heaven and on Earth according to His pleasure, Who put into your heart the will to take me from this dangerous exile where I have been sent. Therefore I want to do whatever pleases you, except that—I must say this—I am not to be shamed in my body. For I do not belong entirely to myself; I have a husband to whom I promised to keep faith forever. And keep it I shall; never, for any wrong or pain or peril of death, shall I break my vow to him. Be quite certain of that. As for my hardship and suffering, I shall not relate it, come what may; for if I were to tell of it, no one would ever believe me. I prefer to bear it like this as long as it pleases God. But if there is in you such pity, such nobleness, such friendship, that for God's sake you will take me in and protect me from bad treatment, and not inquire where I come from, and

you will for the great God have this child reared, I shall thank you for it in His name. And I shall do whatever pleases you, in honor, to deserve your good opinion."

Having heard her answer, the Senator said: "As God may see me! My heart grants you this as you have requested it. But I want to be informed of this much: that you tell me your name. How shall we call you? I ask nothing further of you." She, still concealing her past, replied: "Sir, I was called 'Manekine' in the land I have left behind." "I never heard such a name. . . ."⁹⁵ In this country there is none such." "Sir, he who gave it to me saw in me some reason for it." The Senator called to the fishermen and said to them: "Men, for how much, if you agree, shall I have the lady and her ring and the child that is with her? Now don't make long difficulties for me." "Sir, you shall have her for a hundred marks, which we shall divide into three parts and each of us will have a third of it. Know that if it were not for our desire to set her in honor—it is because you are held to be the best man in all the city of Rome that we mention so small a sum. But we are sure that she will be well off, if only her heart is easy; and we are all three happy about this." "Truly, there will be no haggling," said the Senator, "at any length. Come to the house for the money and deliver to me the goods that I am to have for it." Thereupon without further discussion they rowed toward him to beach their boat, and set on shore the grief-stricken wanderer. So good came to her again, good equaling the evil that she had experienced.

The Senator dismounted and came up to the vessel. He took in his arms the one who was much the worse from her sea journey. Pity so mastered him that he set her on his own horse, then took his squire's and mounted with the stirrup. He showed such courtesy that he himself carried the child in front of him. At a gentle pace he thus led her through Rome, which was full of townspeople, just as might be expected of so great a city. Before coming to his residence, he was asked by some of them whose were the child and the lady. And he replied: "I do not know, upon my soul! I have no idea where she comes from or where she was born. I have found her by chance." Thus he answered those who inquired, until arriving at his house and dismounting. There were a number of servants who received the child. The Senator led Manekine into the stone-built hall. His daughters came to meet him, very much pleased at Manekine's arrival; and everyone treated her with honor. And the father exhorted them: "Dear daughters, I require of you, as you love me, to honor this lady and do as she desires. Carry out all her wishes, if you want to please me." They answered: "Sir, we want to follow your order in every way. Doing it will be no trouble for us. She is welcome!" With much

joy they took her from their father and led her to a room apart. There they served and comforted her and brought her whatever was needful. They gave her food, but she did not eat much. Her bed was made up for her, and so they urged her to go and sleep, which she greatly desired. And for her child they sent out for a nurse, and she promptly came. The daughter who was holding the child handed him over to her; and they both told her that she was to let him have every bit as much as he wanted, and they would provide for her. And she was not to leave the house; she would suckle him there with them, as her lady would desire.⁹⁶ If the woman agreed to this, she would be well rewarded. She promised to carry out their wishes.

Now Manekine was at Rome, in the house of the most worthy man in the whole city and the one of greatest humility. To the fishermen he paid a hundred marks and so satisfied them. He loved Manekine dearly, truly, and purely and treated her with respect and gently comforted her. Whatever he thought she might want he straightaway had prepared for her. She was not arrogant or wicked or disagreeable, but as she had always been: full of goodness and decency, of sense and courtesy, without pride and without baseness. So she conducted herself for some time, until God restored her to health.

When she had recovered from the voyage, which had worn her out, she began to make herself useful and to run the whole household. She carried the Senator's keys.⁹⁷ And she lived so simply that in the seven years she was in that house she never put on colorful clothing or any furs; all her garments were gray—although, if she had wished, she might have had far richer ones. Nor, in seven years, did she ever laugh, or utter one verse of a song. And so they were much concerned, the women who were with her, whose hearts were lighter. Many a time they tried to cheer her up, and they often asked her about her situation, how it could be that a woman as young as she was did not care to laugh or play. They spoke like this, without ever bringing her to the point of being willing to speak of her trouble or sorrow. This silence caused much astonishment among those who were with her; the Senator himself was greatly amazed. But he perceived so much goodness in her that he never wanted anyone to ask her anything disagreeable; he let her do as she pleased. Every day to hear God's service she would go to church along with the Senator's daughters, who loved her dearly. She was often on her knees before a very beautiful image, which was of the young Virgin;⁹⁸ this service seemed very sweet to her. And her son thrived; nothing hindered his growth, for he had everything he needed, without stint. And he was as handsome as anyone could wish, for Nature had placed in him beauty as great as she could. In Rome there was no child so fair, and the

Senator loved him so much that he called him his son. His mother scarcely hated him; he was her comfort and her life, her treasure and her solace. Many a time under her breath she called him unfortunate, and longed for the man who had begotten him. But her whole mind was on God: she clung to Him while He tested her grief, her sorrow, and her wrong, and then He sent her comfort. As for her and her son (who developed more in one year than another would do in two), and as for the Senator who cherished and honored him and his mother, I leave off here and shall return to speaking of the King. He was having his preparations made to seek his wife and his child. (For this quest he put himself, on land and on sea, into great peril, which was hard for him to endure.)

The King went off to Berwick, impatient to be away. He had caused his ship to be fitted out, and laden with biscuit and wine. All the barons of Scotland were with him, very sorry that he was leaving and for such a cause. They pitied him and their lady as well, both of them afflicted through treachery. The King addressed them, instructing those whom he wished to guard his people and his land, so that no one might wage war on them. And in his castles he ordered the placement of men-at-arms, crossbows, bolts, and knights in plenty, as many as he pleased. When he had settled his affairs and his ship was fully provided with food such as the sea requires, he took leave of his barons like a courteous man. Then many tears were shed and garments torn; the barons were much distressed for their lord, who had done them many an honor. They thought that he would never return, and so not one of them refrained from weeping and showing his grief. And the King, who saw their distress, got into the boat along with eleven companions and was rowed to the ship,⁹⁹ in which sail and mast were not lacking. He took with him his seneschal and ten knights, who would have much distress, pain, and grief before coming to the end of the quest they had undertaken. But the King esteemed them greatly for the fact that they were carrying with them gold and silver and in such a quantity that never before did so few people take away so much wealth. It might be very needful.

The mariners soon busied themselves; they raised their crossed sails,¹⁰⁰ and these were filled with a wind that moved the ship rapidly and smoothly. The barons on the shore watched their lord, who was going off to seek adventures. There were many who were heavyhearted at seeing him depart. They escorted him with their eyes until they lost sight of him; but in a short time he had moved far away. Then they returned, full of regret, to their lodgings. They would not see him again before he had had many woes. (But she who had done this to him led a hard life in the tower. She was alone and had

little to eat, once a day, sparingly. She was never let out from those walls; she died within them. But before that, she remained there a long time and endured much discomfort. She had her share and her reward for her folly and for the loss that she caused her son by treachery, for which he put himself into great peril.)

He, the leader of the expedition, was in his ship, where the sails were raised. They were all at sea for many weeks; for God, who acts at His pleasure, did not permit him to find what he sought as soon as he wished; He made him endure much hardship. In all the world there was scarcely an island or a good city on the seashore where he did not look and ask for news of his lost beloved. He went about asking whether anyone had seen a woman with one hand. But never, evening or morning, could he hear any news that was pleasing to him. And whenever he was in a country and did not find what he was seeking, he promptly turned back to the sea. Wherever Fortune willed, he went. I am quite amazed that any man, for any love, was willing to suffer so many trials. More than forty times they encountered such stormy weather that they did not know where they were. They saw many a region that was inhabited only by tigers and lions, serpents and scorpions, and many other dangerous wild beasts. They would have perished over a hundred times if they had not had help from God. From Greater India off that way to the Far North in this direction, there was not one town to which Fortune did not lead them. For seven years they never stopped: time enough to have hardships in plenty. Many a misfortune, much torment and grief, and many conflicting thoughts did they have during those seven years; yet the King was never minded to return to his country, as long as he heard mention of a land where he had not searched. But when he had been in so many places and passed through so many perils, asked so many questions without hearing news of any value to him, and no longer knew where else to inquire, and they had departed from Friesland and put their ship back to sea again, the King was quite at a loss. He had to believe that she had perished, she whom he had sought for so long. Then he began to grieve, and weep copiously, and lament the one for whom he had suffered so many afflictions.

"Alas! Dear heart, sweet thing, you who were all my wealth, my solace, my comfort, my delight, my pleasure, my heart, my will, my health, you whom I meant to serve all my life without infidelity or deceit, now I do believe that you are dead. I have sought you in so many countries that henceforth I do not know where to turn, so God keep me! To what land shall I go to search for you? I believe that I have been everywhere, voyaging so much that we should have been wrecked forty times if it were not for God, who has saved

us in this wooden vessel. And how shall I go back without you, dear, sweet friend? Never for a single day would my heart know joy,¹⁰¹ when it would remember that I have lost you thus. Truly, never will any land be governed by me, if I do not find you, nor, without you, can I have joy, but I shall want to die of sorrow. If you are dead I do not wish to live a single day longer. If I knew now for sure that you had died, death would come to me quickly. But still I am not certain of your death, and from that I have a little comfort—nor do I know of your life, and that is what dismays me most. Thus I am troubled by conflicting thoughts, and do not know which to believe. For I have misgivings about your death; on the other hand, I have hopes of your life, sweet sister. And so my heart is in such turmoil that henceforth I do not know what to do, where to go, what direction to take. I am so far from the right way, I shall never be set on it again if the Mother of God does not do it for me, she who directs all those who have gone astray, if only they entreat her guidance. And so I must not put off praying to her, for otherwise I cannot recover my lost joy. So that she may aid me, I shall repeat to her the greeting that has been helpful to many a Christian.

“Ave Maria!¹⁰² Do you hear, Lady, you by whom many a soul is saved? You whom the angel named Mary? At first you were amazed because of the light that you saw in him, and because from him you learned the most marvelous news that ever was and the best for all who are Christians and have heartfelt faith in you. For they were damned, all those born of Adam; but from that damnation you have saved us by that holy Annunciation. But you were quickly reassured when the angel said ‘*Gratia plena*.’ He addressed you courteously, calling you full of grace—he spoke truly—fuller than a fountain that overflows from a surge of water. There are not so many waves in the sea as there is grace within you. For no one, if he prays to you wholeheartedly, is ever refused. To each one you grant his wish, if he is worthy to receive it. And whatever grace he finds in you, he will not fail to find it again, grace inexhaustible. Therefore the angel called you ‘full.’ He showed you the reason when he said ‘*Dominus tecum*.’ And this amounted to saying that He who is both King and Lord, of Heaven and of all the world, was in your company. And so you were well supplied with that promised grace when the Lord placed himself within you, He in whom there was nothing but grace—grace so great that He made you the gift of Himself. Who will be able to repay this? No one, unless He sends His grace. Thus it must be that He completes what He has begun for us. And so He will, if in us there is no fault through which we lose Him. If we cling to you, to whom the angel announced that God was with you, we shall leave behind all our afflictions.

“Then the angel blessed you, saying: ‘Benedicta tu.’ And truly so you are. Even before you were born, you were so blessed that you were free of all sin;¹⁰³ you have never had an equal, woman or man. Above ‘In mulieribus’¹⁰⁴ you were blessed by Him. He made you as if for Himself, for He concealed Himself within you, without any sin, placing Himself there without breaking the vessel that He had created whole. Without damaging virginity, within you He took humanity. Thus you were pregnant through God, for according to His will you were worthy. And the good Elizabeth followed this greeting very well. When she felt her child rejoicing at your coming, because of the true God who was in you, she greeted you and then the One whom you were carrying. It was for Him that she said: ‘Et benedictus,’ adding: ‘Fructus ventris tui.’ Thus she blessed the One who was the fruit in your womb and from whom all good derives. The righteous who were in Hell had long awaited that fruit, lady, that you bore. In bearing it you rejoiced, and well you should have done, for no woman could have borne such fruit except yourself alone. For the true God, who placed in you authority over all good things, willed that He Himself be yours. Of you who were His handmaiden, He made His mother, and you were a virgin afterward as well as before. Virgin you were in conceiving, virgin in carrying; virgin you gave birth, and virgin you suckled Him who was your Father and your Son. He was very humble and full of goodness when, within you, whom He had formed, He formed Himself of human flesh. By this we may know that in you is so much wisdom, merit, and goodness, that it would not be possible to relate a tenth of it, or even a hundredth. Never will anyone who sincerely appeals to you be cast into the abyss, for through your holy prayer your Son does your will, He who is never slow to help those in need of your aid. Theophilus learned this well,¹⁰⁵ after the Devil tricked into giving him the kiss of homage¹⁰⁶ and handing over the letter written with his blood. Thereby the Devil believed he possessed him entirely. But he did not, for your aid came to help him. As soon as he repented and appealed to you, you brought him back that charter that would have held his soul in prison had it not been for your power. At his entreaty you saved him from all evils. You have caused the redemption not merely of this person or that; universally those who devotedly serve you are saved. Lady, just as I entirely believe in your great goodness, I pray you to give me counsel about what perplexes me. It concerns my beloved, who by treachery has been taken from me. Pray to your Son to relieve me of this suffering and to aid me quickly, as I greatly need it.”

With this he finished his prayer. And she who is Queen of Paradise forgot neither his request nor her who had served her so long. On the King’s

behalf she prayed to her sweet Son, who immediately gave her leave to carry out her will concerning those who were being tested and whom He saw to be good and faithful. Their vessel was turned toward Rome. (Henceforth they needed to have no fear, for the Mother of God was guarding them.) The King perceived that a gentle wind arose for them, making their vessel advance. They sailed along until from the sea they entered the Phare, where they found themselves one morning. It was on the very day of Palm Sunday, when the flowers bloom on the trees, that the King came to the riverbank of Rome¹⁰⁷ ... for many weeks on the dangerous sea.

Learning that he was at Rome, he was as happy as he had been distressed before. He called his seneschal. "Seneschal," he said, "good friend, since God has brought us here, here we shall stay for a time. This is the week in which God died for us;¹⁰⁸ ... On Holy Thursday, to be absolved of our sins, we shall go where the Pope will be. Go quickly to look for suitable lodgings where we can stay until then." "Sire, willingly." Thereupon he had his horse led out, mounted it, and rode through the city, where he saw many signs of wealth. His errand turned out very well. He rode along at an amble until he came before the house where she was, the one the King had sought for a long season. The seneschal noticed the dwelling, and also the Senator sitting at a front window, looking at the city. Gazing at him, and taking him to be a worthy man, the seneschal addressed him. "Sir," he said, "may the King of Heaven give you joy, provided that you accept a condition I shall propose to you: that you lend this dwelling to my lord the King, who is King of Scotland and of Ireland. He asks nothing more; he will have everything he needs, if only he can have the house."

The Senator answered: "Sir, I have understood you well. But except for my relatives or neighbors or friends, no one takes this dwelling. And nevertheless, since he is a king, I should hardly be courteous if I refused his request. So help me God! I'd rather that the house be burned to ashes. You may take over, at will, halls and chambers and stables, wines, food, benches, tables; whatever he needs I shall willingly let him have." The seneschal thanked him. He swiftly returned to his lord, who was awaiting him on the riverbank, and delivered his report: that he had engaged for him such a lodging that there was no equal to it in all of Rome. "He seems to me a man of an excellent way of life, the one who owns the house where we are to stay."

The King promptly mounted when he knew that his lodging had been arranged. They decided to go straight there. Meanwhile the Senator lost no time, but called together his well-trained servants and had them sweep the house and clean it from top to bottom. Then he went to don his best clothes

in a fine and noble chamber where he found Manekine and his daughters, who had been embroidering a rich alms purse; the Duke of Austria had none such. After greeting them, he announced: "My dear daughters, put on your best clothes and quickly too, for God is sending us a guest whom I want to make much of. For indeed one must show respect to those whom God wills to honor so much that they are called king, as this one is—this personage who desires and asks for my house. He is King of Scotland and Ireland."

When Manekine heard this her heart nearly broke. She sank fainting to the floor. The astonished Senator raised her and held her in his arms until she regained consciousness. Then she began to grieve; she could not keep from bursting into tears. The Senator comforted her and asked her to tell him what all this was about, why she was crying, why she was overcome by such sorrow. When she could speak, she said: "Sir, now I must tell you part of the trouble that I have never before related to anyone. Know that if this King who is coming here has the opportunity and the power to get hold of me, I believe that he will have me burned—not, truly, for any misdeed that I have ever done him; but it often happens at court that it is the innocent one who pays. Once I lived at his court, and found much good in him; but I was harmed by slanderers and attacked so badly that he ordered me to be burned. But God inspired such pity in the one who received the order that he saved me from death and put me to sea by night. Thus God let me escape and come into your house, where I have been for a long while. Now I have told you part of the burden that was allotted to me. Besides, I shall tell you this much without lying by so much as a word: I love him more than anything born, for he showed me great love before he ever thought of giving me torment and shame. But if you wish that my life should be prolonged, I beg you not to let him see me, for, if he did, I should die."

Whatever might come of this, the Senator was much amazed at the tale and answered: "Now be still, my dear, and calm your heart. Since you are under my protection, you need have no fear of him. If I had known about this affair, he would not have been received in my house; but since I have agreed to it I shall keep my word. And you are not to move from here. My daughters will keep you company in this place and will do as you wish. If you want to please me, console yourself in this distress; for there is nothing to be gained from sorrow except loading evil upon oneself." "Sir, I shall follow your advice. If I did not fear him, there is nothing I should see more willingly. But it is much better for me to abstain from that than to come to greater suffering."

Just then the Senator heard the King and his retinue already dismounting within the courtyard. He came down from the chamber, where he left

Manekine, and went on until he singled out the King. He greeted him respectfully, and the King returned his greeting. Thereupon they passed into the hall, where the tables were set up on the trestles.¹⁰⁹ As soon as the King entered, he encountered little John, his son, who was playing there like any seven-year-old. He was a handsome boy and well brought up. He went running toward his father and said to him: "Sire, welcome!" as he had been taught to do.¹¹⁰ "Dear child," the King answered, "may that Sire who is King of Kings give you life and growth! For you are a lovely child."

The King looked at him very hard; and the more he took notice of him the more he was pleased by him. He addressed his host, saying: "Now tell me truly, my dear host, whether this child here is yours." "Yes, Sire, truly, he is mine; I love him more than anything." At that the King did not know what to say; he sighed for sadness, and a flood of tears sprang from his eyes and ran down his face. Observing this, the Senator said: "What is the matter, Sire? It seems to me that your heart is full of trouble." "Dear host, I shall tell you why I am so moved. When I looked at this child, my mind turned to a son of mine whom I had over seven years ago. He might well be as big as this one is, if he were alive. But through treachery he was taken from me so young that I never saw him. I lost both the child and his mother. Just now, when I looked at this boy, I remembered that loss, and this is why I wept." "Sire," he said, "I believe it, without a doubt. It has happened to many a good person to encounter a mass of troubles. Thus God, at His pleasure, tests His people."

As they were talking, the dinner was made ready; the first course was already on the boards and the plates set. Having washed their hands, they went to seat themselves. The Senator had the King sit next to him, at his table. They had many a dish of delectable fish,¹¹¹ which I shall not pause to describe. The child went off straight to his mother, whom he found in tears. This did not suit him; with such wit as he had he demanded: "Madam, why are you crying? Come see the king who has arrived; there are fine people downstairs. You're crying, you're being bad!" His mother did not answer; she was so troubled that the Senator's daughters could not comfort her. She continued to weep, so lost in thought that she was aware of no one. The child, inattentive to her distress, looked at the shining ring, set with a diamond, which she had on her finger.

It was the ring the King had given her on the day he crowned her. And when the child caught sight of it he wanted it; grasping his mother's hand he slipped off the ring (which she would not have parted with for a hundred silver marks). Manekine took no notice of this. Little John left the chamber straightaway and ran downstairs, returning to the hall where the Senator and

the King were sitting at the high table. The hall was clean and swept; its floor was paved with square tiles worked in a chess-board pattern. The lively boy began to throw the ring on the tiles and pick it up again. Now here, now there, he went about playing this game until he came before the King and threw the ring upon the tablecloth. Stretching out his hand, the King picked up the ring, glanced at it, then began to study it intently. He fell to thinking that he had seen it somewhere else. The Senator noticed that his guest was neglecting to eat because of the ring and the child, and so he told the boy: "Go away!" But the King requested that he be allowed to remain there, for he was not being a nuisance. This entreaty was so pressing that the child was given leave to stay, and was very happy about it. He forgot all about the ring, which the King continued to hold.

He did not leave off studying it until the time for hand washing arrived; and he was very close to recognizing it. He thought indeed that the ring he had given to the woman whom he had crowned in honor was very similar. And on the other hand, he had his doubts, for he could not believe that it could have come to this place. The puzzle so absorbed him that not a word escaped from his mouth. By and by he was addressed by the Senator, who was astonished, and awakened him out of his reverie by saying: "Sire, if you please, I should be glad to know why you are studying the child's ring so intently that you neglect to eat. It seems to me that you are lowering yourself. I should like very much to know what is troubling you so." "Dear host, I cannot help it. If you do not enlighten me concerning this ring—when and how it came here—I shall not be at ease all day. And as to the child I should like to hear, if you wish to cheer me up, whether he is the son of your wife." The Senator answered: "Upon my soul, my wife¹¹² bore him in her body; and the ring that he brought with him is his mother's; have no doubt about that. I am not concealing the truth of it from you." (He considered them to be his wife and his child because he had bought them.)

Now the King did not know what to say. He sighed from the bottom of his heart. The tables had already been taken away and they had washed their hands. But he would not let it go at that; he would question his host again, for the ring betokened for him the true token of his beloved. He could not doubt the ring, nor could he believe the truth. If his host did not set him straight, he would never get into the right way. Therefore he said: "Dear host, in the name of Jesus Christ, Lord of Paradise, and in the name of all His friends, and in the name of His very sweet Mother, who is not grudging with her pity and her grace, I require you to tell me without concealment the story of the child and of this ring, which I see shining and beautiful. It really

does seem to me that formerly the ring was mine and that I gave it to my beloved, for whom I have led a wretched life for a long time. Therefore I adjure you to tell me the truth; for I believe that you know the way either to my grief or to my joy."

What the Senator heard made him wonder. For Manekine was miserable, and so anxious that she did not want the King to know of her presence in the house, for fear of getting a worse dwelling; for she believed that he hated her more than anything born; and therefore the Senator did not dare tell the truth about this matter. On the other hand, he understood that the King's request sprang from distress, and he did not know what this signified. He hesitated to tell the truth, yet he was unsure how to conceal it, since he had heard himself adjured. He mulled this over for a good while, and in the end decided to reveal the whole truth. He would protect her well in that house, if the King wanted to do her any harm. Thereupon he began to answer him: "Sire, you have solemnly charged me to let you hear news; but before I do so you must swear to me that, for anything I may say, no distress or torment or shame, grief or harm or base act will you do, to anyone. And you must grant me this as well: that you will put aside your anger toward the one about whom I shall relate my tale; otherwise, I shall tell you nothing." And the King promptly promised him this, being eager to know where the ring came from and also the child, who was so fair. He reassured the Senator and swore to him everything he wished. And once the King had sworn, there was no delay in the telling.

"Sire," said the Senator, "in this Lenten season, seven years ago as I estimate, as I was going along to amuse myself following the bank of the Phare, I saw three poor men coming up the river. Beside their boat they were keeping a small vessel, and in it was a beautiful woman. She had fine adornments and clothes, and a child with her. It is this child whom you see. And this ring, so shining and so beautiful, was on her finger. She had no other riches with her; but distress and suffering there was, in plenty. I inquired about her situation; but I was unable to bring her to speak of it. I felt such pity for her that for the love of God, as it seemed good and decent to me, I paid a hundred silver marks for her to the fishermen who had found her alone and were taking her away. But before she agreed to this purchase, she made me promise that she would have no base treatment. And she told me that she was not free, for she was married to someone who loved her, one to whom she would keep faith; she would rather let herself be burned than break faith with him. Therefore she made an agreement with me that she would care for no man. And thus I took her under my protection and

brought her into this house, where she has never been ill-treated. She is so sensible and well taught and zealous in all goodness that I never saw her equal. But I greatly wonder at one thing: that she has been here for seven years, winter and summer, but never once has she laughed, or sung one line of a song, or put on colored clothing. Her whole life is spent in tears or in heavy thoughts. And I never knew the reason why, except that (I must not lie to you) a short time ago she told me of something that gives her much anxiety. When I informed her that the King of Scotland was coming and was to lodge in this house, she fell down in a faint. I was much astonished at this and promptly raised her and held her until she recovered. I asked her why she had fallen, and she answered me this much (for now there was no use in concealment): that formerly she was in your country and with you. As long as it pleased you, you were her good friend; but then because of slanders you ordered her to be burned. Yet God caused those who were charged with carrying this out to feel so much pity that they were unwilling to drag her to such a death, but instead put her out to sea and by so doing preserved her honor. But God guided her until she came to this house, where out of love for Our Lord I have treated her with the honor due to a woman who is sensible and good. And furthermore you should be aware, if ever you were to see her, or do her such a wrong as she told me about just now—I tell you: she bears a visible injury, for she does not have a left hand, and it does seem to have been cut off. Whoever brought such a misfortune upon her was full of cruelty. I could never persuade to speak of her trouble or her injury, except that she told me her name. She has herself called ‘Manekine,’ she who came here by sea. Now you know the truth that you so adjured me about. But now, I require of you to set aside your anger toward her, for you have pledged your word that she need have no fear of you. He who does not keep his word is a fool.”

When the King had heard this story his heart was so constricted, both from the joy he felt and from pity for his beloved, who believed that he hated her, that before he was able to speak a man could have gone on foot the distance of six crossbow shots.¹¹³ He wept tears both of joy and of pity. But as soon as he could, he called the Senator to come close. Before the latter knew what was happening the King knelt before him, an act that caused much shame to his host, who did not yet grasp the situation. “Sire,” he said, “for the grace of God! What are you doing? Get up! It never happened to a king to behave so inappropriately, to lower himself so much, as to kneel before me.” As quickly as possible he raised him up. “Host, do not be troubled!” said the King. “You have done me such a service that I could not

have earned it if I had served you for a year by taking off your shoes. Through you God wills to remove from me the greatest sorrow and pain that ever came to human flesh without causing death.” “Sire,” he said, “how so?” “I shall tell you,” he said, “briefly.”

Then he began to relate what you have heard me tell: by what treachery she had suffered such injustice, how she had been found and how he had wedded her; how he had loved her so much and so truly that he made a queen of her; how he had gone off to France to seek fame and esteem; how she had been snatched from him by his mother, who hated her; how he had sought her through many trials for seven years. He told him everything: her merit and her goodness, and how he loved her without knowing anything about who she was or how she had lost her hand, whose daughter she was or where she came from. He told it all, whatever he knew about it, to the Senator, who marveled at it. He responded: “If I had known, Sire, that I had a queen and a king’s son in my manor, I should have caused them to be honored with whatever I possess, so help me God! But she never said anything to me about it; in this, she treated me very badly. If I had known the facts of the matter, I should surely not have permitted that she be less than the lady of this house. And nevertheless you should know, upon my soul! that she has had everything just as she likes, winter and summer. But since the matter stands thus, I shall go and tell her, without delay, what will please her very much. I shall bring her to you straightaway. Now, if you were to come with me, you would see her faint upon seeing you, because she would be terrified. So it is better if someone tells her beforehand how she was snatched from you and how for a long time you have sought for her in grief and torment.” The King consented to this without demur. And so he remained behind in the hall where his companions were, their faces still pale from the hardships they had undergone. But soon their hearts would be lifted up, for their lord called them near and announced that he had accomplished what had wearied them all so much. Thereupon he related to them just what you have already heard. Then they all, forgetting their hardships, thought themselves fortunate. They greatly desired to see their lady, for they had striven for this a long time. They still could not believe it was true; they said that they would never believe it until they saw her. While making such remarks and listening to the King, they awaited her.

The good Senator went in haste, a happy man, to the one who was still weeping, and said: “Lady Manekine, I had no idea that a queen had carried my keys for seven years. The news has circulated so much that the King knows you are in this house. From now on concealment is useless. But he is

putting aside his ill will toward you and freely gives you leave to come and speak with him. I am confident that he would cause you little distress." Then he began to relate to her, as you have heard me tell, how the King had glimpsed the truth by means of the little ring, which the child had brought to him and which he recognized. As yet she had no idea that it had been slipped from her finger, until she looked at her hand and saw that the ring was not there. She wondered how it had been taken from her but gave it no thought, listening instead to what the Senator was relating to her about her lord. He gave her an account of the trials that the King had undergone while seeking her on so many seas and in so many lands, and of how he had lost her. He told her everything, including in his account how her lady had hated her so violently and betrayed her; he hid nothing of whatever the King had communicated to him. "Such is the news I bring you; it ought well to give you comfort."

When she heard this news, her heart skipped with happiness. With the revelation that her lord had suffered so much affliction for her, and that it was through cruel treachery that she had had such unjust treatment, from which God had now relieved her, her grief gave place to joy. Swiftly she dressed more becomingly, for the Senator's daughters had many sorts of garments and clad her in the finest. And out of love for her they too changed into better clothes, rejoicing for her honor. Now in came the Senator. Taking Manekine by the hand, he led her beside him, and his daughters gladly followed them down the stairs. They came to where they were being talked about.

When the King saw the arrival of his beloved, for whom he had endured a hard life, and when she saw her lord, who had paid her many an honor, it would have been difficult to keep them apart. The King rushed toward her, and had kissed her more than a hundred times before he managed to say, "Beloved!" And she did the same to him. They were in each other's arms for a long while before they could speak. Their hearts were filled with so much pity and joy that I could not relate it all. At last they regained the power of speech. "My well-tried beloved," said the King, "be welcome! And may the Virgin to whom I prayed, and through whom I have accomplished my quest, be blessed by her Son, He who has made us escape alive from so much peril and suffering and then has given us comfort!" "Sir," she said, "so be it! Blessed be His name! And blessed be the Senator, who has honored me by maintaining me in his house and saving me from shame! And also his two daughters here, who have kept me company for seven years and have so graciously nurtured your son, whom you see here, that he has never lacked anything! To both of us they have done so much good that I could not relate it, however

long I might try. If you love me, thank them for it!" "I do thank them, beloved; and as reward for their service I make them this present: I shall give them both in marriage and shall bestow on them such land that no man of their lineage ever had property so good or so extensive." Their father was gladdened by this gift and expressed his gratitude for it; and the girls both thanked him on their knees. But the King, distressed by their kneeling, raised them up. And what were the King's companions doing? They were rejoicing as never before. Shamed and exiled—so they had considered themselves, this very morning; but now they were on the straight path to their will and desire. They had all that they had wished. Even the seneschal was jubilant as never before in his life.

While conversation continued, the King seated himself and seated beside him the one whom he had believed he would never again see so close to him. And they told each other about the hardships they had had, those seven years. They had plenty to relate, and each was eager to hear what had happened to the other. In the course of talking to her lord, Manekine learned the source of the grief and peril brought upon her by the treachery of his mother, who was now leading a hard life for it. Their exchange of news did not stop until supper time. Meanwhile, the Senator, always mindful of honor, sent for some of the great lords of Rome, so many that there was a crowd; the whole hall was full of people who were far from base. He did all this to honor the King, whom he considered to be his lord. And the King was deeply grateful to him for fêting him in such a way. (But this gesture of the Senator's was not wasted. For his sake his daughters were rewarded, just as you will hear in the tale—if there is someone who is willing to relate the rest!)

To return to my story: it was already time for supper, and they partook at their leisure, as much as they liked, of the food being served in beautiful vessels of gold and silver. The King ate more cheerfully than he had done for many a month. Manekine, as well, ate happily that day. When the tables had been removed and they had washed their hands, and the Romans had gone away to their homes, the Senator¹¹⁴ came up to the King, who was keeping his beloved beside him and holding his child in his arms, kissing him over and over. He addressed them both and gave them counsel that turned out very well for them. This is what the worthy man said to them:

"King of Scotland, you must be very grateful to God, who causes you to have joy again according to your wish. From great misery to great well-being! Dear friend, for this you ought to do something that will please Him. This is Holy Week, when for us He suffered great pain and was fixed to the

Cross and pierced by iron in five places. If He has granted your wish, you ought not to be slow to do penance, for this is a thing that profits everyone who does it. You have both long abstained from that love for which no one can reproach you, as I understand, so that you have not slept together; but this was because you could not. But from now on you can sleep together, if it pleases you. Yet, by my advice, you will still keep from it until the Passion of Our Lord is over, so that He may hold you in honor.¹¹⁵ Soon it will be Holy Thursday, when all those who repent of their ill deeds, and make confession, have their sins remitted. On that day the Pope will be in residence in this city, and he will give the benediction. If you wish, we shall be there. Then we shall be absolved from our sins, for such a load is too heavy to bear. It is an excellent thing to free ourselves of what can burden the soul." "Sir," said Manekine, "for God's sake, do not refuse to do what he advises; he does it for a good purpose." The King answered: "My beloved, I find nothing to blame in this counsel, for it is very courteous and sound. We ought indeed to put aside our pleasure this week for the sake of Him who has alleviated our distress. In order that we may maintain ourselves in righteousness, I advise that we refrain." And so this abstinence was freely agreed to by both of them. The Senator was very pleased at this. Meanwhile night had come and the day was over. The King and his wife slept in two beds all that week. They endured another penance also, for they would not at all, that week, wear a chemise.¹¹⁶ They were in languor, in mortification, in alms giving, in prayers, all for the love of Him who had had compassion on them. They stood the test like wise people, and no harm came to them from it. So they awaited the Thursday when they would turn toward the Pope.

But here I must leave the two of them and their good host and speak of the King of Hungary, about whom I have been silent for a long while.

The true account relates that after the King had caused such shame and injury to be done to his daughter, he was in such a madness of anger that he had no regrets; and so the nine years passed. But at last he was assailed by conscience, when he remembered the wrong that he had committed. This thought kept gnawing at him, so that no week passed without his weeping for the sin with which he felt himself so stained. One day he sent for the seneschal, the one whom he had commanded to burn his daughter. It was to this very man that the King lamented. And the seneschal had little sympathy for him, but told him that a greater misdeed could not have been done by anyone, than without reason and because she was doing right, to cause his own child to suffer such misery. He reminded him of this so many times that the King was filled with remorse; his heart was close to breaking whenever

he remembered her. He came to hating everything he possessed; he did not know how to comfort himself. When the seneschal, who was glad that he was repentant, saw him so changed, he told him that he had not dragged the princess to such a doom and martyrdom as the King had ordered him to do, but had put her to sea; and he told him how. The King did not much rejoice at this account. "Anyway," he said, "you did well in not having her burned. But she is drowned in the sea; and so I must call myself unfortunate, for she was right and I was wrong. If I do not seek comfort from God, I well know that my soul is lost. But I shall not leave it at that; I shall go to Rome, to the Pope, and shall confess this sin to him and take my penance."¹¹⁷ However painful it may be, I must indeed pay for such a transgression. I have erred too grievously. May God, if He pleases, forgive me! For this is the thing that most troubles me." "Sire," said the seneschal, "thus you can be saved. And I, who put her to sea, also have a heavy heart; and so I want to go with you and speak to the Pope." The King answered: "This pleases me. But now let no time be lost. Anyone who remains in sin a single hour after he knows of it is a fool. Nine years have already gone by since this evil was brewed, by me; and so there is no question of postponement. Have your ship laden." "Sire, gladly. There will be no further waiting."

With that, the seneschal left; he was impatient to make preparations. He went straight to the sea, retained the best ship he saw, and had it prepared quickly and laden with wine and biscuit. He also put in water, victuals, and meat, in such supply that there would be no shortage. Soon afterward he informed the King that his ship was ready and that they could climb aboard. Meanwhile, the King had caused his barons to assemble for leave-taking; he told them that he meant to go to Rome, and explained why. He singled out those he wished to go with him and also chose at his pleasure those who were to guard his kingdom and his rule until he returned. As for the others, he entreated them to live peaceably together; and to this they agreed willingly. Then he took leave. At his departure he wept with emotion, and the barons too, who loved him very much except for what he had done to his daughter, the deed for which he was now making this voyage. For a long time he had been hated by all the common people of the country; but now they saw that he was repentant and was undertaking the voyage to Rome because he wanted to accept penance and so relieve his soul of its burden. He asked them to pardon him and to pray for him to the true God; and so they did, gladly. Thus he departed with their goodwill. He took along thirty companions, men rich from their own domains; and the seneschal of Hungary did not want to stay behind. From the boats they entered the ship, where

neither sail nor mast was lacking. The crossed sails were raised to the wind by the mariners, who undertook to speed the ship across the sea. A strong wind moved them all forward. They went by the wind and the stars until in three weeks they came to the Phare and left the sea.

Now listen to something wonderful: how God, full of pity, prepares for His own what they would not dare to ask for. We ought indeed to seek His love and grace and favor. It is said that whoever serves a worthy master does not waste his service.¹¹⁸ Manekine served God and His Mother as well, and put herself entirely under their protection; therefore the wound was healed.¹¹⁹ For in that very Lent, when the King of Scotland found the one for whom he had so tested himself and whom he had sought for seven years until at last finding her at Rome in the Senator's house on Palm Sunday (when in many places the crosses are decorated with branches), and they were both filled with joy—in that same penitential week, in which their complete reunion was postponed because of the penance that they had undertaken—the King of Hungary arrived at Rome. This was on a Tuesday. His people took over a lodging within the city, fine and well furnished, suitable for such a man. His lodging was very luxurious; there were scarcely any like it. But it was not in the street where he might have seen his daughter, nor did he believe that she was still alive. He called his host and inquired whether the Pope, whom he was seeking, was in the city. “Tell me the truth about this,” he said. His host promptly told him: “Sire, on Holy Thursday Pope Urban,¹²⁰ who is free of all vices, as we believe because of the good we see in him, will give the benediction, by which many a soul will be saved. Then all those who are before him, being repentant and having confessed, will be absolved. If you are in that crowd you will hear many a confession; for everyone speaks aloud the sins by which he feels himself sullied. Then he is absolved of all the ill deeds that he has just acknowledged.

When the King had heard this from his host, he left him and resolved to go there. On that day he would tell the Pope the sin for which his heart ached and for which he had left his country. Just as he had thought it out, he did it. The day was over, and when night came he went to bed. He stayed in Rome for two nights, until Thursday dawned and the people of Rome arose and went off toward St. Peter's. (So they did every year; there they would find the Pope, and there they were always absolved on Holy Thursday.) Incited by repentance, the lord of Hungary went there as well, with his seneschal and his companions. The King had a fine company: he had brought with him from Hungary thirty knights of his household, and he took them all along. They escorted him to St. Peter's, where they found

the Pope. The King of Scotland went there as well, and beside him was Manekine, whom he loved with true love. The good Senator also went with them willingly. His two daughters did not remain behind; they went with Manekine, whom they still dearly loved. The seneschal of Scotland also did not want to be left out; he and all his companions went off to the benediction; fittingly and in good order they followed after their lord the King. The seneschal, glad of his task, carried his young lord John so close to the King that he could be seen, for the King took great joy in the sight. He loved him as much as he possibly could, and his mother was far from hating him. He was their jewel, their delight, the distraction from their troubles.

In such a manner and array they came up to the church where Pope Urban was, and with him so many Romans that I cannot say the number, nor do I care to, except that the church was full, capacious as it was. When the people were together and assembled from all sides, the Pope spoke to them about God. He related to them the great pain that God had suffered in that week. When he had finished his sermon, he told them that whoever wanted to have pardon was to confess and repent of his misdeeds. "And if there is anyone here present who feels within himself a heavy burden, in penance I exhort him to unburden himself here before everyone. Then I shall give the absolution."

Hearing this, the King of Hungary waited no longer. He got up from where he was sitting, like a man troubled by his sins. All the Romans kept still, making no disturbance, and they listened to what he had to say, this man who had stood up before the Empire. Then the King began his confession before the whole crowd. "For God's sake!" he said, "Lord Pope, now listen well to my words and then give me penance, if you please, for my evil deed. I shall confess to you a sin that greatly distresses me. It happened long ago that I had a wife, beautiful and virtuous, and I was with her for ten years without our having any children except for one daughter, the loveliest that ever was, lady or maiden. This daughter's name was Joy. Her mother did not live very long after her birth. But before she died I promised her that I would refrain from marrying, that I should not take a wife all my life long—if I did not find another one like her.

"Then she passed away from the world. After her death there elapsed a long time when I had no desire to marry. But the people of rank, who wanted me to take a wife, came to importune me; they kept saying that I should be blamed if I did not follow their advice to wed so as to have a male heir whom, after me, they might make their king. They pressed me so much that I replied: if someone could seek out a country where a woman similar

to the spouse I had before might be found, I should be willing to take her to satisfy their wishes. And so she was sought for in many a land, but they never found her equal. When my courtiers heard this news they were very much downcast, until one day they noticed my daughter and studied her well and took note that she resembled her mother, except for being younger. The dukes, counts, and barons of all Hungary round about caused the great prelates to come to me. These men counseled me to take a mad course, for they wanted me to take in marriage my daughter, Joy. When I heard this piece of news I considered it madness and thought the wisest of them to be a fool. But they had so resolved on it that they told me that *I* was a fool if I refused their counsel, since I wanted no wife except one resembling the mother. Although the business would be distasteful, they would take the responsibility upon themselves if in any way I was at fault. They said that they would speak to you about it and would make peace very well.

"Thereupon I asked of them a delay, for agreeing or refusing. I was granted it until Candlemas. But before that date approached, I was overtaken by so mad a will that I wanted it more than they did. I was wrapped up in that folly to the point of speaking of it to my daughter. But she, who was by far the most beautiful girl of her age whom anyone knew, and the wisest, told me that she would not do it for anything; she would rather be burned. Then I departed in a bad humor. But before leaving I told her this much: that I would carry this business through; I would not let it go for any consideration. Thus I waited out the delay that I had specified to my barons. They returned to me at Candlemas and solicited me again; and I quickly granted them what by then I greatly wanted to do. Thereupon my daughter was sent for to accomplish our union. Four counts went to seek her; they brought her, very sad and tearful, to where we were. When a bishop had explained to her what was required of her, she said this much in answer: that she was not worthy to wed a king or to be a queen, for her body was not whole. At that, in front of us, she untied a kerchief from around her left arm, as bloody as could be, for she had cut off her hand for fear that I might marry her. And so the project that I was intent upon came to nothing. Out of the anger I felt at this, I wanted never to have mercy on her. I ordered my seneschal, whom you see here, to seize her and put her to death in a fire. He did not dare oppose my will, but took her in charge willy-nilly. And nevertheless, such pity overcame him, as he has told me, that he did not want so wrongfully to make her die in that way; instead, he put her to sea by night, without mast or sail or escort. Then he caused a great fire to be lit, greatly to the country's distress; for all the people believed

that my daughter Joy was there put to death. And likewise I myself really believed it for a long time. Nevertheless this cannot matter to me now, for it can truly be known that she was drowned in the sea, and so I may call myself miserable. For without cause and very unjustly and because she was doing right, I put to death my daughter, in whom God had put beauty, goodness, sense, and nobleness, the one who feared evil so much that she cut off her own hand—and then I had her put to death! I ought to die of grief! Lord Pope, I repent of this and make confession to you, and I request penance to remove my soul from affliction.”

Joy had heard her father’s confession she could wait no longer. Before the Pope spoke or gave any counsel to the King, she rose, and rushing alone into the crowd she began to make her way toward her father, overcome with joy and pity. The King of Scotland, seeing this, greatly wondered what it meant and so did all those who knew her, for it was quite unlike her to go off like that without having any company with her; and so they watched to see what she would do. Without a moment’s delay she came up to her father, who was near the Pope. Once she was close to him she threw her arms around him, saying: “Dear father, King of Hungary, I am Joy, your own daughter, the one whom you wrongfully condemned, the one who was put into the vessel where there was neither sail nor mast, acts for which you are now so contrite. Do not be downcast any longer, for you have found your daughter, whom God has saved from many evils!”

The King of Hungary answered: “My dear, it would not be easy to believe that this was true. So help me God! I should desire it so much that I could scarcely believe it. Women resemble each other a good deal,¹²¹ and so I do not know whether you are mocking me. On no account shall I believe you until I see the place from which the hand was cut off, cut off in pain and for my fault.” “Sir,” she said, “that matter will not keep you from recognizing me. See here on my arm the stump from which I cut off my hand. This is proof; you must indeed believe in my real identifying mark. Know in truth: I am Joy, for whom so many have felt sorrow.” Now the King no longer doubted that what she said was true. He went down on his knees before her; in no time his face was wet with tears. “Dear daughter,” he said, “from my heart, more than a hundred times, I beg your pardon for the great injury and the wrong I committed in meaning to put you to death through my arrogance and madness. For this I entreat your forgiveness; I cannot be absolved otherwise.” Joy raised her father, and was heartily sorry that he had fallen to his knees. “Sir, she said, “it was a great shame when you went on your knees, before the one you begot, to beg pardon. The pardon that you asked of me,

I give you. And God be thanked, Who brought you here to us to seek absolution for this deed! I forgive you wholeheartedly." Then they kissed each other.

The King of Scotland, listening, learned what he never knew before: that his wife was a king's daughter and had been cast so unfittingly out of her land because of her father, who now bitterly repented of it. And he heard for the first time that to keep herself from defilement, she had resolved to cut off her hand. This information did not distress him; for if, previously, he had entertained doubts about her, with this incident God removed them. Happier than I could say, he stood up, and as everyone made way for him, he came up to the father of his wife. "Sir, be welcome!" he said. "And may God give me His grace until it may please you that I be your good son-in-law! I am indeed your son-in-law, although I knew nothing about it. Truly, it would have done me no harm if I had known it long ago." The King of Hungary answered: "Sir, may Jesus bless you! But, if you please, explain what you are telling me. If it is true that you are my son-in-law, you are not destined to be among the least of men; for in a short time this lady will be queen of two lands: of Hungary, through her father, and of Armenia, through her mother. And so he will possess a great deal who is to have such a wife. I desire so much to hear about her life, how God has preserved her for me, that there is no one who could say it, or clerk who could write it."

Then the King of Scotland told him how she had come to Scotland, how his provost had taken her in and had guided her to his court, how he himself had installed her with his mother, how love for her had seized him, how she had conducted herself, how she had kept her secrets, how he had never learned her name, how he had given her the nickname "Manekine" because she lacked one hand,¹²² how he had loved her so much that he took her in marriage, and what sort of wedding festivities he had arranged. He mentioned how his mother had hated her and afterward betrayed her, how he had departed for France leaving her pregnant, how she had been delivered, how the announcement that his counselors were to send to him had been written and sealed, how the unwise messenger had both gone off to France and returned by way of the King's mother (and afterward realized his foolishness when the exchange of letters had come to light); how the Queen had been wrongfully condemned by treachery, how she and her little son had been put to sea in peril, and how she had come to Rome. He passed to an account of how the worthy Senator had kept her and her child, sheltering her for seven years without knowing where she was born. He told of how he himself had returned from France, how he had fallen into great

mourning upon hearing the terrible news of his wife's exile, how he had had his mother walled up, how to seek for his wife he had been willing to endure the hardships that he had had for seven years through so many perils and trials, how he had found her at Rome in the Senator's house, how she was afraid of him lest he do her harm, how through her son he had grasped the truth, how he had recognized his ring, how the Senator had related the tale that put an end to his grief, and how the same man had dressed her in fine clothes, how he had brought her before him only four days ago, how they had been reunited and had forgotten their troubles. All this he narrated to him. And the good Senator carried the lovely child forward in his arms and presented him to his grandfather, saying: "Sire, here is the son who was put into peril when he was very young. But God sent him into my protection, and no account was made of her hand. He is your daughter's son, to whom God has been gracious." The King of Hungary saw the child and took him into his arms. He kissed him and made much of him, full of happiness.

When the King of Hungary heard the news of his daughter, how God had saved her from death and had given her as husband the lord and king of a great land, and when he learned of the suffering and turmoil that the other King had undergone for love of her, and how he had joyfully recovered his loss, and heard that he had had no idea until that very day whose daughter she was, or why she had mutilated herself, yet had never hated him because of it, he was dumbfounded at this marvel. (There was no marvel about it; for her equal never existed.) He was so happy that he did not know what to say or whom to thank more, the King or the Senator. They had both done him so much honor that he could have knelt before them if that had been permitted by the King of Scotland, who had his arms around him. There was an exchange of kisses, of embraces, of rejoicing, beyond what anyone had ever heard of before. So fine was this meeting that it ought well to be remembered; for, as I find in the tale, there was none such either before or since. For as the Kings were becoming acquainted, the seneschals too exchanged kisses. Twice they had put their lady to sea, and each in the same way; now, together, they had found her again. Each of them was delighted to hear the other's account. As for the knights in both parties, they all intermingled and exchanged hearty kisses; for the love of those they served they rejoiced together, calling each other friend and companion.

The Pope as well, who had heard all these words and had seen, close beside him, the meeting of these two great kings, and had heard how this came about, crossed himself, for he considered it a miracle. And he greatly marveled at how, and in that place, so many troubles had ended and been

brought to a good conclusion. For in a moment he saw set at peace many a troubled heart: that of one King mourning his lost daughter, whom he there recognized as queen and lady of great lands; that of the other King grieving for many a bitter season over his wife, lost through treachery; and those of the two seneschals, who had been wretched because of their lady whom they had each in turn put to sea. Nearby he saw the Senator, who for God's love had had the child and his mother cared for, without knowing who she was. And now he witnessed rejoicing among those who had been the most fearful and whose affliction was thus brought to an end. He knew well that if it did not come from God, this reunion would never have come about. He praised God aloud for it, and so did all the Romans who were in the church and were watching this marvel. There were many who crossed themselves, and many who were moved to tears.

While all this rejoicing and festivity was going on, two clerks were at a fountain, where the water flowed clear and pure. It was quite close to the church. These clerks were carrying a large silver pail, with which they meant to get water to fill the church fountains.¹²³ For at that time it was the custom, wherever the Pope was on Holy Thursday, after those who had confessed their sins had been absolved, that he would bless the fountains. It was this rite that brought the clerks to the fountain, where they went down on their knees to fill their pail. They let it down into the water and drew it up brimful; and in it they saw a hand. They threw the water back, then drew again from the fountain, which was full of good water. But the hand came back into their vessel, and so they threw it back again. Three or four times they emptied their pail, for they thought to obtain water without the hand, but in vain; it kept on returning. The clerks, amazed at this, consulted between themselves about what to do with this hand: take it away with them, or go to the Pope to give a report. They agreed on the latter course; they moved away, leaving the hand in the fountain and the pail at the side. (They had no fear of anyone's taking it from them, for the fountain was enclosed within a high wall.) Losing no time, the clerks approached the Pope and addressed him:

"Sir, the two of us went, as our custom is, to the fountain near St. Peter's and, by Saint Peter! we tell you that there we have seen a great marvel; for we cannot fill our pail with water without having a hand keep getting into it. Four times we took it out and four times it returned, and finally we have left it there. We cannot have the water unless we take the hand also. Tell us what to do." The Pope promptly instructed them to go straight back to get that hand, with their vessel full of water. "And bring it to me immediately!" The clerks hurried to obey. They let down the pail into the fountain, then

pulled it up; and in it they saw the hand floating on the water. They returned in haste to the Pope; once they reached him they tipped the pail before him so that he saw the hand. At this he began to marvel, seeing it pink and white. If it had just been cut off, it would not have looked so fresh or so living. The Pope's whole heart came alive with joy; he thought indeed that God wished to demonstrate that whoever serves Him sincerely does not waste his service. The two Kings, who still were talking about their meeting, good Queen Joy, whom the two Kings had felicitated so much, the two seneschals also, the barons who were with them, the Senator and the Romans—he made them all sit down wherever they liked. He entreated that none of them would speak while he was holding forth. They soon complied; in a short time there was no noise. Then the Pope began his address.

"Now hear me," he said, "good people, the high, the middling, the low! Today you have seen marvels and you have heard of them concerning this lady here, who for God's sake so mistreated herself, who marked her body with such a sign, as to cut off her hand. This very day you have learned that this was nine years ago;¹²⁴ since then she had many great burdens. Thus God tests His own. She held so firmly the right course that she has come to a good port and has been reunited with her lord; and today she has found her father seeking pardon for the great wrong that he had done her without cause. Furthermore I believe that God will not stop at this, but will give her back much more. For two clerks were going just now for water for the fonts that they were to fill. But whatever power or wit they might exert, they could not fill their pail without this hand, which I see before me, coming into it. Be sure that this is not without a reason. If it pleased Our Lord to honor her so much that she might have her hand again, then everyone might know indeed that it is well to serve such a Master in righteousness, to merit His favor. And so I exhort you not to neglect to pray to the Virgin Mary, all of you on your knees, that she may intercede with her sweet Son. Without anything further, say 'Ave Maria,' and therewith be absolved!"

When they had heard the Pope exhort them, they carried out his command; and the two Kings also prayed to the Virgin Mary not to forget the woman who had always adored her, served her, and honored her so much. Joy, at the center of it all, prayed to her wholeheartedly. The good Pope, before touching the hand, gave the general absolution, as was customary on that day. Then he took the hand and held it reverently in the holy fingers with which he was used to elevating the sacrament. He called for the Queen, and the two Kings escorted her to him. The Pope took her left arm, where the hand used to be, and looked at her stump, the end quite covered again

with skin. In reason it was impossible that she might ever have her hand back; but God, who well knew her heart, willed to restore to her all that she had lost. As soon as the hand had touched its former place, God reattached it, He who is a better healer than Nature. Neither plaster nor binding was needed there from that moment, for God works quickly. As strong and as useful, as beautiful, as supple as it was on the day when she had cut it off—just so did God restore it to her. Then He sent a voice from Heaven, which spoke to the Pope and pronounced its message so loudly that both the Kings and Joy and all their company heard clearly what was said. And so they listened and were still.

"Urban," said the voice, "now hear, and do not be slow to do Jesus' command. He sends word that as soon as you have completed the service, you are to leave this church; make your way toward the fountain where the hand was found, the hand with which God has healed this woman, afflicted for many a day. When you come to the fountain you will see in it a great fish. Have it caught and then opened before you. In its stomach you will find, in the shape of a glove, the place where the hand has been for many a winter and summer. It is there that the Virgin Mary has preserved the hand of her devotee. You must rejoice greatly at this, for within it is a very beautiful reliquary. The fish arrived at the Phare just as God brought it there; He made it come through a surge of water. He willed it to happen thus in honor of the highest Name.¹²⁵ The fish is called a sturgeon. You will keep the two Kings with you, taking them along. And let Joy know well that henceforth she will be fêted, and also, for love of her, will be these men who have shown love to her." Then it fell silent. Those who had heard it were completely astonished. They thanked God for it wholeheartedly. The Pope, as well, thanked God for this message and praised the miracle. Thereupon he sang the service that is done on that day in holy church; devoutly and with a pure heart he continued it to the end. The two kings were at prayer, and also those who were with them, who all were deeply thankful to God for granting them what they had wished.

When the master had finished the service, he went out of the church. Singing "*Te Deum laudamus*"¹²⁶ they came to the fountain and in it saw the fish, which was extraordinarily large. The Pope had it caught and laid out on a plot of grass. There, without further ado, they had it killed and then opened before them. Once this was done, they all smelled so good an odor¹²⁷ that everyone was moved. The Pope took the stomach, which had held the hand, fair and unblemished, and within it he found the form in which the hand had reposed.¹²⁸ It was made by such mastery that there is no

one who could say what it was made of or how it could have been placed there; but it was very sweet smelling and of many colors. They returned to St. Peter's, carrying it there with great festivity. (It is still to be seen at Rome, if it has not been lost through our sins.) Several of the people there took up the fish and put it in a kitchen. When the Pope had done what he ought with the reliquary and had put off his vestments, he led away the Kings as the voice had told him, as well as Joy, whom he made much of, the Senator and his daughters, the seneschals and all those who were with them—he soon conducted them away, and for love of them all, so many Romans also that his largest palace was filled with good people.

In the palace there was no shortage of good fare. There was such an abundance of it that five hundred marks' worth was given to the poor.¹²⁹ (For to them also God gave food in plenty; each one had more than he asked for.) At the banquet the sturgeon was eaten, the one that had been laden with the hand. If I described all the dishes to you, I should stay here all day. The Pope honored his guests and gave them an excellent dinner. When the tables had been cleared away and they had washed their hands, the Pope led them out to enjoy themselves in an orchard. There was much talk about God, talk that was neither simple nor foolish, and many a rehearsal of the great injustice suffered by the Queen, to whom God had restored her loss. After the day had drawn on, the two Kings entreated the Pope and all who were with him to join them at Easter. The Pope said that he would be there gladly and would bring them as much company and festivity as he could. Each of the Kings thanked him for this; then they withdrew and went back to their lodgings.

The Senator had such a large establishment that the King of Hungary moved to his house, and all his knights were able to be accommodated there. The Senator gave them the best welcome he could. That night they all went to the Office of Tenebrae.¹³⁰ On the next day they adored the cross¹³¹ on which died that One who through His death destroyed the most cruel death that could ever be imagined. For previously, when that death that everyone must die was past, then they had to die again; to die without deliverance, in darkness, from which no one would ever have emerged if the Son of God, the true Jesus, had not come from Heaven to Earth. For by His death He won the war that the Devil had with mankind, merely through a bite of an apple that Adam, the first man, ate, through which act he estranged from God's love both himself and all his lineage. And this was never put right until such pity came to God that He put on human flesh and willed on that day to suffer pain and death on the cross. And through this holy passage¹³² He took away from the Devil his custom of capturing our souls, provided that

we are willing to resist him. (For if someone will not defend himself, it is no wonder if he suffers. How will God help the one who has no care for Him? God has given us the arms with which we can defend our souls; if we wish to protect ourselves with them we need have no fear of perishing. If we make full confession and willingly leave evil deeds behind, repenting those we have already done, attending to alms giving, being full of pity and concord, friendship and compassion, we shall be so well armed that we cannot be wounded by the Enemy who lies in wait for us. I urge and advise everyone to be vigilant, for if anyone lets his guard down, the Devil awaits him on the day he dies. Then the Devil, full of malevolence, will seize him and lead him to such a place that it would be better for him never to have been born.) Therefore they went on that day to adore the cross. Until the Sunday the whole company remained humble and behaved quietly, like good and well-taught people.

On the day of the Resurrection, when the Passion comes to an end, the Kings of Scotland and of Hungary had lavish preparations made. In a beautiful meadow, at one edge of Rome, numerous pavilions were erected. The Kings saw to it that everything necessary for the fête was arranged, and the good Senator caused them to have all the provisions. When the service that is done on that day in holy churches was finished, the two Kings escorted the Pope away. They did not forget the cardinals, nor in all of Rome was there a towns person who on that occasion was not there with the Kings. Ladies and girls, very lovely, also attended in large numbers. Many good thoughts were expressed, many good deeds rewarded. On that day the two Kings wore their crowns. Good Queen Joy was much fêted, much loved, much honored, and very richly crowned. If I had thought about it for four years, I could not list for you all those who were present. Nothing was held back; there was much expenditure, many a fine bottle well filled with good wine. Out in the meadow, if you had looked in one direction, in fifty places you would have seen the great cauldrons on the fires, filled with several kinds of meat. Off another way, over burning coals, cooked so much roast meat that I do not know the quantity,¹³³ and shall stop there. One hundred and fifty knights served at the meal. They all spent the day in such happiness that nothing unpleasant crossed their minds. After supper they all left the meadow and separated.

That night the King of Scotland and Joy shared one bed, for they had not yet lain together, although it was a week since he had found her. For God's sake they had abstained from it. On that night they had much delight, befitting those who so loved and desired each other. They had lost each other for

seven years, a loss from which they had had much pain and affliction; now they had come to the port of joy and comfort. They were so happy that I could not tell the half of it.

When Easter was over and the festivities were past, nothing remained to do but depart. Ordering their ships to return to the port, they had them fitted out well and richly. Then they took leave of the Pope, like courteous and well-bred people. The Pope gave them leave and spoke to them about God, exhorting them to follow His commandments, for He had done them great good. They consented wholeheartedly, and never thereafter did they dissent from this. The Senator's two daughters, who had shown so much love to good Queen Joy, never thereafter wished to leave her, not one day of their lives. From then on they were always with her. (And she married them well, giving each of them to such a husband that they had as much of wealth and possessions as they wished. Each was a countess, and a duchess of two duchies.) Yet when they took leave of their father, it was with great sadness. He escorted them all down to the sea. Joy, who could not help loving him, took leave of him weeping, thanking him for the great goodness that he had shown her all the time that she was helpless. And the two Kings thanked him so much that it was difficult for them to separate from him. There was such a throng at the departure that all the dwellers in Rome were there. They escorted them down to the port, for they loved them because of the goodness they knew to be in them. When the visitors had taken leave of them all, like courteous and well-bred people, they and their whole company entered together into one ship, where neither sail nor mast was lacking.¹³⁴ Of course Queen Joy did not forget her child, for there was nothing she loved so much except for his father. But this love was not comparable with any other; they had well shown it to each other, the King to her and she to the King, and had suffered much distress because of it. The mariners set the sails; they busied themselves with getting under way. Up came the wind, which moved them onward. As long as the Senator could see them he watched eagerly, he and many others having climbed up to a high point. From there he watched his sorrow, for he was much affected by the separation. "May Jesus Christ guide them!" When he had lost sight of them, he and the others went back to Rome and returned to their homes. And upon the sea were the Kings, who wished to be dear friends. They made their way straight toward Hungary, journeying night and day, making no halt until they arrived. They were glad when they found themselves there.

The news spread rapidly throughout the land that Joy had been recovered and was healed. The people were delighted to hear it. The King of Hungary sent for his great barons and assembled them in his best city, where there was

great celebration and joy. Everyone made an effort to welcome the Scottish King. When they had heard about the marvels that I have reported to you, they were so elated that they did not know what to do. And the King of Hungary caused all of them, well born and lowly, to pay homage to the King of Scotland. He said that he himself was a very old king and wanted to remain in peace among them and so conduct himself that his soul might please that King in whom no goodness is effaced. And so he made the King of Scotland take possession of Hungary, almost forcibly, for the latter and his beloved Joy did not at all want to dispossess their father of his kingdom. But such was his inclination that he begged them until there was no refusal, and so they did as he wished. And all the princes were minded to make the arrangement; hence they all did it without debate. The two Kings, with Joy and all the barons of Hungary, went on a progress from town to town. Wherever the Kings were to come the townspeople gladly decorated the streets with hangings of cloth-of-gold and Indian silk, some white, some indigo. The pavements were strewn with foliage. It would be impossible to describe to you the honor that they showed to their new lord and to their lady, found again, whom God had returned to them. At this they were all so joyful and so zealous in celebrating that in every town, in a hundred places, you would have seen varieties of games, pleasing, honorable, and delightful to watch. Thus for half a year they progressed through Hungary in welcome, in happiness, in comfort, and in rejoicing. And as soon as possible and when preparation had been made, by Joy's will and the agreement of the Kings of Scotland and of Hungary, there was placed in a ship a thousand marks' worth of gold, silver, silk, jewels, and money. Then they sent it all to Rome, to the Senator, the venerable man who had shown himself to be good and well tested. And they in turn proved themselves toward him; for they sent him so much of their wealth that he made his lineage rich and greatly profited his soul (for with it he did much charity). Thus every day he engaged in good works and for a long time behaved like a man worthy of respect.

But I shall relate no more about him, except to say that afterward he had news many times, very good news, of his daughters and of their lady, whom he loved body and soul. Now I shall turn to the two Kings, who were in Hungary, lovely Joy with them. They had news of the Senator through those whom they had sent to him and were joyful on that account, and his daughters' hearts were cheered.

One day as they were seated at table a messenger arrived. He came straight up to the table, where he could see the Queen with the two Kings sitting beside her. Going down on his knees,¹³⁵ the messenger spoke like a

sensible man. "Lady," he said, "I greet you in the name of God, who has helped us, and in the name of the barons of Armenia, who have heard news of you that has brought them much joy; for they are informed of your return. This comforts them greatly, because they believed that you were dead and so they have led a bitter life. In the name of your good mother you are to have the whole land. On this account I have come seeking you. Come! They will receive you, and to your lord they will show joy, festivity, homage, and honor. Now, do not put this off, for they very much desire to see you; they are deprived of you against their will." Joy answered him: "Young man, I have understood you well. Go and eat, and in a short while you will have my assent to this matter." So, arising, he did. A number of people showed him to where he was made very comfortable; nothing that pleased him was lacking. The Kings had well heard the messenger's speech. As soon as they had eaten, they and Queen Joy withdrew to council, with all the barons of Hungary beside them, a council that was rather brief. They summoned the messenger to them and said that they would not fail to go to Armenia, and they named a certain day to him. The messenger did not lose any time after hearing such a decision; his thoughts were on returning. But before he left, the Queen had him given as much gold and silver as he liked; then he went on his way. Once back in Armenia he announced news of Joy to those who had sent him and who rejoiced greatly at the message. They caused much preparation to be made against the day when their lady was to come. Each of them exerted himself. But the Kings were still in Hungary (and with them many happy people); with them was the Queen, full of beauty and goodness. I shall tell you what the Queen projected and sought to bring about.

The seneschal who had wide lands in Hungary, the one who had sent Joy out to sea, and also the seneschal of Scotland, who afterward had put her back into the same boat—these two, from their seneschalships, had very great power. Neither of them had a wife, but they had come to love the Senator's two daughters, who were virtuous and elegant. They loved them for these traits and did not hide their feelings so much that the Queen did not perceive it. She was happy about this, and showed it. Far from opposing their wishes, she projected and intervened so much that she brought about these two marriages. And on that occasion she caused to be given to the damsels forever, as their heritage, two duchies, very good ones. (But for all that they did not leave her; they were with her all their lives, and so were the seneschals, like true and loyal men.) Their weddings were very fine. There were miters and crosiers in plenty; dukes, counts, knights, and bishops were there, and a good ten archbishops. There also were damsels and ladies of

Hungary, very lovely, who joined in the celebrations. The brides were much honored by the two Kings, who loved them dearly for the goodness that they knew to be in them and also for the love of the admirable man who had done them all so much good at Rome. (For no tongue could express as much honor as a man of worth knows how to do.)

When the weddings were over and the royal party had visited their great cities and their castles, and everywhere taken their pleasure and received all the Hungarians, they had preparations made again for traveling. They left the land in such hands that no one could win anything there by warfare. Then without more delay they departed. I shall pass over the stages of their journey, except to say that they moved through hills and valleys and long, wide forests until they came into Armenia.¹³⁶ There they were well received by the inhabitants, who were informed of their coming and were awaiting their arrival.

The Armenians welcomed with great honor their lady and their new lord; as for John, their fine young lord, they greeted him very fittingly. They were full of joy and zealous to do honor to the princess they had lost and from whom they were to hold their possessions. They had been without a ruler for many a winter and summer, and there was much strife among them. But the Kings were not slow to make peace throughout the country; they put an end to all discord. The love of their new lord led the barons of the land to set aside their quarrels with each other; they conceded the power to rule them to the King of Scotland and, without violating custom, did him homage for their fiefs. There Queen Joy was much fêted, and rightly so, for in her they had a good lady. The people loved her to the point that throughout the towns there was a tremendous noise from the celebrations, so much that it could not be told. The streets were decorated with hangings reaching down to the ground on both sides. If you had been there, everywhere you would have seen cloth-of-gold spread out, and garments of silk and of fur hung from the windows, so that nothing else showed. There you would have seen so many different games that you would have marveled. Everywhere the Kings went, they were greeted with games and festivities.

All that winter they were in such rejoicing, not breaking off until Lent. They spent half the year in Hungary and half the year in Armenia. But then it came into the Scottish King's mind to see the barons whom he had left in Scotland, full of sorrow on his account. He spoke about this to his beloved. She did not dissuade him, but said: "Now let us send a message to them, and let us be there this Easter!" Then they summoned the seneschals who had united in marriage with the two sisters from Rome and who loved each

other like worthy men. They came at their lord's order and listened attentively. The King told them to put to sea and travel to the country from which he had departed in dismay; there they were to announce the news that would be very pleasing to many: "We shall be there at Easter and shall arrive at Berwick. Tell them to await us there." The seneschals were very glad of the commission. They took leave of their lord and their lady and then departed. Taking along with them such people as they chose, they lost no time in setting out, heading straight for the sea. There they made little delay. They had a good wind and a good ship, which carried them smoothly over the water. They were at sea night and day, without a storm or any stay, until they arrived at Berwick, right at the port, with great rejoicing.

The seneschal who was from Scotland had left his country grieving, but he returned in joy. Nobly accoutered, they both mounted their horses and entered Berwick with many companions. They rode up to the castle; and there they promptly sent for the great burghers and the provost. The Scottish seneschal was hardly recognized, for he had not been seen for a long time; it was eight years since he had been in Scotland. The first person to place him was the provost, who ran to embrace and kiss him. But he could not relieve his heart of his fear for his lady, whom he loved more than any other woman, and for his lord as well. He had no relief until he learned the news. Never before had he felt such joy as when heard the tale that would make the town rejoice. The seneschal told them everything: the great trouble and travail they had had in many lands while seeking their lady, and afterward how they had found her at Rome in the home of the worthy man, how they had identified her through her son, and how they had rejoiced together until the Thursday when they went to where they found the Pope. He narrated the confession that was spoken before the crowd, through which it became known how their lady had come there, and why she was mutilated. Then he narrated the great miracle performed by God, Who restored her hand to her. As to the fish and the reliquary, he gave them the whole story, then described the rejoicing that went on all during their stay in Rome. He related how they left the city and took leave of the Romans; how the daughters of the worthy man left Rome for their lady's sake; how they themselves wedded them and what lands were given to them; how they came to Hungary, where their lady had been reared; what rejoicing was made for her, and for the King of Scotland on her account; how the King of Hungary resigned his kingdom, and caused all his people to do homage to the King of Scotland without disorder or force; then how afterward they went from Hungary to Armenia, which belonged to their lady through her mother. He did not

omit the games and festivities that were put on for their lady and for the child and for their King. Then he informed them of how the two Kings were of one mind, always remaining together; how the Scots would soon see them both; how they themselves had been sent ahead to tell what they knew and to set the barons right concerning what they feared; and how, without further delay, their rulers were to come at Easter and hold court at Berwick. He related the truth about all this, without making any mistake, and in so doing he made them all both joyful and amazed. They scarcely believed the substance of what he had told them. If he had not been considered a trustworthy man he would never have been believed; but because of his goodness they did believe him and rejoiced at his report.

In a short time, throughout the country, this news circulated; one person carried it to another and they rejoiced together. Soon it was generally known that she who had been abused and exiled was returning healed of all ills, and also their lord, who had had undeserved hardship on her account, through great treachery. Those who had fainted on account of their lady, when they thought that she had been thrown into the fire, now felt joy greater than they had ever experienced before. They had never known who their lady was, but now they knew. They took pleasure in preparing Berwick. Nothing could distress them except the fact that it was so long until Easter. It seemed as if the hour would never arrive when they would see their rulers approach from the sea to the shore. At Berwick they were all awaiting them and giving thought to having a great festival. The seneschal announced it everywhere, both in Scotland and in Ireland; the Cornish people also hastened to it eagerly. In those three lands there was no bishop, duke, count, or archbishop who did not come with a happy heart. On the shore they had pavilions set up for people to stay in, for the town was not large enough for everyone to lodge in it; there were many on the beach. Thus in happiness, without disarray, they awaited their lady and their King, whom much to their regret they had not seen for a long time. But all displeasure had fled far away; out of joy they made a great deal of noise, and would make even more when they saw the arrival with their own eyes. For it was very difficult for them to believe that such things might be true as each one was telling the other, and as the seneschal had related.

Just as the King, faithful and wise, had said to the messengers, so he did; in Armenia he left good people, well supplied, to guard the kingdom; and to Scotland they would send the gold and silver and other goods that would be needed there. Then the Kings came to the shore, where many a ship and barge was laden with great wealth and so much that I cannot know the

amount. The two Kings cordially and in an orderly way took leave of the Armenians. The good and pure-hearted Queen also took leave of those who were staying behind, saddened by her departure. Then they entered their ships, which were good and sturdy and swift. John was not forgotten there by his mother. If she had left him behind, great sorrow would have overcome her; but she had no such desire, she always took him with her. He was the fairest child in the world, throughout its length and breadth, and she loved him as every mother does her child. They went by sea and had a wind that moved them away rapidly. They voyaged for many nights, days, and hours, until they were perceived by those who were at Berwick. These people all came running to the shore to receive their rulers, who from the ships entered the boats and were rowed to the beach. Here they found many a baron who cried aloud: "Welcome, my lord King! And welcome be my lady, who was lost through treachery! Welcome be our young lord, who was lost with her! Also the King of Hungary, he and all his company, be welcome in this country! Henceforth they will no longer be dismayed, the knights who have been without a lord for many a summer. Now God grants our wish; from now on we are not to grieve."

Thus all the barons, so happy that I could not tell it if I had thought about it long and hard, received their lord with great honor. When all had embraced each other and the horses had been led out of the ships, they mounted without making further delay. No one could describe to you the bridle and the palfrey, the saddle, and the other trappings that Queen Joy had. The ladies with her were also splendidly equipped. They went riding through the crowd of people, who were eager to see her. But now they could behold her more beautiful than ever. When they saw her two hands, they crossed themselves for the miracle and marveled greatly. Thus they went off to the town, where they saw many preparations: so many great linen hangings, lengths of Alexandrine silk, counterpanes, cloth-of-gold, furs, and much treasure, and in the streets so many sweet herbs strewn on the ground.

At these signs of how much his daughter was loved (it was hard for anyone to believe it, but now he saw that the thing was true), the King of Hungary wondered how the lord of such holdings had wished to take her in marriage without knowing who she was or where she came from. He thanked God profoundly for the honor He had done to her. They came up to the castle and dismounted. It was Easter Day, and so they agreed to go, all of them, to the church to hear God's service, and there they received their Savior.¹³⁷ Afterward they returned to their lodgings to dress and adorn themselves; then they moved to the Kings' court, which was great and plenary. At

it were people of many ranks, and each man had his wife with him, for they wanted to honor their lady. As to their food and wine I do not wish to be the recorder. On that day the ladies behaved quietly; they did not dance and sing. Because of their Savior, whom they had received, they were obliged to conduct themselves soberly. They were well able to make up for this later, for they intended to stay there for a week; the festival continued that long. None finer was put on ever before, so large, so joyous, or celebrated by so many people, nor was one so festive, so cheered with dance and song, ever put on since. I shall not tell you more about this, for I want to bring my matter to an end.

When the week was past and they were all wearied with celebrating, they took leave and returned to their own regions. And the Kings went off and rode through the country. Joy was always with them, accompanied by many a lady. They progressed in stages, moving from one town to the next. The Queen inquired about the King's mother, and was told that she had died a year ago in the tower where she stayed. This was not at all pleasing to Joy, for she was so full of courtesy that she would have freed her if she had found her alive; but she had to do without her since it could not be otherwise. The old Queen had brought herself down with her own act, and so came to destruction.

When the Kings had seen the country and ordered it to their liking, they went to stay at Dundee, for that was the place in Scotland where Joy liked best to reside. Therefore they would often go there; but when they wished they went elsewhere, as do those who have many dwellings. They continued so for a long time and spent their lives together, the Kings and the Queen together and the seneschals and the Senator's daughters; they all loved each other dearly. And afterward the Queen had several children, according to what I read: they had two daughters and three sons,¹³⁸ to whom God was gracious, for the daughters were queens and always devoted to God, and the three males were kings and well carried out the law. As I have said, they conducted themselves rightly, until they came to a good end.

By this romance you may know—you who are sensible—that in every necessity in this fleshly life, one must not despair but always hope in the right: that out of whatever grievously afflicts us God will restore us again. The Enemy is most ingenious and desirous of having us, and so he does all he can to put us into despair, in order to draw us away from prayer and from the hope that God may take away our suffering. If you feel temptation or know some affliction, pay heed to Manekine, who in many trials was so steadfast that, although being twice sorely tempted, never had the heart or the thought to fall into despair, but always hoped in God and in His blessed

Mother, who is not sparing of pity. She behaved so well, prayed so much, that in a brief time God gave her far more than she had prayed for. Therefore I advise everyone to strive always to behave rightly. For such great good can come of it that there is no one who could say it and no clerk who could put it in writing. There is nothing that God hates so much as the despairing fool;¹³⁹ for if someone despairs, it seems that he wants to believe that God lacks the power to relieve his suffering. He who doubts this power is foolish indeed, for God can well restore everything, all losses and all afflictions. And all sins too, small and great, God can and will pardon, provided that we want to give Him our heart, and trust in Him, and believe that without Him no good can come in this world. There is indeed no good, if God does not pour it out. It is well to serve such a Master and carry out His will. And so let us pray that He make us such that He may will to give us His grace, and that He guard us from despair so that we may not go to perdition. And as for you (hearers and readers), pray God, who sees all, that He may grant great joy to the one who opted to wear himself down in rhyming *Manekine*. May God give him joy and a good life! Let every one of you say, “Amen!” At this point Philippe ends the romance of *Manekine*.

