

naïveté, the charming details, the dramatic and free style of the original Breton. Unfortunately death prevented him from continuing his translation to the end.

For the satisfaction of our readers, we shall quote a few stanzas of the original text.

And now, I pray you, read, but read, remembering the while that all that follows is pure ninth century literature, and you will avow that devotion to St. Anne is not of yesterday.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE KING'S KNIGHT.

I

Between Lorgnez and the Knight Lez-Breiz a combat has been agreed to according to the laws of chivalry.

May God grant victory to the Breton and good news to those that are at home!

The Lord Lez-Breiz said to his young esquire, one day:

—Wake up, my esquire, and arise; and go burnish my sword,

My helmet, my lance and my shield, that I may redden them with Frankish blood.

With the help of God and my two arms, I will make them leap again to day.

—My good master, pray tell me; shall I not follow thee to the battle?

—What would thy poor mother say, didst thou not return home?

If thy blood flowed to the ground, who would put an end to her sorrow?

—In the name of God, master, as thou lovest me, thou shalt leave me go to the battle.

I dread not the Franks; my heart is bold, sharp is my sword.