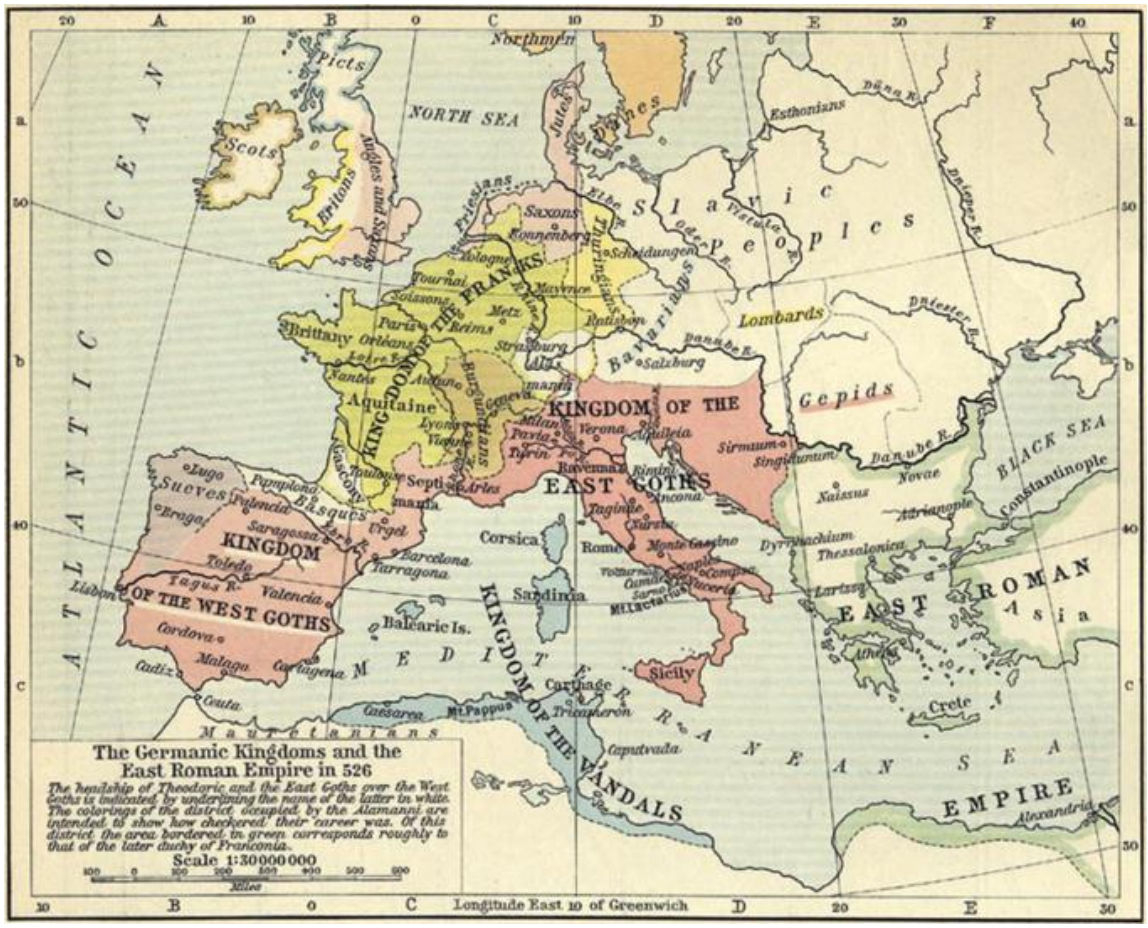
E. A. FREEMAN

WESTERN EUROPE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY

AN AFTERMATH



PREFACE

When the late Mr. E. A. Freeman set forth on his last visit to Spain his immediate interest was the completion of his History of Sicily. It was known, however, by his friends that he had left behind in an unfinished state the materials for a volume on Western Europe in the Fifth Century. Like many other historical students he was much interested in the few historical notices that have survived concerning the events in Britain during the fifth century. He desired to understand them, and as far as possible to fit them in with what we know of the general political development of Western Europe, and he felt that the only way of approaching this subject with any chance of permanent success was to make sure of the events that had happened in Gaul. If we understood clearly what had occurred there we were at least in possession of information which would keep us from wrong ideas as to what might have happened in insular Britain. The incidents that are recorded are so brief and isolated that, taken by themselves, they fail to give us any idea of what was going on, but when we look at them in the light created by events in Gaul we perceive faint traces of a connection between them; it is the fading influence of the magic name, *respublica Romana*, and the efforts that were being made, secular and religious, to revive it for the salvation of the island. It was then for this purpose that he had given as professor two or three courses of lectures on this subject, and it is evident from such portions of his manuscript that remain that he had set out his work with the view to its publication. Some of the chapters he had completed, some were still fragmentary, and for each section he had provided some notes or indications of notes, and in what was meant for an appendix he had discussed at greater length than was possible in the text one or two questions of especial importance. The manuscript of these lectures, just as it was found, was handed over to his friend, the late Professor York Powell, who very kindly undertook to see the volume through the press. This, however, he never accomplished, and after his premature death the portions which he had worked off, a rough print of the rest, and such sheets of the manuscript as could be found, were returned to Mr. Freeman's executors. Professor York Powell had revised for the press sheets B to P, *i.e.* the first 224 pages. The rest was all in the rough, and called for arrangement, correction, and the verification of the references, an amount of work which his numerous engagements had probably made it impossible for him to accomplish. It is obvious, therefore, that the present volume suffers very much for lack of the author's final notes and arrangement, but it was felt that work so good, carried out on ground which had never before been so carefully considered, should not be allowed to remain unpublished. It is now offered to the historical student, a mere earnest of what it would have been, and yet a fragment too valuable to be allowed to perish.

T. SCOTT HOLMES.

I.

THE INVASION OF GAUL.

The movements within and without the Empire which, in the course of a few years at the beginning of the fifth century, altogether changed the face of Western Europe have never, as far as I know, been told in our own tongue, perhaps not in any other tongue, as a connected tale. The facts are recorded by Gibbon with his usual accuracy, clearness, and careful reference to authorities; but they are scattered over several chapters and are never brought together in their relation to one another. To Gibbon, with Rome itself as his main subject, their importance lay chiefly in their purely Roman aspect, as so many blows dealt to the power of Rome. To our latest English inquirer into these times they naturally come in the same way, important only as they bear on the destinies of Italy and her invaders. Mr. Hodgkin does not give, because he was not called upon to give, a minute or a consecutive narrative any more than Gibbon does. Of the German writers on the *Völkerwanderung*, Dahn and Pallmann hardly touch these particular years; Wietersheim has a careful and critical examination of the facts and authorities; but it hardly amounts to a narrative. Of writers dealing specially with our own island, Lappenberg has a sketch, to the purpose as far as it goes, of the British side of the story, but he hardly attempts to connect it with the continental side. Mr. Green, in the *Making of England*, attempts no examination of authorities, and he gives a few words only to the continental side; but it is clear that he had fully grasped the connection between the two. Tillemont in a past age, Clinton in the age just before our own, have brought the authorities together with their usual painstaking research. And I venture to think that the time has not yet come when we can afford to cast away collectors whom no scrap of information in the original writers ever seems to escape. But Clinton does not attempt a narrative, and the narrative which the worthy Tillemont does attempt, though it is well to follow the example of Gibbon and Hodgkin in keeping it ever at our elbow, can hardly be looked on as sufficient according to the standard of modern criticism. Fauriel, in his *Histoire de la Gaule Meridionale sous la domination des conquérants Germains*, has used his authorities well, and he comes nearer than any other writer to giving a connected narrative of the events with which we are immediately concerned. Still his point of view, the point of view of a countryman of Sidonius and Gregory, is distinctly South-Gaulish. It is no part of his business to take any special points to connect the continental with the insular story. As for myself, I must say that, while I have taken the deepest interest in attempting to put together a fuller and more connected narrative of the whole story than I have yet seen, and in the work which is the necessary condition of so doing, the minute examination of the evidence of the original writers, I have a motive beyond. In much that I shall have to say from this Chair, I shall strive to guide you into Britain by way of Gaul, into England by way, if not of France, yet of the elements out of which France slowly grew. If I keep you long with the Goth and the Frank in their Gaulish realms, it will not be only because of the surpassing interest and instruction of their story in their Gaulish realms, but also because a full understanding of their position in their Gaulish realms is the best means to enable us by force of contrast to grasp the true position of the Angle and the Saxon in their British realms. I am leading you to Northumbrian Baeda by the guidance of Arvernian Gregory. If I am set in this Chair to strive to show that European history is one unbroken tale, I am set in it also to strive to show that Englishmen are Englishmen. I believe that the latest theories of all go once more to set aside that doctrine as an old wives' fable. Now I venture to think that the spritely youths who, I am told, blow their trumpet somewhat loudly to say that what they are pleased to call 'the Teutonic theory' is exploded, have not given much of their time to any very deep study of Gregory of Tours. The plain truth, so despised of many, that we are ourselves and not somebody else, is more easily

grasped if we look first at the fortunes of those branches of our race which did not remain ourselves but did become somebody else, and see how utterly unlike those fortunes are to ours. I trust, before many terms are over, to set before you a distinctly English story. As yet, I am dealing with our kinsfolk in foreign lands. The new theories will tell you that we were no more in our conquered island than they were in the conquered mainland. It is well then, before we examine what was the place that the Jute, the Angle, and the Saxon held in Britain, to understand thoroughly what was the place which the Burgundian, the Goth, and the Frank held in Gaul.

Of that inquiry the present course will bring us only to the threshold; but it is a stage which cannot be left out. The main importance of these years lies in this, that in them the ground was made ready for the plantation of abiding Teutonic settlements in the three great lands of the West, in Gaul, Spain, and Britain. In Gaul, and still more in Spain, not only is the ground made ready, but the settlements actually begin; in Britain the ground is made ready, but hardly more. In our meagre notices of Britain in these years Teutonic invaders are never distinctly mentioned. They have shown themselves at an earlier time as unsuccessful invaders; they were soon to show themselves again as abiding settlers; but during the special years with which we are about to deal the Teuton shows himself in Britain at most as a passing plunderer of the coast; his future dwelling place is making ready for him ; but he does not as yet take any steps to secure possession. Yet even at this time our own people play no inconsiderable part in the story. It is not to be forgotten that there was a Saxony in Gaul before there was a Saxony in Britain; Bayeux was a Saxon city before Winchester. Among all the invaders of Gaul the Saxon pirates of the coast are spoken of as the most dreaded, and the rovers of the Channel were not likely to keep themselves to its southern shore only, though it is only on its southern shore that they have found chroniclers of their doings. But beyond this, both at this time and in the generation when the Angle and the Saxon did begin to occupy the great island, it is of the highest moment to mark the connection between the affairs of Britain and the affairs of the mainland. The Teutonic conquest of Britain, owing to the special circumstances both of the invaders and of the land invaded, took a wholly different shape from the Teutonic conquest of most parts of the mainland. But it was none the less part of the general *Völkerwanderung*, and it was largely affected by the same causes as the Teutonic movements on the mainland. And one side of the difference between the English conquest of Britain and the Frankish conquest of Gaul, namely the difference in the state of the invaded lands and their inhabitants, was largely owing to the events of these particular half-dozen years.

At a first glance the events of these years may seem to offer us little more than a series of uninteresting and almost unintelligible struggles for the crown of the declining Empire of Rome, or at any rate for the imperial dominion in the provinces beyond the Alps. Emperors or tyrants rise and fall, and, by a strange fate, men whose revolt at least shows them to have been men of some energy, are overthrown to the profit of an Emperor who at no time of his reign showed any energy whatever. Honorius cannot keep Rome from the barbarians; but he can, by the hands at least of his generals, destroy every rival claimant of his diadem and can win back a large part of the provinces which they had usurped. We may safely say that Constantine, Gerontius, Jovinus, Heraclian, were any of them better fitted to reign than the son of Theodosius. But these men have a higher interest than comes from anything that connects them with Honorius. Their rise and fall are directly connected with some of the leading events in the history of the world; their tale cannot be told without telling the tale of the separation of Gaul, Britain, and Spain from the Roman dominion; the setting up and putting down of the rival tyrants cannot be recorded apart from the revolutions which at least opened the way for the growth of the leading nations of Western Europe.

As usual, the history of these years has to be made out by piecing together a great number of authorities, none of which are of first-rate merit. We have an unusual wealth of accounts, such as they are, written by men who lived at the time; but there is none who claims a high place as a narrator, still less is there any who could understand the full significance of his own days. Nor is there any who gave himself specially to remark and to record that particular chain of events with which we are specially concerned. All is fragmentary; one fact has to be found here and another there. The age, as one of the great turning points of the world's history, needed a Polybios to grasp its full meaning; we have not even an Ammianus

to set down events in order and to make shrewd observations on them as he goes along. We can hardly doubt that the History of Olympiodoros, the Greek of Egypt, some scraps of whose many books are preserved to us by Photios, would, if he had come down to us whole, have given us something more like a narrative, and that a narrative of some merit, than his followers. He has at any rate given us fragments of considerable importance, whose value has been fully set forth by Mr. Hodgkin. We seek in vain for some further knowledge and some further remains of the two writers quoted by Gregory of Tours, Sulpicius Alexander and Renatus Profuturns Frigeridus. The collection of names borne by the last writer, with its Christian, its Roman, and its Teutonic elements, raises a certain curiosity about himself. Sulpicius may have concerned himself chiefly with the Franks, a people with whom we have at this moment less to do than with some others. From Orosius we have the complete work of a contemporary; from Zosimos we have the nearly complete work of most probably a younger contemporary. Both the zealous Christian and the zealous pagan wrote with an object somewhat different from that of simply recording events as they happened, and the prejudices of both must be allowed for in measuring the value of their witness. Zosimos too, though a contemporary, one who was alive at the time and who wrote not very long after, can hardly be called an original writer. He seems to have written from the accounts of writers, some of whom could not have been much earlier than himself, but whom we may guess that he did not always understand. Though his account of these years seems complete, yet it is almost as fragmentary as those of Olympiodoros. It consists of pieces put together with very little regard to connection or to chronological order, one most likely taken from one source and another from another. Yet some of the scraps of narrative thus embedded, whencesoever they may come, are of the highest moment. They preserve several of the most essential parts of our present story for which we should look in vain elsewhere. We have another narrative, full in some points, in the Ecclesiastical History of Sozomenos, also a writer contemporary, or nearly so. The writers of our own island in after times, British Gildas and Nennius, English Beda, who in some measure follows Gildas, and the English Chronicler who in some measure follows Beda, can of course tell us nothing of our times beyond such traditions, written or oral, as may have lingered on till their days. But it is always well to know how the events of a past age looked in the eyes of the descendants or successors of the men who were touched by them at the time.

We are now in the age of the Annalists. And two of them, as being both contemporary and local, would, if they had written at greater length, have been the very best of all our authorities. Even as it is, the Aquitanian Prosper and the Spanish Idatius count for as much as any of the more lengthy writers, and Idatius himself enlarges with some force when he comes to the sorrows of his own land. A British or an Armorican annalist, an annalist from the banks of the Rhine, would have been priceless indeed; but for such we have to yearn in vain. Our nearest approach to such a help is found in that annalist on whom one side of the description of the Aquitanian annalist has so oddly been bestowed, and who commonly figures as Prosper Tiro. Whoever he was, and at whatever value we rate him in other matters, we are thankful for his few and short notices of that island world which the world of Rome seems largely to have forgotten. Above all, we are thankful to him for the one notice from outside, a notice seemingly contemporary, which has come down to us of the English Conquest of Britain.

We get some help also from some writers in prose and verse whose object was not that of directly and simply recording events. We press into our service alike the pagan laureate and the Christian preacher. The stately hexameters of Claudian, the less famous elegiacs of the poet of Divine Providence, the long harangue of Salvian, the occasional notices of Jerome, all form part of our materials. Actions of Stilicho were, if not the true causes, at least the immediate occasions, of the events with which we are concerned; and where Stilicho acts, we presently hear the trumpet voice of the poet from whom we should never have learned that the devout Honorius was not a worshipper of Jupiter. Our most living picture of the invasion of Gaul itself comes from a poet of another kind, whom some have thought to be the annalist Prosper in yet another shape. Prosper or no Prosper, he is a contemporary witness, whose verses may be more safely accepted as true to fact than the sounding lines of Claudian. He is a man of Gaul who painted the sufferings of Gaul in which he himself had shared. His verse is written to point a moral, the moral of Divine Providence; so is the prose of Salvian in his treatise of kindred title, where he gives his picture of the evils and sorrows of the time while discoursing of the government of God. We

would fain believe that the Teuton was as virtuous and the Roman less vicious than the Roman preacher paints them; but we must doubtless apply the same rule to both, and take off something from the brightness of the one portrait and from the blackness of the other. Saint Jerome we have to thank for a few fiery touches of the time, for a few geographical details, for a slightly puzzling list of nations, all which certainly add to our knowledge. Altogether our materials are far from scanty; many important periods are far worse off. We cannot venture to ask for a Polybios at every great turn of the world's history. We are inclined to lament that we have no such light as Ammianus throws on the century that goes before and Procopios on the century that follows.

It is by a sound instinct as to the general march of events, though with some disregard to exact chronology, that Beda and the English Chronicler connect the separation of Britain from the Roman dominion with the Gothic taking of Rome. Rome was broken by the Goths, and since then no Roman kings reigned over Britain. It was not the actual taking of Rome, but it was that Gothic invasion of Italy of which the taking of Rome was the most striking incident, which led to that general breaking-up of the Roman power in the West, of which the departure of the legions from Britain was that side which most directly concerned ourselves and our predecessors on British soil. As a matter of fact, Britain had really fallen away from the dominion of Rome before Rome was taken by Alaric. In truth, the actual taking of Rome, looked at as something having a practical effect on the course of events at the time, was of less importance than that it now seems to have or than it seemed to have in the eighth and ninth centuries. In more senses than one, Rome had so thoroughly spread herself over the whole of her own world, the whole of that world had so thoroughly become Rome, that the direct importance of the local Rome had come to be less than that of many other cities. Rome was neither a seat of government nor the guardian of an exposed frontier. Her actual capture and sack was a solemn and terror-striking incident, which gave endless opportunities for pointing a moral; it was the sign that an old day was passing away and that a new day was coming; it was a thing to be remembered in later days as no other event of those times was likely to be remembered; but at the moment it made little practical difference to any but those who immediately suffered by it. What really changed the face of Western Europe was not that Rome was taken but that Rome was threatened. It was the presence of Alaric in Italy, a presence of which the taking of Rome was as it were the formal witness, which opened the way for the separation of the Western lands from the Empire and for the beginning of the powers of the modern world.

Yet, at the moment when our immediate story begins, Alaric was not in tidy; he had entered the land and he had left it; he had left it, as Roman poets and official writers loudly proclaimed, a defeated man, chief of a people that Rome had crushed for ever. He had entered Italy, it would seem, with Radagaisus, as his ally. Such seems the express witness of such authorities as we have. It may be that Alaric and Radagaisus entered Italy by distinct paths, and that the warfare of the Roman armies in Rhaetia, which is described as happening at the same time as the coming of Alaric, may have been warfare directed against another Gothic leader who came in alliance with him. The fight of Pollentia has been variously described as a Roman victory, a Gothic victory, and a drawn battle; it is certain that its practical effect was favorable to Rome. Alaric left Italy, and again, as in the last days of the fourth century, the Imperial power was undisputed throughout all the lands of the West.

But that power was no longer what it had been even at the beginning of the last year of that century. When Stilicho entered on his second final consulship, whatever dangers seemed to threaten the dominions of the Western Emperor still came from the lands which were under the rule of his Eastern brother. The Eastern power of Rome, destined to live on unbroken for more than eight centuries, had been shaken by the coming of the Goth, and had needed the help of the West to rid itself for a while of his presence and his ravages. The Western division of the Empire, destined so soon to break in pieces, still seemed to be safely guarded by the arm of its consul. A few years before Stilicho had, we are told, restored the power of Rome on the Rhenish frontier almost by a look. Drusus and Trajan had been outdone. The Suevian and the Alaman obeyed the laws of Rome. The Frankish kings, with their long yellow hair as the badge of freedom and kingship, were set up and put down at Stilicho's bidding, and *Francia*—we long for a definition of its boundaries—would no more dream of casting forth the kings that

Stilicho gave than *Provincia*—we are almost tempted to use the later form of the name—would dream of casting out the immediate lieutenants of the Emperor. The Salian had betaken himself to the tilth of the ground; the Sicambrian had beaten his sword into a pruning-hook; the traveller crossed the border-stream or sailed alone: its waters, and asked which shore of Rhine was that which Rome specially claimed as her own. Britain, delivered and guarded—walled in, we are tempted to render it—at the word of the conqueror, had seen the Scot driven back to his own island; she no longer feared the Pict, nor looked with dread lest every wind should bring the keels of the Saxon to her shores. We wish that we had some further authority for this glowing picture than the laureate strains in which Claudian welcomed his patron's consulship; but all cannot be imagination. Ten years or more of quiet in Britain and on the German frontier seem to show that the successes of Stilicho in the first years of the two brothers, however they may have been tricked out by the poet's fancy, were real successes which did their work for a season. His Frankish successes especially seem to have been of real importance and to have had an effect on the events with which we are more immediately concerned. The Franks on the left bank of the Rhine, those who were settled within the borders of the Empire as its subjects, though sometimes turbulent subjects, the Salians presently to be so famous, appear in our story as discharging the duty of Roman allies. But that such successes as those of Stilicho were needed to keep the professed subjects of the Empire in their allegiance is the surest sign of the growing weakness of the Roman power in the Western lands. It might be at any moment restored to its full geographical extent and to the outward form of its ancient authority. But the fabric of dominion needed constant propping, not to say rebuilding, and a time came when rebuilding was no longer possible. Before the fourth century was ended, before the year was ended to which Stilicho gave his name, Alaric was in Italy, and to withstand the presence of Alaric in Italy, the mainstay of the Roman power in the Western lands out of Italy was taken sway. Whether Alaric won or lost the field of Pollentia, his coming indirectly tore away Britain from the Roman dominion, and began the work of dismemberment in Gaul and Spain.

For the Gothic invasion of Italy needed to be withstood with all the forces that the declining power of Rome could muster. If Pollentia was a Roman victory, it was a victory that was won only by leaving the distant frontiers of Rome exposed to every invader. To meet Alaric came not only the troops which had lately defended Rhaetia, but the troops that guarded the most distant outposts of Rome. The Rhine was left without its defenders; the men who had kept watch against Chatti and Cherusci and the yellow Sicambri—in these last at least we see the Ripuarian Franks—came to the defence of Italy; so did even the legion which had guarded Roman Britain against the Pict and the Scot. We are bidden to believe that, even when the legions were gone, the dread of the name of Stilicho was so great that it was enough to guard all these frontiers without material help. The overthrow of Alaric struck such fear into all hearts that no subject dared to revolt, no enemy to invade; even proud Germany remained at peace, and did not risk the passage of the border-stream, although no soldier guarded its Roman bank. And yet this daring flight of panegyric seems to have some ground of fact to start from. When Claudian wrote, things may well have been quiet on the German border; for they seem to have remained so for more than two years longer. We have no record of any movements on the Rhine till the date, so minutely given, when, on the last day of the year 406, the great Teutonic invasion of Gaul began. It was an invasion, not an occupation. Those who now crossed the Rhine found no settled dwelling-place till they had crossed the Pyrenees as well. It was Spain, not Gaul, which the actual invaders of the moment tore away from the Empire. To Gaul the actual invasion was a frightful blow; but, had nothing more come of it, it would have been only a passing blow. It was the working of this great movement on lands beyond the bounds of Gaul which caused it to have any lasting effect on the state of Gaul itself.

Our best authority speaks only of Vandals and Alans as having taken part in the invasion. Yet there can be no doubt that those other writers are quite correct who add the name of the Suevians to the list. These three nations, Vandals, Alans, and Suevians, are those which we find a few years later establishing kingdoms in Spain. And of those we must remark that two only are strictly Teutonic nations. The Alans, though their history is so much mixed up with that of various branches of the Teutonic race, and though we may believe that they had become in some measure Teutonized, were in themselves barbarians in the strictest sense of the word, aliens to Teutonic as well as to Roman fellowship. Their

invasion would of itself, under other circumstances, have belonged to the same class as the later invasionss of the Hun, the Avar, and the Magyar. As it is, their migration is part of the Teutonic migration, a strange side of it, but one which we cannot separate from the other sides. It is an application on a great scale of the universal law that a great national migration always carries with it some who do not belong to the main stock of the invaders, but who are from some cause led to throw in their lot with them. In this way it may be perfectly true, as we may be led to gather from the words of an ecclesiastical writer, that a crowd of other nations, Teutonic, Slavonic, Heruli, Gepids, Sarmatians, Quadi, and many others, had a share of some kind in the work. Detached bands of any of these nations or any others may have followed the lead of any of the chiefs of the movement. But, if so, they were lost in the general mass; it was the three nations already spoken of, Vandals, Alans, and Suevians, that gave the movement its character; it is these three that are distinctly visible in the story and in its results; it is these three that made Gaul a highway to Spain, and that found in Spain an abiding place for a longer or shorter season.

As to the immediate occasion of the movement we are in the dark. It is hardly possible to reconcile the language of our authorities with the view that the Teutonic invaders of Gaul in this year were the remnants of the host with which the mysterious and terrible Radagaisus, whether he had any share in the earlier invasion of Italy or not, certainly led into Italy the year before. But whoever were the followers of Radagaisus, it seems plain that they were utterly cut off in Italy by the generalship of Stilicho. And all our accounts speak of the invaders of Gaul in this year as nations, nations crossing the Rhine by a fresh movement, not at all as the remnants of a defeated army. That the invasion was planned in concert with Radagaisus—if so, most likely in concert with Alaric—is perfectly possible; but it seems easier to suppose that the nations beyond the Rhine simply took advantage of the withdrawal of the legions which followed on Alaric's invasion of Italy. In any case the coming of these armed nations was not unexpected. Honorius, or those who were so busy at the work of legislation in his name, put forth more than one decree in which an attempt was made to provide for the defence of the provinces. But we hear nothing of any movements of the legions to the threatened frontier. We find instead, a touching appeal to the lovers of their country, the lovers of peace, to stand forth each man as his zeal and courage called him, and to do each man his duty in this hour of utmost need. The slaves, too, were called on to help; in such a strait as the land was in it mattered more what a man could do than what was his state of life; the slaves of the foreigners in the Roman service, and of those who were actually under arms, were specially bidden to go and fight by the side of their masters. The freeman was promised pay and part of that pay in advance; the slave was promised a lesser pay, but accompanied by the precious gift of freedom. Such an appeal from an Emperor who certainly had no thought of joining the muster sets us a-thinking; among things we notice that the meaning of the word country—*patria*—has widened a good deal since a prince who moved from Rome to Capri was held to have forsaken his country. The Roman name, now shared by all free inhabitants of the Empire, was held to have created a country and a nationality which, artificial as they might be, were deemed, at least officially, to be capable of calling up the feeling of patriotism in men's hearts.

The barbarians then were making ready for the great migration, and the Romans were at least called upon to make ready to withstand them. But are we to believe that he who before all men united both characters, the greatest of living warriors, barbarian by descent, but beyond all men Roman by calling, had stirred up the nations which now poured into the Empire which he had twice saved. At least one contemporary writer tells us, and at least one later writer copies his tale, that the invaders of Gaul were led thither by the invitation of Stilicho. He hoped, we are told, that by raising a storm which he trusted to quell, but which none other could, he might be able to transfer the Empire from his son-in-law to his son. The tale is the statement of an enemy, but, even as the statement of an enemy, it is strange. Yet we can hardly doubt as to disbelieving it. It is not a statement of visible facts : it is a surmise or a mere invention, such as we are used to in all ages. In the eyes of Stilicho's enemies, any mischief that happened was necessarily Stilicho's work.

In any case Stilicho and his legions did not this time fly to the defence of the Gaulish border; nor do we hear to what extent either the patriotic youth of Gaul or the able-bodied slaves of the barbarian

mercenaries took up arms at their distant Emperor's bidding, to defend the peace of their country. Such fighting as was done seems to have been the work of defenders of the Empire of another kind. For Vandals, Alans, and Suevians at least did not enter the Gaulish provinces without finding an enemy to withstand them. Something was done in the way of diplomacy or bribery. One Alan leader, Goar by name, was persuaded to forsake the hostile enterprise, and to enter the service or alliance of Rome. And if the Romans of Gaul failed in their duty, the allies of Rome on the Gaulish border at the present stage of affairs did theirs manfully. The Franks, that is clearly the Ripuarian Franks on the right bank of the Rhine, met the Vandals in battle. The Vandal king Godegisl and twenty thousand of his warriors were slain; the whole Vandal host would have been cut to pieces if the Alan king Respendial had not come to its help. The Franks were overthrown by their joint forces, and the invaders seem to have met with no further resistance in passing the border stream or in spreading themselves where they would over the whole land. The districts first to be harried were naturally the lands which, under Roman dominion, still bore the German name, and which by that name might seem almost to invite the kindred invader. Thence they passed into the specially Belgian land, the Franks, it would seem, no longer withstanding them. Thence they passed into the flourishing land of Aquitaine, and step by step spread themselves over the whole of Gaul, through which they marched and harried as they thought good by the space of three years. Of the sufferings of the land we have more than one vivid picture from contemporary hands. Not the castles perched on the rocks, not the towns crowning the lofty hills, not the cities girded by their rivers—the poet of Divine Providence knew well how to hit off the characteristic features of Gaulish sites—could withstand the craft and the arms of the barbarians. The head of all, the Imperial dwelling of Constantine and Valentinian, Augusta of the Treveri, shorn now in common speech of its Imperial style, now underwent one of the many sieges and storms that it suffered in that age. All the usual horrors of a sack, fire and sword and leading into captivity, fell on the devoted city. The streets ran with blood and were heaped with dead bodies; the buildings were blackened with the flames. We are even told, in the usual style of exaggeration, that the whole city was burned. For it is certain that Trier was not left desolate without an inhabitant. It still remained a city; and, when the storm had passed by, the first thought of its citizens, of the nobles who seem to have escaped the sack, was to send their prayer to the Emperors that the games of the circus might begin once more among them. We are not told by which of the nations that shared in the invasion this present overthrow of Trier was wrought; nor is any such distinction observed in the case of any of the other towns that are specially named. Mainz, Moguntiacum, was stormed and thousands of its people were slain in the great church. Venerable as the present representative of that church is, it does not, like the great church of Trier, itself survive as a witness of those awful times. Vangiones, Worms, fell after a long siege; we might even infer that for a while the city ceased to exist. Rheims, Amiens, Arras—the tribal name had already supplanted the name of the city—Nemetae and Argentoratum, cities to be more famous under their later names of Speyer and Strassburg, suffered the same havoc as Trier and Mainz. The Morini, most distant of mankind, did not escape in their home at Terouanne. Of the towns of northern Gaul no other, save Tournay, is named; but the like havoc went on through the whole country. None escaped save a few of the towns of the Lyonnese and Narbonnese provinces, of Aquitaine and of Novempopulania, the later Gascony. One city alone of the south is specially mentioned; Toulouse was in some way spared yet greater sufferings by its bishop Exsuperius, but the griefs which the city did undergo brought tears to the eyes of those who heard of them. Heathens and heretics cared nought for sacred places, kings and persons, for the hallowed church and its vessels, for the devout widow, for the consecrated virgin, for the hermit who had withdrawn from the world to serve God in his solitary cave. Barbarians, we are told, cared not for age or sex; they slew the innocent children with no more mercy than those whose death might be the just punishment for the sins of a longer life. Those who escaped the sword escaped it only to pass into bondage. The sufferings of the clergy are told by one of their own body. They were scourged with whips, branded, loaded with chains. The poet himself had to march under the rod along the hard and dusty road among the wagons and weapons of the barbarians, while his aged bishop, torn from his burned city, led his people like the banished shepherd of a flock of wounded sheep. As usual one plague followed on another; if leading into captivity was the fate of those whom the sword spared, the sharp hunger came in the end to slay them who escaped leading into captivity. Three years of havoc like this wasted the land. No help could come for Rome or Ravenna. The

something which professed to be help came from another quarter, though in truth the help rather took the shape of adding the curse of civil war to the curse of barbarian invasion.

The troops that still kept Britain for Rome passed over into Gaul. Britain was lost; we can hardly say that Gaul was saved. The barbarians presently passed on to ravage another Roman land, and so much of Gaul as clave to the Roman name was left to be torn in pieces by adventurer after adventurer who rose up to take his chance of winning the rule of Gaul or, if his luck carried him so far, the rule of the whole Western World.

II.

A TYRANT OF THE WEST.

We have thus far seen the more part of Gaul harried by invaders, both Teutonic and otherwise, from beyond the Rhine. From the sufferings of another land, from the doings, partly of strangers, partly of more distant kinsfolk, we must turn for a moment to look at the doings of the English. One annalist of this time, not to be sure the one highest in authority, but the one who seems to have kept his eye most steadily fixed on the matters which most immediately concern the English, speaks of Gaul at this time as a land ravaged, not only by Vandals and Alans, but also by Saxons. Now fully to understand the course of things in the fifth century, it is ever needful to bear in mind that the events which led to the settlement of Angles and Saxons in the isle of Britain, and thereby to the growth of the English nation in that isle, do not stand alone. They form part, we should never forget, no less than the settlements of Burgundians, Franks, and Goths, of the great tale of the Wandering of the Nations. But the story of the Angles and Saxons differs widely in every detail from the story of the Franks and Burgundians. How far is the difference marked by the distinction which has for many ages divided the Teutonic race into the two great branches of High and Low? It might be hard to say how far that distinction, a distinction which we may most truly describe as the parting off of the later High-Dutch forms from the elder forms common to Goth and Saxon, had already gone in those days. The later Franks, the Eastern Franks, the Franks of the Carolingian age, appear as a High-Dutch people, at any rate as a people ruled by kings whose speech is High-Dutch. But the names borne by the kings of the Merovingian house distinctly keep the Nether-Dutch forms, and the first settlements of the Franks, those at least which mark their first appearance in trustworthy history, are found in those lands on both sides of Rhine which, wherever the speech of the people has been allowed to abide, are Nether-Dutch still. To Gregory of Tours the city which had been Argentoratum was still Nether-Dutch Strateburg. The difference is most likely merely one of chronology; when the first Frankish conquests began, High-Dutch was not yet, and Chlodwig, no less than Alaric, spoke a tongue essentially the same as our own. But if the Saxon and the Frank were still all but one in point of language, their conditions and their relations to other men were widely different. There is already a wide gap between the Northern and the Southern German; we might rather say between the German of the sea and the German of the land. The German of the land is already either an ally of the Empire, serving in its armies and loaded with its honors, or else he is an experienced invader of its continental provinces. Very often he flits to and fro between the two characters; but in either or both he has become familiar with Roman things; even as an enemy he is not untouched with admiration and reverence for the state of things into the midst of which he forces his way. In the Gaulish wars of the fifth century the Frank steadily appears as the ally of Rome, till he finds it convenient to overthrow the last remnant of Roman authority in Gaul, and that, it may be, in the character of the officer of a lawful Emperor overthrowing the rule of a tyrant.

All the incursions of the Franks, like those of the Goths, are made by land. Both Franks and Goths have been heard of on the water in earlier days; but on the water they wrought only sudden and passing exploits; the historic life of both those nations was wholly a life by land. Altogether unlike them in this age are the northern Germans, the Germans of the sea, the men who have not been brought within the magic circle of Roman friendship and Roman enmity, who have yet to be taught that feeling towards the mighty past of the Empire and its still abiding present which was felt alike by the heathen Frank and the Arian Goth. I said that they had not been brought within the magic circle of Roman enmity any more than within that of Roman friendship. They had indeed felt, alike in Gaul and on the coasts of Britain, the might of Rome when Rome was ruled by Valentinian; but they had simply been beaten back in isolated invasions; the German of the sea had not gone through the same unbroken apprenticeship to Roman ways which the German of the land found as much in his warfare against Rome as in his warfare under the

Roman banners. The main cause of the difference doubtless lay in the fact that he was the German of the sea.

The Saxons of this age answer to the Danes and Northmen of the ninth and tenth centuries, in whom, after an interval of some ages, the heathen and seafaring Teutonic warrior again comes to life. But the Danes and Northmen come on us as a kind of second outburst of the great Wandering after a lull of centuries; the Saxon expeditions and settlements of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries are as essentially a part of the first great movement as the marches of Alaric; they form one special side of it, a side that has a character of its own, but both are alike parts of the same great drama. Specially must it be borne in mind that the Saxon inroads of the fifth century, just like the Scandinavian inroads of the ninth, touched both sides of the Channel alike, and that settlements were made on both sides alike.

The Saxon of the fifth century seems to have been before all things a haunter of the Channel; we do not hear of him now, as we do at a time a little earlier, as threatening the shores of Northern Britain. It is the British sea, the sea which parted Gaul and Britain, which was his special home; it was there that it was his sport to cleave the wave with his light barks clothed, not yet with iron, but with the skins of slaughtered oxen; there it was that the men of Armorica were ever looking for him as the sea-rover who was to bring desolation to their coasts. Yet he did not always keep himself within the narrow seas; he could brave the strength of Ocean himself, and show himself as a sudden enemy on the western coast of Gaul.

In the eyes of the men on whose shores they showed themselves every Saxon was a sea-robber, a chief of sea-robbers; plunder was the one trade which they all learned; it was the one work which the leaders enforced, and which the followers undertook with gladness. The Saxon was an enemy at once fiercer and more wary than all other enemies; he was schooled in shipwrecks; no danger daunted him; he fell suddenly on those who did not look for him; he escaped in safety from those who was looking out for his coming. The gods of his bloody creed called for the slaughter and torture of his captives; when he was about to turn his sails from the mainland to his own home, he deemed it a sacred duty to pick out one man out of every ten to perish by a cruel death as the thank-offering of their captor's piety. So did the English look in the eyes of the man who has made the Gaul of the fifth century a living thing for all time. That the Saxon in these days never appears as the ally of Rome is hardly needful to say. While the Frank fights under the Imperial banner, the Saxon leagues himself with the Goth as the enemy of both.

It is important to notice that the Saxons of these days, inhabitants, one might almost say, of the British seas, not only harried on both sides of the Channel, but established themselves on both sides. The Saxon of Bayeux and the later Saxon of Winchester were colonists who went forth as parts of one general movement, and just as among the Scandinavians of a later time, the same keels often show themselves on both sides of the narrow seas. The results of the settlements have indeed been widely different in the two cases. The coming of the Saxons, along with the kindred Jutes and Angles, of whom, by those names at least, we hear nothing in Gaul, wholly changed the face of Britain. The face of Gaul was immeasurably less changed than the face of Britain, and, so far as it was changed, it was mainly the Frank who changed it. In the new Teutonic Britain which the events of this century called into being, the Saxon is one of the two great elements alongside of the kindred Angle. In Gaul we must always remember that the Saxon is a real element in the mixed population; but he is a very subordinate element. His work was local and temporary. He kept a field ready for the coming of the Norman. The Scandinavian invaders of Gaul in the ninth century, the Scandinavian settlers in Gaul in the tenth, found a land already partly Teutonic to receive them; the truest Normandy, Normandy west of Dives, is specially Norman because it is partly Saxon. One main reason which made the Saxon settlements in Britain so much greater and more lasting than those in Gaul was doubtless that in Britain the Saxons and their fellow-invaders by sea, Anglian and Jutish, had the field to themselves.

They came in small parties, a few keels at a time; but they had no Teutonic rivals in Britain, like Goths, Burgundians, and Franks in Gaul, coming by land, and naturally coming in far greater bodies. In

Gaul therefore Saxon settlements were small and scattered, and they were gradually merged in the greater Teutonic elements in the country. In Britain they were also small and scattered, but there was nothing to interfere with their growth, except the resistance which they might meet from the Roman and Celtic elements in the land. From the Celtic element in Britain, Saxons and Angles did indeed meet a long and stubborn resistance, such as none of the Teutonic conquerors of Gaul met from any enemy. The Teutonic kingdoms in Gaul were founded in a moment; all save one fell in a moment. The Teutonic kingdoms in Britain, so much smaller in extent, were the work of generations; and they did not fall, but were merged into a single kindred whole. But the main difference of all is that in Britain the Teutonic conquerors displaced the Celtic and Roman inhabitants in a way that they never did in Gaul. They did, not only as in Gaul, form one element among the people of the land; they became the people of the land itself. They made the land England in a sense in which Gaul never became Gothic or Burgundy, or even France. Some of the causes which led the way to the wide difference between Teutonic settlement on the northern and the southern sides of the Channel will meet us in the chain of events which we have just now reached.

The same annalist who speaks thus casually of Saxon harryings in Gaul of which we have no other record, does not directly connect that harrying with anything that happened in Britain; but he has a remarkable entry the year before, the meaning of which seems to be that the Roman power in Britain then practically came to an end. This entry would seem to be meant as a short summary of a chain of stirring events of which we can, by the help of writers who record things more at length, put together something like a continuous narrative. Britain, the other world, was stirred, as Honorius himself was stirred, by the great movement of the Teutonic nations beyond the Rhine. We may perhaps venture to guess that the Saxon harrying of Gaul, so darkly hinted at, had already taken place, and that it had been accompanied by some Saxon harryings in Britain. However this may be, the legions in Britain, forsaken by their Emperors at Ravenna, feared lest the storm which was sweeping over Gaul should spread to Britain also. In such a case they took the law into their own hands. While the Germans and Alans were gathering, while Honorius was calling on the patriots of Gaul to arm, the army of Britain chose an Emperor, a tyrant, of their own, Marcus by name. The step was not new.

Britain was already known as a land fruitful in tyrants. There Carausius and Allectus had reigned; thence Maximus had gone forth to occupy Gaul and to threaten Italy; thence the great Constantine himself had gone forth to win the diadem of the world, with the risk that, if he had failed to win it, he too might have been handed down in history simply as one of the same class as Maximus. But Marcus was not as Constantine; he was not as Maximus or as Carausius. He and his electors failed to agree; he was speedily slain; a man of the province was next chosen, who bore one of the names current in the house of Theodosius. But the British Gratian was also killed after a reign of four months, and in the course of the next year, the year of the seventh consulship of Honorius, a choice which lasted somewhat longer was made. A private soldier was chosen, recommended, we are told, by no merit except that he bore the name of the most lucky of his predecessors in the choice of a British army.

Another Constantine was chosen, in the hope that his great name would bring good luck with it; and he was hailed as Augustus in the island where the first bearer of it had been first so hailed. We hear of the acts of Constantine only from his enemies; their portrait is of course unfavorable; yet he must have differed in some way from his two momentary predecessors; he must at least have had some strength of character to do all that he did, and to bear up for several years against enemies of all kinds and from all quarters. The tale of his first acts is but darkly told, or rather the facts are fairly clear, but it is less easy to judge of causes and motives. Almost the first act of the British tyrant was to forsake his island and to carry the legions across to Gaul. Of his motives for this step we are told nothing. We may read the tale in several ways. Some of the expressions used in describing the elevation of Marcus almost read like a formal secession from Rome and the establishment of a separate empire in Britain. But, if such notions were really held the year before, they certainly had no place in the policy of Constantine. It might rather seem that his object was to preserve the unity of the Empire, at any rate the unity of its provinces beyond the Alps. In this view it might be a wise course not to wait to be attacked in the island, but to cross to the mainland and to deal a blow at the enemy on what he was fast making his own ground. Britain might thus

be saved by a campaign in Gaul. But if this was the motive, the thought of saving Britain must soon have passed away from the minds of Constantine and his soldiers. Whether they cared for such an object or not, the course of things on the mainland soon made it hopeless for them to think of keeping up any relations with the great island. The crossing of Constantine into Gaul thus became the end of the Roman power in Britain.

He landed at that Bononia of northern Gaul, once Gessoriacum, which, though not the starting-point of Caesar, has been in all ages one of the chief points of passage between the island and the mainland. He brought with him, it would seem, the whole of the Roman force with which Britain had been held or defended. It was under the command of two generals, Justinian or Justin, and Neobigast, and it would seem that it was put under their command before the army left Britain. Of their names, the one is clearly Roman, the other clearly Frankish, and we shall presently see that Constantine was on good terms with others of the Frankish allies or subjects of Rome. His stay at Boulogne was not long; but it is hard to trace his course in the early stages of his advance. He presently gathered under his obedience whatever troops were to be found in Gaul, whether Frankish allies, legionaries who had been left behind by Stilicho, or patriots who had answered the summons of Honorius the year before. The authority of Honorius was represented in Gaul by the Praefect Limenius and the general Chariobaudes. The name of this last speaks for his barbarian birth; we seem to see in him an English Herebald. Of their action at the moment of invasion we hear nothing. These names appear only at a later stage, when we are told that they had fled before the tyrant. But at what stage of his course they fled, and whether they offered any armed resistance to the invader before they fled, on these points we are left wholly in the dark. On the whole the chances are against any fighting between the followers of Constantine and any who remained loyal to Honorius. Our authorities are most confused; but on the whole the story reads as if so much of Gaul as still obeyed any Roman prince at all submitted to Constantine without a blow.

The mission of the new prince, the object which had brought him from Britain into Gaul, was in some way or other to act against the barbarians who were in full force in Gaul, and who were held to threaten Britain. But it is hard to make out his exact relations, either in war or peace, with the barbarians either within or without the Empire, partly perhaps because our authorities take but little pains to distinguish one set of barbarians from another. According to one version, the army of Constantine saw some sharp service against barbarian enemies, and that seemingly not very long after his landing. We hear of a great battle fought by him or under his auspices, which began with a marked Roman success of which the Roman commanders failed to make the most. The barbarians fled; had the Romans pursued, the enemy might have been cut to pieces; but, as the soldiers or their leaders failed to pursue, the barbarians recovered strength and courage, and, by the accession of new forces, they were enabled to hold themselves at least on equal terms with Constantine. Of this fighting we are not told the place nor the exact time, nor yet the nationality of the particular enemy. But the story sounds as if the fighting had happened on the frontier against some fresh swarm of barbarians who were striving to make their way into Gaul. For our informant goes on to say that Constantine placed guards on the borders and secured the whole course of the Rhine. It is a zealous pagan who speaks; his mind goes back to the days of the hero of his own creed, and he tells us, with some injustice both to the strong reign of Valentinian and to the more recent exploits of Stilicho, that Constantine guarded the Rhine as it had never been guarded since the days of Julian.

On the other hand, the new Emperor or tyrant stands charged with doing the republic great damage by allowing himself to be many times cheated by the barbarians by treaties, vague, it would seem, in their terms, and not strictly kept. This, we may be sure, refers to the barbarians who were already in Gaul, the Vandals, Suevians, and Alans. Some understanding between them and Constantine, there must have been. For two years they and he carry on their operations in Gaul, each, it would seem, without any interruption from the other. And when the scene of action is moved from Gaul to Spain, each party carries on its operations there also with as little of mutual let or hindrance. It was most likely only by winking at their presence and at their doings that Constantine obtained possession, so far as Roman troops and Roman administration were concerned, of all Gaul from the Channel to the Alps. Certain it is that, at no very long

time after his landing, before the end of the year 407, he was possessed of it. But at that moment no Roman prince could be possessed of much authority in central or western Gaul, where Vandals, Suevians, and Alans were ravaging at pleasure. The dominions of Constantine must have consisted of a long and narrow strip of eastern Gaul, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, which could not have differed very widely from the earliest and most extended of the many uses of the word Lotharingia. He held the Imperial city on the Mosel, the home of Valentinian and the earlier Constantine. Trier, ever ready to rise again from her ashes, rose this time among others, and Constantine may have been, though at a somewhat later time, one of the princes to whom her citizens made their prayer for the restoration of their darling games. Certain it is, from the sure evidence of coins struck there in his name, that he was the acknowledged Emperor in the Treveran Augusta. The palace of Valentinian, the mighty basilica, the venerable church, as yet in its first and untouched state, the bridge that yokes the river sung by Ausonius, all that we look down on from the wooded hills that guard the Imperial head of Gaul, all had passed into the possession, and we cannot doubt that it must for a while have beheld the presence, of a third adventurer from Britain.

Of those three adventurers the second had perished. Maximus was recorded in history simply as a tyrant; but one Constantine had marched from Britain and from Trier to the highest pitch of power and glory, and another might be destined to equal luck. It did not suit the purposes of Constantine to establish the chief seat of his power by the Rhine or the Mosel. He could perhaps, he thought, deal more easily with the barbarians beyond the Rhine than with the rival Emperor beyond the Alps. The chief seat of his new dominion must be nearer to Italy. From henceforth we hear of him chiefly or only in the south-eastern corner of Gaul, the land which was soon to take a new name from its Burgundian conquerors. The land between the Rhone and the Alps, whose renowned cities still live to awe and teach us by the greatness of their Roman works, now becomes the main centre of our tale. Italy, Aquitaine, Britain, even Spain, are for us little more than scenes of occasional episodes. Each of the cities by the broad and rushing stream seems called on in these strange times to stand a siege in the cause of some Emperor or tyrant, and commonly to behold his end. And one city, the foremost of them all since Phokaian Massalia had sunk for a while to a secondary place, was specially bound up with the reign and fate of Constantine. Hardly when the first news came of his crossing the Channel, but at the time when his rival of Rome and Ravenna began to take counsel against him, one sign of the nearness and greatness of the danger was that Constantine reigned in Arelate. The city that was in after-days to give its name to a kingdom was then at the height of its greatness. Its wealth, its splendor, its commerce, that brought to it the good things of every quarter of the world, were sung in the verse of poets and recorded in the edicts of Emperors. Not then, as now, sitting by the side of one mighty stream, but like Ravenna then, like Venice now, floating on many waters, untouched by the blows which were fast falling on Imperial Trier, Arles, now so sadly fallen from its ancient greatness, stood high among the cities of Europe, ready to take the place presently to be granted to it in form, of the head of all the Gauls. Already did the walls of which such mighty relics abide shelter the dwelling-places of the living; already did the Elysian Fields, now narrowed and dishonored, shelter the long line of the tombs, alike of pagan and Christian dead; theatre and amphitheatre lifted their bulk still whole and perfect, the mass of the arena soaring as now above the city, still the home of the savage sports of warfare, but not yet a house of war, its outline as yet unbroken by the towers reared, some say during the momentary possession of the Arab, some say to hinder his possession from being more than momentary. Some great basilica fresh from the builders' hands must have rivalled the glories of Rome and Ravenna, on the spot where now stands the imperial church, the dome where the crown that was specially the crown of Arles was set on the head of that Frederick who granted the Peace of Constance and that Charles who signed the most renowned of Golden Bulls. And if as yet Arles could not as in after-days boast of the imperial church, she could boast of an imperial palace. Already by the Rhone stood the still abiding tower, a fragment now of a vast pile that has crumbled into ruin, the tower which still bears the name of the earlier Constantine and which now stood ready to become the dwelling-place of his namesake. That the tyrant reigned in the lesser Rome of Gaul was news that might well strike fear in the greater Rome of Italy and even within the impregnable ramparts and waters of Ravenna. To Constantine himself the possession of this great city seemed the outward sign of the completion of his hopes. Secure, as he deemed himself, on the throne at least of all the Gauls, he began to take steps for

founding a dynasty, a dynasty which might call up again the memory of the Imperial house whose greatest name he bore. He had two sons, both bearing Flavian names, Constans and Julian, the former of whom is said to have been a professed monk. But, when the aggrandizement of his family was concerned, Constantine had slight regard to ecclesiastical scruples. Constans was called from his monastery to receive the rank of Caesar, and to take an active part in government and warfare. His younger brother at the same time received the title of *Nobilissimus*.

We are without exact dates; but the news of the landing of Constantine in Gaul, the news of the occupation of Trier and of Arles, could not have been very long in reaching Italy. We are not told whether the beginnings of revolt in Britain, the rise and fall of Marcus and of Gratian, had ever been heard of at Rome or Ravenna; at any rate they are not recorded as having led to any action on the part of the central power. It was otherwise when the successive messages came that Constantine had landed in Gaul and that he was playing the part of Emperor in city after city, and again that he had passed through the whole land and had set up his throne at Arelate. When the first message came, Honorius, Emperor and Consul, was at an unusual place, namely in Rome itself. Stilicho was at Ravenna. At that moment the friend of Alaric, he was, we are told, making ready for an expedition beyond Hadria, to be carried on in fellowship with the Gothic king, an expedition the object of which was to transfer the cities of Illyricum from the obedience of Arcadius to that of Honorius. His schemes were thwarted by two rumors, by a false report of the death of Alaric and by the true report of the advance of Constantine. This last news was announced to Stilicho by letters from Honorius himself. It was not often, one would think, that the Augustus had news to tell to the Consular, news at least of a graver kind than the revolutions of the poultry-yard. Stilicho now gave up the thought of an Illyrian campaign, and hastened to consult—so we are told—his sovereign as to what was to be done. When Gaul had been attacked by a vast alliance of barbarians, nothing had been done beyond the issuing of proclamations in the province itself.

Rut the rise of a rival Emperor was a more serious matter. The deliberations of Stilicho and Honorius seem to have been carried on into the next year (408), the year of the consulship of Bassus and Philip, the year which saw the death of Arcadius at Constantinople, the year in which Honorius—if we can give Honorius the praise or blame of any deed good or bad—used, in the phrase of the next generation, his left hand to cut off his right, by the slaughter of Stilicho himself. But at the beginning of the year Stilicho is still in favor and Honorius contracts the second of his strange marriages with the daughters of the great Vandal. Disputes with Alaric, now known to be alive, follow; he is ready for warfare in the East, for which Stilicho, with Constantine in Gaul, no longer designs him. With the tyrant at Arles, his counsel now was to send no less a champion than Alaric himself, in the character of a Roman general, to win back the lost provinces for their lawful prince. He himself, Stilicho, will undertake the affairs of the East, while the West-Gothic king represents the true majesty of Rome beyond the Alps.

A day was to come before long when a West-Gothic king was to go on such an errand, but the work for which Alaric was destined was of another kind. Yet another Goth was sent this very year to do the work of Honorius against Constantine. It is hard, though we are chiefly following one authority, to put the facts together out of a most confused narrative. We hear of the growing influence of Olympius at the court of Honorius, an influence used to bring about the downfall of Stilicho. We hear of Honorius at Ticinum, while Stilicho is at Bologna. We get a picture of the Emperor haranguing the troops who are to march, under whose command we are not told, against the tyrant at Arelate. A mutiny breaks forth, a mutiny which, it is implied, is in some way connected with the intrigues of Olympius against Stilicho. And it is most significant, though we cannot fully understand the significance, that the outbreak of the soldiers led to the slaughter of the two officers, Limenius and Chariobaudes, who had fled before Constantine to Honorius, and who must have joined him quite lately. They were already in the interest of Stilicho, and on their fate presently follows the fate of Stilicho himself. Yet we read elsewhere that it was at Stilicho's bidding that Sarus, the valiant Goth whose name we so often meet in the history of these times, was sent with a force into Gaul to bring back the land into the obedience of Honorius. The campaign of Sarus is undoubted; but we have no means of fixing the relations between his campaign and the force that he held and the contemplated march of the troops that broke out into mutiny at Ticinum.

Anyhow the newly-built-up throne of Constantine was threatened. Are we to suppose that, after embarking on so hazardous an enterprise, he shrank from personal danger, or that he was conscious of a lack of military skill? Some accounts represent him, at a later time at least, as more active at the table than in the camp. Certain it is that it was not Constantine in person who met the army of Sarus in battle. While the barbarians were marching and harrying throughout the land without let or hindrance, two Roman armies met, both doubtless largely made up of barbarian soldiers. The cause of Constantine was defended by his lieutenant Justinian; but the fortune of war was on the side of legitimacy. Sarus gained a victory which carried with it the death of Justinian and of the greater part of his army, and the winning of great spoil by the army of Honorius. Of the details of the fight, of the place, of the exact time, we hear nothing; but it is clear that it was fought somewhere in the lower Rhone-land, and it would seem that the routed army could have been only a small part of the forces of Constantine. Where he himself was at the moment we are not told; we know only that, after the battle, he deemed it wise to secure himself in one of the strong cities of the land, but in one which lies a good way to the north of his newly chosen capital. Many of those cities are greater in old renown, many are richer in abiding remains of Imperial power, but none holds a stronger site; none looks more proudly from its height on the great river at its feet, than the city in which Constantine sought shelter against the attack of Sarus. The walls of the Gaulish Valentia do not still stand in witness of those days like the walls of Arelate and the true Vienna; but in those days the city of the Sagellauni was one of the great fortresses of the land. Its name might suggest the thought of the great prince who had bestowed that name on the recovered regions of the island that Constantine had forsaken. But while the Valentia of Britain did indeed preserve the name of Valentinian, the Valentia of Gaul was of older date; it bore the name of Rome herself, and the Valentia by the Rhone might pass as not only the colony but the namesake of the Valentia by the Tiber. There Constantine took his stand. Sarus followed him and laid siege to the strong hill-city. But the Goth went on to sully his hitherto honorable successes by a deed of foul treachery. One of Constantine's generals, the Roman Justinian, had fallen in battle; the other, the Frankish Nebiogast, now made friendly advances to Sarus; oaths were exchanged; but oaths went for little with Sarus, and Nebiogast was presently put to death. And now, after these successes, the whole enterprise of which Sarus was the head breaks down in a strange way, which we should be well pleased to have explained to us at greater length. The murder of Nebiogast must have happened while Sarus was before Valence, which was no great length of time. To replace his lost generals, Constantine appointed two men whose military reputation would seem to have been higher than theirs. Another Frank, Edeobich or Edobich by name, and Gerontius, who had come from Britain, and in whom we can hardly fail to see a name-father of more than one British Gerent, were put at the head of the forces of Constantine. Sarus, we are told, was so fearful of their skill and experience in war that he raised the siege of Valence on the seventh day. His object was now to get back into Italy; the generals of Constantine overtook him with a great force and brought him to great straits. But the words of our story would seem to imply that this was rather by harassing his march than by an actual battle. He escaped into Italy with great difficulty, and that only by help which we should hardly have looked for. Alongside of the new scourges of Gaul, barbarian invasion and civil war, a far older scourge had either lived on or had shown itself again. The Bagauds, the *Jacquerie* of more than a hundred years earlier, were still in force, at any rate on the Gaulish slopes of the Alps. They met Sarus, with what objects we are not told, but we are given to understand that his passage into Italy was made secure by a timely gift to the Bagauds of the spoil which he had won in his victory over Justinian. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than this kind of story. We put up with the mere annalist, who records victory and defeat without attempting to explain their causes; but here we are told just enough to awaken our curiosity without satisfying it. But in any case the enterprise of Sarus altogether broke down; he had slain in war and by treason two generals of Constantine; but their death seems only to have led to the advancement of more competent successors. Whatever might become of Britain and Italy, the tyrant from the island was now the only representative of Roman dominion in Gaul. His power was at all events firmly established in his own south-eastern corner, which Vandals, Suevians, and Alans, on their march from the Belgian lands to the Pyrenees, would be likely to leave untouched. And as if Gaul were a separate realm and Italy a hostile land, he strengthened himself against a second invasion from beyond the Alps, by placing garrisons in their three chief passes, Cottian, Pennine, and Maritime.

Constantine was now undisputed master of Gaul, at least of the remnant of Gaul that clave to Rome. Britain he had left behind him. If he aspired to the dominion of Italy, he prudently put off any attempts on that side, till he had made himself master of all the provinces beyond the Alps. He was bound, for his own ends, to extend his dominion from Gaul in the geographical sense, to Gaul in the widest official meaning of the word, and to complete his possession of the Gaulish prefecture by the acquisition of Spain. The great peninsula of the west was one of the most flourishing parts of the Roman dominion, and the one which had suffered least from barbarian invasion. Since the Teutonic harryings in the days of Gallienus Spain had been untouched by strangers, free from any oppression save what it may have suffered at their hands who represented the power of Rome within its borders. The legions that were regularly quartered in Spain, and which were doubtless largely made up of natives of Spain, claimed the defence of the land as their special work, and resented any intrusion of strangers as a breach of their local privileges. But the land had commonly been passive in revolutions, and had readily accepted such rulers as bore sway on the other side of the Pyrenees. But at this particular moment, an element had to be reckoned with in Spain which would hardly have passed for a political influence in any other province. Spain had given the world a dynasty. Theodosius, like Trajan before him, had come forth to rule the Empire from the most western of its provinces, and to rule it, like his great countryman, so as to leave a memorable name behind him. The sons of Theodosius, princes of Spanish descent, still ruled, or at least reigned, at Constantinople and at Ravenna. The kinsfolk of the Imperial house, though not marked out from other men by titles or offices known to the Empire at large, were men of wealth and influence in their own land, attached to the throne of their Imperial kinsmen and acknowledged by those kinsmen as men bound to them by the ties of blood. To the mass of the people of Spain it might seem most natural that Spain and Gaul should go together; to the members of the Theodosian house and to all who shared their feelings the first object of all was that the land, of Theodosius should abide in the allegiance of the sons of Theodosius. Constantine had therefore to look, not so much for any general resistance in arms on the part of the province or its regular defenders, as for whatever amount of opposition in any shape could be stirred up by a few powerful men. But that opposition was likely to be of a very dangerous kind. Constantine is described as fearing a joint attack from two branches of the Theodosian family, from the Emperor in Italy by the way of the Alps and from his kinsmen in Spain by way of the Pyrenees. Lest his dominion should fall when thus assaulted on both sides, Constantine determined to forestall all attacks from the Spanish side, and at once to begin the occupation of the peninsula. The date is not hard to fix. We are still in the year 408, the year of the campaign of Sarus and of the death of Stilicho. That year saw also the death of Arcadius and the beginning of the long reign of the younger Theodosius. It saw also the operations of the forces of Constantine in Spain. Those operations, it has been truly remarked, imply some kind of treaty or understanding with the barbarians who, it must never be forgotten, were still ranging through Gaul at pleasure. The relations between him and them, the way in which each side seems to act with no seeming hindrance on the part of the other, form one of the great puzzles of our story. Some of the vain agreements with the invaders of Gaul, so darkly hinted at by a contemporary, must surely have taken place at this stage.

It would almost seem that for a while (408) the peninsula submitted without any opposition to the ruler of Gaul and to the officers whom he sent to represent him. But if so, this submission was only for a moment. Among the kinsmen of Honorius, four brothers, bearing the names of Didymus, Verenianus, Theodosius or Theodosiolus, and Lagodius—we may mark a certain tendency to Greek names in the Theodosian house—held a high position for birth and wealth in different parts of Spain. Two of them, Didymus and Verenianus, now raised the standard of legitimacy, the standard of their own house. The other two seem to have taken no part in the enterprise. Didymus and his brother, we are pointedly told, did not themselves assume the tyranny in opposition to the tyrant; so to do, it seems to be implied, would have been the most natural course for men in their position; they strove for their country and for their lawful prince at once against the tyrant and against the barbarians who followed him. But if two of the four brothers were united as to ends, they were not at first of one mind as to means. It was only after some unexplained differences among themselves that Didymus and Verenianus agreed on any combined action. The general course of events is clear; but it is not easy to put together our various short notices into a connected story. It would seem that Lusitania was the part of Spain in which the brothers had most

influence, and that in which they first took up arms. One account reads as if a regular legion quartered on that side of the country joined the cause which they supported. It was seemingly at this stage that the Caesar Constans was sent from Gaul by his father to put down the revolt and to bring its leaders before him in bonds. He came at the head of the barbarian allies whom his father had found in Gaul. They bore the name of Honorians, but they were enlisted on behalf of Constantine against the prince whose name they bore. A motley gathering of troops of various nations, Scots, Moors, and Germans, they ranked among the household troops of the Empire, but they were likely to be indifferent as to which of two rival Augusti they drew their swords to support. Constans took with him the British general Gerontius, and he took with him also as a civil lieutenant a man chiefly memorable as the forefather of one of his own descendants. Apollinaris, grandfather of the famous Sidonius of Auvergne, came of a senatorial house which ranked high among the nobility of his own province and of all Gaul. The highest office in the Western lands, the praetorian prefecture of the Gauls, was almost hereditary in his house. But he was the first of his line, as his admiring grandson tells us, to embrace the new creed of the Empire and to have the cross signed upon his brow. He did not scruple to accept his office, seemingly as the successor of Limenius, at the hands of the actual ruler of Gaul, and to help that ruler's son in his attempt to add Spain to his father's dominion. The adhesion of such a man to the cause of Constantine is the best witness to the general acquiescence, to say the least, of the Gaulish lands in the transfer of Imperial power to his hands. The joint march of Constant, Gerontius, and Apollinaris was met at some stage, seemingly on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, by an irregular army of slaves and peasants, a force which Didymus and Verenianus had seemingly kept for some while at their own cost. Their object was to bar the passes of the Pyrenees against the invaders from Gaul, a work for which Spanish *guerrilla* troops would be excellently fitted in any age. For this it would seem they came too late. Their efforts were indeed not wholly without success; they are vaguely said to have put Constans in great danger. But in the end they were routed, and their leaders, Didymus and Verenianus, were taken prisoners, with their wives. The other brothers, who were in some other part of Spain, took fright at the fate of their kinsmen, and fled, Theodosiolus to Honorius in Italy and Lagodios to Constantinople. He could hardly have got thither till the latter part of the year 408, when he found the young Theodosius already the only Emperor in the East.

Constans now, as a Caesar ruling in Spain, established his court at Caesaraugusta, the modern Zaragoza, a choice not unconnected with the greater events which we shall presently mention. He had so utterly cast aside his monastic vows that he had taken to him a wife; whether he had brought her with him to Spain or had found her there, we are not told. He was now summoned by his father into Gaul to discuss the affairs of their common Empire. He obeyed; he left his wife in his Caesarean palace at Zaragoza, and entrusted Gerontius with the command of the Honorian troops and with the defence of Spain. He then hastened to his father, taking with him the captive kinsmen of Honorius, Didymus and Verenianus. They were presently put to death by order of Constantine; of the fate of the wives who shared their captivity we hear nothing.

Constantine was thus, to all appearance, undisputed ruler of Spain and of so much of Gaul as the Vandals, Suevians, and Alans were not at any particular moment laying waste. In the lands on the Rhone the retreat of Sarus had left him without a rival. But he was at this moment the only representative of Roman power beyond the Alps. His position in the Western world was clearly better than that of the Augustus at Ravenna, threatened every moment by Alaric, and now left without the arm of Stilicho to guard him. That Honorius should outlive both Alaric and Constantine, that he should die an undisputed Emperor, master of so much of the West as was still left to Rome, and that the power of Rome should be yet restored over no small part of the West from which it seemed to have passed away, is one of the strangest things in the strange times which we are studying.

III.

CONSTANTINE EMPEROR AND MAXIMUS TYRANT

We left Constantine undisputed master, undisputed emperor, within so much of Gaul and Spain as obeyed any Emperor at all. Some parts of those lands were still harried at pleasure by detachments of the great host that had crossed the Rhine on the last day of the year 408. Some parts, it may be, were throwing off the dominion of Rome altogether. Britain, the land from which Constantine had set forth, was, not so much throwing off the dominion of Rome, as slipping away from it without effort on either side. The dominions of Constantine in the West were painfully smaller than the dominions of Valentinian and Theodosius. But within them he had no Roman rival. The master of Italy, far less master in Italy than Constantine was in Gaul, had striven to shake his throne, and he had failed. Throughout the provinces beyond the Alps, the adventurer from Britain, like other adventurers from Britain before him, was "Dominus Noster"; he was "Augustus", he was "Pius", "Felix", and "Pater Patriae". As such his name was graven on inscriptions; his image and superscription was, in all the Western lands, the image and superscription of Caesar. What then was lacking to him? Something which it is not easy to define. With all his success, he was still, in the eyes of men of his own time, as he abides in the pages of history, Constantine the Tyrant.

In using that name in these ages, just as in using it in the days of the old Greek commonwealths, we must throw aside that modern abuse of it by which it is vaguely applied to any ruler whom it is meant to brand as an oppressor. This abuse is closely allied to the kindred abuse of other technical terms of Greek and Roman politics, which make it dangerous, even in writing Greek or Roman history, to use the original words in their original meaning without some kind of qualification. At least from the days of Herodotus to the days of William of Malmesbury, the word "tyrant" had a definite meaning; and it is wonderful to see how little the meaning of the word in William of Malmesbury has changed from its meaning in Herodotus. The change in the use of the word is simply the change which is implied in a changed state of things. A tyrant is one who takes to himself power without any lawful claim to take it. The name has nothing to do with his use of power when he gets it. Undoubtedly he who gains power wrongfully is under many temptations to use it badly; but his using of it badly is not implied in the mere name of tyrant. The Greek tyrants, as a rule, were oppressors; but even among them the rule was not universal; there is no contradiction in terms in speaking of a just and merciful tyrant.

The Roman rulers to whom the name was transferred by a happy analogy, hold a higher place; they are average Emperors, good or bad as may happen. The difference between the Greek and the Roman use come from the different shapes which the tyranny, that is the unlawful assumption of power, took among the Greek commonwealths and under the Roman Empire. The Greek tyrant had overthrown a commonwealth; even if it was an oligarchy and not a free democracy that he had overthrown, even if a large part of the community welcomed him as the destroyer of oligarchy, he had still overthrown a commonwealth; he had put his own personal will in the place of a system of law and order of some kind; and if he himself sometimes kept his popularity for life, all traces of good will commonly vanished under the rule of his son. That such a tyrant had no means of giving a formal legitimacy to his power is clear on the face of things. When tyrants of exactly the same kind, tyrants of cities, again showed themselves in the commonwealths of mediaeval Italy, the means of thus wiping out the original stain was supplied by the power of the Emperor, supreme over all.

Not a few of the hereditary dukes and marquesses of Italy were tyrants whom the Imperial authority had raised to the rank of lawful princes. But the old Greek commonwealths knew no overlord; there was no external power that could change Polykrates or Peisistratos into an outwardly lawful ruler of Samos or of Athens. It is perfectly plain that the tyrants of the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ were well pleased to be spoken of as *Basileus* and that flatterers in prose and verse won their favor by so speaking of them. It is not clear that any tyrant before Agathocles received or assumed the title in any formal way. In his day the rise of the various Macedonian princes had made kingship familiar to Greek thought. The Roman tyrant, on the other hand, though he came under the same definition as having taken power to himself without lawful authority, had reached power in a very different way from his Greek predecessor. He had in no way changed the constitution of the state. He had neither suppressed a democracy nor delivered men from an oligarchy. He had simply set up his own power instead of the power of some other prince, and there was no presumption that his rule would be any worse than that of the prince whom he supplanted. He was guilty of whatever amount of human suffering was caused by a revolution wrought by violence; he was not guilty of any general disturbance of the order of things. And it was easy for him, as it was not for the Greek tyrant, to obtain a formal and regular confirmation of his authority.

In the middle of the third century the most common way of reaching Empire was through the mutinies of the army. The soldiers murdered the reigning Emperor; they chose another in his place; and the Senate presently voted him all the offices, powers, and titles which together made up the practical sovereignty of the Roman commonwealth. He who received his commission from the senate, that extraordinary commission always renewed out of which the Empire grew, became a lawful Emperor; he who could not obtain it remained a tyrant. In the times which we have now reached, the power of the Senate has dwindled away. The Fathers indeed appear by fits and starts, under the strange circumstances of the time, with something nearer to their old authority than had been seen for a long time; but, in the absence of any definite law of succession, it is no longer the vote of the Senate which stands forth as the main source of legitimate power. The Empire is becoming more like an ordinary kingdom, able to pass, either by hereditary descent to the children of the last prince or by adoption to some successor or colleague of his choosing. The joint rule of several princes was now familiar, and this system supplied an easy means of bestowing formal legitimacy on a successful tyrant. When the tyrant had won a certain part of the Empire, and saw no hope of winning the rest, when the lawful prince kept a certain part of the Empire and saw no hope of winning back the rest, a compromise was easy. The lawful prince could admit the tyrant as his colleague in the Empire, and thus, while raising him to the same level as himself, he could keep at least the rank of *primus inter pares*. The agreement of course, like other agreements, needed not to he kept any longer than was convenient. If either of the new colleagues found a good opportunity of overthrowing his Imperial brother, of taking his dominions to himself or bestowing them on a colleague whom he liked better, that opportunity was seldom missed. The thing had happened over and over again. The lives of Carausius, of Maximus, of the great Constantine himself, supply many and instructive examples.

Constantine then, master of Roman Gaul and Spain, still felt that there was something lacking to his position, and he hastened to make it good. He had torn away the Western lands from the dominion of Honorius; the armies of Honorius had failed to recover the lands that he had torn away; he was seemingly safe in Gaul, while Honorius was anything but sale in Italy. Yet he now stoops, as it might seem to us, to ask his defeated enemy to raise him from his irregular position to a lawful place at his own side. It does indeed mark the force of traditional feeling that Constantine, called to the throne by an army which had shown itself able to maintain him there, still felt himself the upstart, the usurper, the tyrant, and owned the higher position of the Emperor who had come to the diadem by peaceful means, by a line of those adoptions and associations of sons and colleagues which passed for lawful succession. The tyrant therefore sought for the acknowledgement of his claims by the lawful prince; he sought for his admission as a third Augustus to the imperial fellowship of Honorius and his young nephew in the East, he sent an embassy (409), an embassy of eunuchs—the soldiers from Britain had conformed to the depraved fashion of the time—to the court of Ravenna, asking the Emperor's forgiveness for his taking on himself the

imperial rank; it was not, his commissioners were bidden to say, his own act; the presumptuous step had been forced upon him by his soldiers. It is implied, though it is not said in so many words, that Constantine demanded the confirmation of their choice, and his own recognition as an Imperial colleague. Honorius was in no position to resist or refuse; with Alaric and his Goths at no great distance, it was not for him to plunge into another war which might end as the enterprise of Sarus had ended. A domestic reason also moved him—in this matter Honorius himself may have exercised some measure of personal will. His kinsfolk were in the hands of Constantine—Theodosiolus had brought that news with him: neither he nor Honorius knew that they had been actually put to death before the embassy had been sent, and he deemed that a favourable answer to the demands of their gaoler might be to their advantage. Honorius therefore acknowledged the claims of Constantine; he sent him a robe of the imperial purple. The Roman world, so much of it as was still ruled from Ravenna, Constantinople, and Arles, had again three masters.

It would seem that some formality was lacking in this transaction. Or it may simply be that Honorius was stirred to some sign of enmity when the news of the death of Didymus and Verenianus reached him, when he thus saw how he had been in some sort cajoled into an acknowledgement of the tyrant of Gaul. It is certain that later in the year (409) Constantine sent another message to Ravenna, a message carried this time by a more honorable messenger. Its bearer was Jovius, who is described as a man of high culture and of other merits, but whom we have no means to identify with, or to distinguish from, other bearers of his own and like names. He came to Honorius when that prince was not in a position to refuse anything; Alaric was on the point of laying siege to Rome. For the slaughter of the Spanish captives the new envoy made much the same excuse as the earlier messengers had made for Constantine's assumption of the diadem; it had not been done by any orders of Constantine himself. This statement we may venture to set down as a barefaced falsehood; even the meekness of Honorius was stirred, by it, and the words of our account seem to imply that the person of Jovius was in some danger. But the Emperor was partly at least won over by the arguments of the envoy. With Italy in the state in which it was, it would be wise for him to yield, and, if he, Jovius, was allowed to go back in safety to his master, Constantine would presently come to the relief of Rome at the head of the forces of Gaul Spain, and Britain, wherever these last were to be found.

This promise, whatever was the real purpose of Constantine in making it, leads us for a moment into the midst of the affairs of Italy. We are, as we have seen, in the memorable year (409) of Alaric's second siege of Rome, at that stage of it when the successive ministers or masters of Honorius are stepping into one another's places with amazing speed. The eunuch Eusebius has become the Emperor's chief chamberlain, and Allobich, a barbarian, perhaps a Frank, has been placed in command of the Roman cavalry. The chief authority at Ravenna is naturally in the hands of the eunuch; but the brute force of the master of the horse prevails over the subtler influence of the chamberlain; when the colleagues no longer agree, Eusebius is publicly beaten to death with rods under the eyes of Honorius.

At this moment Constantine steps in; we read in two independent narratives that he entered Italy with an army; but we get exactly opposite statements as to the motive which took him thither. In one version he is marching to Ravenna, to confirm or to carry out his engagements with Honorius, that is doubtless to give help to his Italian colleague against the Goth. In the other version the master of Gaul and Spain sets out to add Italy to his dominions. We may therefore assume with safety that the one version represents the purpose that was openly avowed, and the other the purpose which was commonly suspected. There is no reason to suppose any open breach with Honorius so soon after the second embassy. Constantine appears to have assumed the consulship in partnership with Honorius; and on the whole it is most likely that it was now, when he was at the height of his power, that he raised his son Constans, who might pass for the conqueror of Spain, from the rank of Caesar to that of Augustus. There would thus be four acknowledged Imperial colleagues, Honorius, Theodosius, Constantine, and Constans; the making of Emperors was still for a moment in Roman hands; it was very soon to pass to the Goth.

Thus, in all outward seeming, help was coming from Arles to Ravenna. But it was deemed at the court of Ravenna that such help was likely to be dangerous; it was believed that there were high officials about the Italian Augustus who were ready to displace him in favor of his Gaulish brother. Allobich, slayer of Eusebius, had won power, but not confidence; he was suspected of being in league with Constantine to transfer to him the whole dominion of the West. It would seem that Honorius, as princes sometimes do, conspired against his minister and found instruments ready to rid him of the suspected traitor. An opportunity was found as Allobich was riding, according to custom, in a solemn procession before his sovereign. Allobich was cut down by the loyal assassins, and the Emperor, springing down from his horse, gave God thanks in the hearing of all men for having preserved him from a manifest traitor. So sultan-like had the dominion of Rome become that murder was the only-way to forestall or to avenge murder. The truth of the suspicion against Allobich seems to be confirmed by the fact that Constantine, when he heard of his death on his march, turned back, as if his schemes had become altogether hopeless now that his confederate was gone. He had crossed the Cottian Alps and had kept on the left side of the Po till he reached Verona. He was making ready to turn southward, and to cross the river on his way to Ravenna, when the news of Allobich's death met him. He then went back by the way by which he had come, to find troubles enough in the lands of which he was supposed to be the ruler without adding the defence of Italy against Alaric to his other difficulties.

His troubles indeed had begun before he started for Ravenna. Spain had quietly submitted to the change of rulers in the first instance, and the land might, it would seem, have settled down quietly again after the movement of the kinsmen of Honorius, if the new administration had not wounded local feeling in a very tender point. Spain, as we have seen, had been used to be defended by the arms of her own children. The legions that served in Spain had been Spanish legions, and the keeping of the Pyrenean passes had been by usage entrusted to what we may call a national militia. Spain had no frontiers through which the barbarians could make their way; she was not therefore, like Italy and the East, accustomed to have her borders guarded by one body of barbarians hired to keep out another body of their fellows. But now Constantine and Constans were guilty of the fatal, yet not unnatural, mistake of removing the local force, and entrusting the mountain passes to the keeping of their own barbarian allies, the Honorians. These troops were further indulged, by their commander Gerontius, it would seem in excessive licence in the way of plunder; they were above all allowed to harry the district of Valentia, which, doubtless as having supported the cause of Didymus and Verenianus, was deal with as an enemy's country. The demand of the Spanish legions that the barbarians might be withdrawn, and the old state of things restored, was refused, and great discontent arose. To quiet or suppress that discontent the new Augustus Constans was sent. He went, as far as we can see from our fragmentary authorities, about the time of his father's Italian expedition. It is plain that the Spanish troubles were laid to the charge of the officers whom Constans had left to represent his father in the peninsula. He now took with him a general named Justus, destined, it would seem, to supplant Gerontius, while Apollinaris lost his office of Praefect, which was bestowed on a certain Decimius Rusticus, who had hitherto been Master of the Offices. The wrath of Gerontius was naturally kindled, and he would seem, so far as we can make out from most unsatisfactory records of most important events, to have entered on a scheme of treason of the widest kind, which in its results changed the whole history of Western Europe. He leagued himself with the barbarians, Vandals, Alans, and Suevians, who had been laying waste the greater part of Gaul for the last two years. He seems to have bound himself to them (409) by some kind of formal treaty. How far it amounted to a regular partition of Spain it is impossible to say; but the practical result was that, very much as in the case of Gaul, the Roman authority was kept up in a corner of the land, while the rest was left to the mercy of the invaders. But the representation of Roman authority in Spain, as it had passed from Honorius to Constantine, was now to pass from Constantine to Gerontius or to any one whom Gerontius might think good to clothe with the purple. We are so seldom taken behind the scenes, so seldom allowed to study the motives of the actors in this most confused story, that we can merely guess why Gerontius, instead of laying claim to the Imperial dignity in his own person, set up a certain Maximus as Emperor or tyrant. The proclamation of some rival Emperor was his only chance; but we can do no more than guess at the causes which made Gerontius forbear from placing the diadem on his own brow. We see easily why at this very moment Alaric was setting up a puppet Emperor in Italy for his own ends, why later in the

century Ricimer set up and put down Emperors at pleasure. For the days had not yet come for an avowed barbarian to mount the throne of the Caesars in his own person. Stilicho, charged with plotting the elevation of his son Eucherius, is a nearer case to this of Gerontius. But Stilicho was said to come of the stock of the Vandals. The lapse of another generation, the connection by marriage between his house and that of the Emperor's, may have caused the son to be looked on as more Roman than the father. But Gerontius would seem to have been a provincial of the province of Britain, as good a Roman then, by the edict of Antoninus, as any man in Spain, Gaul, or Italy. It is therefore by no means easy to see, why, when he risked himself and all that belonged to him in a struggle for power, in a struggle against Honorius and Constantine at once, he did not at least run the risk on his own behalf and in his own name. Whatever were his motives, the fact is clear. It was not himself but Maximus whom Gerontius chose for the dangerous honor. But who was Maximus? That one among our authorities who is on the whole the most trustworthy, but whose evidence has come down to us in the most fragmentary state, seems to call him the son of Gerontius, in which case we should have the closest parallel of all to the alleged designs of Stilicho. He was, it is said, serving among the *domestics*, the household troops doubtless of Constantine and Constans. Other writers speak more vaguely of Maximus as a friend or dependant of Gerontius. In any case, just as with Constantine himself, the name of the renowned British tyrant of the last century may have gone some way towards securing his elevation, though we are also told that Gerontius deemed him a man personally fit for the post. Maximus therefore assumed the purple and held his court at Tarragona. Master of at least the north-eastern corner of Spain, he found himself better able to maintain his authority against other representatives of the Roman power than he was against the common enemies of the Roman name.

We cannot have a better illustration of the way in which these tyrants rose and fell than in the story of Gerontius, a story full of striking adventure, on which we have now entered. As Constantine has done by Honorius, so Gerontius now does by Constantine. All alike are Emperors to those who accept their dominion, tyrants to all beyond its bounds. The truth is that, during the whole life of the Roman power, down to the disputes of a Palaiologos and a Kantakouzenos, the only chance for a man at the head of an army who had fallen under the suspicion of the master whom he was supposed to serve was to assume the purple himself. It was a frightful risk; but he might succeed; otherwise he had no hope. Thus the Empire was torn in pieces by the personal interests of particular men, at a moment when no one frontier was safe against foreign enemies. Yet the wonderful thing is how often the Empire came together again. What strikes us at every step in the tangled history of these times is the wonderful life which the Roman name and the Roman power still kept when it was thus attacked on every side from without and torn in pieces in every quarter from within. The personal good luck of Honorius has been noticed both in older and in later times; like the Persian conqueror of old, he overcame most of his enemies without stirring from his hearth, and those whom he could not overcome he at least outlived. But the good luck, if not of the local Rome, at least of the wider Romania, is still more to be noticed. Whatever blows fall, something escapes, and that something commonly lives; it grows again, and wins back part at least of what had been lost. At this moment the whole West is overrun by barbarian invasion. Britain falls away; Gaul is ravaged from the Rhine to the Pyrenees; the greater part of Spain, as we shall presently see, is cut up into barbarian kingdoms. By a blow more striking and terrible than all in its historic and dramatic aspect, Rome itself has been entered and sacked by a barbarian enemy. Yet the Roman name and the Roman power live on. The dominion of the conqueror of Rome passes to a successor who is ready to act as the soldier of Rome and who aspires to be the son and brother of her princes. While Italy is thus saved by the exchange of Alaric for Atawulf, neither Gaul nor Spain is wholly lost. A corner of Gaul escapes barbarian ravage; a corner of Spain escapes barbarian partition. And if at this moment neither Gaul nor Spain is in the obedience of Ravenna, if each land has its own Emperor or tyrant, yet the tyrants at once turn their arms against one another, and all presently yield to the fortunate star of the lawful prince. And if that lawful prince wins his victories by deputy, one at least of his enemies suffers defeat by deputy also.

Maximus then is tyrant at this moment in Spain, reigning at Tarragona, but without any such acknowledgement of his position as Constantine had won from the unwilling Honorius. His immediate enemy was Constantine, whose power in Spain he had overthrown: more immediately again it was

Constans by whom his father Constantine had been represented in Spain. But Constans, though the greater part of his father's forces were under his command, could not stand against the movement which had raised Maximus to power. He and his praefect, Decimius Rusticus, who, we may gather, was specially unpopular, fled into Gaul to Constantine.

From his capital at Arles that prince—an acknowledged colleague of Honorius and Theodosius—had to keep, if he could, so much of Gaul as was still Roman from the attack which was threatening from Spain. Maxim us himself did not stir, any more than Honorius; but Gerontius, in league with the barbarians who had passed into Spain (411), bringing with him no doubt not a few of them as his allies and soldiers, set off to follow Constans, and doubtless to win the dominions of Constantine for the prince whom he had himself set up. Constantine made preparations to defend the cities of his dominions and to gain barbarian allies. On this latter errand the Frank Edobich was sent beyond the Rhine to collect a force both of his own countrymen and of the Alamans. Nearer home too Constantine, like his rivals, did his main work by deputy; he seems to have shut himself up at Arles, and to have entrusted the general care of his territories to his son Constans, whose headquarters were at Vienne. That post, so far from the southern frontier, so far north even from Arles, seems strangely chosen when an invading host was actually on the march from Spain. To one very careful inquirer it has seemed so hard to believe that the tale that we are telling happened at Vienne that he has ventured to suggest that the mention of the capital of the Allobroges must be simply a mistake, and that the headquarters of Constans were really at Narbonne.

Truly Narbo Martius is geographically far better suited than Vienna Allobrogum to be the head-quarters of a ruler of south-eastern Gaul who is looking for an invasion from Spain. But it is dangerous to reconstruct history according to what, from a geographical or a military point of view, ought to have happened. When such authorities as we have—not, to be sure, a Thucydides or a Procopius—place Constans at Vienne, I cannot take upon me arbitrarily to translate him to Narbonne. And, after all, something might be said for the presence of the younger Augustus at Vienne at such a moment. The most natural inference is that Constantine himself was at Arles, that to him was left the immediate defence of Gaul against Maximus and his partisans, while his more enterprising son fixed himself in a city well fitted either as a bulwark against hostile barbarians from central Gaul, or as a trusting-place for friendly barbarians from beyond the Rhine. And in the economy of things, when south-eastern Gaul was for a moment, as it has been in some later moments, the chief centre of history in lands beyond the Alps, when each of the great cities of the land had to stand a siege or to witness a revolution, it could not be that no place in the story should be found for so noble a city as the true Vienna, the city of the Allobroges, the city whose walls and whose churches still shelter the dust of more than one of the unkindly forgotten Kings of the Middle Kingdom. Seated, like her fellows, by the broad Rhone, not girded by the waters like the Arelate of those days, not perched on her steep like the Gaulish Valentia, but nestling as it were in the arena of an amphitheatre of hills, the great river itself sweeping through as if ready for the sports of the *naumachia*, Vienna could then show, whole and perfect, those mighty masses of brickwork whose ruins it is now not always easy to distinguish from the face of the hills that they so boldly climbed. The church of the Primate of Primates, the head, so men at Vienna deemed, of all the Burgundies, had not yet arisen in that vast unbroken length that took six centuries to lead to its full extent at either end. But the basilica in which Avitus ministered may well have been already standing, and that lovely relic of pagan days, second only to its fellow temple at Nemausus, was there untouched by age and havoc, perhaps already a house of worship of the new faith of Rome and Gaul. The obelisk between the walls, the shattered theatre within them, the amphitheatre whose site we now faintly trace, the whole range of buildings rising tier on tier, colonnade on colonnade, must have made Vienna a prouder city to meet the eyes of the advancing enemy than that he hurried by on the Valentine hill or even among the lagunes of Imperial Arelate. It was indeed a prize for kings to strive which Constans guarded for his father, which Gerontius attacked, it may be for his son. But again not a word is vouchsafed to us to tell how Vienna fell into the hands of the patron of the new tyrant of Spain. We know not whether the city was stormed or whether it surrendered. We know only that Constans came into the power of Gerontius, and was put to death by the conqueror.

From the city defended by the son Gerontius marched to the city defended, or at least dwelled in, by the father. The Briton who had followed Constantine from his island now laid siege to his master of yesterday in the august home that he had helped to win for him. In reading this story, the story of the double siege of Arles, we must bear in mind the topography of the country as it stood at the beginning of the fifth century. The inlets of the sea, which form so marked a feature on the journey from Arles to the Provençal Aix, were then far more numerous and came much further inland than they do now; and the branches of the river were then many more than the Great and the Little Rhone that are now left. Arles was, then as now, parted from her great suburb—far greater then as the *Colonia Julia Paterna* than it is now as the *Fauxbourg de Trinquetailles*—by the main stream of the river, yoked by its bridge, better represented in site by the bridge that now carries the railway than by the bridge which forms the ordinary communication between city and suburb. But waters that are now dried up gave both city and suburb a peninsular shape which they keep no longer. The city itself was washed to the east by a deep inlet of the Mediterranean which formed the *Statio Navium* of Arelate. The Elysian Fields stretched their long lines of sarcophagi between its banks and the city walls that rose above them. The plain which reaches almost to the foot of the little Alps was then a sea; the hills crowned by the holy place of Montmajeur, by the giauts' chamber on the height of Cordes, by the rock-hewn dwellings of Les Baux, were then islands in the water, as Avalon and its West-Saxon fellows still were in the days of Alfred. Against the city thus fenced in by art and nature two armies marched at the same moment, each hostile alike to one another and to its defenders. For while Gerontius was marching from Vienne by the high way that, like the modern railway, skirts the left, the eastern, bank of the river, another army was on its march from Italy. The lord of Ravenna, however unable to save Rome, could now (411)—when he that had threatened Rome had passed away, when Atawulf ruled the Goths in the place of Alaric—find leisure and means to think again of the lands beyond the Alps. And he had those about him who could win back Arles to his obedience, and who could rid him alike of the unwelcome colleague by whom Arles was defended, and of the avowed rebel by whom it was besieged.

This last distinction, the fact that Constantine held the formal place of a lawful Augustus, must never be forgotten. Yet it is hardly wonderful if the distinction between colleague and rebel was not accurately drawn at the court of Ravenna. The acknowledgement of Constantine by Honorius as an Imperial colleague had hardly been an act of the free will either of Honorius himself or of those by whom he was guided. He no doubt personally felt some grudge against his fellow Emperor on account of the slaughter of his kinsmen, and none the less perhaps because of the pretences by which that slaughter had been feebly excused. And the appearance of Constantine in Italy, an appearance which allowed of so many interpretations, might well be looked on as cancelling all claims on the part of the tyrant of Gaul to be looked on as any longer a fellow Emperor with the son and grandson of Theodosius. Constantine was now looked on as an enemy (411); the enterprise of Sarus was undertaken again with better luck; a force was now sent into Gaul to recover that province, or those parts of it in which the Roman name still bore rule, from the obedience of Constantine to the obedience of Honorius. A new actor in our story appears in command of the host that was sent on this errand.

Constantius, at a later time to be the third Emperor of that name, may be looked on as in some sort continuing that great line of Illyrian princes which had given the Roman power a renewed life. Born at Naissus, bearing one of the great names of the Flavian house, if he did not actually share the blood of the elder Constantii and Constantini, he must at least have inherited their traditions. Schooled in the wars of Theodosius, he was the best captain that Rome had left, and he had some merits beyond those of the mere man of war. We see in him traces of the generosity and greatness of soul of an older day, and there is something which calls for sympathy in his abiding love for the august lady, Roman princess and Gothic queen, whose marriage in the end raised him to the throne. He is brought into our story as the future husband of Placidia, the future father of the last Valentinian; but he may fairly claim a place on his own account as at least one of the least evil in a bad time. We are told in a marked way that Constantius at this stage was a man of many virtues and specially open of hand, while after his imperial marriage he was fallen into covetousness, and greediness he loved withal. It was looked on as a deed of justice rather than of cruelty when, at some stage of his career, he caused Olympios, the slanderer of Stilicho, to lose his ears

and to be beaten to death with clubs. We have his personal picture, a picture perhaps not altogether attractive. We can see him with his wide head, his long neck, his large eyes, looking sad and stern as he went forth in warlike array, leaning forward on the neck of his horse, and turning his eyes hither and thither. Men who saw him in such guise said that he bore on him the stamp of one who should one day be a tyrant, a danger which was escaped by his admission among the ranks of lawful princes. But those who saw him in his lighter hours thought otherwise. At the table and at the banquet of wine, he was ever cheerful and bore himself as the equal of his companions. He would rise and take his part in merry strife with the jesters who were brought in for the common amusement. Such he was in the hours of peace at Ravenna; at Arles he showed himself in his sterner aspect. He set forth on his errand, taking with him as his second in command a valiant Goth who bore the renowned name of Wulfilas, a name whose chief renown has been won in other fields than those of warfare.

Constantius and Wulfilas were sent against Constantine; it is not clear whether they expected to meet with any other enemy. From what point they approached Arles would depend on the road by which they left Italy. They might take either side of the Little Alps and the Durance; they might or might not pass by Glanum on its plain among the hills, with its arch and its still abiding monument. But we may best conceive them skirting the roots of Mount of Victory, with Gaius Marius as passing through the city of Sextius with its health-giving waters, as pressing on by the Stony Plain, thick with the artillery which Zeus himself hurled down to the help of his valiant son, and which the traveler who threads the streets of Arles might wish that he was not so often called on to trample underfoot.

In either case the last stage of their journey would be the same; they would draw near the city from the north-east; their approach would immediately threaten the Gaulish Gate with the palace of the two Constantines rising to their right, while the huge mass of the amphitheatre, taken with the city and taught, like the lesser amphitheatre of Rome, to form part of its defences, rose in its vast bulk yet more proudly to their left. We would fain know whether it came on them as a surprise to find that they had to deal with two enemies within and without the city. It was a strange errand on which the army of Constantius had come. Their march had led them to a besieged town; but they did not come to relieve it; their object was not to deliver but to capture; only they were for a moment hindered from capturing because yet another power had stepped in before them to besiege. As the troops of Gerontius had come from the direct north, their last stage must have been the same as the last stage of the march of Constantius.

The army of Italy must have found the army of Spain actually encamped before the very gate by which either of the roads one of which they must have taken would lead them to the walls. Here there was an enemy to be dislodged before they could throw up a bank or shoot an arrow against the city itself. Those who attacked and those who defended Arles were alike traitors to the lawful Emperor whom they served. Constantine the tyrant was within; Gerontius the general of Maximus the tyrant was without. If they would discharge the errand on which they had been sent, themselves to besiege Arles and to arrest its Emperor, they had first to deal with those who had come out of Spain on the like errand. The work was not a hard one. It may be that the soldiers of Gerontius were in some way moved by the thought that the army of Constantius was the army of a lawful and undisputed Emperor. It is certain that Gerontius had, by the sternness of his discipline, kindled disaffection in his own ranks. The greater part of his forces forsook him and followed the banners of Constantius. He himself with a small party escaped into Spain. We must presently follow him thither to listen to the thrilling tale of his last hours; for the present there is more serious work among the streams and the lagunes of Arles.

By the flight of Gerontius and his few companions the army of Italy, the army of Constantius, had taken the place of the army of Spain as the host to whose lot it fell to besiege Constantine in Arles. Through the defection of so great a part of the soldiers of Gerontius, the two besieging armies must have been largely made up of the same men. Meanwhile it will be remembered that the Frankish Edobich, now, at all events, the best officer in the service of Constantine, had gone beyond the Rhine to seek for allies for his master among Franks and Alamans. His mission was not in vain. Arles did not yield in a moment. Warfare beneath its walls lasted longer than it had lasted beneath the walls of Valence or seemingly

beneath those of Vienne. The siege was already in its fourth month (411) when the news came that Edobich was drawing near with a vast and motley host of barbarians to the relief of Constantine.

Constantius and Wulfilas were troubled at the tidings; for a moment they even, like Sarus, made up their minds to leave Gaul and await the enemy in Italy. But the march of Edobich was too speedy to allow this timid scheme to be carried out. The besiegers of Arles were on the left, the eastern, side of the Rhone; Edobich seems to have been marching southward along the western bank. When the news came that he was actually encamped in their near neighborhood, on the peninsula that is covered by the Julian Colony, the furthest point to the north-east of the dreary region of the Camargue, all thoughts of retreat were cast aside by the generals of Honorius. They determined to face the enemy boldly. They crossed the river to give battle to the new comers.

Both this fact, and the scheme of action that was planned between the Roman and the Gothic commander, a scheme which showed no lack either of skill or of daring, seem to show that the host of Edobich could hardly have reached even the wall of the Colony, and that the battle must have been fought at some little distance from Arles itself. For the followers of Edobich, unlike the followers of Gerontius, did meet the army of Constantius in open fight. According to the plan arranged between him and Wulfilas, Constantius himself, at the head of the infantry, awaited the attack of the enemy. Wulfilas, with the horse, seemingly a small body, lurked in ambush at no great distance. The host of Edobich, eager for battle, marched by the hidden foes without suspecting their presence, and met the troops of Constantius face to face. At a given signal Wulfilas and his horsemen dashed out of their lurking-place and charged straight on the rear of the enemy. The battle was at once decided; the barbarian host was broken; some fled; some were slain; the more part threw down their arms, craved for mercy, and received it. Edobich fled; he had, in old Teutonic guise, like Englishmen ages after, waged the actual battle on foot; the horse was but a means to take the warrior to and from the field. When the day was lost, like the traitors at Maldon or the vanquished remnant on Senlac, he mounted a horse and rode for his life. Not far from the place of battle was the country-house of one Ecdicius, a man whom Edobich deemed a friend, one to whom he had in former days done many good offices. With him he sought shelter. But in the mind of Ecdicius there was no place for the thought either of hospitality or of thankfulness. He smote off the head of the benefactor who craved his help, and carried it to the camp of Constantius in hope of a reward. The general who could strive for mastery with professional buffoons was ready with a grim joke. He took the head and said that for the deed of Wulfilas the republic owed its thanks to Ecdicius. But when the murderer showed signs of wishing to stay in his company, Constantius bade him begone; the presence of one who had so evil entreated his guest was not good for him or for his army.

And so the man who slew his friend in the day of danger was sent away empty by the man who refused to reward crime even when he gained by it. The overthrow and death of Edobich sealed the fate of Constantine. Seeing no longer any hope of Empire, or indeed of life if he still laid claim to Empire, he put aside his diadem and purple; he betook himself to a church—already perhaps a church of Saint Trophimus—for sanctuary. He there found a bishop who perhaps deemed that in such a case he might dispense with the precept to lay hands suddenly on no man. Constans son of Constantine had of a monk become Caesar; Constantine himself was now of an Augustus to become a Christian presbyter. In that character he deemed that his life at least would be safe. But no great harshness was to be feared from Constantius. The defenders of the city, on receiving the general's oath for their safety and for that of their fallen prince, threw open their gates, and the people of Arles at least had no need to complain of any breach of faith on the part of the conqueror. No blood was shed by Constantius. But Constantine and his younger son Julian the *Nobilissimus* were sent to Ravenna to abide the judgment of Honorius. The Emperor remembered the slaughter of his kinsmen and did not hold himself bound by the oath of his general. Messengers of death were sent to meet the prisoners, and the priest Constantine and his son were beheaded at some point of their journey, either on the Mincio or at some point nearer to Ravenna.

Just at this stage of our story we cannot complain of any lack of personal incident. We part for a moment from the meagre entries of annalists and from fragments pieced together from this source and

that, to listen to such a story as the fate of Edobich and its punishment. But the stirring story of the fate of Edobich is tame compared with the thrilling tale of the fate of Gerontius. Flying, as we have seen from Arles, he betook himself to Spain, deeming that there at least he might reign in the name of the tyrant of his own making. But his hold on the Spanish province was gone. The troops that had been left in Spain scorned the commander who had fled. They plotted his death, and besieged him in his own house. He had with him his wife Nounechia, a few slaves, and a faithful Alan. In one version he too is a slave; in a more likely shape of the story he is an honorable companion in warfare. The most detailed account of the death of Gerontius comes from an ecclesiastical historian who seems suddenly to take up a character oddly mingled between a pagan philosopher and a writer of romance. Gerontius and his few comrades, attacked by night, defend themselves from the upper stage of the house which we must conceive as a strong tower capable of offering some effective resistance. Not a few such miniature fortresses in Ireland and in the border shires of England will enable us to call up the scene. Through the embrasures of the battlements of his pele-tower, sheltered no doubt by the wooden roof coming down on the battlements, Gerontius, his Alan friend, and seemingly the slaves also, did no small execution among the assailants. Themselves almost beyond the reach of missiles, they shot at the besiegers till full three hundred of them were slain, when their stock of arrows failed them. What follows we should hardly believe if it came from a lighter source than an ecclesiastical history.

It was night, and for a while the attacks of the besiegers seem to have ceased. The slaves escaped from the house; Gerontius, and therefore we may suppose, his wife and his faithful comrade, might have done the same. But Gerontius, restored to his wife, like Odysseus, after a long absence, could not bring himself, even when the lives of both were at stake, to leave a besieged tower that sheltered her. His Alan *thegn* tarried with his lord and friend, a doomed groomsman at the renewed wedding. The day dawned, but it brought with it to Nounechia only a morning-gift of death. With the light the besiegers was again active; their weapons had failed; they now brought fire to the attack, and the three felt that there was no longer hope. But they would not fall alive into the hands of their enemies. First of all Gerontius smote off the head of the faithful Alan, who offered himself to the stroke, a *gesid* who would not outlive his *elder*. Then the weeping Nounechia craved a last gift of the husband who was so strangely to die for love of her; let her be slain by his hand rather than pass into the power of others. She thrust herself eagerly against the weapon; Gerontius yielded to her prayer, and the faithful wife died by a stroke of the same sword wielded by the same hand that had ended the days of the Alan.

Gerontius now stood alone beside the dead; the stroke of the sword failed him; he then grasped the trusty dagger that hung by his thigh, and drove it to his heart. It might seem that all these details of deeds of which no witness was left could hardly have been inferred even from a more careful examination of the dead bodies than was likely to be made when wrathful enemies at last made their way into a house which was perhaps already burning. But we must tell the tale as we find it, and specially we must not leave out the comment. Nounechia, so our ecclesiastical guide tells us, a Christian woman, died with a courage worthy of her faith, and left a memory which ought never to be forgotten. It is for some moral *ductor dubitantium* to rule whether we have here truly a case of "homicide by necessity". The ordinary historian may keep himself to the humbler work of wondering at the minute knowledge of the guide whom he has to follow.

So, we are to believe, died Gerontius the Briton, who had helped to set up one tyrant in Gaul, and who had set up another in Spain of his own hand. His former master Constantine and his master's son had fallen with more outward show of civil justice, and their corpses were in the power of the prince in whose interest they were overthrown. According to one strange statement, the heads of Constantine and Julian, as well as the heads of other tyrants earlier and later, were sent from Italy to he set up to the public gaze at Carthage. It is just possible that such a step may have been taken to remind the furthest parts of the dominions of Honorius of the power and the stern justice of their master. If so, the lesson was in vain. Africa, among the other dangerous growths of its soil, could send forth a tyrant as well as Britain and Spain. But for the moment the whole West, so far as it was not actually in barbarian hands, again obeyed the son of Theodosius. Honorius was undisputed Emperor; it was by his prefects and officers that the

provinces were ruled. Gaul was at rest; the corner of Spain which still clave to Roman rule in some shape, submitted to its lawful wielder. Whether the presence of Constantius or of any armed force was needed, we are not directly told. But one or two things look like acts of Constantius. Maximus ceased to reign. He was forsaken by the soldiers whom Gerontius had brought from Gaul. By some authority—and whose could it have been save that of the victor of Arles—those troops were moved first into Africa and then into Italy. They were most likely on too good terms with the barbarians of Spain, barbarians who were in formal alliance with the deposed tyrant, to be allowed to stay in the peninsula. As for Maximus himself, his personal character and conduct had been so little blameworthy that he was allowed to live. If Constantius had any hand in the matter, he had most likely learned that it was better not to trust Honorius with those whose lives he wished to save. But either Maximus still had fears, or he could not bear to live as a subject where he had reigned even in name; or it may be that absence from his former dominions was made the condition on which his life was spared. In any case he fled to his barbarian friends, he was living among them when Orosius wrote the last pages of his great homily, and there seems no reason to accept the statement of a much later writer, that, eleven years after the fall of Gerontius and Constantine (422), Maximus was sacrificed at Rome to celebrate the sixth lustrum of the reign of Honorius.

Honorius then, four years after the revolt of Constantine, is for a moment free from Roman rivals. Barbarian may lay waste the lands of the Empire; but no tyrant lays claim to its diadem. This peaceful side of the Roman world is indeed not to last long, and there is meanwhile another side which is anything but peaceful. It is to this last side that we must now turn our eyes. Gerontius, in seizing a corner of Spain for his own creature, had betrayed the rest of the great peninsula to the Vandals, Suevians, and Alans who had made their way thither out of Gaul. It is now time to see something of their doings in the land which they had entered, doings of no small account in the history of Western Europe.

IV.

THE BARBARIAN INVADERS.

In our view of the years with which we are now dealing, we have to look at a great drama, two acts of which are going on at the same time, ever influencing one another, but still distinct from one another in idea. We watch the rise and fall of the successive candidates for the Empire of Rome, the tyrants who spring to power for a moment only to yield to the strangely abiding luck of a prince who must in every personal gift have been the inferior of any of them. We watch too with a deeper interest the events which had a more direct effect on the later history of the world, the movements of the barbarian nations, and their settlements within the lands of the Empire. Specially we watch the movements and settlements of those nations which were of our own kindred; above all we trace, whenever we are allowed, as we are now and then in passing, the earliest fortunes of our own people. The two scenes of action, the doings of the tyrants and the doings of the barbarians, cannot be kept asunder. Here the barbarian sets up tyrants and puts them down as suits his purposes. Here the tyrant calls in the barbarians as suits his purposes; but finds it less easy to send away the barbarian whom he has called in than the barbarian finds it to put down the tyrant whom he has set up. There is no side of the affairs of the Empire, no quarter in which those affairs are acted, which does not influence some other side and some other quarter. In our present inquiry the matter and the quarter which seem least directly to concern us are the most striking; of events, the most attractive of lands—Italy and her fate during the campaigns of Alaric.

While our own story is going; on in the narrower fields of Trier or Arles or Tarragona, we must never forget, as we are sometimes tempted to forget, that greater deeds, as we commonly measure the greatness of deeds, were doing on the wider field of Rome. Yet we must remember also that it was the march of Alaric into Italy which was the beginning of our whole story; it was that march which led to the barbarian invasion of Gaul, to the crossing of Constantine from Britain, and to all that followed on that invasion and that crossing. And now we must remember again that, before Constantine surrendered to Constantius, before Constantius set forth for Arles, Alaric no longer led the West-Goths.

The accession of Atawulf had changed the whole relations of Romans and barbarians in Italy; it was about to change them in Gaul and Spain. In 411 Honorius could act as he could not have acted in 410; when Rome was sacked, Arles was safe, at least against Honorius. And under Atawulf his people put out a wholly new aspect in our own story. Hitherto it has been only incidentally that we have had to speak of the Goths and their movements. They will soon become the chief actors in our tale. But for them we have to wait another year, and we have also a gap, hardly a gap of a full year (411-412), during which the throne of Honorius was not disturbed by the revolt of a single tyrant. We have therefore a moment to look at one act of our drama by itself. We can now see, as far as our lights will let us, how things fared with the native inhabitants, with the barbarian invaders, of Gaul, Spain, and Britain, at the moment when Constantine had fallen, when Jovinus had not yet arisen, and when Atawulf had not made his way into Gaul. But it is an inquiry which will lead us far beyond the moment of our first glimpse, and that above all, in matters which may now and then concern our own people, and which specially concern the land to whose winning our own people were drawing nearer day by day.

We said just now that Maximus, when his life was spared, most likely by the mercy of Constantius, fled to the barbarians. To fly to the barbarians was just now an easy matter, either for

deposed Emperors or for other men. In Spain it was easiest of all. We have seen that, five years before this time (406-407), the great combined host of Vandals, Suevians, and Alans had entered Gaul, and that, two years before this time (409), they had made their way into Spain.

The civil wars of the contending Roman princes are handed down to us in detail, while our notices of the movements of the barbarians are so grievously vague, that it needs an effort to take in how small a part of both Gaul and Spain was touched by the disputed claims of Honorius, Constantine, and Maximus, in other words how small a part of either land was left to the obedience of Rome in any shape. We are tempted to fancy that victory or defeat carried with it the dominion of the whole land, while in truth the whole story is confined to a corner of Gaul and a corner of Spain, while the greater part of both lands were dealt with as the invaders thought good. There is something not a little strange in the sight of rival princes thus struggling with one another for these shreds of Empire, while the common enemy tears away land after land from the dominion of any of them. Yet such are the facts with which we have to deal, facts which are far from standing alone, but which have no lack of parallels both in earlier and in later times. The enemy who was laying waste whole provinces was never looked on as a common enemy; each disputant found it better suited his purpose to use him as an ally against the more immediate enemy among his own people. Constantine, as we have seen, clearly had some understanding with the ravagers of Gaul; Gerontius, yet more clearly, had an understanding with the same enemies. They fought in his armies; among them, as among pledged allies, we have just seen that Maximus found shelter. It was indeed the understanding between Gerontius and the barbarians which gave Gaul a temporary relief and the Roman power in Gaul a chance of temporary revival. But it gave them only at the cost of the endurance by Spain of the horrors from which Gaul had been set free, and of the sudden and final overthrow of the Roman power in the greater part of the peninsula. In concert with Gerontius, Vandals, Alans, Suevians left the wasted lands of Gaul to seek fresh prey and this time fresh homes in the untouched lands of Spain. In Gaul they had simply ravaged; in Spain they sat down and dwelled.

Of this great revolution we have hardly anything that can be called a narrative. Of the course which the invasion took we know less than we know of the invasion of Gaul just before. Of that we do know the main geographical outlines and the special fate of this and that city. Here, till the partition and settlement a little later, we get no geography at all; but our chronology is as minute as it was when the same invaders first entered Gaul. Some passed the mountain border on the 28th day of September, others on the 13th day of October, in the year of the eighth consulship of Honorius and the third of Theodosius (409). The passes of the Pyrenees had, it will be remembered, been left open to them by the removal of their native Spanish defenders. The Honorian troops who had taken their places, instead of offering them any opposition, joined themselves to the new comers. But we are told nothing as to the particular points where they entered, as to the course which any of them took, or as to the fate of particular cities. We know the name of one only among their leaders, Ermeric chief of the Suevians. But of their doings we have more than one vivid general picture, and that from contemporaries and natives of the suffering land. While we thank them for telling us thus much, we feel a kind of grudge against them for not giving us all the details which they must have had in their memories. In the few months that were left of the year of their entry a plague arose from which the invaders who were slaughtering far and wide doubtless suffered at least as severely as the natives. Some resistance they seem to have met with; at least we are told that the substance of the cities was swallowed up by soldiers and tyrannical tax-gatherers. The soldiers must be soldiers of Rome, paid to offer some front to the invaders, and the tax-gatherers are assuredly the officers of Rome, busy after the soldiers' pay and all that came out of the purses of the provincials. Hunger followed in the wake of the sword and the pestilence; men ate their fellow-men; even mothers ate their children. The beasts of the field, grown bold by feasting on the dead, presently made victims of the living. The four sore judgments of the Lord announced by his prophets, all fell on the devoted land. Yet were there some small softenings of the general horror. The whole land was not laid waste at once; those who were persecuted in one city could sometimes flee to another; the invaders gradually grew milder; they who might have slain all and carried off the goods of all, would sometimes stoop to take a hireling's wages, to defend, to serve, even to bow their shoulders to the carrying of burthens. Before two years were

ended, God moved the hearts of the invaders to occupy the land instead of wasting it. The wandering hosts settled down and became nations dwelling; under their kings on the conquered soil.

The two sides of the character of the invaders of Spain, as described by natives of Spain recording what they had themselves seen, form a striking contrast, but not an unnatural one. The kind of life which men led during the Wandering of the Nations was likely to bring out very opposite sides of human nature. Quite distinct from the refined delight in actual cruelty which belongs rather to a more advanced and scientific stage of man's training, there seems to be lurking in at least many of us, not only a general love of excitement, but a certain love of mere havoc which often comes out even in highly civilized societies whenever the restraints of law and usage are broken through. The rough dealings of a barbarian invader with men and things in the invaded land have nothing in common with the prolonged and carefully studied cruelties of a Visconti. Salvianus, in summing up the vices and virtues of the barbarians, sets down mere cruelty as the characteristic vice of one nation only, though that, we are sorry to say, is the nation in whose reputation we are most nearly concerned. In speaking of cruelty as the marked fault of the Saxons, Salvianus is but forestalling the more detailed witness of Sidonius. And we may mark the notable distinction which the stern prophet draws between the Teutonic invaders of the Empire and those invaders of wilder nations who were stirring in the world at the same time. It is not likely that Salvianus troubled himself much with ethnological theories. He might very likely not notice that the Goth and the Frank, he would assuredly not notice that the Goth and the Roman, came immeasurably nearer to one another in speech and in all that goes to make nationality, than any of them did to the Hun.

The European, who had in him the power of rising to the highest level, already marked his superiority over those intruders from Asia whom we may call barbarians from the Teutonic as well as from the Roman point of view. They showed it specially in those matters in which the early society of Teutonic Europe has always kept its superiority over the early society of Africa and Asia. All the nations had their several faults. If the Saxon had his cruelty, the Frank and, we are surprised to hear, the Goth, had his faithlessness. But the strict chastity of all the Teutonic nations is loudly praised. It is praised chiefly in opposition to the corrupt manners of the Romans in general, and specially to those of Aquitaine and Africa. But it stands in hardly less marked contrast to the manners of those invaders who had no share even in the remoter fellowship of Goth and Roman. The Vandals who burst into Spain were conspicuous for their chastity; not so the Alans, not so the Huns. The Alans too he brands with a special mark as greedy plunderers, while he lays no such blame on the Vandals, whom he acquits also of that extortion and oppression of the poor which he sets down as one of the worst sins of Roman rule.

Of the third people who now entered Spain, the Suevians, Salvianus gives us no picture. Something must always be taken away from his rhetoric on both sides. We need not believe that the Romans were quite so bad, neither dare we flatter ourselves that the Teutonic settlers were quite so good, as they appear in the pages of one who had a strong temptation to exaggerate on both sides. But there must be a groundwork of truth in both pictures. We may believe that even barbarian conquest was not wholly without its less dark side. We must remember the strange contradictions of man’s nature. Ravage, plunder, even slaughter, done among the whirl of feelings which must accompany the armed entry into a strange land, are really not inconsistent with much true kindliness of heart lurking below. With men who are not in the habit of either subduing or disguising any of their emotions, the fiercer and the gentler feelings come to the front in a strange kind of alternation.

We are therefore not surprised to read, though we take off a little from rhetoric which is not without a purpose, how before long the invaders beat their swords into plough-shares, how they dealt with the Roman remnant as allies and friends, how not a few Romans of the still untouched lands chose rather to go and enjoy freedom, though along with poverty, among the barbarians, rather than to suffer the cares and exactions which fell on a dweller within what was left of the Roman dominion. That dominion had now shrunk up into the north-eastern corner of the peninsula. The rest was parted out among the new comers. The Suevians and one branch of the Vandals established themselves in the north-western corner, the land of Gallicia. Another branch of the Vandals, the Silingi, established themselves in the extreme

south, in Betica, a land whose later name of Andalusia has been thought by some to be a witness of their sojourn. The central lands of Lusitania and the province of New Carthage fell to the lot of Alans, who thus for a moment held a dominion stretching from the Mediterranean to the Ocean. Of these kingdoms that of the Suevians was the most abiding. A Suevian power, with very fluctuating boundaries, lasted in Spain for more than two hundred years. The West-Gothic sword, wielded in the name of Rome, before long made short work of the rest. The Alans and the northern Vandals vanish from history. The southern Vandals cross the strait to become more famous in Africa. The Teutonic power which was to be really abiding in the land, which was to hand on to the later life of Spain whatever of Teutonic elements are to be found in it, was neither the Suevian nor the Vandal, but the West-Goth.

But we have also again to look at the other lands of the West, in one of which the West-Goth is presently to play a memorable, though a less abiding, part than he played in Spain. The war between Gerontius and Constantine led, in some way which it is not easy to understand in detail, to the final separation of Britain from the Roman dominion and to a separation, if at first only partial and for a season, of that part of Gaul which before long began to share the British name. The two events go together; the fates of the elder Britain in the island and of the younger Britain on the mainland cannot be kept asunder. And the importance of the fates of both is of the highest. On the fate of the island at this moment nothing short of the future calling of our own people turns. Were Angles and Saxons simply to be as Goths and Franks or to be something wholly different? They were about to take possession of a new home; it was of the utmost moment to their future life in what state they found that home. Of all historic losses, the cruellest is that which has forbidden them to instruct themselves by any continuous history of Britain in the fifth century. It is not that such a treasure once was and has perished. We may be sure that nothing of the kind ever was, that nothing of the kind ever could be. But the fact that no history of Britain in those times ever was or ever could be is itself the most instructive of all facts. Ignorance does in truth teach better than any amount of knowledge could. We mourn that, so far from having a Sidonius or a Gregory for Britain, we have not even a Prosper or an Idatius. But the fact that we have neither sets before us the difference between the fate of Britain and the fate of other lands better than it could be set before us by the minutest knowledge of events. As for the lesser Britain which now began to arise in Gaul, it has not had the same influence on the world's history as the Greater; yet it plays a memorable part in the history of Gaul from this age onwards; and its very being is one of the most signal phenomena of history. A survival of a people, say of Wends, of Lithuanians, of older Basques, is always attractive.

But the Celtic corner of Gaul is more than the survival of a people. It is the unique phenomenon of a speech and a nationality which must have been at least decaying being suddenly quickened and strengthened, while its fellows were dying out around it, being called up to an abiding life and to some measure of importance in the world, by the settlement of colonists of a kindred stock, and those not hopeful settlers sent forth from a flourishing metropolis, but for the most part men flying from an invaded land to seek other homes for themselves. Here then we have one of the great facts of the world's history, coupled with a lesser fact of singular interest in its own way. Only we have to grope after such meagre knowledge as we can reach to about Britain either through a cloud of thick darkness such as shrouds no other part even of the tale, in other parts often dark enough, which we have undertaken to spell out. The island of Britain parted from the dominion of Rome, and a new Britain arose in a corner of Gaul. These are our main facts; at the details we may guess for ever.

Truly our knowledge of these events has to be put together from the most meagre and most provoking of authorities. For the events in Britain which immediately followed the departure of Constantine from the island comes from one source only, and the narrative is anything but clear, anything but easy to patch on to the other recorded events of the time; but there is no reason to doubt the final result, however hard it may be to trace out the exact causes and connection of events. In the version of Zosimos, Gerontius, at the time of his quarrel with Constantine, stirs up the barbarians who were then in Gaul against the master against whom he had revolted. This movement in Gaul seems in his narrative to take the place of the barbarian settlement in Spain. And in a certain sense that settlement might be spoken of as a movement against the power of Constantine. But the narrative of Zosimos rather suggests a direct

attack on Constantine's dominion in Gaul made by the barbarians who were already in that land, and this it is certainly hard to find a place for among the events of the time as more clearly handed down to us elsewhere. That Gerontius was in league with the Vandals, Alans, and Suevians seems certain; that he took with him allies or mercenaries of those nations in his march against Vienne and Arles there is no reason to doubt. But there is no sign of any general movement on the part of the invaders of Gaul against that south-eastern corner which still clave to Rome, even though to Rome represented by Constantine. Still some of their numbers did doubtless march against Constantine, if only under another Roman banner. And, when we are told that, in order to defend himself from barbarian enemies, Constantine sent for other barbarians from beyond the Rhine, we seem clearly to see the host that Edobich brought to the relief of Arles. But it is hard to see how the presence of that host in Provence, or indeed in any part of Gaul, could have caused the inhabitants of Britain to throw off the Roman dominion and to establish themselves as an independent people. They took arms, we are told; they freed the cities of Britain from the attacks of the barbarians, and they refused to live any longer according to the laws of Rome. No account could be more trustworthy on the face of it, if we are to understand the story of a struggle of the inhabitants of Roman Britain, forsaken by their Roman masters and protectors, against the barbarians of their own island. But, unless we are to suppose an unrecorded invasion from the continent beaten back by native British valor, it is hard to see the connection between the new barbarian movements in Gaul and the assertion of British independence. It will be remembered that there was a difficulty of the same kind when the changes in Britain which led to the whole career of Constantine were connected in a not very intelligible way with the great invasion of Gaul.

Yet, whatever we may say as to the relations of particular events to one another, the general fact which Zosimos records is none the less certain, none the less important in the general history of the world. In these few words which he drops, as it were by chance, he gives us the key to the whole later history of Britain; he tells us in short why they are and what they are instead of being like their neighbours in Gaul and Spain. That there is in any part of the world an English folk speaking the English tongue is largely owing to the facts which lurk in the short statement that the Britons took up arms and set free their cities. The existence of a British people in Britain, a British people free, bearing arms and knowing well how to wield them, was an essential condition of the growth of an English people in Britain. When their turn soon came to take their greatest part in the general Wandering they had another work to do from that which fell to the lot of Goths, Vandals, and Franks. The latters had hardly more to do than to receive the submission of Romans; the conquest was so easy that they themselves were conquered; in speech, in much besides speech, the Goth and the Frank became Romans. The Saxons had not to receive the submission of Romans but to overcome the long and stubborn resistance of independent Britons. The Roman of Gaul made in the end the moral conquest of the Frank, because he never overcame him, never faced him, on the field of battle. The Briton had no chance of making; the moral conquest of the Angle or the Saxon, because year after year he withstood him, face to face and hand to hand, in defence of a land which was his own land and not the land of a foreign master. The difference is written on the whole history of the fifth and sixth centuries. The Angle and the Saxon won Britain in fight, in fight, not against Romans, but against Britons. The Teutonic invaders of Britain did not turn their arms against one another till they were well settled in the land. The Frank won Gaul in fight; but it was almost wholly in fight with fellow Teutons that he won it. Save in the new-born British peninsula, there were no avowed Celtic enemies to fight with; with Romans, that is with Celts who had become Romans, the Frank had to fight only at that one stage when he won the Roman remnant of Syagrius. And there again we are followed by the thought whether, at Constantinople at least, Syagrius was not held for a tyrant and Chlodowig for a loyal officer of Augustus. In truth Gaul is what it now is, Britain is what it now is, because there was no day on Gaulish soil like the day when Saxon Cerdic had to fall back for a moment before the might of British Arthur.

Britain, forsaken by Rome, had fallen away from Rome. Terminus had withdrawn within the lands on his own side of the stream of Ocean. And Rome herself had presently to look the fact in the face; she had to come as near to formally acknowledging the fact as the proud forms of Roman diplomacy would allow. Another passage of Zosimos, thrust strangely into the narrative of a wholly different series of

events, tells us again in a casual way that Honorius sent letters to the cities of Britain bidding them guard themselves (410). If we can put any trust in the chronology of this most confused narrative, these letters were sent in the year of the fall of Rome, but before its fall, while Constantine was still reigning in Southern Gaul. It is not wonderful then if writers in Britain saw a more direct connection than there really was between the taking of the Roman city and the end of the Roman power in Britain. The notice in Zosimos certainly looks like a formal recognition of the fact that Rome could no longer keep any dominion in Britain, and we cannot help connecting his words with an entry in that one among the continental annalists who seems to have kept the most careful eye on British affairs. He, one of the bearers, by whatever right, of the name of Prosper, speaks, though in vague language, certainly of a decay, perhaps of an utter ending, of the Roman power in Britain, not in the year of the taking of Rome, but in the year just before it (408). The letters of Honorius would seem to imply a withdrawal of Roman legions from Britain, if only we could conceive any Roman legions remaining there after the crossing of Constantine into Gaul, and still more after the complete separation of Britain from the Roman dominion which Zosimos himself had recorded a few chapters before. And the letters from Honorius to the Britons would seem to imply some application from the Britons to Honorius, which is again somewhat puzzling, as one would have thought that, in the year 408 or 409, the Roman power would in British eyes have been represented by Constantine. Yet it might be that, having seen how little Constantine could help them, the Britons betook themselves to Honorius as their last chance. In any case, whatever may have been the exact details and the exact chronological order, Zosimos and the annalist cannot fail to refer to the same general course of events, a course of events which carried with it the separation of Britain from the Roman Empire.

It is not easy to reconcile these notices of British affairs in the continental writers with the traditions which lingered in the island itself, and which are handed down to us by later British and still later English writers. Yet the notices in Zosimos and in the so-called Prosper must refer to the same events as those which, in Gildas and after him in Beda, take the shape of two embassies from Britain to Rome. Of these the former leads to the sending of a legion, which drives back the enemy and then goes away. The barbarians then come again; a second embassy leads to the sending of a second legion, which, after more victories, goes away, and the Romans leave the island for ever. And these two expeditions are in the mind of Gildas connected with two great works of Roman power in the island. When the first legion withdraws, the Britons are told to build them a wall to keep out the enemy. They throw up a dyke only, which proves of no use. The second legion therefore, before it goes away, builds a stone wall, and further defends the south coast, as being most exposed to the barbarians—that is clearly to the Saxons—with a regular belt of towers, which may suggest the martellos of a much later day. Here we plainly have a confused memory of the more northern dyke of Antoninus, and of the more southern wall of Hadrian, Severus, and Theodosius. We have here got into an atmosphere of legend; yet these two embassies clearly answer to the two notices in Zosimos, though oddly enough while the Greek writer attributes the driving back of the barbarians to the valour of the independent islanders, the Briton gives the credit to Roman legions sent over for that purpose. Yet Gildas is perhaps a little disposed to undervalue the merits of his countrymen, and the account in Zosimos agrees far better with the real state of things on the continent at the time. Even amid the rhetoric of Gildas the Britons are left with arms in their hands, and arms which they knew how to wield. But left they are; the Briton has now to defend himself how he can without Roman help. No dates are given to these events by Gildas or Beda; but the English Chronicler, who says nothing of the two embassies, records the final departure of the Romans with a distinct date. But we see a strong legendary element in his story also when he tells how that eight or nine years after the taking of Rome and the end, as far as Britain was concerned, of Roman rule, the Romans in Britain gathered together their hoards and hid part in the ground and carried the rest over to Gaul. The hiding in the ground is of course a guess to explain the frequent finding of Roman coins; but one would think that there must be some groundwork in fact for the space of nine years which the story makes between the time when Roman Emperors ceased to rule in Britain and the time when the Romans themselves left Britain. But it is certainly hard to find in the year 418, the year of the twelfth consulship of Honorius and the eighth of the younger Theodosius, anything recorded in which we can recognize the minutely dated fact of our own Chronicler.

But it is of the deepest importance that, throughout this story, not only in the English Chronicler so long after, but in the British Jeremiah of the next century, the Romans in Britain and out of Britain are looked on as a separate people, wholly apart from the natives of the island. The Britons are not themselves spoken of as Romans. The Romans are another set of men, spoken of as the English might be spoken of now with reference to India. They are a people who are in the land, but who may possibly go away. We shall better take in the full force of this way of speaking, if we fancy the language which Gildas uses applied to Provence or Aquitaine by a contemporary of Gildas, say by Gregory himself. To such an one the notion of Romans as a separate people, distinct from the people of the land, a people who might conceivably pack up their goods and go away, would have been utterly unintelligible. To such an one the Roman name simply took in the whole free population of the land, save any barbarian new-comers of yesterday. Sidonius was a Roman; even Gregory, under Frankish rule, was still a Roman; but Gildas was not.

The fact proves volumes as to the utter unlikeness between the story of Britain in these ages and the story of Gaul. No one denies that the political occupation of Roman Britain was as thorough as the occupation of Roman Gaul; the point on which these notices and all our notices and the whole evidence of history and language goes to prove is that the people of Roman Britain, Romans as they doubtless were by the edict of Antoninus, never became Romans in habits, speech, and feeling, like the great mass of the people of Gaul and Spain. The fact that the British tongue is still spoken in Britain is of only less moment than the fact that the English tongue is spoken. It is no small part of the evidence which shows the utter contrast between the state of the island and the state of the mainland in the days of which we are speaking. Britain was part of the Roman dominion; Gaul had become in the strictest sense Romania. The Romans, as a distinct people, could go away from Britain and leave the land to its own folk. A clearing out of the Romans from Gaul would have meant something very near to a clearing out of the whole population of the land.

Our immediate story, the story of the great barbarian invasion of Gaul and of all that came of it, has brought us so near to the coming of the Saxons into England that we may go on, if only by way of episode, a little further. The age in which all that we know of Britain, of now independent Britain, comes from incidental and isolated notices has now set in. The next notice of dealings between Rome and Britain in temporal matters comes when the famous groans of the Britons went up to Aetius, thrice consul (413). But, before we reach that date, we have two notices of the island in continental annalists. One undoubted contemporary speaks of the growth of the Pelagian heresy in Britain, and how Pope Celestine sent Saint German of Auxerre, him whose name still lives by the Tamar and by the Ouse, to recover those who had fallen away (429). In later writers the mission of German, the mission of German and Lupus, the second mission of German and Severus, are connected in a way which we should hardly have looked for with the Saxon settlement in the island. German helps, in his saintly or prophetic character, towards the overthrow of a host, which, clearly before any date that has been given to the coming of Elle or Hengest, numbered Saxons in its ranks as well as Picts. It is Beda who tells the tale, and who tells it in so strangely casual a way as to make it clear that he is following British records or traditions. We are tempted to connect these hints with two notices in the annalist who cares most for British affairs, one of which has been already referred to.

The words in which he seems to record the overthrow of the Roman power in Britain are strangely mixed up with the Vandal, Alan, and Suevian movements in Gaul and Spain, with the usurpation of Constantine, with a Saxon harrying of Gaul which has been already spoken of, and with the taking of Rome itself. By a little sifting, most of these events fit neatly into their right years, which brings more nearly the possibility that the weakening of the power of Rome in Britain and the Saxon incursion in Gaul which presently follow may have had something to do with one another. His next note of British affairs is far more distinct, far more important. Whatever we think of its date, the meaning of the statement is clear enough. It comes seventeen years after the last entry (425), that is, a good deal sooner than we should have looked for it. Four years before the mission of German, eighteen years before our own Chronicles place the appeal to Aetius, twenty-four years before they place the beginning of Teutonic conquest in

Britain, the so-called Prosper tells us that Britain, worn out by endless slaughters and revolutions, was brought under the power of the Saxons. This is perhaps the last notice from outside either of the island or of those who were settling in it, till the mention of Britain by the great historian of the next age, which shows how utterly the island had passed away from Roman thought, how it had become a land of fable about which any wild story might safely be told. When Belisarius, in exchange for the Gothic offer of Sicily, offered Britain as an ancient land of the Empire, it must have sounded somewhat more strange than if one of the later kings of England had offered Normandy or Aquitaine. He knew that the island was greater than Sicily; further than that we may judge of his knowledge by that of his historian. There was the isle of Brettania to the west; there was the more wonderful isle of Brittia to the north, the isle of marvels and mysteries, the isle to which the souls of the dead were rowed by night, the isle where the men of old had built a mighty wall from north to south, on the eastern side of which men were still in the world of ordinary life, while to the west of the bulwark are only worms and evil beasts and a deadly air which of itself slays the man who ventures on the enchanted ground. So soon had the greatest work of Roman power in Britain passed away into the realms of fable.

It is more pleasant to hear of threefold folk of the land, British, Frisian, and English—the Saxon strangely has no place in the reckoning of Constantinople—of the English, stoutest of all barbarians in the warfare of men who scorned the help of horses, of their valiant lady, forerunner of Ethelburh and Ethelfled, who led her host beyond the sea to chastise her faithless lover. To be sure we have to put up with hints that the Frankish kings claimed the overlordship of the island, and how when an English envoy found his way to the court of Justinian, he came in the following of the embassy of a proud Merwing who would have Augustus decree that Britain was his. Need we press the argument further? Can any reasonable man believe that the land of which such fables could be told in the ears of Procopius, of Belisarius, and Justinian, was still a land Roman in speech and law like the land over which the Goth, the Burgundian, and the Frank had cast a slight veneer of the speech and law of the German?

We may have some other time for trying more fully to examine and reconcile all these notices; to bring them into strict chronological harmony is hard indeed. Yet nothing is more likely than that some of those unrecorded English settlements in the eastern and northern parts of the land which helped not a little to make England may have come before the more memorable landings of Hengest, Elle, and Cerdic. It is possible that Saint German, on his mission to Britain, may have come across warriors from some of those Teutonic colonies of unrecorded date which grew into the later kingdoms of East-Anglia, Deira, Bernicia, and Mercia. The chief difficulty is that the strong language of the annalist could hardly be used of a time when the lands which were to be Kent, Sussex, and Wessex were still British lands whose fate would be much more likely to interest a continental writer than the lands further to the North. But these points do not immediately concern us. Our business now is rather to take the Romans out of Britain than to bring the English into it. It is enough for us that, before the end of the reign of Honorius, before the end of the years with which we are especially concerned, the first land that bore the British name had ceased to be one of the lands to which decrees went forth from Caesar Augustus. The last land of the West to be won, it was the first to fall away. Between the conquest of Britain and its separation another part of the Empire had seen the conquest and the separation of Dacia. But Dacia had not fallen away in the same sense as Britain; it had rather been found wise to give it up to an invading enemy. But now that the insular Britain had set the example, that example was followed by a land which soon came to be reckoned as a second Britain, if indeed it had not begun to put on that character already. At least from this time, most likely even from an earlier time, the north-western peninsula of Gaul, balancing in its geographical position the south-western peninsula of Britain, was beginning to take to itself the name and the nature of a British land. We may believe that even in the most flourishing days of Roman dominion, this corner of Gaul, so well fitted, as the experience of later ages has shown, to be the last abiding-place of an ancient folk and an ancient speech, had kept traces of the tongue and the traditions of ancient days which were little dreamed of in Romanized Lugdunum and Burdigala. Such relics of former times needed only to be strengthened, to be kept up by settlers from other lands where they had never died out, and there might again come into being, in this one corner of the West, a land as purely Celtic as though no part of Gaul beyond the Alps had ever been reckoned as a province of Rome. Such a strengthening was undoubtedly supplied by the

immigration of Britons from the insular Britain fleeing before the swords of Teutonic conquerors. Such, to quote no other writer, not to dwell on long-abiding tradition, is the distinct judgment of Einhard, the very clear assertion of a very clear-headed man. That assertion it would need some strong contemporary evidence to set aside, and no such evidence is forthcoming. Indeed the saying of Procopius about the crowds of Britons who yearly took refuge in the dominions of the Franks, is the saying of a writer with nothing like the clearness of Einhard, but much nearer to the time; and it looks the same way. That there was an Armorican migration, a migration from the greater Britain to the land which became the lesser, there can be no reasonable ground for doubting. The only question is as to its date. And we may be sure that it began early in the days of Teutonic conquest in the insular Britain. For in the sixth century the continental, the lesser Britain is distinctly marked as a land having a settled being of its own, with its own people, its own princes, quite apart from anything in the rest of Gaul. It is plain that, long before the end of the fifth century (468), there was a British people in this part of Gaul, Britons of the Loire, who played a considerable part in Gaulish affairs, who appear as the allies of the Roman and the Frank, as the enemies of the Goth and the Saxon, as spreading themselves inland as far as the land, perhaps as the city, of the Bituriges, and as driven out of that distant possession by the arms of the Gothic Euric.

The Britons of Gaul, the Britons of the Loire, had their deeds recorded in annals which formed part of the materials both of the Goth Jordanis and of Gregory of Tours, and there is more than one reference to their presence in the writings of Sidonius of Auvergne. At this date at least they are a recognized people, one of the nations of Gaul, with a prince of their own, called of some a king, who played a part in the general politics of the land. This prince, Riotimus by name, appears by that name in the story of Jordanis and he is numbered among the correspondents of the poet-bishop. And this people is found ranged alongside of the same allies and in face of the same enemies against whom we should look to find them ranged. The *Wealas* of either world, *Rum-Welsh*, *Gal-Welsh*, *Bret-Welsh*, with their ally the Frank, still the faithful soldier of Rome, against the more-abiding Teutonism of the Goth and the still young barbaric life of the Saxon.

The continental Britons could hardly have gained this position, if their first migration had happened after 449. We may rather believe that the migration of those who fled from the Saxon merely strengthened a British element which had already taken root on Gaulish soil. The beginnings of this earlier British settlement have been with much likelihood attributed to the days of the elder tyrant Maximus. Their coming however made no immediate change in the provincial nomenclature of the Empire. The only Britain known to the *Notitia Imperii* is still the island; the continental Britain, perhaps already so called in common speech, is not entered among the divisions of Gaul. The Lesser Britain was in no way distinguished from the Greater in either the older or the younger form of the Roman tongue, as in the tongue of the Saxon conqueror it has come to be by a slight difference in the form of the name. But in the great survey of the Empire the Lesser Britain is still hidden under the general name of Armorica, a name then of far wider extent, taking in at least so much of Gaul as lay between the Seine and the Loire. The Armorican name seems afterwards to have shrunk up into a synonym for the Lesser Britain; but we should be led astray if we put so narrow a sense upon the word even in the sixth century. At Constantinople, in the days of the Gothic war, the Armorican name took in those lands between Seine and Loire which became the kernel of Francia in the later sense, while the lesser Britain seems to have shared the fate of the greater, to have become the subject of the wildest fables, and to have been looked on, no longer as a peninsula of the mainland, but as another island like the land whose name it had taken.

At the stage which we have now reached, when the insular Britain had fallen away from the dominion of Rome, the example of the islanders is said to have been followed by a considerable part of the Gaulish mainland. If we can accept the geography of our only informant, the spirit of independence spread far beyond the region which did in the end put on a character apart from the rest of Gaul. It was not merely the new continental Britain, but the whole Armorican land and other provinces besides, which asserted their independence of a power which could no longer defend them against barbarian inroads. They drove out the officers of the Roman government and set up an independent state of their own. We yearn to know the form of its constitution; but such knowledge is denied us. We may gather from an

incidental source that the revolution was not brought about without changes within as well as without, changes, it would seem, social as well as political. But from the same source it would also seem that the independence of Armorica, at least in the wider sense, was not lasting. A few years later (417—420), a poet of Southern Gaul could rejoice that Exuperantius, seemingly Praefect of the Gauls, had brought back peace to the shores of Armorica and had restored the reign of law and freedom. The poet's standard of freedom may have been different from that of a large part of the inhabitants of Armorica.

The effect of the renewed rule of order was that men were no longer slaves to their own bondmen. We need many more details before we can judge of the exact force of these words, whether they need imply such a revolution as had happened of old in the Etruscan Volsinii, when personal slaves actually set themselves in the seats of their masters. It may be only a poet's dark way of describing changes which put power into new hands, perhaps in the districts to which such a picture would apply, into the hands of the old natives of the land strengthened by the new settlers of kindred race. The whole subject is dark, and we can hardly get beyond probable guesses. We hear of further Armorican revolts, and, whe the Franks made their way into central Gaul, we find the eastern part of Armorica in the wide sense, to a great extent a Roman land, a land which clings, to its Roman standing when Rome herself obeyed a barbarian king. But long before that time, as we have just seen, that part of Armorica which formed the continental Britain was a distinct land, with its own people and princes. The inference seems to be that the restoration of Roman power by Exuperantius was abiding, at least for some generations, in Armorica in the wider sense, but that in the peninsula which was becoming British, if the Roman power was ever really again set up, it was cast off again in one of the later revolts.

This restoration of the Roman power in Armorica was, we can hardly doubt, connected with another change in the affairs of Gaul which brought two other Teutonic nations to the front in that land, and led to a lasting settlement of one of them which has affected geography ever since. The Franks, as the ruling, or indeed as a leading, people in Gaul, hardly come within the strict range of our present inquiry; the fascination of the Saxon settlement in the second of their great homes, a fascination the stronger because of the darkness in which his coming is enwrapped, has carried us on that head somewhat beyond our proper limits. But we have come in due order to the first settlements of the West-Goths and the Burgundians within the lands of the Empire, and to the events in the history of the Empire itself, the rise and fall of more than one tyrant, by which those settlements were accompanied. And before all it will bring before us one of the noblest forms in the whole history of the British race, one of the men to whose lot it fell to shape the fates of ages, the kingly form of Atawulf the Goth.

V.

WEST-GOTHS AND BURGUNDIANS.

We have to deal now with the settlement on Gaulish ground of the West-Goths and of the Burgundians. The two names call up widely different thoughts. The Goths seem to belong wholly to the past; the nation is gone; the name is gone; it is mere accident through which the people of Atawulf and the people of Gaiseric seem still to give kingly titles to the sovereigns of Northern Europe. But the Burgundian name is so familiar as the name of a land of modern Gaul, its intermediate history calls up associations so utterly alien to our present tale, that it is a little hard to picture to ourselves Burgundians, like Goths or Vandals or Saxons, as playing their part in the Wandering of the Nations. The Burgundian name seems in a manner out of place, almost as the English name does. Yet when we compare the history of the two nations, of the modern-sounding Burgundians and of the Goths who seem to belong to so much more distant an age, we shall find that, if the Goths were less abiding as a name—it may be doubted whether they were less abiding as a nation—they were much longer-lived as a political power. The Burgundians, as a people and kingdom, enjoyed little more than a century of independence, and that independence tempered by a degree of deference to the Empire unusual among the nations of Gaul. The Gothic dominion, on the other hand, was not swept away, even in Gaul, till the days of Saracen conquest in the West. Yet the name of Gothic has been for some ages swept away from Gaulish soil, while the endless changes in the meaning of the word. Burdundy, from the time of the first Burgundian settlement down to quite modern days, have been among the standing puzzles of geography. Both these nations now begin to play an important part in Gaulish history.

The Goths show themselves for the first time on Gaulish soil in the year that followed the fall of Constantine (412). Very short had been the time of peace, the time of union under the acknowledged princes of East and West. Perhaps within a twelvemonth of Constantine's overthrow, tyrants again show themselves in Gaul, tyrants who have, as before, to be put down by barbarian help; but who show more distinctly than before how very largely their power rested on barbarian support. In the year that we have just spoken of we read in our annals that the West-Goths under Atawulf entered Gaul and that Jovinus assumed the purple at Mainz, by the help of the Alan Goar and of the Burgundian Gunthachar. And in the following year (413) we read that the Burgundians obtained the part of Gaul next to the Rhine.

It must strike us at once that we have now come to regular political action in a region whose name we have as yet heard only as suffering passing ravage. One cannot doubt that the authority of Constantine had been acknowledged throughout Eastern Gaul. That would be pretty well shown by his being acknowledged at once at Trier and at Arles; but Trier is the only point north of the Rhoneland where we see distinct traces of him. It is very hard to keep ourselves from already speaking of that land as Burgundy, though the events with which we are now concerned are enough to show how much such a name would be before the time. We have come, not to the first of all the Burgundies in the world, but to the first Burgundy within the bounds of Gaul. And that Burgundy finds itself, not on the lower Rhone, but on the middle Rhine. The centre of action is at Mainz, a city of which we heard as grievously suffering in the great invasion of five years earlier; but which may have risen from its ruins as easily as Trier. Of the actors in the movement, one we have heard of already. He is the Alan King: Goar who had been won over to the Roman service, but, like most of his fellows, was not specially scrupulous as to his strict allegiance to any one Roman prince over another. His partner in setting up the new Augustus was the head of one of

the two Teutonic nations who are now winning themselves homes in Gaul, Gunthachar the Burgundian. The name of his people has long been familiar in the history of the Empire, and a generation or more before Gunthachar they had played a great part in some of the wars on the Gaulish frontier. But, as there is no ground for the legend which claimed for them a Roman origin, neither is there any ground for the belief of some scholars that they were, before the times with which we are dealing, already settled on Gaulish soil. Burgundians also find their place in some of the vaguer lists of the nations which took a part in the great movement of the year 406. But we have no distinct account of their share, if they had any, in the transactions of the last six years. There is nothing to show that they bore any part in the general harrying of Gaul; they clearly had none in the partition of the lands. Whether they took any part in the wars of Constantine and his enemies depends on a single most confused passage. On the whole we may safely say that, if the Burgundians took any part at all in the great events of those memorable years, it was not as chief actors, but in the way in which, in those days of wandering, stray detachments of almost any nations may get mixed up in the acts of any other. But if the Burgundians stood aloof from these greater movements, they might be thereby the better able to settle quietly, almost without notice, in some convenient region near to their older seats beyond the Rhine. Such a settlement they had clearly made by the year following the elevation of Jovinus (413), the year in which their occupation of part of Gaul is recorded. And we cannot help connecting the two events which are brought so close together, the elevation of Jovinus and the Burgundian occupation. We may be sure that the Burgundian help which Jovinus received was paid for by the new Emperor with a formal grant of Gaulish territory to the Burgundian king and people. Jovinus and his power lasted but for a moment; but the settlement of the Burgundians, or at least of their name, was for ever. Setting aside the north-eastern corner of Gaul that was held by the various tribes of Franks, the settlement of Gunthachar was the first Teutonic settlement in Gaul, as distinguished from mere harrying. It was the first establishment of a regular Teutonic kingdom, even if a kingdom dependent on the Empire, as distinguished from these mere plantations of prisoners or mercenaries as immediate subjects of Rome.

The march of Atawulf into Gaul, the elevation of Jovinus, the establishment of the Burgundians, were all made possible by the withdrawal of Constantius from Gaul after the fall of Constantine, whether he withdrew to rest in Italy or to fight in Spain. A new and in some points dark period now opens, a period in which it is not hard to follow the mere order of events, but in which the connection of events and the working of causes baffle us at every step. Most hard of all is it to account for the course of Atawulf and his West-Goths. They now left Italy for Gaul. We know the fact; we know the date; at causes and motives we are left to guess. If Atawulf designed any such territorial settlement in Italy as was before long carried out by his successor Wallia, his design at least remained a design that bore no fruit. But if the difficulties of the story are increased, a special interest is added to it by a certain vein of personal romance. The policy of princes and nations was just now largely influenced by the fact that the foremost men of two nations were rival and honorable suitors for the hand of the same bride. Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius, the sister of Honorius, the captive of Alaric, was sought in marriage alike by the King of the West-Goths and by Constantius, already Count and conqueror and to be Consul and Emperor. It adds to the singularity of the case, while it does honor to every side of the character of the Gothic King, that the prize eagerly striven for by such mighty candidates was actually in the power of one of them. Placidia was still the captive of the Goths, but the King of the Goths was Atawulf. Her master was the man who spoke that memorable speech which traced out, which perhaps did much to rule, the coming history of the world. It was indeed a lucky chance for us which brought Orosius to hear the man of Narbonne, the stout soldier of the wars of Theodosius, tell to Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem the words which he had himself hearkened to in his own city in friendly talk with the Gothic King. That the words are truly the words of Atawulf we cannot doubt; the evidence is as good as evidence can be. The thoughts are far more likely to have sprung up freely in the mind of a Goth who wondered at the new world around him than to have been devised by either a Roman monk or a Roman senator of that day. We seize then our rare chance of listening to the inmost thoughts of one of the men who have indeed made history. We cannot dwell too often on those words so deep with meaning in which Atawulf declared the great change between his earlier and his later thoughts. He had once dreamed of overthrowing the Roman power, of changing

Romania into Gothia and placing Atawulf in the place of Caesar Augustus. The lesson of his life had taught him better.

The rule of Rome was the rule of law; by the law of Rome alone could the world be ruled; he, the Gothic king, would wield the Gothic sword in the cause of Rome; he would keep the nations under the shelter of the Roman peace and the obedience of the Roman law. The man who could speak words like these is at once stamped as holding his place among the wisest and noblest of the world's heroes and sages. Atawulf, like Polybios, had his lot cast in one of the great turning-points of the world's history, and, like Polybios, he understood the memorable age in which he lived. Not all the lore, not all the experience of the friend of Philopoimen and of Scipio had taught him a clearer insight and a wider view than was revealed to the untutored warrior whom the Goths had heaved on the shield when Alaric was lost to them. For fourteen hundred years men have been consciously, or unconsciously, carrying out Atawulfs teaching, though not always in the lofty spirit of the man who taught the lesson. If we may take the Goth, the noblest form of the Teutonic family, as the representative of the whole household, we may say that all later history has been the carrying out of a process by which Romania has become Gothia without ceasing to be Romania, and Gothia has become Romania without ceasing to be Gothia. If not Atawulf, yet Charles became Rome's Caesar and Augustus without ceasing to be the Teutonic king that he was born to be. The Gothic sword wielded on behalf of the laws of Rome has been in truth the symbol of the whole history of the European world since the day when the foresight of Atawulf first made it so.

The Goth then is the champion of Rome; but we must remember that the champion of Rome is not necessarily the champion of Honorius. Atawulf no longer thought of placing himself in the seat of Caesar Augustus; but he kept to himself the power of choosing between rival Caesars and Augusti. And he did not this time choose the one whom it would have been most easy for him to use as a puppet for his own purposes. The whole story is dark; we are not told why Atawulf led his army into Gaul; but we know that he carried with him a deposed Emperor and the sister of a reigning Emperor. An honorable lover, he would take Placidia to wife, but he would take her only with her own consent and that of her brother. A wise statesman, he was not insensible to the advantage which he might gain in negotiations with the brother from the fact that he had the sister in his power. And if he had Placidia in his power, he had Attalus also. The Emperor whom Alaric had set up and put down as was convenient at each particular moment, was still in the Gothic camp, "for the occasional purpose", as it has been inimitably put, "of acting the part of a musician or a monarch". But Attalus could also play a third part, that of a counselor to his Gothic patron; only his career in this third character is less intelligible than in either of the other two. It is said to have been by his counsel that Atawulf, champion of Rome, having crossed into Gaul, acknowledged, as the representative of Rome the prince who had been just set up by Alan and Burgundian help.

Jovinus was indeed, so far as we can see, the acknowledged Emperor in so much of Gaul as admitted any Emperor at all. All men had submitted to him, save only the praefect Dardanus, a puzzling character, the honored, correspondent of contemporary saints, of Augustine and of Jerome, but whom a later saint, our own Sidonius, describes as uniting the characteristic sins of all the tyrants. The inconstancy of Constantine, the recklessness of Jovinus, the faithlessness of Gerontius, were blameworthy each by itself; in Dardanus all were found together. Yet the career of Dardanus at this time, if harsh and cruel, specially perhaps to the chosen land of Sidonius, is certainly not marked by recklessness or perfidy. He is at least faithful to his master, and serves him well alike in diplomacy and in warfare. That he should do all in his power to keep Atawulf on the side of Honorius was a matter of course; why Attalus should try to enlist him for Jovinus is less clear at first sight. Yet it may be that he had given up all hope of his own restoration to power, but still, as was likely enough, cherished a spite against Honorius and was inclined to support any enemy of his. And we can perhaps understand that Jovinus might at once be afraid of such an ally as Atawulf and might distrust the counselor who had advised his march. But when we are told that Jovinus reproached Attalus in riddles, we feel that we have got into the region of riddles ourselves. Anyhow the advances of Atawulf to Jovinus were not received in a friendly spirit, and two other grounds of offence, one of them intelligible enough, presently arose between them.

We have already heard of the valiant Goth Sarus and his fruitless campaign against Constantine in south-eastern Gaul. This man, the chief seemingly of a small band or tribe of his nation, renowned even among his valiant people for a heroic daring surpassing that of other men, had been first the follower and then the enemy of Stilicho; he was the special enemy of Alaric, and seemingly of his house. Atawulf, brother-in-law and successor of Alaric, carried on the deadly feud; and Sarus, enemy of Atawulf, presently became the enemy of Honorius also. Bellerid, a favourite officer of Sarus, had been slain by unrecorded but seemingly Roman hands. Honorius took no heed to the crime and dealt out no punishment to the murderer. Sarus, in his wrath, threw off his allegiance to a prince who did no justice, and betook himself to the obedience of Jovinus.

It was only with a handful of men, eighteen or twenty in all, that Sarus made his way into Gaul. But his enemy was there with a force greater beyond measure. Atawulf met his enemy at the head of ten thousand Goths, where we are not told, but at some point doubtless between Narbonne and the Alps. Sarus, true to his old character, would neither flee nor surrender. He fought against these overwhelming odds in a way worthy of the renown of his former exploits, till he was taken alive and put to death. Atawulf was not likely to feel more kindly towards the man to whom Sarus had sought to join himself, nor was Jovinus likely to feel more kindly towards the man who had deprived him of such a helper as Sarus. Dardanus too was now clearly in concert with Atawulf, and the annalist who gives him an honorable name attributes it to him that the Goth turned aside from the course of the tyrant. In another version a much less intelligible cause is given for the breaking out of open enmity between Atawulf and Jovinus. Jovinus associated his brother Sebastian along with himself in the Imperial dignity which he had assumed. On this Atawulf, highly wrathful, we are not told wherefore, sent an embassy to Honorius, offering peace and friendship, and promising to send the heads of Jovinus and Sebastian as pledges of his loyalty.

The promise was doubly welcome at a time when the throne of Honorius was beset on both sides. Africa had now its tyrant as well as Gaul (412). The most faithful of the servants of Honorius in an earlier day had now turned against him. Heraclian, who had slain Stilicho with his own hand, when to slay Stilicho was deemed good service, who had so steadily maintained the cause of legitimacy and so valiantly defended his own province when Rome was threatened by Alaric and Honorius by Attalus—this model of a faithful ruler of a Roman land had now taken up arms against his sovereign. His career, like the taking of Rome itself, lies apart from our main subject; we are concerned with Heraclian simply as illustrating the abundance of the crop of tyrants, perhaps as showing the brood on a somewhat loftier scale than Constantine, Maximus, or Jovinus. But we have no need to dwell on his invasion of Italy, his fleet which men likened to that of Xerxes, his battle on Italian soil, of his own defeat, his flight to his own Africa, the slaughter at Carthage of his army; they are needful only to set before us the nature of the time in which Atawulf and Constantius played their part. These dangerous rivals were now drawing nearer to each other's path. Atawulf may well have dreamed that the heads of Jovinus and Sebastian should be the price of the daughter of Theodosius, as the foreskins of the Philistines had been the price of the daughter of Saul. He may have as yet seen in Constantius at worst a hostile negotiator and not a hostile lover. A treaty was agreed to, oaths were exchanged, and the promise of tyrants' heads was before long fulfilled. The geography of the story is wholly dark; we do not know how far south Jovinus and Sebastian had shown themselves in person. Most likely they were still on their way southwards, with Arles as their most likely goal, where their empire and their lives were cut short. The head of Sebastian was soon obtained, we are not told where or how, and was duly sent to Honorius. But before the head of Jovinus could follow it, the Gaulish Valentia, the city which had lately (143) stood a siege on behalf of Constans against the forces of Gerontius, had now to stand another on behalf of the present tyrant against the power of Atawulf and the West-Goths. We have no details of the siege, but our single notice seems to point to a stout resistance followed by a storm. "Valentia, the noble—hardly the noblest—city of the Gauls, where Jovinus had sought for shelter, was broken down by the Goths". Dardanus, there seems reason to believe, stood with Atawulf before Valentia; but there is no need to suppose that Constantius, whose eyes seem just now to have turned towards African affairs, was at this time in Gaul. The next point of the Gothic march was Narbonne, which city the Gothic army entered in the time of vintage. It may be that the King

and his Roman colleague were there before them. Anyhow it seems to have been to Narbonne that Jovinns was brought as a captive. The old colony of Narbo, the colony of Mars, the city which gave its name to the whole Mediterranean land of Gaul, now becomes for a while the chief centre of our story.

The first town Gaul, it would seem, to be held by a Gothic king and a Gothic army, it remained the abiding seat of Gothic dominion north of the Pyrenees long after the Gothic name had passed away from the Loire and even from Garonne. A special creation of Rome, the first established seat of the Gaulish dominion of Rome, the commercial rival which went far for a while to supplant the ancient wealth and greatness of Messalia, Narbo Martius was still in the days of our kings and tyrants one of the foremost of Gaulish cities, but it does not now supply us with the same opportunities for tracing the memory of those times in still abiding monuments which we have so freely enjoyed at Arelate and Vienna. The balance between it and Messalia has been restored by physical changes. The haven of Messalia has been for ages growing greater and greater; the haven of Narbo has passed away far more utterly than that of Arelate. The great mart of Roman trade in Gaul has now become wholly an inland town; the stronghold of the Roman, the Goth, and the Saracen, has become an unwalled town; no works of Imperial days either crown its slight hill or watch over its narrow river; memorials of those days are not lacking, but they are wholly of the kind which are treasured in museums, not of the kind which stand forth first of objects to catch the beholder's eye at Arelate and at Nemausus. The Narbo of the days of Atawulf and Placidia gathers round it so many interests that there is no city of which we should be better pleased to call up a living picture as it stood when the Gothic host entered its gates. But this is denied us.

We cannot see the scene of the doom of Jovinus as we can see the scene of the doom of Constantine. For the captive of Valentia became the victim of Narbo; Jovinus was slain by the hand of Dardanus. His head and the head of Sebastian went in due form to Ravenna, perhaps to Carthage. It might be well that Africa, restored to the allegiance of its lawful prince, should know that the arm of the lawful prince could strike in other provinces also. A third brother, Sallustius, shared the fate of Jovinus and Sebastian. And we hear that the re-establishment of the authority of Honorius was accompanied by harsh doings in Auvergne, a land which, we may therefore infer, had been zealous for Jovinus. Many men of rank were put to death, among them Decimius Rusticus, prefect of the Gauls under Constantine and again praefect under Jovinus. He had, it may be remembered, supplanted Apollinaris, the grandfather of the saint and poet, who may therefore be conceived to have had no special love for him. Yet he was a chief man of Auvergne, he died among others of the chief men of Auvergne, by the act of the generals of Honorius, that is, we can hardly doubt, by the act of Dardanus. The man who slew Jovinus with his own hand was surely the man by whose bidding, perhaps also by whose hand, Decimius, Agraetius, and the other Arvernian nobles met their end. In this slaughter wrought in his adopted country we at once see the ground for the excessive bitterness which Sidonius displays towards Dardanus.

The authority of Honorius was thus yet again acknowledged throughout the whole extent of Roman Gaul. And this time its acknowledgement was enforced by the help of the Gothic sword. But the extent of Roman Gaul was lessened by the same process. The settlement of the Burgundians west of the Rhine was a fact which had to be dealt with. They had not as yet reached any of the lands to which they were to give their name in times to come. Dijon, Geneva, Vienne, Arles, were not as yet seats of Burgundian power. The first Burgundian land in Gaul was, as the chronicler says, in the regions near to the Rhine. It lay among those lands on the Gaulish side of the river which still specially kept the name of Germany. It was at Mainz that the Burgundian king set up his Emperor; Worms was the traditional home of Burgundian kingship. It was then the land of Mainz, Worms, Speyer, stretching southwards along the river into the land of Elsass, perhaps as far as Strassburg, perhaps not, which Jovinus had given over to his allies as the price of his diadem. How was the land thus occupied affected by the overthrow of the power of Jovinus? It is plain that the Burgundians did not withdraw to their own homes. Gunthachar and his people appear again among the nations of Gaul twenty years later. And though they then appear as enemies of Rome, yet on the whole the Burgundians are found more closely connected with the Empire than any other of the Teutonic powers. A hundred years and more after this time, when Emperors no longer reigned at Rome or Ravenna, the Burgundian kings still acknowledged the supremacy of their

successors at Constantinople, and ruled over their Roman subjects under titles held by the grant of the Roman Augustus. Our authorities are utterly silent as to the whole matter, except as to the bare fact of the Burgundian settlement. But it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that the counsellors of Honorius—was it the act of Atawulf or of Constantius—acknowledged a fact which it would be hard to undo, and that Gunthachar was commissioned as a lieutenant of the Empire in the lands which had been granted to him by Jovinus. His position would thus be that which was the formal position of so many barbarian kings, the position of Atawulf and of Wallia, the position of Odovakar and the great Theodoric, perhaps of Chlodowig himself. Gunthachar was Burgundian king to his own Burgundians; he was the partrician or proconsul of the Empire to the Romans of the ceded land. We have no picture of the Burgundians from the hand of Salvianus; but it is quite in conformity with this position of their kings that their rule in Gaul seems to have been acknowledged as that which dealt out the least measure of hardship to the Roman inhabitants. The Burgundians dealt with the older people of the land, not as subjects, but as friends and brothers. There was not, at least not in the beginning, the unhappy difference of religion to sharpen the difference of nationality. The Burgundians were converted to Christianity, if not before their settlement in Gaul, at any rate while their settlement was still fresh. And they were converted to it in its Catholic form. The Arianism of some of the later Burgundian kings is undoubted, and the belief of the kings was doubtless followed by at least part of the nation. Later in the century the strife between Arian and Catholic in the Burgundian kingdom becomes an important element in the politics of Gaul. But Burgundian Arianism seems in no sort to have been, with Goths and Vandals, a national faith adopted in the first moment of conversion, but a rare case of the falling away of Catholics to the heretical teaching. At any rate heresy never was universal; the kingly house itself was never without Catholic members. And, somewhat later than our present time, we hear of Burgundians beyond the Rhine still abiding in heathendom till, at the moment of a Hunnish inroad, they too entered the Catholic fold. At that date Gunthachar was still reigning over the colony of his people in Gaul. The mention of Huns reminds us that he is one of the chosen heroes of Burgundian story, and that his name, like those of so many of the princes of these ages, found its way into the great Teutonic epic of the Nibelungs.

Jovinus had been raised to his short day of Empire by the joint help of Burgundians and Alans, of that branch of the Alans who, under Goar, had entered the Roman service when the mass of the nation went on to their harrying in Gaul and their settlement in Spain. But while we can in some sort trace the history of Guntachar and his Burgundians from this time onwards, we seem to lose sight of Goar and his Alans. We get a singular glimpse somewhat later of an Alan king and an Alan army in an alliance with the Goths of which they are weary (415). We have to guess at the time and circumstances under which this union was formed; but it would be nothing wonderful if, after Jovinus had yielded to Atawulf, the Alans were either constrained or found it prudent to join the side of the conquerors. There seems to be no later mention of Goar or his people; they must have been merged among some of the other settlers in Gaul, or else have joined their brethren in Spain, who were before long to be merged among the Suevians. No lasting settlement of mere Asiatic barbarians was to be made in the Cisleithan lands of Europe.

But other Teutonic people besides the Burgundians were stirring at this time on the eastern frontiers. If the Burgundians had shown themselves at Mainz and Worms, the Franks were at work somewhat further to the north. By that name we must just now understand, not the Franks within the Rhine who were Roman allies and had so lately done their duty in that character. The Franks, of whom we now get a glimpse are the still untamed Franks who lived beyond the boundary stream and who had not yet obtained any settlement within the Empire. The head of Gaul, Augusta of the Treveri, which could hardly have recovered from its sack by Vandals, Alans, or Suevians, was now again taken, sacked, and burned by the Franks. We have no distinct record of the several takings of Trier, four of which, it must be remembered, came within the memory of Salvianus. It may indeed have been after this sack [and not the earlier one] that the people of Trier drew on themselves the stern preacher's indignant rebuke for thinking, as soon as the enemy was gone, of the games of the circus before all things. But the language of Salvian himself shows that even this last blow did not separate the capital of Valentinian and Maximus from the Empire. Whatever Trier suffered now, the damage must have been so far repaired that it lived on as a city and as a Roman city.

But the Franks, whether defending the Empire or sacking its cities, do not as yet form the great centre of Gaulish history. At this time a higher interest gathers round the Burgundian, and a higher still round the Goth. At this moment, if Gunthachar was in form a Roman officer, Atawulf was so yet more distinctly, he was so all the more because he was not, like Gunthachar, the ruler of any acknowledged territorial possessions. But his friendship with his formal overlord was not unbroken. The restoration of Placidia was wished for, most likely by her brother, certainly by her Illyrian lover; while his Gothic rival had assuredly no mind to give her up. He was the less likely to do so as long as her detention could be diplomatically justified, as long as the plighted price of her release, corn for the feeding of the landless Goths, and that in a year of hunger, still remained unpaid. In the very year of the fall of Jovinus (413), Goths and Romans are again in arms against one another.

It can hardly be doubted that Atawulf now aimed at a great Gothic settlement in Southern Gaul, much like that which was afterwards carried out by his successor Wallia. We find him attacking several of the great cities of that region, and as entering into possession of some of them. We know not in what character he waged this warfare, of which we hear only in a most casual way. It would be hardly according to his principles to show himself as the open enemy of the Empire, and we may be tempted to suspect that now, as somewhat later, he followed the policy of setting up a puppet Emperor. It falls in with this view that we incidentally learn that the Goths were admitted into Bordeaux in perfect peace; Toulouse, future home of Gothic kings, may have been taken in arms; it is certain that Atawulf did occupy both those cities, and this seems the most likely point in the story for either a warlike or a peaceful entry into them. Of Narbonne we have already seen him in possession, and there his possession could hardly have been disturbed, as we shall see him there again on a memorable day. But when he pressed beyond the Rhone, and planned a surprise of Marseilles, his conquests came to an end. From the Phokaian city he was beaten back with danger to his life. The blow was dealt by the valour, and seemingly by the very hand, of that renowned Count Boniface, the friend of saints and once well-nigh a saint himself, but who afterwards fell and rose through the successive stages of sinner, traitor, and penitent. The negotiations however go on. Constantius is ever demanding Placidia; Atawulf is ever raising fresh pleas to justify his refusal to restore her. The next year (414) Constantius, clothed in the glories of the consulship and enabled by the confiscated hoards of Heraclian to make his consulship a splendid one, might seem to be a more dangerous enemy than ever. Yet it is now that, through the influence of Candidianus, seemingly the same who figures later in ecclesiastical story, the formal consent was won without which Atawulf, in the loftiness of his Gothic honor, would take no advantage of the presence of his beloved in his own camp. It hardly takes away from, the merit of Atawulf, and it is not likely to have been taken into account in these endless negotiations, that the Gothic king had already a barbarian wife or mistress, of Sarmatian race, by whom he was the father of several children. She had to depart to make room for the august bride, and that was all. For now, at the beginning of the year (414), came that famous bride-ale of Narbonne, which it was fondly hoped would be far other than bale to many men, Gothic and Roman. At the wedding of Atawulf the Gothic king took his place alongside of the daughter and sister of Emperors, while a deposed Emperor led the choir in the wedding-song. The tale has been often told, and in modern Narbonne we shall seek in vain for any sign of the spot, for any trace of the house of Ingenuus which beheld the celebration of the marriage rites. Those rites were gone through in due order according to Roman usage; the bridegroom conformed to the national uses of the bride; the stranger conformed to the national uses of the land in which he was sojourning. Goth and Roman rejoiced with equal joy at the wedding which was in truth the symbolic wedding of Gothia and Romania, the setting forth in a visible shape of the lofty schemes which were working in the mind of Atawulf. The Gothic King, soldier and champion of Rome, was now the brother-in-law of Rome's elder Emperor. But in those days the soldier of Rome, without forsaking the service of Rome, might shift his obedience almost at pleasure from one Roman prince to another. The prince who at the bride-ale had his turn as musician had again before the year was out his turn as monarch. So soon were the Imperial and royal allies, the Roman and Gothic brothers-in-law, again at variance. Constantius had won back his influence with Honorius, and he was likely to be more wroth than ever with the rival who was in actual possession of the prize that had been so long sought for by both. So, wherever the power of the Goth reached, the Rome from whose cause he never fell away was to be represented by another chief. Attalus Augustus appears once more in Gaul

under the patronage of Atawulf, as he had appeared for one moment in Italy under the patronage of Alaric. Wherever the brother-in-law of Honorius had practical dominion in Gaul, there not Honorius but Attalus was Emperor. Of his acts in that character we know at least one. He bestowed a great office on a man who was not eager for it, a Roman of high position and descent, whose singular autobiography throws a good deal of light on these times and reveals to us some particular events of which we might otherwise never have heard.

This is Paulinus, distinguished from many other bearers of his name with some of whom he has sometimes been confounded, as Paulinus of Pella. He notes with some pride that he was a native of the same city as Alexander, though in his day it had become needful to point out the royal seat of the Macedonian kings as being near their own creation of Thessalonica. But he was not a man of Macedon, but of Gaul. His family was of Bordeaux or perhaps of Bazas, and he was the grandson of Decimus Magnus Ausonius, poet and consul, some have thought through his son Hesperius, others through his daughter married to Thalassius. His birth east of Hadria was owing to the official employments of his father, who at the time of his birth, in the year in which the Goths crossed the Danube (376), held the vice-praefectship of Macedonia. An appointment to the African proconsulship carried father and son to Carthage; thence the child came by way of Rome to the city of his forefathers, to see his grandfather in the glories of a consulship enjoyed wholly on the banks of the Garonne (379). The record of his life, his studies, his pleasures, his affairs, the youthful errors which he confesses, throws light, like every such record, on the life of the age in which he lived. The piece of detail most worthy of notice is that where, in his somewhat lumbering Latin hexameters, he tells us that he preferred the Greek authors to the Latin, seemingly—was it the result of mere birth in Macedonian air—that in his youth the Greek tongue came more familiar to him than the Latin, though in his later days he came to set more store by the tongue which was more native to a man of Bordeaux, even if casually born at Pella. From his thirty-first year (407), the year when enemies poured into the bowels of the Roman realm, his tale of his own life becomes for a while an important contemporary authority for the history of the time. It is from him that we learn the relations between the Goths and the Alans and the Gothic occupation of Bordeaux. Of that city Atawulf was still in possession when he again gave the diadem to Attalus. Paulinus was one of its chief citizens; he won the favor of the Gothic king, and we shall presently see that he was on intimate terms with an Alan king, doubtless Goar. He obtained the special favor of having no Gothic guest quartered on his house. But the presence of the strangers who had entered the city in peace was no great burthen; the Goth knew the duties of a ruler, and the peace of King Atawulf may well have been better kept than the peace of Honorius Augustus. The virtual ruler now proclaimed the empire of the prince under whom, while Alaric lived, he had once held a high military command, and under whose renewed sovereignty he doubtless rose higher still. Our poet carefully points out that Attalus had in truth no power, no revenue, no soldiers of his own; he was a Roman prince wholly by the grace of the Goth. Not out of love for the helpless tyrant, but out of mixed fear and regard for his Gothic master, Paulinus acknowledged the empire of Attalus, and received from him the post of count of the private largesses. The post was not a pleasing one, as Attalus had no revenues from which to be bountiful. Yet he submitted; it was the will of the Goth; the rule of the Goth was a fact in Aquitaine, and many Romans had learned how to flourish under it.

The Augustus of Bordeaux and Narbonne had thus a strong helper of another people; but the Augustus of Ravenna had found a strong helper among his own people. Constantius was now the counsellor of Honorius; and Constantius could act as well as counsel. The man who had lost Placidia was sent, with the new rank of Patrician, against the man who had won her. Constantius entered Gaul; if Boniface, with only public motives for action, had once proved too strong for Atawulf, much more might Constantius, with his own quarrel to stir him to yet further zeal. So it proved. Roman military science, when combined, as it was in the case of the new Patrician, with a stout heart and a strong arm and a private grudge to boot, proved too skilful for the simpler valor of the Goth. Boniface had saved Marseilles from Atawulf; Constantius now succeeded in driving him out of all Gaul, and that, if we rightly understand the somewhat dark language of our authorities, without any actual fighting. The work seems to have been done by skilful combinations which cut off the Gothic host from the coast and all supplies.

While Constantius kept his own headquarters at Arles, he constrained Atawulf to depart from Narbonne and from the whole land. Again we get some details of great interest and singularity, from the poet of the Eucharisticon. The Goths had entered Bordeaux in peace, and they had kept peace in it; but when Atawulf was driven to leave Gaul, and his bidding came that his army was to leave the city, they did not leave it in peace. Attalus was still acknowledged by Atawulf as Emperor, and, according to this theory, whatever Constantius might be doing at Arles, the people of Bordeaux were harmless subjects of a prince in alliance with the Gothic King, and were therefore entitled to the full protection of the Gothic peace. But at such a moment rage and disappointment trampled on all such subtleties as this. The Goths were giving way before Roman enemies; they had a Roman city in their power; and, though they had entered it as friends and had dwelled in it as friends, yet, when they had to leave it against their wills, they dealt with it as if it had been taken by storm. Whether at the bidding of Atawulf or not, Bordeaux was plundered and burned—burned that is doubtless in the way that cities were burned, and from which they so speedily recovered. The count of the largesses fared no better than others, or rather worse. His privilege of having no Goth quartered in his house now turned to his loss. Not a few others found the horrors of the sack much lessoned by the personal kindness of their Gothic guests; Paulinus had no such friend to help him. His rank as the minister of an allied prince went for nothing; his goods were plundered; his house was burned; he, his mother, and his household, escaped with the loss of all. They were fain to be thankful that they were spared in life and limb, and that the chaste Goths, true to their picture as drawn by Salvian, did no wrong to the honor of any of the female members of the company.

All that Paulinus tells us about Bordeaux is a distinct addition to our knowledge. But for him we should never have found out that the Gothic occupation under Atawulf stretched so far to the west. What follows is yet more remarkable, as it gives us our last glimpse on Gaulish soil of the vanishing race of the Alans, and of their relations towards the West-Goths. We are admitted to the personal acquaintance of an Alan king, who cannot fail to be that Goar of whom we have twice heard. He who had helped to set up Jovinus was now the fellow-soldier of the patron and officer of Attalus. Paulinus and his company, fleeing from Bordeaux, made their way to Bazas, a city of Novempopulania, lying to the south-west of Bordeaux, a little way off the left bank of the Garonne. This too was for Paulinus an ancestral city; if his descent from Ausonius was, through his daughter, it was most likely the home of the family of Thalassius. How he and his party were able to enter is not clear; for he found a strange state of things within and without the town. Without it was besieged by a mixed host of Goths and Alans, minded clearly in their unwilling retreat to do all mischief that might be to the land which they were leaving. This is intelligible enough. Greater curiosity is awakened by Paulinus' picture of the internal state of Bazas. The slaves were in revolt, and a few young men of free birth—Catilina has his likeness in many times and places—joined with them in a conspiracy for the general slaughter of the nobles. Are we, if the Bagauds were the mere *Jacquerie* that they are commonly painted, to suppose civic as well as rural Bagauds? But in any case it is not wonderful if the confusions that must have followed on successive barbaric invasions had stirred society to its lowest depths. Still servile conspiracies are seldom successful, and Bazas was not, any more than Armorica, to be as Volsinii or as Hayti. The revolt was put down with the deaths of a few only of the guilty, and Paulinus is specially thankful to the Providence which allowed him the double satisfaction of forgiveness and of vengeance by causing the man who specially tried to murder him to be punished, but by the hand of another. But the danger within the walls suggested to Paulinus a hazardous scheme of dealing with the besiegers who lay without them. He remembered his old friendship with the Alan king, and he knew that it was not of his own will that he and his people were serving with the Goths against the Romans. He contrived to make his way without hindrance to the camp of Goar, and asked that by his help he and his family might be allowed to leave the town. To the amazement of Paulinus, the Alan answered that he could not help him, that he could not even allow him to go back into Bazas, unless he were himself admitted into the town. He knew that, if the proposed escape were allowed, the wrath of the Goths would be heavy against Paulinus, while he, Goar, was anxious for an opportunity of escaping from Gothic supremacy. The discourse between Paulinus and the Alan king is a little less clearly explained than we could have wished, but we may gather that Goar expressed his wish to change from the Gothic to the Roman side—or, if we like so to put it, from the side of Attalus to that of Honorius—and that he went within the walls of Bazas in company with Paulinus, in order to make a treaty to that effect with the chief

men of the city. These were doubtless the members of the curia, the forefathers of those senatorial families who appear so often in the Gaulish history of the next century; in the days of Honorius political life seemed to be falling back into its original elements, and the senate of Bazas, like the senate of Rome, might be called to act for itself in matters of peace and war. The agreement, whatever its exact terms, was made and carried out. The wife and son of the Alan king were given to the Romans as hostages for his good faith. He and his people from the enemies became the friends of the Romans of Bazas, and they undertook to guard the city which they had the day before been besieging. But it would seem that they guarded it only from without. An unarmed crowd of both sexes, Paulinus himself, now restored to his friends, being doubtless among them, thronged the walls of Bazas to see the unexpected deliverers by whom they were set free from fear of the Gothic enemy. Close under the walls was the Alan host which had streamed together from all quarters, the women thronging along with their armed husbands. Bazas was closely fenced in by barbarian arms and barbarian waggons, but they were there for the protection and not for the assault of the town. When the Goths saw their army lessened by so important a part of it as their late Alan allies, they deemed that all hope of taking Bazas had passed from them. They marched away, by what exact course it did not concern Paulinus to tell us; but they must have made their way to join the army which had been driven to leave Narbonne. When the Gothic enemy was gone, the Alan deliverer did not long tarry; he too marched away, we know not whither; it is the last that we hear of Goar, the last that we hear of his people on Gaulish soil. Bazas was, for the moment at least, live from the presence alike of barbarian friends and of barbarian enemies. We should be glad of other such like tales of Gaulish towns during these memorable years. The Goth had now to withdraw, not only from Bordeaux and Bazas, but from all Gaul; Atawulf had to give up all immediate hopes of dominion north of the Pyrenees. He and his Goths passed into Spain. He took with him his puppet Emperor and his Roman queen, the sister of the lawful Augustus of whom he was now again the enemy.

This was a strange moment in the strangely chequered career of Placidia. As far as Romania was concerned, she had sunk into nothingness. She was a banished woman among a strange folk, a folk at war with her house, and if not formally at war with her country, yet kept from being so only because they had set up the enemy of her house as the nominal ruler of her country. As far as Gothia was concerned, she was the wife of a loving husband, the queen of a mighty king, the royal lady of what still seemed to be a loyal people. An exile from Rome and Ravenna, she had come to share a kingly throne, if only the throne of a barbarian, in the elder home of the Theodosian house. And presently it seemed as if the line of Theodosius and the line of the Balts were to be alike continued in a common representative of Gothia and Romania. At Barcelona, the new seat of her husband's power, Placidia bore a son (415) who might look to be one day heaved on the shield as a Gothic king, and to wear the diadem of his childless uncle in the palace of Ravenna and on the capitol of Rome. The babe received the name of his Roman grandfather, and the birth of the youngest Theodosius seemed to open a way towards a reconciliation between the families and the nations of his parents. Both Atawulf and Placidia sought for peace and friendship with Honorius. The claims of Attalus were again forgotten; whether he was actually sent to Italy as a peace-offering is not quite clear; anyhow he was cast aside by the Goths; he was taken at sea by officers of Honorius, delivered up to Constantius, and kept for the judgment of the lawful Emperor. Between Honorius and the first Caesar the likeness is not great; yet the fate of Attalus has something in common with the fate of Vercingetorix. Each kept his captive to adorn his triumph; for two years after this time (417) Honorius again entered Rome with the ancient ceremonies of a conqueror. Attalus was, like Perseus, Jugurtha, or Tetricus, led before the triumphal chariot, but as he escaped the fate of Vercingetorix, he escaped also the harder fate of Jugurtha. Gaius Julius could slay, but he did not mutilate, nor did he, like Gaius Marius, condemn the victim to a lingering death. Honorius could slay also on occasion; but he could also mutilate. He might have a special temptation to choose that punishment in the case of Attalus. There had been a day when Attalus had threatened Honorius with mutilation and banishment to an island. He was himself to feel in himself what he had thought of for another. His head was not sent to keep company with the heads of so many tyrants at Carthage or elsewhere. Among the ceremonies of the triumph he was led before the tribunal of the conqueror, and then, with the loss only of the thumb and one other finger of his right hand, a disqualification alike for the lyre and for the sceptre, he was sent to end his days on one of the fiery isles of Eolus.

The offering of Attalus, if an offering he was, might appease the offended dignity of Honorius; it did not appease the bitter jealousy of Constantius. No peace would he have with the husband of Placidia, the father of Placidia's child. A strange doom presently transferred those titles to himself, and led the sister of Honorius to a higher throne than that of the West-Goths. But her path to her highest elevation was through deeper sorrow than ever. To become Augusta, wife and mother of Augusti, she had to go through heavy bereavement and harsher captivity. Before the year was out, Constantius might rejoice that the son and the husband of his beloved were taken away out of his path, and that without any crime on his part. The infant Theodosius, born to be the hope of two nations and the tie between two periods of the world's history, died to the deep grief of both his parents, and was buried in a casket of silver in a church outside the walls of Barcelona. The death of the father (415) soon followed on the death of the child. Atawulf had foes of his own nation. Some told how a certain Eoforwulf could not endure the kind's jeers at his small stature. Others told how in times past a king of some branch of the Gothic folk had been slain at Atawulf's bidding, how his faithful follower, Dubius by name, cherished vengeance for his slain lord, and one day gave Atawulf a deadly wound, as the King was going the round of his horses. Atawulf died, but not till he had given his dying charge to a brother. A childless widow among a strange folk, there was no longer a place for Placidia in the Gothic camp; Atawulf could bring himself to bid that she should be given back to her own people, even at the risk of handing her over to the arms of his rival. And, to the last faithful to his mission, the Gothic King, the beginner of the world of modern Europe, died with a worthy bidding on his lips. The last words of Atawulf were the counsel that his Goths should ever dwell, if so it might be, in peace and friendship with the Romans.

A king of a moment followed Atawulf, the successor whom Atawulf would have least wished to follow him. Deep in the next century men in other Teutonic kingdoms remarked on the little regard which the Goths showed to the claims of birth in disposing of their crown. They had an evil practice, so it seemed in Frankish Gaul, of killing their kings, and setting up whom they would in their place. Nobility of birth, the lofty stock of the Balti and the Amali, was indeed respected among both Eastern and Western Goths; but in the succession to the Gothic crowns we see neither the Frankish rule which deemed that every son of a king had a right to be a king nor yet the English rule by which the nation chose for itself among the kingly house. Atawulf had left children and a brother; but some strange passing influence gave for one week the *cynnehelm* of the West-Goths to Sigeric the brother of the slain Sarus. A party favorable to his house and hostile to the house of Atawulf already had the upper hand for the moment. We are told that Sigeric, no less than Atawulf, sought for peace with Rome; but it is more certain that he treated the widowed sister of the Emperor with the deepest insult. Placidia, mourning for her child, mourning for her husband, was forced to walk undistinguished among a crowd of captives who were driven before the horse of Sigeric. Her step-children, the brood of the Sarmatian woman, were torn from the arms of the Bishop Sigesar, a Goth and an Arian, and slaughtered without mercy. But on the seventh day the murderer was himself slain, and a worthier choice was now made. Wallia, the wise and valiant, was heaved on the shield. We hear nothing of his descent or of his earlier deeds; but what he did in a short reign showed that he had well learned the lesson of Atawulf. The great hindrance to peace, the personal rivalry between Atawulf and Constantius, was now at an end. We know nothing of the domestic relations of Wallia at the time, but he at least did not give Placidia a third suitor. She was given back to her brother, Constantius being the officer whose duty it was to receive her, and the Goths received the long-promised payment of corn in exchange. The memory of her noble Goth lived in her heart, but she at last became the unwilling bride of the man who had so long waited for her. Constantius, count, patrician, consul, held for seven months the rank of Augustus, and even in that short space learned that the diadem did not bring happiness. Placidia Augusta, mother of Honoria, saw her daughter, if not wedded, yet wooed, by a barbarian of another stamp from her own Atawulf. Attila claimed her as his; but at least the blood of Emperors did not actually mingle with the blood of the Hun. Mother of the last Valentinian, the last Roman prince who could claim even female descent from the stock of Theodosius, she knew exile and she knew rule. Her memory still lives among the columns and mosaics of Ravenna : it is but a few centuries since she was there in her bodily presence.

The reign of Wallia forms the last stage of our story (415-419). He was the direct founder of the Gothic power in Gaul; he was the indirect founder of the more famous, but hardly in truth more memorable, Gothic power in Spain. At him and his works and the works of those who followed him we must at least look so far as to see the West-Gothic kingdom definitely change from a wandering people to an established territorial power. That power has, beyond all others, a threefold position. It was the Goth who was called, in the forefront of all the nations of Western Europe, to bear the assault of the Saracen, to bridge over the time when the strife was between the older and the newer life of Europe, between the elder power of Rome and the younger power of the Turk, and the time when both had to strive against wholly alien foes from Africa and Asia. Into those days it is not our present business to follow him; but we must see this power established in the lands in which we have as yet seen him only as a wanderer. Of the three lands whose revolutions during some most eventful years we have undertaken to trace, Britain has passed away into a world of fable to come forth again into the world of history under a guise wholly unlike that of either of her fellows. In Spain and Gaul we have still to see some shadow of a return to settled order brought about by the sword of the West-Goth.

VI.

WALLIA AND THE SETTLEMENT OF AQUITAINE.

Wallia, King of the West-Goths, is one of the men to whom we may be inclined to think that later ages have hardly done justice. The dispensing of historic fame is always liable to be somewhat accidental; it was specially so in the times with which we are now dealing. Our actual narratives are so painfully meagre and piecemeal; and it is so purely a matter of chance whether any other record of this or that prince or other leading man happens to be preserved. We can hardly fancy that the glory of the great Theodoric could ever have been wholly obscured or brought down to the level of an ordinary barbarian king. Yet from direct narrative we should know hardly anything of his Italian reign; we should know far more—that is, if any human effort could remember the story—of the endless intrigues in which he and his namesake figured while the East-Goth still abode on the eastern side of the Adriatic. It is to the good luck that has preserved to us the whole mass of the state-papers of one of the most memorable of reigns that we owe that, though there are few kings whose reigns it would be harder to record in detail in the shape of annals, there are few whom we can more fully call up in every detail of his internal government and his foreign policy. A lesser, but not contemptible bearer of his name, stands before us as a living man and not a mere name in a chronicle, because our prelate and poet at Auvergne has by good luck drawn us the full-length portrait of a neighbor whom he dreaded but whom he could not help respecting. Of Atawulf himself, of the clear sight with which he spanned the ages, of the keen grasp with which he learned the place in the world's history that was meant for him, we should have had but the faintest glimmerings, if a citizen of Narbonne had not told the tale to a saint at Bethlehem in the hearing of a pilgrim from Tarragona. On Wallia Orosius has bestowed only a few lines of narrative prose, while Sidonius has bestowed on him the chance gift of a casual mention, taking to be sure the shape of a few sounding hexameters, enough perhaps for a barbarian king, in the long panegyric with which he hails a short-lived Emperor. We can judge of him only by his acts, as they are recorded in the meagre materials out of which we have to patch his story. In them he stands forth as the worthy successor of Atawulf, as the man who carried on the work of Atawulf, as the Goth wielding his sword in the cause of Rome, as the prince who found a settled dwelling-place for his people, who established Gothia as a known part of the earth's surface, and that without wiping out Romania to make room for it. Wallia waged many wars; but he waged them all, according to the teaching of Atawulf, as the soldier of the Empire. It is said by one who was writing while Wallia was acting that Wallia was chosen to the West-Gothic kingship in order that he might be the enemy of the Empire, but that he really showed himself its faithful friend. We see here either a change of purpose in Wallia himself, like the change of purpose which we have seen in Atawulf, or else a difference of objects between Wallia and his people, in which the warlike instincts of the nation submitted in the end to the direction given to them by the King. It seems certain that the first enterprise which Wallia designed was a direct attack on the lands of the Empire, on a province which had been spared invasion for many years. Wallia proposed to forestall with his Goths the work which Gaiseric afterwards carried out with his Vandals, to pass the bounds of Europe and to found a Teutonic dominion in Africa which could have been founded only at the expense of Rome. It was the second time during these wars and settlements that the Goths, after so long a history as a nation ever moving by land, ventured, as they had once done so long before, to risk their fate on the waters of the Mediterranean. Alaric, flushed with the spoils of Rome, had designed to brave Skylla and Charybdis and to make Sicily, perhaps a Gothic dominion, perhaps only a field for Gothic plunder. The dangers of the strait had been too much for him, and the Gothic fleet was dashed in pieces. So now Wallia, as the first fruits of his reign,

gathered a fleet to bear his warriors to their African conquest; but his enterprise shared the fate of that of his predecessor; another Gothic fleet was dashed in pieces by a mighty storm in the narrow sea between the pillars of Heracles. Then Wallia thought of the ill luck of Alaric; he learned that destiny did not design him and his people for warfare with Rome or for warfare on the sea. He would keep himself to the element on which his people had done great things and would there act as the ally and soldier of Rome. He gladly listened to the advances of the Roman envoy Euplutius, and the peace was concluded between Wallia and the patrician Constantius. He is named as the actor; and to him the peace was especially interesting, as it was the peace by which Placidia was at last restored to her countryman, and the way opened for her marriage with himself. In the wider view of things this peace—*pax optima* as it is called by the devout Orosius—was marked by the engagement made by the Goths to win back Spain to the obedience of the Empire from the dominion of the Vandals, Suevians, and Alans, by whom so large a part of it was still possessed. If the Vandals really had made a treaty with the Empire, it went for nothing when so promising an alliance offered itself, and one which so much better suited the personal objects of Constantius. In observance of his new engagements, Wallia, during his short reign, waged many wars in Spain, but always to the at least nominal advantage of the Empire. Yet it is hard to believe, though our authority is the absolutely contemporary Orosius, who recorded the exploits of Wallia in his own land as the best news of the day, that either Wallia or the barbarian king generally sent messages to the Emperor, setting forth the state of things with a plainness of speech unusual among the princes of any age. Let Honorius, he is made to say, abide at peace and take hostages from all; in the war between him and the other barbarians, whichever side won, whichever side was overthrown, the loss was the loss of barbarians, the gain in any case would belong to the Emperor and the Republic. With or without this clear understanding of what he was doing, Wallia set forth to bring back that part of Spain which was in the hands of the newly settled barbarian powers, that is to say, all the peninsula save the Roman corner in the north-east and the few points which still held out elsewhere. Of these powers two were broken in pieces, that one most utterly which seemed most thoroughly out of place. Non-Aryan invaders were not to rule abidingly in Western Europe till they came in quite another shape from that of the half-Teutonized Turanian.

At that moment the Alans were the greatest power of central Spain, cut off indeed from the straits and from the Pyrenees, but stretching from the Ocean to the inner sea, from the haven of Odysseus to the haven of Asdrubal. Their dominion has on the map almost the air of a kingdom of Castile with a kingdom of Portugal added. To the north-west the Suevians under Hermenrich and the Asdingian Vandals under Guntheric between them held the Gallician horn of Europe; south of Anas the Silingian Vandals held the land of Betica, the land to which some have thought that they gave their name. The mountainous frontier of Gaul, and the land on either side of Ebro, the land of Tarraco and Caesaraugusta, was still held, either by the Roman or by those whom neither Roman nor Saracen could fully overcome. To enlarge this Imperial remnant at the cost of all the settlers of the last few years, the sword of Wallia was now drawn. The Alans, under their king Atax, were so utterly overthrown that they ceased to be a people and a kingdom; the remnant that escaped from the Goth commended themselves to the Vandal King Guntheric, and lost themselves in the greater mass of his people. Here the report of the contemporary annalist is borne out by later history. The Alans now vanish from Spanish history. It is more startling when the same author says that the Silingian Vandals in Betica were all cut off by King Wallia. For that is just the corner of Spain in which the Vandal power lived on till its voluntary departure beyond the straits, and where it showed not a little vigour a few years after this time. A contemporary Spaniard must be supposed to know the geography of his own country; and, if we allow for somewhat of exaggeration, if we grant the survival of a remnant which was capable of again becoming a great people by the immigration of a kindred folk, the statement becomes intelligible. We have an entry a little earlier by which it seems that a Vandal king, Frithbald by name, was taken and sent as a trophy to Honorius. But as he was taken by craft without dealing of handstrokes, we may be tempted to guess that those who took him were Romans rather than Goths. Anyhow, as long as Wallia remained in Spain, the Gothic sword, wielded, according to the bidding of Atawulf, in the cause of Rome, went on and conquered, and the other barbarian settlers in the land were cut short before the joint advance of Goth and Roman.

It must be borne in mind throughout the story that all that Wallia did was done in the name of Rome; all the conquests that he won were held to be restored to the dominion of her Emperor. The dominion, whether of Honorius or of Wallia, seems to have been fully established in western and central Spain, when, it is hard to say from what motive, the loyal conqueror was taken away from his career of victory in the peninsula to enjoy the reward of his labors in a magnificent grant on the other side of the Alps. The West-Goths, before long to be so famous a power in Spain, turned away from the land of which they had been allowed a glimpse and no more. Their kings were presently to reign on the Garonne; it was not for several generations that they were to reign on the Tagus, Spain was left to be torn in pieces by the warfare of the barbarians with one another, and by the struggles of the Roman officers against the Vandals, who became great again as soon as Wallia's back was turned. The next year (419), when Wallia was no more, we read of a fierce strife between Vandals and Suevians—Alans have passed away—in their Gallician corner. The Suevians, destined to keep their place in that region for many generations, had the upper hand; and the remnant, under the guidance of the Roman Count Asterius, joined their brethren in Betica (420), leaving the Suevians successors to the great Alan dominion in central Spain, which they were to hold till successors of Wallia came back again. This Vandal migration from Gallicia strengthened the feeble remnant of the nation which had been left in the south, and the Vandals again became a powerful people in Spain (422) under the dynasty which had ruled in their short-lived Gallician territory. The Vandals of Betica soon called for a Roman force to be sent against them under Castinus, the *magister militum*, and that Roman force did not go without Gothic help. And if our tale is told truly, here was a case of that Gothic faithlessness of which it startles us to hear in the declamation of Salvian. The besieged Vandals—we are not told the place of the siege—pressed by hunger, were on the point of surrender, when the Roman commander unwisely risked a pitched battle, and forsaken by his allies—so the Roman or Spanish annalist tells us—made his way back as a beaten man to Tarragona.

Three years later the Vandals of Betica had again grown to such power that Guntheric could make himself master of two of the great cities of Spain, New Carthage on the eastern sea, and Hispalis, Seville, on her great river flowing westward to the Ocean. Either these great cities had held out all along, or they had been won back for Rome by Wallia. Seville now passed away from the Roman power for ever; New Carthage was again to become a possession of the Republic when the conquests of Justinian again stretched its dominion to the Ocean.

But the later Vandal history is no part of our story, which, at this its last stage, gathers mainly round the West-Goths. The Gothic allies who failed Castinus must have been fetched from the land which was by this time occupied by the Gothic feudatories—it is hard to keep ourselves from the use of that and of kindred words—of the Empire in Gaul. There now was the great seat of Gothic power, the first land within the western border of Rome held by any Gothic people as an established territorial possession. The West-Goths and their king received the second Aquitaine to dwell in and to till. It was not a land that was new to them.

They had appeared, as friends and as enemies, before more than one of its cities in the days when Atawulf marched through Gaul as the soldier of Attalus. The settlement which, we may be sure, had been then designed by Atawulf, but which had been hindered by the successes of Constantius, became a real and memorable fact under Wallia. The land now (418) became the possession of the West-Goths and their king. It was given them to dwell in, to dwell in nominally as subjects and soldiers of the Empire, in truth to make the land that was thus granted to them the kernel of a great, and for those days abiding Gothic power. The second Aquitaine, the land that lies between the mouths of the two mighty Ocean rivers of Gaul, and which is watered by them and their great tributaries, was a noble prize indeed. Its renowned cities call up the memories of many a stirring day in the later history of our own people, and they had already begun to win their place in the annals of the world and of the Church. Poitiers, on her peninsula, with the monuments of unrecorded days looking down from the other side, steep and woody, of her encircling stream—not yet the city of courts and minstrels, not yet the city of the holy Radegund, but already the city of the most famous of the Hilaries. The Arian Goth when he entered her gates, entered as master into the home of the champion of orthodoxy, yet not minded, we may believe, to disturb his

successors in the baptistery, well-nigh without fellow beyond the mountains, which has outlived the church of Hilary's own worship, nor yet in his basilica which had already doubtless in some earlier shape crowned the hill from which the beacon-fire was to flash up to heaven, when, within a hundred years from Wallia's entry, the Frankish convert to the faith of Hilary marched, to break down the Arian dominion in the Aquitanian land. The Goth entered too a second time within the gates of Burdigala, where Atawulf had entered as an ally, and whence his host had marched as destroyers. He now held the city by the estuary of Ocean, its amphitheatre doubtless still standing whole, perhaps for Wallia, like Theodoric, to wonder at the sports that pleased his Roman subjects. Besides these more famous cities, the second Aquitaine took in also Saintes and Angouleme and Agen; it took in the Petracorian city by the Dordogne, not yet the borough of Saint Fronto on his hill, but still the Vesonna of the Roman, looking up across the stream to the older home of the Gaul; so much at least of Vesonna as, in the years of havoc that had just gone by, had been fenced in with the mighty stones of earlier buildings, to guard at least an inner remnant from the flood of barbarian ravage. The Goth entered on the walls, the gates, the amphitheatre, the temple outside the narrowed enclosure, its mighty round tower still perhaps clothed with its marbles and surrounded by its columns, or perhaps standing as a fresh-made ruin, raw and gaping, to tell of the passage of beleaguering Vandals, Alans, or Suevians. He held the land of hills and streams and dwellings deftly hollowed in the hillsides, dwellings of races whose record had passed away before the coming of the Goth or the coming of the Gaul. But the fief of Wallia and his people was not shut in within the bounds of the second Aquitaine; it stretched into the first. The head of Aquitaine, Avaricum, Bituriges, Bourges, one day to be the seat of Aquitanian kings and Aquitanian patriarchs, formed no part of the first Gaulish heritage of the Goth. The Arvernian land and city, the land and city where the fellowship of Sidonius and Gregory has made us more at home than on any other spot of Gaulish soil, was one of the latest of Gothic conquests, and never knew Wallia as its master. But within the bounds of the first Aquitaine he ruled over the Rutenian city, one day to be Rhodez with its famous tower, over the land and city of the Cadurci, Cahors of evil name, with her peninsula and her bridge, where Roman walls still guard the memory of men who fought well to save Gaul from the Roman, power—he ruled over the Lemorican and the Albigensian cities, each already seated by its river, each doubtless already with its great church in its freshness displacing some holy place of pagan days, but whose chief renown was to come in later times. But if the new land of the Goth did not take in the whole of the first Aquitaine, it overleaped the bounds of Aquitaine in the widest sense. It stretched into the older Roman land of Narbo. The city which had seen the wedding of Atawulf and Placidia was not at once to pass into the hands of Atawulf's successor; but the Goth now won the city from which his kings were presently to reign on both sides of the Pyrenees. Tolosa, whence Caepio carried off, as men deemed, the gold of Brennus, Tolosa, seated on no hill-top, but planted by the fierce stream of the broad Garonne, and looking back to the hills which the skill of later times has taught to guard her, Tolosa, whose capitol has proclaimed her to all ages as the true child of Rome, Tolosa, where the first basilica of the holy Saturninus must have already arisen beyond her walls, that renowned city now passed into the hands of the Goth to become his kingly seat. There, as at Narbo Martius, we shall seek in vain for traces of his presence. The traveller is told that the castle or palace of the West-Gothic kings stood where the paltry palace of justice of modern times now stands. That is all the help that he gains to call up the picture of Toulouse as the head of a Gothic kingdom. For the abiding monuments of Gothic rule, though of Gothic rule later than the days of Wallia, he must go to a place which does not seem as yet to have been reckoned as a city, which was not as yet a possession of the Goth, to the wondrous hill crowned by the twofold walls and towers of Carcassonne.

Before the great barbarian invasion Aquitaine and the land of Novempopulania to the south of it were held to be the fairest regions of Gaul. The sternest prophet of the age, in order to rebuke the ungrateful wickedness of its people, has drawn a living picture of the richness of the land itself. It is to be noticed that he does not dwell specially on the greatness and splendor of its cities. And indeed, with the single exception of Bordeaux—for Toulouse lies beyond the bounds of Aquitaine—none of the Aquitanian cities of which we have just spoken, with all the surpassing charm of their sites, their history, and their monuments, can claim a place in the first rank of the cities of Gaul. In the whole of Wallia's possessions, no city, save the two Bordeaux and Toulouse, could at all stand by the side of Narbonne or of the great cities east of Rhone. What Salvianus specially enlarges on is the richness of the land itself. It

is the marrow of all the Gauls, the breast of all fruitfulness, and more than fruitfulness, of pleasantness and beauty and all delight. The meadows, the vineyards, the orchards, the cornfields, the groves, the fountains that watered them, the streams that flowed among them, made the masters of that land seem as if it was not a share of the common earth which had become their portion, but that they had become possessors of the image of paradise. But the men thus highly favored, the Christian Romans of Aquitaine, had shown themselves indeed unworthy of the gifts of Heaven. They were given up to every kind of vice, to unchastity above all. The Roman of Aquitaine seems to have been the foulest of sinners, save only the Roman of Africa. Such a people needed the chastisement of barbarian invasion to slay some and to reform the rest. We should be glad to know exactly in what case the land stood at the moment of Wallia's entry. From the general picture of the passage of the barbarians which we looked at long ago, we may fancy that the cities had greatly suffered; Vesonna, with the narrowed enclosure of its walls, is a living witness of the shifts to which men were driven to defend themselves. But even the cities, as in the case of Trier, seem to have sprung up again with wonderful ease to some measure of prosperity, and the fertile land, its cornfields, vineyards, and orchards, might be again smiling now that ten years had passed since the flood of mere havoc had passed over them. And now milder visitors had come; the chaste Goths were there to dwell in the land and rule it and cleanse it from its defilements, the Goths, such true models of virtue, that notwithstanding their heresy, heresy which the presbyter of Massalia hardly seems to have been their fault, they might dare to look with some hope for a place in the kingdom of heaven.

The barbarian heretic, in whose dominions none was unclean save the Catholic Roman, thus sat down to dwell in the land of the Roman, in his stately cities, amid his goodly fields and vineyards, by the side of his cooling-founts and streams. He came in not as a conqueror of the Roman, but as in some sort his fellow-subject, at least the faithful soldier of his Emperor, rewarded for his faithful service with lands within his Empire. But it is hard to see how the Goth could be settled on the lands of the Roman except at the cost of the Roman. If not a conqueror in form, he must have been strongly tempted to become a conqueror in practice. The almost received law of such settlements was that the faithful soldiers of the Empire received as their wages two-thirds of the lands of its peaceful citizens. It is not clear whether this system was regularly carried out in the Gothic settlement of Aquitaine, and it is remarkable that in one case where we happen to know something of the details, we see a much greater regard to earlier rights of property than we should have looked for. Chastity was not the only virtue of the Goth. Even in grasping the lands of others, he could sometimes be touched with the natural feeling of just dealing between man and man, even when man and man took the shape of barbarian and Roman, of conqueror and conquered. Paulinus of Bordeaux and Pella, Paulinus grandson of Ausonius, driven from his own city to dwell in exile and poverty at Marseilles, had his fortunes in some measure raised again by the justice or bounty of one of the new settlers. A Goth who had coveted the last remnant of Paulinus' great estates sent its owner a payment, not, the owner thought, equal to the full value of the land, but a payment which made to the banished man the difference between poverty and comfort, a payment which, if the Goth had had the mind to refuse, the Roman had assuredly no means of enforcing it. And from the picture which Paulinus gives of the relations between Roman and Goth during the earlier occupation of Bordeaux we may infer that his case did not stand alone. We have seen that the Gothic guest, the delicate euphemism for the stranger who was quartered on the lands of the Roman, showed himself not uncommonly the friend and protector of the host. So in the more lasting settlement, if the Roman of Aquitaine had to surrender two-thirds of his land to the Goth—and, even without such formal division, the transfer of land cannot fail to have been large—we may believe that the Roman often enjoyed what was left to him with greater security under barbarian fellowship than if he had possessed the whole when subject to those exactions of Imperial rule under which Salvian paints every Roman land as groaning.

A third Teutonic kingdom had thus arisen in Gaul. The West-Gothic kingdom was now far Greater than those of the Franks or the Burgundians; it was the first of Gaulish powers; it was presently, by extension beyond the Pyrenees, to become for a while the first of all powers beyond the Alps. Of the other two Teutonic nations which had settled on Gaulish soil, one hardly knows how to speak of the Franks. The Salians, under their long-haired kings, are dwelling on lands of the Empire; they are in form subjects and soldiers of the Empire, and in the last character we have more than once seen them do good service.

But though they have come geographically within the Roman boundary, they have not in any but a purely military sense come within the Roman pale. They have not come into the Roman world in the same way in which Goths and the Burgundians have come into it. The Franks still stand outside almost like the Saxons themselves. Sixty years later, they have not yet adopted the religion of the Empire; they are not even Arian Christians. The Frank, soldier of Rome, perhaps all the more because he is the soldier of Rome, has not yet convinced himself, as the Burgundian has already done, that the God of the Romans is stronger than the gods of his fathers. When that conviction was at last brought home to his mind, the consequences were memorable indeed. For the military defence of the Empire he is better to be trusted than any other of its nominal vassals; but he has rent away a certain portion of the earth from fellowship with the Roman and Christian world in a way that even the revolted Briton, whether in his island or on the mainland, has not done. The Burgundian was a later settler on Imperial soil than the Frank; but he became a member of the Roman and Christian world far more speedily. Still he was a new-comer, and was only gradually making his way from his first Rhenish home, from the land of Mainz and Worms, to those cities of the Rhoneland which became the dwelling-place and the burying-place of his kings, but which we have had to look at mainly as the prize for which so many rival claimants of the Roman people strove in arms. At this moment the Goth, lord of Toulouse, lord of the second Aquitaine and of much beyond the second Aquitaine, is the foremost figure in Gaul. And at this moment he is, before all his fellows, the immediate vassal and soldier of the Empire. It is perhaps hard for any who come to these studies fresh from the popular notions of Goths, Huns, and Vandals—one has seen the uncouth Asiatic name thrust in as a fellow between two great branches of our own stock—as simple destroyers of Rome and her civilization, to take in the fact of the abiding life of Rome in these times, how all Gaul was still under the nominal obedience of the Empire, and how a large part of it was still under its immediate rule. And those who get their notions of Gaul from a time later in the century, from the time when we come to our first glimpses of continuous Frankish history, may be at least a little startled by the political arrangements of the days of Wallia, which are so strikingly unlike the arrangements of the days of Euric. Long before either people passes under the power of the Frank, the West-Goth is the enemy of Rome, making conquests at the expense of Rome, while of all the Western powers the Burgundian kingdom is that which stands in the closest relations to the Empire. In those days again the continental Briton had become the friend of Rome; in the nomenclature of the Engish forefathers the *Bret-wealas* had joined with the *Rum-wealas* against the Goth and the Saxon. As yet the Goth is the faithful soldier of Rome, holding his noble fief as a free gift of Rome, holding it by the tenure of winning back the lost subjects of Rome, the *Bret-wealas* of Armorica among them.

Such was the work of Wallia, during the short time he wore the Gothic *cynehelm*; Gunthachar, still standing aloof, having made his way into the Empire as the ally of the tyrant Jovinus, formally acknowledged as he was by the lords of the world at Ravenna and Constantinople, held from them no such commission as this. Throughout Gaul, in the theory of this time, the supremacy of Rome was universal; her immediate dominion was the rule : the dominion of her vassal kings was the exception. And it should be noted that these exceptional territories, though very large, were isolated.

The three Teutonic powers, Gothic, Burgundian, and Frankish, were carefully kept from marching on one another by the retention of all central Gaul in Imperial hands. To restore central and north-western Gaul to the Roman power was in truth the mission of Wallia, the tenure by which he held another part of Gaul as the allotted dwelling-place of his people. That allotted dwelling-place had no foreign frontier; the Goth had no neighbors except his august overlord and his overlord's doubtful subject in Armorica. Against these, as we have seen, he had a work to do, and he did it. It could have been only the sword of Wallia which won back for the Empire that restored dominion in Armorica both in the wider and the narrower sense which was so pleasing in the eyes of Rutilius

To the south the Gothic dominion was carefully kept away from any Spanish frontier. From the heights above his capital by the Garonne the Gothic king could look forth on the mountains—the Pyrenean Alps of the geography of his day—which parted Gaul from the Spanish land where he had been heaved on the shield, and where he had smitten the Vandal and the Alan. But his dominion nowhere

reached to the foot of the mountain barrier. From the Frank and the Burgundian he was parted by a far wider stretch of Roman land, and much of it which he had himself made Roman land once more.

But the firm friendship of Goth and Roman lasted no longer than the days of Wallia, and the days of Wallia were short. The historian of his own people strangely dates events in the twelfth year of his reign; an annalist who is better to be trusted makes him die in the very year of the settlement. His life, at least his kingly life, was short; and he left no son of his own blood to wear the *cynehelm* of Alaric after him. The rule of the "Gothic lot" in Gaul passed to the first bearer of the great name of Theodoric, a countryman but not a kinsman. But Wallia left a daughter, who was fated to be the mother of a barbarian chief who filled no small space in the world in his own day. It is as the grandfather of Ricimer, half Goth, half Suevian, that Sidonius sings of the deeds of Wallia. But it is only of his Spanish deeds that the man of Lyons and Auvergne could bring himself to sing. Of his acts in Gaul he says nothing, but he tells how he smote the Vandal in the Tartessian land, how he crushed the allied might of the Alan, and heaped western Calpe with their dead bodies.

Yet, if the reign of Wallia was short, his work was great, and in a sense abiding. His Aquitanian kingdom perished within a century, and all that the Goth kept on Gaulish soil was a strip of Mediterranean coast which formed no part of his first grant, on a large part of the soil of Gaul, an orderly Teutonic kingdom, a kingdom which, tbough it was soon to have its wars with Rome, was still essentially a kingdom of the school of Atawulf. Thus we cannot say that the kingdom of the Burgundians was as yet; we cannot say that the kingdom of the Franks ever became such. Herein we have reached one of the main causes of the abiding difference between northern and southern Gaul. The establishment between the Loire and the Garonne of a Teutonic people who came in so distinctly as the allies and champions of Rome has had a deep effect on later history. The West-Gothic dominion in Gaul, like the more splendid but less abiding East-Gothic dominion in Italy, was the rule of Gothic kings reigning over a Roman people according to Roman law. The Goth came; he passed away; but he left the land thoroughly Roman. He left it more Roman than he found it. His conquest had the usual effect of such conquests. The conqueror becomes the pupil and missionary of those whom he immediately subdues, and helps to root out any traces that may be left of any state of things that is earlier than either. So in an earlier day the political supremacy of Rome in the eastern lands only confirmed the intellectual supremacy of Greece; wherever the Roman went, he carried Greek culture with him; he became as familiar with the tongue of Greece as with his own, but he never learned the tongue of the Syrian or the Egyptian. So the Teutonic conquerors of the western lands of Rome became pupils and missionaries of Rome, helping to root out any traces that were left of things older than Roman rule. The Goth, the Burgundian, the Frank, even, we may be sure, the Vandal, all learned to speak the tongue of Rome; none of them learned to speak the tongue of the Celt, the Iberian, the Phoenician, or the Moor. Thus while the new Celtic state, the Britain of the mainland, was growing up in the north-western peninsula of Gaul, a powerful influence was brought to strengthen the work which had been so long going on of wiping out whatever Celtic traces were still left in other parts of the land. We are startled to find, in a casual, a sportive and something dark, passage of Sidonius, words which might seem to imply that in his day traces of Celtic speech still lingered among the Roman nobles of Auvergne. I am not sure that his words necessarily imply all the inferences which have been drawn from them; but of one thing we may be certain, that the Gothic conquest at which Sidonius so deeply grieved went far to root out any traces of the elder speech which still lived on. What had escaped the sword of Caesar did Euric slay. In this point there is no difference between the Goth and the Frank; but in another point the two Teutonic conquerors stand quite apart. The coming of the Goth did not bring with it anything like that Teutonic infusion in blood, speech, institutions, which the Frankish settlement brought into northern Gaul, and which has ever distinguished France from Aquitaine and Burgundy. The saying, far truer and truer in far more senses than he who spoke it dreamed of, that "there are no Frenchmen south of Loire", has been largely made to be true by the presence in those lands of Wallia and his West-Goths. If he, first of his race, made a part of Western Europe to be in some sense Gothia, he ruled that whatever he made into Gothia should be Romania still. He made things ready for the great day when Goth and Roman as equal powers, equal European and

Christian powers, leading in their train the European but not yet Christian contingent of the local Frank, should march forth side by side to the battle with the Hun.

One point must never be allowed to pass out of mind, that, for two generations longer (419-486), the Roman power in Gaul was still a real and living thing, keeping on its being alongside of the powers of the Goth, the Burgundian, and the Frank. Wherever the rule of Rome had not been disturbed—for the rule of Constantine was as much the rule of Rome as the rule of Honorius—wherever it had been restored by the victories of Rome's Gothic ally, there the dominion of the Empire went on untouched. So it did no less in Spain, within so much of the land as the Suevian and Vandal had either never occupied or had been forced to give back to the might of Wallia. Within a large, though irregularly shaped, part of Gaul, Caesar Augustus reigned over his Roman people, and it was sometimes decided on Gaulish soil who Caesar Augustus should be. More than thirty years after these times, a man of the land of Sidonius and of Gregory, the father-in-law of our praefect, poet, and prelate, the Arvernian Avitus, was proclaimed Augustus, not at Rome or at Ravenna, but on the capitol of Toulouse and in the palace of Arles. And he came back after his Italian reign to lay his bones in the holiest place of the Arvernian land (455), before the tomb of Saint Julian of Brioude. Even then, after the Huns had been driven back from Gaul, Arles, the city of the Constantines, was still neither Gothic nor Burgundian, but Roman as of old. It remained so, along with the land to which the name of the Province still specially clave, and from which it has never been wiped out, for five and twenty years longer (480). The land still loyal to Rome when Rome had in a manner ceased to be Roman, the land which sent an unavailing wail to its sovereign at Constantinople against the rule of Odovacar, passed in the course of the next four years under the dominion of Euric the West-Goth .

The Goth had indeed often striven to make his way into Arles in the course of the sixty years between the settlement of Wallia in Aquitaine and the conquests of Euric in Provence. And no wonder. For those were the days of the highest greatness of the city of Constantine by the Rhone. Thirty-five years before the elevation of Avitus (420), two years at most after the death of Wallia, the little Rome of Gaul had been raised by the law of Honorius and Theodosius to its highest place, as the head, the metropolis, of seven provinces of Gaul. It is from the sounding language of this decree that we get our most glowing picture of the prosperity of Arles at this moment. The proud city which received the choicest gifts of all the world was to be the place of yearly meeting for the chief men of seven provinces, those of Vienne, two of Narbonne, Novempopulania, Maritime Alps, and, what we might hardly have looked for, both the Aquitaines, though the second of them and part of the other had been given for the Goths to dwell in and to till. So little was the supreme rule of the Emperor held to be taken away by the presence in the Aquitanian land of his faithful subjects and soldiers. The privilege may seem a vain one; yet it was cherished and remembered, and ages afterwards copies of this law of Honorius and Theodosius were still made and kept in the archives of the great South-Gaulish cities. And in this grouping of provinces round Arles we see in a marked way the signs of that division between southern and northern Gaul of which we have already spoken. It was only of the lands south of Loire that Arles was to be the immediate head, the place of yearly meeting, though doubtless Arles now supplanted Trier, no longer a fit centre for Roman rule, as the dwelling-place of the Roman praefect of the Gauls. Yet lands which formed no part of the seven provinces, which sent no deputies to the gathering at Arles, still clave to Rome and to all that the name of Rome implied. Or if we cannot say that they clave to Rome when they were cut off from all communication with Rome, Old or New, when the Old Rome obeyed a barbarian king and the New obeyed an Emperor who disowned them, they at least clave to their Roman life and Roman speech and gloried in the name of Romans, while Goths, Franks, and Britons were the barbarian neighbors who hemmed them in. In Armorica in the widest sense, in the land between Seine and Loire, the Roman life abode untouched for more than sixty years after the Roman power had been restored in those lands by Wallia. To the West, the peninsular Armorica became independent as the new British land. To the North, the Frank, if not as yet actually a conqueror of fresh Roman lands, was growing and strengthening himself to become such before long. To the South, the conquests of the Goth, the advance of the power of Euric, combined with the southward march of the Burgundians along the Rhoneland, altogether cut off this central Roman land from the Roman lands of Italy and Provence. The day of sorrow came when Sidonius

saw his dear Auvergne pass under Gothic rule, and when he himself was carried away from his flock and city, at the bidding of a Gothic master. But lands further to the North still were Roman. After Odovacar began to rule in Italy, independent Roman powers still lived on alike in Gaul and in Dalmatia. When Ella and Cissa drew up their keels on the shore which they were to make a Saxon shore in a new sense, there was still a Roman coast, a coast which they may well have been wont to ravage, on the southern shore of the Channel. But between the Gaulish and the Dalmatian remnant there was one marked difference. In Dalmatia an Emperor who had reigned in Italy still went on reigning after he had ceased to reign in Italy, and it was to the master of Italy, to Odovacar himself, that the power of Julius Nepos gave way.

In the still Roman land of Gaul, at Soissons and Orleans, at Paris and Rouen, there is no distinct evidence to show whether any Emperor was acknowledged at all. In this isolated Roman dominion the Roman power was maintained by two rulers, father and son, of whom it seems at least clear that neither ever assumed the purple. Egidius, faithful subject of Majorian, enemy of Wallia's Suevian grandson, kept on in Gaul the Roman independence which he strove in vain to keep on in Italy. After him came his son, Syagrius, the last Roman ruler in Gaul. Some give him only the obvious title of Duke; but in one version, in that which has become most famous, in the record of Gregory of Auvergne and Tours, he stands forth with a style which we do not look for till we have reached quite another land and quite another time. The last of Roman princes in the land that Gaius Julius won for Rome appears as bearing at Soissons the title which some deemed that Gaius Julius would gladly have borne in Rome. Since the last "Rex Romanus" fled to Ardea and Cumae, the dreaded monosyllable had never been coupled with the name of Rome. Her "rex sacrorum", the "regium" of her pontiffs, lived on as survivals of Numa and of Ancus. As the Empire grew, as extraordinary commissioners grew into abiding sovereigns, the cognates and derivatives of the hated word were freely applied to the rule, to the house, the whole belongings of the Emperor. All about him was kingly; even his wife was in common speech "regina"; but none save one member of the Flavian house ever bore the hated style as a formal title. That there was a "Hannibalianus Rex" we know by the sure witness of coins; we do not know what his kingdom was or where it lay; assuredly he was not "Rex Romanus" or "Rex Romanorum". But this last astounding title, which seems to bring before us an East-Frankish Henry six hundred years before his time, was borne, if Gregory is to be believed, by Syagrius of Soissons. It may be so or it may not. Gregory, used to kings, may simply have carried back to Syagrius the style of the Chilperics and Guntchramns among whom his own life was spent. The name was sometimes used in a strange way, whether by carelessness or design. Sulpicius Severus applies the name, at least in its oblique cases, pretty freely to both tyrants and lawful princes. Other cases in the fifth century might be found in which an Emperor or tyrant is spoken of in the same way. But the "Syagrius Rex Romanorum" of Gregory sounds like a formal title. Could such a title have been used? It may be that the Romans of Gaul, cut off from the Romans of other lands, brought down to form as it were simply one among the several nations of Gaul, surrounded by nations ruled by kings, may, like the Hebrews of old, have wished to be like the nations round about them, and to have a king to go before them. Egidius, father of Syagrius, is said, in a strange legend, to have been for a while a king, not indeed King of the Romans, but chosen King of the Franks, as Belisarius might have been chosen King of the East-Goths. For his son to be King of the Romans was only one step further. Anyhow, under whatever style, the Roman state in Gaul lived on after the barbarians had begun to rule in Italy. And it maybe after all, as I have hinted already, that when the Roman of Gaul yielded to the Frank, he yielded only to Roman authority in another shape. It may be that Syagrius, king or tyrant, was disowned by the Augustus at New Rome, to whom his kingly style would certainly not be pleasing. It may be that Chlodowig, soon to be Consul, some said Augustus, entered Orleans and Paris, as Sarus strove to enter Valence, as a Roman officer sent to chastise a tyrant. One thing at least is certain; at Soissons, as at Salona, the year 476, the year so dear to the compiler and the crammer, the year so really memorable at Rome and at Ravenna, was a year of no special moment.

We have thus traced the events of thirteen memorable years, years which, more than any other, fixed the later history of Western Europe. The great powers of Western Europe in later times, England, France, Castile, are not yet in being; nor can we say that the lesser powers of Wales, Burgundy, Aquitaine, Aragon, are as yet in being either. But the first steps have been taken which were in the course

of time, in some cases in no long course of time, to call them all into being. No part of Britain is as yet England; but the Roman has left the island, and the Angle and the Saxon are on their voyage, to reach the prize, it may be, somewhat sooner than we are taught by the reckoning of years that we know best. And when the history of the Angle and the Saxon on British soil begins, then begins also the history of Wales, the history of the British people in their old land, but in their new character of *Wealas* to their Teutonic invaders. The French win Gaul; it is but a small part of Gaul, and not that part to which the name was specially to cleave, which is already known as *Francia*; but he who gave it the name is already in the land, and ready to march on. But the presence of the Goth far to the south of him has fixed a barrier which has decreed that, though southern Gaul may one day politically become French, yet it shall never become Frankish by actual settlement or French by the final results of such settlement. In Spain it might seem that not even the beginnings of the modern world are to be seen. We left the peninsula strangely parted out between the Roman, the Vandal, and the Suevian, parted out in a way which certainly does not give the slightest hint of a future Castile, but which does suggest a future Aragon and a future Andalusia, and which might be even thought to suggest more faintly a future Portugal. But they suggest these things only geographically. The Vandal was soon to pass of his own will from Spain, to play a great part in Africa, and to be swept away by the revived power of Rome. The Roman and the Suevian were in their turn to yield to the West-Goth. He has not as yet a foot of ground in the land where Atawulf died and where Wallia conquered; but he has seen the land, and he is fated to come back to it. He is to come back to it to put on in the course of time the noblest character of all. The Hun was a worse foe than the Saracen; but against the Hun the Goth had to fight but for a single day; against the Saracen he had to wage the ceaseless battle of five hundred years, till the Saracen was shut up in the momentary home of the Vandal, to pass at last back to the land whence he himself came, the land from which the Vandal had been rooted out. That the slow and steady resurrection of Spain was essentially the work of the Goth we cannot doubt. The tameless mountaineers of the north could keep their homes against all comers, Roman, Gothic, and Saracen; it was hardly they who won back the land step by step from the passes of the Pyrenees to the Mount of Tarik. The name of the Goth has passed away alike from Spain and from Gaul; but he did his work well in both lands. The Frank was to have his day of glory too against the same enemy, when the Arab lords of Roman Africa and Gothic Spain were broken in pieces by the hammer of Austrasian Karl. But the abiding life of Spain, the long endurance, the winning back of the land inch by inch, surely came of a spirit which the Goth had breathed into the Roman land. The Spain of 711, much as it might have fallen back from the great days of Gothic rule, was still something widely different from the Spain of 409. It might be crushed; but it could rise again; it could rise again of its own strength. The whole inheritance of Atawulf on Spanish soil was the space of ground—far less than seven feet—which was needed for the casket of the infant Theodosius. But his words and his works followed him. The man who laid the foundations of modern Europe had trained a people who could endure the calling to be the foremost and most abiding champions in western lands of Europe in her higher garb of Christendom.

VII.

THEODORIC THE WEST-GOTH AND AETIUS.

In the former chapters I dealt at some length with the revolutions of Gaul, Spain, and Britain during about twelve eventful years in the early part of the fifth century. Those were the years which saw the great Teutonic settlements in Gaul and Spain, and which, if they did not see any actual Teutonic settlements in Britain, saw the events which opened the way for such settlements and which gave them, when they came, their distinctive character. From Britain the dominion of Rome has passed away; an independent British people is left, greatly modified no doubt by more than four hundred years of Roman intercourse, by not far short of four hundred years of Roman dominion, but still in their essence a British people, not a Roman people in the sense in which the provincials of Gaul and Spain were Roman. In Gaul and Spain the Roman power still lives on; but Rome no longer keeps the full dominion over the whole land. She has sunk to be one power among many. The majesty, the magic, of her name still has its influence over strangers and enemies; independent rulers, even conquering foes, are ready to acknowledge some shadowy supremacy in the Roman Augustus. But as regards practical dominion, the rule of Rome takes in only a part of the great lands of Gaul and Spain, and that not the larger part.

In the other parts of those lands, the Roman life still goes on; the tongue, the law, the creed, of Rome is still respected; the Roman bishop still keeps his church in the Roman city; the Roman magistrate still dispenses the law of Rome to a Roman people; but the political power has passed away from the Roman Emperor to the Gothic, Burgundian, or Suevian king. Still it is most important to bear in mind, not only how much of Roman life stayed on in the lands which passed under Teutonic rule, but how large a part of the land still, deep into the fifth century, remained under direct Roman rule. It was not till eighty years after the great crossing of the Rhine that Gaul saw the end of direct Roman dominion in the fall of the kingdom, duchy, patriciate, whatever we are to call it, of Egidius and Syagrius. By that time the rule of Rome had passed away from Spain; but it had passed away but yesterday. Only then continuous Roman rule lasted longer in Gaul than in Spain; when it did pass away, it passed away for ever.

A day was to come when the titles of Roman sovereignty were again to be heard in Gaul; but they were to be heard because a lord of Gaul and Germany was one day to become the lord of Rome. And when they were again heard in Gaul, they were to be gain heard in Spain also. For the lord of Gaul and Germany and Rome was to be also the lord of that corner of Spain where continuous Roman rule had been most abiding. But before that day came, that more direct Roman rule which the fifth century brought to an end in both Gaul and Spain was to revive for seventy years in another corner of the Spanish land. The only Roman rule that Gaul saw after the fall of Syagrius was the rule of her own Karlings. But Justinian and Heraclius, who never reigned in Narbo and Nemausus, did reign in Gades and New Carthage. In the middle of the sixth century, in the first years of the seventh, Caesar Augustus, from his throne in the younger Rome, again ruled from the Euphrates to the Ocean.

But Spain, like Italy or Constantinople, is, for our immediate purposes, of only secondary importance. Often as our own island has passed away from our sight, often as those who were presently to make it our own have passed away also, neither the land nor the future folk of the land ought ever to have passed out of our thoughts. Every event that I have dwelled on in continental history, every picture that I have striven to give of continental life, during this great period of the Wandering of the Nations, has been

meant as an indirect contribution to the history of Britain and of the Teutonic conquerors of Britain. The light of one land enables us, by the power of contrast, to pierce through the darkness of the other. The recorded events of the one land enable us, by the same power of contrast, to call up the unrecorded events of the other. By seeing what Teutonic conquest was on the mainland, we learn what it was not in Britain, and thereby we learn what it was. But for this purpose the land that best teaches us is Gaul. Of the lands concerned it is, on the whole, the land of which we know the most. We have far fuller pictures of the men and events of Gaul during this time than we have of the men and the events of Spain; we have pictures at least as full as we have of the men and the events of Italy. Nor is it to be forgotten that what we know of Italy is largely owing of to the witness of a man of Gaul. The full light of Gaul is best fitted to pierce the utter darkness of Britain. And on every other ground Gaul is of all continental lands the one which it is most obvious to compare and to contrast with Britain. Geography and history have ever brought Gaul and Britain into close contact. And at no time were they brought into closer contact than in those opening years of the fifth century with which we have already dealt. We have seen how deeply the events of one land affected the other. And in Gaul and Britain too we see to some extent the same actors, actors who play no part in the contemporary story of Spain or Italy. In Gaul, as in Britain, we have to record the doings of the Briton and the Saxon, though in Gaul their doings form only a secondary part of the main tale. Gaul gives us the typical picture of a Roman land passing under one form of Teutonic conquest, while Britain, in its very absence of a picture, does in truth give us the clearest picture of a Roman land passing under Teutonic conquest of another kind. But it is only by the clearly marked shapes of the Gaulish picture that we can read any meaning into the dim and shadowy outlines of the British picture. The history of Gaul then, both for its own sake and as our indirect guide to the history—shall we say to the lack of history—of Britain, must be the main subject of our thoughts for some time to come. And for some time to come the main subject in the history of Gaul is the history of the West-Gothic power in Aquitaine.

We left Gaul, about the year 420, divided into the lands which were still under the direct rule of the Empire and the lands which had passed into the possession of its nominal vassals. These last lands, the dominions of the Goth in the south-west, of the Frank in the north-east, of the Burgundian in the central east, are all isolated. The immediate Roman dominion stretches uninterruptedly, with however irregular a frontier, from the borders of Italy to the Ocean and the British Channel. All central Gaul, all the northern coast west of the marshes of the Frank, is Roman; for the sword of Wallia is held to have won back the Briton of the mainland to the obedience of Caesar. The bidding of Ravenna is obeyed at Soissons, at Paris, and at Rouen. This is a very different state of things from that of a few years earlier, when Vandal, Alan, and Suevian laid waste the whole land at pleasure, save the corner which was held by the British tyrant at Aries. And this great revival of the Roman power was largely due to Roman valour and conduct in the person of Constantius. He had taught the Goth that the Roman could still strike, and that it was better to have Caesar for a friend than for an enemy. Still the existence of the Roman dominion in Gaul depended on the will of the Goths and of the other barbarian powers.

We may doubt whether any one of them could as yet overthrow it by a single effort. It was before all things unlikely that they should all unite to overthrow it by a common effort. Home might even hope, if attacked by one barbarian power, to find allies among the others. When the Roman power in Gaul did at last fall, two generations after the time which we have reached, it was because it had been so gradually dismembered by one enemy that it could at least be swallowed with no great effort by another. That Roman society and Roman government in Gaul lived on, for nearly seventy years after the settlement of the Goth, for eighty years after the combined invasion of Vandal, Suevian, and Alan, is a speaking witness indeed to the magic power which Rome exercised over the minds of all who had to deal with her. She had indeed led captive her conquerors.

We begin then our present inquiry with the history of that West-Gothic dominion in Gaul which grew out of the Imperial grant of the second Aquitaine, and something more than the second Aquitaine, to Wallia and his people. To Wallia succeeded Theodoric, the first bearer of that renowned name with whom we have to deal. Gothic custom allowed free choice of kings, and it does not appear that Theodoric was a

kinsman of Wallia. His own words however, taken in their natural sense, would imply that he was a grandson of Alaric through a daughter. In any case he was the founder of a dynasty which kept the West-Gothic crown through several generations. And he was a worthy founder. His reign was long and stirring; his end was the most glorious that could fall to the lot of man. And he had to strive with a worthy rival, to be at last changed into a worthier comrade. The two great elements in the Gaul of the fifth century had alike vigorous representatives in Theodoric the Gothic king and in Aetius the Roman patrician. In the character of the Roman champion there are some dark shades, but on Gaulish soil they are hardly to be seen. His evil deeds, true and imaginary, belong to the tale of Italy and Africa, as his bloody end belongs to that of Italy. On our side of the Alps he is wholly the valiant soldier, the skilled diplomatist, who kept Arles for Rome against the Goth and who won over the Goth to play his part in a strife that was more than Gothic, more than Roman, the great strife of the Catalaunian fields.

The relations between Aetius and Theodoric are the relations of the leaders of two nations—at least of two powers—whose relations may be at any time either friendly or hostile. A far greater space, in the general estimate of Aetius, has been given to his alleged personal rivalry with the other eminent Roman captain of the time, that Count Boniface whom we have already seen baffling Atawulf himself on Gaulish soil. The received tale is tempting, because it enables us to draw, as more than one writer has drawn with great skill, one of the most striking of contrasts. The two men, each worthy to be called the last of the Romans, seem in a manner to exchange parts and characters. As the tale is commonly told, Boniface, so long the foremost champion of Rome against barbarians of every race, comes at last to invite the Vandal into the Roman province that he guarded, while Aetius, half barbarian by early training, relying throughout his career on barbarian help, after leading Boniface into his old error, after slaving him with his own hand, comes to be the guardian of Europe against the Hun, as he had once been the guardian of Gaul against the Goth. Now the received view of the lone; rivalry between Boniface and Aetius rests, as I am fully convinced, on no sure contemporary witness. But the story, and the way in which it has grown up, throws such an instructive light on the history of the fifth century that I have made it the subject of a full examination in another shape. And after all, true or false, it is not the side of the career of Aetius which concerns us.

The defender of Roman Gaul was not a native of Gaul, though it may be that he saw in early life events wrought on Gaulish soil which touched, him very closely. Aetius, son of Gaudentius, born on the lower Danube in the Roman Scythia, was, in childhood and youth, a hostage, first with the Goth and then with the Hun. He learned the ways of the barbarians; he gained power and influence among them; he married a wife of royal Gothic blood. His father, we are told, count and *magister equitum*, was slain, at some time not stated, in a military outbreak in Gaul. Whether Aetius was with him we know not, nor do we know whether it was before or after his father's death that he rose to a high place on that side of the Empire in which he was born. Praefect of Constantinople, he well-nigh lost his life by an assassin's dagger. His recorded Western career begins among the confusions which followed the death of Honorius. In these he first plays a part in Italy and then in Gaul. I shall speak more fully of those revolutions and of the part which Aetius played in them in my special monograph on him and Boniface. Their main outline concerns us here.

On the death of Honorius, the Western Empire passed to John the chief notary, who of course was in the eyes of the Theodosian family and their partisans looked on as a tyrant. But he seems to have been peaceably chosen at Ravenna, and to have been generally acknowledged in those parts of the West which still remained to the Empire. That he was acknowledged in Gaul is shown by clear incidental evidence. The Praetorian Praefect of Gaul, that Exsuperantius of Poitiers of whose Armorican exploits we have already heard, was slain at Arles in an outbreak of the soldiers (424), and it is pointedly added that John took no vengeance for this outrage. It has been inferred from the failure of John to punish this murder that he looked on the deed as done in his own service, that is doubtless that the cause of John was popular with the soldiers, while Exsuperantius asserted the claim of the Theodosian house. It would be equally easy to infer that Exsuperantius was at least not an avowed enemy of John, that men looked to John to punish the offenders, but that he did not deem himself strong enough to bring on himself the enmity of the

Gothic army. The point is that it was remarked that John did not punish a deed of blood done at Aries, a remark which could be made only of a man whose authority was fully acknowledged in Roman Gaul. In the East he was of course branded as an usurper at the court of Theodosius, and that Emperor took vigorous means to assert the claims of his house by sending an army into Italy to overthrow John and to establish the rule of his aunt Placidia and her young son Valentinian. Against this attack John availed himself of the help of Aetius, who was his partisan and high in his service. He, the man who knew how to handle barbarians, was sent to bring a Hunnish force to the support of his master. He went; he came back with his savage allies. But by that time the forces of the East had won back Italy for the Theodosian house, and John had paid his forfeit in the amphitheatre of Aquileia. Aetius came with his Huns; they even met the forces of Theodosius in arms. Many a man of that day would have used such a power to set up a tyranny of his own. Aetius did otherwise; he submitted to the Augusta and the young Augustus. His wonderful influence won over the barbarians to go back on payment of a sum of money, and he himself went into Gaul as the officer of Valentinian to maintain the cause of Home, as represented by him and his mother, against all enemies.

He found there work enough to do on behalf of his new sovereigns. The history of Gaul for some years is the history of the labors of Aetius to win back the lost dominions of Rome to the Empire. To read his story, whether in the dry prose of the annalists or in the high-flown verses of Sidonius, brings home to us in all fulness at once by how many enemies the Empire was attacked at the same time and what life there still was in the Imperial power, what magic in the Imperial name. It needed only a Stilicho or an Aetius, if not, as of old, to win fresh conquests, at least to guard the actual frontier and ever and anon to win back some part of what had been lost. We need not search too minutely into the nationality of the troops by whom the victories of Rome were now won. It was doubtless by barbarian arms that Aetius struck down the barbarians; but they were barbarians who were Roman by allegiance, who had been brought within the range of Roman influences, and whose adoption as the armed guards of the still Roman lands was one of the surest signs of Rome's abiding moral power. But the defender of Rome, at the head of the soldiers of Rome, has to be everywhere. One year in northern, another in southern Gaul, now altogether beyond the bounds of the province, carrying warfare hither and thither wherever an enemy of Rome's western dominion is to be found, now and then finding time to show himself in Italy for the maintenance of his own interests and the overthrow of private adversaries—such was for years the busy life of the man who, somewhat unfairly perhaps to one or two not unworthy successors, men spoke of as the *last of the Romans*.

His first duty was to withstand the advance of the Teutonic power which had been so lately established on the Garonne and which was seeking to extend itself to the Rhone and beyond. The King of the West-Goths was laying siege to the city which had been so lately established as the capital of a land which took in his own dominions. It is another witness to the greatness of Arles in these times that we shall find it for a long while to come the chief object of Gothic ambition. Now in what character did Theodoric march against Arles? We may take for granted that his choice of a time for action was determined by the disputed succession to the Empire; but was his attack on the chief city of the Empire in Gaul meant as throwing off his allegiance to the Empire, or as taking this or that side in the struggle for its sovereignty? Atawulf and Wallia had always been the loyal officers of some Emperor, though in Atawulf's case it had sometimes been an Emperor of his own setting up. A later historian of the Goths seems to look on Theodoric as throwing off all obligations to Rome; but this may come only of looking at things with the notions of later times, and Isidore seems to confound this siege with events two years later. But if Theodoric marched on Arles in the character of a partisan of either claimant of the Empire, of which claimant was it? It has been inferred that whatever he did was done, in name at least, on behalf of the legitimate sovereigns, that is, of Theodosius, Placidia, and Valentinian. It is easy to guess, but it is hard to determine on points like these, where our evidence is so meagre and obscure. One might easily imagine that, when John was acknowledged as Emperor in Italy and Gaul, it might suit the purposes of the Gothic king to profess loyalty to the princes who had no foothold west of the Hadriatic; but what we do know for certain is that the lieutenant of those princes dealt with him as an enemy. With whatever motives or objects, Theodoric laid siege to the noblest city of the Gauls, as one writer admiringly calls it.

We gather some details from the panegyric of a devout admirer of Aetius to whom the tale was brought as the last piece of news from the West to one who was sojourning far away on the eastern side of Hadria beside the inland sea of Long Salona.

The whole force of the Goths went forth with their king; from the camp before Arles they wandered hither and thither among the marshes and islands which surrounded the city of the waters, eager to gather spoil from every corner of the Roman land. But the avenger was upon them. Aetius, at the last stage, as it would seem, of his march from Italy, found them busy in the work of plunder by one of the isolated hills which formed so marked a feature in the land which surrounds Arles to the north-east. Was it the famous hill of Montmajour, the rocky hill to be in after days crowned by a mighty monastery, a monastery and yet a fortress, over whose cloister rises conspicuous to all eyes, not the peaceful bell-tower of the church, but the stern keep of the abbatial castle? Or was it the yet more rugged hill by its side, the hill of Cordes, with its mysterious monument of earlier days, the giants' chamber, not, as elsewhere, piled up of massy stones, but hewn, like lesser tombs, in the heart of the living rock? One or other of these hills then bore the name of the Mount of Nadders, and by its foot the admirers of Aetius were able to say, with some confusion of metaphors, that the poisons of the republic were overthrown. The plunderers were attacked, driven away, and chased. Some of the Goths who stood firm had to yield to the assault of the Roman army. King Theodoric himself came with the rest of his force, seemingly his horse, to be struck with sudden horror as ho found his horse's hoofs trampling on the bodies of his men. At this stage our more detailed and picturesque narrative breaks off. We wish for some picture of the flight of Theodoric, of the entry of Aetius into the ransomed city. But we have evidence enough that the head of Gaul was saved. The towers of Constantine rising above the waters, the theatre of the Greek, the arena of the Roman, the basilica of the saint from Ephesus, were not as yet to pass into barbarian hands. Theodoric and Aetius had had their first meeting in arms: the Goth was driven back, and he and his host paid their penalty for their inroad on Roman lands .

This first undoubted Gaulish exploit of Aetius is placed immediately after the proclamation of Valentinian as Emperor (425). The siege and deliverance of Arles took place in the same year as the fall of John and the transfer of Aetius to the side of Valentinian. Most likely he was sent straight from Ravenna to deliver Arles. It is hard to say what was the end of this war. The next event that we hear of, at Arles, not long after the deliverance of the city from Theodoric, was a disturbance which connects itself with several events both ecclesiastical and temporal. The year before the Gothic siege had seen the slaughter of a high military officer in the capital of Gaul; the year after it saw the slaughter of a bishop (426). Patroclus, Bishop of Arles, is a man of doubtful character. A special partisan and friend of Constantius, he made his way into the see in the year 412, in the room of his predecessor Eros or Heros. Heros, described as a holy man and a disciple of Saint Martin, is said to have been unjustly driven out to make way for Patroclus; but the thing to be noticed is that the irregular deposition and election is not attributed to Constantius himself, but is said to have been the act of the people of Arles, who wished to win the favor of Constantius by the elevation of his friend. Others speak more favorably of Patroclus and less favourably of Heros; in any case we can hardly avoid the suspicion that the different estimates of the sanctity of these bishops have a political origin, that the fault of Heros was to have been a partisan of Constantine, as he can hardly fail to have been the bishop by whom the tyrant was admitted to the priesthood in the vain hope of saving his life. What we are really concerned with here is the fact that Patroclus, now (426) acknowledged Bishop of Arles, was killed, seemingly in a brutal fashion, by a barbarian tribune, and that the deed, was believed to have been done at the secret bidding of the *magister militum* Felix. This Felix seems to have succeeded Castinus in his office, and his name appears constantly in the annals for some time to come. He was now the enemy of Boniface; before long he became the enemy of Aetius, and in that character Aetius knew how to deal with him. But save this slaughter of the intruding bishop, the acts of Felix have little reference to Gaul. His relations with Aetius, and the singular way in which some of his acts seem to have been transferred to Aetius, I have dealt with elsewhere.

A few years later (430-31) we hear of another victory won by Aetius over certain Goths in the neighborhood of Arles, in which Anawulf, one of their chief men, was taken. The war of which this was

the chief event was, it would seem, ended by a formal peace between the Goths and the Empire. For shortly after that time we find the Goths in their old relation of Roman allies and acting as such in the wars of Africa. While Gothic volunteers swelled the forces of Gaiseric in the siege of Hippo, Gothic *foederati* helped in the defence of the city. Some of the terms of the peace seem to have been less favorable to the Empire than might have been looked for from these accounts of the victories of Aetius. But we hear of the peace only in incidental notices. A sober annalist, in recording the next war, implies that the present one had been ended by a treaty. From our poet and rhetorician, our praefect and bishop, we learn something of its details. One is the important fact that the Roman gave hostages to the Goth. We here get our first glimpse of a future Emperor, an Emperor less famous in the annals of the Empire than in the panegyric of his dutiful son-in-law. Yet Avitus of Auvergne played a considerable part in the affairs of his time, and he perhaps better deserved than most of his contemporaries to have a pedigree devised for him which made him a patrician of Rome in an older sense than that in which that title was borne by Aetius.

Perhaps only immediate personal danger could justify one of such descent and for whom such prospects were in store in crushing the skull of the nurse of Rome with the biggest stone that his boyish arms could wield. The wild boar, which he smote like another Alcides, the birds of the air, which, like later princes, he loved to subdue by the help of their trained fellows, would in Roman eyes be a more becoming prey. His studies of Cicero enabled him, while yet a youth, to win the ear of Constantius, not yet Augustus, but already commanding in Gaul, and to obtain a remission of taxes for his native Auvergne, then suffering from the cruelties of Agroetius after the fall of Jovius and Sebastian.

He was now able to win equal favour in the eyes of the Gothic king. Of one of the hostages given to Theodoric we know the name; it was the Greek name so easily confounded with his own; its bearer was Theodorus, a kinsman of Avitus, and therefore doubtless a man of Auvergne. It might even be inferred from some of the expressions of the poet that the land of Auvergne had been at some stage of the strife the scene of warfare, and had suffered severely from Gothic invasion. In any case, whether simply to visit Theodore in his captivity or to take steps for his release, Avitus came to seek him, doubtless in Gothic Toulouse. There, in the city from which all signs of Roman and Gothic rule have been swept away, must have been the hall of him whom Sidonius speaks of as the king clothed with skins. His daring in the cause of friendship and kindred gained him the King’s good opinion and good will. Theodoric tried to win Avitus to his own service; and he wondered and approved of the constancy of the new Fabricius who, keenly as lie felt the duty of a friend, held the duty of a Roman yet dearer.

VIII.

CHLODOWIG THE FRANK.

It was a heathen conqueror who had swept away the last traces of independent Roman dominion in Gaul. The unbaptized Chlodowig had displaced the Christian Syagrius as the master of Roman Soissons and Paris. But the Frank stood in a special relation both to Rome and to Christianity. He was not the avowed enemy of either. We can never get clear of the dim likelihood that it was as a Roman officer warring with a tyrant that he overthrew the Roman king. We have the certainty that at a later time he was the friend of the Emperor, honored at his hands with the highest of Roman honors. The conquest of the land which had been the last Gaulish Romania, the land which was to be the special Gaulish *Francia*, had been a simple conquest and no more. It had not been marked by havoc and desolation, by the ruin of cities, or by the driving out of the inhabitants of the land. Men and things took their chance in the course of actual warfare, things sacred and profane took their chance together. But the very story which sets before us the Frankish king as one whom a Christian bishop would freely approach, to whom he could make his prayer as a friend, and find it listened to in a friendly spirit. Chlodowig, like Childeric before him, may or may not have known anything of the special doctrines of Christianity; but they at least knew it and recognized it as the religion of Rome, as the creed and worship of Roman neighbors and allies, in the new state of things, of Roman subjects.

To Chlodowig the Christian religion was part of the general Roman life, along with the laws, customs, and language which went to make up that Roman life. With no part of that Roman life was he called on to interfere. The Frank went on living according to his law, and the Roman was left to live according to his. We have no such picture of northern Gaul under the heathen Chlodowig as we have of Italy under the Arian Theodoric; but allowing for broad differences in the circumstances of the men and of the lands, the general relations of the Roman and the Teuton must have been the same in each case.

There was to be sure this special difference, that the presence and the rule of the heretic awakened a deeper grudge than the presence and rule of the heathen. It is the undying difference between the domestic traitor and the foreign enemy. The worshipper of Jupiter or Woden stood wholly outside the Church; he had never rebelled against her. The Goth, cleaving to the teaching of his first apostle, strong in that national creed which he looked on as the Catholic faith, had in truth rebelled just as little. But the orthodox Roman was not likely to make such a distinction; to him the Arian Goth would seem one who had willfully gone astray from the true fold; the heathen Frank was simply one who, more perhaps through his misfortune than his fault, had never entered it. The Catholics throughout Gaul looked on the still heathen Chlodowig as at least not their enemy, as, if not their friend, at least their impartial protector. He could not fail to become before long the enemy of the heretic, and in that character they were ready to welcome him.

We are distinctly told that the Roman subjects of the Goth sought for the Frank as their ruler, even while he still worshipped the gods of his fathers. But how much greater the gain if he who stood outside the fold could be prevailed on to come within it. The conversion of the outside stranger was far more hopeful than the conversion of the domestic rebel. And a Catholic sovereign somewhere was sorely

needed, when every Teutonic king was either heathen or heretic and when the Emperor himself was deemed to have strayed from the narrow path of orthodoxy. To win the Frankish king to Christianity, and that in its orthodox form, was the dearest wish of all Roman Gaul, and doubtless of every Catholic everywhere whose thoughts were ever drawn to the state of things in the Gaulish lands.

At no time do we more bitterly lament our lack of a contemporary historian than when we come to the memorable change by which the Frankish king, from an impartial protector from outside, became the eldest son of the Church, the one orthodox sovereign in Christendom, the armed missionary of the faith which he accepted against the heretical powers of Gaul. We have the narrative in Gregory of Tours, but it is not as yet Gregory telling of the deeds of his own day in which he himself took no small part, but Gregory putting together the songs and traditions in which events were preserved eighty years after they happened. As to the great historical event, the profession of Christianity by Chlodowig, there is no kind of doubt; if proof were needed beyond the universal consent of all later Frankish history, the letter in which Bishop Avitus of Vienne congratulates the new proselyte is of itself proof enough. Nor is there any reason to doubt the general outline of the common story in which the conversion of Chlodowig is connected with the influence of his Christian wife Chrotechild and with a victorious battle against the Alamans. It would be perfectly safe to say that Chlodowig, believing that he had found by experience that the God of his wife was stronger than the gods of his fathers and of his enemies, deemed it prudent to put himself on the side of the Power whom he deemed to have given him victory in the battle. So much as this mere verbal tradition alone might be trusted to hand down. All is natural; all is probable; there is nothing to contradict the main story; there is nothing to suggest doubt about it. Some details may be legendary; some are clearly mistakes; but when we put the story to the severest critical test, the result is not so much to shake our faith in the story itself, as to make us cast aside some of the less important inferences which have been made from it in modern times. How near Gregory's story comes to the truth we can best see when we compare it with the wild fictions of later writers. Still we could wish that we had the tale in full, told as Remigius could have told it; that is if Remigius had the same gift for telling the tale of Chlodowig which Gregory had for telling the tale of Chilperic and Guntchramn.

The marriage of Chlodowig to a Christian wife and his conversion to her faith are two chapters in a tale which has a distinct unity. It is the first of a series which stretches over nine hundred years, as long in short as any European nation remained heathen. The Christian and the heathen are unequally yoked together; but the unbelieving husband is won to the faith, and the believing wife is credited with a greater or less share in the good work. The part which Chrotechild plays in the conversion of the Frank is played again by her great-granddaughter in Kent and by the Kentish queen's daughter in Northumberland; long after comes Dombrowka in Poland, and the line is ended when the Lithuanian Jagello, in his new shape as Christian Wladislaf, wins alike the Polish queen and the Polish crown. That such a means of conversion could be brought to bear, in other words that the daughter of a Christian prince could, without any violent shock, without any marked feeling of utter incongruity, become the wife of a heathen prince, marks a state of things which has passed away. It passed away when the last European prince and people embraced Christendom; in other words, Jagello was not only the last of the line, but there could not be another.

The marriage of a heathen king with a Christian king's daughter could happen only when there was no very broad distinction between the manners, the culture, and the general position of Christian and heathen nations. In our age the idolater differs from the Christian, not only in religion and speech, but in every point of moral and physical difference which can keep men apart from each other. Black, red, or yellow, he is either a mere savage, or else, as in China, he is the representative of a culture which boasts itself to be older and deems itself to be higher than that of Europe, which at any rate keeps itself utterly distinct from that of Europe. The Mussulman, nearer in everything than the idolater, is parted at least as thoroughly by his very nearness. Christendom and Islam are more distinctly enemies, because more distinctly rivals, than has ever been the case between any other two religious systems. But in the ages of which we speak the Christian and the heathen were parted from one another by little besides their differences in religion and some immediate consequences of that difference. Christian and heathen

belonged to one great family of nations; they were often near akin in blood and speech; their feelings, habits, traditions, were in many things the same; the Christian Teuton, above all, had over the heathen Teuton no advantage save that of his Christianity itself and of that deeper picture of Roman culture which his Christianity implied.

There was nothing shocking, nothing repulsive, about the heathen beyond the fact of his heathendom; he was not an utter stranger, but an erring brother, a brother too whose error was the pardonable one of cleaving to those once common traditions which the Christian had cast aside. The same causes which, a few centuries later, made the missionary work of Christian Teutons among their heathen kinsfolk so immeasurably easier than the work of modern European missionaries has ever been among nations wholly strangers to Europe, made this particular form of conversion specially easy. When Chlodowig, already lord of a Roman land, sought for a bride in a Christian and princely house, there could have been nothing about him except his heathendom that could shock either her or her kinsfolk. The mere thought of such an alliance on his part showed, if not that he was inclined to accept the faith of his bride, at any rate that he had no hostile feelings towards it. As long therefore as any part of Europe clave to heathendom, this kind of marriage, with the religious and political consequences which were apt to follow from it, happened ever and anon.

The process impressed men's minds; a Christian wife must convert her heathen husband. Where history failed legend could supply its place; Sira must have converted Chosroes, and a tale of the conversion of Chosroes grew up. And we see a kind of shadow of the type of conversion which began with Chrotechild in the cases where the husband has to be won over, not from the worship of false gods, but from some form of Christianity which is deemed imperfect. Thus among the Lombards the Catholic Theodelind is held to have won over the Arian Agilulf; thus English Margaret—so at least the English chronicler thought—was needed to bring the household and kingdom of Scottish Malcolm to a fuller understanding of the right way. But among all such tales, the tale with which we are now concerned, the tale of the wooing and wedding of Frankish Chlodowig and Burgundian Chrotechild, stands out as the first and the most famous.

It is perhaps dull work, after tracing out the effect of the marriage, the victory, and the conversion of Chlodowig on the general history of Gaul and the world, to turn to examine the exact geographical and political relations between the Franks and their Alamannian neighbors. They have been the subject of a good deal of research and discussion at the hands of modern scholars. That so it should be is not wonderful when we have the whole story in a fragmentary, and partly a legendary form. The great tale which became the national epic of the Christian Franks looks at the war with the Alamans simply as the occasion of the conversion of the Frankish king. Its causes and details, the exact date and the exact place of the struggle, were matters of no importance. They might have formed the subject of a poem of their own; as it was, they were lost in the greater tale of the conversion. In attempting to put together a narrative of the Alamannian war we must take the story as handed down to us, a story trustworthy in the main, and enlarge and illustrate it from our other sources. The main point in which the story as usually told might lead us astray would be if we were led to think that the victory of Chlodowig which led to his conversion was at once followed by the complete submission of the whole nation of the Alamans to the Frankish power. On the other hand there can be little doubt that there were several wars between Franks and Alamans on the part both of Chlodowig and of other Frankish princes, and that two distinct campaigns and victories of Chlodowig have been rolled together in one. The battle in which Chlodowig first called on the God of his wife was formerly placed at Zulpich on the Lower Rhine, on the strength of a notice by which it appears that the Ripuarian King Sigebert received a wound in a battle with the Alamans at that place. But it is now generally allowed that these two battles are quite distinct.

We can only guess whether they were parts of a joint campaign on the part of the two Frankish kings, for the warfare of Sigebert is recorded incidentally, without date or circumstance. But the place of battle, so far to the north, certainly looks like an invasion of the Ripuarian territory on the part of the Alamans. The site of Chlodowig's battle, on the other hand, without being exactly fixed, can be placed

with reasonable confidence in a land far to the south. From another legend, which brings in Saint Vedast, afterwards Bishop of Arras, as an agent in the conversion of the Frank, it appears that the battle was fought near the Rhine at some point from which the Frankish army could be said to go back to Toul on their way to Rheims. This is wholly impossible for Zulpich, and points to Chlodowig's battle as fought at some point between Toul and the Rhine, that is pretty certainly, in the Alamannian land of Elsass. The march of Chlodowig was made to the Rhine with the purpose of crossing it into the main Alamannian land beyond; but he was met by the Alamannian army. The victory is won for the Frank by his prayer to the God of Chrotechild; the Alamannian king and his people submit—the death of the king, usually placed at this stage, comes later—he marches back to Toul, and thence to Rheims, accompanied, according to this account, by Vedast, who confirms his faith on the road, at Vouziers on the Aisne, by the miracle of restoring a blind man to sight. The miraculous story must share the fate, whatever that fate is ruled to be, of other miraculous stories; but the geography of the story is probable and uncontradicted. The Alamannian territory stretched on both sides of the Rhine; Chlodowig designed to carry the war into the lands beyond the river, but was met by the enemy on the western side. That this first war did not lead to a complete conquest is paralleled by both the Roman and the Burgundian campaigns of Chlodowig. Submission, with some cession of territory, was the natural result of a first success. The northern Alamannian land on the Main and Neckar seems now to have passed under Frankish rule, while the whole Alamannian nation accepted Frankish supremacy.

The second Alamannian war of Chlodowig (501 or 502) is nowhere recorded; but its historical character is abundantly proved by several passages in the dispatches of Cassiodorus which refer to a war between Franks and Alamans, and to a settlement of Alamans under East-Gothic protection which chronology forbids us to refer to the war which led to Chlodowig's conversion. A letter addressed to the Frankish king in the name of his friend and kinsman Theodoric the East-Goth. The language of the letter, if it is not to be taken as mere words of courtesy from one prince to another, would most naturally imply that the war had been provoked by a breach of faith on the part of the Alamans, which is most easily understood of a breach of the treaty by which the former war was ended. Theodoric congratulates his brother-in-law on his victory, a victory which had carried with it the death of the Alamannian king and the slaughter and bondage of a large part of his people. For the rest he prays for mercy; he pleads the example of his own victories, and specially calls on Chlodowig to abstain from any hostile act to those of the vanquished who have sought shelter in his own dominions. Other documents show that these were not a mere handful of fugitives, but a considerable part of the Alamannian nation which was now admitted to new settlements within the former Roman territory under the protection of the East-Gothic king, on whom the rights and duties of Roman sovereignty had fallen. In that character the Danube was his northern frontier, the frontier of Italy in its widest sense as a *prefecture*.

In the lands, it would seem, between the Alps and the Danube, in parts of Rhaetia, Noricum, and the eastern lands of Helvetia, the Alamans found new seats as subjects and soldiers of the Gothic king . So matters seem to have rested during the remainder of the days of the two great conquerors. In this, as in all other cases, it was the policy of Theodoric, at once first of Teutonic kings and representative of Roman power in the West, to hinder either the excessive aggrandizement or the utter destruction of any one of the kingdoms and nations among which he bore himself as chief. It was his first call to interfere or to mediate among the powers of Gaul. The overthrow of Syagrius had happened before the march of Theodoric into Italy. Had it been otherwise, we might possibly have some clue that we have not now to the positions of both Frank and Roman in the warfare which wiped out the last traces of Roman power in northern Gaul. The first Alamannian war was fought in lands which had long passed away from the Empire which he claimed to represent, and it did not carry with it the destruction of the weaker side. There was therefore no obvious claim for the interference of the master of Italy. It was otherwise with the second war.

The Frank was now clearly seeking the destruction or utter subjugation of the Alamannian people. That in no way fell in with Theodoric's policy, even if the defeated people had not sought shelter within Theodoric's dominions. When they did so, honor and interest alike bade him to defend them against their enemy, and to secure his northern frontier by a garrison of willing defenders who would be bound to him

by every tie of gratitude. He says in short to Chlodowig, as he did afterwards more emphatically in the case of the West-Goths; “Thus far shalt thou come and no further”. No prince in history ever held a position of greater dignity, or used it with greater moderation, than Theodoric held his unique place as the common head and protector of Romans and Teutons alike through all the lands of the West. The modern phrase of “balance of power” is hardly worthy of the calm loftiness with which he watched over the interests, not only of his own immediate subjects, but of all the nations which looked up to him as the first among them. This lofty supremacy of influence Theodoric could exercise as none could before or after him. The Roman Augustus stood apart from the barbarians, almost like a being of another nature; he might be sometimes above them, sometimes below; he might seem, in the words of Athanaric, like a god upon earth, or he might be, like Attalus, a mere puppet in their hands, to be set up and put down at pleasure. But Theodoric was one of themselves, the worthiest of their own stock, the elder brother of the great family, while at the same time, Emperor in all but name, he joined to his Gothic kingship, his Teutonic princedom, the whole power and influence and lofty traditions of Rome.

The position of Theodoric is nowhere better shown than in his dealings with Chlodowig; when he speaks and acts, even the mighty Frank has at least to pause. The mere warrior and conqueror halts at the bidding of one who, warrior and conqueror no less than himself, is also the ruler, the lawgiver, the judge between contending men and nations. The contrast between the two men is wonderful; the contrast between their works is yet more so. Some instruments seem too noble for the work of this world. The position, the work, of Theodoric was personal; it died with him. Because he had done for a generation what no other man could do, his work was to pass away with his generation, Chlodowig, a conqueror of a meaner type, was to affect all later generations, to do a work which still abides and which shows no sign of perishing. If his creation has been split asunder, it lives none the less in each of two foreign and often hostile halves. Theodoric lives in the books of Cassiodorus, in the memory of the happy breathing-space that he gave to his Italian realms. Chlodowig lives in all that has come after him, for good and for evil, in the long histories of Germany and France.