NOTES AND QUERIES.

6. Yves (or Ivo), of whom apparently nothing is known.
7. Renaud (or Renard), of whom the same is true.

Now which of the above was the father of Anchetil of Bosworth? It could not have been either Enguerrand or Robert (according to the pedigrees), and is unlikely to have been Arnaud either. It was most probably either Jean or Gervais. However, there are no known data whatever in existence recording Anchetil's parentage, so that unless some fresh document can be discovered, it may always remain an enigma.

Mr. W. J. Andrew, who was formerly an editor for the Pipe Roll Society and an authority on the history of the Anglo-Norman period, and with whom I have had a considerable correspondence on the subject, concurs with me in this opinion.

William Harcourt-Bath.

LEGENDS OF THE ELECTION OF THE POPE.—E. Sidney Hartland quotes in his article "The Voice of the Stone of Destiny" (Folk-Lore, vol. xiv., London, 1908, p. 62) from F. M. Luzel's "Légendes Chrétiennes de la Basse Bretagne," the way in which the choice of a Pope proceeds. There are to be three days' processions. Every pilgrim has to carry a candle, not lighted, in his hand; and he whose candle lights of itself is the person designated by God to the office of Pope.

A similar belief is to be met with also among Polish peasants. Wawrzyniec Kosiba tells in the Polish Folk-lore Review, Lad, vol. x., Cracow, 1904, p. 219, how, in the people's belief, the election of the Pontiff proceeds:

When the Holy Father dies, all the Cardinals from the whole world come to Rome. They all go to the largest church, take candles, not lighted, kneel down before the chief altar, and say their prayers. The Cardinal whose candle, during the prayer, lights of itself, becomes the Holy Father. Another way to proceed at the election is to give to the Cardinals, instead of candles, dry olive boughs. He whose bough, during the prayer, gets living and becomes green, is to be Pope. If these two ways of proceeding remain without result, the Cardinals, after common prayers, lie down to sleep. He who is to become Pope finds, at morning, a letter of God under his counterpane.

Otto F. Basler.

Olomouc, Czechoslovakia.

OMAR KHAYYAM AND MADAME DE SEVIGNE.—It may be said to be a certainty that Madame de Sévigné never heard of the Astronomer Poet of Persia, but the following extract provides a very striking parallel between their reactions to the problems of life. It is not necessary to cite the Ruba'iyat in point. This will occur to the minds of all to whom the quatrains are familiar.

Extract from "Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, M. Monmerque (Paris: 1862), vol. ii., p. 534.

Lettre 257 : De Madame de Sévigné à Madame de Grignan (1672).

Vous me demandez, ma chère enfant, si j'aime toujours bien la vie. Je vous avoue que j'y trouve des chagrins cuisants; mais je suis encore plus dégoûtée de la mort: je me trouve si mille d'avoir à finir tout recit par elle, que je n'ose retourner en arrière, je ne demanderais pas mieux. Je me trouve dans un engagement qui m'embarque: je suis embarrassée dans la vie sans mon consentement; il faut que j'en sorte, cela m'assomme; et comment en sortirai-je? Par où? par quelle porte? quand sera-t-il? en quelle disposition? Souffrirai-je mille douleurs, qui me feront mourir désespérée? aurai-je un transport au cerveau? mourrai-je d'un accident? Comment serai-je avec Dieu? qu'aurai-je à lui présenter? la crainte, la nécessité, feront-elles mon retour vers lui? N'aurois-je aucun autre sentiment que celui de la peur? Que puis-je espérer? puis-je digne du paradis? suis-je digne de l'enfer? Quelle alternative! Quel embarras! Bien n'est si fou que de mettre son salut dans l'incertitude; mais rien n'est si naturel, et la sotte vie que je hais plus la vie parce qu'elle m'y mène, que par les épines qui s'y rencontrent. Vous me direz que je veux vivre dorénavant. Point du tout; mais si on m'avait demandé mon avis, j'aurais bien aimé à mourir entre les bras de ma nourrice: cela m'aurait ôté bien des ennuis, et m'aurait donné le ciel bien sûrement et bien aisément, mais pas d'autre chose.

Edward Heron Allen.

AN UNCOLLECTED LETTER OF LAMB.

—The text of the following letter from Charles Lamb to H. C. Robinson, of about March, 1832, seems not to be collected even in the recent edition of Lamb's Letters of E. V. Lucas. It is inserted in a set of first editions of Elia, No. 126 in the 247th Catalogue of James F. Drake, Inc., New York, November, 1938, and the text seems worth reprinting from that catalogue, where it is quoted in full.

Dear Robinson, I very much should like to see the "Second Series," either or both copies; pray apprise Moxon of the circum-