

that of Sir John Mandeville is practically forgotten. Yet for many centuries the situation was reversed. Mandeville was called "the Father of English Prose." The account of his travels, supposed to have occurred a short time after those of Marco Polo, was translated into half a dozen languages and published in numerous editions. Then the Higher Criticism proved that the greater part of it was a compilation from the accounts of three other travelers, with few touches added, and these sometimes quite incorrect. Even the statement that it was written by an Englishman is probably wrong. The evidence points to its having been written in French and rendered into Latin before it attracted the notice of a series of English translators whose own accounts of the work they were translating are not dependable. The only thing English about it is the fact that the supposed name of the author was borrowed from a real knight who had lived in the reign of Edward II. In 1900 A. W. Pollard wrote: "The simple faith of our childhood in a Sir John Mandeville, born at St. Albans, who traveled and told in an English book what he saw and heard, is shattered to pieces." Higher Criticism has proved Mandeville's travels to be a fraud, and his name, so well known for several centuries, has been almost forgotten, while Marco Polo's book has been shown to be correct.

About 200 years ago James MacPherson translated a few fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry into English. With these as a start he composed some long poems that he claimed were translations from the work of a third century Scottish bard. Although Samuel Johnson questioned their authenticity, the poems were so excellent that they