

gestions, blows and bruises, imprisonments and starvation; besides that, they can only end in the murder of some thousands of quiet folk. I tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the abbot."

"And my ward, Rowena," said Cedric. "I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me. She loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person. There she stands to avouch it.—Nay, blush not, kinswoman, there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country franklin. And do not laugh, neither, Rowena, for grave-clothes and a thin visage are, God knows, no matter of merriment. Nay, an thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better jest. Give me thy hand, or rather lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship.—Here, cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favor I renounce and abjure—Hey! by St. Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished! Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the fasting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked round and inquired for Ivanhoe, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him, and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armor, and had left the castle.

"Fair cousin," said Athelstane to Rowena, "could I think that this sudden disappearance of Ivanhoe was occasioned by other than the weightiest reason, I would myself resume"—

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Ivanhoe had disappeared, than Rowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Athelstane, "women are the least to be trusted of all animals, monks and abbots excepted. I am an infidel, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss to boot. These cursed grave-clothes have surely a spell on them: every

one flies from me. To you I turn, noble King Richard, with the vows of allegiance, which, as a liege subject"—

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the courtyard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and, after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

"By my halidom!" said Athelstane, "it is certain that Zernebock hath possessed himself of my castle in my absence. I return in my grave-clothes, a pledge restored from the very sepulcher, and every one I speak to vanishes as soon as they hear my voice! But it skills not talking of it. Come, my friends, such of you as are left, follow me to the banquet-hall, lest any more of us disappear. It is, I trust, as yet tolerably furnished, as becomes the obsequies of an ancient Saxon noble; and, should we tarry any longer, who knows but the Devil may fly off with the supper."¹

CHAPTER XLIII.

OUR scene now returns to the exterior of the castle, or preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast.

The eyes of a very considerable multitude were bent on the

¹ The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised as too violent a breach of probability even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour-de-force*, to which the author was compelled to have recourse by the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer, who was inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb.

gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe with the purpose of witnessing the procession, while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tilt-yard belonging to that establishment. This inclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the preceptory, which had been leveled with care for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the preceptors, and knights of the order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-seant*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of fagots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for the purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose color and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude: in fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty; and when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during

that busy and unhappy period; not failing, of course, to give the Devil rather more than his due.

"Have you not heard, Father Dennet," quoth one boor to another advanced in years, "that the Devil has carried away bodily the great Saxon thane, Athelstane of Coningsburgh?"

"Ay, but he brought him back, though, by the blessing of God and St. Dunstan."

"How's that?" said a brisk young fellow, dressed in a green cassock embroidered with gold, and having at his heels a stout lad bearing a harp upon his back, which betrayed his vocation. The minstrel seemed of no vulgar rank; for, besides the splendor of his gayly brodered doublet, he wore around his neck a silver chain, by which hung the *wrest*, or key, with which he tuned his harp. On his right arm was a silver plate, which, instead of bearing, as usual, the cognizance or badge of the baron to whose family he belonged, had barely the word "Sherwood" engraved upon it. "How mean you by that?" said the gay minstrel, mingling in the conversation of the peasants. "I came to seek one subject for my rhyme, and, by'r Lady, I were glad to find two."

"It is well avouched," said the elder peasant, "that after Athelstane of Coningsburgh had been dead four weeks"—

"That is impossible," said the minstrel. "I saw him in life at the passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Dead, however, he was, or else translated," said the younger peasant; "for I heard the monks of St. Edmund's singing the death's hymn for him; and, moreover, there was a rich death-meal and dole¹ at the castle of Coningsburgh, as right was; and thither had I gone but for Mabel Parkins, who"—

"Ay, dead was Athelstane," said the old man, shaking his head; "and the more pity it was for the old Saxon blood"—

"But your story, my masters—your story," said the minstrel somewhat impatiently.

"Ay, ay! construe us the story," said a burly friar who stood

¹ Gifts.

beside them, leaning on a pole that exhibited an appearance between a pilgrim's staff and a quarter-staff, and probably acted as either when occasion served. "Your story," said the stalwart churchman. "Burn not daylight about it: we have short time to spare."

"An please your Reverence," said Dennet, "a drunken priest came to visit the sacristan at St. Edmund's" —

"It does not please my reverence," answered the churchman, "that a layman should so speak him. Be mannerly, my friend, and conclude the holy man only rapt in meditation."

"Well, then," answered Father Dennet, "a holy brother came to visit the sacristan at St. Edmund's. A sort of hedge-priest is the visitor, and kills half the deer that are stolen in the forest, who loves the tinkling of a pint-pot better than the sacring-bell,¹ and deems a flitch of bacon worth ten of his breviary; for the rest, a good fellow and a merry, who will flourish a quarter-staff, draw a bow, and dance a Cheshire round with e'er a man in Yorkshire."

"That last part of thy speech, Dennet," said the minstrel, "has saved thee a rib or twain."

"Tush, man, I fear him not," said Dennet. "I am somewhat old and stiff, but when I fought for the bell and ram at Doncaster" —

"But the story — the story, my friend," again said the minstrel.

"Why, the tale is but this: Athelstane of Coningsburgh was buried at St. Edmund's."

"That's a lie, and a loud one," said the friar, "for I saw him borne to his own castle of Coningsburgh."

"Nay, then, e'en tell the story yourself, my masters," said Dennet, turning sulky at these repeated contradictions; and it was with some difficulty that the boor could be prevailed on, by the request of his comrade and the minstrel, to renew his tale. "These two *sober* friars," said he at length, "since this reverend man will needs have them such, had continued drinking good ale

¹ Sanctus bell, used in the service of mass or communion.

and wine, and what not, for the best part of a summer's day, when they were aroused by a deep groan and a clanking of chains; and the figure of the deceased Athelstane entered the apartment, saying, 'Ye evil shepherds!'" —

"It is false," said the friar hastily: "he never spoke a word."

"So ho! Friar Tuck," said the minstrel, drawing him apart from the rustics. "We have started a new hare, I find."

"I tell thee, Allan-a-Dale," said the hermit, "I saw Athelstane of Coningsburgh as much as bodily eyes ever saw a living man. He had his shroud on, and all about him smelt of the sepulcher. A butt of sack will not wash it out of my memory."

"Pshaw!" answered the minstrel, "thou dost but jest with me!"

"Never believe me," said the friar, "an I fetched not a knock at him with my quarter-staff that would have felled an ox, and it glided through his body as it might through a pillar of smoke!"

"By St. Hubert," said the minstrel, "but it is a wondrous tale, and fit to be put in meter to the ancient tune, 'Sorrow came to the Old Friar.'" —

"Laugh, if ye list," said Friar Tuck; "but an ye catch me singing on such a theme, may the next ghost or devil carry me off with him headlong! No, no! I instantly formed the purpose of assisting at some good work, such as the burning of a witch, a judicial combat, or the like matter of godly service, and therefore am I here."

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the Church of St. Michael of Templestowe, a venerable building situated in a hamlet at some distance from the preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the ear was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the knights preceptors, two and two; the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-a-pie* in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap,¹ bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day knights of the order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses,

¹ A flat cap worn by dignitaries of the church.

each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and, when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle; while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous lord and reverend father," said he, "here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, knight preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your Reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish

maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress,—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“Hath he made oath,” said the Grand Master, “that his quarrel is just and honorable? Bring forward the crucifix and the *Te igitur*.”¹

“Sir, and most reverend father,” answered Malvoisin readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath.”

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert’s great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, “Oyez,² oyez, oyez. Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat.” The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

“No champion appears for the appellant,” said the Grand Master. “Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause.” The herald went to

¹ “Thou therefore,”—a religious service book upon which solemn oaths were taken.

² “Hear ye.”

the chair in which Rebecca was seated; and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse’s head towards that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca’s chair as soon as the herald.

“Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?” said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

“Albert de Malvoisin, it is,” answered Beaumanoir; “for, in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel.”

In the mean time the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: “Damsel, the honorable and reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom.”

“Say to the Grand Master,” replied Rebecca, “that I do not yield me as justly condemned. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man’s extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!” The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

“God forbid,” said Lucas Beaumanoir, “that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death.”

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear. It was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

“Rebecca,” said the Templar, “dost thou hear me?”

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar, "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. This listed space, that chair, these fagots—I know their purpose; and yet it appears to me like something unreal,—the fearful picture of a vision, which appalls my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca—dreams," answered the Templar. "Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation. "A better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed,—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond. Mount, I say, behind me. In one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy. Avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert, "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the

circle of the dial.¹ Come, brave Bois-Guilbert—come, thou hope of our holy order, and soon to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian angrily; and, shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed; but, like the Greek fire,² it burns whatever approaches it."

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess; and yet, by mine order, it is hard that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring noon on the steel cap of yonder fierce Templar ere he carried the matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess accused of sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain, advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion, a champion!" And, despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from

¹ "The shades," etc., i.e., the day is wearing on. The circle of the dial refers to the sun-dial.

² A substance thought to be made up of asphalt with niter and sulphur. It is combustible, and burns under water. It was used in warfare with considerable effect by the Greeks of the Eastern Empire.

fatigue; and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight, and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless; and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert as a traitor, murderer, and liar, as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur St. George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre; remember the passage of arms at Ashby; remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every preceptory of thine order, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog

of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus—thus I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe. "It is the judgment of God. To his keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce—"I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no, no! Thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man. Why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice, "*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!*"¹ After the third cry he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, "*Laissez aller.*"

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less ex-

¹ "Perform your duties, brave knights."

hausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but, although the spear of Ivanhoe did but in comparison touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved: kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed. The dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened, but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards: "*Fiat voluntas tua!*"¹

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat.

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master. "I pronounce the maiden free. The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

¹ "Thy will be done."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame. He hath fought for Christendom. God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel. And for the maiden"—

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers and so rapidly as to shake the ground before them, and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms and several knights in complete armor.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for mine own property.—Ivanhoe, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my liege," answered Ivanhoe, "hath taken this proud man for its victim. He was not to be honored in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him!" said Richard, looking steadfastly on the corpse, "if it may be so. He was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time.—Bohun, do thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the King's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason."

The Grand Master had hitherto stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors. He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion within the girth of his own preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? and by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the knight—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his visor, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present.—Conrade

Mont-Fitchet, it is well for thee thou art born no subject of mine. — But for thee, Malvoisin, thou diest with thy brother Philip, ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not. Look up, and behold the Royal Standard of England floats over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner! Be wise, Beaumanoir, and make no bootless opposition. Thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our order."

"Be it so," said the King; "but for thine own sake, tax me not with usurpation now. Dissolve thy chapter, and depart with thy followers to the next preceptory (if thou canst find one) which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England; or, if thou wilt, remain to share our hospitality and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command?" said the Templar. "Never! — Chaplains, raise the psalm '*Quare fremuerunt Gentes?*'"¹ — Knights, squires, and followers of the holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beau-seant!*"

The Grand Master spoke with a dignity which confronted even that of England's King himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep around the watch-dog when they hear the baying of the wolf; but they evinced not the timidity of the scared flock. There were dark brows of defiance, and looks which menaced the hostility they dared not to proffer in words. They drew together in a dark line of spears, from which the white cloaks of the knights were visible among the dusky garments of their retainers, like the lighter-colored edges of a sable cloud. The multitude, who had raised a clamorous shout of reprobation, paused, and gazed in silence on the formidable and experienced body to which they had unwarily bade defiance, and shrunk back from their front.

¹ "Wherefore do the heathen rage?"

The Earl of Essex, when he beheld them pause in their assembled force, dashed the rowels into his charger's sides, and galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers in opposition to a band so formidable. Richard alone, as if he loved the danger his presence had provoked, rode slowly along the front of the Templars, calling aloud, "What, sirs! Among so many gallant knights, will none dare splinter a spear with Richard? Sirs of the Temple, your ladies are but sunburned¹ if they are not worth the shiver of a broken lance!"

"The brethren of the Temple," said the Grand Master, riding forward in advance of their body, "fight not on such idle and profane quarrel. And not with thee, Richard of England, shall a Templar cross lance in my presence. The Pope and princes of Europe shall judge our quarrel, and whether a Christian prince has done well in bucklering the cause which thou hast to-day adopted. If unassailed, we depart, assailing no one. To thine honor we refer the armor and household goods of the order which we leave behind us, and on thy conscience we lay the scandal and offense thou hast this day given to Christendom."

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march of an Oriental character, which formed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, and moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force which compelled them to withdraw.

"By the splendor of Our Lady's brow!" said King Richard, "it is pity of their lives that these Templars are not so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant."

The multitude, like a timid cur which waits to bark till the object of its challenge has turned his back, raised a feeble shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars,

¹ That is, have endured the sun to no purpose.

Rebecca saw and heard nothing. She was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. But one word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered feelings.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered treasure—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the good youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca. "Oh, no, no, no! I must not at this moment dare to speak to him. Alas! I should say more than—No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath come forth like a strong man with his spear and shield, holding his life as nothing, so he might redeem thy captivity; and thou, too, the daughter of a people strange unto him and his,—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca. "It shall be still more so, but not now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachel, father, grant my request—not now."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, insisting, "they will deem us more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But thou seest, my dear father, that King Richard is in presence, and that"—

"True, my best, my wisest Rebecca! Let us hence, let us hence! Money he will lack, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison; and pretext for exacting it, should he need any, may arise out of my simple traffic with his brother John. Away, away! Let us hence!"

And hurrying his daughter in his turn, he conducted her from the lists, and, by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of the rabbi Nathan.

The Jewess, whose fortunes had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Black Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to Richard with the lion's heart, and down with the usurping Templars!"

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said Ivanhoe to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King took the precaution to bring thee with him, noble earl, and so many of thy trusty followers."

The earl smiled, and shook his head.

"Gallant Ivanhoe," said Essex, "dost thou know our master so well, and yet suspect him of taking so wise a precaution? I was drawing towards York, having heard that Prince John was making head there, when I met King Richard, like a true knight-errant, galloping hither to achieve in his own person this adventure of the Templar and the Jewess with his own single arm. I accompanied him with my band, almost *mauger*¹ his consent."

"And what news from York, brave earl?" said Ivanhoe. "Will the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bide July's sun," said the earl. "They are dispersing; and who should come posting to bring us the news but John himself!"

"The traitor! the ungrateful, insolent traitor!" said Ivanhoe. "Did not Richard order him into confinement?"

"Oh! he received him," answered the earl, "as if they had met after a hunting party, and, pointing to me and our men-at-arms, said, 'Thou seest, brother, I have some angry men with me: thou wert best go to our mother, carry her my duteous affection, and abide with her until men's minds are pacified.'"

"And this was all he said?" inquired Ivanhoe. "Would not any one say that this prince invites men to treason by his clemency?"

"Just," replied the earl, "as the man may be said to invite death who undertakes to fight a combat, having a dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said Ivanhoe: "but, remember, I hazarded but my own life; Richard, the welfare of his kingdom."

"Those," replied Essex, "who are specially careless of their

¹ In spite of.

own welfare, are seldom remarkably attentive to that of others. But let us haste to the castle, for Richard meditates punishing some of the subordinate members of the conspiracy, though he has pardoned their principal."

From the judicial investigations which followed on this occasion, it appears that Maurice de Bracy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France; while Philip de Malvoisin and his brother Albert, the preceptor of Templestowe, were executed, although Waldemar Fitzurse, the soul of the conspiracy, escaped with banishment; and Prince John, for whose behoof it was undertaken, was not even censured by his good-natured brother. No one, however, pitied the fate of the two Malvoisins, who only suffered the death which they had both well deserved by many acts of falsehood, cruelty, and oppression.

Briefly, after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quieting the counties that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric tushed and pshawed more than once at the message, but he refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England; for whatever head the Saxons might have made in the event of a civil war, it was plain that nothing could be done under the undisputed dominion of Richard, popular as he was by his personal good qualities and military fame, although his administration was willfully careless, now too indulgent, and now allied to despotism.

But, moreover, it could not escape even Cedric's reluctant observation, that his project for an absolute union among the Saxons by the marriage of Rowena and Athelstane was now completely at an end by the mutual dissent of both parties concerned. This was indeed an event which, in his ardor for the Saxon cause, he could not have anticipated; and even when the disinclination of both was broadly and plainly manifested, he

could scarce bring himself to believe that two Saxons of royal descent should scruple, on personal grounds, at an alliance so necessary for the public weal of the nation. But it was not the less certain. Rowena had always expressed her repugnance to Athelstane, and now Athelstane was no less plain and positive in proclaiming his resolution never to pursue his addresses to the Lady Rowena. Even the natural obstinacy of Cedric sunk beneath these obstacles, where he, remaining on the point of junction, had the task of dragging a reluctant pair up to it, one with each hand. He made, however, a last vigorous attack on Athelstane, and he found that resuscitated sprout of Saxon royalty engaged, like country squires of our own day, in a furious war with the clergy.

It seems, that, after all his deadly menaces against the abbot of St. Edmund's, Athelstane's spirit of revenge — what between the natural indolent kindness of his own disposition, what through the prayers of his mother Edith, attached, like most ladies (of the period), to the clerical order — had terminated in his keeping the abbot and his monks in the dungeons of Coningsburgh for three days on a meager diet. For this atrocity the abbot menaced him with excommunication, and made out a dreadful list of complaints in the bowels and stomach, suffered by himself and his monks, in consequence of the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment they had sustained. With this controversy, and with the means he had adopted to counteract this clerical persecution, Cedric found the mind of his friend Athelstane so fully occupied that it had no room for another idea; and, when Rowena's name was mentioned, the noble Athelstane prayed leave to quaff a full goblet to her health, and that she might soon be the bride of his kinsman Wilfred. It was a desperate case, therefore. There was obviously no more to be made of Athelstane; or, as Wamba expressed it, in a phrase which has descended from Saxon times to ours, he was a cock that would not fight.

There remained, betwixt Cedric and the determination which the lovers desired to come to, only two obstacles, — his own ob-

stinacy, and his dislike of the Norman dynasty. The former feeling gradually gave way before the endearments of his ward, and the pride which he could not help nourishing in the fame of his son. Besides, he was not insensible to the honor of allying his own line to that of Alfred, when the superior claims of the descendant of Edward the Confessor were abandoned forever. Cedric's aversion to the Norman race of kings was also much undermined, first, by consideration of the impossibility of ridding England of the new dynasty,—a feeling which goes far to create loyalty in the subject to the king *de facto*; and, secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the blunt humor of Cedric, and so dealt with the noble Saxon, that, ere he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble minster¹ of York. The King himself attended, and, from the countenance which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and hitherto degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights than they could reasonably hope from the precarious chance of a civil war. The Church gave her full solemnities, graced with all the splendor which she of Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Gurth, gallantly appareled, attended as esquire upon his young master whom he had served so faithfully, and the magnanimous Wamba, decorated with a new cap and a most gorgeous set of silver bells. Sharers of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partakers of his more prosperous career.

But besides this domestic retinue, these distinguished nuptials were celebrated by the attendance of the high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the universal jubilee of the lower orders, that marked the marriage of two individuals as a pledge

¹ The famous York Cathedral.

of the future peace and harmony betwixt two races, which, since that period, have been so completely mingled that the distinction has become wholly invisible. Cedric lived to see this union approximate towards its completion; for as the two nations mixed in society, and formed intermarriages with each other, the Normans abated their scorn, and the Saxons were refined from their rusticity. But it was not until the reign of Edward III. that the mixed language, now termed English, was spoken at the court of London, and that the hostile distinction of Norman and Saxon seems entirely to have disappeared.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid, Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered,—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanor was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear or of a wish to propitiate favor. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims and attend to the feelings of others. She arose, and would have conducted her lovely visitor to a seat; but the stranger looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has

offered to you the homage of my country — I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak! is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favor with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Granada. Thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exacts from our people."

"And are you not, then, as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favor with the King. The King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not; but the people of England are a fierce race, quarreling ever with their neighbors or among themselves. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is a heartless dove; Issachar, an over-labored drudge, which stoops between two burdens. Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbors, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena — "you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of Ivanhoe," she continued, rising with enthusiasm — "she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honor."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be — there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell!

yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face: deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil."

She took it off accordingly; and partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also, but it was a momentary feeling, and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes color when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how should we chide that which is of earth for bearing some color of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with" —

She stopped short. Her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena, "I am well, lady — well; but my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe. Farewell! One the most trifling part of my duty remains undischarged. Accept this casket. Startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear-jewels of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca. "You have power, rank, command, influence: we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness. The value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest

wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value; and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons¹ believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty, or that my father values them in comparison to the honor of his only child? Accept them, lady. To me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are, then, unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "Oh, remain with us! The counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features, "that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell; and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you, then, convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremor on Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell!" she said. "May He who made both Jew and Christian shower down on you His choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

¹ People.

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have approved.

Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with further marks of the royal favor. He might have risen still higher, but for the premature death¹ of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion before the Castle of Chaluz, near Limoges. With the life of a generous but rash and romantic monarch perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines composed by Johnson for Charles of Sweden:—

His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
A petty fortress and an "humble" hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a TALE.

¹ Richard perished in a petty disagreement with one of his foreign barons, the Viscount of Limoges, about some treasure that had been found on the latter's estate. Richard, while besieging the Viscount's Castle of Chaluz, was wounded by an arrow in his shoulder, from the effects of which he died, April 6, 1199.