

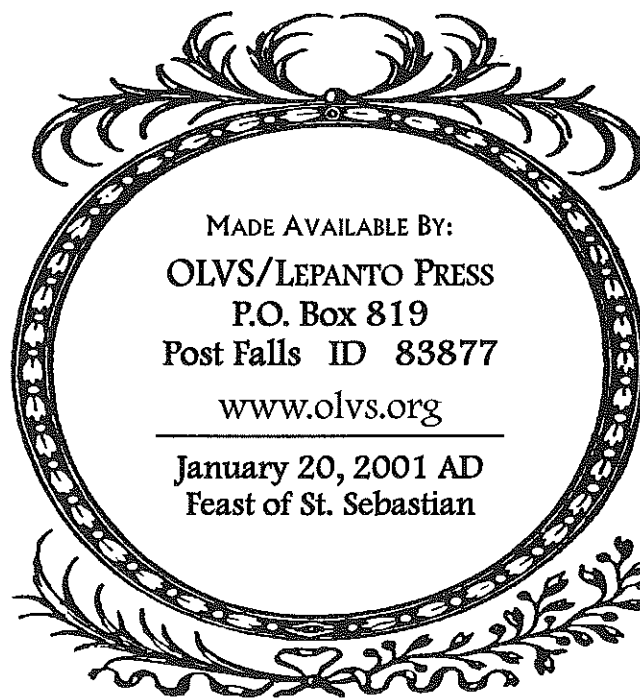
ROUND CHURCH OF THE TEMPLARS IN LONDON,

Showing the effigies of the Knights Templars.

IVANHOE

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT



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Feast of St. Sebastian

This edition is lovingly dedicated to four wonderful children: Charlotte, Sebastian, Adelaide and Elise; the best storybook companions for which anyone could ask . - S.A.J.

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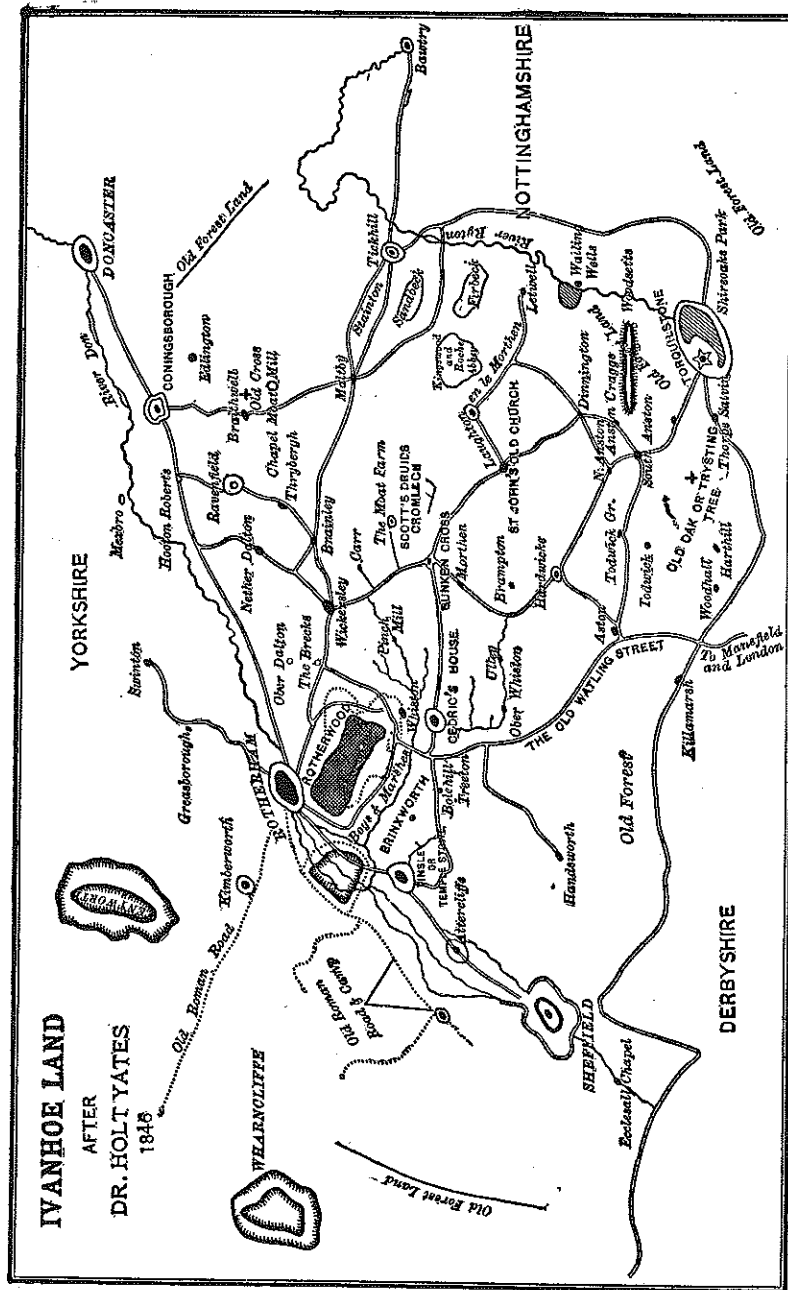
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INTRODUCTION

HISTORY AND IVANHOE

In connection with the map, the following by Dr. Holt Yates is of interest :

“ There is reason to believe from present appearances and from history, that there was once a strong tower at Kimberworth, even in the times of the Romans, who had an encampment between the River Don and the Rother. The high ground between Rotherham and Sheffield was a forest; a Roman road ran along the base of the hills, and where the hills divide, namely at Kimberworth, and opposite Tinsley and Attercliffe, there was a fort commanding each of these passes, the sites of which may still be seen, and Roman pottery and other objects of that period have from time to time been picked up. Kimberworth was probably the headquarters, and commanded by a superior officer, and Scott, I think, has evidently fixed on that place as the residence of Sir Philip Malvoisin, the head ranger of the royal forest.

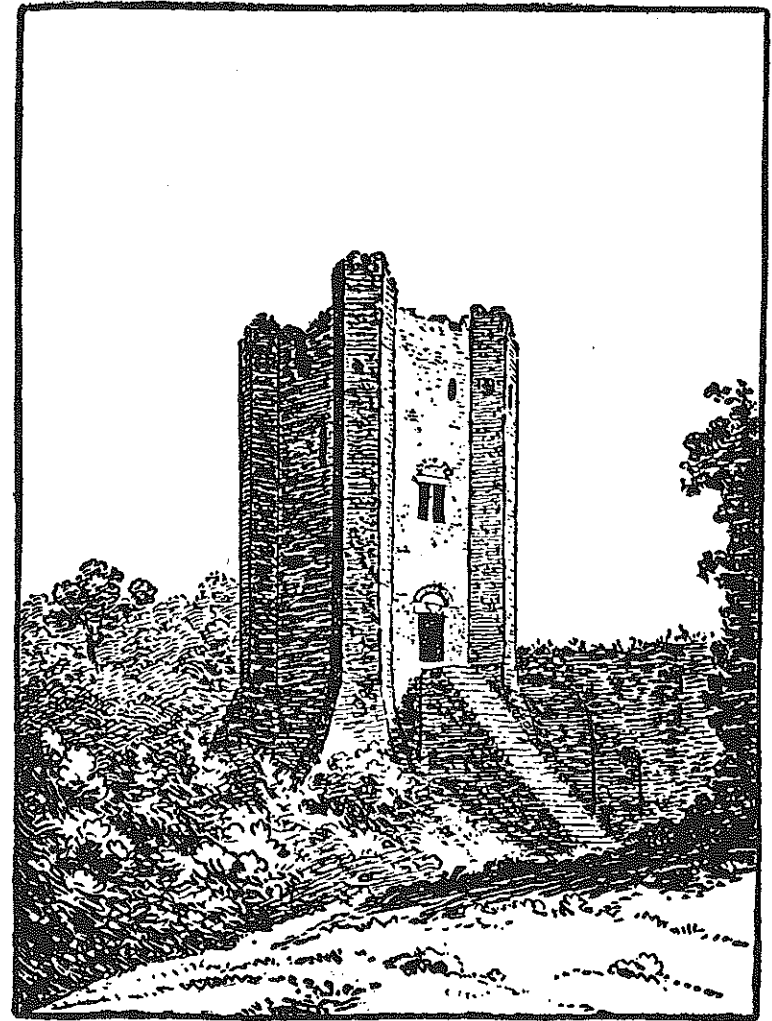
“ There was formerly a ferry at Tinsley, where the Order of Knights Templars had a preceptory, and near the present village is a field, still called ‘ Temple Field,’ and there is a spring called ‘ Temple Well.’

“ Cedric’s house, I believe to have stood where Whiston Church now is. Whiston has evidently been a

fortified place ; the moat may be clearly traced, making allowances for changes which cultivation has made, and many relics, as swords, pike-heads, and the like have been found there. It answers Scott's description completely ; and we must bear in mind that Canklow Wood, which was a part of Rotherwood, extended even in modern times to the brink of the flats or marshes almost overhanging Whiston ; so that formerly the chief resident of Whiston might reasonably have been styled Laird of Rotherwood. . . .

"Pinch Mill may have been described as the residence of the miller.

"Torquilstone, I feel assured, was close to Thorp-Slavin, and Scott probably gave the castle which formerly existed there, on the border of Nottinghamshire, this name, from the tortuous or serpentine-like form of the rocks and high ground in its neighborhood. The keep of the castle, or its site, may still be seen ; it is now a large mound covered with trees, growing amid heaps of large stones and grass ; the line of the outworks may also be still distinctly traced, and the river still surrounds it on three sides. It is a commanding position, and whatever it was in feudal times, it must have been a strong place, and its possessor, no doubt, struck terror into the whole of the surrounding population. The situation is similar to that of Coningsburgh. Moreover, Thorp-Slavin is about twelve miles from Sheffield and the same from Tinsley, which would be about 'a day's journey' in those early times through the woods. The 'Trysting Tree' near the Harthill Walk still remains ; it is situated just where Scott describes the meeting of Robin Hood and his men to have been held, and may be seen in the Stack-yard attached to Todwick Rectory.



THE KEEP OF CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.

Southwest view.

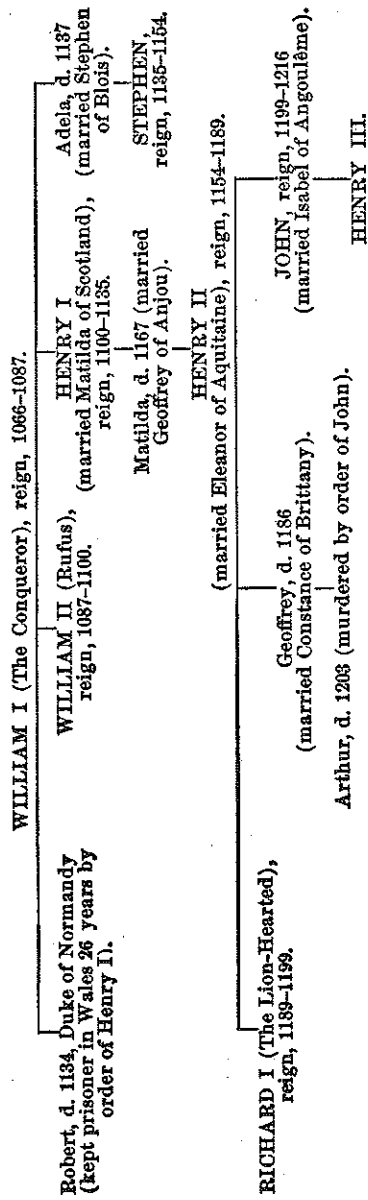
“The Romantic glen, Anston Craggs, is close to North Anston and it requires very little stretch of the imagination to suppose that it was here among the woods and hollows, that Scott supposes Friar Tuck to have entertained the Black Knight, and there to have placed Dunstan’s Well, and the Chapel of Copmanhurst.

“The ‘Four lane ends’ at Morthen and the spot now designated the ‘Moat Farm’ . . . seem to have supplied Scott with the idea of the situation of a Druidical Cromlech, and of a Sunken Cross. . . . Their situation as regards the Priory of Brinxworth and Cedric’s house confirm this, and also that of St. John’s Chapel, near Laughton-in-le-Morthen, to which Rowena has been. . . . Cedric describes St. John’s as a ‘distant church,’ which in those days it would be, and his ward would pass Sunken Cross, it being on the high road between Rotherwood of Whiston and St. John’s, clearly a church of antiquity.

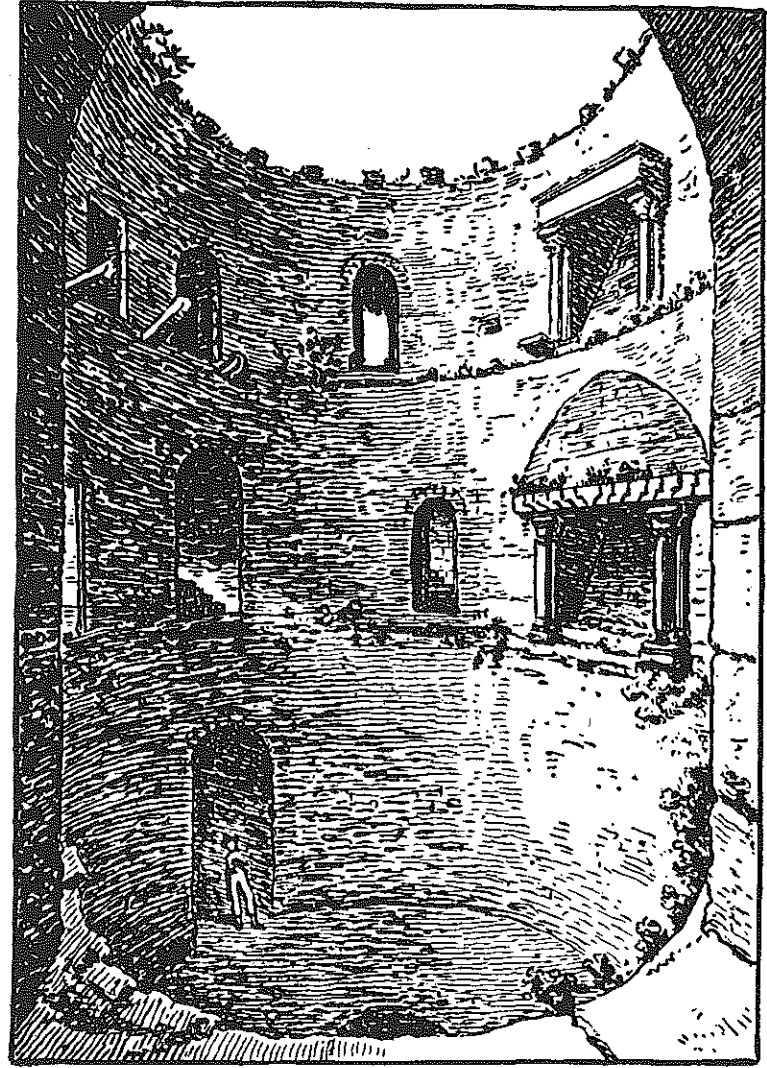
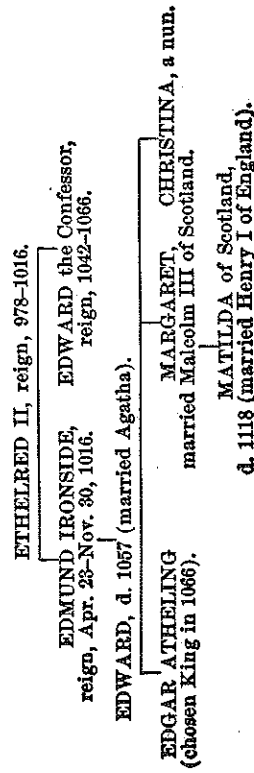
“Perhaps the old church or chapel at Braithwell was St. Edmond’s, where Athelstane was detained; . . . it has since been converted into a farm-house, . . . and the tenant still pays twenty-six shillings per annum to the family of the Duke of Leeds (the proprietor of Conisborough Castle, from which it is distant only one-quarter of a mile), as ‘Horn money.’ Formerly on payment of this sum, this chapel . . . had the privilege of blowing a horn at the castle-gates in time of war, and of claiming protection for their valuables. . . .

“The Priory of Brinsworth, or Brinxworth, Coningsburgh Castle, and St. John’s Church speak for themselves.”

TABLE OF THE ENGLISH KINGS AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST.



DESCENT OF MATILDA OF SCOTLAND.



THE KEEP OF CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.
Interior view.

CONINGSBURGH CASTLE, YORKSHIRE
FOUNDED 1066

“Southwest view of the keep ; the openings for light, except that over the entrance, are very small. In the buttress, on the right of the entrance, on the third story, is the oratory ; a four - semicircular - formed opening within a square admits the light on each side, and a narrow loophole admits it in front.

“View within the keep looking west from a doorway on the second story. The several upper floors being destroyed, a view is had of the uprights of each story. On the first story, rather to the left, is the entrance into the hall, or common-chamber. On the second floor, which gives the council chamber, there is at the left, a door leading into a small private room ; more to the right, is the opening to the window over the entrance, next the opening to the stairs ascending to the third story ; next a chimneypiece, composed of a cluster of three columns on each side, with enriched capitals supporting an entablature, twelve feet long, wherein the joints of the stones from their peculiar connection render it a pleasing object. It may be remarked that a complete chimneypiece of a period so remote, and of a design not unlike those of the present day, may be considered as a singular curiosity.

“On the third floor (which we can not appropriate to any particular purpose) is seen to the left the door entering the oratory ; next, to the right, is the opening from the stairs ascending from the second story ; next is the opening to a window ; next another chimney-

piece in design much like the one below. On the top of the walls of this story are the projecting stones, or corbels, which support the roof.

“View in the oratory, looking southeast. On the left, at the edge of the view, is seen part of a door to a small vestry; at the angles and on the sides of the oratory are columns supporting the groins; between the easternmost columns are the almeries, for keeping the utensils of the altar. The arch between the two groins has the diagonals.

“A. Plan of the first floor: The form is circular, with six splayed buttresses. *a.* Flight of steps. *b.* Entrance. *c.* Stairs ascending to the second story. *d.* Hall. *e.* Opening down to the dungeon.

“B. Plan of the second story. *f.* Stairs from the first story. *g.* Window above entrance. *h.* Chimney-piece. *i.* Small recess. *k.* Closet. *l.* Opening to the stairs ascending to the third story.

“C. Plan of the third story. *m.* Oratory. *n.* Small vestry. *o.* Stairs from the second story. *p.* Window. *s.* Small recess. *t.* Stairs ascending to the parapet. By consulting the situation of the stairs in each story, it will be discovered that when admittance was gained to one floor, it was to be crossed to the other side, to gain admittance to the next.

“D. One of the four-semicircular-formed openings.”
—From Carter’s *Ancient Architecture of Great Britain*.

“The principal remains of Coningsburgh Castle consists of nearly the whole circle of the outward wall. Eight rounders by which it was strengthened, and here and there the foundations of the inner walls, with the strong tower, or keep, almost entire, though more than



THE ORATORY OF CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.

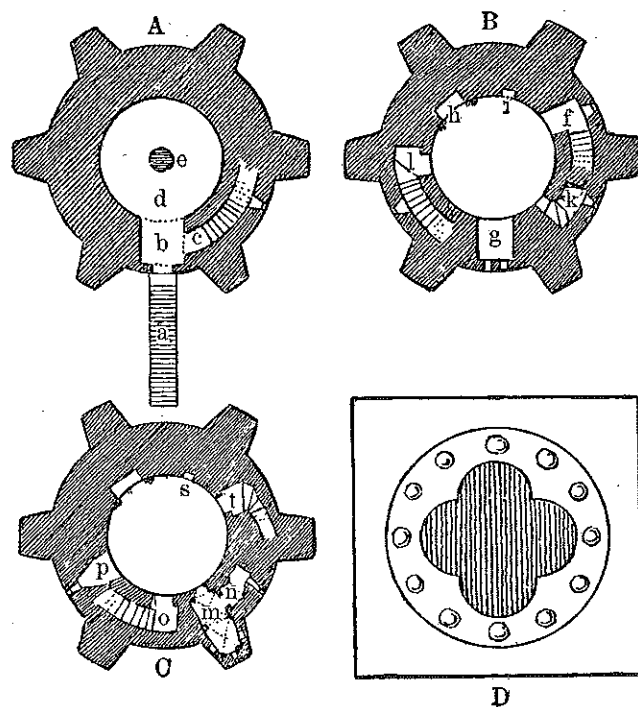
Interior view.

thirteen hundred years have elapsed since it was erected. The castle is of irregular but oval form, and measures at the foot on the outside seven hundred feet in circumference, surrounded by a fosse, still forty feet deep from the foot of the walls, full of ash and elm trees.

“The entrance was on the north side by a drawbridge, the masonry whereof still remains ; but now the fosse is here entirely filled with rubbish, forming a highway across. A covered way, ten feet wide, was formed by two walls brought to the edge of the drawbridge ; that on the left is thirty feet long, and joins one of the rounders ; the other winds to the right, for one hundred feet, where this covered way opens into the court, or castle yard, and there runs as a mail wall to the keep. Where the covered way terminates are remains of a portal ; its architecture and fragment steps pronounce it to have been the entrance to some buildings, the ruins and foundation of which appear contiguous to it, and to the whole of the north and east wall, which were probably for the purposes of lodging the officers and servants of the governor or proprietor of the castle, for storehouses and other necessary offices. On each side of the tower there are steps reaching to the top of the walls. Through the bottom of the wall is a break, which from the symmetry of the remaining stone, perhaps was a loophole or a sally-port ; it must, however, have been small, being in its present ruined state only six feet square.

“The keep is a noble round tower strengthened by six large square buttresses running from the bottom to the top, at equal distances ; eighteen feet from the ground, both the tower and the buttresses expand, sloping gradually to the width of four feet, so as to give greater strength to the base. The buttresses are not exact squares, but

lessen gradually, as they project from the tower. This tower is at the southeast end of the castle, two-thirds of it being within the walls which lean against it; the rest is itself an outside wall. The door of entrance faces the southwest, and is twenty-four feet from the ground, ascended to by a flight of thirty-two steps, about five feet broad, the masonry of which is different from that of the tower; wherefore Pennant concludes there was formerly a drawbridge from some wall to this entrance; but these steps are a more modern work than the tower. . . . Neither machiollations, nor portcullis, nor the method of securing loopholes seem to have been known by those who built this tower. On the level of the first floor the wall is fifteen feet thick, and at each buttress twenty-three feet; the apartment on the first floor is twenty-two feet in diameter, without any aperture except the entrance. In the center of the floor is a round hole resembling a well; it is the entrance to a lower apartment of the same dimensions of that on the first floor. Tradition says that from its bottom there was a subterranean passage out of the castle. Twenty-five stone steps lead to the second floor, the passageway lighted by two loopholes. At this room the wall is thirteen and one-half feet thick. Opposite is a large window, ascended to by three bold steps; it has a stone seat sixteen inches high on all three sides. Thirty-four steps lead from this apartment to the room above, the wall of which is twelve feet thick. On this floor is a hexagonal room which, it is generally conceded, was an oratory which is contained entirely in the wall and one of the buttresses. In length it is twelve feet, at each end it is six feet wide, while between the two middle pillars it is eight feet. It is arched and ornamented with two cross-



DIAGRAMS OF PORTIONS OF CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.

- A. Plan of first floor.
- B. Plan of second floor.
- C. Plan of third floor.
- D. One of the four semicircular openings
for light in the oratory.

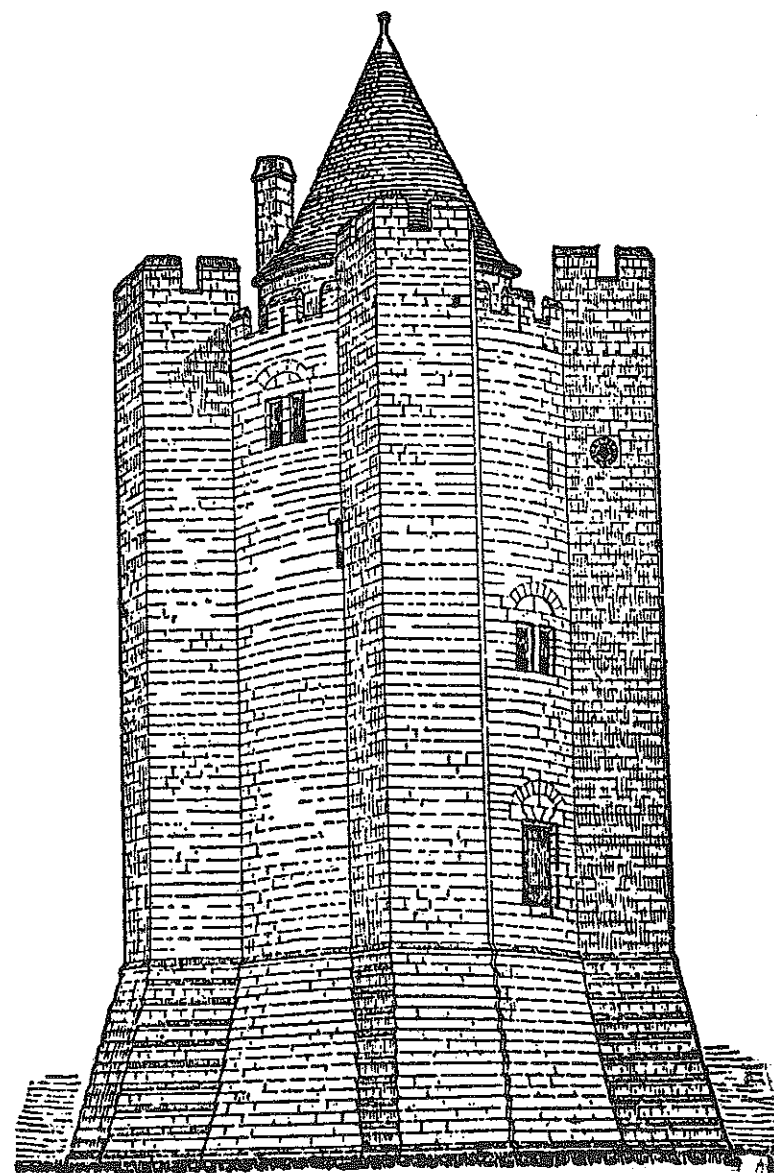
arches supported on six pillars, one at each angle; on the two middle ones rests also a fifth arch, curiously carved, rendering the space more uniform. In the center of each cross-arch is a circular keystone, but not both alike. Opposite the door is a large loophole, height six feet; the outside is but six inches wide, the inside thirty inches, the wall five feet thick. The antiquity of this chamber is certain. From the floor twenty-five stone steps lead to the present top of the tower; the buttresses rise several feet higher; on one of them appears stone steps; in three others is a large alcove; in the fifth a round place exactly resembling an oven. The wall here is ten and one-half feet thick. The height of the three rooms is fifty-two feet. The remains of each buttress is eighty-six feet; the main tower eight feet less."—*J. Stover and J. Greig in Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet of Views in Great Britain.*

G. T. Clark (in his plan at rampart level) shows one cistern in each of two of the six towers; two towers are marked as watch-towers; the fifth contained the oven, and the sixth was a pigeon-house. The parapet was six feet six inches high, and from the pattern it is judged that the roof did not extend over the parapet. This arrangement of the roof has been found in some of the old castles.

Gough says: "The entrance is flanked to the left by a round tower with a sloping base, and there are several similar in the outer wall; the entrance has piers of a gate, and on the east side the ditch and bank are double and very steep."

E. Miller, *History and Antiquities of Doncaster*: "This town was called by the ancient Britons *Caer Conan*, that is 'town royal,' and is said to have had

the seat of jurisdiction over twenty-eight towns. The Saxons called it *Cyning*, or *Conan Byrgh*, which also signifies 'royal town.' . . . On digging . . . in the year 1792 leaden pipes were found, which communicated with the castle, and it is supposed took their course from the town well, the water of which now stands above the ground, and is confined by large stones tied to each other in a curious manner, demonstrative of antiquity."



SUGGESTED ORIGINAL APPEARANCE OF CONINGSBURGH
CASTLE.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES IN
IVANHOE

1. Richard Cœur de Lion, kër dè lē-ôn'.
2. Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, brē-an dè bwā gäl-
bār'.
3. Beaumanoir, bō-mä-nwor'.
4. Conrad de Mont Fichet, môn fē-shā'.
5. Herman of Goodalricke, good-äl-rik'-e.
6. Malvoisin, mäl-vwä-zân'.
7. Front-de-Bœuf, frôn-dè-béf.
8. Fitzurse, fits-érs'.
9. Maurice de Bracy, ma-rēs' de brä-sē'.
10. Grantmesnil, grân-mä-nē'.
11. Vipont, ve-pon'.
12. De Bigot, bē-gō'.
13. Jorvaulx, zhor-vó.
14. Ashby-de-la-Zouche, zoosh.
15. Cedric, Ked'rik.

These markings are those given in the Century Cyclopædia of names. Many of the words are Scott's own invention, and usage has largely Anglicised them.

IVANHOE.

CHAPTER I.

Thus communed these ; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home,
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
With din obstreperous and ungrateful cries.

POPE'S *Odyssey*.

In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharnccliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley ; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses ; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent ; despising the feeble interference of the English Council

of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole

race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others, equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second, yet the great national

distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape

were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight

as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open-work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of

domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of those two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an air of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation:

"The curse of St. Withold upon these infernal porkers!" said the swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the

voice of their keeper. "The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!" said Gurth; "if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs, Fangs!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged, wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunTERS; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swineherd's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy. "A devil draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the mother of mischief confound the ranger of the forest, that cuts the fore-claws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me an thou beest a man; take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull and my mind too vexed to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.



"WAMBA, UP AND HELP ME AN THOU BEEST A MAN"

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba, "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba in the same tone; "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynherr Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner: he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our Master Cedric, he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap; but Reginald Front-de-Bœuf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him. — Here, here," he exclaimed again, raising his voice, "So ho! so ho! well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Gurth," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman — and thou art but a castaway swineherd;

thou wouldst waver on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dog, thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?"

"Betray thee!" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself. — But soft, whom have we here?" he said, listening to the trampling of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavoured to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba; "perhaps they are come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon."

"A murrain take thee!" rejoined the swineherd; "wilt thou talk of such things, while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us! Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds; the oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Eumæus strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.

CHAPTER II.

A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man, to be an abbot able,
Full many a daintie horse had he in stable.
And whan he rode, men might his bridle hear
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell bell,
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.

CHAUCER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional exhortation and chiding of his companion, the noise of the horsemen's feet continuing to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, upon every pretence which occurred; now catching from the hazel a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to leer after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them on the road.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful, folds around a handsome though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the pent-house of his eye that sly, epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were