

IVANHOE VOL. III
BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Three-and-thirtieth Chapter.

--- Thou bravest of warriors,
What about now with Titus Lartius?
. Marcius He is busy with many decisions;
Deez "he looms to death, then to exile,
Forgive the one, and threatens the When We're.
Coriolanus.

De facial features and modes of the trapped Prior showed a curious mixture of outraged pride, shy affectation, and fear of physical torture.

"What, gentlemen," he said in a voice which betrayed these three diseases, "what does all this? Ye Turks or Christians, as you turn the hands of a minister of the Church?-Do you know what it is manus imponere in servos Domini? You have my suitcases spoiled, my fair ones lace cloak, a cardinal was worthy verscheurd.-In would be another my place excommunicabo fox use, but I am peaceful in nature, and when you render my horses, caskets, my brethren release, on the site hundred crowns pays here, to miss to read the great altar of the Abbey Jorvaulx, and a vow does not game to eat before coming Pentecost it could happen that ye nothing of this fooling around region belongs."

"Reverend father," said the captain, "I'm sorry to hear that you are by my people so treated, that they deserve thy paternal censure me."

"Treated" cried the priest, encouraged by the soft tone of the captain, - "it was not a dog of good breed so treat-much less a Christian, much less a priest, and least of all the Prior of the holy brotherhood of Jorvaulx. Here is a wicked and drunken minstrel Allen-a-Dale - nebule quidam, -who has threatened me with painful abuse,-yes, with death

himself, I do not quite four hundred crowns ransom payment, above all the treasures, which he me robbed;-gold chains and rings jewels of inestimable value, except what is broken and corrupted by rough hands, as my powder box and my silver curling iron. "

"It is impossible for Allen-a-Dale a man of your position thus may have mistreated!" Replied the captain.

"It is as true as the Gospel of St. Nicodemus," answered the Prior, "he swore with many a schrikkelijken North Chen oath, that he would hang me to the highest tree in the forest."

"He did that essential? Then yes, reverend father, had ye see my, his demands but grant;-for Allen-a-Dale is just the man to keep word as he gave it in a solemn manner. "

"You jest," said the terrified Prior, with a forced smile, "and I like a lot of banter. But, ha! ha! ha! if the joke has lasted all night, it's time to be in the morning. "serious

"And I'm serious as a confessor," replied the captain, "you have to pay a good ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent will probably have to go to a new election because they will not see again!"

"Are you Christians," cried the Prior, "and you speak such language against a spiritual?"

"Christians! Yes, true that we are, and we have also the bargain theologians among us, "the captain replied. "Let our joyous chaplain before occurred, and this reverend father the texts explain applicable to this case."

The hermit, half drunk and half sober, had suddenly a monk robe over his green tube attracted, and now all learned chunks at each hauling, which he had learned in earlier times from outside, he said, "Reverend father, Deus faciat salvam benignitaten vestram ! -Welcome to the green forest! "

"What is this shameful disguise?" Said the Prior. "Friend, if you truly belongs to the Church, you would do better to point out how I can escape from the hands of these people, then get up and bend grinning like a buffoon. There with me"

"Truly, reverend father," said the monk, "I know of only one means of escape. This is our St. Andreas-day, we take our tithes. "

"But not, I hope, the Church, dear brother?" Said the Prior.

"From clergy and laity," replied the monk, "and therefore, Mr. Prior, facite vobis amicos the iniquitatis Mammone ,-makes you friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, because no other relationship can benefit you here. "

"I love a lot of a gay hunter," said the Prior, "Come, you must me too strict behandelen.-I understand the hunter work, and can be bright and cheery on the yacht heard blow, so that all the oaks in the forest there of weêrgalmen ,-come, you must not treat me too severe ".

"Give him a hearing," said the captain, "we want the art, which he boasts, to the test."

The Prior Aymer blew hear the, and the captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "it can not deliver-we can not give you a free sound-just as the motto on the shield of securing good knight says. Besides, I have discovered that you one of them are, by new French arts and Tra-li-ras the old English sounds do vergeten.-Prior, this blast is your ransom with fifty crowns increased, because ye old, real, manly hunter song have spoiled. "

"Friend," said the Prior, stuffy, "thy hunting knowledge is hard to satisfy. I pray you what to be lenient towards my ransom. In a word, there-emergency compels me time to go to the devil to confess what ransom must I pay, because I went up the road to Watling, without having? "A cover of fifty men with me

"Would not it be good," said the lieutenant of the band aside from the captain, "that the Prior of the ransom given the Jew and the Jew that of the Prior?"

"You are a crazy guy," the captain replied, "but your plan is delicious-Here! Jew-bowl! Hier.-Consider that Reverend Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey Jorvaulx, and tell us how high we are can make ransom?-You certainly know the income of his convent? "

"Oh for sure," said Isaac, "I have traded with the good fathers, and wheat and barley and fruits, many of them bought wool. Oh, it's one rich Abbey, and they live off the fat of the earth and drink the best wines, good fathers of Jorvaulx. Oh, as a poor man cast away, as I had such a house, and such an income in the year and in the month, I would pay a lot of gold and silver to buy. "Me from the captivity

"Dog of a Jew," cried the Prior, "no man knows better than you, that our holy house because of building a pulpit debts."

"And because of filling your cellars last year with the proper amount of Gascon wine," interrupted the Jew interrupted him, "but that is a trifle."

"Hear this infidel dog!" Cried the Prior, "he talks as if our holy brotherhood fallen into debt true for wine, whom we have to drink, leave propter necessitatem et ad frigus depellendum . The circumcised dog blasphemes the Holy Church, and Christians listen to him and not "chastise him

"That does not benefit all. 'Said the captain -" Isaac, say, what he can pay, without removing him the sheet over the ears? "

"Six hundred crowns," Isaac replied, "the good Prior to pay, and he will there not cold to suffer."

"Six hundred crowns," repeated the captain seriously: "I am satisfied,-thou hast well spoken, Isaac;-six hundred crowns,-the sentence is passed, Mr. Prior."

"A judgment-a! Verdict," cried the gang, "Solomon could not have better consulted."

"You hear your verdict, Prior," said the captain.

"Thou art mad, friends," said the Prior, "where will I find such a sum? I sold all the tabernacles and candlesticks from the altar of Jorvaulx, I would hardly spend half together, and therefore I must go myself to Jorvaulx, you can mine both priests and keep away ".

"That would be a bad collateral," said the captain, "we will keep you, Prior, and send them over there to fetch. Thy ransom It will meanwhile not a cup of wine and a piece of game absence, and if you are a friend of hunting, then you will see something, that thou in thy north cal regions never seen. "

"If you please," said Isaac, who liked the favor of the pirates wanted to acquire, "I can send to York, to send for the six hundred crowns funds from certain, that I have owned, as the Reverend Prior Me an IOU give their will. "

"He will give you everything you prefer, Isaac," said the captain, "and you shall pay the ransom for the Prior Aymer himself as well as for you."

"For myself! Oh, brave gentlemen "begged the Jew," I am a poor, ruined man, that I may be beggared to understand, but if I had to pay fifty crowns. "

"This issue will judge the Prior," said the captain, "what do you say of it, Father Aymer-Can? The Jew to pay a good ransom?"

"Or he can pay a ransom?" Replied the Prior -. "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to the ten tribes of Israel, who were to Assyria, from captivity to freedom-I buy? For me, but I seen little of him, but our cellar master and our treasurer have had much to do with him, and the rumor says that his house to York full of gold and silver is so, that shame is a Christian country. Every Christian soul should be surprised that such poisonous vipers patience, that the guts of the state, and even the holy Church gnaw through shameful usury and extortion. "

"I pray you, reverend father," said the Jew, "moderate and calm down your anger. I pray you, remember that my money to anyone intruding. But when clergy and laity, princes and abbots, knights and priests to Isaac's door knocking, they lend his shekels not with rude words. Then it reads: "Friend Isaac, will you do us in this case a service, and we will punctually on the day pay off, so that God so you have ever done one service our Helpe-Good! Isaac, if you offer my friend in this emergency "But when the day comes, and I ask my money, what I hear different"! Damned Jew, the curse of Egypt treffe your tribe "and such more, to the raw, uncivilized mean to the poor! stranger to stir. "

"Prior," said the captain, "though he is a Jew, he did speak truth now. So call his ransom, as he called it yours, without further abuse. "

"No one latro famosus , "said the Prior," which I the meaning in another time and another place will tell you,-would a Christian prelate and an unbaptized Jew at the same bank zetten.-But thou once want, I will determine the ransom of this wretch I tell you plainly, that you would if you injure a penny below the thousand crowns assume would. "selves

"A judgment!-A judgment," said the captain.

"A judgment-a! Good judgment!" Cried his comrades, "the Christian has shown his good education, and has been our favorable than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers stand by me," said the Jew, "do you want a poor man focus entirely destroyed-I?'m Already childless, and you want me now of all livelihoods rob?"

"If you are childless, Jew, the less you will have to make," said Aymer.

"Unfortunately, sir," replied Isaac, "your law does not allow that ye should suffer, how much the child of our love to heart gaat.-O Rebekah, daughter of my beloved Rachel us! Though every leaf of the tree a Zechin , and every Zechin belonged to me, this whole I would give to know if you are still alive, and at the hands of the Nazareër escapes are "treasure

"Did your daughter is no black hair?" Asked one of the robbers, "and she was not wearing a veil of silk gauze embroidered with silver?"

"Yes-yes," cried the old man, trembling with hope and fear. "Jacob's blessing rest upon you! Can you tell me whether it is safe? "

"She was so," the gunman, "the proud Templar has also conducted last night when he broke through our ranks around replied. I had my bow already strained, to send him an arrow chase but I saved him for the sake of the girl, I was afraid to hurt her. "

"Ah, " replied the Jew, "gift of God, that ye had shot, though the arrow had also pierced her bosom,-better the tomb of his fathers, than dishonouring bed of the profligates, fierce Templar. Ichabod! Ichabod! the honor of my house is disgraced. "

"Friends," said the captain, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, yet finds his meed. Be honest, Isaac,-you will have nothing left over after paid this ransom of a thousand crowns?"

Isaac, thus reminded of his worldly goods, for which his deep-seated love, even love with his father was contrary, pale, stammered, and could not deny that there is still a small surplus would be.

"Well," said the captain, "let it be so, we do not expect to work closely with you. Without money you can hope to deliver as one can hope to get a deer with an arrow head without your child from the clutches of the knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert as little dooden.-We will provide you the same as the ransom Prior Aymer, or rather for a hundred crowns less release, and this hundred crowns I will pay itself, and so we will avoid the derision of a Jewish Chen merchant equal to estimate as a Christian prelate, and thou shalt four hundred crowns on hold for the freedom of your daughter to negotiate. The Templars keep as much of the sparkle of silver shekels as the shine of black oogen.-haste, to sound before it is too late. crowns in your ear Bois-Guilbert Thou shalt love him as our spies have reported in the near Preceptory his order vinden.-Is it so well, comrades? "

The gunmen gave as usual expressed their approval of the decision of their leader, and Isaac, half of his anxiety relieved by the certainty that his daughter lived, and could be, perhaps redeemed threw himself at the feet of the magnanimous robber, and with his beard touching his feet, he tried to kiss. the skirt of his green robe However, the captain stepped back, and arose from the hands of the Jew loose, without any signs of contempt.

"Fie, man, shame on you, get up! I am a born Englishman, and do not like such Oriental squats, kneel down before God, and not for a poor sinner as I am. "

"Yes, Jew," said the Prior Aymer, "kneel down before God, by the servant of his altar represented here, and who knows what grace ye sincere repentance and due gifts on the altar of St. Robert for you selves and your daughter Rebekah can obtain? I am sorry for the girl because she is clean and pleasant, and I've seen her in the arena to Ashby. Brian De Bois-Guilbert is a man with whom I can do a lot,-remember, how you deserve you, I do a good word for you with him! "

"Alas, alas!" Cried the Jew, "from all sides come robbers against me, I am prey given to the Assyrian and the Egyptian!"

"And what was the fate of your cursed tribe?" The Prior replied, "For what saith the Scripture, Verbum Domini proiecunt, et sapientia est nulla in requirement :-they have rejected the word of God, and there is no wisdom in them; propterea dabo mulieres eorum exteris :-I will give their wives to strangers,-that is, to the Templar, as in the present case, et thesauros eorum hereditibus alienis , and their treasures to foreign inherit ".

Isaac let out a deep sigh, and began to wring their hands and surrender. Again to dejection and despair But the captain of the archers took him aside. "Remember, Isaac, what you want to do in this case: my advice is that you create to this spiritual friend. He is vain, Isaac, and stingy, at least he has money needed to provide for his waste. You can satisfy his greed light, because do not think I'm blinded by thy pretended poverty. I even know the iron box, Isaac, in which you keep yours moneybags. How? I would not know the great stone which provides access to the vaulted room under your garden, to York under the apple tree, "The Jew was pale as death -." But fear nothing from me, "continued the shooter"? because we are old acquaintances. You do not, remember the sick hunter then your beautiful daughter Rebekah to York redeemed from prison, and kept at home until he was restored, and he whom thou then heenzondt, with a piece of money, how large a loan shark you are, you 've never better off interest money than small silver piece, because it has saved you today five hundred crowns. "

"Are you the man whom we Diccon called the shooter?" Isaac said, "Your voice was familiar to me immediately . "

"I am that Diccon," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a name also."

"But you are mistaken, good shooter, to the vaulted room. So where Heaven help me, there is nothing in than any goods, which I gladly with parts you want:-hundred cubits green Lincolnsch to doublets for men to make, and one hundred pieces for ijpentakken Spanish arches, and a hundred strong, round and beautiful silk bow strings,-all this I

will send for you yours benevolence, Diccon honest, if you will, of the vault silence
Diccon good "!

"Silent as the grave," said the robber, "but believe me, I'm sorry for your daughter. However, I can not help it-the lances of the Templar are too strong for my schutters.- They would make us fly apart like dust. If only I had known that it was Rebekah, whom he abducted, then I had to do something, but now you must continue to work list. Come, I will negotiate for you with the Prior? "

"In God's name, Diccon, if you can not help the child to obtain my love me back."

"Do not Bother by thy untimely avarice me," said the captain, "and I will speak with him."

This he left the Jew, who, however, as his shadow followed him.

"Prior Aymer," said the captain, "come with me to the side, under the tree. They say that you love the wine and the smile of a woman more than befits thy order, sir priest, but that does not touch me. I've also heard that you are a lover of a good couple dogs and a swift horse, and possibly, since you are a friend of precious things, you are also not an enemy of a purse full of gold. But never I heard that you were a friend of oppression or wreedheid.-Well, here is Isaac, you want to provide a fair with a hundred mark silver if the means of entertainment and pastime thine intercession with your ally, the Templar, the freedom of his daughter worked. "

"In disciplinary and accountability, as she robbed me," the Jew said, "otherwise not buy! True"

"Quiet, Isaac," said the pirate, "or I do not concern myself with your business. What do you say for this battle, Prior Aymer? "

"The case," replied the Prior, "can be considered from two sides, for I so one side of one good deed, so is that of the other side to the advantage of a Jew, and in so far as in conflict with my conscience . But if the Israelite Church of benefit application wants to give something to the building of our dormitories, by me then I take it on my conscience with his daughter to help him. "In the case

"To a twenty marks for the dorms," the captain said, - "shut up, Isaac, I tell you-or y to a pair of silver candlesticks on the altar, we will not argue with you."

"Yes, but, good Diccon," said Isaac, trying to fall. Interrupted him

"Good Jew,-good animal-good worm!" Replied the shooter, all patience losing, "so you go on with your vile avarice against life and the honor to lay thy daughter in the balance by heaven, I will you before three days have elapsed, of every penny rob, then you possess in the world! "

Isaac back in terror together, and was silent.

"And what collateral do I get?" Said the Prior.

"If Isaac succeeds by thy mediation," said the captain, "I swear by St. Hubert, I will make sure that he pays you the money bar, or such, I will deal with him, that he had done better to pay. "twenty such sums from

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "because I totally should interfere me with that case lend me yours desks;-but wait,-no, I would rather fast twenty-four hours, then use thy pen, and I will find another one? "

"If thy holy rigor can not permits to use the desks of the Jew, then I can find one pen," said the shooter, and his bow, he went on a wild goose, which above him hovering in the

forefront of one flight birds on their way to the remote and lonely marshes of Holderness. The bird fluttered, hit by the arrow, down.

"There, Prior," the captain said, "pens are enough for all the monks of Jorvaulx during the first hundred years, if they do not start writing. Chronicles"

The Prior sat down, and wrote very slowly a letter to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and then carefully sealed, he delivered him to the Jew, saying, "This will be your conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and will probably Edit exemption thy daughter, so there is power ge side by offers of advantage on your part, because, believe me, the good knight De Bois-Guilbert is of the brotherhood of those who have nothing to do. "

"Well, Prior," said the pirate, "I will not detain you longer, than the Jew one IOU for five hundred crowns, which is your ransom determined to geven.-I take him paymaster to, and I so hear , that you difficulty is to give him the sum which he paid for you, back then I swear by the Holy Mary, I will fire over your head stabbing, the Abbey although I must therefore hang ten years earlier! "

With much less alacrity, than the Templar wrote the Prior one confession of five hundred crowns, advanced to him in his distress by Isaac of York, to settle his ransom, and promised faithfully and honestly to pay this sum. return

"And now," Aymer said, "I request you to refund my mules and horses, and the freedom of the reverend brethren, who accompany me, and also the return of jewels, rings, kleinoodiën, and beautiful wearing apparel, which one has robbed me, since I've met you my ransom as a prisoner. "

"What thy spiritual brothers are concerned, Mr. Prior," Locksley, "answered they will be made, as it would be them still caught hold unjust at liberty immediately, what your horses and mules are concerned, which will be returned, with travel money enough to pay yours to digestion York, for it would be cruel to the means to travel to take away. But what the rings, jewels, chains and things like that regard, it must ge know that we have a

fine conscience, and that we have a Reverend, as ye are, for the vanities of the world had died, not in the great temptation want to bring to his rule settings by wearing rings, chains or similar vain splendor to violate. "

"Remember what you do, my lord," said the Prior, "Before You hands on ecclesiastical well-slaat. These things belong res inter sacras , and who knows what judgment you will find, if they remain in unconsecrated hands. "

"Therefore I will look, Father Prior," said the hermit Copmanshurst, "because I will wear them yourself."

"Friend, or brother," if you truly belongs to a holy order, answered the Prior to this solution of his troubles, "so I pray you to see, how to ge to your bishop because yours participation in what now happened, accountability 'll give! "

"Friend Prior," said the hermit, "you must know that I belong to a small diocese, where I am my own bishop, and that I have a little me to the Bishop of York as to the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior and the whole monastery concerns. "

"You are entirely outside the rule," said the Prior, "an animal riotous men, who the saints stand, without any right to have, arrogate, desecrate the holy ceremony, and bring the souls of those at risk which their counsel ask Lapides, pro pane condonantes iis ,- their stones instead of bread-making, as the Vulgate says ".

"Well," replied the monk, "so my brain could have been broken by Latin had they not so long endured. I say that such vain priests as thou art of their jewels and to deprive their gold one legal plunder the Egyptians. "

"Thou art a priest elapsed," said the Prior, in great anger, " excommunicabo fox ! "

"You are yourself a heretic and thief!" Replied the monk, even bitterly, "I'll be in the presence of mine herd such derision not endure if ye dare to do me, although I'm yours reverend brother ossa eius perfringam , I will smite the bones piece, as the Vulgate says!"

"Hola!" Cried the captain, "Using the reverend brethren such expressions-Peace?, Monk-Prior: as thou hast thy mind heaven is not closed, the monk terg no further! Hermit, let the reverend father depart in peace, like a man who has paid his ransom! "

The gunmen separated the bitter priests, who continued to raise their voices while cursing each other in bad Latin, which the Prior very quickly, and the Hermit with the greater vehemence spoke. The Prior thought finally, that he his dignity forgot by arguing with such a spiritual, as the robber chaplain, and his servants gathered that, he drove away with much less gravity, and what the outward form was concerned, upon a more apostolic manner, than that which he had come.

Now it was the Jew will give an even collateral for the ransom, which the Prior and he himself would pay. So he gave his seal fitted with a note to a fellow believer to York, ordered him by bearer to pay the sum of one thousand crowns and him were certainly mentioned to surrender.

"My brother Sheva," he said with a deep sigh, "has the key of my warehouses."

"And the vaulted room?" Whispered Locksley him.

"No, no, Heaven forbid me," cried Isaac. "Cursed be the hour when someone learned this secret!"

"It is kept at me," said the captain, "like me this note the sum specified therein verschaft.-But how is it, Isaac? Are you dead? Are you dumb? The payment of a thousand crowns to the danger of thy daughter brought out of the way? "

The Jew jumped on -. "No, Diccon, no-I will! Immediately vertrekken.-Farewell, thou that I can not for good, and would not dare, for evil or want to keep!"

Honor Isaac departed, gave the robber-captain him the next council bye: - "Be gentle with your offers, Isaac, and spare your purse, not to liberate your daughter. Believe me, the gold that you earn in this case, you will cause much anguish in the future, if it melts in your throat cast true. "

Isaac consented with a deep sigh in toe, and went on his journey, accompanied by two stout hunters, to serve him as guides and protectors in time to the forest to.

The Black Knight, who was with no little interest in these different scenes attended, now took in his turn farewell the outlaw, and could not fail to express that he found so much order among men, with all his astonishment regular protection and all the help of the law were deprived.

"There sometimes grow to a bad tree bear good fruit," said the gunman, "and bad times do not always alone and unmixed evils. Among those who fall into this wetteloozen able, one can find undoubtedly many who use their liberty with some moderation, and some who will probably complain that they are obliged to lead. "Such a life

"And one of the last I now speak as I suspect?" Asked the knight.

"Sir Knight," replied the robber, "We each have our secret. You have freedom to think, as you prefer over me and I can make my guesses about you, although perhaps we're both wrong. But I do not desire to penetrate into your secret you must not mind that I keep mine. "

"I beg pardon," said the knight, "Your criticism is fair. But may we meet together in the future with less mystery-weerskanten. Meanwhile we part as good friends, right? "

"There you have it my hand," said Locksley , "and it is that of an upright Englishman, though I'm an outlaw now."

"And you have mine," said the knight, "and I consider it an honor that they are printed by yours, for he who does good, while he has the unlimited power to do evil, does not deserve only praise for the good that he does, but also for the evil that he voorkomt.-bye, brave friend! "

Thus both the divorced, and, after having his brave steed ascended the knight rode through the forest road.

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Four-and-thirtieth Chapter.

. King John - 'k Would you say something, friend:

It's a real snake on my way;

Because where ever I can put my feet

There he is for my schreên.-Do you understand me?

King John.

There was a big party in the castle of York, which had Prince John the nobles, prelates and captains bidden, with whose help he his ambitious plans on the throne of his brother hoped to persevere. Waldemar Fitzurse, his skillful and cunning counselor, worked in secret to the courage to stir, to openly come out. Their intention for them But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one name for a member of the Confederation. The stubborn and naughty, although raw courage of Front-de-Boeuf, its neat and enterprising spirit of De Bracy, the intelligence, the military expert experience and renowned valor of Brian de Bois-Guilbert were indispensable for the good result of the conspiracy, and while Prince John and his counsel secretly their unnecessary and untimely absence verwenschten, they dared not, however, start without them. The Jew Isaac seemed to be gone as well and had entered with him. Hoping some sums eener Leening, for which Prince John with this Israelite and his brethren a contract This shortcoming could be dangerous to one so important enterprise.

It was on the morning after the fall of torquilstone, a confused rumor in the city of York began to spread, that De Bracy and De Bois-Guilbert, with their confederate Front-de-Boeuf, were captured or slain. Waldemar told this to Prince John, and added, that he feared the more, it had to be true, as they were with a small retinue went on their way, to make an attack on the Saxon Cedric and his companions . At another time would have Prince John this act of violence as a nice joke, but now, as she plans walked into against his own, and this hindered, he sailed out against the employers, and spoke of violated laws and the assault of overt order and of the particular property in a tone that King Alfred would have appropriate.

"This law invading robbers!" He said, "so I ever become King of England I will hang such offenders to the drawbridges of their own castles!"

"But to be King of England be," replied his Achitophel coldly, "it is not only necessary that Your Highness the violation of this law invading pirates endures, but also that you provide them with your protection, in spite of your loffelijken zeal for the law, they are just breaking. It would be great to help us forward, if the idea of Saxon peasants Your Highness accomplished to change drawbridges in gallows, and that naughty Cedric seems to me just the man to get such a thing in the head. Your Highness sees whats in, it would be to act without Front-de-Boeuf, De Bracy, and the Templar dangerous, and we are already too far gone to safely retire ".

Prince John hit feel impatient for the forehead and then stepped into the room and down.

"The villains," he said, "to leave!-Me into the emergency that low, treacherous villains"

"Say, rather, that thoughtless, childish fools!" Said Waldemar, "which gekheden any job, while such weighty matters on his hands."

"What should we do now?" Said the Prince, just before Waldemar permanent stand.

"I do not know what can be done more" answered his counselor, "then what is already done by my care is.-I am not come to complain about this disaster in Your Highness without having previously done my best to remedy them. "

"You are always my good angel, Waldemar," said the Prince, "and if I have such a chancellor to counsel, then the reign of King John in our yearbooks didst thou famous worden.-What orders?"

"I have to Louis Shop Brand, De Bracy's lieutenant, ordered to do sit up, to unfurl, his banner and immediately to hunt, to test, what is left for our friends to do to the castle of Front-de-Boeuf his people falls. "

The face of Prince John glowed like that of a spoiled child who claims to be. Offended

"By God!" He said, "Waldemar Fitzurse, you have a lot of bold, and it was more than presumptuous, to no injunction to blow, or do unfurl in a town where we ourselves nowadays! One banner the trumpet "

"I ask pardon, Your Highness," replied Fitzurse lined the cowardly vanity of his master verwenshende, "but insisted the time, and even the loss of a moment could be dangerous, I thought best to take this on me a matter of so much importance. "

"I forgive you yours recklessness, Fitzurse" said the Prince genteel -. "But who is there-The? Bracy himself, by the holy cross and! In which a singular state he appears before us!"

It was indeed the Bracy, bloody by the tracks, and fire red by emergency!-His armor bore all kenteekens of the newly doorgestanen violent struggle, because they broken in several places and stained with blood from top to bottom was covered with mud and dust. After having loosened his helmet he put that on the table, and stood for a moment, as if he thought better before he told his news.

"De Bracy," Prince John said, "what does this mean?-Speak, I recommend it to you!-Are the rebellious Saxons?"

"Speak, De Bracy," cried Fitzurse almost simultaneously with his master, "thou wast always a man,-where the Templar-where?'s Front-de-Boeuf?"

"The Templar is fled," replied De Bracy, " Front-de-Boeuf you will never see again. He has a bloody tomb found under the burning ruins of his castle, and I alone am left to you to recover! "

"A horrifying news for us," said Waldemar, "though you speak of fire and fire."

"The worst news I have not moved," replied De Bracy, and Prince John accession, he said in a low, nadrukkelijken tone: "Richard is in England.-I have seen him and spoken!"

Prince John paled, trembled and had to stick to the back of an oak chair, as well as someone who hit by an arrow in the heart.

"Thou art mad, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, "it can not be!"

"It is one certain truth," replied De Bracy, "I was his prisoner and talked with him."

"With Richard Plantagenet, you say?" Continued Fitzurse.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bracy, "with Richard the Lionheart,-with Richard of England!"

"And you were his prisoner?" Said Waldemar, "so he was at the head of an armed force?"

"No,-there were only a few outlaw countrymen around him, and this he is unknown. I heard him say that he was about to leave. Them to the point He had placed himself only with them, to assist them. "In the storming torquilstone at

"Yes," said Fitzurse, "this is indeed the spirit of Richard;-he's a true knight errant, he pulls around to seek adventures relying on the strength of his arm, while forgetting the weightier interests of his kingdom and he himself in danger verkeert.-What are you planning to do the Bracy? "

"I-I? Offered Richard the service of my free company, and he refused ze.-I will now introduce to Hull, boarding me, and sailing to Flanders; thanks to these troubled times, a man of courage find anywhere what to do. And thou, Waldemar, wilt thou take lance and shield, your political plans say goodbye, go with me, and the fate parts that God has us? "

"I'm too old, Maurice, and I have a daughter," Waldemar replied.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will be using her lance and horse maintained, as befits her rank," said De Bracy.

"No," replied Fitzurse, "I will find a shelter here in St. Peter's Church,-the Archbishop is my sworn friend. "

Under this conversation Prince John had gradually recovered from the shock, that had caused him this unexpected message, and maintenance of his adherents had reached his ears. "They attack me," he said in himself, "like a wilted leaf of the tree as soon rises a breeze! Hell and the devil! I can not find tools to myself, if these cowards forsaken me? "He paused a pause, and with an expression of diabolical hatred in his forced smile, he finally broke off their conversation. "Ha, ha, ha! my lords, by the light of the eyes of our Lady, I loved you way, naughty and wise men, and yet you reject wealth, honor, pleasure, all that our noble company you promised, at the moment, that by a bold stroke could be accomplished! "

"I do not understand you," said De Bracy, "as soon as Richard's return is known, he will stand at the head of an army, and then all of us. I would suggest, my lord, either to flee, either to seek. "Protect the Queen Mother to France

"I seek not safety for himself me," said Prince John in haughty tone, "that I can obtain a single word to my brother. But though thou, The Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, so be ready to leave me, I would rejoice over me, when I saw adorn your heads there. Cliffords on the port Do thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will not let you jerk off, the altar itself so therefore he can reconcile with King Richard? And do thou, The Bracy, that Robert Estoteville with his whole force between you and Hull is, that the Earl of Essex and his men meet? If we had reasons for these disclosures to fear, even before Richard's return ye, believes that there is now some doubt, which party will choose their leaders? Believe me, Estoteville only has enough power to hunt! "All thy company released the Humber

Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked at each other shyly - "There is only one way to safety!" Continued the Prince, and his face became gloomy as midnight. "He whom we fear, traveling alleen.-Men have him here or go to meet them there. "

"I do not," said De Bracy hastily, "I was his prisoner, and he gave me grace,-I want to hurt a hair of his head!"

"Who spoke of, to do him harm?" Said Prince John with a forced smile, "you will perhaps say that I wanted him to kill-Nay, a prison were better, and in England or Austria , what does it matter?-The business will then only be on the same footing, as when we begonnen.-That our company was founded on the hope that Richard in Germany would blijven.-Our uncle Robert lived, and caught died in the castle of Cardiffe. "

"Yes, but," said Waldemar, "your father Henry was firmer on his throne, then Your Highness can do so. I say the best prison is that which has made the gravedigger;-there confuse dungeon in a tomb! I said. "

"Dungeon or grave," said De Bracy, "I want nothing to do with the matter before it."

"Rogue!" Said Prince John, "you would not want our decision yet betrayed!"

"I've never done anything so," replied De Bracy proud, " and the name of villain must not be connected to the mine! "

"Calm yourself, sir knight," said Waldemar, - "and you, my Prince, forgive the timidity of the valiant De Bracy, I'm sure I will soon clear that out of the way."

"That's yours eloquence beyond, Fitzurse," replied the knight.

"Well, good Maurice," said the wily statesman, "backoff not backward like a skittish horse, without advance what the object of your fear of approaching to beschouwen.-Just a day ago, and it was your most fervent wish, that these Richard, to meet man to man, in the battle;-hundred times I hear that you wish "!

"Yes," replied De Bracy, - "but that was, as you said, man to man, and in the battle. You have never heard me say that I wanted to overtake him! "Alone in a forest

"You are not a true knight, if you find difficulty in this," said Waldemar. "Was it in battle that Lancelot du Lac and Tristram knight gained their fame? Or was it to attack? "By giants under the shade of dense and trackless forests

"Yes, but I assure you," said De Bracy, "that Tristram nor Lancelot, man against man, against Richard Plantagenet would have been able to cope, and I also believe that it is their custom was not to force majeure against a single man to withdraw. "on

"You raves, The Bracy;-what we offer than, you, who are a mercenary, the leader of one free company, whose swords for the service of Prince John purchased? You know our enemy, and yet thou difficulty, although the happiness of your master, your companions, of thyself, and the life and honor of us all at stake! "

"I tell you," said De Bracy peevishly, "that he has given me life. It is true, he sent me his presence away and refused my homage;-in so far I owe him obedience or faith,-but I will not smite him ".

"That is not necessary, transmit Louis Fire Shop with a score of thy lances."

"You have enough assassins under your own people," said De Bracy, "none of mine will take on such a burden."

"Are you so obstinate, De Bracy," said Prince John, "and will you leave me, after so many protestations of zeal for my service?"

"That's not my intention" replied De Bracy, "I want to assist you in all that befits a knight, both in the arena and on the battlefield, but this assassin service can not take from me."

"Come, Waldemar," said Prince John, "I am an unhappy prince. My father, King Henry, had faithful dienaars.-He had only to say that he was tormented by a rebellious priest, and the blood of Thomas à Becket, although a saint, was deposited on the steps of his own altar. -Tracy, Morville, Brito, one brave and faithful subjects, your names and your mind are extinct and! although Riginald Fitzurse a son has failed, so has his father's fidelity and courage forgotten, he has degenerated. "

"He is not degenerated," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "and there is no other way, I stand ready to implement this dangerous thing on me. However, highly paid my father the name of a zealous friend, and yet it was not comparable to that which I am about to give you proof of his loyalty to Henry far from it, rather because I wanted a whole host of saints attacks, then I entrust the care, to keep-to ensure safety. Prince John the courage of the waverers mine lance against Lionheart richten.-De Bracy, to you If you receive the news, which I'm sure you will be able to send, then it will succeed in our company no longer doubtful zijn. Page "cried he," you rush home and tell my armourer, to keep herself ready! And recommend Steven Wetheral, Thoresby and three lancers of Spyinglaw, immediately join themselves to me; also Hugo Bardon, the main spy must

immediately komen.-bye, my prince, until better times "And with these words he left the room!.

"He's going to take my brother caught" Prince John told The Bracy, "with as little remorse, as if only the freedom of a Saxon Franklin gold. I do think that he fulfill my orders, and will? "The person of Richard treat our loved ones with all the reverence verschuldigden Bracy replied only with a smile.

"In the light of the eyes of our Lady , "Prince John," said our command thereabouts was allerstelligst, though you have may not be heard, as we together at the window in the wall stonden.-most obvious and very determined was our burden, for Richard's safety concerns, and woe Walde Mars head, if he does not obey me! "

"Then it were better that I went to his house," said De Bracy, "to him the want of Your Highness to bring good to the mind, because that's my ear has heard absolutely nothing, it is very possible, it is also Walde Mars ear escaped. "

"No, no," replied Prince John impatiently, "I assure you, that he heard me out and then I have other activities for you, Maurice, come here, let me lean on your arm."

They walked in this room confidential attitude to and fro, and Prince John continued in a tone of great confidence: "What do you think of this Waldemar Fitzurse, my dear De Bracy-He? Imagines our chancellor to be. Surely we must remember, we honor a man give so high office, which clearly shows how little he respects our blood, by this company against Richard readily to take on. So our You may believe that you have lost something of our esteem, by this unpleasant task to weigeren. busty-But no zoo, Maurice! I consider you more for your virtuous fortitude. There are to perform very needful things whose performers we love nor deem, and there may be refusals to serve us, which give rise to those who reject our request, in our esteem. The arrest of my unfortunate brother does not so much claim to the lofty dignity of Chancellor, as thy chivalrous and courageous refusal by you on the staff of Grand Marshal. Think of it, The Bracy, and do your duty! "

"Faithless tyrant!" Whispered De Bracy, as he left the Prince, "who relies on you is unhappy all the time! Your Chancellor, verily!-He who has to guard your conscience, will surely have an easy office. But Grand Marshal of England! that," he said, extending his arm, as if he wanted already grasping the rod and trotschere steps stepping across the room," which is indeed a price that is worth it! "

The Bracy had hardly left the room, or Prince John called a servant, and said to him: "Refer Hugo Bardon, our spy, to come here as soon as he has spoken with Waldemar Fitzurse."

Bardon came soon, while the Prince with uneven and faltering steps walked through the room.

"Bardon, which coveted Waldemar you?" He asked.

"Two brave men, well with this Noordsche jungles known and practiced in following the trail of men and horses."

"And ye who gives him?"

"Your Highness may never otherwise trust me again," the leader of the spies said. "One is from Hexhamshire, he is to detect, in Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves just like a bloodhound the injured wildlife. The other is from Yorkshire, and is often the bow in the forest of Sherwood tense, he knows every veldt, scrubland and forest between here and Richmond. "

"Well," said the Prince. "Go Waldemar with them?"

"Now," Bardon said.

"With what result?" John asked indifferently.

"Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they called for his cruelty Steven Stone heart, and three north cal warriors, who have access to the tribe of Rolf Middleton belonged, called them the lancers of Spyinglaw."

"Well," replied again Prince John, and after a moment zwijgens he added: "Bardon, it is necessary that you keep a watchful eye on Maurice de Bracy,-zoo, however, that he does not notice, and teach me from time to time his movements,-with whom he speaks, and what he does. Default is not, you are responsible for it. "

Hugo Bardon bowed and left.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John, "if he betrays me, as his behavior does fear me, then I will have his head, even though Richard raged at the gates of York!"

Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugo de Morville and Richard Brito were the nobles of the court of Henry the Second, which, encouraged by some passionate expressions of their prince, the celebrated Thomas à Becket murdered.

Chapter thirty-five.

Awaken in Hircaniës wilderness the tiger,

Wrest the hungry lion prey;

It's more dangerous than the smoldering fire

Der bigotry to blow!

Anonymous.

Ons story goes now to Isaac of York BACK.-Seated on a mule, whom had the freebooter given him, accompanied by two powerful archers, who served him as a bodyguard, was the Jew on a journey to the Preceptory of Templestowe, to about to negotiate the ransom of his daughter. The Preceptory was but a day's journey from the ruined castle of torquillstone removed, and the Jew had hoped to achieve from the night before the attack, after his leaders so layoffs at the end of the forest and have silver rewarded them with a piece, he hastened his much fatigue licensed him. But the strength gave him whole, when he was four miles from the court of the Temple; severe pains feed him now suffer increased by physically through the back and the members, and gnawing anguish, made him utterly impossible to continue, then to a small spot where a Serbian Jew Rabbi lived, who was very experienced in medicine and that Isaac knew well. Nathan Ben Israel received his suffering countryman with that hospitality which the law prescribed, and which the Jews exercised towards one another. He insisted that he would reach into the peace and served him to drugs, which were then the best calculated to arrest the fever which terror, fatigue and sadness had. The poor old Jew brought upon the neck In the morning, when Isaac up and wanted to continue his journey, Nathan resisted his intention, both in his capacity as host and that of physician. It could cost him his life, he said. But Isaac gave him to answer, that to Templestowe was involved over life and death with his journey.

"In Templestowe," said his host with surprise; felt him again the wrist, and then simmered in himself, "The fever has subsided, but his mind seems somewhat confused."

"And why not to Templestowe?" Replied his patient. "I give you, Nathan, that one house is of men, for which the despised children of Israel a stone of stumbling and a terrible: but you know, that urgent shops sometimes carry us among these bloodthirsty Nazarene Ensche soldiers, and that we Preceptorijen of the Templars, as well as the Command Hospital Rows of knights, as they are called, look. "

"I know," said Nathan, "but do you know well that Lucas de Beaumanoir, the chief of their Order, and then call them Grand Master, now itself to Templestowe?"

"I did not know," said Isaac, "the last letters of our brothers in Paris reported to us that he was in that city, To ask. "Philip aid against the Sultan Saladin

"He has since come over to England without his brothers were expecting him in the least, and he comes with a strong and outstretched arm, to improve them and punish his face in anger is kindled against them, who vows of theirs made have erred, and great is the fear among those sons of Belial. Ge have surely heard him call? "

"Yes," Isaac said, "the Gentiles painting this Lucas Beaumanoir, like a fiery zealot for every point of the Nazarene Ensche law, and our brothers call him a cruel destroyer of the Saracens, and hardvochtigen tyrant for the children of Israel. "

"And so they call him right," said Nathan the physician. "Other Templars may be brought by entertainment, or be bribed by gold and silver of their intention, but Beaumanoir is of diverse stamp,-he despised the sensuality, despise riches, and committed to what they the martyr's crown noemen.-The God of Jacob to him and soon they schenke them all!-Especially this proud man stretched out his hand against the children of Judah, and the holy David Edom, and he loves the murder of a Jew for an equally acceptable sacrifice, as the death of a Saracen. Godless and false things he said, even the forces of our medicines, as the promptings of Satan waren.-The Lord penalty him for that! "

"And yet," said Isaac, "I must go to my Templestowe, also his face as though it were a burning fiery furnace."

To this he said to Nathan the pressing cause of his reis.-The Rabbi listened with interest, and expressed his condolences to the manner of his people, his clothes screaming and crying: "Alas, my daughter-Ah, my daughter-Wee! the daughter of Zion-Wee on the imprisonment of Israel! "

"You see," said Isaac, "how things are with me, and that I may not tarry. Maybe prevents the presence of this Lucas Beaumanoir, who was their chief, Brian de Bois-Guilbert in

the evil that he has in his mind, and he will my beloved daughter Rebekah give me back.
"

"Then," said Nathan Ben Israel, "and be wise, for wisdom saved Daniel in the lions' den, where he was thrown, and you go to the desire of your heart. But if you can, avoid the presence of the Grand Master, for it is his daily entertainment by contempt to hurt our people. Possibly you shall succeed better at Bois-Guilbert, if you can, talk to him in secret, for it is said that this cursed Nazareërs in Preceptorij not too eenig zijn.-May be their deliberations made shame-But!, Brother, time back to me, as to the house of thy father, and take notice, how it is you gone, and I hope that you Rebekah also will bring the pupil of the wise Miriam, whose cures the Gentiles slandered as if they work were of Satan. "

Isaac said his friend goodbye, and having driven after about an hour he came before the Preceptorij of Templestowe. This foundation of the Templars lay between beautiful, fat pastures, which the previous pious Preceptor had donated to the Order. The building was well fortified, something that these knights never failed, and that made the unsafe condition of England needed. Two zwartgekleede halberdiers guarded the drawbridge, and others in the same somber livery, pillow back and forth on the walls with a dead chen pace, more ghosts than resembling soldiers. The lesser servants of the order were dressed in black, since the use of white garments, similar to that of the knights and boys, in the mountains of Palestine a union of some false brothers had created, that Knights Templar called, and the order had caused great shame. They saw now and then a knight in his long white robe, with bowed head and crossed arms go all over the place. They were each passed with over a slow, plechtstatigen and dumb greeting, according to the rule of their Order, on the words of Scripture professional income: "Through many words will not miss ye sin "and" Life and death are in the power of the tongue. "In a word, the gloomy monkish severity of the disciplinary Templar, which they had long since exchanged against extravagance and debauchery, seemed suddenly to Templestowe under the watchful eye of Lucas Beaumanoir to revive.

Isaac remained at the gate, to consider how he can best one favorable reception insure would, for he knew well that the reviving fanaticism of the Order was no less dangerous for his unfortunate tribe than her greatest debauchery, and that his religion the object of

hatred and persecution in the one case would be his wealth to him in the other like would have been exposed. exactions of the ruthless suppression

Meantime Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden, which belonged to the Preceptorij, and was enclosed by the outer fortifications, in gloomy and confidential conversation with a brother of the Order, who had returned from Palestine with him.

The Grand Master was already a man of advanced age, as his long, gray beard, and his heavy gray eyebrows testified, whom hung over eyes, whose fire could not quench. Age His lean, severe facial features showed that he was a formidable warrior, and had still yet one warlike, proud expression, not less proved their leanness caused by abstinence that he was a superstitious penitent and proud of himself satisfied bigot. However, there was this hard facial features something striking and noble, that due no doubt was the great role, which are considerably office obliged him to play, among kings and princes and to ordinary exercise of authority over the many brave and noble knights of the Order who were united by the rules. His stature was large and his posture straight and dignified, without by age and uitgestane fatigues to be printed. His white cloak was made strictly to the rule of St. Bernard himself, consisting of what one when Burrel called-sheet. This jacket fit perfectly to his stature, and showed on the left shoulder the octagonal cross of the Order in red cloth. No fur or ermine decked his clothing, but in consideration of his high years was all the Grandmasters doublet, as the rules vergunden, with the finest lambskin occupied, with the wool outwards,-which came closest fur, the greatest wealth- of that time. In his hand he carried that plain abacus or office staff, with which the Templars often depicted at the upper end with a button, which was the cross of the Order engraved by a circle or pearl just as the heralds so called, surrounded. The man, which accompanied these lofty personage, wearing almost the same dress in all respects, but his special subservience to his supreme showed that further Geene equality between them existed. The Preceptor, because this was his title, was not right next to the Grand Master, but just behind him, so Beaumanoir speak with him, could not the head to rotate.

"Conrad," said the Grand Master, "dear share my battles and work in your faithful bosom my heart can pour his grief alone. You can say, how often I have since my arrival in this kingdom wished to be redeemed and the righteous go into the dwellings. No object has in England gained in my eyes, which they could rest, except the graves of our brethren beneath the large-vault of our Temple Church in yonder proud capital. with pleasure O brave Robert de Ros! I called in myself, while I stared at the soldiers of

the cross, as they are there on their tombs depicted;-o worthy Willem de Mareschal!
Open thy marble cells, and take thy resting place in a weary brother, who would rather
fight than the decay of our Holy Order behold! "hundred against Gentiles

Lucas Beaumanoir.

"It is but too true," answered Conrad Mont-Fitchet, "and the licentiousness of our
brethren in England is even worse than in France."

"Because they are richer," said the Grand Master. "Excuse me, brother, if I selves me a
few prices have ye know the life that I lead, every line of our Order, I have followed, I
have carnal and spiritual devils contested, I have the brie violate lion who goes around
to seek, whom he will devour, as a brave knight and devout priest slain, wherever I could
find him,-just as the blessed St. Bernard has prescribed in the forty-fifth chapter of our
rules, our *Ut leo semper feriatur* .

But, in the holy temple! with zeal, which my strength and my life, yes, the nerves and
marrow of my bones has devoured-by that same Holy Temple I swear to you that except
you and another, which the old, strict discipline of the Order still maintain , I do not
know brother, I have in my heart that name worthy label. What do our laws, and how
to follow our brothers who? They must not wear vain or worldly ornament, no
helmteeken, no gold to stirrups or bridle, but who is now showing more splendor and
wealth, the poor soldiers of the Temple? It is their forbidden to go, animals skins with
the arrow on falconry, to blow on the hunt hearing and for hunting use their horse but
who is now so adept as they entertained at all vain of wildlife and falconry , and in all the
pleasures that forest and river yield-It? They are prohibited from reading something,
without the permission of their superiors, or listen to anything except the Holy
Scriptures, which are read in the refectory, and behold, they give comply with minstrels
and entertain themselves with silly romances. They had to cut it off, and see! Sorcery
and heresy now they are working diligently to practice. cursed the Kabbalistic secrets of
the Jews and the sorcery of the heathen Saracens Simple cost is their prescribed, roots,
herbs, barley beer, and only three times in the week flesh, because the daily use there is
a shameful decay of the body, and see! their tables collapse under the weight of delicious
spijzen.-Their drink was water, and now boasts every gay guy, he drinks like a fish! The

garden itself, filled with herbs and trees, which are transferred from the East, fit better for the Harem of an unbelieving Emir, than the place which Christian Monks to use for planting their kitchen vegetables. And, oh Koenraad! what happiness it would still be, if the oblivion of discipline did not go further!-As you know, that one has forbidden us to receive that as sisters were incorporated in our Order in the beginning, that pious women because, as the six-and-fortieth chapter says, Satan, by female companionship, many people from the path of salvation deducted. Yes, even in the last chapter, (as it were the conclusion of the pure, undefiled doctrine of our blessed founder), it is forbidden us, to our mothers and sisters to give even the kiss of love ut ommium Mulierum fugiantur oscula! -I am ashamed of the corruption which prevails among us, speak-even thinking about it! The virtuous souls of our founders, the shades of Hugo Payen and Godfrey de Saint Omer, and of the blessed Seven who first vereenigden, to devote their lives to the service of the Temple in the salvation which they enjoy Paradise, disturbed. I've seen them, Koenraad, in nightly dreams;-their holy eyes shed tears over the sins and follies of their brethren, and the scandalous licentiousness, which they dip. Beaumanoir! they cried thou asleep-awake! There is a blot on the house of the temple, outrageous and large, as the sign that anciently on the houses where the leprosy had prevailed, was made. The soldiers of the cross, that the look of the women, as the eye of basilisks had avoid living in open sin, not only with the women of their own tribe, but with the daughters of the accursed heathen, and worse cursed Jews. Beaumanoir, you sleep, on! and avenge our-Destroy the sinners, men and women-Grab! sword of Phineas-De! apparition disappeared, Koenraad, but when I woke up, I could still clatter of armor hear and see the waves of white coats. - And I want to act on their command, I want to purify the temple, and the unclean stones in which the plague is, I will remove and throw out of the building! "

"But remember, reverend father," said Mont-Fitchet, "that blemish by time and habit ingrained is: let's be careful reform, as well as fair and wise."

"No, Mont-Fitchet;-they must be strict and suddenly:-Order is the turning point of her fate. Temperance, self-sacrifice and devotion of our predecessors have given us powerful friends provided;-our arrogance, wealth and opulence have our formidable enemies on the neck gehaald.-We must estimate dispose of what a temptation for the princes,-we have that conceit follow, what an insult to them,-we must debauchery improve our morals, which one annoyance for the whole Christian world-or y,-please note my words,-the Order of the Temple will be destroyed completely , and her place shall no more be known among the nations. "

"God averted this disaster on us," cried the Preceptor.

"Amen," said the Grand Master solemnly, "but we have to earn his assistance. I tell you, Conrad, that neither the powers of the earth can tolerate. The depravity of the present generation of heaven, nor My posts are certainly;-the land on which our building stands, is already undermined, and every increase of greatness will do it only to collapse sooner. We have our steps backward turn, and behave like true fighters for the cross, our vocation not only our blood and lives, not just our lusts and vices, but our convenience, our joy of life, our inclinations and many entertainment sacrifice that allowed may be to others, but is forbidden to the holy warrior of the temple. "

At this moment a squire came in a threadbare rug (because the candidates to this holy Order wore during their novitiate the clothes, which had the knights made,) in the garden, bowed before the Grand Master, and dwelt there, he dared not carry his message before he had obtained permission to do so.

"Is not it more appropriate," said the Grand Master, "to see appear, then as he walked for two days, as a jester in a fur jerkin, while proud and these Damian in the garment of Christian humility in reverent silence for his supreme vain as a parrot understood-Speak?, Damian, we afford you,-what is yours message "?

"A Jew stands outside the gate, noble and reverend father, and asks brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert to speak."

"You do well to me this give knowledge" said the Grand Master, "in our presence a Preceptor just an ordinary member of our Order, which may not act according to his own will, but to that of his Master,-according to the text "As soon as he heard me, he obeyed!" There is our very keen to hear "something of the behavior of this Bois-Guilbert he said, turning to his companion.

"The rumor calls him stout and brave," said Conrad.

"And rightly called him so," said the Grand Master, "in our valor only we are of our predecessors, the heroes of the cross, not degenerated. But brother Brian came into our Order as a gloomy, unhappy man, no doubt encouraged to take our vows and say goodbye to the world, not in sincerity of soul, but as a man whom eenig minor accident to dissatisfaction and repented charged. Since he is a diligent and serious troublemaker, a disgruntled agitator, and a captain of them become that authority oppose us, without considering, that is given to the master power, even the sign of the rod and the rod, -the staff to support the weak,-the rod to the criminals straffen.-Damian, "he continued," bring the Jew for us. "

The boy left with a deep bow, and returned in a few minutes back, Isaac of York leading inside. No helpless slave who brought in the presence of eenig mighty prince, could his judgment seat with deeper reverence and fear approaching. When he had come from a distance of three cubits, Beaumanoir made a sign with his staff that he would not come further. The Jew kneeled down on the ground, whom he kissed as a sign of reverence; rising below, he remained for the Templars standing with hands folded on chest, and head bowed, as an Eastern slave.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "departure, and keep a guard ready to appear immediately at our command, and let no one come into the garden, before we have been abandoned."-The squire bowed and left - ". Jew, "continued the proud old man," beware! It fits our position not to speak with you long and it is our habit, with whom it may be, words or wasting time. So be brief in your answers to what I will ask you, and speak the truth, because your tongue so deceive me, I will tear them "infidels out of your neck.

The Jew was about to reply, but the Grand Master continued:

"Shut up, infidel!-No word in our presence, then in response to our vragen.-What have you to do with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert"

Isaac trembled with fear and uncertainty. So he told his story, which could be considered as one blasphemy of the Order, and if he is not told, however, what hope could he have to edit the redemption of his daughter? Beaumanoir saw his agony, and deigned, a little to reassure him.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for your miserable life, Jew, if you sincerely in this case to work
gaat.-I ask again, what have you to do with Brian de Bois-Guilbert"

"I am the bearer of a letter," stammered the Jew, "by your leave, Venerable and stern
lord, for this brave knight of the Prior Aymer of the Abbey Jorvaulx."

"I do not say that the times were evil, Koenraad" said the Grand Master. "A Cistercian
Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can not find a suitable messenger
than infidels Jood.-Give me the letter!"

The Jew made with trembling hands the folds of his Armenian cap loose, which he had
hidden to greater safety of Priors writing, and wild with outstretched hand and curved
body approach, to surrender. Strands that his right "Back, dog," cried the Grand Master.
"I do not touch any unbeliever to, except with the sword.-Koenraad, take the letter to,
and give him to me."

Beaumanoir, now in the possession of the writing, the exterior looked carefully, and
then wanted to loosen the thread with which it was explained makes. "Reverend father,"
Conrad said with reverence, "thou shalt break the seal?"

"Would not I?" Said Beaumanoir, frowning. "Not here in the forty-second chapter, The
lectione Literarum that a Templar may receive, even from his father, without giving it
out to the Grand Master and read? in his presence no letter "

To this he looked hurriedly through the letter, and with an expression of surprise and
horror, he read that once on slower, then the paper Koenraad toehoudende with one
hand and with the other light on French, he exclaimed: "That is one beautiful thing for a
Christian to another Christian to write about, and both are members, and no
inconsiderable members, of holy brotherhoods! When, "he said solemnly to heaven
struck eyes," will you, O Lord! come with your wan, to be cured? "the threshing

Mont-Fitchet took the letter from his supreme, and wanted to read it. "Read hard on, Conrad," said the Grand Master, "and thou" (to Isaac), "listen to the content, for we shall interrogate you about!"

Koenraad read the letter, which ran thus:

"Aymer, by God's grace, Prior of the house of Cistercians of the Holy Mary of Jorvaulx, wishes the knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, of the Holy Order of the temple, health, with the grace of God Bacchus and Venus Woman. What our present condition, dear brother, we are a prisoner in the hands of certain wetschendende and godless men, who have not feared to keep our person and force, which we of Front-de-Boeuf's misfortune is our ransom become teaching, and that thou art with beautiful Jew who escaped Serbian sorceress, whose black eyes have you captivated. We are sincerely glad that ye are in safety, however, we beseech you, be on your guard against this second Witch of Endor, for we are assured in secret, that your Grand Master, who is not in the least red cheeks and black eyes disturbing, coming from Normandy, to limit, your pleasures and your punish. missteps We therefore pray you warmly on your guard to be watchful and to be, as the sacred text says found: ! Invenientur vigilantes and the rich Jew, her father, Isaac of York, to me a letter to hair voordeele requested that, so I gave him this, you seriously persuading the girl for ransom to release, as he from his moneybags easy enough can give to fifty other women to ransom and this money I hope to get my share when we us will delight, as true brothers, not to mention the wine cup together, because, what the text says? Vinum lactificat cor hominis , and further: Rex delectabitur pulchritudine tua .

We wish you have to live up to our first meeting! Data from this roovershol, at the hour of the morning prayer.

Aymer, Pr. SM Jorvolciensis.

" PS. Truly, your gold chain did not stay long with me, and now hangs thereto, to the neck of a wild outlaws thief, the whistle, which he calls his hounds! "

"What do you say this, Koenraad" said the Grand Master. "Roovershol! indeed well suited for such a Prior! No wonder that God's hand is heavy upon us, and that we in the Holy Land city by city, foot for foot, the infidels lose as we clergymen such as this Aymer have! And what he thinks wrong with that Second Witch of Endor?" he asked his confidant aside.

Koenraad was (perhaps from experience) more familiar with the language of gallantry, then supreme, and he said the Grand Master, this was an expression, used by worldly men towards those they whom par amours loved, but this statement met the Beaumanoir not superstitious.

"There is more to it than you think, Koenraad; thy simplicity of this abyss of wickedness can not fathom. This Rebecca of York was one student of Miriam, of whom you have heard speak. You'll see, the Jew himself will confess "also turning to Isaac, he said aloud:" Your daughter is the prisoner of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "?"

"Yes, Father and gallant gentleman, and all pay what a poor man for her liberation can-"

"Quiet," said the Grand Master. "This is your daughter's surgery practiced, is not it?"

"Yes, gracious lord," the Jew with herlevenden courage, "and knight and servant, vassal and lord answered bless the gifts which Heaven has given her. Many can attest that they have, when all other human help was fruitless heal him through her art, but the blessing of the God of Jacob rested on her ".

Beaumanoir turned to Mont-Fichet sarkastischen with a laugh: "See, brother," he said, "the temptations of the arch-enemy of mankind! See the bait, which he vischt to souls, he gives a short span earthly life for eternal salvation! What does our sacred rule: Semper percutiatur leo vorans .-Val to the lion! Sheet the destroyer!" He cried, waving his wand symbolologies, as if he challenged the powers of darkness. "Your daughter does so," he continued against the Jew, "by words, seals, amulets and other cabalistic secrets?"

"No, reverend and brave knight," Isaac replied, "but mainly by a balm of miraculous power."

"From whom she has this secret?" Said Beaumanoir.

"It was revealed to her by Mirjam, one wise woman of the tribe," replied Isaac hesitant.

"Ha, false Jew! was that witch Miriam, whose horrible toovenarijen known in every Christian country?" said the Grand Master, a French cross. "Her body was burned at the stake, and her ashes scattered by the winds, and so do me and mine Order, so I do not do the same and even more to her student! I will teach her to bewitch!-Here, Damian! Soldiers of the Holy Temple throw this Jew outside the gate! Shoot-dead, he resists or return him so! With his daughter we will act, as the Christian law and our sacred office on! "

The poor Isaac was thus dragged and thrown outside, without having the least hit on his entreaties, or even on its offers. He could do nothing better, than to the house of the Rabbi to turn back and to try, through this awareness to be, what would be the fate of his daughter. He had hitherto feared for her honor, and now he had to tremble for her life. Meanwhile let the Grandmaster the Preceptor of Templestowe come with him.

The foundations of the Temple were called Preceptorijen, and the title of the chief of the Order was Preceptor, and were the main knights of St. John Commanders and their houses Command called Rows. But these names were, it seems, sometimes interchanged. - WS

The rules of the Templars is this spell again, repeated in different terms, and comes in nearly every chapter, as if they were the motto of the Order: This will explain why the Grand Master so often make use of WS-maakt.

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Chapter thirty-six.

Do not say, my art is only deceit, everything is alive
By appearances, it is he that hath beed'laar feeds
The hov'ling country and rank and tit'len bestows.
The spiritual and the brave soldier
Rises by pretense,-each applauds,
He, verily, that still shows up here
As he is, has little fame waiting
In the field, able, or church. Zoo is the world!
Old Play .

Albert Malvoisin, President, or in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the foundation to Templestowe, was the brother of that Philip Malvoisin, of whom we have previously made in this story reporting and like this baron, he was also closely with Brian The Bois-Guilbert connected.

Among riotous and disorderly men that the Knights Templar were so numerous, Albert of Templestowe was not the least, but with the difference of the proud Bois-Guilbert, that he his vices and ambition under the veil of hypocrisy managed to cover and dissembling, the appearance fanaticism which he internally despised. True the arrival of the Grand Master not been so unexpectedly, it would have to Templestowe he not seen that some relaxation of discipline could betray. And although Albert Malvoisin was somewhat overwhelmed by the surprise, he listened with such respect and apparent contrition to the rebuke of his supreme, and hurried so much of all that refused to reform, and succeeded so well in short, to the appearance of to an institution giving that was recently been committed, that Luke in advance debauchery and entertainment

monastic piety Beaumanoir one better meaning the morals of Preceptors began to cherish, then the first occurrence of the foundation had made him conceive .

But this favorable meaning of the Grand Master was greatly reduced by the news that Albert a Jew Serbian prisoner had entered into the holy house, though, as was to be feared, the beloved of a brother of the Order, and when Albert appeared before him, was he treated with unusual severity.

"There is in this building, dedicated to the Holy Order of the temple," said the Grand Master on gravely, "was one Jew Serbian woman, by a brother of the Order know your, Mr. Preceptor, brought here."

Albert Malvoisin was brought in the greatest embarrassment, for the unfortunate Rebecca was in a remote and secret part of the building locked, and he had all precautions taken to prevent her stay was known there. He read in the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois-Guilbert himself and for himself, so it did not succeed to the turn. Impending storm off

"Why do you speechless?" Continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted me to speak?" Said the Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although he wanted to win, to collect. His mind by this question just a moment time

"Speak, it is lawful for you," said the Grand Master, - "Speak, and say, you know the chapter of our sacred rules - The commilitonibus Templi in sancta Civitate, qui cum miserrimis Mulieribus versantur, propter oblectationem carnis? -about the handling Knights of the Temple with light women? "

"Surely, most reverend father," the Preceptor replied, "I'm not risen to the dignity of the Order, without one of the main commandments of it to know."

"How is it, I ask you again, that you have patience, that has a brother his concubine, and still one Jew Serbian sorceress, in this holy place, brought to her shame and defilement?"

"Once Jew Serbian sorceress," cried Albert Malvoisin, "all good angels may keep us before!"

"Yes, brother, one Jew Serbian sorceress!-Dare you deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of York, and the pupil animal shameful witch Miriam, now,-it is shame them to speak and to think!-Preceptorij is housed within this yours? "

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "has dispelled the mist of my mind. I wondered very much, how such could being on the beauty of the woman, which I have included in this house to a barrier against one fouling confidentiality is a brave knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert so incomprehensible fond to establish what else could be at the expense of our brave and pious brother. "cultivated

"Is there nothing between them, that makes his vow violated?" Said the Grand Master.

"What! ? under this roof "said the Preceptor, making a cross," forbid the Holy Magdalene and the ten thousand maagden.-No! I so I committed a sin by taking her here than it was by the fallacy that I silly love our brother for this Jewess could frustrate what me so passionately and unnatural occurred, that I do not like this way as a kind of insanity was regarded previously earned pity than reprimand. But has discovered thy Father's wisdom, that this Jew Serbian woman one sorceress, this will be the madness of knights explain enough. "

"That is so-so!'s It!" Said Beaumanoir, "see, brother Conrad, how dangerous it is to surrender to the first suggestions, and temptations of Satan. We see the women just to, to gratify the lust of the eyes and to clarify what the men call her beauty, and the hereditary enemy pleasure gets power over us, by talisman and spell to complete a work of vanity and folly was begun. It is possible that our brother Bois-Guilbert in this case

rather pity than severe chastisement deserves, rather the support of the staff, than the strokes of the rod, and that our admonitions and prayers give him back to his brothers. "

"It would be very unfortunate," said Koenraad Mont-Fitchet, "lose the moment that the holy brotherhood the assistance of her sons, the most necessary. One of the best warriors of the Order Three hundred Saracens this Brian de Bois-Guilbert reports with their own hands! "

"The blood of these accursed dogs," said the Grand Master, "will be a pleasant and sacrifice for the saints and angels, which they despise and blaspheme and by their help we will work against the enchantments, by which our brother as a has just caught. He will break the bands of this Delilah, as Samson tore the two new cords with which the Philistines had bound him and he will overthrow the new throngs of unbelievers. But what this shameful witch concerned, who has a brother of the Holy Temple enchanted, they will die! "

"But the laws of England," said the Preceptor, who, although he rejoiced that the wrath of the Grand Master himself from him so happy and Bois-Guilbert was derived, and had taken a different direction, now began to fear, that he had driven too far.

"The laws of England," said Beaumanoir, "permit and recommend every judge to judge. In his own field The smallest baron can one witch in custody in his area, its sue, and condemn. And one would deny this right to the Grand Master of the Temple, within a Preceptorij of his Order?-Nay-we will judge and judgments. The witch will disappear from the earth, and our sins will be forgiven. Let bring the hall of the castle for the process of the sorceress in readiness. "

Albert Malvoisin bowed and departed,-not to give to make the completion of the hall, but recommended to locate Brian de Bois-Guilbert and revealing to him how would the case. Probably end He soon found him, foaming with rage about one new rejection of the beautiful Jewess. "That onbezonnene," he cried, "that ungrateful! A man despise that has surrounded by blood and flames her life at the risk of his own saved! By God, Malvoisin! I stayed there until roof and pillars to cracked and collapsed around me. Hundred arrows were against me, they rattled against my armor, and hailstones on barred windows, and the only use I made of my shield was to defend her. I did this for

her, and now blames me for the wayward girl, I did not let die, her and refuses me not only the slightest proof of gratitude, but even the remotest hope that she will ever shew me. The devil, who animates her sex with tenacity, has all the power in her person united them alone! "

"The devil," said the Preceptor, "you have, I believe, both possessed. How often have I cautioned you, if not preached abstinence? Have I not said that there were enough willing Christian girls find that it would keep a brave knight so friendly wage refuse? For sin And you need your affection upon a quirky, obstinate Jewess draw! Truly, I believe that the right to old Lucas Beaumanoir yeast, she has bewitched you. "

"Lucas Beaumanoir?" Said Bois-Guilbert -. "Are these yours for sure, Malvoisin? did you let the old man know that Rebekah's Preceptorij? "

"How could I prevent it?" The Preceptor replied. "I have not failed to keep your secret hidden, but it is betrayed, and the devil can only say by whom. However, I have one thing so good turn potential data; thou art safe, acting as Rebekah refrain. It complains you, as the victim of magic arts. She is one sorceress and as such must die. "

"By God, not that! They will" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert.

"By God, they will and must!" Malvoisin resumed. "Neither you nor anyone else can save her. Lucas Beaumanoir has determined that the death of this Jewess a sufficient atonement shall all amorous sins of the Knights Templar, and you know, that he both the power and the will has to bring a so reasonable and pious intention to implement . "

"Shall ages to believe that there ever has such a silly superstition exist?" Exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, with great strides in the room reciprocating.

"What will you believe, I do not know," replied calmly Malvoisin, "but I do know that in our days ninety-nine out of a hundred clergy and laity Amen will call in the judgment of the Grand Master. "

"I found it," said Bois-Guilbert, "Albert, you are my friend. You must let her escape, Malvoisin, and I will bring her to a more secret place. "

"I can not, though I wanted it too," said the Preceptor, "the house is filled with the followers of the Grand Masters, and others who have him therefor. And to be honest, to you brother, I would not want to interfere with that case even me so I could hope they are happy to bring to an end. I already have enough for your sake bold. I have no desire to be suspended or even lose the will to be a suitable Jewish Girl. My Preceptorij And if you want to follow my advice then give ge that frantic, and let your falcon on other wildlife loose. Remember, Bois-Guilbert,-your present rank, your future fame, everything depends on your name at the Order off. You remain steadfastly in thy love for this nonsensical Rebekah, then you give ge Beaumanoir one occasion, to bring you fall, and he will not fail. He is afraid of the staff, whom he holds in his trembling fingers, and he knows that you have the hands to extend stout there. Do not doubt, he edited your trap, if ge a pretext so fair as the protection of one Jew Serbian sorceress, gives him. Admit in this case, because you can not resist him. If you have the rod in thine own powerful fist, then can you caress the daughters of Judah or burn to election. "

"Malvoisin," said Bois-Guilbert, "thou art a cold-blooded"

"Friend," said the Preceptor, is hastening to missing a word to complete, which Bois-Guilbert would probably have used an insulting phrase - "a cold-blooded friend I am, and therefore better suited to advise you . I tell you again, that you can not save Rebecca. I repeat: you can only die with her. Go, fly to the Grand Master,-fall at his feet, and tell him-"

"By God! not at his feet, but I want the bigot in his face saying-"

"Tell him in the face," continued Malvoisin coldly, "that you those caught Jewess to rage far loves, and the more you your passion exaggerate, the more he will rush to a end to it by the death of the beautiful sorceress, while ge, caught in the act by the confession of a crime in violation of your oath, no help from your brothers can expect, and then ge all

thy wonderful outlook on honor and power and give thy lance use as a mercenary, in one or other petty quarrel between Flanders and Burgundy. "

"You speak truth, Malvoisin," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after a moment bedenkens. "I want the superstitious old man no advantage about me and what Rebekah concerned, they did not deserve to me, that I should give rank and honor for her sake would cost. I will give her!-I want her to leave her fate, if not-"

"Do not limit your wise and necessary decision" fell Malvoisin interrupted him, "women are just the toys, which we complement our idle hours;-ambition is the serious purpose of life. Let a thousand such fragile dolls like destroy this Jewess, honor your male foot stationary on the brilliant career which opens up for you! For the moment we part, because one should not put us in a confidential conversation aantreffen.-I need to bring to justice "the room in order.

"How," cried Bois-Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Yes, " replied the Preceptor, "the process goes by quickly, as the judge has already predetermined the verdict."

"Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, when he was alone, "you'll probably be very costly me-why I can not leave your fate, as this cold-blooded hypocritical recommending me-one? Attempt I want to do, to save you, but beware of ingratitude! because, I once again turned up, so will my revenge my love match. The life and honor of Bois-Guilbert will not be laid in the balance, as contempt and reproaches are his only reward! "

The Preceptor had hardly given the necessary orders, or Koenraad Mont-Fitchet joined themselves to him, and taught him of the decision of the Grand Masters to the Jewess instantly go up. Because sorcery

"It is definitely a dream," said the Preceptor, "we have many Serbian Jew physicians, and we call them Geene magicians, although they perform miraculous cures."

"The Grand Master thinks differently," said Mont-Fitchet, "and Albert, I would like to sincerely with you;-sorceress or not, it is better that this miserable girl die, than that Brian de Bois-Guilbert for the Order perish, or that the Order Worde shaken by internal divisions. Ge knows his high rank, his military glory;-ge has the respect, whom many of our brothers shew him-but all this will take him to our Grandmaster no avail, so he sees Brian as an accomplice and not a victim of this Jewess. Though the souls of all the twelve tribes united in her body, then it would be better that she suffered alone, than that Bois-Guilbert shared in its demise. "

"I had just turned on him yet, to give her," said Malvoisin, "but again,-there are enough grounds to sue because this Rebekah sorcery-Will? Not the Grand Master of feelings change when he sees that the evidence is so weak? "

"They need to be strengthened, Albert," replied Mont-Fitchet, "to be strengthened. Do you understand me? "

"Yes," replied the Preceptor, "I do not hesitate to do anything to the welfare of the Order;-but there is little time to find suitable tools."

"Malvoisin, which must be found, "said Conrad," the will and the Order make great advantage. This Templestowe is a poor Preceptorij,-that of Maison-Dieu is another so rich;-ge know my influence grays at our captain;-find people who this case can continue, and you will Preceptor of Maison-Dieu in the fertile Kent.-What do you say that? "

"There are," said Malvoisin, "among the men who came with Bois-Guilbert here are two people who I know well, they are servants of my brother Philip was the Malvoisin, and from his service in that Front -de-Boeuf overgegaan.-Maybe they know something the sorcery of the woman. "

"Go and look at them once, and even though, as a few Byzantines can strengthen their memory, let it shall not be lacking. "

"They would for a Zechin swear that the mother, who has given them life, was one sorceress," said the Preceptor.

"Then," said Mont-Fitchet, "at noon, the case will have progress. I have seen so Geene our chef in serious mood, since he converted, that unto the Turkish Chen religion fell away, condemned to the stake Hamet Alfagi,."

The heavy bell of the castle had proclaimed noon, when Rebekah heard footsteps on the stairs, which led to her prison. The roar announced the arrival of several persons, and this circumstance was a comfort to her, because she feared the visit of the haughty and driftigen Bois-Guilbert more than any other evil that could happen to her. The door of the room opened, and Koenraad performed with the Preceptor Malvoisin and four guards dressed in black, armed with halberds, inside.

"Daughter of a cursed tribe," said the Preceptor, "get up and follow us!"

"Where to?" Said Rebecca, "and what?"

"Girl," Conrad replied, "it suits you to ask, but to obey. However thou mayest know that thou before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our Holy Order will be brought to account because of your sin to give."

"The God of Abraham be praised," cried Rebecca, the grateful hands clasping, "the name of a judge, though an enemy of our people, sound in my ears like that of a protector. Please I follow thee, grant me only my veil to save my head."

They went up the stairs with slow and solemn steps away, through a long gallery, and entered through a hinged door at one end in the great hall, where the Grand Master for the moment had saved his court.

The lower part of this large room was filled with armed men and farmers, who were not without difficulty place for Rebekah, who, accompanied by the Preceptor and Mont-Fitchet and followed by the halberdiers, repaired to the designated place. While she, with folded hands and bent head, by the hope, stopped her a piece of paper in his hand and received almost without knowing it, and held it without going to see the content. The insurance, however, that she had a friend in this awful assembly gave her courage to see around and notice in whose presence she was. She noticed a scene that we will attempt to describe. In the next chapter

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Chapter thirty-seven.

Hank was the law, which forced her servants, the heart
To ignore the feeling of earthly 'misery and sorrow,
Hank was the law for which that man thirst orders,
To never in joy, how guiltless also to parts:
But endless stricter still the law, which d'ijzren staff
Der tyranny accepted, if God gave her that.

The Middle Ages.

The court, set up for the trial of the innocent and unhappy Rebecca, occupied the higher or upper end of the great hall, which we have already described as the place of honor, destined to receive the most distinguished residents or guests

On a raised dais, just before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Templars, in a wide, spacious, white robe, full of folds, in his hand the mystic staff on which the emblem of the Order adorned. Before him stood a table where two writers were, the chaplains of the Order, whose duty it was to what was for quite into effect. Protocol The black dress, the shaven crowns and the humble appearance of these clergy, formed a strong contrast to the warlike attitude of the knights present, or who were housed in the Preceptorij, or in the company of their Grandmaster come there. The preceptors, four in number, occupy the seats, which are less high and some were further back than that of their chief, and the knights, who no higher rank holders in the Order, were at even lower banks, on the same distance the preceptors, as this of the Grand Master. Behind them, but still on the elevated portion of the hall, were the squires of the Order, in white robes of varying fineness. The whole meeting was a genteel occur, and were felt expressions of warlike courage, united with all the earnestness, the men of ecclesiastical suits, and that none of them in the presence of their Grand Master failed to on the face of the knights take.

The remaining, lower part of the hall was filled with guards, who were armed with halberds, and with other people, which the curiosity had attracted thither, to both a Grand Master and one Jew Serbian sorceress see. The vast majority of these lesser persons was linked by one or another office on the Order and thus distinguished by one black dress. But it also had the farmers from the surrounding areas allowed, for Beaumanoir ordained fame, to the edifying spectacle of the righteousness which he exercised, so public as possible. His large blue eyes seemed to be, as he oversaw the meeting, and his face seemed to shine with the conviction of his dignity and the imagined merits of the role, which he played. Greater A psalm, which he himself with a deep, soft voice, which age had not robbed of her power, also sang, was the beginning of the day: and the solemn tones: Venite, exsultemus Domino , which the Templars so often they began, before they went to battle against earthly enemies, were judged by Lucas for the fittest, to serve for the approaching triumph of light over darkness, as he called it. opening The notes long held, by a hundred male voices, practiced singing in the choir, intoned, weêrgalmden to the vaulted ceiling of the hall, and weêrklonken between the pillars with a pleasant, yet solemn sound, like the waves of a mighty stream. When the song ended, the Grand Master oversaw the circle slowly and noticed that the seat of one of the preceptors had remained empty. Brian De Bois-Guilbert, whom he deserved, had left his place, and now stood at the far end of one of the banks, which the ordinary knights of the temple occupy, with one hand his long cloak stopping, so he covered his face some measure while he held his sword in the other, whose hilt was in the form of a cross, and with the point of which he drew on the oak floor without the lines slowly pulling out.

Rebekah before her judges in the courtroom.

"Unhappy" said the Grand Master, after a pitying look to have. Beaten him "You see, Koenraad, how this holy work torments him. The wanton look of a woman, of darkness supported by the power of the prince, a brave and worthy knight bring-See!, So far he can not respect us, and its not, and who knows by the power of the evil spirit by whom he is possessed, his hand pulls these cabalistic lines upon the floor? Possibly our lives and our safety is threatened, but we defy and challenge the evil spirit- Semper leo perculiatur!" he whispered This sneaky confidant Koenraad Mont-Fitchet far. To this he lifted up the voice and turned according to the meeting.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, preceptors, and members of the Holy Order, my brethren and my children, ye noble and pious squires, who strives to agree to wear this holy Cross! And thou, Christian Brothers of all rank!-learns that it is not a lack of power, which has caused the convening of this meeting, because, how our unworthy person may be, however, is our authorization with the rod to everything the welfare of this our holy Order concerned, to judge and judgments. St. Bernard has chivalrous in the line of our and religionists state said in the nine-and-fiftieth Chapter , he did not want, that the brothers in a council would be convened, then you want with the and by order of the Grand Master , while it leaves us, as that worthy fathers, which our our sacred ministry are preceded, to determine the opportunity, the time and place of this when a chapter of the whole Order, or any part there will be held. It is also our duty in all such matters the council to hear our brothers and also to us to act. Discretion As soon, however, the furious wolf on our herd attacks and a member of it has been towed, then it is the duty of the good shepherd to call his comrades together so that they the attacker drive with bows and garlands, according to our welbekenden rule that the lion must always be defeated. We therefore have in our presence summoned one Jew Serbian woman named Rebekah, daughter of Isaac of York, a woman, notorious for its witchcraft and enchantments, which she has bewitched not a farmer, the blood and the brain but of a knight, -not a world seem knight, but a knight of the temple dedicated to the service,-not a simple knight, but a Preceptor of our Order, the first in fame, as well as in rank. Our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert is us and all who hear me, known as a dignified and diligent champion of the Cross, whose arm many a brave deed in the Holy Land, and the holy places by the blood of the infidels, who they inhabited, purified of defilement. No less than his valor and military science has proved the sagacity and prudence of our brother to his brothers, in so far, that knights, both in the East and in the West, Bois-Guilbert have a man called, which do, as our successor in the conduct of this rod into account might come when the heaven will please, to deliver us from the burden that carry us. If they told us that such a man, if honored of mood and venerable, suddenly all regard for his character, his vow, his brothers, his prospects rejecting, a Jewish girl taken to him, and had visited in this disgraceful company lonely places; her person, at the expense of his own, had defended, and such, in short, was blinded and besotted, that he had even put her in one of our Preceptorijen, what would we say otherwise than that the noble knight Eenigen evil spirit possessed, or by some evil spell caught was?-If we could suppose it different not think rank, courage, fame, or some earthly consideration would stop to visit him with punishment that the wicked might be expelled, according to the us Text: Auferte malum ex vobis .

"For many and annoying are the offenses against the rules of our blessed Order in this sad case. °. He wants wandered to his own sex contrary to the three-and-thirtieth chapter: Quod Nullus juxta propriam voluntatem incedat . °. He verkeering account a person excluded from the Church, seven-and-fiftieth chapter: Ut fratres non participant cum excommunicatis , and therefore he is subject to the Anathema Maranatha . °. He has strange women wrong, contrary to the chapter: Ut fratres non conversentur cum extraneis Mulieribus . °. He not only the kiss of a woman not be avoided, but as I have, there is fear to be searched, which, as the last line of our famous Order says ut fugiantur osculo be the soldiers of the cross lured into a trap. Had Brian de Bois-Guilbert from our fraternity be cut off and cast out, though he is the right hand and the right eye "for this shameful and manifold crimes

He paused. A soft murmur spread through the meeting. A few of the young knights, who seemed inclined to smile about the law: The osculis fugiendis , were now serious enough and waited impatiently for which the Grand Master would continue to contribute.

"Such," he continued, "and was indeed the punishment of a Temple Knight, who rules his Order in such weighty points knowingly violated. So strictly But when through the magic arts Satan power obtained on the knight, perhaps because he lightly on the beauty of a girl threw his eye, then we complain his error rather than punish, and to impose a penalty only for himself of his sins can clean the whole weight of our anger turn against the cursed tool that almost whole fall had brought. Occurs before, therefore, and testify, thou that these unfortunate events attended, that we may prove investigate and judge whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman, or whether we with a heavy heart to further persecution against our brother have to go. "

There were called several witnesses to prove that Bois-Guilbert had exposed when he saved Rebecca from the burning castle, and had her in contempt of his own safety protected the danger. The people did this story with the exaggeration typical of vile men who are strongly affected by one or other special event, and their natural inclination for the marvelous was greatly increased by the pleasure that their testimony the nobles man seemed to provide for whom they were made. So were the dangers which Bois-Guilbert had come to above, although in itself large enough, according to their incredible story. The zeal of the knights in the defense of Rebekah was exaggerated, not only beyond the limits of common sense, but even of the dolzinnigsten knightly courage, and his submission to what they said, clean them often on a stern, reproachful tone spoke to

him, was depicted as so servile, that she had to shine. unnatural when a man so proud character

Then called the Preceptor of Templestowe, to describe which Bois-Guilbert and the Jewess in Preceptorij arrived. The way The testimony of Malvoisin was given with extreme caution. But while he was seemingly in wait, to spare the feelings of Bois-Guilbert he had from time to time some hints fall, to indicate that he he devotedly attached so it seemed to the bottom some insanity distress, seemed the girl, he also brought. . With signs of repentance known the Preceptor sin he had committed by Rebekah and receive her knight in the Preceptorij - "But my defense," he concluded, "I have proposed to our Grand Master, he knows that my motives were not bad, though my behavior also fights against the rule. Well Willig I will myself to any fine threads, which he put on me. "

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Albert," said Beaumanoir, "thy motives were good, because you had it right, that you encounter your erring brother in his frantic career would. But your behavior was wrong:-as he who wants to stop a runaway horse and barrel by the stirrup instead of by the bridle, itself is damaged, to found rather useful. Our pious founder has thirteen paternoster determined for the morning service and nine for the evening service, you must double this number. Three times a week is the Templar permitted to eat meat, you should fast the whole week. If you did this for six weeks sustained, your penance done. "

With a look of the deepest submission hypocrites, bow Preceptor of Templestowe to the ground for his Grand Master, and went again to his place.

"Would not it be good brothers," continued the Grand Master, "that we eenig were investigating a former life and movement of this woman, especially to discover whether it is likely that she has made of witchcraft and magic arts use, since the truths which we have heard, it would do believe that our erring brother is in this unfortunate venture by some infernal temptations and deceptions driven us? "

Herman Van Goodalricke was the fourth Preceptor, who was present, the three others were Koenraad, Malvoisin and Bois-Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, whose face was covered with scars of saber cut of the Moslems, and who was in great

esteem and had great authority among his brethren. He stood up and bowed low before the Grand Master, who once gave him leave to speak. "I would like, Reverend Father, our brave brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert himself, to hear what he says on this wondrous accusations, and for what purpose he now sees himself his unholy verkeering with this Jew Serbian girl?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "you hear the question, which our brother Goodalricke desires that you will answer. I recommend you give. "Him word

Bois-Guilbert turned his head to the Grand Master, when he was so addressed and kept silent!

"He is by the devil of dumbness possessed," said the Grand Master. "Neighborhood, Satanias!-Brian De Bois-Guilbert, I conjure you by this token of our holy Order!"

Bois-Guilbert made an attempt to suppress his climbing contempt and indignation as he understood that an eruption would have helped him. Little

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he "returned no answer, reverend father, to such an indefinite and vain charges. If his honor is attacked, he will with his body and with his sword, which has so often fought for Christianity, defend. "

"We forgive you, brother Brian," said the Grand Master, "that you are in our presence boast in your martial deeds, because this comes from evil, that brings us into the temptation to Enlarge. Our own merits But thou hast our pardon, I understand that you speak less out of your own mouth than on that of him, we, whom with God's help, from this meeting thinking to drive. "

A look of contempt blazed in the black, menacing eyes of Bois-Guilbert, but he did not answer -. "And now," continued the Grand Master, "there is the question of our brother Goodalricke so incomplete answer, we want to continue our research , brothers, and, with the help of our patron saint, this wicked secret until the ground to trace. Let those

who have something to testify about the life and movement of this Jewess, emerging act. "There was a murmur in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master asked the reason, they replied that there is under the hope was a man who had been bedridden, and that the prisoner had a balm wonderdadigen the use of his limbs completely returned.

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward, trembling for the penalty, which could take him because he was cured by a Jewish Girl of the effects of a stroke. Completely healed, he certainly was not because he supported yet on his crutches while he made his testimony. Very reluctantly and with many tears, he told him to York living two years before, was attacked while he was working in his profession of carpenter Isaac the rich Jew by one serious illness, he had been out of state, to to stand before the drugs, which he had used to Rebekah's instructions, and especially a warming and fragrant balsam, had in some degree the use of his limbs returned to him. the bed Moreover, he said that they gave him a jar of that precious ointment, and had a lot of money donated to go to the house of his father in the vicinity of Templestowe to return. "And your Father's leave," the man said, "I can not believe that the girl wanted to do me harm although the accident has to be a Jewess, because even when I used her waist, I said the priest and creed , and it did not work out less beneficial. "

"Shut up, slave," said the Grand Master, " and go! It fits to dogs, as thou art, to let himself in with hellish cures and work. Upon the sons of unbelief I say to you, the booze can only impose diseases to cure them, and thereby bring. Eenig infernally drug in respect Do you have the ointment, of which you speak ? "

After with a trembling hand in his bosom groped to have persuaded the farmer to emerge, a small box whose lid on some Hebrew letters were, what was a certain evidence in the majority of the audience, that the devil had played for pharmacist. Beaumanoir took, to have made after a cross the box in hand, and, as he understood most Oriental languages, he read the inscription easy: the lion of the tribe of Judah has weathered balconies . "Miraculous power of Satan!" He cried, "what the Sacred Scripture in blasphemy may change, and poison among our necessary food mixes!-Is there any medicine which can the materials of this mysterious ointment tell us here? "

Two healing masters, as they called themselves, one a monk and the other a barber, appeared, and declared that they knew nothing of the constituents, except that they

smelled of camphor and myrrh, which they held for Oriental herbs. But with the genuine professional jealousy inspired by a lucky practitioner of their art, they told that since the drug their knowledge was beyond, it had to be prepared, necessary from unauthorized, enchanted constituents since, although no magicians, every branch of their art understood, so far she could practice. a good Christian in a fair manner When this was done medical research, the Saxon peasant asked humbly, that he should be the drug return , that he had found so beneficial, but the Grand Master frowned at this request. "What's your name, man?" He asked the lame.

"Higg, son of Snell," replied the farmer.

"I tell you, Higg, son of Snell," said the Grand Master, "that it is better to be than of infidels bedridden medicine to take to get up and walk,-that it is better the infidels by force of their treasures to rob, then benefits from to adopt, or to serve them. wage for them Go and do what I said! "

"Ah," sighed the farmer, "your Father's leave, that lesson comes too late for me, for I am but a crippled man, but I will to my two brothers, who serve at the rich Rabbi Nathan Ben Samuel, saying that it keeps the Grandmaster to steal, but to serve. "loyal to him him for fairer

"Continuing with the talkative fool," cried Beaumanoir, who was not caught on to answer it. Practical application of his general rule Meenen

Higg, son of Snell, withdrew among the crowd back, but, as he his benefactress was interested in fate, he lingered to hear her judgment even at risk to further the look of that strands court to endure, that brought cringe him. anxiety Now ordered the Grand Master to Rebecca to get unlock. Her lips for the first time opening, she replied, "it was not the custom of the women of her tribe, to uncover the face when they were alone in the company of strangers." The sweet sound of her voice and the softness of reply instilled the audience sympathy and interest in. But Beaumanoir, in whose mind the suppression of every human feeling, that could hinder him in which he held for duty, was a virtue, repeated his command, which was to unveil his victim. The guards did so

her veil snatch, when she arose and to the Grand Master said: "Ah, the love of thine own daughters-Alas" she continued, is remembering, "ye have no daughters,-the love of yours sisters and for female modesty, let me not be treated so rudely in your presence, it behooves not a girl touched by such hands might be full. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost the heart of Beaumanoir himself softened. "You are the elders of your people, and your command I will exhibit the features of a disastrous girl."

They hit the veil back, and looked at them with a look, which timidity fought with dignity. Her extraordinary beauty raised a murmur of surprise, and the younger knights told each other by their looks, that Brian's best apology rather than lying to her supposed witchcraft in the power of her substantial charms,. But Higg, son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect which the countenance of his benefactress brought about. "Let me go!" He called the guards at the door of the hall to: - "Send me away, even for a look will kill me, because I have participated in her murder!"

"Hush, friend," said Rebekah, when she heard these complaints, "thou did me no harm done by speaking the truth-you can not help me by thy complaints, or repentance. Be quiet, I pray thee, go home and care for thine own safety".

Higg was about to be sent by the sympathetic guards out there they feared that his noisy smart their blame and punish him on the neck would get. But he promised to be quiet, and got leave to remain. Had the two warriors, with whom Albert Malvoisin not failed, to talk about their testimony were now called forth. However, the sight of the prisoner and her exquisite beauty Although both paved and hardened villains were, seemed to them a little confusing, but a veelteteekenende look of the Preceptor of Templestowe gave them their insensitive stubbornness back, and they rehearsed with one precision, which in less partisan judges would have been suspicious circumstances, which either completely fabricated, either nietsbeteekenend and easy to herself were, but unfavorable worked by the aggrandizement and misinterpretation, which gave the witnesses to the deed business. The points on which their testimony was, in modern times were divided into two classes have become,-those are not important and those which were physically impossible. But they were both in those times of ignorance and superstition readily for any fault aangenomen.-The first class consisted, that in an unknown language in itself had heard talk-that the songs, which she sang from time to time Rebekah , had a very low voice, which captivated the ears and struck the heart,-that they sometimes talked to herself, and looked up, as if waiting answer-that her dress was amazing and strange,

wholly unlike that of honorable women-she had rings, which were kabbalistic spells, and there were strange letters on hair veil embroidered. All these circumstances, how natural and insignificant, were seriously listened as evidence that Rebekah had one unauthorized verkeering with evil spirits.

But there were less ambiguous evidence, which lichtgeloovigen in the meeting eagerly listened, how unlikely they were. One of the soldiers had seen carrying a wounded, who had brought with them to torquilstone. Her a cure She was, he said, some signs over the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he thanked God that he did not understand, and immediately entered the iron tip of the bolt of a armboog from the wound loosely, the bleeding was appeased; the wound is closed, and walked in the dying minutes a healthy return on the ramparts, and helped the witness a few pendulum control. This story was probably based on the fact, that the wounded had Rebekah beware, when he was in the castle of torquilstone Ivanhoe was caught. But it was all the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as he, to add a visible evidence in his oral testimony took from his pocket the tip of the bolt, which, according to his story, so miraculously from the wound was drawn, and there's a full iron weighed us, this fully confirmed the story, how wonderful it sounded.

His companion was a neighboring stronghold witnessed the scene between Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert, when she was about to top of the tower down to collapse. Themselves Not less than his comrade to his, he reported that he had seen when she is on the parapet of the tower neêrzette, where she had taken the form of one white swan and did so three times to the castle of torquilstone fluttered Rebekah , that it is this again on the tower neêrgelaten and had resumed her human form.

Less than half of these weighty testimony would have been enough for any poor and ugly old woman, even though she had not been a Jew, to convince. Of sorcery Moreover, the evidence was burdened by Rebecca's youth, and her beauty betooverende.

The Grand Master had the votes recorded, and asked to present solemn tone Rebekah what she had to say to the verdict, he was about to speak. Of the point

"To invoke your pity" said the lovely Jewess, with a voice that trembled with emotion, "would, I understand that, as useless as contemptible. To argue that supporting sick and

wounded of another religion to the acknowledged Founder of both our religion can not be ongevallig, would be as fruitless; keep that many things which these men (Heaven forgive their standing!) declared that, to me impossible, would avail me little, as you believe in the possibility of it, and even fewer would help me to explain the details of my dress, language and customs, to my own people are, -I had almost said to my homeland: but alas! we have no country. I do not even defend me at the expense of my oppressor, who stands and listens to the crafty and exaggerations, which the tyrant into the victim seem to change. Heaven DECISIVE between him and me! but rather I wanted to undergo ten times death, whom thou consent can talk about me than to sue respond, what has this son Belial's done me-me, no friend or protector, and his prisoner. But he belongs to your faith, and his slightest word would outweigh the solemn protestations of the unhappy Jewess. So I want the accusation made against me not throw back at him, but himself on him-yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not as false, cruel and blasphemous as shameful are? "

There was a solemn silence, all eyes settled on Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He paused.

"Speak!" She said, "if thou art a man,-if thou art a Christian, speak!-I charge you in the garment that you bear,-in the name, which you have inherited-the knighthood which thou boast,-in honor of your mother-in grave and the bones of your father, I conjure you to say these things? "

"Answer her, brother," said the Grand Master, "as the enemy, with whom you struggling, so you bestows."

Indeed Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by conflicting emotions, which deformed his features, and with great effort he finally replied, looking to Rebecca, - "the magazine! the paper! "

"Truly," cried Beaumanoir, "which is a testimony-the victim of her magic arts can only call the fatal blade, and the magical signs that there are written, are no doubt the reason for his silence."

But Rebekah gave one other interpretation of the words, which at Bois-Guilbert were extorted as it were, and her eye banging on the piece of parchment that she still held in her hand, she read it, in Arabic letters: "Ask a champion! "It murmurings that spread across the strange reply from Bois-Guilbert by the meeting, gave Rebecca the time to read the magazine unnoticed and destroy, as they believed. When the din ceased, the Grand Master took the word. "Rebecca, you can not benefit from the testimony of this unhappy knight on whom, as we perceive it, the demon is too powerful. Have you anything else to say? "

"There is still one chance on me to save my life," Rebecca replied, "even according to thy cruel laws. My life has been miserable,-at least for some time,-but I want the gift of God not be disposed of, as long as He gives me the means to check, to defend it. I loochen these allegations;-I keep my innocence, and I declare the indictment for valsch.-I grants the privilege of God's Judgment, and will be represented by my champion! "

"And who, Rebecca," said the Grand Master, "the lance for a sorceress record?-Who will be the champion of a Jewess want to be?"

"God will send me a champion," said Rebekah. "It is impossible that in the beautiful, hospitable, generous, free Worde England, where so many are ready to for the honor to inform their lives on the line found none for the right fight will. But it is enough that I come on an ordeal:-there is my property "She pulled her geborduuden glove and threw it at the feet of the Grand Master, with an expression on her face, which was so much simplicity with dignity paired! they begat general amazement and wonder.

The reader is referred to the rules of the Pious Get Brotherhood of the temple, which appear in the works of St. Bernardus.-WS

Chapter thirty-eight.

Here is my property;

I love full to the end,

To get mans courage!

Richard II.

Lucas Beaumanoir even was hit by preventing Rebekah. He was by nature not cruel or harsh man, but with one of nature cold orientation, and with a lofty, clean misunderstanding of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by his monastic life, the high power, which he exercised and the supposed necessity of subduing infidelity and eradicating heresy which obligation as he thought, especially rested upon him. His face lost some of their usual rigor when he beautiful creature that stood before him, beheld, alone, without a single friend, and defending themselves with such wit and courage. He twice made the sign of the cross, as if he distrusted the cause of the unusual softness of heart, that on such occasions was simply to beat. The steel of his sword in hardness At length he said

"Girl, so the pity that I feel is created for you, from the use of thine evil arts, then your debt big. But I rather believe that the softer sensations of nature, which are saddened that so much wickedness clean appearance hides. Repent, my daughter-confess thy sorceries, renounce your-disbelief-embrace this holy sign, and everything will still go here and in the future. In a monastery of the highest order, you will have time to pray and do penance and such contrition never. complains one is Do this and live,-what Moses' law done for you that you would die for it "?

"It is the law of my fathers," Rebecca, "said the Sinai was given under thunder and storms, clouds and fire on the mountain. This ye believe, then are ye Christian;-you say that that law has been repealed, but my teachers have not taught me. "

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "to act and this stubborn unbeliever saying, -"

"Forgive, I you interrupting," Rebecca said softly, "I'm a girl, not learned enough to argue about my religion, but I can before dying it, so God's will is.-Have the goodness me to respond to my request to be allowed to make. "a champion

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir, "This is true," he continued, as he considered the soft fabric and the little fingers, "a light and tender for building one so deadly enterprise. Seest thou, Rebecca , what this your thin and small glove against one of our heavy steel gloves, that's your cause against those of the temple, for it is our Order which thou hast challenged ".

"Throw my innocence partly in the scale," Rebecca replied, "and the silk glove will outweigh, then the iron."

"So you persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt and the bold challenge which thou hast done?"

"I thereto, persevering sir," Rebecca said.

"So be it, in the name of the Lord," said the Grand Master, "and may God do triumph right!"

"Amen," cried the preceptors around him, and the word was gently repeated by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "ye think well, that we have had to refuse to this woman the privilege of an ordeal;-but although she is a Jewess and one unbeliever, it is still strange and without protection, and God forbid, that it would seek the help of our soft laws and that we would refuse. hair In addition, we are knights and soldiers, as well as clergy, and the one true shame for us, under any pretext to reject. Challenge of one hand So is the situation now: Rebekah, the daughter of Isaac of York, as a result of frequent suspicious circumstances because of witchcraft, exercised against the person of a noble knight of our holy Order condemned, and she has a God-oriented advanced as proof of

her innocence . To whom ye believe my brethren, that we must surrender, the property of the battle and therefore appoint him our champion? "

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who is mainly involved in," said the Preceptor Of Goodalricke, "and who also knows best how in this case is with the truth."

"But if our brother Brian," said the Grand Master, "under the influence of one spell-We? Speak only as a precaution, because of a member of the Holy Order, we would rather entrust this, or an even more important thing."

"Reverend father," replied the Preceptor Of Goodalricke, "Geene spell affects the champion, acting to fight. In God's Judgement"

"You are right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malvoisin, give this pledge of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert.-I command you, brother," he continued, turning to Bois-Guilbert, "to bravely fight, nothing doubting, or the good cause will triumph .-For you, Rebecca, we determine the third day after this, that thou mayest make a champion."
"

"That is a short time," Rebecca replied, "for a stranger who is not of your faith, to find someone who lives for her sake and honor in battle would venture."

"We can not extend the time," said the Grand Master, "the struggle must have presence in our own place, and several important reasons to call us on the fourth day of here."

"God's will be done!" Rebecca cried out, "I put my trust in him to Vienna for a moment as sufficient for salvation, as one whole century."

"Thou hast spoken well, girl," said the Grand Master, "but we also know very well, who is as an angel of light can exhibit. Now there is only left to determine for battle, a place and, if so, it necessary for the fulfillment of straf.-Where is the Preceptor of this house? "

Albert Malvoisin, becoming Rebecca's glove in hand laying, spoke very serious but soft with Bois-Guilbert.

"How," cried the Grand Master, "he does not take the property?"

"He wants it,-he has already adopted, most reverend father," Malvoisin, answered the glove stinging under his cloak. "And for the location of the fight, i love the arena of St. George for the fittest , as it belongs to this Preceptorij, and we often use it to get exercise. "

"It is," said the Grand Master. "Rebecca, in this arena you will champion your questions, and if thou does not, or if he is overcome the ordeal, then you will, according to your judgment, death eener sorceress die. Please let us opgeteekend sentence in the book and read aloud, lest ignorance accustomed to it. "

One of the chaplains, that the service of writers at the Chapter observed, wrote once the verdict in a ledger, the acts of the Knights Templar containing, when they were assembled in solemn occasions, and when he had done writing, read a second with a loud voice the judgment of the Grand Master, which is translated from the Norman-French, ran thus, for:

"Rebecca, a Jewess, the daughter of Isaac of York, accused of sorcery, seduction, and other damnable arts, which she did in a very knight of the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion denies this, and says that the present are false, malicious and untrue to her the testimonies, and that, legally prevented by her sex, in its place a champion set will, to defend those chivalrous duty to perform will with zoodanige weapons, as a fight progresses her case , and that upon its cost and risk. And this gave her property, which was surrendered to the noble Lord and Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert of the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, which was appointed to run for his Order the battle and himself as offended and disadvantaged being by the enchantments of the accused. Consequently, the Very Reverend Father and mighty Lord Lucas, Marquis of Beaumanoir, said challenge and the pardon of the accused because of her gender adopted, and the third day from now determined to said fight, and designated the

enclosed place, called the arena of St . George, near the Preceptorij of Templestowe. And so the Grand Master calls the accused up to there by her champion to appear, including capital punishment, as of sorcery and seduction confident, as well as the prosecutor to appear, to be declared under penalty of a coward in case he should not appear, and the noble Lord and Very Reverend Father said, provides that the fight in his presence will take place, taking into account all prevailing use. in such matters And God help the just cause! "

"Amen," said the Grand Master, and the crowd repeated the word. Rebekah did not speak, but she looked up to heaven, and folding her hands, she remained one minute in the same position. She brought this to the Grand Master a modest tone in which they had to have to give her friends notice of her condition some freedom that men, if it were possible, a champion would look for her.

"That's right and fair," said the Grand Master; "choose whom you want messenger, and he will be released into thy jail."

"Is there anyone here," said Rebecca, "either for the love of a good thing, or a mild wage, a message for an unhappy creature wants to do?"

All were silent, for no one dared in the presence of the Grandmaster some interest gelasterde prisoner to shew, for fear of being held for Joodschgezind. Not even the prospect of reward and much less of a feeling of compassion alone could overcome this fear.

Rebekah remained a few moments in indescribable anxiety and when she exclaimed: "Is it essential zoo-And? Should I be in England of the small chance of salvation, that remains me, robbed, because no one wants a service of love for me perform, whom they the most hardened criminal would refuse? "

Higg, son of Snell, finally replied: "I'm just a lame man, but I owe it, I still move me and move can.-I will carry thy message to her loving help," he added , turning to Rebekah, "as good as a paralyzed creature can, and would I be if my legs were fast enough to make

the evil that has my tongue done, again well happy. Alas! when I praised thy charity, I do not think I brought you thus in danger! "

"God," said Rebecca, "has everything. He can even do end Judah's captivity. The weakest tool To accomplish His burden is the snail as a certain harbinger as the falcon. Find Isaac of York,-behold, here is money, there you can take for a horse, and hand him this briefje.-I do not know whether it is Heaven, which inspires me, but I am firmly convinced that I will not die this death, and that there is a champion will gain for me. Goodbye! Life and death hang off of your emergency. "

The farmer took the note, which contained only a few words in Hebrew. Many of the spectators wanted to dissuade him, a document so suspicious to touch, but Higg was determined to serve his benefactress. "She saved my body," he said, "and I am persuaded that it will not bring my soul in danger. I will be the big horse neighbor Buthan rent, and York are so soon man and beast is coming to. "

But fortunately, he need not go so far, for about a quarter of the gate of Preceptorij he met two riders, which he acknowledged in their dress and big yellow hats for Jews and approaching he discovered that one of them of Isaac was York, with whom he had worked before. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel, both were come so close to the Preceptorij as they dared, when they heard that the Grand Master had a Chapter for the process of one sorceress convened.

"Brother Ben Samuel," Isaac said, "My soul is worried and I do not know why. This pretense of witchcraft is often used to harass us. "People

"Be comforted, my brother," said the doctor, "you can indeed with the Nazarenes act like a man who mammon of iniquity possession, and therefore easily be exempt from all punishment verkrijgen.-Gold dominated the savage minds of these wicked men, as they say, that the seal of the mighty Solomon the evil spirits beheerscht.-But what unfortunate on crutches arrives there, eager it seems, to speak-friend, "I continued the doctor, turning to Higg, son of Snell agile income, "I do not refuse the help of my art but help those who beg on the great road, with no badge. Check!-Have ye the gout in the legs? then work with their hands for a living: for all ye also unfit to messenger, or a zorgvuldigen shepherd, or for war, or for the service of a driftigen master, so there is still

something to do. Now, brother, "he said, his speech degrading to go to Isaac to see who barely note that Higg put him in hand, had seen, or he fell with a loud scream, like a dying his mule, and remained a moment lying unconscious. The Rabbi rose frightened off, and served him hastily the resources, which gave him using his knowledge to restore his friend. He even took his tools to bloodletting from his pocket and wanted to use it right, when the object of his anxious care suddenly revived, but only to pull his hat from his head and dusting. Hairs are gray with dust The physician was at first inclined to this sudden and violent disorder due to madness, and continued at his first intention, he began again to wield. Instruments are But Isaac soon convinced him of his error. "Child of my own grief!" He cried, "Why should ye be called Ben-Oni instead of Rebecca! Why must bring your death my gray hairs to the grave, so I curse God in the bitterness of my heart and die? "

"Brother," said the Rabbi surprised, "art thou a father in Israel, and such words from you?-The child of your home surely still alive?"

"She lives," Isaac said, "but it's like Daniel, who was called Belteshazzar, when he was in the lions' den. She is caught by these men of Belial, and they want to exercise their cruelty upon her, without having with her youth and her beauty. Pity O! she was a wreath of green palms to my gray locks, and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah-Son of my love-Son of my old-Oh! Rebekah, daughter of Rachel! the dark shadow of death overtakes you! "

"Read the note again," said the Rabbi, "we may find a way of salvation."

"Read you, brother," Isaac replied, "because my eyes are like water fountains."

The physician read in their native language, the following words: "To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles Isaac of York noemen.-That peace and blessings of promise be given to you-My! father, I am sentenced to death for a crime, of which my soul knows nothing, namely that of sorcery. My father, if a brave man can be found to fight with sword and lance, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, in the arena of Templestowe, for me the third day after this, then maybe the God of our fathers give him

strength to defend. the innocent and helpless But if that is not happens, let the virgins of our people mourn for me as one deceased, as to the deer, the hunter fells, and the flower, which the mower with his scythes reapeth. So see, where is there to find help. One Nazareensch warrior would indeed for me in the arena steps, it is Wilfrid, the son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he can not bear the weight of his armor. Send him notwithstanding message, father, for he stands in relation to the brave men of his people, and he shared our captivity, he may be able to find someone who fights for me. But tell him, made to himself to Wilfrid, the son of Cedric, that Rebekah live or die, they are entirely free of her crime attributed lives and dies. And so it is the will of God, to be, ge of your daughter robbed whispers no longer in this land of bloodshed and cruelty, old man! but venture to Cordova, where your brother in safety lives under the scepter, and even under the scepter of Boabdil, the Saracen, for less cruel are the horrors of the Moors against the children of the tribe Jacobs, the abominations of Nazarenes of England. "

Isaac listened quite calmly while Ben Samuel was reading this letter, but then he showed again by Oriental gestures and exclamations his sorrow, he tore his clothes, sprinkled his head with dust and exclaimed: "My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone! "

"Come on, take courage!" Said the Rabbi, "this sadness can help nothing. Gird your loins, and search these Wilfrid, the son of Cedric on. He may be able to help and advise, for the child is then called the Nazereners Lionheart in favor with Richard, and the rumor that it has returned, spreading in the country. Maybe he can get his letter and seal, to this bloodthirsty people who derive their name to the temple, then they dishonor, to recommend that they do not persist in this their wicked intention. "

"I will see him," Isaac replied, "for he is a good lad and pities the captivity of Jacob. But he can not wear his armor, and any other Christian will fight for the oppressed daughter of Zion? "

"Well," said the Rabbi, "you speak like a man who does not know the Gentiles. With gold shalt thou buy their valor, and you buy your own safety with gold. Be of good cheer, and haste thee to Wilfrid of Ivanhoe to search. I also want to go away and work, because it would be a heavy sin being to leave. In your accident I want to travel into the city of York, where a crowd of soldiers and brave men are gathered together, and I have no

doubt that I will find someone there for your daughter will want to fight, because gold is their idol, and for money they will give their lives as well as their land.-Will you any promises, I do them in your name, fill, brother? "

"Surely, brother," Isaac replied, "and Heaven be praised, he sent a comforter. Myself in my misery At any rate, am also not agree to their demands, you shall find that these people own is asking pounds and ounces to satisfy zijn. However, do what you want, because as I'm themselves outside of me, and how would I benefit gold, as was the child of my love lost? "

"Goodbye," said the doctor, "and thy desire shall be fulfilled!"

They embraced each other and beat several roads. The crippled peasant remained for some time and are looked after them.

"Those dogs of the Jews!" He cried, "they no longer bother to gildebroeder sex, as if I was born a slave, a Turk, or a circumcised Hebrew, as they themselves true! They had quite a few pieces of silver can throw me. I was not required to transfer their unholy scribbles and looping of being, as they said to me. Enchanted danger And what helps me the piece of gold that has given me the girl, so the priest therefore punished me in confession on aanstaanden Paschen, and I have to give twice as much to make it good again and then perhaps into the bargain him my life the Jew be called Serbian messenger! I think I was enchanted in earnest, when I stood next to the girl-But! This was always the case with Jew or Gentile, who came in her vicinity,-no one could stand if she had an errand, and yet, when I think of her, I wanted my workshop and tools there to give, to save "her life

Chapter thirty-nine.

Oh girl, cold and onverbid'lijk!

My soul is as proud as yours!

Seward.

De evening dusk on the same day that Rebekah's process, if one can call it so, had taken place, when gently tapped on the door of her prison. This does not bother the occupant, who was standing on the conduct that her religion prescribed, and that ended with a hymn, whom we have ventured thus to translate the evening prayer:

When 't chosen people yesteryear

Egypt's escaped slavery,

Appeared vaadren of God, the Lord,

To Israel in smoke and flame.

By day, a pillar of cloud guided

Them by Arabiëns desert sand;

While, in the night, a pillar of fire shone,

To be their. A faithful guide

The joyful choral singing was heard,

And Zion dochtren voted the tale,

In cymbaalspel and harp chord,

Be helpful to get hero and Levite.

Alas! no more miracles

Protect Abraham's sex;

It fell off from thy ways, O Lord!

And it was abandoned by Thy power.

But clean invisible to your people,

May appear to us cheerful mind

In prosperity, even like a cloud,

This deceptively light for herding us,

And on it rampvol Isrel again

One night, obscured by storm, falls,

They always our merciful Lord!

A pillar of fire, which irradiates our path.

We left in Babylon Town

The harps, the enemy derision and ridicule.

No hand ignites the censer,

Trumpet or harp praise you, God!

But you made as a Judah's tribe

That you, the heart in repentance and mourning,

Even more, than the blood of goat or ram

A welcome sacrifice being would.

When were the sounds of Rebecca's religious hymn died away, the soft ticking resumed at the door. "Come in," she said, "if you are a friend, and if you are an enemy, I have the power not to give you the entry to prevent."

"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, emerging in the room, "friend or foe, Rebecca, by the end of this conversation."

Startled at the sight of this man, whose licentious they drift as the source of all its disasters considered, entered Rebekah backwards, on a well cautious and timid, but by no means timid manner, into the extreme corner of the room, as if they had decided to withdraw, as far as possible but re-position to offer as the retreat was no longer feasible.

She took a non-income brave but courageous attitude, as if to challenge, not an attack and went to great lengths to defend would anyway.

"You have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the Templar, "or, to better express me, you have at least now nothing to fear from me. "

"I do not fear you sir knight," replied Rebecca, although her anxious breathing the heroism of her words seemed to belie: "My confidence is high and I do not fear you."

"You have also no reason to," Bois-Guilbert replied seriously, "my former frantic attacks have ye not fear. It is in close proximity to a guard who can, you call and what I have no authority. It is intended to guide you to death, Rebekah, but she would not even let no one, offend, by me so my rage, rage-because it is,-drove me so far. "

"God be praised," said the Jewess, "death is the least, what I have to fear of Satan in this hole."

"Yes," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is nothing terrible for a fearless mind, as the road is so open and short. A stitch with one lance, a blow with a sword, one for me one for you kleinigheid.-one jumped from a high tower, a cross with a sharp dagger ijselijks nothing compared with what we love to shame. Please note -. I say this - might be my own feelings of honor no less bigoted, Rebekah, than yours, but we both know there is to die for ".

"Unhappy" cried the Jewess from, "and thou condemned to expose for basics, whose correctness is not recognized by your common sense your life? Certainly, this is called thy treasures away for something that is worth nothing,-but do not think of me. Your decision may bobbing back and forth on the wild, ongestadige waves of human meening, mine anchors fixed to the rock of ages. "

"Quiet, girl," replied the Templar, "such conversations income now little-thou art condemned to die, not by a swift and facilitate death, as the misery and despair elect

would, but by a slow, icy, elongated torment, which is due to what the diabolical superstition these men calls thy crime. "

"And to whom, so this is my fate, to whom do I owe?" Said Rebekah. "Certainly, only to him, making his own shameful purposes dragged me here, and now, for some reasons unknown to me, the miserable fate, which he blotteth me, even worse trying to make."

"Do not," replied the Templar, "that I told you so exposed, I would have you against such a danger protected with my own bosom, as surely as I give myself to the arrows, otherwise your heart would have pierced. "

"Had it been your honest intention to protect the innocence" said Rebecca, "I would have. Thank you for your concerns But as it is now, have ye so often on this service already famous, that I have, that life is not worth to me, as against the price, which ye therefore progresses, should be. "Preserve say

"Quiet with your reproaches, Rebecca," said the Templar, "I have my own reason for sadness, and it is unnecessary, by thy accusations to multiply them."

"What is your intention, sir knight," said the Jewess. "Say it shortly.-If you have something else to do than the misery which thou hast caused me to behold, do me know, and let me further, I pray thee, to me about herself, the step- of time in eternity is short but terrible, and I have only a few moments to prepare for it. "me

"I see, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou still continues to explain that I would have wanted to avoid. Fain me your disasters burden"

"Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "I would gladly do your reproaches,-but what is more certain, than that I have my death to thine unbridled passion due?"

"You are mistaken!-Ye err," the Templar so you ascribe to my intention or my fault,-replied angrily, "I foresee, nor could occur. I could see the unexpected arrival of that old fool provided, then some sparks of reckless bravery and the praise given to the stupid self-torments of a monk, for the moment above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and over hundreds of our have order, exalted, who think and feel as men, free stretch of such foolish and bigoted prejudices which to base his feelings and actions? "

"And yet," said Rebecca, "you sat as a judge on me, and when ye knew that I innocent-was completely innocent, you have taken part in my condemnation, and, I mean good, so you must themselves appear in the arena, to ensure "my punishment

"Patience, girl!" Said the Templar. "No nation knows better than yours to conform to the conditions and so to send that they can draw. Benefit even from unfavorable winds the boat"

"Pitiable is the hour," said Rebecca, "that has the people of Israel such arts taught, but adversity bends the heart, as the fire hard steel to bend, and those who themselves no longer best glands, nor citizens of a free , independents able may have to bend over to foreigners. That's the curse, Sir Knight, whom we have earned by our own transgressions and by which our fathers no doubt: but ye-ye, on your liberty, and boasts on your birthright, is much greater shame yours, if ye , against your own beliefs, lowers, to cultivate "the prejudices of others

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, impatient stepping through the room, "but I am not come to hooren.-Know that Bois-Guilbert for no man does in the world, all reproaches compel him the conditions for a time his plan to change. His will is the mountain stream, which the rock or a moment of direction could change, but which nevertheless continues its course to the ocean. This note, you aanried to ask a champion,-of whom couldst thou think it came, then of Bois-Guilbert? To whom else couldst thou have conceived such an interest? "

"This is just a short delay of impending death," Rebecca, "that my little income will,-all this was, what you do Couldst, for a girl whose head thou disasters stacked, and that thou thyself until the edge of the grave have been? "

"No, girl," Bois-Guilbert, "replied this was not all I meant. Without the cursed intervention of this dweepzieken dumbbell and crazy Goodalricke, which, although a Templar, pretends to think according to the rules of humanity and to judge, it was an ordinary knight of the Order and not a Preceptor befallen to fight. Then I would itself- this was my intention, at the blast of the trumpet as your champion appeared in the arena are disguised as a knight errant, searching with lance and sword adventures, and then Beaumanoir had not one, but two or three of the brothers gathered here can choose, and I'd have them for an infallible lifted out of the saddle. Thus, Rebekah, yours would be proven innocent, and I would have the reward of my victory to thyself left. "

"This, sir knight," said Rebecca, "is but a vain boasting, boasts on-ye what ye have done if you had not found else to do. You have mines gauntlet, and my champion, if a creature so disastrous if I can find one, yours should lance in the arena resist and want you to pretend to be friend and protector? "

"Your friend and protector," said the Templar seriously, "I want to be,-but listen to the danger, or rather with the certainty of shame, then do not scold me, I so have conditions suggest, before I all sacrifice some I was so far in life dear to save. "the life of a Jewess

"Speak," said Rebecca, "I can not hear you"

"Well then," said Bois-Guilbert, "I want to speak as freely as ever innocently against his penitent-clergy vader. Rebekah! when I do not appear in this arena, I lose fame and rank, loss, what the soul of my life, that regard, which I stand by my brethren, and hope, which I have to agree that great authority in get, which currently holds the superstitious, foolish Lucas Beaumanoir hands. This is my destiny, so I do not appear to fight. Against your cause Cursed Goodalricke, who gave me this snare! and doubly accursed Albert de Malvoisin, which prevented me in my intention, to the glove in the face of the superstitious old to throw that one so preposterous charges against a so haughty and charming creature heard! "fool

"And now what profit or flatter your rage?" Rebecca replied. "Thou hast made thy choice between the death of one innocent woman and the loss of your earthly rank and earthly hope,-what does it profit, this-yours? Choice is made to weigh against each other!"

"No, Rebecca," said the knight on lower voice and approaching, "my choice is not made,-no! mind you,-the decision is yours. If I appear in the arena, then I my weapon fame standing holding, and this occurs, then you must, there may himself a champion for you gain or not, die at the stake for there lives no knight who in battle can overcome me, or even the same state with me, except Richard the Lionheart and his favorite Ivanhoe. This is, as you know, outdoors, to wear his armor and Richard sigh in a strange prison. If I stand up, then you die, all thy charms also moved one or the other heethoofdigen youth, to fight for you. "

"And what is it, often to repeat this zoo" said Rebekah.

"That ye may learn consider your fate from all sides" the Templar said.

"Well then," said the Jewess, "once the leaf, let me see the other side."

"If I appear in the fateful battleground," said Bois-Guilbert, "then you die over a slow and pain seem dead, in afflictions, which is said that his afterlife for the guilty. But, if I do not appear, then I'm a dishonored knight and repelled, accused of sorcery and fellowship with unbelievers,-the illustrious name, which has become even more famous by me, a taunt and schandnaam. I lose fame and honor, I lose the prospect of greatness, which hardly emperors bereiken.-I sacrifice a mighty ambition on, I renounce plans, which were built as high as the mountains, with which the heathen say, that was their heaven once almost climbed, however, and Rebekah, "he added, is throwing at her feet," I would sacrifice this greatness, doing this fame away, abandon this power even now I them half the hand hold, if you want to say: Bois-Guilbert, I'll take you up to my lover! "

"Think of such folly, sir knight," Rebecca said, "but fly to the Regent, the Queen Mother, to Prince John;-they can, to the honor of the crown, the conduct of your Grandmaster

not approve. In this way, will you protect me, without sacrifice on your part, and without having to take. "Some retribution from me a pretext

"With this I do not negotiate" he continued, holding the skirt of her dress, - "only I turn to you, and what can outweigh my proposal? Remember, if I were a devil, then death more terrible, and it is death, that my fellow lover is! "

"I do not care about these disasters," said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the savage knight, yet equally determined not to tolerate his love and do not even pretend to tolerate them. "Be men, be Christian! If you really believe that mercy prescribes, which is more in your words than is found in thy deeds, red than this schrikkelijken death, without a reward me to find which your generosity to layers would humiliate. "barter

"No, girl," said the proud Templar, springing, "so you shall not deceive me. I so my fame has been received and all future renounce honor, I'll do it for your sake, and we will together flights. Listen to me, Rebecca, "he said, his tone softening again:" England, Europe is not the world. There are still countries where we can live, large enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, my friend,-a friend, as free as I, of those stupid prejudices which our freeman reason fetter; rather we want to commit ourselves even with Sala Dijn, then the scorn of those hypocrites treaties, we verachten.-I'll new paths for my ambition jobs, "he continued, the room with angry steps going up and down -." Europe will hear the loud voice of him who from the number of his sons repelled has-De! millions, which it sends as crusaders to slaughter, can not do in defense of Palestine so much,-the swords of the thousands and tens of thousands of Saracens can not deeper inhouden in that country, whose own nations together challenge the power and the state wiles of me and those brothers, which, in spite of yonder old fool, will be faithful. myself in good and evil You shall be Queen, Rebekah!-On Mount Carmel, we will establish the throne which my valor will gain for you, and I will establish the long gewenschten seem grandmaster staff against a scepter exchange! "

"A dream," said Rebecca, "a vain dream, which, all that could be achieved not excite me-I would never have the power which thou wouldst obtain part! I do not think so lightly about homeland and religious faith, I could consider that these tires will tear, and the

laws of the Order violate, of which he is a sworn fellow member, to give him an unbridled passion for the daughter of a strange people to voldoen.-Determine a price for my deliverance, Sir Knight! sales a noble deed! protective oppressed, from human love, and not for her own benefit-Go! to the King of England, Richard will give me the hands of these cruel men rescue! "

"Never, Rebecca," cried the proud Templar. "So I leave mine Order, I'll do it just to am-I want to keep the ambition, if you despise my love, I will not be disappointed from all sides-My! Bending head for Richard-a? Favor of that haughty -Never ask?, Rebekah, I explain the Order of the temple in my person at his feet, the Order-to say goodbye, I can, but I would never dishonor or betray them! "

"Well, then, God be merciful to me!" Rebecca sighed, "because on help from people I can hardly hope!"

"That is true," replied the Templar, "because how proud you may be also, if you have found in me thy equal. So I come with the lance in the arena, I do not believe that any human being will prevent to show my strength me and think of your own destiny to die,-the death of the worst culprits,-on a flaming pyre perish,-while your ashes scattered in the elements, which our bodies are so mysterious composed, and not the least remains of those aanvallige stature, to tell us she lived and moved among us, Rebecca! , no woman can prospect treaties, you must grant my demands! "

"Bois-Guilbert," replied the Jew, "you do not know the female heart or you know just such women, who lost her noblest feelings. I tell you, proud Templar, that you who so insists on thy prowess, have on display spread, then a woman can show, when it is called by love or duty to suffer. No more courage in the hottest battles I am herself a woman, tenderly brought up by nature afraid of danger, and sensitive to pain, and yet I am fully convinced that if we act in the fateful battleground, thou to fight and I to die, my courage will be better than yours. greater Goodbye!-I waste Geene words more to you, the time which the daughter of Jacob on earth still remains to be otherwise spent:-she must seek the Comforter, His face from His people could hide, but always His ear open to the voice of those who seek Him in sincerity and truth! "

"So we separated in this way," said the Templar, after a short silence, "gift of Heaven, that we may have never met, or that you were of a noble birth and of the Christian faith wast-Nay,-at the Heaven! if I aanzie and remember when and how we will meet each other the first time again I would even wish that I was a member of your despised people true that my hand just with money bags and shekels , instead of spear and shield knew to go, I had to bow their heads for every little precious and my look only terrible one for the sidderenden poor debtor-this I would almost have wished, Rebekah, to stay in your life and to to escape, I have to! "death to yours the terrible part

"You have painted the Jew," Rebecca, "as the persecution of men, as you yourself made him replied. Heaven has chased him out of his country in his wrath: but the industry has opened the way to Eenigen power and influence, which oppression unclosed left for him. Read the history of God's people, and tell me, or have, such miracles by whom Jehovah on earth, when a people of misers and usurers were! And know, proud knight, we took count among us, at what your vaunted Noordsche nobility is as the gourd against the cedar names, which go up in those times, when God had established in the sanctuary between the wings of the Cherubim, names, what their luster of no earthly prince borrow, but from His throne loud voice, which their fathers with divine apparitions vereerde.-These were the princes of Jacob's house! "

A higher red colored Rebekah's cheeks, while from the alouden fame of her sex bold, but it disappeared when they are groaning bijvoegde: "So were the princes of Judah, but they are not anymore-it! include the feet have trodden, as the cut grass, and mixed with the mud of the way. But there are among them who their illustrious forefathers not dishonor, and this will be the daughter of Isaac, the son of Adonikam, belong! Goodbye!-I envy you yours bloody honor not!-I envy you yours origin of Noordsche Gentiles not!-I do not envy you your faith that you are always in the mouth, but never in your heart and in your deeds! "

"By God! alchemy of one holds me back yet, "exclaimed Bois-Guilbert. "I almost believe that stupid old man is right, the repulsion, with whom I can leave something supernatural is.-Enticing being!" He continued, her approaching, but with great respect: - "So young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet condemned to die, and that does seem a shame and pain seem dead! Who would not you weep?-Tears, for twenty odd years these eyes moisten my cheeks, when I look at you! But it must be so,-nothing can now save your life. You and I are just the blind tools of the irresistible fate that drives us, like two beautiful ships that hunts for the storm itself, and against another does

thrusting and shatters. So, forgive me and let us at least as friends separate. I have in vain wish to change their decision and mine is as solid as the indissoluble judgments of fate. "

"So lay people the consequences of their savage instincts to fate to suffer," said Rebekah. "But I forgive you, ye Bois-Guilbert, clean the cause of my untimely death. Noble thoughts come into your mighty mind, but resembling the garden of the sluggard, where the weeds grow luxuriantly and the beautiful, beneficial flower oppressed! "

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am, as you have depicted me, indomitable, fierce and proud,- therefore I have the power of my mind kept under a lot of vain fools and cunning fanatics, which elevates me above them. I was of my youth a child of war, grand in my plans, stubborn and unyielding and uncompromising, and this will I to the world-bewijzen. But you forgive me, Rebecca? "

"Just please, if ever a victim forgave his executioner!"

"Goodbye," said the Templar, and left the room.

The Preceptor Albert waited impatiently in the neighbor room on the return of Bois-Guilbert.

"You have long tufted," he said, "I was like on hot coals of impatience. If the Grand Master, or his spy Koenraad here had come? I would have had my complaisance betalen.-But what ails you, brother?-Your knees wobble, expensive your look bleak as the night! Are you not well, Bois-Guilbert? "

"Yes," the Templar replied, "I am, so called as the wretch who is doomed to die within an hour. No, by the holy cross, not half so well,-for there are in this condition, which can make life as a worn-out garment. By God, Malvoisin, that girl has almost overcome me! I half decided to go, to leave the Order to the Grand Master and to refuse to carry out the brutality which his tyranny has imposed on me! "

"You are furious," Malvoisin replied, "You shall therefore make themselves completely disastrous, without the least likely to have the life of this Jewess, which seems so dear to you, to save you. Beaumanoir will appoint another knight of the Order, to maintain his sentence in your place and the accused will die as surely as if you had done your duty. "

"That is false, I shall the weapons for its record yourself" replied the Templar, in haughty tone, "and if I do, Malvoisin, then I believe you do not know one under the Order, against my lance will remain in the saddle! "

"Yes, but you forget that you time nor opportunity will have to bring it. Rabid intention to implement Go to Lucas Beaumanoir, and tell him thy vow of obedience, and you will see how long the imperious old man will let you in freedom. Hardly will the words out of your mouth, or you will sit a hundred feet below the ground, in the basement of Preceptorij to your judgment as an apostate to wait, or if he persists in his thought on thy spell, he will you straw, darkness and chains give the one or other distant monastery, and you let it torment with banmiddelen and sprinkling of holy water, to the evil spirit, which is in you dangers, to drive out. You must be in the arena, Brian, or thou art a lost and dishonored man! "

"I will break and flee," said Bois-Guilbert -. "Flights to some distant land where is folly and fanaticism have no paved road. No drop of the blood of this exquisite creature will be shed because of me! "

"You can not run," said the Preceptor, "thy fury has provoked suspicion, and they will not permit you to leave the Preceptorij. Try it;-show thyself to the gate recommend that the bridge neêrlate, and they watch, what answer you get zult.-You are surprised and offended, but this is not the best for you? If thou flight, what will be the result of, then the dishonor of your weapon, the shame of your gender, the dread of your rank?-remember this! Where will the old brothers in arms their heads in shame mountains, as Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the best lance of the Templars, under the cries of the people gathered for a renegade explained? What will that grief for the French Court! With what joy will the haughty Richard hear the news that the knight who brought him in Palestine into a corner, and his fame almost eclipsed, has its own name and honor of a Jewish girl sacrificed, he did not even against such a lofty price could save! "

"Malvoisin," said the knight, "I thank thee, thou hast touched the string, which my heart the most vibrate-What! There will be Bois-Guilbert never called heretic also come,. Would to God that Richard, or one of his vaunted British favorites, appeared in this arena! But it will remain empty;-one will break "the car one lance for the lost!"

"So much the better, as it is so true," replied the Preceptor; "if no champion appears, it is not your fault that this unfortunate girl will die, but the condemnation of the Grand Master, all debt, and that this liability to the praise and glory will count! "

"That's true," said Bois-Guilbert, "if no champion appears, I am but a part of the procession, I sit on horseback in the arena, but I have no part in what will come after it."

"Not the least," said Malvoisin, "no more than the armed image of St. George, as it constitutes a part of the parade!"

"Well, I want to re-create courage. She has despised me, repelled, humiliated! And why should I sacrifice all that gives me esteem in others? Malvoisin, I will appear in the arena. "

With these words he hastily left the room, and the Preceptor followed, to confirm him in his decision, for he himself had great importance in the glory of Bois-Guilbert, as he expected him many advantages, if he agrees to head of the Order would be, without taking Mont-Fitchet which had given him hope, provided that he co-operated to the condemnation of the unfortunate Rebecca promoting eligible. However, although he is the force had to fight the better feelings of his friend already, what a cunning, quiet, self-interested nature about someone, who tossed by strong and conflicting passions are demanded whether the ability of Malvoisin to Bois-Guilbert confirm. in its intention He was forced to guard, to prevent that he conceived the idea of flight again, and close to him to prevent, that he came into contact with the Grand Master, and one open break with his supreme, he had to time the various motives repeating time, which was to prove that, as Bois-Guilbert as champion appeared on this occasion, he would follow, which he of the only way to hasten without Rebekah's fate or worse, he tried humiliation and shame could save.

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Fortieth Chapter.

Departs, shadows, differs - It's Richard himself!

Richard III.

Then the Black Knight, because it is necessary his fate to ascertain conditions of the magnanimous robber left, he turned his way straight to a neighboring monastery of small size and low income, the Priory of St. Botolph, where was wounded Ivanhoe, after taking the castle, placed under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and the generous Wamba. It is to recover what is meanwhile fell between Wilfrid and his liberator unnecessary for the moment, enough to say that, provided exceptions to several sides after long and serious deliberations, the Prior and the Black Knight the next was ready tomorrow to go on a journey accompanied by the jester Wamba, who would provide. guide him

"We will see each other on Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, reunion," he said to Ivanhoe, "your father celebrates there the corpse feast of his peers kinsman. I was happy to see yours Saxon relatives in another, knight Wilfrid, and come to know them a little better. That is where it will also be my task, you reconcile. "With your father

So saying, he took leave of Ivanhoe, a yearning for the day explained, to accompany. His savior But the Black Knight did not hear. "Rest now from: thou shalt tomorrow barely strong enough to travel. I do not want others to have mentor me the honest Wamba, who can play crazy or learned, to my fancy. "

"And I," said Wamba, "thank you very gladly accompany. I wish to see the corpse times of Athelstane, because if it is not visited beautiful and busy, he is of the dead return to, to chastise, cook, table biplane and donor and it could well be worth it to see. In any

case, Mr. Knight, I trust that your bravery will apologize, so could shoot! "My ingenuity to me recently by Cedric

"And how would my prowess as small strokes, Mr. jester, where your ingenuity magnificent shipwreck?-Explain this to me!"

"The ingenuity, sir knight," said the jester, "can do much. It is a quick, shrewd fellow, the weak side of his neighbor discovered, and knows how to stay out of the way as his anger is kindled. But bravery is a rambunctious boy who shatters everything. He rowing against wind and weather, and is still ahead, so, sir knight, while I make it beautiful again in the mind of my lord use, I hope you will do, if it starts to storm "your best!

"Lord Black Knight, as you choose to be, so called" said Ivanhoe, "I fear that you have a talkative and burdensome jester to guide selected. But he knows every path and every path in the woods, as good as the best hunter, and the poor knave is, as you've already seen it myself, true as steel. "

"Well," said the knight, "if he can show me the way, I will not hurt to be, that he that is looking to veraangenamen.-bye, good Wilfrid!-I charge you, at the earliest, tomorrow leave. "

So saying, he put the hand to Ivanhoe, which it pressed to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse and left with his leader Wamba. Ivanhoe followed them with his eyes until they under the shade of the forest disappeared, and then returned to the convent.

But immediately after the early matins, he asked to see. Den Prior The old man came hurriedly and asked anxiously at the state of his health.

"She's better," Ivanhoe, "answered my fervent hope than could be expected, my wound has been or less, than my blood loss did suspect me or this balm has edited one miraculous healing. It seems to me that I already could wear my armor today and

fortunately, there are thoughts occur to me, which makes me unwilling to stay here.
"Longer unemployment

"All Saints preserve us before," said the Prior, "that the son of the Saxon Cedric should leave before his wounds are healed! Our monastery It would be a shame to our state, if we tolerated it! "

"And I would not leave your hospitable roof, venerable father," replied Ivanhoe, "when I felt myself not strong enough to do the trip and was not forced to take them."

"And what can you get to such a hasty departure?" Said the Prior.

"Have you never had a premonition of impending misfortune, reverend father," the knight replied, "for which thou vain would try to give a reason?-Did you never darkened your soul found as an irradiated by the sun landscape by a sudden emerging cloud, which proclaims an approaching storm?-And do not you think that such sensations deserve our attention, as hints of our guardian angels, that danger is near? "

"I can not deny," said the Prior, making a cross, "that such feelings of heaven come, and come, but then they had an apparently useful and charity. But what would it avail you, whom ye that would not help, as he was attacked? "Thou, wounded as thou art, the steps to follow him,

"Prior," said Ivanhoe, "you are wrong:-I am strong enough to contend with anyone, which I warrant, geeft.-But even if it were otherwise, I would not risk him in his other than by force of weapons can assist? It is only too well known that the Saxons the Normans not love, and who knows what may come of it, when he unexpectedly falls under them, while their hearts embittered by the death of Athelstane, and their heads by the noble wine his corpse party are heated? I love his appearance among them at such a moment for very dangerous, and I've decided to impart, or avert the danger with him, and to do this, I would like to ask me to lend a horse whose corridor is softer than that of my steed. "

"Certainly," said the worthy spiritual: "Thou shalt have my own riding horse, and I wish that it may as soft loop, and for you that of the Abbot of St. Albans. But this I say Malkin, for so-called animal-that if you do not lend the horse of the magician, a hornpipe dancing between eggs, you can do on an animal that is so soft and such not rid has an agreeable walk. I have made many a sermon on his back, for the edification of my monks and many poor Christian Soul. "

"I beg you, reverend father, immediately to make Malkin ready and let Gurth come with my arms."

"Yes, but, dear lord, I pray you take that as Malkin has little knowledge of weapons, as his master, and I will not guarantee that the animal's face and the severity of your full armor treaties into consideration can. Oh, I promise you, Malkin is a wise animal, and will resist any undue preponderance. I had only once the Fructus Temporum the priest of St Bees borrowed, and I assure you that I am not the horse the port could get away, I the folio against my little prayer book had exchanged. "honor

"Rely on it, reverend father," said Ivanhoe, "I will impose non-weight your horse, and if the opposition against me, then choosing the worst party."

While Ivanhoe gave this answer, Gurth buckled on the heels of the knight a few large gilded rails, each recalcitrant horse could teach, that did the best with it according to the will of his rider to arrange.

The great cutting wheels, with which Ivanhoe's heels were armed, did the worthy Prior almost remorse felt about his complaisance, and he exclaimed: "But, dear sir, now I remember that Malkin any traces verdraagt.-It is better that you take the mare of our steward on the farmstead, which we as they attract a lot of our winter firewood must in just over an hour to get, and that is certainly manageable, and will not oats. "

"I thank you, reverend father, but I'll just keep to your first offer, I see that one already leads Malkin out. Gurth will wear my armor, and for the rest, you leave out that Malkin will not exhaust my patience, when I showered her back. And now, goodbye! "

Ivanhoe went down the stairs, faster and easier than one might have expected, because of his wound and threw himself on the horse, eager to escape, who followed him so close, as his age and obesity vergunden him, now the Prior the praises of Malkin trumpeting, and then again the knight recommending caution with the horse.

"She is the most dangerous period for one mare," said the old man, smiling over his own wit, "as she is in her fifteenth year first."

Ivanhoe, who had other things in mind, then stand reason with the owner about his horse lent only half an ear as well the posh advice as to the cheerful banter of the Prior, so he jumped on the horse, ordered his squire for so-Gurth now called himself,-him to stay with and followed the trail of the Black Knight in the forest, while the Prior stood in the gate, in order to see him, exclaiming: "Holy Mary! What are those warriors quickly and fervently! I do wish that I had not entrusted him Malkin, for there I am lamb gout, I would be unhappy if something bad happened to her. And yet, "he added," there I old, would not save for Old England, my own weak limbs so should also Malkin is therefor enter in danger, and perhaps one keeps reciprocally our poor house one rich endowment worthy, or send it the old Prior a tame horse. And even if they do neither, since often forget the great services of the poor, then I will surely rewarded me count, but if I do what is right. And it will now be time, to the brethren to breakfast in the dining room together roepen.-Oh! I believe that they would rather obey to this, then the clock for matins and morning prayer! "

This limped the Prior of St. Botolph back to the dining room, to the Presidency in the fish stick and clothe, the beer which were just for breakfast of monks dedicated. Seriously and with a meaningly face he sat down at the table and left many a dark ones beck fall over the donations, which the monastery had to wait and the great services which he himself had proved that at another time the attention of his audience would have captivated. But, as the stick fish highly salted and the beer was fairly strong, were the jaws of the brethren too busy, to get their permit to make much use of their ears, and we do not read that one of the brotherhood spirit felt to conjecture about the hints to except father Diggory, who was suffering from toothache great chew, so that he could with one side of the mouth. their supreme

Meanwhile pulled the Black Knight and his guide quietly through the dense forest, sometimes growled the knight himself the song of the one or other lovers troubadour, then again he aroused by his questions the garrulity of his companion to, so their conversation strange mixture of singing yielded, which we gladly would like to give. our readers some idea You must therefore imagine this gentleman, as we have described him, strong in body, big, muscular, with broad shoulders, sitting on his huge black steed, which seemed destined to be used, so easily have carried the burden. The knight had the visor of his helmet open, to breathe freely, however, was the lower part closed, so that one could only partially distinguish his features. But his black burnt cheeks and big blue eyes, which with unusual boldness from under the dark shadow of the openly shone, one could see, and the whole attitude and prevent the knight testified one careless cheerfulness and encourage self-confidence, -a mind, unable to fear, but the danger is always ready to defy, as something which it had become by continued fighting and adventures. simply

The Jester wore his usual eccentric attire, but the events of the past days had moved him to a hefty then curves to perform instead of his wooden sword, with a saber shield while, and he had shown during the siege of torquillstone, he knew both very good use. Was the weakness of Wamba's brain primarily to a kind of continual irritability attributable who always forced him to change his attitude essential and impossible for him made some regular succession of ideas to follow, although he was quick enough for a few minutes once something to carry out, or to follow the subject. of a call, On horseback so, he threw himself continually imagine-then turned back, sometimes on the ears of the horse, then almost on the tail, now he hung with both legs on one side, then again he sat with his face to the tail, grinning faces drawing and making a thousand tricks, to his horse finally jokes took so sorry, that long out threw him on the green grass,-something that the knight particularly amused, but his companion forced the drop calmer to drive.

At the moment of their journey, which we meet them again, this was a gay couple busy virelai to sing, as they called it, where the jester better teach knight on a cure, scratch senden tone replied. So came the song:

De Ridder.

Anna Maria, awakened the sun,
Anna Maria, the morning began;
'T already Vooglenkoor sings, the mist drew back,
Rijs, my Mary! appeared the morning.
Anna Maria, I pray you, awake,
'K Hear the roar of the hunter entertainment,
'T Schaltwerk and sounds of the heuvelentop,
Anna Maria, pray, get up!
Wamba.

My Tybalt, Tybalt my, oh, not yet, wake me
While I sleep offers sweet dreams;
Because what we all enjoy watching, is
That toovergestalten of trifling waardij.
Let sing vooglen as d 'morning answers,
Let hear the sound of hunters in the field,
Much gentler tones rejoice now, -
But do not think, my Tybalt, I dreamed of you!

"A nice song," said Wamba, when they had done, "and, in my fool's cap, there is a good lesson-I! Was just to sing it with Gurth, once my playmate, and now by the grace of God and his master a free man, and we were even beaten because we were so enchanted by the melody, that we are still in bed were two hours after sunrise, and the song between sleeping and waking sang;-back makes me since that time still very, just thinking about it! And yet I have fulfilled the role of Anna Maria, to give you pleasure my lord! "

This raised the jester to another song, a kind of farcical song, which the knight, the wise containing replied:

The Knight and Wamba.

There were three guests from South, West and North,
And sang a song in turns,
That they drew the widow of Wycomb,
And tell me, what little widow not? Answered them
A knight came Tyndaal 't her first nadren,
And continually sang his song:
Famous was truly the tribe of his vaden,
And tell me, what little widow not? Heard him
He dusted his father, his uncle, d'noble lords,
At titles in 't rhyming song,
But hey, she motioned to return him home
Because it little widow of Wycomb not. Heard him

Wamba.

The second swore by the light of his eyes,
All gaily singing his song;
He was still a gentleman raised in Welsch Country,
And tell me, what little widow not? Heard him
His name was Mr. David Hugo of Tomorrow,
Griffith Tudor, so boasted his song,
"That's not a weeuw for so many to worry!"
So she spoke and answered our Welschman not.

A tenant of Kent had remained the last,
But now so flattering sang a song,
He praised his wealth, his princely life.
And tell me, what little widow not? Heard him
The Knight and Wamba.

Mr. and knight, oh layers behind it,
Al sang a song beurtlings;
The widow drew the good of the tenant,
What little widow in the world not! Heard him

"I wanted to, Wamba," said the knight, "that our host of the gerechtseik, or merry monk,
his chaplain, heard this song in the praise of our haughty farmer."

"I do not want to," Wamba said, "so not hear hung on your bandolier!"

"Yes, " replied the knight, "this is a pledge of Locksley's benevolence, I probably will not
have. necessary clean Triads that will hear them, I'm sure, gather around me in case of
need a good gang of gunmen who is honest. "

"I would say, Heaven forbid us to do so," said the jester, "so this beautiful gift no
collateral was, that they would let them go! Our peaceful"

"What do you mean," said the knight, "do you think that without this sign of
brotherhood they would attack us?"

"No, I say nothing," said Wamba, "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. But
can you tell me, sir knight:-when it is better that thy wine jug empty than full and fair "?

"Well, never seems to me!" The knight replied.

"You deserve because of this foolish answer one never can fully or fair to have in hand
You can do yours best to empty before you surrender them to a Saxon, and your money
home to, as you travel through the green forest ".

"Dost thou then our friends for robbers?" Asked the knight.

"That you did not hear me say, sir," answered Wamba, "it relieves the horse of a traveler
who has to make a long journey, if one takes him his bag, and it is might be good for
his soul, if we got rid of him, which is the root of evil, and therefore I want to prove their
which such services, give Geene hard names. I would only my suitcase at home and my
purse in my room wish, when I met these good people, because this would save "their
only effort!

"However, we are obliged to desire them despite the praise, whom ye give."

"I wish with all my heart to desire them," said Wamba, "but in the city, not in the green
forest, as the Abbot of St Bees, whom they have to read in an old hollow oak choir stalls
to mass. "

"Say what you will, Wamba," replied the knight, "these archers have your master Cedric,
proved delightful services at torquillstone,."

"Yes," Wamba, "but that's the way they drive with heaven trade."

"With Heaven dealership, Wamba, how do you think that?"

"Well, if: they hold a current account with Heaven, as our old cellar master accounting used to call, just as good as Isaac the Jew she keeps with his debtors, and like him, they give little and take long credit; no doubt to their own advantage the sevenfold calculating interest, which the Holy Scripture to charitable loan creations promised. "

"Give me an example of what you mean, Wamba,-I understand something of arithmetic and interest," the knight replied.

"Well," said Wamba, "if thy prowess is so ignorant, then you must learn that this honest guys one good deed against one another, which is not quite so lofty, to compensate, eg a crown, which should be a mendicant give a hundred against Byzantines, which they deprive a fat abbot, or a girl, they kiss in the green forest, against a poor widow who they support. "

"Which of these was the last good deed and the bad?" He noticed the knight in reason.

"Well asked! Well asked, "cried out Wamba. "Witty company sharpens the wit. I want to swear, sir knight, that thou didst not so good raid, when thou drunken evening prayers with the savage hermit opzeidet. However, in order to proceed. The gay gunmen set building eener hut against the burning of a castle-establish a pulpit against the looting of a church,-the set at liberty a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff, or to to come closer, to cause the release of a Saxon Franklin against the burning alive of a Normandischen Baron. In short, the thieves are friendly and courteous robbers, but it is always happiest to meet them when they are most in need ".

"How so, Wamba?" Asked the knight.

"Well, they have their affairs gladly settle eenig repentance, and want to Heaven. But when the balance is issued, it shall Heaven mercy on him, with whom she opened one new account! The travelers, who first meet them after their services rendered to torquilstone will clean worden.-skinned And yet, "he continued, coming close beside the knight," there are guys who are much more dangerous for a traveler than yonder outlaws. "

"And who are they, because there are certainly Geene bears or wolves here?" Asked the knight.

"However, we have here Malvoisin's people," said Wamba, "and let me tell you, that in times of civil war a dozen there at all times as dangerous as a gang wolves. They now await their harvest, and are reinforced by the soldiers who have escaped from torquillstone, so if we encountered a flock of these people, we think truly our exploits duration should betalen.-Now I beseech you, sir knight, what would you do, if we two met? "

"The villains nailed to the ground with my lance, Wamba, if they put us the least hindrance in the way."

"But if there were four?"

"They would like manner come to pass," the knight replied.

"But if there were six," continued Wamba, "and we, as we are here, with us both;-ye would not hear Locksley's thinking?"

"How to help blow," said the knight, "against a band of thugs, what a good knight can go for is floating, and the wind withered leaves hunts for him!"

"Now, now," said Wamba, "have the goodness and yet even let me hear that a closer look at which one has so mighty voice."

The knight made the sound of his bandolier, and gave it to his companion, who, for his own neck hung him immediately.

"Tra-lira-la!" He notes that whistling said, "I know the wise as good as another."

"How do you think that rascal?" Said the knight, "give me the hear back."

"Be easy, Mr. Knight, who is in a custody. If the bravery and foolishness traveling together, you should hear the folly the wear because they best it can blow it up. "

"But, knave," said the Black Knight, "this is going too far, wait-you to draw! My patience"

"Do not use force against me, sir knight," said the jester, located at a distance from the angry knight laying down, "or folly will let you see the heels and bravery, as best she could, her way through the forest to search. "

"Ha! there you have caught me, "said the knight," and to tell the truth, I do not have time to banter with you. Hearing conservation den, if you want, but let us continue our journey. "

"You will not hurt me so?" Said Wamba.

"I tell you no, rascal!"

"Yes, but give me your knightly word on it!" Continued Wamba, with great caution approaching.

"I give you my word knight, come closer with your foolish person."

"Well then, so will the bravery and foolishness again good travel companions," said the jester again fearless riding beside the knight, "but truly, I do not like such battles, as you are the lustigen monk have one, when his holiness rolled on the ground, as the king in the bowling game. And now, as the folly of the hearing leads, let the prowess rise up and shake its mane, for, if I am not mistaken, there is companionship in gindsch underbrush that lie in wait for us. "

"Why do you think that?" Said the knight.

"Because I have a helmet glimmered. Been a few times through the green leaves If the guys were honest, they were on the open road. But this place is a dense select chapel for the priests of St. Nicholas. "

"On my word of honor," the knight said, closing his visor, "I believe you are right!"

And be at the right time he closed it, for it flew at the same instant from the suspected place three arrows to his head and chest, which was penetrated, as the steel visor did not do afstuiten rush one to the noggin. The other two were stopped by the breastplate and shield that hung around his neck.

"Be thankful, brave gunsmith," said the knight -. "Wamba, let us come off on them," and this he drove to the undergrowth to. Six or seven armed men ran at full speed there, with felled lances against him. Three of these found him, and flew without any effect to do in splinters, as against a steel tower. The eyes of the Black Knight seemed to shoot through the opening of his visor fire. He raised himself in his stirrups, with an indescribable dignified attitude, and exclaimed: "What signifies this, gentlemen?" The men answered only by pulling their swords and attack him from all sides proclaiming: "Die, tyrant! "

"Ha, St Edward! ha! ! St. George "said the Black Knight, at every cry for stripping down upon an enemy," we have here traitors "?

The Black Knight, surprised in the forest, fighting against his attackers.

The attackers, how desperate they fought, weeks back for an arm, which handed out with every stroke death, and it seemed as if only the fear of his power would achieve victory over these villains when a knight in a blue armor, who had hitherto kept behind the other attackers, with lance drove forward, and not on the rider, but Goin 'For the horse, the noble animal mortally hurt.

"That was a treacherous stab" exclaimed the Black Knight, while the horse and his rider tumbled to the ground. At this moment blew Wamba at the hearing;-because everything was so unexpected happened, that he had found earlier that do not have time. This surprising sounds did the killers once flinch, and Wamba, though imperfectly armed, did not hesitate to go there, loose and the Black Knight in standing up to be helpful.

"Shame on you, false cowards!" Cried the knight, who the attackers seemed to argue, "flight thou blown by a jester for the bare sound of a hearing?"

Fired up by these words, they fell again to the knight, whose best refuge was now, to place himself with his back against an oak and defend. Himself with his sword The treacherous knight, which had received another spear, took the moment where, when his formidable opponent hardest squat, and rode upon it, in the hope of him nailing, when his intention by Wamba with his lance against the tree was prevented. The jester, that his lack of power by quickness reimbursed, and was not noticed by the armed men, who were kept busy by a formidable enemy, hastened to take part in the battle and curdled essentially the fatal course of the Blues Knight, by his horse's knee nerves split. with his sword Man and horse fell, nevertheless the state of the Black Knight was very dangerous as he was penetrated by several enemies at hand, and began to be tired by the great effort which it cost him to defend himself at the same time so many points when suddenly an arrow one of the most formidable of his assailants did on the ground neêrtuimelen, and a gang of gunmen from the forest emerged, led by Locksley and the vroolijken monk, who immediately and soon participated in the battle taking, the attackers seized upon such force, that they are all dead or mortally wounded, were soon on the site. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity which they had not

noticed before, that had hitherto rather that of a daring, openhartigen warrior than a man of high rank shined. Conduct themselves

"It is of great importance to me," he said, "even before I give to know my gratitude to my worthy friends, if possible, to discover who has been my ongetergde enemies. -Wamba, open the visor of that blue Knight, the leader of the villains seems to be. "

The fool went immediately to the leader of the murderers loose, who, bruised by his fall, and printed under the injured horse, lay there without being able to escape or resist.

"Come, gallant gentleman," said Wamba, "I must be your squire, as well as your equerry. I have helped the horse, and now I will get rid of the helmet. "So saying, he made a not very soft hand the helmet of the Blues Knight loose, which rolling on the grass, the Black Knight the gray locks and showed the face of a man whom he did not expect in this way to meet.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" He cried out entirely surprised, "What could a man of your rank and dignity of thy apparent to such a disgraceful company move?"

"Richard," said the captive Knight, looking up at him , "you know man bad, if you do not know which ambition and revenge can seduce every child of Adam!"

"Revenge?" The Black Knight replied, "I have never beleedigd.-On have me take you Geene revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose commitment ye have despised-that was no scorn for Norman, whose blood is as noble as yours?"

"Your daughter!" Said the Black Knight. "A good reason, indeed, to one enmity, that such should have a bloody end-Occurs! Something back, gentlemen, I just want him

spreken. And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, tell me the truth-brooks, who have turned to this treacherous act? "

"Thy father's son," Waldemar, "who thus avenged only yours disobedience against your father." Replied

Richards eyes glowed with anger, but his better nature prevailed. He hit himself with hand on forehead, and stared for a moment at the face of the humiliated knight in whose draw pride and shame were in conflict with one another. "Do ye not your life, Waldemar?" Asked the King.

"He who is in the clutches of the lion," replied Fitzurse, "know that such a thing would be superfluous."

"Take it unasked," said Richard, "the lion preys on lijken. no-take your life, but on condition that thou shalt leave England within three days of thy shame hide in your castle in Normandy, and never the name of call John of Anjou, and in relation standing with yours villainy. So they can find you after the vergunden time on the British territory, then you die, or, if you let something be divulged, that the honor of my house spotting may, at St. George, then the altar even Geene shelter for you! I leave you hanging on the highest tower of your own castle, to serve the ravens to food Give! These knight a horse, Locksley, for I see that your archers who have collected, which were loose, and allow unhindered leave him. "

"If I did not understand that I hear a voice, which one can not argue," replied the shooter, "I would send a lightning chase the rogue sneak under him, which would save him. Eener worth the long journey"

"You have an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and law judge ye that ye are obliged to recommend gehoorzamen. mine-I am Richard of England!"

At these words, which in a tone of majesty, to his high rank, and the no less haughty character of Richard the Lionheart appropriate, were pronounced, the shooters all knelt together before him, and swore allegiance to him, while it also forgiveness for asked their crimes.

"Get up, friends," said Richard, in a friendly tone, looking upon them with a face, which was his usual cheerfulness already all signs of anger overcome, and was seen in whose pull no trace of the zoo as yellow verden raging battle, except for the higher color, which had caused the effort -. "Get up, friends! your misconduct both in the forest and in the field, is obliterated by the services which you have rendered to my oppressed nationals under the walls of torquillstone, and the salvation which you owe your king now. Rise up, my faithful, and be in the proper follow-onderdanen. And thou, brave Locksley, - "

"Do not call me longer Locksley, my lord, but know me under another name, whom I fear that the fame has trumpeted, than that which your royal ears would not reach too far hebben.-I am Robin Hood of the forest of Sherwood. "

"King of the outlaws, and ruler of all gay fellows," said the King, "who would not have heard a name, to which to Palestine is blown over? But be assured, brave friend! Geene that act, which ye have in our absence and during the troubled times that it caused were committed to your disadvantage will stretch. "

"It is the saying true," said Wamba, falling interrupted him, but with a little less than usual malice: "when the cat's away the mice!"

"What, Wamba, are you still there," said Richard, "so long as I had not heard your voice, I thought that you had taken flight."

"I take the flight!" Said Wamba. "When will you ever separated Folly of Prowess? There lies the zegeteeken of my sword, that beautiful gray horse, I see, thank wished again on his long legs stretched out his master was there in his place. It's true, I was a little out of the way first, because a fur jacket keeps Geene lance against stabbing, as a steel armor.

But I have not fought much with the point, so you will have to admit that I have blown up the attack. "Yet

"And though successful, honest Wamba," replied the King. "Your service will not be forgotten."

" Confiteor! ! Confiteor "called submissives tone a voice to the King: -" my Latin will not help me, but I confess my treason, and request absolution before I am led to death! "

Richard looked around and spotted the vroolijken monk on his knees, his rosary story, while his club, which during the skirmish had not been idle, lay on the grass beside him. His face had he do assume, as he had opened her eyes and the corners of the mouth neêrgetrokken, the expression of the deepest possible repentance as the tassels of a scholarship, as Wamba used to say. However, this humble vertooning of unfeigned repentance wonderful belied by an ironical trek, who emerged among, and to indicate that his fear and his repentance were both equally sincere. Shining

"Why are you so depressed, mad priest?" Said Richard. "Fear ye not that your bishop will learn how faithfully you serve our Blessed Virgin and St. Dunstan?-Stil, man! fear nothing, Richard of England betrays no secrets, which the wine bottle leak ".

"No, most gracious prince," replied the hermit (known under the name of Friar Tuck in them that the folk tales of Robin Hood know), "it is not, then the crosier I fear, but the schepter.-Alas! that my sacrilegious fist ever has the ear of the anointed of the Lord touched! "

"Ha! ha "said Richard," the wind in that corner Indeed?, I had the clap forgotten! although it gesuisd has my ear all day. But if that was significant given, I want to judge, these brave boys if he was not paid equally, or so you think, that I am indebted to you, then you are another blow to serve ".

"Not at all," Friar Tuck replied, "I have received back the mine, and that with usury; may your Majesty pay your debts always good!"

"I could do with bangs Zoo" said the King, "my creditors would have little reason to complain. About my empty coffers"

"And yet," said the monk, his hypocritical face again assuming, "I do not know what I should do fine! Before heiligschendenden battle"

"No longer, Brother, Speak" said the king, "after I so much success of Gentiles and have unbelievers received, it would be unwise of me to be the hit of so holy hermit, as that of Copmanshurst angry. But, honest monk, I think anyway, it were best for the church and thyself, that I gave you leave to withdraw the monk robe and I ordained you to my bodyguard, in order to take care of my person to wear, equal before the altar of St. Dunstan? "

"My King," said the monk, "I humbly ask you to pardon them, and you will gladly accept my apology, if ye but know how the sin of laziness came over me heeft.-St. Dunstan-he be merciful to us, remains quiet in his niche, though I forget my prayers hunting a fat-reebok. Sometimes I'll stay a night outside my cell, I do not know why, and St. Dunstan never complains,-he is so quiet and peaceful master, if ever there was a wooden made werd.-But to be to serve my King and Lord bodyguard, without a doubt, the honor is great, and yet, if I but once they went on, to comfort a widow in one corner or shoot a deer in the other it would immediately essence, "Where's that dog of a priest? Who has seen this verwenschten Tuck? That scoundrel of a monk destroys more wildlife than all of them, "the others said the one forester. "And hunts every shy doe after" cries a tweede.-short, my King, I pray you to, as you have found me, or, if want you some mercy toward me shew consider me as the poor hermit me St. Dunstan's cell in Copmanshurst, which will each take small gift in thanks. "

"I understand you," said the King, "and the holy hermit will enjoy free hunting rights in my forest of Warncliffe. But please note: I stand you in any hunting season only three roe far, however, as this gives you no excuse to thirty shoot, I'm not a Christian knight or real King ".

"Your Majesty may be assured," the monk replied, "I will find to multiply. Merciful your gift with the help of St. Dunstan resources"

"I doubt totally ignored, good brother," said the King, "and there game but a dry food, so will our cellar master have commandment to you annually a barrel Sek, a keg malmsey and three hogsheads of the best beer to-Zoo zenden. not quenches your thirst, then you must come to the Court and to know our steward. "

"But what gets St. Dunstan?" Said the monk.

"A cap, a shawl and an altar cloth shalt thou also have, "continued the King, a cross-profile -." But we may our jest not change in earnest, lest God our pain because we gekheden more to our than His honor and service thinking. "

"I want to take care of my pattern," said the priest, smiling.

"Stand for yourselves in, monk," said King Richard somewhat serious, but immediately afterwards the hermit put the hand to which this kissed a little embarrassed and kneeling. "You do less honor to my open hand over to my clenched fist," said the King, "you just kneel down at the first, and the other wierpt ye long out on the ground."

But the monk, who feared that he might be the king back insult put forth by the conversation too long in a jesting tone,-a mistake, which they, with Princes deal, are particularly waiting must-made a low bow and retired.

At the same time there appeared two new men arrive on the scene.

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

One-and-fortieth chapter.

Hail to all of you, my lords of a higher position,
But not more happy than we do on the land!
Come into our forests,
To see our games
Under 't lover of trees,
We want the heart truly welcome you bien.
Macdonald.

The new arrival men were Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the horse of the Prior of Botolph, and Gurth, who accompanied the knight on his steed. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was boundless, when he saw his master spattered with blood, while six or seven casualties on the small grass square stretched layers, where the battle had taken place. No less surprised he was to see Richard surrounded by so many people, which outlaws, and thus a dangerous consequence for a prince to be. Seemed He did not know whether he would be the King as the Black Knight, appeal or otherwise. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfrid," he said, "to Richard Plantagenet to speak, as such there you see him in the company of loyal British subjects, although they may be a little of the rights strayed away by their fiery Anglo blood."

"Knight Wilfrid of Ivanhoe," said the gallant captain, forward emerging, "my insurance of our King can not give more weight, but I can say with pride Eenigen that he no more faithful subjects among men who have suffered a lot, , then those who surround him now."

"I have no doubt, brave friend," said Wilfrid, "as I can under the number see.-But what mean these marks of death and danger, these slain men and the bloody armor of my Prince?"

"There is treason, Ivanhoe," replied the King, "but thanks to these brave men, the betrayal of his wages gekregen.-Now, however, to shoot me in, that ye also a traitor are," said Richard, smiling, "a seditious traitor, because I have not given you rest firmly ordered to stay in the Abbey of St. Botolph's until thy wound healed?"

"She's been healed," said Ivanhoe, "she was not deeper than the vel.-But why, oh why, noble prince, so torments thou thy faithful servants, and dares you your life lonely journeys and dangerous adventures, like the was not worth more than that of a knight-errant, who has nothing else in the world than what lance and sword give him? "

"And Richard Plantagenet," replied the King, "desires no other fame, than that, which is good lance and his good sword provide him can, and Richard Plantagenet is prouder of, to have an adventure with his good sword and his strong arm only to endure, than an army of a hundred thousand men to carry. "in the battle

"But your kingdom, my prince," said Ivanhoe, "is threatened with civil war and dissolution;-your subjects with all kinds of disasters, if their prince in one of these adventures, which you only look up to your entertainment daily, and which you have just now are narrowly escaped, lose. "

"Ho! ho! my kingdom and my subjects "Richard replied impatiently:"? I tell you, Wilfrid, the best of them pay my follies with equal munt.-For example, my very faithful servant, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe would not obey my positive orders, and reads However, the King his lesson, because he does not behave exactly to his counsel. Who among us has most reason to do the other accusations?-But forgive me, my faithful Wilfrid! The time which I spent in mystery and spending have, is, as I am in St. Botolph declared, only to mines friends and faithful nobles the time to give, to unite their power to ensure that Richard, as his return is known, stand at the head of such an army, that his enemies scared to see it, and so the planned betrayal nip, without even pulling the sword. Estoteville and Bohun will first twenty-four hours are strong enough to move to York, I have news of Salisbury, from the south of Beauchamp, in Warwickshire, and of Multon

and Percy are from the north. The Chancellor should be able to vouch for London. Too early appearance would expose me to dangers, from which my spear and my sword, although I encourage by the bow of the Robin, or the club of Friar Tuck and the hearing of the wise was Wamba supported, could not save me. "

Wilfrid bowed obsequiously, as he knew how futile it would be to fight his master so often collapsed dangers which he could easily have avoided, or rather, which he visited with an unforgivable recklessness. Against the brash chivalrous spirit Wilfrid sighed so, and was silent; while Richard, pleased to have his counsel silenced though his heart acknowledged the merits of his reproaches, his conversation with Robin Hood continued, - "King of the pirates," he said, "have you Geene refreshment to your brother King to offer? For these dead knaves have appetite and work, and gives me. "

"In truth," the pirate, replied "because I do not deceive your Majesty, our victuals mostly, -" he paused somewhat shy.

"From wild, I suppose," interrupted Richard to reason him gaily, "better food can not be there, if one is hungry, and indeed, as a King not to stay home wants to shoot, but his own wild , I think, he must not grumble hard, as he finds it felled by foreign hands. "

"If your Majesty so again one of the resting places of Robin Hood with your presence worship will," said Robin, "then the game is not lacking, and drank a beer, and also have a cup of wine at your service."

The captain went ahead to the way point, and was followed by the vroolijken Frost, who was probably vergenoegder about his chance meeting with Robin Hood and his followers, he would have been, as he resumed his royal dignity and in a brilliant circle had pairs of peers and the chair. Change of company and adventures made the happiness of Richard the Lionheart, and it was him all the more charming, when it came with manifold dangers associated. In King Richard was magnificent but insignificant character of a knight errant almost achieved, and the personal fame, whom he acquired by his deeds, was him, because of his ardent imagination, much dearer than that which a political and wise behavior would make him have provided. So was his government similar to the course of a brilliant and volatile air phenomenon that rushes along the firmament, an unnecessary but great light in the spreads around and is suddenly

replaced by a deep darkness, his chivalrous deeds afforded subjects for poets and minstrels, but to his country none of those permanent advantages, the history gladly spends and what it presents as an example to posterity. In the present group, however, showed up Richard in the light best advantage. He was cheerful, good humor, and loved the bravery, in whatever position he she became the country dish prepared in a hurry for the King of England, who was surrounded by men, also vond.-Under a great oak which recently his government were outlawed, and now his court and his bodyguard belonged. When the bottle started to go around the rough companions lost soon their awe for the presence of the king's sight. Singing and banter sounded in the round:-the histories of previous days were recovered, and finally, while the laws on their boasted Does include successful offense, no one remembered that he spoke in the presence of its nature seem protector. The merry King, not exceeding his company his dignity in the eye loved, laughed, drank and joked among gay gang. The natural sense of Robin Hood made him desire an end to the scene to make, before there was something for which the consensus bother, especially since he perceived that Ivanhoe's countenance fell. "We are brave by the presence of our King honored," he said aside to the knight, "but I did not like him verbeuzelde the time which make the interests of his kingdom costly."

"You are right, brave Robin Hood," the knight replied, "and you must be outside then know that they, the banter with the King, even in his gayest fancy, just with the lion games, which at the slightest provocation teeth and claws used. "

"You have the true reason for my fear guessed," replied the captain, "my men are by nature and profession Crude, the King's temper as well as gay, and I do not know how soon an insult may be affected, or how severe they may be included: it is time that the meal aborted be a castaway ".

"Then you try to edit, brave archer," said Ivanhoe, "because any hint that I have tried to give him seems only serve to prolong the party."

"Should I therefore so soon run the risk of losing the grace and favor of my Lord?" Said Robin Hood is remembering a moment, "but, at St. Christophorus, it will happen! I would be unworthy of his grace, so I do not for his welfare in jeopardy stelde.-Scathlock Here! go gindsch underbrush, and bladder hear a Norman signal on your own, and that without a moment to delay, your life is so sweet! "

Scathlock obeyed, and in less than five minutes the guests were startled by the sound of a horn.

"It's Malvoisin hear," cried the Miller leaping up and grabbing for his bow. The monk left the bottle fall and reached for his club. Wamba was stabbing in the midst of a jest, and groped for sword and shield. All the rest seized the weapons.

Men, on such a dangerous lifestyle simply, go very easily from the medical to battle on, and this alternation Richard seemed only a change of entertainment to be. He called for his helmet and the toughest parts of his armor, which he had made and while Gurth they did to him, he gave under penalty of his greatest displeasure, Wilfrid strict orders to to participate in the skirmish no part , which he expected.

"You have fought a hundred times for me, Wilfrid, and I have monitored. Today you will see how Richard fighting for his friend and vassal will! "

King Richard the Lionheart.

Meanwhile Robin Hood had several of his men sent in different directions, as if they explore the enemy had, and when he saw that the company really scattered, he approached Richard, who was now fully armed, and, bending the knee, he asked his Frost forgiveness.

"What, friend?" Richard said somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already given full pardon for all offenses? Do you think that our word is a feather, which can be? blown to and fro You have not had time to commit. "New sins

"Yes, I did anyway," the gunman replied, "so it's a sin to his best to deceive. My Frost The hearing, which ye have heard, was not Malvoisin, but was blown at my command,

that it might be fear that were rushing, that weighty to be. "Wasted the hours the meal ended

When he stood up, crossed his arms on his chest, and waited for the answer of the King earlier in a respectful than in a submissive manner,-as a man who is conscious that he has, perhaps offended but convinced of the reasonableness his conduct. The wrath colored Richard's cheeks, but it was only the first impulse, that his sense of fairness once did pass away. "The King of Sherwood," he said, "begrudge the King of England are wild and his wine bottle! It is compact, bold Robin!-But if ye visited me in merry London, I promise you that I will be. Less skimpy host But you're right, friend. Let us horseback and leave. Wilfrid has already been an hour impatient. Tell me, brave Robin, you have no friend among your gang, who, not content to provide you with advice also totally your actions would best glands, and a stuffy face move, if ye dare for you to act? "Selves

"If any man," replied Robin, "is my lieutenant, the little John, who is currently on a trip to the borders of Scotland, and I want your Majesty may know that the boldness of his counsels sometimes displeases me-but, as I a further think about, I can not stay cross with someone who may have no other motive, than zeal for the interests of his master. "for his care

"You are right, friend," said Richard, "and if I ever had on one side Ivanhoe, to give advice and support dignified, then by his serious face and on the other side of your person, to me by list to force what you like best for me, I would just want to have, as any king in the Christian or the Heidendom.-But come, little sex gentlemen, let us Coningsburgh but to drive, and not on what happened thinking. "

Robin Hood assured him that he had a mess on the way that they take, had aired, which would not continue to warn them of any secret ambushes in default, and that he had no doubt, if they would the roads safe find, or else so early notice of the danger given that they would have to pull to one strong band of archers, retreated to state with whom he was planning to follow the King. prepared the same way

The wise and circumspect precaution, which was taken for Richard's safety, struck his feelings and drove the slight dissatisfaction which he might have harbored about the list of the captain of the outlaws. He put Robin Hood once the fist, assured him of his

perfection pardon and future favor, as well as its firm decision to limit, which were much English countrymen to revolt brought. Tyrannical exercise of hunting rights and other oppressive laws But Richard's good intentions towards the robber the proud were disappointed by his untimely death, and the hunting was the unwilling hands of King John extorted, when he succeeded his heroic brother. What the rest of Robin Hood's life, as well as the story of his treacherous death is concerned, that can be found in the old with gothic lettering printed folktales, which once for the little ones were price of a halfpenny sold, but now verily "against gold outweighed. "

The expectation of the outlaw on the safety of the road, was confirmed, and the King, accompanied by Ivanhoe, Gurth and Wamba, arrived without further ado in the face of the castle of Coningsburgh while the sun stood still in the sky.

There are few more charming schoonere and nature scenes in England, than in the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The quiet and lovely river, the Don, flows through a broad valley, where arable land rich with forests alternated, and on a mountain, which of the bank of the river rises, rises the old castle, defended by walls and moats, which, just as indicating the Saxon name, before the Conquest, was a residence of the Kings of England. The outer walls were probably built by the Normans, but the inner witness of a very great antiquity. The oldest part of the castle is situated on a height in a corner of the courtyard, and forms a complete circle of about twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is defended by six of extraordinary thickness and immensely tall, brick pillars, which lean against the sides of the tower, as it were then to sustain. This massive struts are upwardly concave, and looping in a sort of turrets from which the interior of the main building itself are connected. The occurrence of this great building at a distance, with this strange outbuildings, is equally interesting for the lovers of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle itself thus moved for the zealous antiquary, whose imagination in the times of the Seven Kingdoms is. A cave in the vicinity of the castle as the tomb of the famous Hengist designated, and several very old and interesting memorials are displayed in the cemetery nearby.

When Richard and his entourage this rugged yet elegant building approached, it was not, as now, surrounded by external reinforcements. The Saxon architect had exhausted his art to make the main building to accommodate defense and there was neither fence other than a rough rampart of palisades.

One great black banner, which of the top of the tower blew, indicated that, the funeral ceremonies of the last owner is still celebrated. This flag bore no sign of the birth or the rank of the deceased, because weapons were when one novelty, even among the Norman chivalry, and entirely unknown to the Saxons. But above the gate hung one another banner, which signified the rough painted image of a fungus, the pedigree and the rank of the deceased, by the well-known symbol of Hengist and his warriors.

Around the castle reigned large crowds, for such funeral celebrations were led to one general and profuse hospitality, which not only those who were in some, even the remotest relation to the dead, but all *voorbijreizenden* were bidden to participate. The wealth and prestige of the deceased Athelstane made, that these ceremonies on the widest celebrated.

They saw so many bands the height at which the castle stood up and dismount, and when the King and his entourage through the open and unguarded gates reason, offered the interior space of a scene, that triggered this event not easily match was to bring. On one hand, the chefs were busy frying with heavy oxen and fat sheep, on the other hogsheads of beer were lit, for the benefit of all men arrive. One saw groups of all state that the material offered their meat and drink greedily devoured. The half-naked Saxon serf stilled his half year olds hunger and thirst through a day of revelry and drunkenness,-the more affluent citizens and *gildebrouder* used the food with taste, or spoke judicious about the amount of malt and the skill of the brewer. It also saw alone of the inferior Normandischen nobility that distinguish their shaven chins and short cloaks could, and no less because of that, they were always together, and the whole ceremony with great contempt beheld even while they condescend of all making, which was *opgedischt*. mild so good use

Beggars were obviously in great numbers, as well as wandering soldiers from Palestine were returned (at least in their own words); suggested merchants theirs were on display, traveling craftsmen asked for work, and pilgrims and elapsed priests, Saxon minstrels and bards Valais, mumbled prayers and lured cacophonous tones from their harps, violins and harps. One praised Athelstane in a mournful eulogy, another praised in a Saxon poem genealogy and hard sounding, barbarous names of his noble ancestors. Jesters and jugglers not, were missing and it was not considered that the reason for the

meeting was the exercise of their arts improper or inappropriate. The terms of the Saxons on that occasion were indeed as natural as rough. If the sadness thirst suffering, then there was to drink them-was hungry, there was food to eat-as she lay on the heart and hustle on down, then there were means of merriment, or at least available to distraction, those present not considered down to spend their consolation although now and then the men, as if she suddenly remembered the reason which had brought them, all supported simultaneously, while the women, in large numbers today, its protested and showed heard loud lamentations.

This was the scene in the courtyard of Coningsburgh, when Richard performed with his entourage. The house steward, who did not deign to save the groups of inferior guests, which steadily in and went out, eight at least no more than was necessary to maintain order, was affected by the presence of the King and Ivanhoe, but especially as he imagined, that the pull of the past were known to him. Besides, was the appearance of two knights, as they appeared to be, by their dress a rare event at one Saxon solemnity, and could not but be regarded as a kind of honor for the deceased and his family. In his black robe and with his white office staff in hand, so made this momentous character space by the motley assembly of guests and led Richard and Ivanhoe to the entrance of the tower. Gurth and Wamba speedily found acquaintances in the square, and dared not continue to reduce their presence was to advanced.

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Two-and-fortieth chapter.

I found them busy with Marcello's corpse.

There was heard a melody, so solemnly,

Amid weeping and mourning chants,

Equal old women who watch to kill

Just have to remove the whole night.

Old Tooneelstuk.

Down from the great tower of the castle of Coningsburgh is very peculiar, and testifies to the raw simplicity of early times, when it was founded. A staircase, so steep and narrow that they are almost perpendicular, leading to a low portal in the south side of the tower, which the curious antiquary still access up to one second small staircase, which was made in the thick head wall, and to have. to the third floor of the building voerde.-The two lowermost floors prisons, or vaults, which no other air or light then get through a square hole in the third floor, with which they shine through a ladder community had To the upper rooms in the tower, which in its entirety consists of four floors, will be placed in the outer walls along stairs.

Along these seem difficult entry was the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, in the great room, which occupies the entire third floor, charged. The last had time to settle, as he thought it better not to exhibit, honor the king would give him. A sign to his father his face in his mantle There were in this room around a large oak table a dozen of the illustrious heir of the Saxon families of the adjoining counties. They were all old, or at least elderly men, for the young people had, much to the chagrin of the parents, as well as Ivanhoe, many of the dividing walls toppled, which had separated since half a century the Norman conquerors from the conquered Saxons. The depressed and sad looks of these venerable men, their silence and sad attitude, yielded one strong contrast with the lightness of the guests outside the castle. Their gray locks and long, heavy beards and their old-fashioned clothes and large black cloaks fit well with the

eccentric and rough room in which they sat, and gave them the appearance of one collection of ancient worshipers of Wotan, who were recalled in life, to mourn the decline of their people fame.

Although Cedric peers rank as was his countrymen, he, however, seemed by common consent, to act. As head of the congregation Upon entering Richard, that only the brave Black Knight was known to them, he was dignified, and welcomed him with ordinary raclette " weas heal! "as he lifted a cup of wine. The King, whom the habits of his British subjects were not strange, answered this with ordinary words ! Drinc heal and emptied a cup, which was presented to him by the donor. The same courtesy was taken against Ivanhoe in eight, who gave his father tacitly document may just answer and replaced it with a bow, for fear that his voice would be recognized.

When the ceremony was over, Cedric stood and Richard hand offering, he had guided him, as it were, hollowed out in one of the outer arches in a small and very rough chapel, which,. Since there was neither opening, except for a very narrow air gap, this place would have been almost completely dark without the light of two torches, which have a Rooden and gloomy glow arched roof and naked walls, the rude stone altar and the cross showed . For this altar stood a bier, and on each side of it kneeled three priests, their rosary prayed and their prayers muttered, with the appearance of most attention. For this service, a rich ransom paid by the mother of the deceased to the monastery of St. Edmund, and to earn full had all the brethren, except the lame Sacri Stijn, go to Coningsburgh, where six of them continually with the performance of religious rites at Athelstane's bier occupied, while the others remained in default to the use and enjoy refreshments which were offered to them. During this pious wait, the monks wore special care for their songs to break any moment, fearing that Zerneck, would strike. Apollyon of the ancient Saxons, his claws on the deceased Athelstane No less anxious they were to prevent eenig seemed pall would hit that formerly served at the funeral of St. Edmund to had, and desecrated by profane hands would be. When such a substantial attention the deceased could have been useful than he had any right to expect them, of the brotherhood of St. Edmund had given it to know the mother of Athelstane, that, except hundred pieces of gold for his ransom soul, to the monastery most of the estates of the deceased wanted to donate, so as one would read his soul continually miss and that of her husband.

Richard and Wilfrid followed the Saxon Cedric into the room where the corpse rested, and while he taught them with a solemn face on the bier of Athelstane, they followed his

example and made a respectful cross, while a short prayer for the salvation of the soul muttered from the dead.

After the religious ceremony, Cedric gave them again a sign to follow him while he gently on the stone floor demolition, to be, and after a few steps gone he opened with great caution the door of a bidvertrekje that bordered on the chapel . It was about eight feet square, and just as the chapel itself carved in the wall. The vent, it lit, stood to the west and that the inward was significantly wider, made his ray of the setting sun way into this dark room, and showed a woman of venerable appearance, whose face still the clear traces bore of exquisite beauty. Her long mourning robes and her wreath of cypress increased the whiteness of her face and the beauty of her blonde, loose braids, which thinned the time nor had greyed. Her face expressed the deepest sadness, which submission can go together. On the stone table before her, an ivory cross, which was lying beside a missal, whose pages richly painted and whose relationship with staples and golden locks was decorated.

"Noble Edith," said Cedric, after a moment to stand still, to Richard and Wilfrid time to give, to consider "the mistress these are worthy strangers, come to parts. In thy sorrow And this, in particular, the brave knight who has so valiantly fought for the redemption of him, which we now regret. "

"His bravery deserves my thanks," replied the woman, "although it was the will of Heaven, that she would be. Vain betoond I express my thanks for his courtesy and that of his companion, as they have come to visit. Adeling's widow and the mother of Athelstane in the hour of her deep sorrow and sadness hither I trust them with your care, value nephew, convinced that thou shalt shew, that this castle can still offer. "Their hospitality

The guests made a deep bow to the bereaved mother and moved away with their host sex guide.

Another spiral staircase led them in a room of the same size as that in which they had been there first and that was just below. From this room they understood even before the door was opened, a soft and melancholy song. When they came in, they found themselves in the presence of about twenty women and girls of considerable Saxon

races. Four ladies, preceded by Rowena, sang a hymn for the soul of the deceased, which we have been able to decipher only a few verses:

To dust and ashes
Reverses all that was;
The mercenary slate Again
His tooisel off
For worm and grave, -
Rot Property.
Unsure flew
Your soul up,
In 't realm of grieve and weep.
Your pain begins
For d'euveldaân,
Proficient beneên here.
Maria's word,
Take in that place
Your fine short duration!
To you it prayer
And it saves praise,
From hell and purgatory.

While this was singing in a low and melancholy tone sung were the other girls divided into two groups, one of which was working for a great side body shell, intended to cover, decorate, so well her ability and her taste with embroidery Athelstane's coffin that permitted, while others were engaged in flower pots that stood before her, braiding,

intended for the same purpose sad. wreaths The behavior of the girls was most comely already showed therefore Geene deep sadness, but between the two took a whisper, or a smile, her reprimands of the more austere women on the neck, and here and there could one see damsel who there seemed to be more important in order to examine how the sackcloth was her, then the melancholy ceremony, to which they were preparing. The vote was (to confess the truth), also not at all changed by the appearance of two strange knights, which caused many an eye and many a whisper. Rowena alone, too proud to be vain greeted hair savior with graceful courtesy. Her behavior was serious, but not dejected, and it is very uncertain, or the thought of Ivanhoe and the uncertainty of his fate, not had much part to its severity, and the death of her kinsman.

For Cedric, however, who, as we have already considered, did not see very clear on such occasions, the sadness seemed his pupil much larger than that of the other ladies that he needed ruled the strange to whisper the explanation of it in these words: " She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane. "It is very doubtful whether this communication Wilfrid's tendency to impart to Coningsburgh in the sorrow of the mourners reinforced.

After Cedric had guided the guests said solemnly in the different rooms, which was the funeral ceremony of Athelstane celebrated on distinct manner, he brought the same in a small room, which, they said, was intended solely for the reception of distinguished guests, who would be to unite, which were immediately affected by this unfortunate incident. themselves with those not inclined because of their lesser respect to the deceased He arranged for ease and wanted to just remove when the Black Knight took him by the hand.

"I beg you, noble Thane , "he said," to remind you that you made as a favor to a stand before the service, me at our last separation whom I had the good fortune to prove. "

"He is allowed before you call him, noble knight," Cedric, "but in this sad moment-"

"To this I have already thought," replied the King, - "but my time is short,-also seems to me not inappropriate to, that we at closing the tomb of the noble Athelstane certain prejudices and wrong mean creations buried. "

"Sir knight," was Cedric, reddening, the king in the speech, "I hope that your prayer thyself and no others are concerned, for it is not appropriate that a stranger would interfere in a matter which the honor my house is concerned. "

"I would not co meddle," the King said in a low tone, "except in so far you yourself permit me to participate there. In Since you have only known me thus far as the Black Knight, so now hear that I'm Richard Plantagenet. "

"Richard of Anjou!" Exclaimed Cedric out, with the biggest surprise emerging backwards.

"No, noble Cedric-Richard of England!-Whose dearest interests, whose most ardent wish all the children in another country united to zien.-How, worthy Thane ! you bow the knee not your Lord? "

"I have never bent them for Norman blood!" Cedric replied.

"Keep this tribute then," said the King, "to me by my impartial treatment of Normans and Saxons my right there will have been proven."

"Prince," said Cedric, "I've always let thy prowess and value right wedervaren.-Also I am not unaware of yours claims to the throne through thy descent from Matilda, the niece of Edgar Atheling and the daughter of Malcolm of Scotland. But Mathilde, although the royal Saxon blood, was not entitled to the crown. "

"I will not argue with you about my claims, noble Thane , "Richard said quietly," but I would ask you to see, where ge people like you, who are against the mine can be placed in the scales around. "

"And are you come here to me to say this, Prince?" Said Cedric, - "? For me to blame, before the tomb is closed on the last shoot of the Saxon kingdom the destruction of my kindred" His face was bleak on speaking -. "This was naughty and acted rashly!"

"Not that, at the Holy Cross!" Replied the King; "It happened in the sincere faith, that the one good man in the other set can, to walk without the slightest danger."

"You are right, Mr. King,-because I recognize, that you are King and will remain, in spite of my weak tegenkanting.-I dare the only means to prevent, not to use this although you myself to one strong temptation have exposed! "

"And now my prayer," said the King, "which I do not do with less confidence, though thou hast refused to acknowledge. Mine legitimate rule I demand of you, as a man of your word, failing to faithless, mineedig and be dishonorable held for the brave to donate. knight Wilfrid of Ivanhoe forgiveness and thy fatherly love In this reconciliation thou understand that I have interest-the happiness of my friend, and the removal of dissension among my faithful people. "

"And this is Wilfrid?" Said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father, my father," cried Ivanhoe, throwing themselves at his feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"You have them, my son," said Cedric, raising him. "The son of Hereward knows word to keep, though he has also given to a Norman. But let me see you in the garb and with the weapons of your Saxon ancestors;-Geene short coats, having no airy caps, having no colored plume in my humble home. He who wants to be the son of Cedric, must show that he is of Saxon origin. You want to talk, "he added in an earnest tone when," and I suspect the subject. The Lady Rowena must have two years of mourning, as a betrothed husband,-all our Saxon ancestors would disown us, so we thought of one new commitment, honor the grave of the man she married had, and her hand through his is birth and descent was worthy, still closed. The ghost of Athelstane himself would get up

from his bloody bier, and appear before us, to keep "us from such a onteering his memory back

It seemed as if it had Cedric's words a spirit generated, because no sooner had he uttered them, or the door flew open, and Athelstane stood before them in his death robe, pale, dilapidated, and completely as one who from the grave is risen.

This appearance raised the greatest consternation and terror to all attendees. Cedric jumped back, as far as the wall of the room allowed, leaned against it, though he was unable to stand, and stared at the figure of his friend with wide-open eyes and a mouth, which he did not seem to close. Ivanhoe made a cross, and prayers said in the Latin-Saxon or Norman-French, just as they came before his mind, while Richard alternately "Benedicite! "and called" Mort de ma vie! "cursed.

Meanwhile we heard a terrible clamor downstairs in the house where Eenigen shouted: "Summarize the treacherous monks!" Others: "Throw them in jail!" And others: "Throw them the highest strongholds off!"

"In God's name!" Cedric said, turning to the pretended spirit of his deceased friend, "if thou art mortal, speak - if thou a spirit of a deceased are, tell why thou visit us, or what I can do to your soul to rest brengen.-Alive or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric! "

"I will," replied the appearance very quiet, "as soon as I have breath shoveled, and thou the time geeft.-Alive me, you said?-I live as good as a human life can, of bread and water lived for three days, which my three centuries toeschijnen.-Yes, bread and water, Father Cedric! By heaven and all the saints! there is no better food on my lips come in three full days, and it is by God's providence, I am now here to keep you stories! "so

"What, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I have seen that you felled by the haughty Templar to down upon wast to storm torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba narrates itself was your skull to the teeth cleaved by far! "

"You have so believed wrongly, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba lied. My teeth are in good condition, as I once at dinner show zal.-This I have, however, the Templar is not due, as his sword in his hand turned, and sharpness was averted by my mace, which I wanted to be started ward, so that he struck me with the flat blade, I had had my steel helmet, I would not have felt it, and have given him a blow in my turn, that would have spared him the retreat. But so I fell it is true stunned, but unhurt on down. From both sides there were others neêrgehouden and neêrgevoerd on me, so I do not regained my senses before I was in a coffin, which was fortunately open, and placed before the altar at St. Edmunds Church. I sneezed several times, sighed, awoke, and wanted to get up, when the Sacri Stijn and the Abbot full of terror on the din came running up, surprised, uncertain, and not at all satisfied, the man alive to find, whose heirs they had to be. Planned I asked for wine-they gave me some, but that has been prepared on the dough, because I slept more tightly than before, and woke up for several hours not. I found my arms with bandages wound-tied my feet so that my ankles to it still hurt me at the thought,-the place was completely dark, I believe the oubliette of their cursed monastery, and the dull, stitching air I understood that they are also used as a cemetery. There were strange thoughts with me about what had happened to me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villains of monks inside trading. They wanted to persuade me that I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the coughing, asthmatic voice of the Holy Father Abt.-Jeremias! how they differed from the tone in which he was just a piece of roast me to ask!-the dog has sometimes until Epiphany gezwelgd of Christmas Day with me. "

"Patience, noble Athelstane," said the King, "shovel breath, history-telling yours at ease;-such a true story is as nice to hear as a novel!"

"No, by the cross of Bromholme , it was have no novel!-a barley bread and a pitcher of water, that they have given me, villains, whom my father and myself enriched, when their main income still existed in the documents bacon and bushels corn, which they took to poor slaves and serfs for their prayers, that-bad, ungrateful addergebroedsel!-barley bread and ditch water for such a protector as I have been! I will burn them with nest and all, though I'm done in the accursed! "

"But in the name of the Holy Virgin, noble Athelstane," Cedric said, grasping the hand of his friend, "how did you escape this danger? Were-softened their hearts?"

"Their hearts softened" repeated Athelstane -. "Melt rocks in the sun! I would have been, had not eenig din, that, as I now understand, their procession was to my dead times, while they very well knew how and where I was buried alive, the swarm lured out of the basket. I heard them humming psalms truly theirs, not at all thinking that they were for the good of my soul sung by those who are starving my body in this way. Meanwhile they went away, and I waited a long time for food, and no wonder, for the arthritic Sacri Stijn had too much to do, to think. Unto mine with his own meal Finally he came with tottering steps and a strong smell of wine and spices with him, down. The good costs had softened his heart, because he showed me a piece of pie and a bottle of wine instead of my previous food. I ate, drank and felt strengthened me, which, to make matters happiness, Sacri Stijn, who intoxicated was good to observe his office of shutter door at the end along ditch, so they are, rather than to was on. The light, the food, the wine woke my mind capabilities. The ring, which my chains were fixed, was more rusted, I, or the villainous Abbot, were suspect. The iron itself could the humidity of that infernal dungeon not resist! "

"Put breath, noble Athelstane," said Richard, "and use some refreshment, Before You such a terrible story continues."

"Action!" Said Athelstane. "I have now already five times what is used, however, and would be a piece of that Malsche ham or smile at me, and I pray you, do! Me with a cup of wine documentation with noble lords,"

However, the guests, though still dumb with amazement, did their risen from the grave documentation with host, who then went on with his story. He had indeed now many more listeners than when he started, because, after Edith had some necessary orders given to the castle to bring things in order, she was the risen Christ to the departure of foreigners followed, accompanied by so many guests, men and women, and penetrate into the small room could, while others stood on the stairs, an imperfect story of the case CENTERS, and to those which were less accurate down, conveyed that the alweder under the outsider people scattered in a manner, entirely not corresponded the true facts of the case. Meanwhile Athelstane continued the story of his escape.

"When I saw that I was disconnected from the ring, I dragged myself up the stairs, as good as a man loaded with chains and is exhausted by fasting, could, and after much groping to have, I finally got through a merry song lured to the room where the worthy Sacristan Stijn, leave a duivelsmis fourth with a great, zwaarhoofdigen and breedgeschouderden monk, who is more like a thief than a clergyman looked. I overtook them and my death garments, as well as the sound of my chains, made me more than a resident of the other matches of this world.

"Both were dumbfounded, but when I was with my fist down upon to cast the Sacri Stijn, hit the other guy, his drinking companion, with a heavy club to me."

"That must be Friar Tuck, what is precious to everything," said Richard, Ivanhoe beholding.

"It may be the devil!" Said Athelstane. "To my luck he missed his aim, and when I arrived to scuffle to be with him, on him, he broke into a run. I did not fail to deliver, through the key, me from the chains after which hung in the girdle of the Sacri Stijn among others, and the thought occurred to me, to save the villain with the bundle of keys in the brain, but the piece of pie and the bottle of wine, which had the rascal brought me in my imprisonment, distance changed my heart, so I left him lying on the ground after a few heartfelt kick, put some roast meat and leather wineskin, which the two venerable brethren were busy, and went to the stable, and found a secluded place my own best telpaard, which was no doubt for the particular use of the abbot put aside. Thus doing I came here with all speed, while men and women fled to me, everywhere I went, laying me a ghost, the more that I had pulled the lijkkap over my face, to not be recognized. I would not be allowed in my own castle, so they had not thought that I was the servant of a magician, that the men in the courtyard very delights, if one takes into consideration that they are gathered for the funeral of their lord to celebrate. As I said, the cutter thought I was so dressed, to play a role in the masquerade and so I was admitted, discovered me only to my mother and ate a hearty piece, before I give you, my noble friend, visited . "

"And you found me," said Cedric, "ready to conceive. Intend to honor our brave and freedom again I tell you, there will be a never so favorable as the next morning for the deliverance of the noble Saxon tribe dawn! "

"Do not talk to me of someone to deliver," said Athelstane, "it is good, I am freed itself. I have more desire to punish. Then rascal chen Abbot He will be the walls of this castle Coningsburgh hang in his priestly robes, and if the staircase is too narrow for his thick body, I will let him ophijschen. "Outside

"But my son," said Edith, "think of his holy office!"

"Think of my three days' fast," replied Athelstane, "I want to have their blood, to the last man it! Front-de-Boeuf was to a much lesser matters burned alive, because he loved one good table for his prisoners, and did just too much garlic in his last soup. But these hypocritical, ungrateful slaves, flatterers, who so often have bidden himself at my table, which to me soup or garlic, or something else did, they will die, the soul of Hengist! "

"But the Pope, noble friend," said Cedric.

"But the devil, noble friend!" Replied Athelstane, "they will die! No more! Word Though they were the best monks on earth, the world would still be able to exist without them! "

"Shame on you, noble Athelstane," said Cedric, "forget such wretches in the glorious career, what lies ahead. Say this Normandischen Prince Richard of Anjou, that, how brave he may be, he will not have unchallenged, so long a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute. "Him the throne of his rights Alfred

"How," said Athelstane, "this is the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," Cedric said, "however, needs me to remind you that, as he he insulted nor should be detained as a voluntary guest here is come;-ge know your duty as host to him! "

"Yes, on my word," said Athelstane, "and my duty as a citizen also, for here I swear allegiance to him, with heart and soul!"

"My son," said Edith, "think of thy royal rights!"

"Think of the liberation of England, degenerate prince," exclaimed Cedric.

"Mother and friend," said Athelstane, "stops yours reproach-bread and water and a dungeon are miraculous medicines against ambition, and I'm wiser risen from the grave, I am in sore. Half of those vain gekheden were blown me by that miserable Abbot Wolfram in the ear, and you can now judge, whether he is a counselor, whom one can trust. Since those plans put into effect, I have known nothing but hasty trips, poor digestion, strokes, jerks and prison, and besides, they can end only with the murder of some thousands of innocent people. I tell you, that I should reign on my own goods will and nowhere else, and my first act of dominion shall be to hang! "the Abbot

"And my ward Rowena?" Said Cedric, - "I do trust that you are not intend to leave her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. Lady Rowena does not care about me-she loves more of the little finger of the glove of my cousin Wilfrid than my whole person. There they able itself to bekenen.-Nay, blush not, cousin, it is Geene disgrace to love a country gentleman a knight of the court more, and laugh neither, Rowena, because death robes and a fallen sight, God knows, no matter to laugh about it! But if you want, I'll totally laugh a better reason for you vinden.-Give me your hand, or rather they lend me, because I ask them you only as a friend. Here, cousin Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in thy voordeele I deny and I swear off-Well! At St. Dunstan, our cousin Wilfrid's gone! And yet, so my eyes have not been blinded by fasting, then I still stand there just see him! "Here

Now all looked around and asked to Ivanhoe, but he was gone. They finally learned that a Jew had asked for him, and that he, Gurth called to his armor after a short conversation with this, and had the castle. Leave

"Handsome cousin," said Athelstane to Rowena, "I could think, that this sudden disappearance of Ivanhoe by any other cause than true, the weightier reasons than I-yourself"

But he had hardly let her hand sail, when he knew that Ivanhoe had disappeared, or Rowena, who was in the extreme embarrassment, had used the first opportunity to escape. Departure from the

"True," said Athelstane, "women are among the least trusted all animals except monks and abbots. I want to be a heretic, as I was not expecting much from her, and maybe even a kiss. These cursed grave clothes are surely bewitched, because everyone escaped me. To you I turn, noble King Richard, with the vow of fidelity, which I, as a loyal subject-

But King Richard was gone and no one knew where. At last they heard that he was going to the castle square flown, the Jew, who had spoken with Ivanhoe, had to come with him and that he, to set up after a short conversation with him, hot tempered horse, is there to cast the Jew was forced to ascend another and was ridden with so much haste, that, as Wamba said, the life of the old Jew was not worth a penny.

"When my soul!" Athelstane, "cried it is certain that during my absence my Zerneck has enchanted castle! I turn in my winding sheet back, as risen from the grave, and everyone with whom I speak, disappears as soon as he hears my voice, but it does not help to talk! about Come, friends, you who are still remaining, follow me to the dining room, before there is even more of us who verdwijnen.-room, I trust, have been pretty well occupied, as befits the funeral ceremony of a former Saxon nobleman , and so we delay any longer, who knows if the devil fly away with supper! "

The resurrection of Athelstane has become very decried as too great a breach of probability, even in a work of imaginative temperament. It is also a tour de force , which

the writer was obliged to take refuge on the urgent proposal of his friend and publisher, who was inconsolable about, that the Saxon grave had dalen.-WS

Ivanhoe Vol. III by Sir Walter Scott

Three-and-fortieth chapter.

That's Mobray sent him express his bosom;
So violently that his foaming steed breaks his back.
Head and neck and his rider neêrsmakt
In 't battleground,-the villain! Afvall'gen
Richard II .

Our story now returns to the neighborhood of the castle or Preceptorij of Templestowe, about the hour when fate would decide on the life or death of Rebekah. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the inhabitants of the whole neighborhood gathered on a national party. But the desire to see blood and death is not confined to the dark ages, although it when the swordsman exercises duel tournament and just had to see through each other's hand fall to the bloody scene of brave men. Even in our days, now they have a higher understanding of morality, collecting one execution, one brawl, a ramp, or one meeting of radical reformers, innumerable spectators, with great danger for those who themselves have little other interest thereto, than to see how things are, and whether the heroes of the day, of whatever nature, nature acquired their fame worthy.

The looks of a most significant crowd were so into the port on the Preceptorij of Templestowe located to see the procession while an even larger number of already surrounded the tournament square, which belonged to the castle. This square was close to the Preceptorij, and was decorated with care for warlike and chivalrous exercises. It covered the upper plain of a soft hell fiery hill, was carefully surrounded with palisades, and since the Templars had gladly spectators to be aware of their agility witnesses in the use of weapons, they had numerous galleries and banks on behalf of crowd formed.

On the present occasion there was a throne set up at the eastern end of the Grand Master, surrounded by eereplaatsen for preceptors and knights of the Order. Fluttered

about the holy standard, le Beau-Seant called the banner while the veldgeschrei Templar.

At the opposite end of the arena a stake, was such around a pole, who had been deeply in the ground, established that there is enough space left for the victim, to act, to the fetters which hung ready in the fatal circle to be. riveted to the pole In addition this unit of death were four black slaves, whose color and African withdraw when little known in England, the terrified crowd, who regarded them as devils, who were busy with their infernal work. These men will not budge except now and then, at the command of a man who seemed their chief, to arrange a waiting fuels and to accumulate. They did not go to the people, they seemed not even to be seen, his presence and not paying attention, then the provision of their own terrible post on something else. And when they opened in conversation with each other their thick lips and showed their white teeth, as if they grinned from joy over the expected moordtooneel, could the terrified people to believe that they were essentially the evil spirits with whom the tooverheks community had hardly fail had, and which now, when her time came, stood ready for the terrible punishment to happen to her. They whispered to each other, and shared each other all the acts indicating which Satan had performed in that wild and unhappy period, of course not leaving you more to put the devil, than he deserved. Upon his account

"Have you not heard, Father Dennet," said one farmer against another, already quite advanced in years, "the devil the great Saxon Thane, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, has achieved!"

"Yes, but he has also brought him, thank God and the saints Dunstan!"

"What's that?" Said a young, cheerful companion, dressed in a green jerkin, embroidered with gold, and followed by a great guy, who wore a harp on his back, and did so knowing his profession. The minstrel seemed of no layers mode to be, for without even paying attention to the splendor of his richly embroidered robe he wore around his neck a silver chain, to which the voice key hung his harp. On his right arm shone a silver plate, which, instead of, as usual, the arms of the noble, to whose family he belonged, only the word Sherwood engraved was -. "What do you say therewith" asked the gay minstrel, in the conversation mixing of the peasants: "I have come here to seek a subject for a song and our Blessed Virgin, I would double pleased to find there are two!"

"It is absolutely proven," said the elder peasant, "to have been dead-Coningsburgh of Athelstane, after four weeks'

"That's impossible," said the minstrel, "I have seen him alive in the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"And yet he was dead, or at least buried," replied the young farmer, "because I have the monks of St. Edmunds monastery the dirge singing about him hear, and besides, there was a beautiful corpse times and mourning feast Coningsburgh, as the belonged, and I would have gone without Mabel Parkin, who-

"But your story, your friends, your story!" He noticed the minstrel a little impatiently.

"Yes, yes, the history but," said a fat monk, who stood beside them, leaning on a stick, which was a cross between a pilgrim's staff and a club, and probably both had, to that demanded the occasion, - "your history," said the stout priest, "let the day there is not elapsed;-we do not have much time to lose. "

"If it pleases your Father," said Denet, "a drunken priest came the Sacri Stijn St. Edmunds monastery visit -."

"It does not pleases my Father" replied the priest, "that there is such an animal as a drunken priest would, or, if there is one, that seemed so Noeme him! Be polite, friendly, and imagined you flush the holy man alone in thought, what the head is dizzy and the foot uncertain, even if the body filled with new wine ware.-I have found it! "

"Well then," said Father Denet, "a holy brother then came the Sacri Stijn St. Edmunds monastery visit, the visitor was a kind of priest elapsed, which is half of the game, that is stolen in the forest, felling, which the sound of a cup rather hear than that of the

misklok, and a piece of ham top ten prayer books prefer, but otherwise a good gay guy, a mace swings, a bow, and in the ballroom maintains against the best in Yorkshire. "

"This last part of thy speech, Dennet," said the minstrel, "you have saved a few ribs!"

"Hush, I do not fear him!" Said Dennet, "I'm feeling old and stiff, but when I joined Doncaster in the arena, -"

"But the story-the story, my friend," cried again the minstrel.

"Well, the story comes down to this: Athelstane of Coningsburgh was buried in St. Edmunds monastery," -

"That's a lie," said the monk, "for I have seen carry him to his own castle Coningsburgh."

"Now, story than history itself," Dennett said is grumpy about this repeated contradict diverting, and it was with some difficulty that the farmer was persuaded, at the request of his friend and the minstrel, to resume his story -. "These two moderate brethren, "he finally said," because these venerable husband absolutely wants that they were this, had good wine and good beer, and I do not know what else, during most of a summer chen drinking day, when they were generated by a heavy sigh and the rattling of chains and the appearance of the deceased Athelstane entered the room, saying: "Thou unworthy shepherds!"

"That's a lie," cried the monk angrily, "he spoke not a word!"

"Ha, ha! Friar Tuck, "said the minstrel, the monk aside taking," we have one new hare hunted, as I see! "

"I tell you, Allan-a-Dale," said the hermit, "I Athelstane of Coningsburgh equally seen as fleshly eyes have ever seen a living man. He had grave robe, and brought a grave air mede.-A barrel of wine will not flush me from memory. "

"Bah!" The minstrel replied, "you joking!"

"Believe me, never again," said the monk, "so I do not have, that an ox would have to cut down, a battle with my club gave him and went through his body, as well as through a cloud of smoke."

"At St. Hubertus" the minstrel said, "It's a wonderful story, and suitable to be placed on the wise old rhyme:" Smart came to the old monk ""!

"Laugh, if ye delight," said Friar Tuck, "but if a song you caught me singing such, may the first best spirit or devil me headlong with it meênemen.-No, no, I immediately took the intention, to raise some good work to be, as the burning of one witch, an ordeal, or similar transaction pleasing to God! "nowadays

While they thus spoke, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michiel van broke Templestowe , a venerable building, in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptorij their conversation. The sombre tones followed each other so quickly that every sound genoegzamen only had time to die, before the iron clapper is once again hear left. Away in a distant echo This sound, which announced the approaching ceremony, filled the hearts of the beholders with terror, while their eyes are turned to the Preceptorij, to see. The arrival of the Grand Master, of the champion and the accused

Finally dropped the drawbridge, the gates were opened and a knight who bore the great standard of the Order, rode out of the castle, preceded by six trumpeters and followed by the knights and preceptors, two by two, the Grand Master was the last in a fiery horse, whose harness was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, from head to toe in glittering armor, but without lance, shield or sword, the two squires nadroegen him. Although his face was partially hidden by a long plume, which hung down from his beret, yet one saw there one strong and mixed expression of passion, in

which pride with indecision seemed to struggle. He was deathly pale, as if he had not slept in several nights, however, guiding his brave steed with all the grace and ease, to the best knight of the Templars own. His appearance at the first glance and proud ontzagverwekkend, but when looked at him with attention, there was something in his gloomy attract the eye of his face did turn away.

On either side of the champion reason Conrad Mont-Fitchet and Albert De Malvoisin, as his best friends. They had their clothes on peace, the white robes of the Order. Behind them followed other knights of the temple, with a long train squires and pages, dressed in black, who aspired to the honor to even be knights of the Order. After these newcomers a guard of infantry, came in the same black dress, in whose midst they accused the slender appearance of the perceived, with slow but fearless paces the stage, where her fate would be decided entered. She had all her jewelry robbed, lest one or other animal amulets among might be, which was supposed, that Satan to his victims poured, to prevent something to confess them, even when they were on the rack. A coarse, white robe, from the simplest workmanship, had replaced her Oriental dress, but her eyes sparkled such an excellent union of courage and submission that she even in this dress, and Phileas Fogg others finery than her long black tresses, drew tears from every eye that beheld her, and even the most hardened and bijgeloovigste man lamented the fate of a creature so beautiful, it was a tool of sin and become a slave of Satan.

A crowd of people inferior rank, who belonged to the Preceptorij, followed the victim, were all in the greatest order, with crossed arms and downcast eyes.

This procession slowly ascended the little hill, on whose summit was the tournament site, entered the arena, pulled it once the right to the left side around, and made halt as soon as this happened was. This caused a brief murmur, as the Grand Master and all who accompanied him, besides the champion and his two friends, the horses rose, which the squires, who stood ready, brought immediately outside the arena.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair, which stood by the pyre. At the first glance at the terrible spot where preparations to death was equally terrible for the mind as painful for the body, sensed it, they trembled and his eyes closed, hands softly praying, for her lips moved, although no one word heard. After a minute she

opened her eyes, looked fixedly at the stake, as if she wanted to make familiar with this subject and when she turned her head slowly and casual off.

Meanwhile the Grand Master had taken his seat, and when the knights of the Order, again according to their rank, around and behind him were arrayed, announced in a loud and long trumpet, that had the judges. Seat taken Then came Malvoisin forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, as the property of the battle for the feet of the Grand Master.

"Brave commander and reverend father," he said, "here is the Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Preceptor of the Order of the temple, which is committed by incorporating the battle front, which I now submit your feet, to date in the fight to do his duty, and to prove that this Jew Serbian girl named Rebecca, to right the award earned by a Chapter of this most holy Order of the Temple of Zion against it is pronounced, and thus she is condemned to die as a sorceress;-here, I say he able to chivalrous and honorable to fight for that opinion so that your precious and holy they "want!

"Has he made the oath that his cause is just and fair," said the Grand Master. "Bring the crucifix and the Te igitur . "

"Sir, and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin readily, "our brother, the truth of his accusation already sworn in the hands of the Knight Conrad Mont-Fitchet, and in another way he can not swear, as his antagonist, an unbeliever and can not be admitted. "to the oath

This statement was to Alberts great joy sufficient, for the wily knight had great difficulty, or rather the impossibility provided to persuade to do the oath before the meeting Brian de Bois-Guilbert and he had this subterfuge devised to put him thereof to save. the necessity

After the Grand Master had the excuse of the Albert Malvoisin adopted, he ordered the herald forward to act and to perform his duties. The trumpets had themselves again hear the herald came out and cried with a loud voice: "Hear, hear, hear-Here!, The brave

knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle against every free-born knight who the case the Jewess Rebecca wants to defend, to whom it is permitted to fight through a champion as she did not appear in person in the arena can, and this champion bestows the reverend and valiant Grand Master here present, a free field, and equal benefit of sun and wind, and all that belongs to a more fair fight "The trumpets had themselves once heard, and there was dead silence for a few minutes.

"No champion for the accused, appears" said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her if she expected someone to look after her to take up arms. In this case" The herald went to the chair, which was Rebekah, and Bois-Guilbert suddenly his horse to that end of the arena agile income, was, in spite of the hints of Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, as quickly as the herald next Rebekah's chair.

"Is this a rule and the law of the battle?" Asked Malvoisin, beholding the Grand Master.

"That's it, Albert Malvoisin," Beaumanoir replied, "because we can not prevent the parties involved in fellowship with one another to do so, which is best can serve to bring the truth to light in the appeal to God's Judgement."

Meanwhile spoke the herald to Rebekah in these words: "Girl, honored and Venerable Lord Grandmaster asks whether you have a champion, to fight this day for you than or ye righteous recognizes the pronounced against you verdict?"

"Tell the Grand Master," said Rebecca, "I keep standing, my innocence and me as justly condemned acknowledge, because I should not be to my own death. Guilty Tell him that I come on such delay, if its laws permit, to see whether God, often in the extremes provides prefab outcome, a savior will send me, and when that time has elapsed, then His holy will be done! "

The herald withdrew, to convey this. Answer to the Grand Master

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Gentile of injustice would our beschuldigen. Until the shadows instead of westward, eastward fall, we want to wait to see if a champion for those unfortunate appears!"

The herald announced the decision of the Grand Masters to Rebekah also, that the head submissively bowed, arms crossed and looking up to heaven, who seemed to expect help from above, which they hardly dared to promise the people. During this icy silence, the voice of Bois-Guilbert struck her ear,-it was only a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "you hear me?"

"I have nothing to do with thee, cruel, hard-hearted man!" The unhappy girl replied.

"But do you understand my words be?" Said the Templar, "because the sound of my voice is terrible in my own ears. I know too scarcely on what basis we are, or why they brought us here heeft.-This battleground,-this chair, these fagots,-I know the meaning of all this, and yet is the me as something unreal for, as a terrible nocturnal apparition, which fills my mind with horrific images, without convincing. "my mind

"My mind and my senses recognize the essentially similar time and place," Rebecca replied, "and say clear to me that these fagots are destined to consume my body and open. Me a smart look, but shorten the way to a better world "

"Dreams, Rebekah dreams!" Replied the Templar. "Vain imaginations, which has the wisdom of thine own Sadducees rejected. Hear me, Rebecca, "he went on fire," you have some better chance of life and liberty, then yonder rogues and goof imagine. Rise on my horse, on-Zamor, the gallant steed, that his rider never disappointed. I have it in a duel with the Sultan of Trebizond Win.-Rise behind me, I say, in an hour we all escaped prosecution and investigation:-a new world of pleasure opens up for you, and for me a new career of fame. Let them pass sentence, which I despise, and the name of Bois-Guilbert the list of their monastery slaves scrape! I will every spot, which they splashing my gun, with blood wash away! "

"Applicant" resumed Rebekah, "Depart from me-even! Thou canst not its wide do me wijken.-by distress in these extremes enemies surrounded, as I am now, i love you for the worst and deadly services for all; District of me in the name of God! "

Albert Malvoisin, who was impatient and restless about the long-term nature of her conversation, now approached to abort it.

"Did the girl her guilty?" He said Bois-Guilbert, "if she persists in her denial?"

"She perseveres indeed! "Bois-Guilbert replied.

"Then you must take your place again to await the outcome noble brother," said Malvoisin - "the shadow pulls further on the sundial-come, brave Bois-Guilbert,-come, ye support of our holy Order, ye who soon will be our chief! "As he said this on vleienden tone, he laid his hand on the bridle of the knight to his place if he wanted to lead him back.

"False villain! what does that hand on my rein? "exclaimed Bois-Guilbert in anger: tone. And the hand of his companion repulsive, he drove back. Towards the upper end of the arena

"There is still courage in him," said Malvoisin aside from Mont-Fitchet, "so it is well managed,-but, like the Greek fire, it burns everything that comes near."

The judges had now two hours tufted into the arena, waiting in vain for the arrival of a champion.

"I understand the reason very well," said Friar Tuck, "it is because she is a Jewess, and however, by my order, it is hard, that one so young and charming creature must die, without a battle done to her defense is. Though they are ten times one witch, as she only had a little drop Christian blood in the veins, then my knots on the steel helmet yonder haughty Templar dancing, before he came down so easily! "

However, it was the general belief that no one for a Jewess who was accused of witchcraft, could or would appear, and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispering to each other, it was time Rebekah's property for forfeiture. At this moment there appeared a knight who urged his horse to hurry, on a plain, which led to the arena. A hundred voices cried: "A champion! a champion! "and in spite of the bias and prejudices of the crowd, all cheered loudly when the knight rode on the tournament site. The second glance, however, served to the hope that his arrival had, so just at the right time, conceived to destroy. His horse, which had several miles to the extreme urgency walked, seemed to stumble, fatigue and the rider, how fearless he showed in the arena, shone through weakness, or fatigue, or both, barely able to act in keep. the saddle

At the summons of the herald, who to his rank, his name and his intention early, the stranger knight answered quickly away and naughty: "I am a good and noble born knight, and come here, with lance and sword just and good thing this girl, Rebekah, the daughter of Isaac of York, to maintain, to the pronounced against her sentence for unjust and waarheidschendend to explain, and the knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert challenge as a traitor, murderer and liar, what I do with my body against his standing in this field would keep using God, our Blessed Virgin, and St. George, the holy knight! "

"The alien must prove" Malvoisin, "said he is a noble knight, and of honorable descent. The Temple does not send his champions against nameless men off. "

"My name," replied the knight, decreasing his helmet, "is better known and my tribe nobler than yours, Malvoisin. I'm Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. "

"I do not want to fight with you," said the Templar, with an altered, hollow voice. "Let thy wounds Heelen, please provide a better horse, and then I might not approve it below me to chastise! Thy childish bravado"

"Ha! proud Templar, "said Ivanhoe," have you forgotten that you are twice succumbed to this lance? Consider the arena of Accreditation,-think of the tournament of Ashby-think of your proud boasting in the halls of Rotherwood, and the property of your gold chain against my relic, that you fight with Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and your lost honor regain wouldst! This box and the sacred relic, it contains, I will declare Templar, to every court in Europe, in every Preceptorij of your Order, for a coward, if you do not fight without further delay with me! "

Bois-Guilbert turned his head indecisive to Rebecca, and then exclaimed, with a fierce look on Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon, take your lance, and be prepared for death, whom ye have caused!"

"Bestows the Grandmaster me the fight?" Said Ivanhoe.

"I can not deny what you have progressed," said the Grand Master, "if you take the girl to her champion. However, I would that ye you was in a better condition to fight. You are always been an enemy of our Order, but I wanted to please, that you honor his fight. "

"So as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe, "it is an ordeal,-in His keeping I commend myself to-Rebekah!," He said, moving to the fatal chair, "take thou me to thy champion to ? "

"I do, I do," she replied, with one condition, which even could not generate the fear of death with her: "I take you as the champion of, whom heaven Me has sent. But no, no,-thy wounds have not yet healed-not fight this savage man-why will ye die in this way? "

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and lance are included. Bois-Guilbert did the same, and his squire noticed, when he closed his visor, that his face, that despite the different conditions, by which he was shocked, the whole was morning pale, was now suddenly crimson.

The herald, both combatants saw in place, raised his voice and repeated three times; " ! Faites vos devoirs, preux Chevaliers "After the third exclamation he went to the other side of the arena and again made known that no one on punishment of a oogenblikkelijken death, by words, shouting or actions might prevent these nobles fight or disturb. The Grand Master, which is the property of the battle, Rebecca's glove in hand loved, now threw it into the arena, and spoke the fateful words: " Laissez aller! "

The trumpets sounded, and the knights were running at full speed against another. The tired horse of Ivanhoe and are no less jaded rider fell, as all had expected, for the well-aimed lance and strong horse of the Templar to down upon. These results of the battle were all provided, but although Ivanhoe's spear had but just the shield of Bois-Guilbert touched, as it were reeled it, to the astonishment of all beholders, in the saddle, lost his stirrups, and rolled into the arena.

Ivanhoe, loosening himself from his fallen horse, jumped hurriedly, to compensate his loss suffered by the sword, but his enemy lay. Wilfrid put his foot on his throat, about to give him commanding himself so he did not want his death. Immediately Bois-Guilbert did not answer.

"Do not kill him, sir knight," cried the Grand Master; "kill him, without confession and indulgence, not-dead body and soul together. We recognize for overcame him! "

He entered the arena, and commanded him to be a helmet reduced the vanquished champion. His eyes were closed, the dark-red glow was still on his face. When they saw surprised him, opened up his eyes,-but they were glazed and without expression. The red disappeared from his face and was replaced by a deathly pallor. Not Hurts by the lance of his enemy, he fell a victim to the violence of his own fierce passions.

“Dit is inderdaad een Godsgericht!” zei de Grootmeester, naar boven ziende:—“Fiat voluntas tua!”

Freeeditorial 