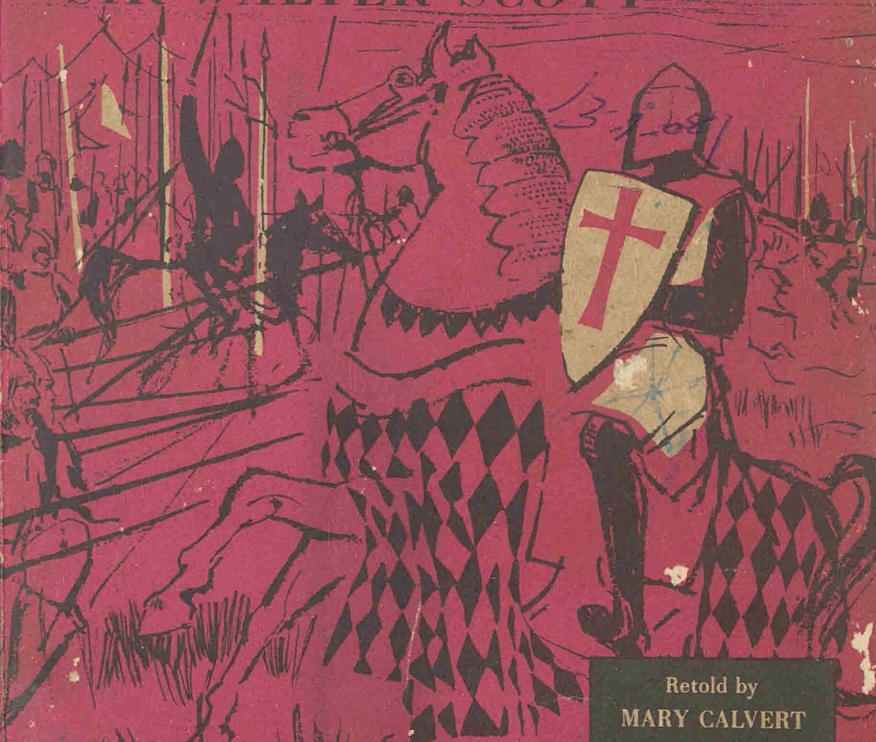
Ivanhoe

SIR WALTER SCOTT



Retold by
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BY

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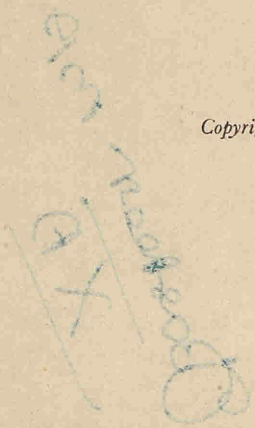
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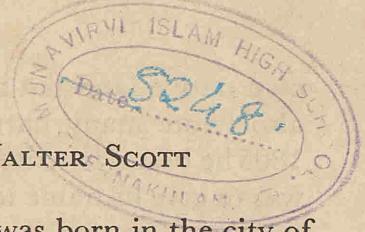
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The Life of Sir Walter Scott

Although Sir Walter Scott was born in the city of Edinburgh in the year 1771, the home of his ancestors lay in the wild country which covers the border between England and Scotland. His father had moved into Edinburgh to take a post as writer to a lawyer and was the first of his family to work in the city. It was in Edinburgh that he met and married the author's mother who was the daughter of a professor of medicine.

Walter Scott was always a great reader, and even while he was a pupil at Edinburgh High School he made a collection of Scottish folk tales. At the age of twenty-one he began to study law, and this task occupied him for the next four years.

In 1797 he married Charlotte Charpentier who was the daughter of a refugee from the French Revolution. Two years later he was appointed to the post of Sheriff Deputy of the Scottish county of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 he added to this the post of Clerk to the Sessions (the County Court). His legal work occupied him for the next twenty-five years. These years also saw the publication of most of his writings.

Scott first became famous as a poet. He collected together ballads and poems, not only from his

own native land but also from other countries. He also wrote many narrative poems of his own. In 1805 he began to write his first novel, *Waverley*, which was to give its name to Scott's series of very popular novels. The work was laid on one side until 1814 when Scott completed it in a few weeks and his first novel was published. Between then and 1820, when *Ivanhoe* was published, Scott wrote many historical and adventure novels. Although the effort of writing them as well as his legal work was proving too much for his health, Scott's novels continued to appear with the same regularity for the next four years.

In 1820 he was knighted and became Sir Walter Scott. He was at the height of fame and fortune in 1824 when he was involved in a misfortune from which he never recovered. Many years previously he had become a partner in a company of book publishers in order to help an old school friend. When this firm crashed in 1824, Scott found that he owed £130,000. He set to work to clear off the debt but the task was too great for him. His health broke down and two years later his wife died. Scott lived for another six years spending much of his last year travelling in Europe. When it became clear that he had not long to live he was brought back to Scotland where he died in 1832.

Introduction

In *Ivanhoe* Sir Walter Scott is writing of England during the last years of the reign of King Richard the First. Richard, who reigned from 1157 to 1199 A.D. gained the name of Lion-Heart from his bravery in battle. He took part in the long struggle known as the Crusades, a series of battles spread over many years when the Christian armies of Europe tried to win back the land of Palestine. They called Palestine the Holy Land because it was the country where Jesus Christ was born.

When the story of *Ivanhoe* opens King Richard is being held a prisoner in Austria. Many people in England fear that he will never return. The country is being ruled by his brother Prince John, and John's friends the Norman barons.

In the year 1066 the Normans under their leader William invaded England from France. They defeated the Saxons, who were already living in the land, at the Battle of Hastings. William was crowned as king and the Norman invaders ruled the country. The king rewarded his friends with gifts of land taken from the Saxons, and as the years went by, the Norman barons took more and more land. They taxed the Saxons heavily and forced the poor people to work for them. It is not surprising that

there was very bad feeling between the Saxons and the Normans.

The Norman barons spent much of their time in drinking, hunting and holding competitions, called tournaments, where knights fought each other on horseback. The poor people of the land had to work hard, and their only friends were people like Robin Hood who had to hide in the forests because they had displeased the King.

Another powerful force in the land at that time was the Church. It was very rich and owned large areas of land. But some of its leaders thought more of fine clothes than prayers, and set a poor example to others.

A small number of Jewish families also lived in England at that time. They were mostly rich and lent their money to the barons. Because of their trade the Jewish families were not popular.

Into this unhappy situation King Richard returns unknown to anyone except his companions. One of these is Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe is the son of Cedric the Saxon. Normally Ivanhoe would have inherited all his father's wealth and property upon the latter's death. But Cedric decided that this should not be so and disinherited his son, because Ivanhoe fell in love with the beautiful Saxon princess Rowena. Cedric was Rowena's guardian and he planned that she should marry a Saxon prince named Athelstane.

NAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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Chapter 1

Gurth and Wamba meet some Travellers

One evening as the sun was setting two men began to collect together their herd of pigs. They were Saxons and had been watching their master's herd in the forest. One was called Gurth and the other Wamba. Gurth was a serf, whilst Wamba was a clown and was dressed in a clown's costume. As they called and whistled to their dog, Fangs, the two men talked of the evil times in which they were living.

'These Normans leave us very little except the air we breathe,' Gurth complained. 'They only leave us that so that we can still work for them—Here, here,' he cried, calling his dog. 'Well done, Fangs. You have all the herd with you now.'

'You should be more careful of what you say,' warned Wamba. 'If I repeated one word of it you would hang from the nearest tree.'

'Wamba, you would not betray me, would you?' asked Gurth.

'Not I,' replied the clown, 'but listen, who comes here?'

The two Saxons stopped and listened. They heard the sound of horses approaching.

'Never mind who it is,' advised Gurth, 'let us mind our own business and get home before this storm breaks.'

But Wamba was curious to know who the riders were. He walked so slowly and stopped so often that the horsemen soon overtook them.

Altogether there were ten men, two of whom rode in front and were clearly important people. It was easy to recognise one of these, for both Wamba and Gurth knew that he was the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey. His white robes were of fine material, his sleeves were lined with fur, and his cloak fastened at the neck with a gold pin. He was handsome,



Gurth and Wamba meet the Prior

though a little fat, and smiled as he rode along on a well fed mule. His servant led the horse he used for special occasions which was covered with a long cloth, reaching to the ground. Another mule carried his baggage, and two more monks rode behind him. Prior Aymer was well known in that district and was popular with all.

Prior Aymer's companion was so unusual a sight that Gurth and Wamba stared at him. He was a man of over forty, thin, strong and tall. His eyes were black and seemed to pierce through you. His face was dark as if it had been burned by the sun. He wore a scarlet cap upon his head, and his outer dress was a cloak of the same colour. On the right shoulder of his cloak was a large white cross. He was a member of the Order of the Knights Templar. Behind him came two squires. One was leading his war horse, on which his armour was placed. The other squire carried his master's lance and shield. The two squires were followed by two servants, wearing white turbans and dressed in silk. They carried curved swords.

Wamba and Gurth were so surprised at the appearance of the stranger and his unusual servants that they did not hear the Prior speaking to them.

'I asked you,' the Prior repeated in a louder voice, 'if there is anywhere near here where we can be given food and shelter for the night?'

'You will find a hermit down this path,' said

Wamba. ' He will share with you his food and his prayers.'

The Prior shook his head at this suggestion.

' Poor fool,' he said, ' you should know that we need more comfort than that. Tell me, are we near the house of Cedric the Saxon?'

' The road is not easy to find,' said Gurth, ' and the family of Cedric are in bed early.'

' Nonsense, fellow,' replied the Templar. ' It is easy for them to get up again, and give us what we need.'

' I don't know that I want to show you the way to the shelter which you demand. Most people ask politely for it,' said Gurth.

An angry expression came across the Knight Templar's face. He swung his horse round and raised his whip to strike Gurth. Gurth quickly laid his hand upon his knife. Before anything could happen, Prior Aymer rode between them.

' No, Bois-Guilbert, that is not the way,' he said. ' You must not think that you are still fighting in Palestine.'

He turned to Wamba and gave him a silver coin.

' Now tell me the way to Cedric's house,' he said.

' You keep to this path until you come to a cross,' the clown replied. ' When you reach it, take the path on your left.'

Prior Aymer thanked him and the party rode off. As the sound of the horses died away, Gurth re-

marked, 'If they follow your advice, I don't think that they will reach Cedric's house tonight.'

'No,' replied Wamba smiling. 'If they are lucky they might find themselves in Sheffield. That will be better than going to Cedric's.'

'You are right,' said Gurth. 'Our master would not thank us for sending them to him. I am sure he would quarrel with that Knight Templar.'

As the riders went on their way, the Knight Templar spoke to Prior Aymer.

'Why did you stop me beating that fellow?' he asked.

'Bois-Guilbert,' Prior Aymer replied, 'beating these fellows does no good. He would not have told you the path afterwards. And if Cedric heard of it, he would not be pleased. Remember what I told you. Cedric is not only rich and proud, but is also very bad tempered. He is so proud of his race that he is known to all as Cedric the Saxon.'

'Prior Aymer, if I am to be patient with a man like that,' said Bois-Guilbert, 'I shall expect much beauty in his daughter, the Lady Rowena.'

'He is not her father,' replied the Prior. 'Cedric is her guardian, but he loves her as if she were his own daughter.'

'You remember your promise?' Bois-Guilbert asked.

'Yes,' the Prior replied. 'I will give you my gold collar if you do not think that she is the most

beautiful girl that you have seen in the last twelve months. If you agree that she is, then you will give me ten barrels of wine.'

Bois-Guilbert smiled.

'Prior, I think your collar is in danger,' he said.

'If you win it fairly, I will gladly give it to you,' the Prior replied. 'Now let me give you some advice. Speak courteously to Cedric for he is easily offended. And be careful how you look at Rowena. He will turn us out of his house if you seem too interested in her. He disinherited his own son, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, for daring to love the beautiful Rowena. It is this son, Ivanhoe, who has fought with King Richard in the Holy Land.'

They rode on in silence until they came to a cross. By now it was so dark that it was difficult to see which way to go, and they began to argue. The Templar wanted to go to the left. The Prior was sure that Wamba had told them to go to the right. After some time, they saw a man asleep on the ground.

'Here is someone asleep or dead,' said Bois-Guilbert, speaking to his squires. 'Hugo, use my lance to see if you can waken him.'

The sleeper arose.

'I don't know who you are,' he complained, 'but it is very rude of you to disturb me like this.'

'We only wished to ask you the way to the house of Cedric the Saxon,' said the Prior.

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'I am going thatway myself,' replied the stranger. 'The way is not easy to find, although I know it well.'

Their guide took the opposite path to the one advised by Wamba. He led them through the forest and soon brought them to Rotherwood, the home of Cedric the Saxon.

'Who are you?' Prior Aymer asked the stranger.

'I am a pilgrim who has just returned from the Holy Land,' he answered.

'How is it, my friend,' the Prior continued, 'that you know your way in this forest so well?'

'I was born not far from here,' replied the pilgrim.

They were now approaching Rotherwood. It was a long, low building with several courtyards. It was quite unlike any of the strong castles which the Norman nobles had built for themselves. But Cedric's house was not without its defences. It was surrounded by a deep ditch filled with water. On either side of the ditch was a strong fence. The way into the house lay over a drawbridge which could be raised to stop people crossing the water.

The party stopped in front of the drawbridge. The Templar blew loudly upon his hunting horn to be let in, as it had begun to rain heavily.

Chapter 2

The Prior and the Templar dine with Cedric

In the hall of Rotherwood a long wooden table stood ready for Cedric's evening meal. Huge oak chairs were placed by the table and over each was a canopy of cloth.

Cedric was already seated at the table. He was of average height with broad shoulders and long arms. His face was broad, with large blue eyes and his long fair hair parted in the middle fell down to his shoulders. He was wearing a green tunic with fur at the throat and at the wrists. Upon his arms he wore bracelets of gold and a broad band of gold was about his neck.

Two or three servants waited behind their master whilst the rest stood further down the hall. Some dogs lay on the hard earth floor. An old grey wolf-hound stood by his master's chair.

Cedric was feeling impatient. The Lady Rowena had been out and had only just returned. She had been caught by the storm and was in her room changing her wet clothes. There was no news of Gurth and the herd of pigs. Moreover, Wamba was with Gurth and Cedric needed his clown's jokes to pass the time while he waited.

'Why is the Lady Rowena so long?' he asked.

'She is changing her clothes,' replied a maid. 'You would not want her to appear in riding clothes.'

This could not be denied so Cedric turned to his cupbearer.

'What in the name of ten devils keeps Gurth away so long? I suppose that when he returns he will have lost half the herd,' he exclaimed.

He was interrupted in his cross thoughts by the sound of the horn. At once every dog in the hall barked.

'To the gates, men,' ordered Cedric, 'and see what news the horn brings.'

In a few minutes one of the servants returned to say that Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx and the knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert were outside. They were on their way to a tournament at Ashby de la Zouch and wanted shelter for the night.

'Prior Aymer and Bois-Guilbert—Normans both of them,' grumbled Cedric. 'Yet no one must think that he is unwelcome at Rotherwood. Go and show our guests to their rooms. See to their horses. Give them water to wash with and fresh clothes if they need them. Tell them that they are welcome, although it would have been more welcome to me if they had ridden past.'

The servants went to carry out Cedric's orders and left the Saxon to his thoughts.

'Prior Aymer, Prior Aymer,' he mused, 'I think

he is a jolly priest who loves wine and hunting. Oswald, what did you call his companion?'

'Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.'

'Brian de Bois-Guilbert,' continued Cedric. 'That name is famous for both good and evil. Men say that he is brave and strong, but also proud and cruel. Oswald, open the best barrel of wine, for both of our guests love good wines. And, Elgitha,' Cedric spoke to Rowena's maid, 'tell the Lady Rowena that we will not expect her to dinner unless it is her special wish.'

'But it will be her special wish,' replied the maid quickly, 'she is always eager to hear news of the Holy Land.'

'Silence, maid,' said Cedric sternly. 'Your tongue runs away with itself. Take my message to the Lady Rowena and let her do as she thinks good.'

The maid left and Cedric sat on in silence. He knew that he too would like to hear stories of Palestine. But he quickly put the thought from his mind.

'No,' he said aloud. 'My son, who disobeyed me, is no longer mine. I will hear no stories of him.'

He fixed his eyes to the ground. When he looked up again, the doors at the end of the hall were open, and servants with burning torches led the guests into the hall.

Both men had changed their clothes and appeared

finely dressed. The Prior's cloak was richly decorated. He had a large gold ring upon his finger and a scarlet cap upon his head. The Templar was wearing a tunic of dark purple silk. Over this he wore a long robe of pure white with the cross of his order cut in black upon the shoulder.

These two figures were followed at a distance by the pilgrim. He was dressed very plainly with a black cloak covering his whole body. He wore rough sandals and carried a staff in his hand. He made his way quietly to a seat by one of the fireplaces.

Cedric rose to receive his guests.

'You are welcome to Rotherwood,' he said. 'I pray that you will allow me to speak in English as I have little knowledge of Norman.'

'I shall willingly do so,' said the Prior, 'the language of my grandmother Hilda is good enough for me.'

'I always speak French,' replied Bois-Guilbert. 'It is the language of King Richard and the court. But I have enough English to talk with the common people.'

Cedric was far from pleased at this last remark, but he checked his anger and asked his guests to take their places at his side. Then he gave the order for supper to be served. They were about to commence when a servant cried, 'Make way, make way for the Lady Rowena.'

A side door opened behind the dining table and Rowena appeared with four maids. Cedric was surprised to see her, but rose quickly and led her to her seat of honour upon his right hand. She moved quickly to her place and sat down.

Hardly had she done so when the Templar whispered to his friend.

'I will not wear your gold collar at the tournament. You have won, and the wine is yours.'

'I told you so,' said the Prior, 'but do not stare so much. Cedric is watching you.'

Rowena was indeed beautiful. She was tall enough to be truly graceful. Her skin was as clear as milk and her blue eyes shone beneath brown eyebrows. Her long hair hung over her shoulders and was set with jewels. Her dress was made of sea-green silk over which she wore a robe of scarlet wool.

When the lovely princess noticed how the Templar stared at her she drew a veil over her face. Cedric noticed this and guessed the cause.

'Sir Templar,' he said, 'the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little sun to stand such a fierce look.'

'If I have offended,' replied Sir Brian, 'I beg your pardon—that is I beg the Lady Rowena's pardon.'

'In punishing you she has punished us all,' commented the Prior. 'Let us hope that she will



She drew a veil over her face

be less cruel to those she will meet at the tournament.'

'It is by no means certain that we shall be going,' said Cedric. 'I have no love for these sports which did not exist when England was free.'

'Let us hope,' continued the Prior, taking no notice of Cedric's words, 'that we can persuade you to come with us. The protection of Bois-Guilbert the Templar is amongst the safest in the land.'

'Sir Prior,' answered Cedric coldly, 'wherever I have travelled in this land, I have found that my own sword and faithful followers gave me enough protection. If we go at all, we will go with my

neighbour Athelstane. I drink to you, Sir Prior, this cup of wine. I hope that it suits your taste.'

'And I,' said the Templar, 'drink to the Lady Rowena.'

'I will spare you your task,' said Rowena with dignity. 'But I wish that you could give me some news of Palestine.'

'I have little of importance to say, lady,' answered Sir Brian. 'Except to tell of news of a truce.'

As Bois-Guilbert spoke a messenger entered. He told Cedric that there was another stranger at the gate asking for shelter for the night.

'Admit him,' ordered Cedric. 'and see that his needs are satisfied.'

Chapter 3

The Jew, Isaac, at Rotherwood

When Oswald returned he whispered in his master's ear, 'It is a Jew who calls himself Isaac of York.'

A tall, thin man approached the table with great hesitation and with many bows. He had a long nose, dark eyes, long grey hair and a beard. He was wearing a plain dark cloak over a purple tunic. Fur lined boots covered his feet and upon his head was the yellow cap of his race.

He could not have received a colder welcome.

Cedric himself nodded to him and pointed to a place at the lower end of the servants' table. Nobody moved to make room for him. Isaac stood alone looking in vain for someone to welcome him. At last the pilgrim, who sat by the fire, stood up.

'Old man, take my place, for my clothes are now dry and I have eaten,' he said.

With this he gathered together some wood so that the fire burned brightly. He fetched some food for the old Jew and placed it before him. Then, leaving the old man to eat, he crossed over to the other side of the hall.

Meanwhile the Prior and Cedric were discussing hunting.

'I am surprised, Cedric,' said the Prior, 'that in spite of your love for your own language you do not use French for hunting.'

'Good Prior, I can easily hunt in the woods without any of these new words,' answered Cedric. 'I can blow my horn and cheer on my dogs and I can cut up an animal, when it is killed, without having to speak in French.'

'The language of France,' said the Templar, 'is not only the language of hunting but also the language of love and war.'

Cedric thought that it would be wiser to change the subject and so he called for his cupbearer.

'Bring out more wine and let me make a toast. To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, whatever the

race or language, who now fight in the Holy Land.'

'I cannot reply to that toast for it could only apply to the Knights Templar,' said Bois-Guilbert.

'Was there nobody in King Richard's army worthy of the honour?' asked Rowena.

'Fogive me, lady,' replied the Templar, 'King Richard brought many gallant soldiers to Palestine whose skill and courage....'

'Were second to none,' interrupted the pilgrim.

Everyone turned to look at him.

'I say that the skill and courage of King Richard's knights were second to none,' he repeated. 'And to prove the truth of what I say I will tell you of a tournament which I, myself, saw. On that day King Richard and five of his knights each fought three times and struck all their opponents to the ground. Seven of these opponents were Knights Templar as Bois-Guilbert knows well.'

Bois-Guilbert's face went red with anger and his hand gripped his sword. Cedric smiled.

'I will give you this golden bracelet, pilgrim,' he promised, 'if you can give me the names of the knights on King Richard's side.'

'That I will do with pleasure,' answered the pilgrim, 'but I cannot accept your gift. The first in honour was brave King Richard of England. Second came the Earl of Leicester followed by Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland.'

'He is certainly a Saxon,' said Cedric proudly.

'Sir Foulk Doilly was the fourth and the fifth Sir Edwin Turnham.'

'Another real Saxon,' cried Cedric. 'And who was the sixth? What was the name of the last brave knight?'

'The sixth,' answered the pilgrim, after a moment's thought, 'was a young knight, whose name I cannot now remember.'

'Let me help our friend's memory,' said Bois-Guilbert scornfully. 'The last knight was Wilfred of Ivanhoe and I tell you that he was the bravest of them all. It was his lance and the falling of my horse that caused my defeat.'

Cedric did not like to be reminded of his disinherited son, but he could not help being pleased to hear such a good report. Prior Aymer's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

'Now, Sir Cedric, we have ridden far today, perhaps you would allow us to drink the health of the Lady Rowena and then pass to our rooms to sleep.'

The Prior was a man of peace and he could see that if they did not end soon, a quarrel would develop between Cedric and the Templar.

The last drink was served and after drinking the health of Rowena and Cedric the travellers made their way to their rooms.

The pilgrim was stopped on his way to his room by a servant of the Lady Rowena. She also wished

for news from Palestine. He followed the servant to Rowena's room where the princess waited for him. She was seated upon her throne with three of her maids standing behind her. As he entered, the pilgrim knelt.

'Rise, pilgrim,' she commanded, and then kept silence for a few minutes.

'You spoke tonight, pilgrim,' she said at last, 'of Ivanhoe. Tell me, where did you last see him and how did he look?'

'I know little of the knight,' he answered in a troubled voice. 'I wish I knew him better, lady, since you are interested in his fate. I heard that he would soon be returning to England.'

Rowena sighed deeply and asked when Ivanhoe might be expected and whether he could travel safely home.

The pilgrim could give her no information upon the first point, but told her that there was very little chance of Ivanhoe being in any danger.

'Thank you, pilgrim, for your news. I will keep you no longer from your sleep. Accept this small gift for your travels.'

She gave him a gold coin and, bowing low, he left the room. When he reached his own room, the pilgrim asked a servant,

'Where does the Jew sleep?'

'In the room next to you.'

'And where does Gurth sleep?'

'Upon the other side,' replied the servant giving him the torch.

The pilgrim went into his room and looked around. It was simply furnished with a bed, a stool and two or three sheepskins. Putting out the torch, he lay down upon his bed and was soon asleep.

He slept well until the first light of day. Then he got up quickly and entered the room of Isaac the Jew as quietly as he could. When the pilgrim woke him with his stick, Isaac started up in fear. His grey hair stood up on end.

'You need not fear me, Isaac,' said the pilgrim. 'I come as your friend.'

'What do you want with a poor old Jew so early in the morning?' Isaac asked.

'It is to tell you,' replied the pilgrim, 'that if you don't leave the house at once and travel as quickly as you can, you will have a dangerous journey.'

The Jew raised his hands in horror.

'And who could wish to harm a poor man such as I?' he asked.

'Last night as the Templar left the hall,' said the pilgrim, 'I heard him order his servants to watch which way you went. When you were a convenient distance away they were to capture you and take you to the castle of Reginald Front de Boeuf.'

'What shall I do?' he cried. 'They will torture me! I can feel the irons already.'



The Jew raised his hands in horror

'Listen to me, Isaac,' ordered the pilgrim. 'Leave the house at once while everybody is asleep. I will guide you by secret paths and not leave you until you are safe.'

'Good youth, I will go with you,' said the Jew. 'Let us hurry. What are you waiting for?'

'I am ready too,' replied the pilgrim, 'but I must first find a way out of the house.'

He went quickly to the next room and woke up Gurth who, at first, did not want to open the gate to let the Jew out. The pilgrim leaned over and whispered something in his ear so that Gurth sprang up in surprise. He would have cried out if the pilgrim had not stopped him.

'Say nothing, Gurth, but go and open the door quickly and bring us two mules. As for you, Gurth....' his sentence ended in a whisper which only Gurth could hear.

As soon as the mules arrived, the travellers mounted and rode as quickly as possible away from Rotherwood.

They rode for some hours until they came to the top of a small hill. Here the pilgrim stopped his mule and pointed ahead.

'There lies Sheffield town,' he said. 'This is where we part.'

'Not before you have had a poor Jew's thanks,' said Isaac.

'I have already said that I do not need thanks or reward,' said the pilgrim.

He began to ride away, but Isaac took hold of his cloak.

'Stay, stay,' he said. 'I can do one thing more. I think that your greatest need at this time is for a horse and armour.'

'What made you guess that?'

'Never mind,' said the Jew smiling. 'But I can supply it. In Leicester there lives a rich Jew from Lombardy. He has some of the finest suits of armour you could ever find. He has horses too. Give him this letter from me and you can choose what you will for the tournament. When it is over, you can return them to him.'

'But at the tournament,' explained the pilgrim, 'if a knight falls from his horse, both the horse and the armour belong to the knight who has beaten him.'

'I do not think that this will happen in your case,' answered the Jew. 'But take care, not because of the horse and armour, but for your own brave life. Farewell.'

With that they parted, and took different roads into the town of Sheffield.

Chapter 4

The Tournament at Ashby

A very large crowd came to Ashby for the tournament. Prince John, who ruled the land in the absence of the King, was expected to be there, and the finest horsemen in the land were due to take part.

The scene of the tournament was a large field about one mile outside the town. It was surrounded by trees, and the ground, as if made for the event, sloped down to a level area at the bottom. This was marked out with a wooden fence, which had a gate at each end, by which the knights could enter. At each end was a herald, who had six trumpeters at his side and a large number of men to assist him.

At the southern end, upon a rise in the ground, there stood five tents. These belonged to the knights who were the challengers. Each tent had the shield of its knight outside and each knight's squire stood beside the door of the tent. The tent in the centre had been given to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was the tent of honour. On either side were the tents of Reginald Front de Boeuf and Philip Malvoisin.

At the other end of the ground was a space where any who wished to fight the challengers could prepare for the battle.

At the sides were two long stands for the spectators. One stand had the royal flag flying over it, and was intended for Prince John and his friends. The other was for the rest of the nobles and their ladies. Like Prince John's, it also contained a throne, but this would remain empty until the last day of the tournament. On that day the Queen of Love and Beauty, chosen by the winning knight, would sit upon it.

All the seats in the stands were soon filled with knights and ladies. The common people crowded in where they could. Amongst the crowd was Isaac the Jew with his lovely daughter Rebecca. She clung tightly to her father's arm as he pushed his way along to the front of the crowd. He had come just in time to see Prince John arrive.

This was a splendid sight. The Prince was dressed

in a robe of scarlet and gold, and a hawk sat upon his arm. With him were his friends, including some of the Knights Templar and Prior Aymer. Prince John rode his grey horse easily and passed the stands laughing and joking with his friends and looking at the beauty of the ladies.

As soon as he reached his seat he ordered the heralds to read aloud the rules of the tournament.

These were as follows. First, each challenging knight had to fight any who came. Secondly, any knight wishing to fight could choose whom he would meet by touching his shield with a spear. Thirdly, at the end of the day, the Prince would declare the winner, who would receive as a prize a war horse and the privilege of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty. Fourthly, it was announced that on the second day there would be a general tournament in which all the knights could take part. For this they were to be divided into two sides. The Queen of Love and Beauty would crown the knight whom the Prince judged to be the best upon the results of the second day. On the last day there were to be games and archery for the common people.

The herald finished the reading and rode away. Only the judges remained, seated upon their horses at each end of the arena. At the northern end a crowd of mounted knights waited for their turn to show their skill against the challengers.

At last the gates opened and the first five knights

rode in. The eyes of the whole crowd were upon them, as they rode up to the tents of the challengers and touched the shields of those they wished to fight. They did so with the blunt end of their lances to show that they did not wish to use deadly weapons. They then rode to the far end of the arena and drew up in a line, waiting for the challengers.

The five challengers, led by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entered the arena, and at the signal to begin, rode as hard as they could across the arena. They put three of the knights upon the ground, whilst a fourth one turned away from the line. Out of the five, only one, who broke his lance with that of his opponent, had any success.

A second and third party of knights took the field against the challengers with no more success. The fourth time the knights appeared there were only three of them. They avoided Bois-Guilbert and Front de Boeuf and chose the three who had shown less strength. But even then they could not win.

After this fourth party there was a long pause. Cedric the Saxon was very disappointed to see the Normans win again. He looked at Athelstane to see if his friend would take up the challenge.

'The Saxons are doing very badly,' he remarked, 'Will you not challenge, Athelstane?'

'I will fight tomorrow,' Athelstane replied. 'It is not worth my while to fight today.'

Prince John was just about to declare the day's events over, and Bois-Guilbert as the winner, when a single trumpet sounded from the northern end of the arena. Through the gate rode a young man upon a beautifully built black horse. Upon his shield there was the emblem of a fallen tree with the single word, *Desdichado* (the Disinherited), underneath. As he passed the Prince, he lowered his lance in salute. The crowd shouted advice as to whom he should choose, but, to their surprise, he rode straight to the tent of Bois-Guilbert and touched Bois-Guilbert's shield with the point of his lance.

The crowd held its breath for a moment at the bold challenge to deadly combat by the Disinherited Knight. Bois-Guilbert stood carelessly by the door of his tent.

'Are you prepared for death, brother?' he asked.

'I am more ready than you,' replied the Disinherited Knight.

'Then take your place and look at the sun for the last time, for tonight you will be dead.'

'Thank you for your advice,' came the reply, 'but I advise you to take a fresh horse and a new lance. You will need both.'

With this he backed his horse slowly across the arena to wait for Bois-Guilbert. The Templar, in spite of his scorn, took his opponent's advice and not only chose a new horse, but also changed his shield.

The trumpets sounded the signal and the two knights rode at each other with the speed of lightning. Their lances broke into small pieces and the shock forced each horse on to its back legs. But both riders remained seated and rode back to collect new lances. This was a very exciting battle, and the crowd remained silent as the two knights lined up once more.

After a few minutes' silence to allow both horses and riders to recover breath, Prince John gave the signal for the battle to commence again. In this second meeting the Templar again aimed for his opponent's shield and hit it. His lance broke in pieces, and the Disinherited Knight rocked in his saddle. At the last minute he had changed his aim, and, with great skill, hit Bois-Guilbert upon the helmet. The blow was so strong that the Templar was forced to one side. Part of his horse's harness broke and both horse and rider fell to the ground.

The Templar was soon on his feet. He was very angry and drew his sword and pointed it at his opponent. The Disinherited Knight also drew his sword after jumping from his horse. The judges quickly rode between them to stop the fight.

'We will meet again when there is nobody to part us,' said the Templar angrily.

'If we do not, it will not be my fault,' replied the Disinherited Knight.

Bois-Guilbert went to his tent in despair while the

Disinherited Knight returned to his position to challenge any others who wished to fight. Sir Reginald Front de Boeuf, Sir Philip Malvoisin and the other two knights tried their skill, but in vain, for none could beat the stranger. The last knight Ralph de Vipont, was thrown to the ground so violently that he was carried off unconscious.

This ended the successes of the Disinherited Knight, and to the cheers and applause of the whole crowd, Prince John declared him to be the winner.

Chapter 5

A Surprise at the Tournament

The judges of the tournament were the first to congratulate the winner and they asked him if he would remove his helmet before receiving the prize from Prince John. The knight politely refused saying that he could not at present allow his face to be seen. This was not an unusual request, and so the judges agreed.

Prince John was not at all pleased at the defeat of his champions and did not like the winner's wish to remain unknown.

'It would seem that our knight has been disinherited of courtesy as well as of lands,' he said

scornfully. 'Have you any idea who he might be, my lords?'

'I cannot guess,' said Maurice de Bracy, 'nor did I ever think I would see in Britain a champion who could defeat five knights in a row. I shall never forget the force with which he hit de Vipont. The poor knight shot from his saddle like an arrow from a bow.'

'Bois-Guilbert was no better,' added another, 'I saw him roll over in the dust three times.'

'Silence!' shouted Prince John.

One of the judges then reminded the Prince that the winner still waited to be received.

'Let him wait till we have found out who he is,' ordered Prince John.

Waldemar Fitzurse, who was always ready with advice, reminded the Prince that he would not please the large crowd by keeping the champion waiting.

'As for myself,' Fitzurse added, 'I have no idea who he is, unless he is one of those knights who went with King Richard to the Holy Land and who are now returning one by one.'

A whisper went round the Prince's followers.

'It might be the King! It might be Richard Coeur de Lion himself,' they said.

When this whisper reached the ears of Prince John, he began to tremble violently.

'Heaven forbid!' he cried. 'Waldemar!—de

Bracy!—remember your promises and remain faithful to me.'

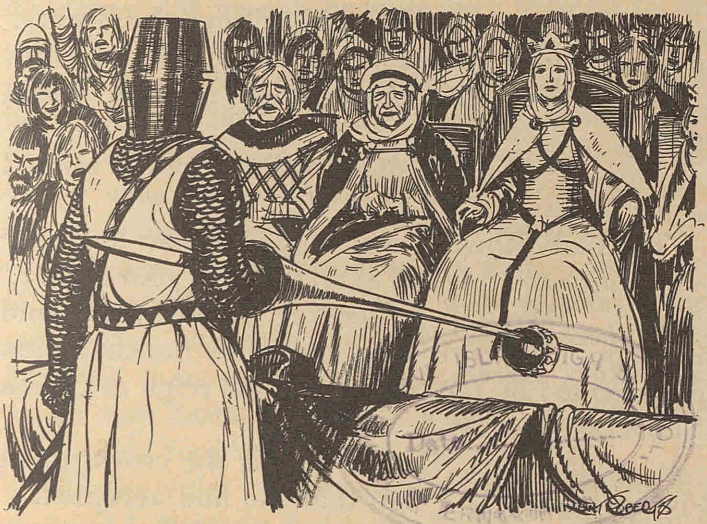
'There is no danger yet,' replied Fitzurse. 'Do you know your brother so little that you think that his large body could fit into such a small suit of armour? Even the horse this fellow rides could not carry the King's weight.'

While Fitzurse was speaking, the judges brought the winner to Prince John. The Prince was still upset and gave the Disinherited Knight his prize as quickly as possible, fearing to hear the deep voice of the King. The Disinherited Knight did not speak, but merely bowed deeply. Then, laying one hand upon the saddle, he leaped on the horse's back. With his lance erect, and a small flag flying from its top, he rode round the arena while the crowd clapped loudly.

The winner's duties were not yet finished. When the Disinherited Knight rode round again, the Prince stopped him with his hand raised.

'Sir Knight, it is your duty and privilege to name the fair lady who will rule tomorrow as Queen of Love and Beauty. Raise your lance.'

The knight obeyed and Prince John placed upon the tip of the lance a crown of green silk which had a circle of gold around the outside. The Disinherited Knight got down from his horse and walked slowly along the rows of nobles with their ladies, stopping to look at each of the ladies in turn.



The Disinherited Knight chooses Lady Rowena as Queen

At last he reached the place where the Lady Rowena was sitting. Here he paused while the crowd waited full of excitement. Then he lowered the lance slowly and placed the crown at Rowena's feet. The trumpets sounded and the heralds pronounced Rowena as the Queen of Love and Beauty. The Norman ladies were not used to Saxon maidens being chosen and received the result in silence. But the crowd shouted for joy.

'Long live the Lady Rowena! Long live the Saxon princess!'

Prince John came over to where Rowena was sitting.

'Take up your rule as Queen of Love and Beauty,' he said, ' and if you and your father will dine with us tonight we will come to know our fair queen better.'

Rowena remained silent whilst Cedric replied for her in Saxon.

' The Lady Rowena does not speak your language well enough to reply nor to take part in your dinner,' he said. ' We must therefore refuse your kind invitation. Tomorrow, as chosen by the champion and accepted by the crowd, she will reign as Queen of Love and Beauty.'

As he said this, Cedric placed the crown upon Rowena's head as a sign that she had accepted.

' What does he say?' asked Prince John, pretending not to understand Cedric's Saxon.

When it had been repeated to him in Norman he said, ' It is well. Tomorrow we will lead the dumb queen to her throne,' and turning to the Disinherited Knight added, ' you at least will join us tonight.'

The knight, speaking in a low voice, asked to be excused as he was tired and wished to prepare for the next day.

Prince John was angry at these two refusals and left the arena soon after. The Disinherited Knight accepted the offer made by one of the judges that he should use one of the tents upon the field and made his way there. No sooner had he arrived than many squires and pages offered their services.

This they did mainly because they wanted to find out who he was. The champion refused all help except that of his own servant, and all the others left the tent. The knight then took off his armour and sat down to a meal. He had just finished eating when his servant announced that five men, each leading a horse, were waiting to see him.

Darkness was beginning to fall and so the champion, dressed in a long robe with a hood hiding most of his face, stepped boldly out to meet them. Each of these men led his master's horse upon which had been placed the armour in which the knight had fought that day.

'By the rules of the tournament,' said the first squire, 'I, Baldwin de Oyley, squire of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, offer you the horse and armour used by my master at today's tournament. By the law of arms you may keep or ransom the same as you wish.'

The other squires said the same and waited for the winner's reply.

'To you four, sirs,' he said addressing all but the first squire, 'I have the same reply. Tell your noble masters that I do not wish to take the horses of such brave men. But as I am the Disinherited Knight and have nothing of my own, I must ask them to ransom their horses.'

'We have been told,' said the squire of Sir Reginald Front de Boeuf, 'that we may offer one hun-

dred crowns as a ransom for each horse and suit of armour.'

'Half of that amount will be enough for me,' replied the knight. 'The rest of the money you may share between yourselves, the heralds, minstrels and attendants.'

This was very generous and the squires thanked the knight with a deep bow, with their caps in their hands.

'As for your master,' continued the knight, speaking to the squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, 'tell him that I will accept neither horse nor ransom. Our fight is not yet ended. Take back your horse and armour and if your master will not use them, then keep them for your own needs.'

The squires left and the Disinherited Knight returned to his tent.

'So far, Gurth,' he said, speaking to his servant, 'the fair name of England has not suffered at my hands.'

'And I, for a Saxon servant, have not played badly the part of a Norman squire,' replied Gurth. 'But I could have laughed when my master, Cedric, passed so close to me, thinking all the time that I was guarding his pigs in the forest.'

'Enough of that,' said the knight. 'There is still work to be done. Take this bag of gold into Ashby and find where Isaac the Jew is living. Pay him for the horse and armour he helped me to get.'

Gurth found the lodgings of Isaac on the outside of the town of Ashby. The old Jew was just about to drink a glass of wine when a servant announced Gurth's arrival.

'Rebecca, veil yourself,' Isaac ordered, and then told the servant to admit the stranger.

Gurth entered, but instead of taking off his cap, he pulled it further over his face.

'Are you Isaac of York?' he asked.

'I am, and who are you?' replied the Jew.

'That does not matter,' answered Gurth. 'I am come to pay money and so must know to whom I am paying it. You are receiving money and do not care, I imagine, who it is who pays you.'

'Oh, you are come to pay money, are you?' echoed the Jew. 'That is good. And who is it who sends you?'

'The Disinherited Knight, the winner of today's tournament. It is the price of the armour supplied to him by the Jew from Lombardy. The horse is back in your stable and I wish to know what I must pay for the armour.'

'Did I not say that he was a good youth?' cried Isaac joyfully. 'Tell me how much money you have brought with you. That bag looks very heavy.'

'It is full of arrowheads,' said Gurth quickly.

'Well then,' said Isaac after a moment's thought, 'if I should say eighty crowns, have you got the money to pay it?'

' Only just,' said Gurth, although the sum named was more reasonable than he had hoped. ' It will leave my master with hardly a penny. I tell you that seventy is plenty for the armour. If you will not accept that, then I will take the money back to my master.'

At last they agreed for eighty crowns and the Jew wrote out a receipt, after carefully counting the money. Gurth quickly left the room and went down the stairs. He was about to leave when he saw a figure in white coming towards him. It was the Jew's daughter Rebecca, who asked him how much he had paid her father. After Gurth had told her she said,

' My father was only joking with you. He owes your master a kindness more than he can ever pay. Here take this purse. It contains one hundred crowns. Pay your master what is due to him and keep some for yourself.'

Gurth left by the side door which was quickly locked and bolted behind him. He hurried back to his master with the surprising news. When he entered the tent he found that his master was nearly asleep. Gurth found a bearskin for himself which he placed at the door of the tent. Both the knight and Gurth were soon asleep.

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date 5248

Chapter 6

Cedric gets a Surprise

By ten o'clock the next morning the arena was crowded with people. The heralds had arrived together with the judges and had divided the knights into two sides. The Disinherited Knight was the leader of one side and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert led the other. Out of the many who came forward, fifty of the best knights had been chosen. Amongst them was Athelstane the Saxon, who had chosen to fight on the side of Bois-Guilbert. He had chosen this side because he was very angry at the way the Disinherited Knight had chosen the Lady Rowena as Queen of Love and Beauty. Cedric had promised Athelstane that he should marry the Saxon princess, and Athelstane resented the knight's action.

The Lady Rowena arrived and was taken to her place upon her throne by Prince John. The heralds declared the rules of this day's tournament and all was ready to begin.

The knights entered the arena in two long lines and arranged themselves in double rows. The leader of each side was in the middle of the front row. Each knight held his lance upright with its flag flying in the wind. The judges inspected both sides to see that all the rules had been obeyed.

Then one of them gave the order, *Laissez aller.* (leave to go), in a loud voice, and the two sides thundered towards each other.

At first nothing could be seen because of the clouds of dust from the horses' hooves. Gradually it was seen that half the knights were off their horses. Some were lying wounded on the floor. Others were fighting with their swords whilst others were trying to lead their horses away from the battle. The noise and confusion increased as the second row of knights on each side advanced.

The followers of Bois-Guilbert cried out, '*Beau-seant, Beau-seant*', whilst the other side cried '*Desdichado*', (the mottoes or phrases on their leader's shields). The battle went from one end of the field to the other. The sound of the trumpets mixed with the war-cries of the warriors and the cries of those who had been wounded. Swords crashed together, armour met with swords and lances, and the feathers at the top of the knights' helmets waved in the wind.

The sight of the tournament thrilled the crowd. Here and there a cry was heard from one of the ladies as a husband or brother fell to the ground. All that could be heard above the noise of the fighting was the cheering and clapping of the crowd.

There were so many knights fighting that it was some time before Bois-Guilbert and the Disinherited Knight met. When they did so, their lances were

gone and so they fought with their swords. As they were doing so, both Athelstane and Front de Boeuf found themselves without opponents. They both turned their horses and rode upon the Disinherited Knight. He would have been killed without a doubt but for the warning of the crowd.

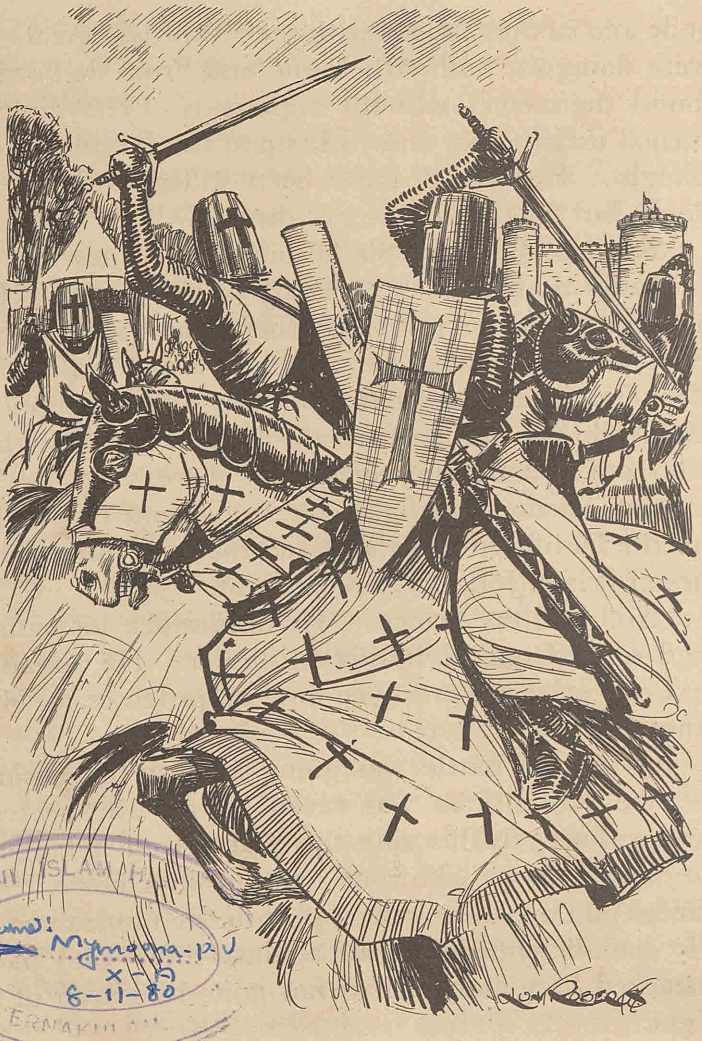
'Beware! Beware! Sir Disinherited!' they cried so loudly that he became aware of his danger. He aimed a blow first at Bois-Guilbert, and then turned his horse so quickly that Athelstane and Front de Boeuf nearly rode into each other. Turning round, they rode once more upon the Disinherited Knight who was now fighting against all three.

Such an unequal fight could only end in defeat for the Disinherited Knight and many of the nobles urged Prince John to stop the fight.

'No,' said the Prince. 'He has hidden his name and refused our invitation to dinner. He already has one prize. Let us see how he proposes to win another.'

Just as the battle was going against the Disinherited Knight, he was saved by an unexpected happening. By his side there appeared a knight in black armour who rode upon a black horse. So far he had not taken much part in the tournament. He had defended himself against those who had attacked him, but he had not gone in search of a fight.

However, when he saw that his leader was in



'Beware! Beware! Sir Disinherited!'

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danger, he came quickly to his rescue. He arrived just in time for, as the Disinherited Knight was engaged with the Templar, Front de Boeuf came from behind with his sword raised. Before the sword could fall, the Black Knight gave Front de Boeuf a blow upon the head. It was so hard that Front de Boeuf and his horse fell to the ground. The Black Knight now turned his horse upon Athelstane. He snatched the battle axe from the Saxon's hand and knocked him senseless to the ground. He then returned to his own corner of the field and took no further part in the tournament.

The Disinherited Knight continued his fight with Bois-Guilbert. This did not last long for the Templar's horse had been wounded and sank to the ground. His rider also rolled on to the ground but could not move as his feet were caught in the stirrups. The Disinherited Knight leaped from his saddle and stood over his opponent. Waving his sword he ordered him to yield. Prince John saved Bois-Guilbert from this dangerous situations by ordering an end to the fight.

It was now the duty of Prince John to name the champion of the day. He decided to choose the Black Knight. It was pointed out to him that the Black Knight had only defeated two others, whilst the Disinherited Knight had beaten six knights including the leader of the other side. But Prince John would not change his mind. When they came

to look for the Black Knight he could not be found. He had been seen riding slowly away from the tournament. So Prince John had no choice but to name the Disinherited Knight as the champion.

'Sir Disinherited Knight, we award you the prize for the second time. You will receive it at the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty.'

The trumpets sounded and the crowd cheered as the champion was led to where Rowena was sitting. He knelt at the foot of her throne. But the judges insisted that his helmet must be removed before he received the prize. As it came off, the face of a young man of about twenty-five appeared. Cedric started in amazement as he saw it, and Rowena cried out in surprise. The face that had been uncovered was that of Wilfred, Knight of Ivanhoe.

Rowena quickly recovered from her surprise and placed the crown of victory upon the winner's head.

'I give you, Sir Knight, this prize, which you have earned today. It could be given to no braver man,' she said.

The knight bowed his head and kissed her hand, but then fell unconscious upon the ground. The judges removed his armour which a lance had pierced during the fight, and he was carried away to be attended to.

No sooner was the name of Ivanhoe spoken than it passed from mouth to mouth with the speed of

lightning. The news soon reached Prince John, whose face showed that he was not at all pleased to hear it.

Looking around him, he said,

'My lords, I had a feeling that there was something that I did not like about that knight even before I knew that he was a follower of King Richard.'

'I do not think that he is likely to trouble you,' replied Fitzurse,' for he is badly wounded.'

'Let his wounds be dealt with,' Prince John ordered. 'My own doctor will attend to him.'

There was no need of this, as Ivanhoe had already been taken away, although nobody knew who had taken him.

The Prince prepared to leave, but as he was doing so, he was handed a letter, bearing the seal of the King of France. Prince John went pale as he read its contents, for in it the King of France told him that Prince John's brother, Richard, was free.

When he had read the letter the Prince passed it to Fitzurse who said,

'It is time to gather together our forces in York. A few more days and it may be too late. Your Highness must cut short this tournament.'

The contest for the archers was quickly organised. It was won by a famous archer called Locksley. He not only outshot all the others in the contest, but was able to split in two a thin branch of a willow

tree at a distance of one hundred yards. The crowd clapped loudly at this and the Prince presented him with the prize of a silver hunting horn. He also offered Locksley one hundred crowns if he would join the service of the Prince. Locksley refused politely, saying that he was bound by oath to King Richard. Before Prince John could express his displeasure at this, Locksley had disappeared into the crowd.

The Prince, who had other matters on his mind, gave the order to the trumpeters to sound the end of the tournament and, as they did so, he called a messenger.

'Ride quickly into Ashby,' he ordered, 'and find Isaac the Jew. Tell him to send me ten thousand crowns before the sun sets.'

Chapter 7

The Plan of Maurice de Bracy

In the town of Ashby, Waldemar Fitzurse was busy finding out where all Prince John's friends were staying. Few of them really liked the Prince and only followed him for their own advantage. Waldemar visited each one and made promises of large estates in return for supporting the Prince. He

also talked to them of what might happen to their possessions should King Richard return. Under these circumstances most of them promised to come to York, so that Prince John could be crowned King there before King Richard returned.

He returned to the Castle of Ashby, late that night, and was surprised to see de Bracy dressed as an English yeoman wearing a green tunic, with a leather cap, hunting horn, bow and arrows.

'What have you been doing?' Fitzurse asked angrily. 'This is no time for games. You should have been encouraging the Prince's friends as I have. Where have you been?'

'That is my business,' replied de Bracy calmly, 'just as what you have been doing is yours.'

'I about my business?' said Fitzurse. 'I have been about the Prince's business. What are you doing in that foolish dress?'

'I have been planning to get myself a wife,' answered de Bracy, 'for in this costume I will follow the party of Saxons which has just left, and carry off the lovely Rowena.'

'Are you mad, de Bracy?' asked Fitzurse. 'Remember that, though these men are Saxons, they are rich and powerful. Prince John cannot afford to offend them at this time. He will make you give her up.'

'Let him try,' replied de Bracy scornfully. 'The Prince cannot afford to offend me either. But I

do not mean to be found out. You see that I am disguised as a yeoman. The outlaws of the Yorkshire forests will bear the blame for this. It will be done easily, for I know that tonight the Saxon party will stay at St Withold's Convent. Tomorrow they will be within easy reach of me and my men, and we will capture them. Then I will appear in my own dress and rescue the fair Rowena from these outlaws. I will take her either to Front de Boeuf's castle, or even to France, and she will not be seen again until she is Maurice de Bracy's wife.'

'And who thought out this plan?' asked Fitzurse wisely, 'for it is too clever for you.'

'If you must know,' answered de Bracy, 'it was Bois-Guilbert the Templar, who suggested it. His men are to be the outlaws, from whom I am to rescue the fair Rowena.'

'Take care, my good friend, that you do not lose the lady into his hands. Bois-Guilbert is more used to taking than giving. But I see that you are determined to carry on with this foolish plan. Please waste as little time as possible upon it.'

'I tell you, Fitzurse,' replied de Bracy confidently, 'that it will be a matter of hours. I will then go straight to York with my men, as ready as ever to fall in with your plans. But my horses and companions are waiting. I must, like a true knight, follow the smiles of beauty.'

'He is more like a fool than a knight,' thought

Fitzurse as he watched him leave. 'But I still need him to help me carry out my plans.'

His thoughts were interrupted by the Prince who called out, 'Waldemar Fitzurse, are you there?'

With his cap in his hand the future Prime Minister (for so he thought himself) went to obey the commands of the man he hoped would be king.

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date

Chapter 8

The Capture of Cedric's Party

When Cedric saw his son Ivanhoe fall to the ground his first thought was to take him into his own care. But his pride would not let him and so he sent Oswald his cupbearer to inquire after him. Oswald found that Ivanhoe had already been taken away. One of the ladies, who had been watching the tournament, had carried him away in her own carriage. Oswald found Gurth wandering about looking very miserable at the loss of his master. The cupbearer seized him and brought him back to Cedric as a prisoner. Cedric had to leave Ashby without news of his son.

A short journey brought the party to Burton-on-Trent where, at St Withold's Convent, they were made welcome by the monks.

After an excellent breakfast the next morning the

party prepared to leave upon the next stage of their journey home. Their plans were disturbed by the appearance of a black dog, which howled sadly as they left the gate and tried to join them.

'I don't like that sound,' said Athelstane. 'It is unlucky to travel where your path is crossed by a howling dog until you have eaten your next meal. It would be better if we turned back and stayed here until after lunch.'

'Away, away,' said Cedric impatiently. 'We have too little time already for our journey. As for that dog, I know him well. He belongs to Gurth and is as useless as his master.'

Cedric drove his spurs into the sides of his horse and the party set off. They rode steadily all day, pausing only at noon beside a fountain to eat their lunch. But they were still far from home and in the middle of a wood as evening approached. It was a dangerous area, where bands of outlaws could be expected. Cedric was not afraid, thinking that he had plenty of servants and that the outlaws would respect his noble Saxon birth.

Suddenly they heard cries for help and turned aside towards the direction of the noise. They were surprised to find a carriage without horses and, sitting beside it, a beautiful young lady richly dressed. Beside her sat an old man wearing the yellow cap of the Jewish race. It was Isaac of York and his daughter Rebecca.

They had been returning from the tournament and had hired six men to protect them and to help carry a sick friend. They had come so far in safety when they met a woodcutter. He had warned them of a band of outlaws nearby. All their servants had run away, taking the horses with them. Isaac humbly asked if they might travel with the party until some place of safety was reached.

Athelstane was not in favour of this, saying, ' Do not ask us for help.'

Cedric was more willing to help and said,

' I think that it would be better to lend two of our servants and horses to take them back to the last village.'

But Rebecca did not like this idea, as she was afraid that that the servants might run away again. She came to Rowena and begged her to use her influence with the men to help them.

'I do not ask this for myself,' she said, 'nor even for that poor old man, my father. I ask it in the name of one, dear to many of you, who is sick. Please allow him at least to come under your protection.'

Rowena went to speak to Cedric.

' The old man is feeble,' she said, ' and the girl is young and beautiful. We can't leave them like this. Let them use two of the mules for the sick man, and we have enough horses for the old man and his daughter.'

Cedric agreed and the servants made themselves

busy unloading the mules and changing the baggage. In the confusion Gurth, who was being led as a prisoner, persuaded Wamba to undo his chains and he escaped, without anyone noticing, into the forest.

At last they set off again, and continued until they came to where the path narrowed. It was impossible for more than two to ride together here. Cedric and Athelstane realised that this was a dangerous place and so were determined to ride through it as quickly as possible. The path led down to a stream where the sides were covered with short willow trees, which grew in the soft marshy ground.

Some of the party had just crossed the stream, when men came out of the woods from every side. There were so many that there was little that Cedric's party could do to defend themselves. Cedric himself managed to wound one of the outlaws with a lance. Athelstane was dragged from his horse before he had even drawn his sword. The servants were too surprised to offer any fight at all. The Lady Rowena, Rebecca and her old father were quickly captured. The only one to escape was Wamba, who dived into a bush and disappeared.

For a time he wandered in the forest wondering what to do next. As he did so he met Gurth who asked what the sounds of fighting meant. When he learned that the whole party had been taken

prisoner, Gurth thought that he and Wamba might try to rescue them.

'Wamba, you have a weapon and a brave heart,' he said. 'There are only two of us, but if we make a sudden attack we may be successful. Follow me.'

The clown was about to do this when a third person appeared. He ordered them to stop. At first they thought that it was another outlaw, but looking more closely, they saw that it was Locksley the archer, who had won the silver horn at Ashby.

'What is the meaning of all this?' he asked.

Wamba told him how Cedric and his party had been captured as they crossed the stream.

'I must see about this,' said Locksley. 'If you want to help your master, stay here until I return.'

So saying, he disappeared into the forest, but returned not long after.

'Friends, I have discovered who these men are and where they are going,' he declared. 'I do not think that they will harm any of the prisoners. But there are far too many of them for us to fight. I hope to be able to gather together enough men to set them free before very long. Come with me.'

Gurth and Wamba followed Locksley for several hours until they came to a clear space in the forest in which was a large oak tree. As they approached, six yeomen sprang to their feet. Their bows were in their hands and six arrows pointed at the travel-

Watlieba. IBRAHIM

lers. As Locksley drew nearer he was recognised and received a warm welcome from the men of whom he was obviously the leader.

'Where is the Miller?' was his first question.

'On the road to Rotherham,' one man replied.

'With how many men?' Locksley asked.

'With six men.'

'And where is Alan-a-Dale?' Locksley then wanted to know.

'Walking up the Watling Street to watch for the Prior of Jorvaulx.'

'That is good,' answered Locksley,' and what of the Friar?'

'He is in his cell.'

Having discovered where his leaders were, Locksley gave orders to his men.

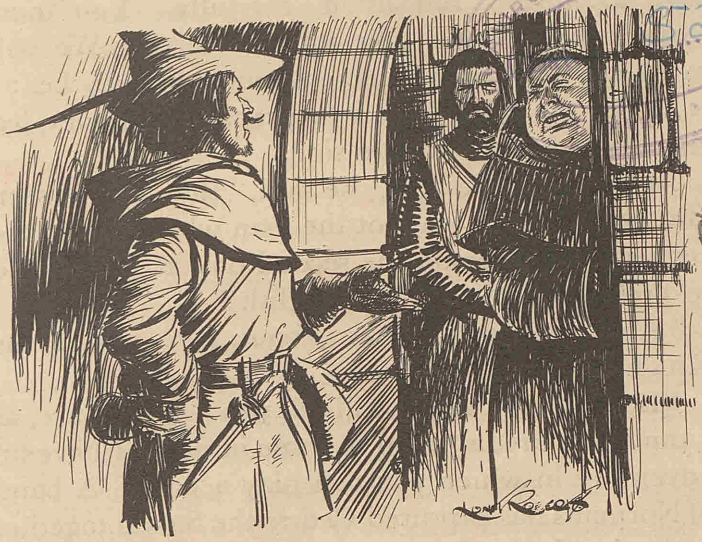
'I will go and fetch the Friar, myself,' he said. 'While I am away, gather all our companions together, for we have work to do. Meet me here at first light tomorrow. Two of you go to Torquilstone Castle where Reginald Front de Boeuf lives. A set of Normans dressed as outlaws are making there with some prisoners. Watch them closely, for even if they reach the castle before our men are gathered together, we must rescue the prisoners and punish the Normans.'

Locksley walked away quickly in the direction of the cell where the Friar of Copmanhurst lived. The Friar was a jolly fellow, and was better known

as a hunter of deer and lover of wine than as a hermit.

As Locksley drew near to the cell, therefore, he was not surprised to hear the sound of singing. So loud was it that he had to knock hard on the door. When he finally heard the knock, the Friar began to clear away the remains of the meal and the wine, which he and his guest had been enjoying.

His guest was none other than the Black Knight whom we last saw riding away from the tournament at Ashby. Upon his journey north the Black Knight had lost his way in the forest, and had sought



The Friar and the Black Knight in the Friar's cell

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shelter with the Friar. As he heard the knock, he began to arm himself quickly.

'Go on your way, Sir Traveller,' cried out the Friar,' and do not disturb a poor hermit and his holy brother.'

'Open the door quickly, you mad fellow,' cried a voice outside. 'It is Locksley.'

The Friar quickly opened the door and Locksley came in.

'Why, Friar, who have you here? he asked.

'A brother of our Order,' replied the Friar. 'We have been praying all night.'

'So we heard as we came,' answered Locksley with a smile. 'But listen, carefully. You must leave your cell and take up your stick. We will need every one of our men, whoever he may be.'

While the Friar began to prepare, Locksley led the Black Knight to one side.

'I think, Sir Knight,' he said, 'that I have seen you before. Are you not the man who came to the rescue of Ivanhoe on the second day at Ashby and so brought victory to the English?'

'And if I am, what about it?' asked the Knight.

'Listen to me and I will tell you. If you are, as I think you are, a friend to those in need, I have an adventure in which you can play a part. A band of Normans has captured Cedric the Saxon together with the Lady Rowena and the English noble

Athelstane. They have carried them to a castle not far from here, called Torquilstone. I ask you, good knight, to help us in the rescue.'

'I have promised to do so,' replied the Black Knight. 'But first I would like to know who it is who seeks my help.'

'I am a friend of my country and my countrymen,' said Locksley. 'More than that I cannot tell you at the moment, especially as you yourself wish to remain unknown.'

The Knight asked no more questions about Locksley, but said that he was ready to help. The Friar was now ready, armed like a yeoman with sword, bow and arrow and stick.

'Let us hurry,' said Locksley. 'We must collect all the men we can to attack the castle of Reginald Front de Boeuf.'

Chapter 9

The Prisoners reach Torquilstone Castle

Meanwhile de Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with their prisoners, hurried towards Torquilstone Castle. They rode throughout the night, and at the first light of day had not far to go.

'It is time for you to leave us, de Bracy,' said Bois-Guilbert,' in order to prepare for the next part of the plan.'

'I have thought better of it,' answered de Bracy, 'and I will not leave you until we are inside the walls of Torquilstone Castle.'

'What has made you change your plans?' asked the Templar.

'That does not concern you,' was the reply.

'You need not fear,' said the Templar, going straight to the point,' that I will rob you of the fair Rowena. There is a lady in the party who is far lovelier than your blue-eyed beauty.'

'Surely you cannot mean the Jewess, Rebecca?'

'And if I do, who will stop me?' asked Bois-Guilbert.

'Nobody that I know,' answered de Bracy. 'But I would have thought that you were more interested in the old man's money than in the black eyes of his daughter.'

'I admire both, but the old man is only half a prize,' said Bois-Guilbert, the Templar. 'I must share his money with Front de Boeuf who will not lend us his castle for nothing. The lovely Rebecca is going to be my prize, so you can return to your original plan. You have nothing to fear from me.'

'No, I will stay by my prize,' declared de Bracy. 'What you say may or may not be true. I cannot tell and so I will take no chances.'

When they arrived at the castle, de Bracy blew three times upon his hunting horn, and the soldiers

who guarded the drawbridge lowered it for the party to ride into the castle.

Athelstane and Cedric were taken to a long dining hall. At length they were brought some food. They tried without success to discover why they had been brought to the castle.

Poor Isaac the Jew was dragged off and locked in one of the deepest dungeons. It was a cold wet room where chains hung from the walls. From one of the chains there hung some bones, which looked to Isaac like those of some poor man who had died there.

Isaac sat in one corner with his coat around him, trying, in vain, to keep warm. After some hours the door opened and Reginald Front de Boeuf came in. With him were two of Bois-Guilbert's servants carrying some scales and weights. Front de Boeuf was a huge man dressed in a leather coat. In his belt was a long dagger. After the servants had entered he carefully locked the door and then walked slowly towards Isaac. He looked at him so fiercely that the Jew stared at him with wide eyes and seemed to shrink to half his real size. The Norman de Boeuf, on the other hand, seemed to become larger and larger.

He stopped about three feet away from Isaac and made a sign to the servants to bring the scales to him.

'Jew, do you see these scales?' he roared in his deep voice.

The unhappy Jew whispered that he did.

'In these scales you will weigh for me one thousand pounds of silver.'

'Holy Abraham,' said the Jew, finding his voice. 'Did you ever hear such a demand? Not within the whole city of York, even if you searched the house of every Jew could such a sum be found.'

'I am willing to be reasonable,' said de Boeuf. 'If silver is difficult to obtain, I will accept gold instead. One piece of gold for every pound of silver will free you from a punishment too horrible to think about.'

'Have mercy upon me, noble knight,' Isaac begged,' for I am old, helpless and poor.'

'Old and helpless you may be,' replied de Boeuf, 'but that you are rich everybody knows. I warn you, Isaac. Do not try to play with me. This dungeon is no place for games. Prisoners ten thousand times more famous than you have died here, and nobody has ever known. But I have planned a long and painful death for you.'

He signalled to the servants to bring some coal and oil from their baskets. They lit a fire which was soon burning brightly.

'Do you see that, Isaac?' said de Boeuf with a cruel smile. 'That will be your bed. One of these men will keep the fire burning under you, while the other will pour oil over you so that you do not burn away too quickly. Now, choose between this red hot bed and one thousand pounds of silver.'

'It is impossible,' exclaimed the Jew miserably. 'You cannot mean what you say.'

'We will soon see about that,' said the knight. 'Seize him and strip him.'

The two servants threw him on to the floor. Isaac looked at Front de Boeuf to see if there were any sign of pity in his eyes. Finding none he said,

'I will pay the thousand pounds of silver. That is, I will pay it with the help of my fellow Jews. When and where must it be delivered?'

'It must be delivered here,' came the reply, 'and weighed on this dungeon floor. Do you think that I will let you go before I have the money?'

'Then let my daughter Rebecca go to York,' answered the Jew. 'As soon as she can ride there and the men return, the money will be in your hands.'

'Your daughter?' said de Boeuf, as if surprised. 'I wish that I had known before that the black-haired girl was your daughter. Why, I have just given her for a servant to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.'

Isaac cried out so loudly on hearing this that the two servants let go of him in surprise. The Jew threw himself at de Boeuf's feet.

'Take all that you have asked for—take ten thousand times more if you will. But spare my daughter and deliver her to safety and honour. Will you take away from an old man his last remaining comfort?' he begged.

'I wish I had known this before,' answered the Norman, 'but now it is too late. My word has been given to my companion in arms and I cannot break it.'

'You robber!' shouted Isaac going pale with anger. 'I will pay you nothing unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honour.'

'Are you mad, Jew?' said de Boeuf fiercely, 'or have you forgotten the fire and the oil?'

'I don't care,' Isaac continued in despair. 'Do your worst. My daughter means more to me than my own flesh and blood. The only silver you will get will be poured down your throat.'

'Very well then,' said de Boeuf angrily. 'Take him and chain him to the fire.'

The two servants threw Isaac to the ground and were about to tear off his clothes when there came the sound of a trumpet from outside the walls of the Castle. Shortly afterwards, voices were heard in the passages calling for de Boeuf. Not wanting to be found torturing the prisoner, Front de Boeuf ordered the servants to let go of Isaac and he walked out of the room.

Isaac was left to thank God for his lucky escape and to think miserably about his daughter.

ISLAM HIGH
Date

Chapter 10

Rowena and Rebecca have Visitors

Rowena was taken to a room which had once belonged to Front de Boeuf's wife, but, as this lady had been dead for a number of years, the room had a faded and neglected appearance.

About midday de Bracy entered the room. He had changed his clothes from the suit of green that he had worn in the forest and was now dressed in the latest fashion. He saluted Rowena by taking off his cap and bowing deeply. Then he took off the glove from his right hand and offered to show her to a seat.

Rowena refused proudly and said, 'If I am in the presence of my jailer, I must stand until I know my fate.'

'Alas, fair Rowena,' replied de Bracy, 'you are now in the presence of your prisoner, for your fair looks have captured me.'

'I do not know you, sir,' replied Rowena, coldly, 'and the way in which you speak is no excuse for the way you have treated me.'

'What I have done has been caused by you alone,' answered the knight, 'for I have crowned you queen of my heart.'

'I repeat to you, Sir Knight,' said Rowena, hotly, 'that I do not know you and I must ask you to stop talking to me like a village minstrel.'

De Bracy was very angry to find that his speech met with nothing but scorn.

'If you will not listen to the language of chivalry, then I must speak to you in clearer terms,' he said. 'I tell you, fair maiden, that you will not leave this castle except as my wife. I am Maurice de Bracy, and I am not used to being stopped in my desires. Do not think that anyone will rescue you. There is no hope that Richard will come back to power as King of England, nor will Wilfred of Ivanhoe lead you to him as his bride. Let me tell you a secret. Wilfred of Ivanhoe lies here in this castle and is in my power.'

'Ivanhoe? Here in this castle?' said Rowena in amazement.

De Bracy looked at her steadily for a moment.

'You were surely aware of this,' he said. 'You must have known that it was Ivanhoe who was travelling wounded in the carriage of Rebecca the Jewess.'

Rowena pretended not to care.

'And if he is here,' she said, 'what has he to fear? He will spend a short time in prison and then he will be ransomed.'

'Do not be so sure of that,' replied de Bracy. 'Remember that Prince John gave to Front de Boeuf land that used to belong to Ivanhoe. Do you think that de Boeuf will hesitate to put out of his way a rival who lies in his power? It would be only

too easy for him to do this. Ivanhoe lies wounded in this castle. How easy for Front de Boeuf to end his life with a knife! Or easier still, to let the doctor make a mistake in the medicine he gives to Ivanhoe! If Ivanhoe then dies, who will know?'

Rowena saw only too clearly the danger in which both she and Ivanhoe were placed. She looked again at de Bracy as he stood in the centre of the room. She saw a man who was quite determined to get his own way. She looked wildly around the room for help, but there was none to be found. Her spirit broke and she threw herself upon the floor in tears.

It was impossible for even the hard-hearted de Bracy not to be moved at such a sight. He walked quickly up and down the room not knowing what to do next. He tried to comfort Rowena without any result, and so he was glad when the trumpet called him from her room.

Meanwhile, in a far distant tower, Rebecca the Jewess also had a visitor. She had carefully examined the room in which she was shut to see if there was any way of escape. Having decided that there was none, Rebecca was waiting to see what would happen next when she heard steps upon the stairs.

The door opened and a tall man dressed in green entered. His face was covered with a cloak. Thinking that he was one of the outlaws, Rebecca took off her jewels and offered them to him.

'Take these,' she said, 'and have mercy upon me and my poor old father.'

'Fair flower of Palestine,' began the supposed outlaw, 'these jewels pale before your beauty. The diamonds are indeed brilliant, but they do not match your eyes.'

'You are no outlaw,' replied Rebecca in Norman. 'No outlaw in England would talk as you do. You are a Norman. What can you want from me if you refuse jewels?'

'You have guessed rightly,' answered Bois-Guilbert, as he dropped the cloak from his face. 'I am a Knight Templar. See, here is the cross of my order.'

'I wonder that you are not ashamed to show it after last night's work.'

'Well spoken, proud lady,' replied Bois-Guilbert, scornfully. 'But do not think that proud words will get you anywhere. You are the prisoner of my sword and I can do with you what I will. Your screams will not be heard beyond the walls of the castle, and who will come to your aid here? Accept your fate, Rebecca. Become my bride. You will then leave this castle in such splendour that many a Norman lady will envy you.'

'Accept my fate?' cried Rebecca. 'Become your bride? Never! I hate you. I spit at you and I defy you!'

As she spoke she threw open the window of the

room and climbed on to its edge. Bois-Guilbert took a step forward.

'Stay where you are, proud Templar,' she cried. 'If you come one step nearer I will throw myself from this window to certain death below.'

The Templar was moved by her courage.

'Come down,' he urged, 'and I swear I will not hurt you.'

'I do not trust you, Templar,' replied Rebecca. 'I know too well what becomes of promises such as yours.'

'You are too harsh upon me,' said Bois-Guilbert. 'I may have broken laws in my time but I have never broken my word.'

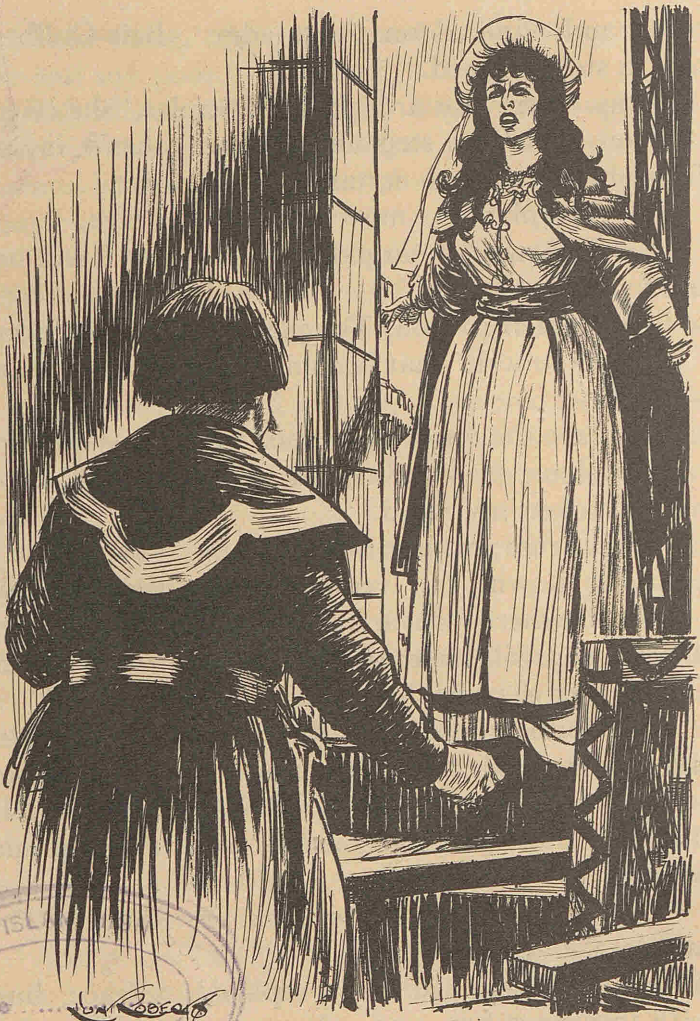
'I will trust you just this far, then,' said Rebecca climbing down, but remaining by the window. 'Remain where you are, for if you take one step nearer, you will see that a Jewish girl will trust in God rather than in the promises of a Templar.'

Bois-Guilbert looked at Rebecca as she stood by the window. Her determination gave added colour to her cheeks and her eyes sparkled with anger. He thought that he had never seen such proud beauty.

'Let there be peace between us, Rebecca,' he said in a softer tone.

'Peace, if you will,' she replied. 'Peace, but, with this space between us.'

'You need no longer fear me,' said the Templar.



'Stay where you are, proud Templar.'

'Mine you must and will be. But it must be on your own terms and with your consent.'

He was interrupted by the same call of the trumpet that had disturbed Front de Boeuf.

'I hear a trumpet call,' he said. 'It may be something that needs my presence. I will return and talk with you again. Farewell.'

With this he left the room and descended the stairs.

Chapter 11

Wamba gains an Entrance to Torquilstone Castle

When Bois-Guilbert reached the hall of the castle he found that de Bracy was already there.

'I suppose that you were interrupted as I was,' said de Bracy. 'I hope that you were having more success than I. The fair Saxon princess wept enough to put out a roaring fire. A water devil must have got hold of her.'

'And a whole company of devils must have got into the Jewess,' answered Bois-Guilbert. 'I have never seen such a storm of pride. Where is Front de Boeuf?'

'He is having a talk with the old Jew Isaac. Persuading him to part with his money is like getting blood out of a stone. Ah, here he is.'

Front de Boeuf walked angrily into the hall.

'Let us see what is the cause of all this noise,' he said. 'Here is a letter, which, if I am not mistaken, is written in Saxon.'

He looked at it and then passed it on to de Bracy, who also failed to understand it.

'Give it to me,' said the Templar, 'for I am able to understand a little of the Saxon language. Why, this is a letter of challenge! If it is not a foolish joke, it is the most extraordinary letter ever sent across a drawbridge!'

'Joke?' asked Front de Boeuf. 'Read it to me, Bois-Guilbert, for I would like to know who it is who dares to joke with me.'

The Templar read out the letter which stated, with many words and phrases of chivalry, that unless Cedric and his party were set free in one hour's time and were unharmed, Wamba the clown, Gurth the swineherd, the Black Knight and Locksley would attack the castle.

At the close of the letter, de Bracy and the Templar laughed loudly at the challenge. Front de Boeuf did not find it so amusing.

'I warn you, sirs,' he said, 'do not take this challenge lightly. Here, fellow,' he called to one of the squires, 'how many men are there to support this challenge?'

'There are at least two hundred men in the wood, sir,' was the reply.

'This is what happens when I lend my castle,' said Front de Boeuf. 'I bring a cloud of bees about my head. We have hardly enough men as it is to defend the castle, and the best of mine are at York with yours, de Bracy.'

'Then send to York and get our men back,' suggested de Bracy.

'And who will take the message?' asked Front de Boeuf. 'They can easily capture anyone we send and take the message away from him. But wait, I have an idea. Bring me some paper and a pen.'

When these were brought, Front de Boeuf answered the challenge as follows,

'I, Reginald Front de Boeuf, do not accept challenges from servants or from those who have fled the country. The Black Knight should know that with such companions he cannot be thought of as a knight. We wish to inform you that we are going to cut off the heads of the prisoners in the castle at noon today. We therefore ask you to send a priest to help them to prepare for the death for which you are responsible.'

The letter was given to a squire who handed it to the messenger who waited outside the gate.

Wamba and Gurth, together with the Black Knight, waited under an old oak tree near the castle. They had two hundred men with them already and many more were expected every hour. Many of these men lived on Cedric's lands, and they

were coming to rescue their master and the Lady Rowena.

When the answer to their challenge arrived they found that it was written in Norman. They had to give it to the Black Knight to read it for them. When they had heard its contents, Gurth asked,

'What, kill the noble Cedric? We must pull the castle down stone by stone before that happens.'

'It is just a trick to gain time,' said Locksley. 'They dare not do such a thing.'

'I wish that we had someone who could get into the castle and find out how many men are inside,' said the Black Knight. 'I see that they say that they need a priest. Could we not send our jolly friar to bring us back the news we need?'

But the friar would not go, and for a time all were silent.

'I see that the fool must go where wise men fear to walk,' said Wamba. 'I will put on the friar's dress and take comfort to Cedric and his friends.'

So saying, Wamba changed into the friar's robes. He pulled the hood over his head and set off for the castle. When he arrived there he was taken at once to Front de Boeuf. Wamba felt very nervous as he stood in front of the fierce-looking knight.

'Who are you and where do you come from?' Front de Boeuf asked roughly.

'I am a poor servant of St Francis,' replied Wamba, 'who has fallen into the hands of a band

of outlaws. They have sent me to the castle to help the men whom you hold here as prisoners.'

'Tell me, Friar,' continued Front de Boeuf, 'how many thieves are there in these woods? Tell me truly or else I will have you beaten.'

'Alas, I was afraid to look too closely,' said the supposed friar, 'but there must have been at least five hundred.'

'What? Are there so many of them?' said the Templar, who had just come up to Front de Boeuf. 'We must act quickly. There is no time to lose.'

Taking Front de Boeuf on one side Bois-Guilbert asked, 'Do you know this man?'

'No, he is a stranger from a distant convent.'

'Then do not trust him with a message, but give him a letter to de Bracy's men in York,' advised Bois-Guilbert. 'In the meantime so that he does not become suspicious, let him begin to prepare the Saxons for death.'

'It shall be so,' agreed Front de Boeuf, and he ordered a servant to take Wamba to Cedric and Athelstane.

'Peace be with you,' said Wamba as he stood outside Cedric's door.

'Enter freely,' replied Cedric! 'Why have you come?'

'To tell you to prepare for death,' said the clown.

'It is impossible. They dare not kill us,' declared the Saxon.

'They are in despair and may do anything. It would be wise to set your lives in order,' replied the clown.

'Do you hear that, Athelstane?' said Cedric. 'We must be ready for death, since it is better to die like men than to live as slaves.'

'Do not be in too big a hurry,' said Wamba in a low voice, 'for it is better to look carefully before you leap in the dark.'

'By my faith,' cried Cedric, 'I have heard that voice before.'

'It is that of your faithful clown,' said Wamba, throwing back the hood of his robe. 'But now, I am not joking. You are indeed in danger of death, but you can save yourself by changing clothes with me. When you are dressed as a friar you can walk quietly out of the castle gate.'

'But they will kill you when they find out,' said Cedric in surprise.

'And what if they do?' said Wamba calmly. 'I think that I can die as well as any in the land.'

'But is there no hope of any rescue for the others?' asked Cedric.

'Hope?' echoed Wamba. 'If you could only see over the castle walls, you would see five hundred men. I was with their leader not an hour ago. They will surely rescue all of you if they have to tear the castle to the ground. But they need to know how many men there are to defend it.'

'Then I will go,' said Cedric, 'and rescue you all before it is too late.'

So saying Cedric and Wamba exchanged their clothes and the Saxon noble prepared to leave.

'Farewell, Athelstane. Farewell, my poor boy Wamba,' he said, 'I will save you or return to die with you.'

On his way out Cedric met Front de Boeuf, who took him on one side and ordered him to try to persuade those outside not to attack the castle for twenty-four hours. Meanwhile he was told to deliver a letter to Philip Malvoisin to be sent on to York. Front de Boeuf saw Cedric safely to the castle gate and then gave him some money.

'On with your message, sir priest. If you return here when it has been safely delivered there will be more money for you. But if you fail, then I will beat both the clothes and the skin off you.'

'We will meet again,' said Cedric, and left the castle as quickly as he could.

As soon as he was well clear, Cedric turned and faced the castle. Throwing the money towards the walls he cried out,

'May your money die with you, false Norman!'

Front de Boeuf could not hear what Cedric said, but his action was suspicious and so he decided to send for his two Saxon prisoners without delay.

Chapter 12

The Battle for Torquilstone Castle begins

While he waited for the two Saxons, Front de Boeuf drank some wine.

'Well, my friends,' he said, finishing his wine as Wamba and Athelstane stood before him. 'How are you enjoying your stay at Torquilstone? Is it not worth a large ransom to be set free? By heaven, if there isn't one coming, I will hang you by the feet from these windows until the crows pick your bones white.'

'I do not care,' replied Wamba. 'My brain has been upside down since I was born so perhaps this may make it better.'

'What?' said the Norman, amazed at the reply. 'Whom have we here?'

With this he tore aside the hood that covered Wamba's face.

'Why, you dogs and fools, what have you brought me here?' he asked his servants.

'I think I can tell you,' answered de Bracy, who had just entered the room. 'This fellow is Cedric the Saxon's clown. I would not be at all surprised to learn that he was the friar whom you let in at the gate, and that Cedric has gone out in the same clothes.'

' By all the devils in the world!' roared de Boeuf. ' You will pay for this.'

His anger was interrupted and Wamba was saved by the arrival of a squire who announced that another monk was at the gate asking to be let in.

' Have him searched,' ordered de Boeuf, ' and if he is another of these fools in disguise I will tear his eyes out.'

' Your squire Jocelyn knows him well,' said the messenger. ' He is Brother Ambrose, one of the servants of the Prior of Jorvaulx.'

' Let him come in,' said Front de Boeuf, ' and let us see what he has to say. Meanwhile take these fellows away.'

When Brother Ambrose came in, he seemed to be terribly disturbed.

' At last I am safe,' he said, after fighting for his breath. ' You are friends of our Reverend Father, the Prior of Jorvaulx.'

' And what does he have to say?' Front de Boeuf asked impatiently. ' Speak up quickly, for we have no time to waste.'

' Why, he is in the hands of robbers who have taken all his money and jewels and ask for a large ransom besides. He prays you as his dear friends to help him either by sending money or men.'

' What can we do to help?' asked Front de Boeuf. ' We are surrounded by ten times our number and expect an attack at any moment.'

'I would have told you that,' said Brother Ambrose, 'if you had given me time. It is quite true, for even now they are building ladders to attack the castle walls.'

'To the walls, quickly!' ordered Front de Boeuf. 'Let us see what these fellows are doing.'

He found that there were hundreds of yeomen gathering in the woods beyond the castle walls. Some were advancing under cover to the outer walls of the castle. De Bracy sounded the call upon his horn for the soldiers inside to guard the castle walls.

But Brother Ambrose continued with his message.

'Noble knights, noble knights, will you not listen to the message of the Prior of Jorvaulx?'

'Away with this fellow,' said Front de Boeuf, roughly. 'Lock him up until the fight is over.'

The Templar, Bois-Guilbert, looked over the walls.

'By my faith,' he remarked, 'these men must be led by some knight who is used to battles. Look how they use every bit of shelter.'

'I can see him,' said de Bracy. 'Why, it is the Black Knight who fought at Ashby.'

'So much the better,' said Front de Boeuf. 'He comes so that I can gain my revenge.'

There was no time for talk and each knight went to his place upon the castle walls to wait for the attack.

In a small room which looked out on to the walls

lay Ivanhoe. Upon his arrival at Torquilstone he had been placed in the care of an old woman, who had lived at the castle for many years. She did not want to nurse Ivanhoe and had willingly agreed that Rebecca should take her place.

When the stir outside the walls started, Rebecca was watching by the side of Ivanhoe's bed. Although he was still a sick man, Ivanhoe wanted to join in the fight.

'If only I could drag myself to the window,' he said, 'I could see how the battle was going.'

'Do not upset yourself, noble knight,' answered Rebecca. 'The noise has stopped. It may be that there will be no fight.'

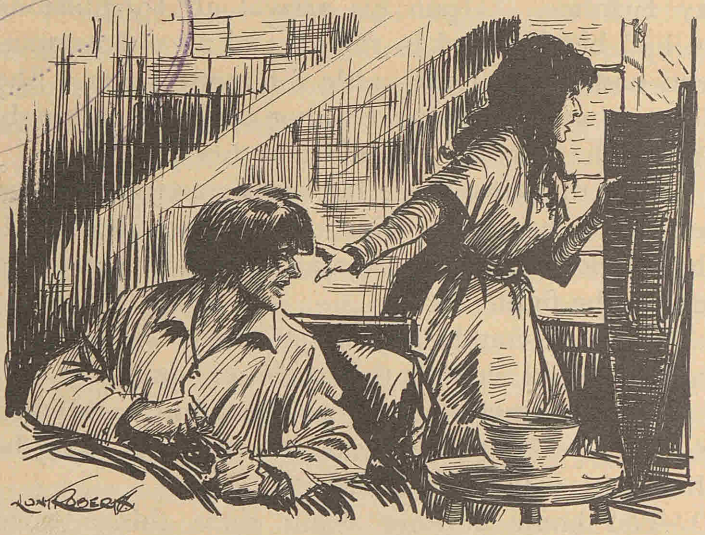
'You know nothing about these things,' said Ivanhoe impatiently. 'The pause only shows that the men are ready and expect an attack. If only I could reach that window.'

'You must not,' said Rebecca firmly. 'I will stand at the window myself and tell you what is happening.'

'Rebecca, dear Rebecca,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'at least cover yourself with that old shield in the corner of the room and show as little of yourself as possible.'

Following the advice of Ivanhoe, Rebecca went to the window and placed the shield across the lower part. Round the side she could see, in safety, everything that was happening outside.

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Rebecca describes the battle at Torquilstone Castle to Ivanhoe

'The edges of the woods are full of yeomen,' she reported.

'Under whose banner?' asked Ivanhoe.

'None that I can see,' replied Rebecca.

'That is very strange. Have they no leaders?'

'There appears to be one, a knight in black armour,' said Rebecca.

'What sign does he have on his shield?' asked Ivanhoe.

'I cannot tell,' said Rebecca, 'for the sun is shining upon it.'

Rebecca was interrupted by the signal for attack

and the answering sound of the trumpet from the castle walls.

Under the shelter of quickly-made wooden shields the yeomen came out of the woods. As they did so, they shot arrows in such large numbers that they seemed to come over the walls of the castle like a shower of rain. The defenders replied with a similar shower of arrows.

Ivanhoe turned impatiently from side to side upon his bed.

'What can you see now, Rebecca?' he asked.

'Nothing but a cloud of arrows so thick that it hides those who are firing them.'

'That cannot last long and will not help them unless they can get into the castle under cover of the arrows. Look for the knight, Rebecca. What is he doing?'

'Ah! I can see him now. He is leading some men to attack the outer defences. They are pulling them down and breaking them in pieces with axes. They have made a hole and are rushing through. No, now they are being pushed back. Front de Boeuf is at the head of the defenders. They are fighting hand to hand.'

She turned her head from the window unable to watch so terrible a sight any more.

'Look again, Rebecca,' Ivanhoe urged.

She looked.

'The Black Knight and Front de Boeuf are

fighting hand to hand,' she cried out. 'Oh, he is down. He is down!'

'Who is down? Tell me quickly!' Ivanhoe called impatiently. 'Tell me who has fallen!'

'The Black Knight,' replied Rebecca. 'No, no, he is up again and is still fighting. His sword is broken but he has snatched an axe from one of the yeomen. He strikes de Boeuf with blow upon blow. Front de Boeuf is like a drunken man. He is down! He is down!'

'Who is down this time? Is it Front de Boeuf?' asked Ivanhoe.

'Yes, Front de Boeuf is down,' continued Rebecca. 'His men are rushing out to rescue him led by the Templar, Bois-Guilbert. They have dragged Front de Boeuf inside the walls. Now the yeomen are dragging ladders up to the outer walls. They are climbing up. The soldiers on top are throwing down huge pieces of wood and stones. As fast as men fall from the ladders, others take their places. They are round the walls like bees. All the ladders are thrown down. The wounded men lie at the bottom.'

'Has the attack failed?' cried Ivanhoe with great anxiety.

'No, the Black Knight is coming forward, smashing down the gate with his axe. It is broken and the men are pouring through. The outer wall is taken.'

'What about the moat? Are they over that too?'

'No, the Templar has destroyed the drawbridge over which he and his men had crossed,' answered Rebecca. 'The battle is over for a while. Our friends are getting ready for the next attack.'

'I wish that I were there,' said Ivanhoe sadly. 'I would give ten years in prison to be with the Black Knight in such a fight.'

'Alas, how could you hope to wound others,' said Rebecca, coming to the side of the bed, 'until your own wounds are healed.'

But Ivanhoe had tired himself with the excitement of the battle and had fallen into a deep sleep.

Chapter 13

The End of Torquilstone Castle

During the interval in the battle, Bois-Guilbert and de Bracy met in the hall of the castle.

'Where is Front de Boeuf?' asked de Bracy. 'I was told that he had been killed.'

'He is still alive,' replied Bois-Guilbert, 'but he will not live long. No man could stand such blows from an axe and live. There is another of Prince John's powerful friends gone.'

'We have no time to worry about that,' replied de Bracy. 'Let us think about defending the castle.'

'How did the yeomen fight on your side of the walls?' asked Bois-Guilbert.

'Like very devils,' replied de Bracy. 'If I had not been wearing my coat of mail, I would have died a hundred times.'

'But you did not lose any ground. On my side we lost the outer walls.'

'That is a great loss which we shall regret,' answered de Bracy. 'From there they can attack any part of the castle, and we have nothing like enough men to defend it all. Oh, if only I had my own men here, they would soon put this lot to flight.'

'Wish for whom you will,' said Bois-Guilbert, 'but let us decide how to make the best use of what we have got.'

So they divided the soldiers around the castle, placing the largest number opposite the gate where the yeomen had broken through. Meanwhile the owner of the castle, Reginald Front de Boeuf, lay dying.

The yeomen were now building a raft so that they could cross the moat. This took some time, and before they had finished the sun began to set. The Black Knight urged them on to complete their task.

'We must attack again today,' he said, 'for

if we wait, we may be attacked from behind by horsemen from York. Locksley, take some of your men round to the other side of the castle. Send such a shower of arrows that they think that we are attacking from that side. We will try to cross the moat and gain an entrance to the castle itself.'

The Black Knight and Cedric, with a company of men, quickly launched the raft and crossed the moat. They began to smash down the door which led to the castle itself. The two leaders were protected, as they worked, by the ruins of the drawbridge which Bois-Guilbert had broken as he retired into the castle. But the yeomen had no protection and many of them were killed by the soldiers on the walls.

De Bracy came to direct the soldiers on the walls.

'Shame upon you, shame upon you!' he cried. 'Do you call yourselves soldiers and allow these dogs to attack us under our very noses? Get axes and bars and throw down these pinnacles upon them.'

He pointed to some very heavy pieces of stone balanced upon the corners of the walls. At this moment Locksley and some yeomen came to see how the Black Knight's attack was proceeding.

'Saint George, Saint George for Merry England!' he cried. 'Attack, men! Why do you leave the noble knight and Cedric to fight alone?'

With this he bent his bow and shot an arrow

right through the chest of one of the soldiers who was working to loosen the pinnacles. As the soldier fell, another took his place and continued the work until he too was hit by an arrow.

'Are you all cowards?' roared de Bracy. 'Give me the axe.' Snatching it from the hand of one of the soldiers, he continued to work at the task of loosening the pinnacles. They were heavy enough not only to kill the Black Knight and Cedric but also to smash the raft completely. All the attackers could see the danger, but although Locksley's arrows hit de Bracy time and time again they did not go through his armour. The pinnacle was beginning to rock and was nearly falling when Bois-Guilbert ran up.

'All is lost, de Bracy, the castle is on fire,' he cried.

'You are mad to say so,' replied de Bracy.

'I am not mad. The whole of the west side is on fire. I have tried in vain to put it out. Leave your task and lead your men round to the gate. There are only a few men outside. Push them into the moat while I attack the rest from the other side and drive them back. In this way we can hold out until we are rescued.'

De Bracy gathered his men together and went to the main gate. As soon as he threw it open, the Black Knight fought his way inside. He quickly made his way through the ordinary soldiers and

began to fight with de Bracy. The Norman fought bravely until a terrible blow knocked him to the ground. The Black Knight stood over him with a sword in his hand raised to strike.

'Yield, de Bracy,' he ordered, 'or you will be a dead man.'

'I will not yield,' replied de Bracy proudly, 'until you tell me who you are. I have never yielded to an unknown knight.'

The Black Knight bent down and whispered in de Bracy's ear.

'I yield myself as your true prisoner,' said de Bracy in a very different voice.

'Then go outside the castle walls and wait for my orders,' said the Black Knight.

'But first let me say,' continued de Bracy, 'that the Knight of Ivanhoe lies wounded and a prisoner in the castle. If he is not rescued quickly he will die.'

'Ivanhoe? A prisoner who may die?' cried the Black Knight. 'The life of everyone in this castle will be in danger if anything happens to him. Where is his room?'

'The staircase up that tower leads to it. Shall I show you the way?'

'No. I do not trust you, de Bracy. Obey my orders,' the Black Knight commanded.

When Ivanhoe awoke from his sleep smoke had begun to pour into his room.

'The castle is on fire,' cried Rebecca. 'How can we save ourselves?'

'Leave me and save your own life, Rebecca,' replied Ivanhoe. 'Nothing can help me!'

'No, I will not. We will be rescued or die together.'

At that moment the door opened and Bois-Guilbert appeared. His armour was broken and covered with blood.

'I have fought my way through smoke and flames to you, Rebecca,' he said. 'There is but one way to safety. Follow me!'

'I would rather die in the flames than go with you,' cried Rebecca.

But even as she spoke the Templar picked her up and carried her screaming from the room.

Ivanhoe cried out,

'Dog! You are a disgrace to your Order. Put her down, I command you.'

His words had no effect upon Bois-Guilbert, but served to bring the Black Knight to his room.

'I would not have known where you were, Ivanhoe,' he said, 'if you had not shouted so loudly.'

'If you are a true knight do not think of me,' replied Ivanhoe. 'First follow the Templar. Save Rowena and save Cedric.'

'I will do so afterwards,' said the Black Knight, 'but you come first.'

He seized Ivanhoe and carried him to safety.

One of the towers was burning fiercely, but so far the fire had not spread to the rest of the castle. The battle was still going on, for none of the soldiers would yield to the yeomen. Along the passages, in the hall, and from room to room the fight continued. The dead and the wounded lay all around. Cedric and Gurth went in search of Rowena whom they found just as she had given up all hope of rescue. Leaving her in the care of Gurth, Cedric continued in his search for Athelstane and Wamba. These two had been able to set themselves free and had joined in the fight in the courtyard.

Here, in the yard, was the last scene of the battle. Bois-Guilbert sat on his horse surrounded by the remaining soldiers. Also in his party, closely guarded, was Rebecca. His plan to leave by the gate had failed and he and his men were being attacked on every side. They were well armed and fought fiercely.

When Athelstane saw Rebecca he cried out, 'By the hand of Saint Edward, I will rescue her from that proud knight and he will die by my hand.'

Although he had neither horse nor armour, Athelstane snatched an axe from the hand of a fallen soldier and cut down all who came in his path. He was soon by the Templar's side.

'Turn back, false Templar,' he challenged, 'and let her go, for you are not worthy to touch her.'

'Dog of a Saxon,' replied Bois-Guilbert angrily, 'I will teach you to speak to me like that.'

He turned his horse round and with all his strength brought his sword down upon Athelstane's head. The Saxon fell senseless to the ground and the yeomen stopped for a moment in horror. Bois-Guilbert and his party quickly took advantage of this and rode out of the gate.

On his way he passed de Bracy who told the Templar that he was a prisoner.

'Can I rescue you?' cried Bois-Guilbert.

'No,' replied de Bracy. 'Go as fast as you can to France is the best advice I can give you.'

The Templar waited no longer. He gave a quick order to his men and they rode off into the forest with Rebecca as their prisoner.

The fire had now spread to the other towers. It had been started by the old woman who wanted to get her revenge upon Front de Boeuf. As the fire lit up the walls of the castle, she was to be seen running and shouting along the top of the walls. She had gone mad and began to sing and dance wildly. The tower where she had started the fire fell to the ground with a crash, but still she continued her dance until the wall on which she was standing fell. The old woman died in the flames.

The yeomen watched in silence for a time and then Locksley cried, 'The castle of the Norman dogs is no more. Shout, men! Shout! Tomorrow morn-

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The castle of the Norman dogs is no more

ing we will gather by our meeting tree to share out the treasure.'

So ended the battle for Torquilstone Castle.

Chapter 14

Isaac and Prior Aymer pay their Ransoms

The next morning the yeomen met under the oak tree as they had planned. With them were Locksley, the Black Knight and Cedric. These three sat on a grass bank, slightly raised above the others. There was no sign of the jolly Friar, and so Locksley sent some of his men to look for him.

While they were away, Locksley decided to begin the task of sharing out the treasure. He realised that it would not be long before the news of the battle at Torquilstone Castle reached York. He planned to be far away from the scene of the fight, when the soldiers of de Bracy, Malvoisin and their friends returned for revenge.

'Noble friend,' said Locksley to Cedric, 'the treasure is divided into two halves. Choose which half you wish for yourself and your companions.'

Cedric thanked him for his offer, but said that he did not want any of the treasure for himself. He was only anxious to carry the body of his friend

Athelstane to its place of rest. Also the Lady Rowena wanted to go home. Then Cedric turned to his clown Wamba.

'Now, poor clown,' he said. 'How can I reward you, who risked your life so that I could be free?'

'If you wish to please me,' replied Wamba, 'please pardon my friend, Gurth.'

This Cedric was only too willing to do. He commanded Gurth to kneel in front of him and, touching him upon the head with his sword, said, 'Rise, Gurth, you are no longer a servant but a free man. As well as your freedom I give you the land around the village of Walbrugham.'

Gurth was very happy and leaped to his feet. He ran off at once to find somebody who would file off his servant's collar. As he did so, the sound of horses was heard and the Lady Rowena entered.

She had recovered from her experiences of the previous night and looked very beautiful as she sat upon her horse. She had heard that Ivanhoe was safe and also that Athelstane was dead. She was delighted by the first piece of news, and sad about the second, even though the death of Athelstane set her free from a marriage to which she had never looked forward.

'God bless you, brave men,' she said to Locksley's followers. 'If at any time you should be driven from these forests, remember that I have forests of my own, where you will be welcome.'

'Thank you, fair lady,' replied Locksley, 'but to have rescued you is reward enough in itself.'

Cedric and Rowena then set off on their journey home. After they had left, Locksley asked the Black Knight what share of the treasure he wanted. The Black Knight asked that his share should be one of the prisoners, Maurice de Bracy. To the surprise of all, the Black Knight let his prisoner go free with the warning to be careful how he acted in the future.

Locksley and his men divided the treasure with one part reserved for the poor, and the rest to be shared among the yeomen who had taken part.

As they were finishing their task, there was a cry from the woods and in came the jolly Friar. He carried a rope, and tied to the other end was the old Jew, Isaac.

'Make room, make room, my merry men,' he roared. 'Make room for me and my prisoner. Where is our singer Alan-a-Dale to sing of my glorious battle?'

He was interrupted by the arrival of another prisoner. It was our old friend Prior Aymer who was very angry indeed.

'What is the meaning of this?' he cried out. 'You have stolen my papers, torn my clothes and robbed me of both money and rings. Is that the way to treat a leader of the Church? But I am not a hard man. Give me back everything that you

have taken from me and also one hundred crowns for Jorvaulx Abbey and we will forget all about it.'

But Locksley and his men were not frightened by Prior Aymer's proud manner. They decided that both the Prior and the Jew should pay for their freedom. They asked Prior Aymer to pay six hundred crowns which the Jew offered to lend him. The Jew was to pay the same sum, but Locksley reduced it by one hundred crowns when he heard that Isaac had lost his daughter.

One of Locksley's yeomen described how he had seen Rebecca riding upon the back of Bois-Guilbert's horse at the end of the battle.

'I was going to shoot an arrow at him,' he added, 'but I was afraid that I might hit the girl instead.'

Isaac was in despair at this news.

'I wish that you had shot,' he cried, 'I would prefer her to be dead than a prisoner of Bois-Guilbert.'

Locksley felt sorry for Isaac. He took him on one side and told the old man that his daughter would probably be at Templestowe, the nearest house of the Knights Templar. He advised Isaac that Prior Aymer could probably help him as he had great influence with Bois-Guilbert.

Prior Aymer sat down to write a letter to Bois-Guilbert. The Jew had promised to reward him richly as soon as Rebecca was freed. As soon as the letter was finished, Isaac left for Templestowe.

With him were two of Locksley's men, who were to act as guides to Templestowe.

Prior Aymer also left, feeling very dissatisfied since Locksley had refused to return any of his rings and fine clothes.

Finally the Black Knight left. Before doing so, he asked Locksley who he was.

'Sir Knight, we both have our secrets,' replied the yeoman. 'I do not ask yours and I beg you not to ask mine.'

The Black Knight accepted this reply and added, 'Perhaps we shall meet again when we can both reveal ourselves. Until then I hope that we part as friends.'

'Here is my hand,' said Locksley, and they shook hands.

With this they parted. The Black Knight rode off and Locksley returned to his men.

Chapter 15

Prince John and his Friends in York

Waldemar Fitzurse had invited as many nobles as would come to York where he hoped that Prince John would be crowned king. But there were two important persons missing. Waldemar, to perform the ceremony, needed the bold courage of Reginald

Front de Boeuf and the experience of the Templar Bois-Guilbert. In their absence neither Waldemar nor Prince John wanted to go ahead. The Jew, Isaac, was also missing and Prince John badly needed some more money.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone Castle that the news of the battle began to reach York. There was a rumour that de Bracy, Front de Boeuf and Bois-Guilbert were all either dead or prisoners. Waldemar brought this rumour to Prince John saying that he was afraid that it might be true. He told the Prince of de Bracy's plan to attack Cedric and his party.

Prince John struck his forehead with his hand.

'The fools, the fools,' he cried impatiently, 'to do this at such a time. What shall we do without them?'

'I have already sent a company of soldiers to Torquilstone to see what can be done to rescue them,' Waldemar replied.

As he spoke, the door opened and de Bracy himself came in. He still had the marks of battle upon him, and his armour was broken and covered with clay from his fall.

'De Bracy, what is this? Speak, I command you,' said Prince John, very surprised to see him.

'Where are Front de Boeuf and the Templar?' asked Waldemar at almost the same time as the Prince.

'The Templar has fled,' de Bracy answered, 'and Front de Boeuf is dead. He has found a grave among the burning ruins of his castle. But there is still worse news. King Richard is in England. I have seen him and spoken with him.'

At this last piece of news, Prince John went pale and started, as though he had been hit by an arrow.

'You are mad! It cannot be,' said Waldemar Fitzurse.

'It is quite true,' replied de Bracy. 'He was at Torquilstone. I was his prisoner and I spoke to him.'

'Does he lead a large number of men?' asked Fitzurse.

'There are only a few outlaws with him and they do not know who he is. I think he only joined them to help in the attack upon the castle.'

'That is just like Richard,' Fitzurse nodded. 'He will wander in search of any wild adventure that comes. What are you going to do, de Bracy?'

'I am going to collect my men and take a ship for France,' de Bracy replied. 'There will be plenty for a knight to do there. I advise you, Waldemar, to do the same.'

'I am too old for that,' answered Fitzurse. 'If necessary I will look for shelter in the great abbey of Saint Peter, here in York. The Archbishop is an old friend of mine.'

Prince John slowly understood the meaning of this news and conversation.

'So this is how it is,' he said to himself. 'They fall away from me like leaves from a tree in the wind.'

Aloud he said, 'Ha, ha, my good lords. I thought that you were bold and wise men. Are you going to leave me when one more blow will bring us victory?'

'I don't understand you,' said de Bracy. 'As soon as the news of Richard's return is known, he will be at the head of an army. Then it will be all over for us. I advise you, my lord, to leave for France or else seek for some protection.'

'I will not seek any protection for myself,' said the Prince proudly, 'but though you are ready to leave me I would not like to see you die. Do you really think, Waldemar, that the Archbishop would protect you from the King? And you, de Bracy, do you not know that Richard's friends lie between you and France? There is only one way left in which we can be safe. At present Richard travels by himself. He must be met and quickly killed.'

'I will not meet him,' said de Bracy. 'I was his prisoner and he let me go. I will not hurt a hair upon his head.'

'Then I will take upon myself this dangerous task,' said Waldemar. 'Farewell, my Prince, until better times.'

With this he left to prepare for his adventure.

Chapter 16

Rebecca's Trial

Isaac the Jew rode as quickly as possible to Templestowe, carrying the letter from Prior Aymer to Bois-Guilbert which he hoped would secure his daughter's freedom. Unfortunately when he arrived at Templestowe, Isaac's letter was taken to the Grand Master instead of to Bois-Guilbert.

The Grand Master became more and more angry as he read the letter. He had come back to Templestowe to punish those Knights Templar who had not kept their vows. Now he learned that Bois-Guilbert, who would not obey him, had brought a woman to Templestowe. He was about to order Bois-Guilbert to be thrown out of Templestowe when he learned that Rebecca was famous for her powers of healing. She had been taught by an old woman who had been burned as a witch. Perhaps Rebecca had cast a spell upon Bois-Guilbert!

'That is what she must have done!' cried the Grand Master. 'It may be that Bois-Guilbert needs to be protected more than punished.'

He gave orders that Rebecca should be brought to the Great Hall of Templestowe. There he would hold a public trial to decide if Rebecca was a witch.

At midday the great bell of Templestowe rang out and Rebecca heard the sound of feet upon the

stairs which led to her room. The door was unlocked and two Knights Templar and four guards dressed in black came in.

'Arise and follow us,' said one of the knights.

'Where?' asked Rebecca, 'and for what purpose?'

'It is not for you to ask,' he replied. 'You must obey and follow us. Nevertheless let me tell you that you are to be tried for your offences by the Grand Master.'

'May the God of Abraham be praised,' said Rebecca. 'The name of a judge, although he is an enemy to my people, is music in my ears. Most willingly will I follow you.'

The party went slowly down the stairs and through into the Great Hall where the trial was to be held. It was difficult to get through the hall, as the lower part was filled with squires and yeomen. As Rebecca made her way through the crowd a small piece of paper was pushed into her hand. She did not look at it, but turned to see who had given it to her. Nobody gave the least sign of recognition and so she continued until she reached her seat on a raised platform at one end of the hall.

Upon a raised seat in front of Rebecca sat the Grand Master. At his feet was a table for the two members of the Order who were to make a record of the trial. The other members of the Knights Templar sat upon their seats in order of importance.

The trial began with the members of the Order singing a hymn. As they sang, the Grand Master looked from one to the other. Standing apart from all the others was Brian de Bois-Guilbert. One hand drew his cloak across his face whilst the other grasped the handle of his sword.

'Unhappy man,' said the Grand Master in a low voice. 'What a power this woman has over him. He cannot look at her nor can he look at us.'

The Grand Master then spoke to all who were present. He told them that he had called them together because a certain witch, named Rebecca, had put a spell on one member of the Order, Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Under the influence of this spell, the knight had been guilty of a number of offences. These were read out one by one.

'For these offences,' the Grand Master continued, 'Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be thrown out of our Order. But if a spell has been put upon him by a witch then we must forgive him. We will give him only such punishment as will help to bring him back to his right mind. I command you who have seen and heard of our brother's fall to stand up and say what you know.'

Several men came forward to tell how Bois-Guilbert, at great danger to himself, rescued Rebecca from the burning castle. Albert Malvoisin, a Knight Templar, was then called to describe how Rebecca arrived at Templestowe. Very cleverly

he managed to give the impression that Bois-Guilbert was far from well even when he arrived.

'The Grand Master knows that in letting them in I did not mean to do wrong, but I ask for whatever punishment he may give me,' Malvoisin ended.

'You have spoken well, Malvoisin,' said the Grand Master, 'but you have done wrong and you must be punished. Now let us look at the maiden's past to see if she really has used magic.'

Two of Rebecca's guards were brought in. One said that he had seen her at work upon a wounded man who had been brought to Torquilstone Castle. She had used certain words which he did not understand and made some secret signs, and an arrow head had come out of the wound. The wound had healed so quickly, the guard continued, that the man, who had been dying, walked along the walls of the castle. This was a most untrue account of Rebecca's nursing of Ivanhoe. It was difficult not to believe his story when the soldier produced an arrow head which he said was the one from the wounded man's side. The second guard told how, when Rebecca was going to throw herself from the castle walls, she turned into a swan and flew three times round the castle before changing back into a woman again.

The Grand Master asked Rebecca if she had anything to say.

'I know that it is useless to appeal to your pity,'

she said. 'I can only say that the things, which these men have said against me, are quite untrue. I wish to ask Brian de Bois-Guilbert whether these charges which you bring against me are true or not.'

All eyes turned upon Bois-Guilbert, but he was silent.

'Speak!' continued Rebecca. 'If you are a man, speak. Are these things true or not?'

Bois-Guilbert seemed to be having a fight within himself.

'The paper, the paper,' he said at last in a queer voice.

'Ah, here is evidence indeed,' said the Grand Master. 'All that this witch will allow him to say concerns a paper upon which, no doubt, she has cast a spell.'

But to Rebecca these words had a different meaning. She looked at the piece of paper in her hand. Upon it were the words 'Ask for a champion'.

'Rebecca, the words of the knight will not help you,' said the Grand Master. 'Have you anything to say?'

'I have but one chance left,' said Rebecca. 'Even by your fierce laws I can demand trial by combat. I am innocent and I say that all that has been said against me is false, and so I ask for trial by combat and will stand by my champion.'

'And who will be the champion for a witch?' asked the Grand Master scornfully.

'God will find me a champion,' replied Rebecca. 'I cannot believe that somewhere in England there is no knight who will gladly fight upon the side of truth and justice. But it is enough that I have asked for trial by combat. Here is my glove.'

With these words she took off a delicate silk-glove from her hand and flung it in front of the Grand Master.

The Grand Master was moved by Rebecca's appearance and courage. He was not by nature a cruel man, although he had become hardened by the life he had led.



'Here is my glove.'

'Maiden, I cannot wish to see so fine and brave a creature as you die,' he said addressing her again. 'Repent, my daughter, and turn from your evil ways of witchcraft.'

Rebecca ignored his words.

'I can die if it is God's will,' she said calmly. 'May I have an answer to my request for a champion?'

'Give me her glove,' ordered the Grand Master. 'This is indeed a small and delicate thing for so dangerous a purpose. Rebecca, as this thin light glove is to my glove of mail, so is your challenge to the mighty Order of the Knights Templar. Do you persist in this bold challenge?'

'I do, noble sir,' replied Rebecca.

'So may it be then, in the name of Heaven,' said the Grand Master, 'and may God show who is right.'

'Amen,' said all the knights and this was echoed by everyone in the hall.

The Grand Master then spoke to his fellow Knights Templar.

'Brothers, to whom should we give this glove of battle to name him as our champion?' he asked.

'To Brian de Bois-Guilbert,' answered one of the knights. 'This matter concerns him most and he knows as well as any the truth of this whole affair.'

'You are right,' said the Grand Master. 'Take this glove of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. We

command you to fight on our behalf knowing that the truth will triumph. We give you three days, Rebecca, in which to find a champion. If you fail to do so, or if your champion is defeated, then you will die as a witch. Let this be written down and read aloud so that all may know.'

Rebecca then asked if she could send a message to her friends so that they might look for a champion for her. At first nobody was willing to act as her messenger.

'Is this really so?' asked Rebecca. 'Am I to lose my last chance of safety for the lack of a simple act of kindness, which would not be denied to the worst criminal?'

At last a crippled man, whom Rebecca had partly healed many years ago, stood up.

'I am only a poor fellow but I will carry the message,' he promised. 'It is only because of your kindness to me that I can walk at all.'

There were some in the crowd who tried to persuade the old man not to take the message, saying that it contained a magic spell. But he was determined to help Rebecca, and he set off on his journey to find Isaac of York.

It so happened that he did not have to go far. Less than half a mile from Templestowe he came across Isaac riding with a fellow Jew.

Isaac was very upset when he read his daughter's letter and handed it to his friend who finished

reading it for him. In the letter Rebecca told her father of her fate and asked him to try and find Wilfred of Ivanhoe, to see if he could send her a champion.

Isaac's friend tried to comfort him.

'Take courage, and try to find this knight,' he said. 'He will help you. He is a friend of King Richard's and it may be that the King is back and will order these cruel men to stop before it is too late.'

'I will look for him,' said Isaac, 'for he is a good knight who has some pity for our people. But he has been wounded and cannot fight yet and perhaps no other knight will fight on behalf of my daughter.'

'Do not despair,' advised Isaac's friend. 'While you look for Ivanhoe, I will go to York to see if I can buy a champion there with gold.'

The two Jews embraced each other and went on their ways.

Chapter 17

Locksley rescues the Black Knight

We must now leave the preparations for Rebecca's trial by combat for a time to return to the Black Knight.

When he left Locksley and his men, the Black Knight was accompanied by Wamba the clown. Wamba still wore his peculiar dress but was armed with a sharp sword.

As they rode along Wamba amused the Knight with his tricks in the saddle. In the end the horse became tired of this game and it threw its rider on to the ground. After that Wamba had to ride more carefully, and he and his companion, the Black Knight, sang merrily as they went through the forest.

At the end of one song Wamba asked the Black Knight about the hunting horn that hung from his belt.

'That was a present from Locksley,' replied the Black Knight, 'though I do not think that I will need it. Three notes upon it will bring a band of Locksley's men to our aid.'

'A very good present indeed,' said Wamba, 'for these forests are full of thieves in these bad times. If I am not far wrong we shall soon be needing it. Give me the horn!'

'Why do you say that?' asked the Black Knight as he handed it to Wamba.

'Because I have seen the shine of armour two or three times in the bushes. If they were honest men there, they would be on the path.'

The Black Knight pulled down the vizor on his helmet quickly. He was only just in time as three

arrows flew through the air. One hit his helmet, whilst the other two bounced off his shield.

The Black Knight turned his horse round at once.

'Come, Wamba, let us attack them,' he said.

He was met by seven armed men who came at him with their lances. These had no effect upon the Black Knight, who cried with a loud voice,

'What is the meaning of this?'

The men drew their swords and attacked the Black Knight from all sides shouting.

'Die, tyrant, die!'

'By Saint Edward! and Saint George!' cried the Black Knight, striking a man down with every stroke of his sword.

The armed men began to back away and it seemed as if the Black Knight was going to win when a knight in blue armour entered the fight. He rode straight at the Black Knight, but instead of attacking him aimed his lance at his opponent's horse.

'That was a foul deed!' said the Black Knight, as his horse fell to the ground.

Wamba could see only too clearly the danger that they were in and he blew loudly upon the hunting horn three times. The armed men immediately attacked the Black Knight who defended himself bravely as he stood with his back to an oak tree. The Blue Knight changed his lance for a spear and was about to pin the Black Knight to the tree with

it when Wamba quickly wounded his horse. The Blue Knight fell with a crash to the ground. He lay there unable to move, trapped by his fallen horse.

Meanwhile the fight continued, but the Black Knight was becoming tired. Suddenly an arrow flew from the bushes and wounded the strongest of the armed men. Locksley followed at the head of a band of yeomen and the fight was soon over.

Wamba went over to the Blue Knight and removed his helmet. They were all very surprised to see who had been the leader of the attackers.

'Waldemar Fitzurse!' exclaimed the Black Knight in surprise. 'What can have persuaded you to be a traitor?'

'It was your brother John,' replied Fitzurse, 'who hopes to gain your throne, Richard. He it was who sent me.'

The Black Knight was now revealed as none other than King Richard returned from abroad!

'You do not ask for your life, Fitzurse?' Richard asked, overcoming his anger.

'If you are caught by a lion,' answered Fitzurse, 'you know that it is useless.'

'Then take your life without asking,' replied Richard. 'I do not kill people who cannot defend themselves. But understand this. You must leave the country, for if I find that you are still here in three days' time, I will hang you from the highest

pinnacle of your castle. Locksley, give this man a horse and let him go!'

Locksley obeyed.

'If I did not believe that your voice must be obeyed, I would send an arrow through him,' he added as he watched Fitzurse leave.

'You do well to obey your King, Locksley.'

At this Locksley and his men knelt before Richard, and asked his royal pardon for all their misdeeds.

'Rise my friends,' ordered King Richard, 'you are forgiven because of the help you gave at Torquilstone Castle and for rescuing me today. Rise and be loyal men in future. And you, brave Locksley—'

'Do not call me Locksley any longer,' replied the yeoman, 'but know me under my true name. I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.'

'Who has not heard that name?' said Richard. 'But do not be afraid. Nothing which you have done whilst I have been away will be held against you. Now, king of yeomen, have you nothing to offer your fellow king to eat? This fight has made me both hungry and thirsty.'

'If you will come with us,' answered Robin Hood, 'you will find plenty of venison pie and some good wine to go with it.'

Under a large oak tree the feast was spread out, and King Richard joined the outlaws in food, wine and song, until the time came for him to leave.



'I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.'

Robin Hood had already sent some of his men along the way Richard was to ride to see that it was safe. So Richard said goodbye to the yeomen, promising them once more that their misdeeds were forgiven, and he continued his journey through the forest.

Chapter 18

Rebecca's Trial by Combat

Three days later when the hour arrived, for Rebecca's fate to be decided, a very large crowd had gathered outside the walls of Templestowe.

The arena, where the challenge was to take place, was outside the walls upon a level piece of ground.

On this occasion a throne had been set up for the Grand Master and seats of honour for the Knights Templar. All around were benches for the peasants to sit on, and these were soon filled. At one end of the arena there was a pile of wood, arranged around a stake driven into the ground. Here, if her challenge failed, Rebecca would be tied and burned as a witch.

The great bell of Templestowe rang out and all eyes were turned towards the drawbridge to watch for the procession. At last the drawbridge was lowered and the gates opened. A knight carrying the flag of the Knights Templar came out with six trumpeters. Behind him came the knights on horseback, riding in twos, with the Grand Master at the rear. Behind the Grand Master came Bois-Guilbert with two squires who carried his armour. Finally, Rebecca came on foot, surrounded by guards. She was wearing a simple white dress without any decoration. Upon her face was such an expression of courage and peace that all present pitied her.

The slow procession entered the arena and went round it once. The Grand Master and the knights then sat in their places whilst squires led away their horses. Rebecca was led to a chair which stood

by the pile of wood. She looked at it for a moment and then seemed to close her eyes in prayer. Then she sat down calmly upon the chair.

Albert Malvoisin approached the Grand Master's chair and laid Rebecca's glove at his feet. This was the challenge to battle, and he announced that Brian de Bois-Guilbert was present and ready to fight. The Grand Master ordered a herald to read out the challenge.

Nobody appeared to answer it and so a message was sent to Rebecca to see whether she expected a champion to come.

Rebecca replied that she hoped one would come and asked for such time as the rules allowed for him to arrive. If that time went and no champion appeared, she would accept her fate, although she still said that she was innocent.

When her message reached the Grand Master he said, ' God forbid that we should deny justice to anyone. We will wait until the sun has passed midday to see if a champion will appear. When this time is reached, let her prepare for death.'

As this news was brought to Rebecca, she found Bois-Guilbert by her side.

' Listen to me, Rebecca,' he whispered. ' You have one last chance. Get up on my horse behind me. It is faster than any that can follow us. In one short hour you will be safe, and a new world of pleasure will open for you. I will soon wash out

with my sword whatever stains these Templars dare to throw upon my name.'

'Go away,' replied Rebecca without looking at him. 'Not even in these last moments can your promises save me. I am surrounded by enemies, but I regard you as the worst of all.'

Some two hours later the knights began to argue among themselves that Rebecca's time ought soon to be ended. But even as they did so, a knight in armour was seen riding across the plain towards Templestowe. A hundred voices from the crowd called out 'A champion, a champion!' and cheered as he rode into the arena.

The knight seemed almost too tired to climb from his horse. The horse also, after the long ride, was very little better. The knight answered the challenge of the herald.

'Who are you?' asked Albert Malvoisin. 'The Temple does not send her knights to fight those without names.'

In reply the knight raised the vizor of his helmet.

'I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe,' he declared.

'I will not fight you now,' said Bois-Guilbert. 'Get your wound healed first and get a better horse and then I will meet your challenge.'

'Ha, proud Templar,' replied Ivanhoe. 'Have you forgotten that you have already fallen twice before my lance? If you do not accept the challenge

without delay, I will proclaim you a coward through all Europe.'

The Templar looked first at Rebecca and then turned fiercely upon Ivanhoe.

'Dog of a Saxon, take your lance and prepare for death,' he said.

'Does the Grand Master allow me to fight?' asked Ivanhoe.

'Yes, if the maid accepts you as her champion,' was the answer.

'I do,' Rebecca replied. 'I accept you as the champion heaven has sent me. But no, your wounds are not yet healed. Do not meet this proud and cruel man. Why should you die as well as I?'

But it was too late. Ivanhoe had already ridden to his place. His lance was in his hand and he was ready for the fight. Bois-Guilbert went to his place and waited for the signal. The Grand Master threw Rebecca's glove into the arena and cried out, '*Laissez aller*!', the instruction to begin.

The two knights rode at each other as fast as they could. As everybody expected, the tired horse of Ivanhoe went down from the well-aimed lance of Bois-Guilbert.

But although Ivanhoe had hardly touched the shield of Bois-Guilbert, the Templar also fell to the ground. Ivanhoe rose quickly from his fallen horse and, with his sword in his hand, rushed over to carry on the fight. He placed his foot upon Bois-

Guilbert's chest and his sword upon his throat.

'Yield or die!' he ordered.

But the Grand Master stopped the fight. Coming down from his throne he cried,

'Put up your sword, Sir Knight. We give you the victory.'

Bois-Guilbert lay upon the ground without moving, and so the Grand Master ordered his helmet to be removed. It was seen that his eyes were closed and his face was flushed. But as they watched the eyes opened and became glassy and the skin went pale. Bois-Guilbert was dead.

'This is indeed the will of God,' said the Grand Master, looking up to the sky.

When the first moments of surprise were over, Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master whether he had done his duty in the fight and whether Rebecca was now free.

'It has been well and truly done,' he replied. 'The maiden Rebecca is innocent and free.'

There was a sound of many horses approaching, and into the arena rode King Richard with a large company of knights and soldiers. The King looked round about him.

'I see that I am too late,' he said. 'I was going to fight and deal with Bois-Guilbert myself. Ivanhoe, was it wise to fight when you could hardly sit in the saddle? But we must waste no more time. Marshall, do your work.'

A knight stepped forward from the King's side and put his hand upon the shoulder of Albert Malvoisin.

'In the name of the King I arrest you for high treason.'

The Grand Master protested.

'Who is it that makes an arrest of a Knight Templar in the presence of the Grand Master?'

'I make the arrest as Earl of Essex, Lord High Marshal of England, by order of the King here present,' was the reply.

'I will fight your order,' cried the Grand Master.

'I do not think that you will,' replied the King calmly. 'See, my royal flag flies over Templestowe instead of yours. Be wise and do not try to fight. Leave this place or else remain as a guest and see our justice upon your followers who have plotted against the true King.'

'What! Stay as a guest in the house which I once commanded? Never! Knights and followers of the Temple, prepare to follow the banner!'

So saying he gave the order to leave. The trumpets sounded and the Grand Master led his company out of the arena and away from Templestowe.

But the attention of the crowd was upon the King. They cheered and shouted,

'Long live the King! Long live King Richard of England!'

Later Ivanhoe learned from the King, that the leaders of Prince John's revolt had left the country. Prince John himself had met his brother Richard and had been forgiven. With his enemies dead or gone, King Richard could reign in peace once more.

In due course the Saxon Cedric came to King Richard's court. He came very unwillingly, but the King received him so warmly that Cedric's manner changed completely. He even agreed that Ivanhoe should marry Rowena and that the marriage should take place in York.

Rowena, you will remember, had been engaged to Athelstane, the Saxon prince, whom we last saw struck down by the sword of Bois-Guilbert at Torquilstone Castle. Fortunately the wound was not so serious as to cause his death, although everybody had thought that he was dead at the time. To the surprise of all his friends he appeared as they were preparing for his funeral feast. As a result of his suffering Athelstane changed in thought and action, and one of his first acts was to give up any claim that he had to Rowena as a wife.

Rowena's marriage to Ivanhoe was therefore celebrated with great splendour in the presence of the King himself.

Shortly afterwards, Rebecca and her father left for Spain. She went to say goodbye to Rowena and left her some rich jewels as a present.

Rowena and Ivanhoe lived long and happily together. Ivanhoe advanced in the favour and service of King Richard, and he would have reached high rank in the land but for the King's sudden death in battle.



Nymoona - P.J

Standard - X - D

M.I.H.S. Ernakulam

8.15 Saturday 1980 year 1115 months.

6-11-1980

This Book is Good Book

This Story is Good Story.

I am very happy to write this Book

By

Nymoona - P.J

X - D

6-11-1980

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Chapter 1

Cistercian monk: A man belonging to the group of monks called Cistercians, whose first house was at Cîteaux in France. They were dressed in white.

Mule: A kind of horse used for carrying heavy loads.

Knights Templar: These were men who belonged to the Order of the Temple. The Order was founded by nine French knights to protect pilgrims travelling to Palestine. It had members in many countries including England They were given their name because the original members stored their weapons in a building given them by the Abbot of the convent called the Temple of Jerusalem. Their uniform consisted of a cloak which they wore over their armour bearing a white cross on the left shoulder. The Knights Templar fought in the Crusades and showed great bravery.

Squires: When a young man wished to become a knight he would often join the service of an experienced knight. He would act as his servant, look after his armour, accompany his master to battle or to the tournaments. In doing so he would learn all that a knight should know. In this position he was called a squire.

Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey: Jorvaulx Abbey was one of the houses belonging to the Cistercian monks in Yorkshire. The Prior was in charge.

Hermit: A man who lives by himself for the purpose of prayer.

Poor Fool: In the days of Ivanhoe men like Cedric often had servants in their houses whose job it was to make them laugh. They wore gay costumes and were called jesters or fools.

Guardian: One who has the care of a young person who is usually an orphan.

Disinherited: Took away his son's right to his property when Cedric died.

Lance: A long weapon rather like a spear, about sixteen feet long.

Pilgrim: One who makes a journey to a holy place.

Courtyard: An open space inside a house with buildings all round.

Drawbridge: A small bridge over the moat, a stretch of water surrounding most castles in Ivanhoe's day. The drawbridge could be raised so that nobody could cross.

Suit of armour: A metal suit protecting the body during battle.

Hunting horn: A small musical instrument used to give signals to both dogs and men during hunting.

QUESTIONS

1. Who were the two important travellers whom Gurth and Wamba met in the forest?
2. Why did Cedric dislike the Normans?
3. Describe Bois-Guilbert.
4. How did the travellers finally find Cedric's house?

CHAPTER 2

Canopy of cloth: A cloth covering which hung over the chief dining chairs. This was partly to show those of

special importance and partly to shield them from the rain which came through the roof.

Wolfhound: A large dog used in hunting.

Cupbearer: A servant whose job it was to be by his master's side to see that his cup contained sufficient wine.

Tournament: A competition between knights on horseback armed with lances. The knight who knocked his opponent to the ground was the winner.

Holy Land: Palestine was called the Holy Land because Jesus Christ was born and lived there.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe Cedric the Saxon.
2. Why was Cedric so impatient at the table?
3. Why did Rowena wish to join the men at dinner?

Chapter 3

Lombardy: A town in Italy. A group of Jewish merchants came from there to live in England. They were money lenders.

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Cedric's third unexpected guest and how was he received?
2. Why was Cedric pleased to hear the pilgrim's story?
3. What did the pilgrim and Bois-Guilbert offer as pledges of their promises?
4. Why did the pilgrim wake up Isaac the Jew?

Chapter 4

Herald: An officer of the tournament whose job it was to make the announcements. He had six men with trumpets to gain the attention of the crowd.

Challengers: The knights who were ready to fight any other knight who came to do battle.

Hawk: A small bird of prey used for hunting.

Archery: A competition in which men shoot arrows at a target.

QUESTIONS

1. Where was the tournament held and how was the ground arranged?

2. What were the rules of the tournament and who were the challengers?

3. Describe the arrival of the Disinherited Knight. How did he win the contest?

Chapter 5

Ransom: A sum of money paid to secure the release of some person or thing. In this case it was the knight's horse.

Minstrels: Those whose job it was to make music and to sing.

Arrowheads: The metal tips to the arrows.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Prince John not pleased with the champion? Why did he give him the prize so quickly in the end?

2. Describe the champion's search for the Queen of Love and Beauty. Whom did he choose?

3. Why did the Disinherited Knight find the five squires and horses waiting outside his tent? What did he do about their offer?

Chapter 6

Battleaxe: A two-headed axe used as a weapon of defence.

Stirrups: Foot rests for men on horseback.

Seal of the King of France: The letter Prince John received was closed with a seal of wax into which had been pressed the sign of the King of France. This was to show that the letter was genuine.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the arrangements for the second day's tournament. Who were the two leaders?
2. What happened when the Disinherited Knight was in danger?
3. Who was the Disinherited Knight and why did he fall unconscious?
4. What was the news that upset Prince John?

Chapter 7

English yeoman: A small landowner.

Convent: A religious house where either monks or nuns lived.

Outlaws: A man who was accused of some crime and had been placed outside the protection of the law. Many such people lived in the forests of England at this time.

QUESTIONS

1. What was de Bracy planning to do?
2. Why was Waldemar Fitzurse not pleased about this?
3. What did Fitzurse warn de Bracy might happen?

Chapter 8

Spurs: Sharp points worn on a rider's heels to make his horse go faster.

Marshy ground: Ground where there is a lot of water and mud and the way is difficult for both men and horses.

Watling Street: One of the old Roman roads in Britain.

Friar: A monk who travelled about preaching and begging his food.

Cell: A small room.

QUESTIONS

1. Who did Cedric and his party meet on their journey? What had happened to them?

2. Describe how Cedric's party were captured.

3. What happened to Wamba and Gurth?

4. Where did Locksley meet the Black Knight and what did he ask him to do?

Chapter 9

Dungeon: A room where prisoners were kept. It was usually underground and very dark.

'Holy Abraham': In his surprise Isaac calls upon the name of one of the great men of his religion.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Bois-Guilbert not interested in the Lady Rowena?

2. What did Isaac have to do to escape torture?

3. What news did Front de Boeuf give Isaac about Rebecca? What effect did it have on the old Jew?

Chapter 10

Village minstrel: A man who went from village to village singing songs.

Language of chivalry: The Norman knights had a number of special words and phrases used both in fighting and in their dealings with the ladies.

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Rowena's visitor? What news did he give her?
2. What did Rebecca do when Bois-Guilbert visited her? Did he admire her for it?
3. Why did de Bracy and Bois-Guilbert leave Rowena and Rebecca?

Chapter 11

Servant of Saint Francis: A monk who belonged to the Order which followed the ways of their founder, Saint Francis of Assissi.

QUESTIONS

1. What message did the letter sent to Front de Boeuf contain?
2. What did de Boeuf reply?
3. How did Wamba get inside the castle?
4. How did Cedric escape?

Chapter 12

QUESTIONS

1. What did Front de Boeuf and de Bracy see from the walls of Torquilstone Castle? Who was leading the attack?

2. How did Ivanhoe learn how the battle was proceding ?

3. Describe the fight between the Black Knight and Front de Boeuf.

4. How much had the attackers gained at the end of the first part of the battle?

CHAPTER 13

Raft: Pieces of wood tied together to form a floating platform.

QUESTIONS

1. How did the Black Knight plan to cross the moat?

2. What did de Bracy do to try and stop the attackers?

3. What news did Bois-Guilbert bring to de Bracy?

4. What made de Bracy yield himself as a prisoner? What did he advise Bois-Guilbert to do?

5. Who tried to rescue Rebecca from Bois-Guilbert and what happened?

CHAPTER 14

File off his servants collar: Every servant wore a metal collar round his neck to show to whom he belonged. Gurth wanted his removed to show that he was a free man.

QUESTIONS

1. How did Cedric reward Wamba and Gurth?

2. What did Isaac learn had happened to his daughter?

3. What happened to Prior Aymer? Why was he so angry?

4. What did Locksley advise Isaac to do?

CHAPTER 15

'The great Abbey of Saint Peter': A very famous Abbey church in York now known as York Minster. The Archbishop was in charge.

QUESTIONS

1. What rumours had reached York about the battle at Torquilstone Castle?

2. What news did de Bracy bring to Prince John?

3. What plans did Prince John make and who offered to carry them out?

CHAPTER 16

The Grand Master: The head of all the Knights Templar.
Witch: A woman who is supposed to have powers of magic.
Cripple: One who is lame and cannot walk properly.

QUESTIONS

1. What happened to Isaac's letter?

2. What did the Grand Master do when he heard of Rebecca's powers of healing?

3. Describe Rebecca's trial.

4. What did the piece of paper advise Rebecca to do? Did she follow its advice?

CHAPTER 17

Vizor: Part of a knight's helmet that protected the eyes. It could be lifted to give better sight.

A foul deed: An unfair method of fighting.

Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest: A famous English outlaw who lived with his men in a large forest in the middle of England called Sherwood Forest, robbing the rich Normans to help the poor.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Wamba borrow the Black Knight's hunting horn?
2. Describe the fight that followed.
3. Who was the Blue Knight and why had he come?
4. Who were the Black Knight and Locksley?

This is a good book

CHAPTER 18

High Treason: A crime against the King.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the procession from Templestowe to the arena.
2. What was Bois-Guilbert's offer to Rebecca and how did she reply?
3. Describe the fight between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert.
4. What happened to the Knights Templar when King Richard arrived?
5. What happened to Rowena and Rebecca at the end of the story?

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