

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ  
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

3  
УРОВЕНЬ



Walter Scott  
IVANHOE

Вальтер Скотт  
АЙВЕНГО

словарь • комментарии • упражнения

**Вальтер Скотт**  
**М. С. Пирогов**  
**Айвенго / Ivanhoe**  
Серия «Легко читаем по-английски»

[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=9237626](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=9237626)  
*Вальтер Скотт / Walter Scott. Айвенго / Ivanhoe: АСТ; Москва; 2014*  
*ISBN 978-5-17-085635-0*

**Аннотация**

Книга содержит адаптированный и сокращённый текст классического романа Вальтера Скотта «Айвенго» (1819 г.). Действие происходит в Средневековой Англии, во времена Ричарда Львиное Сердце и Робин Гуда.

Для удобства читателя текст сопровождается комментариями, разными видами упражнений, а также кратким словарем.

Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 3 – Intermediate).

# Содержание

Ivanhoe	5
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	20

# **Вальтер Скотт / Walter Scott**

## **Айвенго / Ivanhoe**

Адаптация текста, составление комментариев, упражнений и словаря М. С. Пирогова

© Пирогов М. С., адаптация текста, комментарии, упражнения, словарь

© ООО «Издательство АСТ»

## Ivanhoe

In that beautiful part of England where flows the river Don<sup>1</sup> there was in ancient times a large forest, where lived famous bandits. Their adventures have been described in many English ballads.

This is our scene. The date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I,<sup>2</sup> who was still in prison in a foreign country, while his subjects were oppressed in every possible way. The nobles had become powerful, and each one of them wanted to have a castle and an army.

Four generations since the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy<sup>3</sup> had not been enough to make one people out of the victors Normans and the defeated Anglo-Saxons. After the battle of Hastings<sup>4</sup> the power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, and almost all of Saxon princes and nobles had been destroyed.

Two men were walking slowly in the forest with a herd of pigs before them. The swineherd was grim and silent. His thick hair had a rusty dark-red colour and around his neck he had a brass ring like a dog's collar. On this necklace there was the following inscription – “Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is a born slave of Cedric of Rotherwood.”<sup>5</sup> His companion was a jester named Wamba. They both belonged to one man and were on their way home. “Listen,” said Gurth, “a terrible storm is raging within a few miles of us, don't you hear the thunder? Let's get home before it gets here.”

A group of horsemen overtook them on the road. There were ten men; the two who rode the first seemed to be important persons. One of them was obviously a member of the church of a high rank – he was a monk, but his clothes were very expensive. He was accompanied by two other monks and two servants.

The companion of the monk was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular. His face was tanned because of the tropical sun. His piercing dark eyes told in every glance that he had seen much danger. He wore a long monastic cloak and armour underneath it. On his right shoulder there was a white cross. On one side of the saddle there was a short battle-axe, on the other – the rider's helmet with a long sword. His squires held his lance and a small triangular shield. These squires were followed by two servants, dark-skinned, with white turbans and Eastern dress. They had silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their arms and legs. The knight and his followers looked wild and foreign.

Gurth knew the monk. It was the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of hunting and banquet. He was from a distinguished Norman family and was friends both with the younger and older aristocrats. He knew little, but it was enough to make an impression, and the high tone which he used in promoting the authority of the church made people believe he was a saint. He was generous and spent the money of his Abbey not only on himself but also on poor peasants. The Saxons bowed.

---

<sup>1</sup> **river Don** – река Дон (протекает в Южном Йоркшире).

<sup>2</sup> **Richard I the Lionheart** – Ричард I Львиное Сердце правил с 1189 по 1199 г. С 1192 по 1194 г. король был в плену в Австрии и Германии.

<sup>3</sup> **the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy** – в конце XI века Вильгельм (Вильям), герцог Нормандии, завоевал и подчинил себе англо-саксонское королевство Гарольда II.

<sup>4</sup> **the battle of Hastings** – битва при Гастингсе (1066 г.) – одно из ключевых событий английской истории. Победа нормандской армии и гибель короля Гарольда II обеспечили успех нормандского завоевания Англии.

<sup>5</sup> **a born slave** – «раб по рождению». В средневековой Англии рабство продолжало существовать, хотя процент рабов от общей численности населения был невелик.

“My children,” said the Prior, “is there in this neighbourhood any good man, who, for the love of God, and devotion to Mother Church,<sup>6</sup> will give two of her servants a night’s hospitality?”

The armed rider added: “Tell us, if you can, the road to—how did you call your Franklin,<sup>7</sup> Prior Aymer?”

“Cedric,” answered the Prior; “Cedric the Saxon. – Tell me, good fellow, are we near his mansion, and can you show us the road?”

“The road will be uneasy to find,” answered Gurth, “and the family of Cedric go to bed early.”

“Hush,” said the Abbot, “do not speak with this reverend brother like that. He has spent his life fighting the Saracens<sup>8</sup> to recover the Holy Sepulchre;<sup>9</sup> he is of the order of Knights Templars.<sup>10</sup> He is half a monk, half a soldier.”

“Well, then,” answered Wamba, “you should go on this road until you come to a cross, then take the road to the left and I believe you will have shelter before the storm comes on.”

The cavalcade rode on, and Gurth said to his companion, “If they follow your wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night.”

“No,” said the Jester, smiling, “but they may reach Sheffield if they have good luck, and that is a good place for them.”

“You are right,” said Gurth; “it would be bad if that Aymer saw the Lady Rowena; and it would be worse for Cedric to have a quarrel, as he most likely would, with this military monk.”

In the meanwhile the riders talked on their way.

Prior Aymer said: “Remember what I told you: this wealthy Franklin is proud, fierce, jealous, and easy to irritate, he can stand against the nobles, even his neighbours, Reginald Front-de-Boeuf and Philip Malvoisin, who are no babies to fight with. He stands up so proudly for the privileges of his people that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon.”

“Then I expect much beauty in this famous Rowena to reward me for being polite with such a man as her father Cedric,” said the Templar.

“Cedric is not her father,” replied the Prior, “he is a distant relative: she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to. He is only her guardian, but his ward is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her beauty you shall soon be judge; but, brother, take my advice, and be polite. Cedric the Saxon is a man who would clear his house of us, if he thinks that we offended him. And be careful how you look on Rowena. It is said he banished his only son from his family for falling in love with this beauty. But here is the clown’s sunken cross, and the night is so dark that we can hardly see which of the roads we should follow. He told us to turn to the left, I think.”

“To the right,” said Brian, “as far as I can remember.”

“To the left, certainly, the left.”

They went on quarrelling for some time, when the Templar noticed a sleeping man near the cross and touched him with the back of his lance. The man stood up, exclaiming in good French, “Whoever you may be, it is bad of you to disturb me.”

“We only want to ask you,” said the Prior, “the road to Rotherwood, the house of Cedric the Saxon.”

“I am going there myself,” replied the stranger; “and if I had a horse, I would be your guide.”

---

<sup>6</sup> **devotion to Mother Church** – из преданности матери-Церкви.

<sup>7</sup> **Franklin** – франклин (незнатный свободный человек, владеющий землей в Средневековой Англии).

<sup>8</sup> **Saracens** – Сарацинами в Средневековой Европе называли мусульман, особенно когда речь шла о противниках крестоносцев.

<sup>9</sup> **Holy Sepulchre** – Гроб Господень, одна из главнейших христианских святынь в Палестине.

<sup>10</sup> **Knights Templars** – рыцари-тамплиеры. Члены одного из трех рыцарско-монашеских орденов, созданных для защиты христианских паломников и государств крестоносцев на Ближнем Востоке.

“You will have both thanks and reward, my friend,” said the Prior, “if you bring us to Cedric’s in safety.”

They gave the stranger a horse and he led them in the opposite direction from that which Wamba had recommended. The road was dangerous because of the marshes it sometimes crossed, but the stranger seemed to know the best way through them. He brought his followers safely to Rotherwood.

Aymer, who felt safe now, became curious and asked the guide who he was.

“A Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land,” was the answer.

The Prior said that he was surprised, that their guide, after such long absence, was so perfectly acquainted with the roads of the forest.

“I was born here,” answered the Palmer.

The mansion of Cedric was a big low irregular building, containing several court-yards, and which was not at all like the tall castles of the Norman nobility.

Rotherwood was not, however, without defenses, it was surrounded by a moat filled with water. There was a gate and a drawbridge.

Before this entrance the Templar blew his horn loudly – it was beginning to rain.

\* \* \*

The dinner was ready on a long oaken table in the wide hall of Rotherwood. There were two great chimneys at the two ends of the hall. The table was in a form of letter T with the shorter part reserved for the host and his guests. In the centre of this part stood two high chairs. On one of them sat Cedric the Saxon, a strong and frank man, though proud, hasty and jealous. He was almost sixty.

Cedric was not in a good mood. The Lady Rowena had just returned from church and was changing her clothes, and he had to wait for her. There were no news of Gurth and his herd (pigs were an important part of the Saxon’s wealth). He also wanted to see Wamba – his favourite jester – who was absent. And finally he hadn’t eaten anything since noon.

“What keeps Gurth so long? Our Norman neighbours are only waiting to steal our herds. Gurth is probably dead already! And Wamba – was he carried away to amuse some Norman lord?”

He thought about his banished son Wilfred, and irritation gave way to sadness. His thoughts were disturbed by a loud sound of horn.

His servants ran to the gates and returned with the news that “the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the order of Knights Templars, asked for hospitality and lodging for the night”.

“Aymer, the Prior Aymer? Brian de Bois-Guilbert?” muttered Cedric; “They are both Normans... But Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood is unbreakable, they are welcome. Go, Hundebert, take six servants, and show the guests to their rooms. Give them fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and ask the cooks to add what they can to our evening meal.

The servants went out.

\* \* \*

Cedric rose to receive his guests.

There was a lot of food on the table: different kinds of meat and fish together with huge loaves of bread and desserts made of fruits and honey.

When everybody was ready to eat, a servant announced the arrival of the Lady Rowena. A side-door opened, and Rowena, followed by four female servants, entered the apartment. Cedric conducted her with ceremony to the second high seat. All stood up to receive her.

The Prior whispered to the Templar: "Do not look at the Lady Rowena like that, the Saxon sees you." But Brian de Bois-Guilbert did only what he wanted to do. So he kept his eyes fixed on the Saxon beauty.

Rowena was tall, yet not too much. Her clear blue eyes beneath graceful brown eyebrows seemed capable to command as well as to beg. It was clear that she was accustomed to be respected by everyone. When Rowena noticed the Knight's eyes fixed on her, she drew the veil around her face – to show that she did not like his behaviour. Cedric noticed it. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."<sup>11</sup>

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I beg the Lady Rowena's pardon."

"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us all. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the guests who will come to the tournament."

"Our going there," said Cedric, "is uncertain".

"Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without unveiling herself, "can I ask you to tell us the latest news from Palestine?"

"I have little to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "except for confirmed news of truce with Saladin."<sup>12</sup>

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate asking to let him in.

"Do it," said Cedric, "whoever he is."

\* \* \*

The servant returned and whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; should I lead him into the hall?"

"St Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew,"<sup>13</sup> and accepted into our company!"

"But my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If Heaven let the whole nation of stubborn unbelievers exist for so many years, we can tolerate the presence of one Jew for a few hours."

A tall thin old man entered bowing. He had an aquiline nose,<sup>14</sup> piercing black eyes and long grey hair and beard.

He was not received well. Cedric only coldly nodded to him, and nobody made room for him at the table.

While Isaac stood looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the Palmer who sat by the chimney pitied him, and stood up saying, "Old man, my clothes are dried and I have eaten, you are both wet and hungry." He took some food from the long table, put it upon the small table at which he had himself sat, and went to the other side of the hall, without waiting for the Jew's thanks.

In the meanwhile the conversation continued.

"Were there any knights in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "who fought as bravely as the knights of the Temple, and of St John?"<sup>15</sup>

---

<sup>11</sup> **crusader** – крестоносец (участник одного из Крестовых походов).

<sup>12</sup> **truce with Saladin** – перемирие с Саладином, заключенное Ричардом перед его отплытием из Святой Земли.

<sup>13</sup> **an unbelieving Jew** – «неверующий еврей» – имеется в виду, что еврей не верит в истинность христианской религии. Отношение к ним окружающего населения было в основном враждебным, что отражено в романе Вальтера Скотта.

<sup>14</sup> **aquiline nose** – орлиный нос.

<sup>15</sup> **the Knights of the Temple, and of St John** – рыцари-тамплиеры и рыцари-госпитальеры (ордена Храма и ордена госпиталя Св. Иоанна).



“Forgive me, lady,” replied De Bois-Guilbert; “the English monarch indeed brought to Palestine an army of brave knights, second only to those who were constant defenders of that blessed land.”

“Second to none,” said the Palmer, who had stood near enough to hear. Everybody turned in his direction.

“I say,” repeated the Palmer in a firm voice, “that the English knights were second to none. I say that I saw how King Richard and five of his knights fought and defeated three knights each at a tournament in the Holy Land. I add that seven of these defeated knights were knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert knows it is true.”

It is impossible to describe the rage of the Templar. He even put his hand on the handle of his sword.

Cedric didn’t notice the reaction of his guest, he asked the Palmer to name the English champions. The Palmer named five, starting with King Richard. After a moment he said that he didn’t remember the sixth knight.

“Sir Palmer,” said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, “I do not believe you have forgotten his name. But I will myself name the knight, before whose lance I fell due to bad luck and a problem with my horse. It was the Knight of Ivanhoe. And I say this loudly: if he comes to England and repeats his challenge in the next tournament I will fight with him.”

“He is not here,” replied the Palmer, “so you’ll have no answer. But if he ever returns from Palestine, I’ll make sure that he meets you.”

The dinner ended and the guests went to their rooms.

“Unbelieving dog,” said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, when he passed him in the crowd, “are you going to the tournament?”

“I am,” replied Isaac, bowing in all humility.

“Yes,” said the Knight, “to make even more money—I believe there is a lot of coins in your bag.”

“Not one coin, I swear!” said the Jew, “I go there only to ask the help of my brothers. I am poor!”

The Templar said, “You are a liar!” and went forward to talk to his Muslim slaves in a language unknown to anybody around.

\* \* \*

When the Palmer was following a servant down the corridor they met a servant of Rowena, who said in a tone of authority that her mistress wanted to speak with the Palmer. She led him to a big and richly decorated room, where Rowena was preparing for sleep. The Palmer bowed.

“Rise, Palmer,” said Rowena graciously. “The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth. Can you tell me anything about the knight of Ivanhoe?”

“I know little about this knight,” answered the Palmer. “I believe he is going to return to England soon, where you, lady, must know better than I, what is his chance of happiness.” The Lady Rowena sighed deeply.

“I wish,” said the Lady Rowena, “he were here and able to take part in the approaching tournament. If Athelstane of Coningsburgh wins the prize, Ivanhoe will hear bad news when he arrives in England. Thanks, good Palmer, for your information about the companion of my childhood”.

The Palmer bowed again, and went out of the apartment.

In the corridor he found the servant, who conducted him to that part of the building, where there was a number of small apartments for servants and travellers of lower status.

“Where does the Jew sleep?” asked the Palmer.

“In the room on your left,” answered the servant.

“And where does Gurth the swineherd sleep?” asked the stranger.

“Gurth,” replied the servant, “sleeps in the room on your right.”

The Palmer took the torch from the domestic’s hand, thanked him, and wished him good-night.

The Palmer woke up with sunrise, said his prayers, left his room and entered the room of Isaac the Jew. The Jew was sleeping with a worried face. His hands and arms were moving convulsively, as if struggling with the nightmare.

The Palmer touched him with his staff. The old man woke up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head.

“Don’t fear me, Isaac,” said the Palmer, “I come as your friend.”

“May the God of Israel bless you,” said the Jew, greatly relieved. Then, collecting himself, he added in his usual tone, “And what do you want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?”

“I want to tell you,” said the Palmer, “that if you don’t leave this mansion at once, your journey may become dangerous. When the Templar crossed the hall yesterday night, he spoke to his Muslim slaves in the Saracen language, which I understand, and told them to catch the Jew on the road and bring him to the castle of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf.”

It is impossible to describe the terror which seized upon the Jew at this information.

“Holy God of Abraham!” cried he, raising his wrinkled hands, “Oh, holy Moses! Oh, blessed Aaron! They are going to torture me!”

“Isaac, listen to me,” said the Palmer, who watched the old man’s distress with compassion, “you have a reason to be afraid, but calm down, and I will show you how to escape. Leave this mansion right now, while everybody is asleep. I will guide you by the secret roads of the forest and I will not leave you until you are safe. Or, if you don’t trust me, you can remain here—Cedric the Saxon will protect you.”

“Oh, he will not let me go with him!” said the Jew, “Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Israelite, and I cannot travel alone—Good man, I will go with you! Let us hurry!”

“We will go now,” said the Palmer, “but I must find us a way out, follow me.”

He went to the small room next door, which was occupied by Gurth the swineherd. — “Wake up, Gurth,” said the Palmer, “wake up now. Open the small gate, and let out the Jew and me.”

Gurth was offended at the familiar and commanding tone in which the Palmer spoke.

“Both Jew and yourself must wait until the big gate is open—we don’t let our visitors out in secret.”

“Still,” said the Palmer, “you will do it for me.”

So saying, the Palmer leaned and whispered something in swineherd’s ear in Saxon. Gurth jumped up as if electrified. The Palmer raised his finger and added, “Gurth, be careful. I say, open the small gate and give us two mules—you will know more soon.”

Gurth hurried to obey him.

“I wish I knew,” said Wamba, who was watching this scene, when his friend left, “what you Palmers learn in the Holy Land.”

“To say our prayers, fool,” answered the Palmer.

“Something more powerful than that,” answered the Jester; “for when did a prayer make Gurth do something?”

At this moment Gurth came back with two mules and let the travellers out. When the travellers were mounting the mules, the Palmer reached his hand to Gurth, who kissed it.

The swineherd stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost in the forest.

“You know,” said Wamba, “my good friend Gurth, that you are strangely polite on this summer morning? I wish I were a monk – I would get much more from you than a kiss of the hand.”

Meanwhile the travellers went through the forest in a great hurry. After some time they paused at the top of a hill, and the Palmer said, pointing to the town which lay beneath them, “This is the town of Sheffield, where you can easily find many of your people who will accept you. Here we part.”

“Not until you have the poor Jew’s thanks,” said Isaac.

“I don’t want any reward,” answered the Palmer.

“Stay, stay,” said the Jew, “the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me if I guess what you need most at this moment. You wish even now for a horse and armour.”

The Palmer stopped, and turned suddenly towards the Jew. – “How did you guess?” said he, hastily.

“Well,” said the Jew, smiling, “I’ve heard it in your voice and I have seen a knight’s chain hidden under the dress of the Palmer. I know what you want and I can supply it.” Isaac wrote a note and gave it to the Palmer, saying, “In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy, give him this scroll and he will give you a horse and the armour you need. After the tournament you will return them safely—unless you have the money to pay for them.”

“Thank you,” said the Palmer, and they parted and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

\* \* \*

Near the town of Ashby there was a large field which was a perfect place for the tournament. A long space surrounded by a wooden palisade formed the lists. There were two entrances: at the southern and at the northern ends of the enclosed space.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance there were five big tents of the five knights-challengers. Before each tent lay the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied. The central tent, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian be Bois-Guilbert, who was the leader of the challengers.

The northern entrance to the lists was prepared for those knights who wanted to enter the lists with the challengers.

Around the lists there were temporary galleries for those ladies and nobles who were expected to come to the tournament. Other spectators occupied the narrow space between these galleries and the lists or sat on the elevated ground behind the galleries.

One gallery in the centre of the eastern side of the lists was higher than the others, more richly decorated, and had a sort of throne in it. This place of honour was prepared for Prince John and his followers. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, with a throne decorated in pink and green. That was the seat of the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

When spectators of every sort came to take places, there were many quarrels. Two heralds and some guards were responsible for maintaining the order. Gradually the galleries were filled with knights and nobles. The lower and interior space was soon filled by yeomen. Even Isaac the Jew, who came to the tournament in his most expensive clothes, tried to find a better place for himself and his beautiful daughter Rebecca. He was not afraid to do so, because on such public occasions Jews were under the protection of the King and his laws, so Isaac even tried to move some Normans from their places, but he had little success.

At that moment Prince John entered the lists accompanied by his followers. Among them were the Prior of Jorvaulx and the leaders of his mercenaries together with several Knights Templars and Knights of St John. The Prince noticed the ambitious movement of Isaac towards

the higher places. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more attracted by his beautiful daughter.

Rebecca was indeed very beautiful. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with her dark face. The brilliancy of her eyes, the arch of her eyebrows, her elegant aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearls, and her black hair – all these made her look lovely.

“Who is she, Isaac? Your wife or your daughter?” asked Prince John.

“My daughter Rebecca, your Grace,” answered Isaac, with a low bow.

“Daughter or wife, she should be given place according to her beauty and your wealth. Who sits above there?” he continued, looking at the gallery. “Saxon fools! Let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers<sup>16</sup> and his lovely daughter.”

The Saxons who occupied the gallery were the family of Cedric the Saxon with his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, who was very much respected by all the Saxons of the north of England due to his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England. But his royal blood brought to Athelstane many defects of his ancestors. He was strong and good-looking, but inactive and so slow in making decisions, that he was generally called Athelstane the Unready.

It was this person that the Prince commanded to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane was offended and was not going to obey, but he didn't know how to react to this command, so he just sat there, staring at the Prince with an astonishment which was even funny. But Prince John didn't think it was so.

“The Saxon is either asleep or doesn't pay attention to me. Wake him up with your lance, De Bracy,” he said to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of mercenaries. Even the followers of Prince John did not think it was a good idea, but De Bracy extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists. The Athelstane was not ready for this, but Cedric quickly took out his short sword and cut off the head of the lance with one blow. The Prince was very angry, but he was stopped from threatening Cedric by his own followers, who gathered around him asking him to be patient. The crowd answered in loud applause to the bold action of Cedric.

The Prince was looking for a safe and easy victim for his anger, when he noticed some archer who continued to clasp hands even when he saw the frowning face of the Prince. John asked why he was clasping.

“I always clasp,” said the yeoman, “when I see a good shot or an elegant blow.”

“Then you can hit the mark yourself, I hope,” said the Prince.

“An archer's mark, and at archer's distance, I can hit,” answered the yeoman.

“We will try your skill!”

“I will not run from the trial,” said the yeoman calmly.

“Now, stand up, you Saxons,” said the angry Prince, “because, since I have said it, the Jew will have his seat among you!”

“By no means, your Grace!<sup>17</sup> —it is not fit for us to sit with the rulers of the land,” said the Jew.

“Go up, dog, when I command you,” said Prince John, “or I will have your skin taken off and used for decoration.”

After this command the Jew began to climb the stairs which led up to the gallery.

“Let me see who will stop him”, said the Prince fixing his eye on Cedric, who seemed ready to throw the Jew down head first.

---

<sup>16</sup> **prince of usurers** – «принц ростовщиков». Ростовщичество и иные финансовые операции были основной сферой деятельности евреев в Средневековой Европе. Большинство других профессий было им по тем или иным причинам недопустимо.

<sup>17</sup> **By no means, your Grace!** – «Никоим образом, Ваше Высочество!»

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba. He stood up between his master and Isaac and put before the face of the Jew a piece of salted pork which he was keeping beneath his cloak in case the tournament was too long. When the Jew saw pork right before his nose, he took a step back, stumbled, and rolled down the steps, – to the amusement of everybody around, including Prince John and his followers.

“Give me some prize, Prince,” said Wamba, “I have defeated my enemy in fair fight with my sword,” he added, showing the piece of pork.

“Who are you, noble champion?” said Prince John, still laughing.

“A fool by right of descent,” answered the Jester, “I am Wamba, the son of Witless.”

“Make room for the Jew in the lower row,” said Prince John, “it is not right to place the defeated next to the victor. Here, Isaac, lend me some money.”

Since the Jew was slow to obey his command, the Prince took his purse, threw to Wamba a couple of the gold coins which it contained, and continued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the laughter of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done something honest and honourable.



\* \* \*

Soon the tournament began. The barriers were opened, and five knights rode slowly into the lists. All five were splendidly armed. The champions rode through the lists to the other end. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild Barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. The music was of Eastern origin and seemed at once to bid welcome and to pronounce challenge to the knights as they advanced. The five knights came to the tents of the challengers, and there each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist whom he wished to oppose. This showed that they didn't want to fight to the death.

The challengers mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert rode into the lists and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their shields.

At the sound of trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop, and such was the superior skill or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Boeuf rolled on the ground. Only one knight maintained the honour of his party, and parted equally with the Knight of St John, both breaking their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the crowd announced the triumph of the challengers.

A second and a third party of knights took the field, but still the challengers won. Not one of them lost his seat or missed his target. After the fourth party there was a long pause. The spectators were not very satisfied, because Malvoisin and Front-de-Boeuf were unpopular for their characters.

Prince John began to talk to his followers about making ready the banquet and giving the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and defeated a third.

After some time, when the Eastern music of the challengers sounded again, it was answered by a solitary trumpet. All eyes turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced. On his shield there was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the word Disinherited. He rode a good black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The skill with which he managed his horse, and something of youthful grace which he showed in his manner, won him the favour of the spectators, which some of the simple people expressed by calling out, "Touch the Hospitaller's shield, he is the weakest."

The champion however rode straight to the central tent and struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. All stood astonished at his bravery, but none more than Bois-Guilbert himself, who did not expect challenge to mortal combat and was standing carelessly at the entrance of his tent.

"Have you been to church this morning, brother," said the Templar, "and have you gone to confession, that you put your life in such danger?"

"I am fitter to meet death than you are," answered the Disinherited Knight.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look for the last time upon the sun. This night you will sleep in paradise."

"Thank you for your advice," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to answer it, I advise you to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

After this he rode to the northern end of the lists, where he stood still, in expectation of his antagonist.

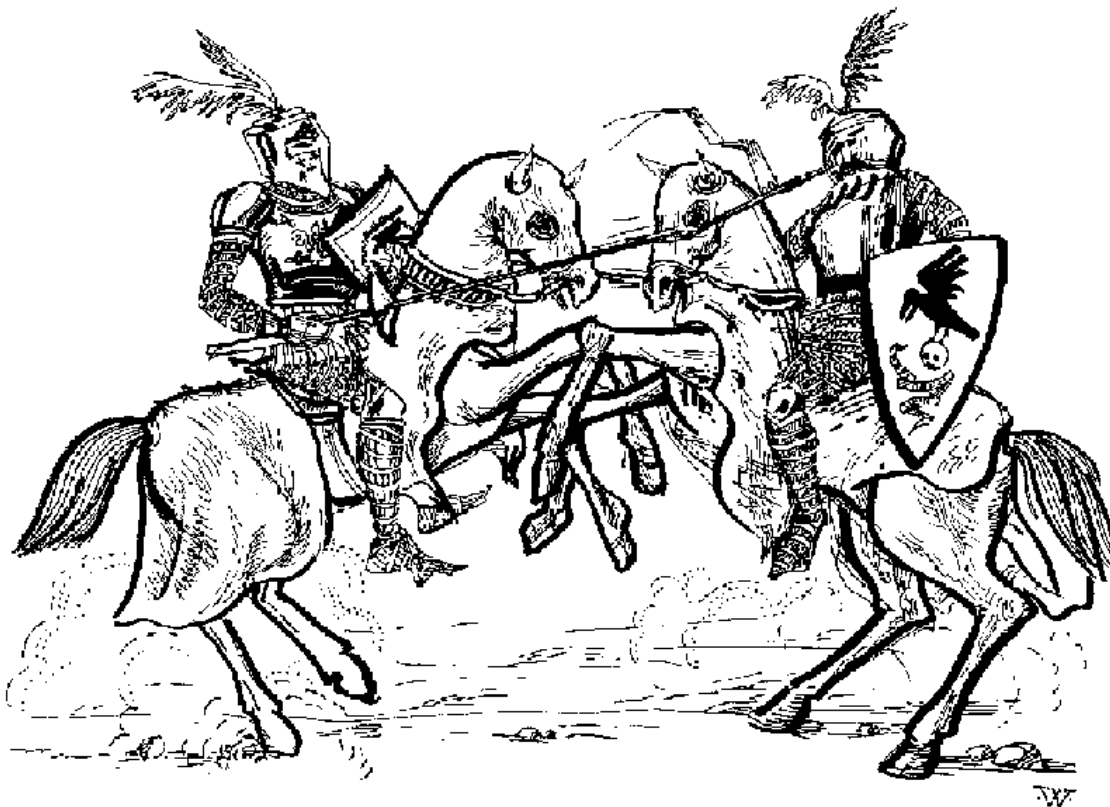
This piece of advice made Brian de Bois-Guilbert very angry, however he did not ignore it. He changed his horse for a fresh one of great strength. He chose a new and a tough spear. He also laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and took another from his squires.

The two champions stood opposite each other at the two ends of the lists. The trumpets gave the signal and the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and clashed in the centre of the lists with the sound of thunderbolt. The lances burst into pieces, and it seemed for a moment that both knights would fall. However they managed their horses and returned to their positions, where each received a fresh lance from his squire.

A loud shout announced the interest of the spectators, but when the knights returned to their positions there was a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the people were afraid even to breathe. After a short pause the champions again met in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same skill, the same violence, but not the same result as before.

The Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so hard that the Disinherited Knight was shaken in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, at first, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of the clash, he pointed it to the helmet, a more difficult aim which also made the shock more irresistible. He hit the Norman hard on the helmet. The Templar was a very good rider, but when the straps of his saddle burst, he fell on the ground together with his horse.

In a moment he was on his feet, mad with fury and ready to fight with his sword. The Disinherited Knight jumped from his horse and also took out his sword. The marshals of the field,<sup>18</sup> however, separated them because the laws of the tournament did not on this day permit this kind of fighting.



“We will meet again,” said the Templar, “and where there are none to separate us.”

“If we do not,” said the Disinherited Knight, “the fault will not be mine.”

With these words the Disinherited Knight returned to his first station.

<sup>18</sup> **the marshals of the field** – маршалами назывались люди благородного происхождения, следившие за исполнением правил турнира на арене, а также исполнявшие обязанности судей.

He then commanded a herald to announce to the challengers, that he was ready to meet them in the order in which they chose to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Boeuf in black armour was the first who took the field. On his white shield there was a black bull's head and the words, "Beware, I'm here". This champion lost a stirrup in the fight and the judges decided that the Disinherited knight was the victor.

In the stranger's third fight with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so hard on the helmet, that its laces broke, and the helmet fell off, and Malvoisin was declared defeated like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had showed courage and skill in the previous fights. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young, ran from its course and the rider couldn't aim, but the stranger did not use this situation, he raised his lance and passed his antagonist without touching him. Then he sent a herald to invite his antagonist to meet for the second time. This De Grantmesnil declined, saying he was defeated by the courtesy of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, when he fell to the ground with such force, that the blood ran from his nose and his mouth, and he was carried away senseless.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's victor to be the Disinherited Knight.

\* \* \*

The marshals of the field were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor. They asked him, at the same time, to remove his helmet before they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight refused politely to do so, saying that he could not at this time allow his face to be seen. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply, because it was then usual for knights to swear to remain incognito for a certain time or until some particular adventure was achieved. So the marshals announced to Prince John the winner's desire to remain unknown.

John was both curious and displeased with the result of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he supported had been defeated by one knight.

"What do you think, my lords," he said, turning round to his followers, "who can this proud knight be?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy.

"The victor," said the marshals, "is still waiting the pleasure of Your Highness."

"It is our pleasure," answered John, "that he will wait until we can guess who he is."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "you cannot make the victor wait until we tell Your Highness something that we cannot know. At least I can't guess who he can be, unless he is one of the knights who went with King Richard to Palestine."

A whisper arose among the Prince's followers, "It might be the King—it might be Richard the Lionheart himself!"

"God forbid!" said Prince John, turning at the same time as pale as death; "Waldemar! – De Bracy! Brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises, and stand truly by me!"

"There is no danger," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "Are you so little acquainted with the gigantic body of your father's son, as to think that it can fit inside this armour? – Marshals, you will best serve the Prince by bringing the victor to the throne. – Look at him more closely," he continued, "Your Highness will see that he is much shorter and smaller than King Richard."

The marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of wooden stairs, which led to Prince John's throne. There he received the war-horse which was the prize of that day. Then the knight rode round the lists to show the Prince's present to the public.



In the meanwhile, Prior of Jorvaulx had reminded Prince John, that the victor must now show his good judgment by selecting from among the beauties who were present a lady who would fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love and deliver the prize of the tournament on the following day. The Prince made a sign for the knight, who turned towards the throne and remained motionless, expecting John's commands.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the beautiful lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to be a Sovereign on the next day's festival. – Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a crown of green satin with gold.

The knight went around the lists again, this time slowly – to examine the beautiful faces. At last the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed.

Whether from indecision, or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were fixed upon his motions, and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he put the crown which it supported at Rowena's feet. The trumpets sounded and the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the following day.

This was the end of the first day of the tournament.

\* \* \*

The Disinherited Knight had only one squire. This man helped his master to take off his armour, and placed food and wine on the table before him.

The Knight had not finished eating, when his servant told him that five men wanted to speak with him. The Disinherited Knight pulled the hood of his cloak over his head to hide his face and went out of his tent. The five men were squires of the challengers, each holding his master's horse loaded with the armour in which he had fought that day.

"According to the laws of knights," said the first of these men, "I, Baldwin de Oyley, a squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, offer you the horse and armour used by Brian de Bois-Guilbert in this day's tournament, leaving it with your nobleness to keep it or to take the same sum in money."

The other squires repeated the same formula, and then stood waiting for the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and brave masters, I have one common reply. Send my compliments to your masters and tell them that I ask them to pay for their horses and armour."

"We offer you, each of us," answered the squire of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, "a hundred golden coins in ransom of these horses and suits of armour."

"It is enough," said the Disinherited Knight. "Half the sum I need to accept, and from the remaining half, distribute one part among yourselves, my squires, and divide the other half between the heralds and the servants."

The squires bowed and thanked the knight for his generosity. The Disinherited Knight then addressed Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that our fighting is not ended—no, not till we have fought with swords as well as with lances—on foot as well as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself challenged me, and I will not forget the challenge."

"My master," answered Baldwin, "will never use this horse or this armour again."

"Don't leave them here, take them for your own use then, they are yours."

Baldwin bowed and left with his companions, and the Disinherited Knight entered the tent.

“Thus far, Gurth,” he said to his servant, “the reputation of English knights has not suffered in my hands.”

“And I,” said Gurth, “for a Saxon swineherd, have well played the role of a Norman squire.”

“Take this bag of gold to Ashby,” said his master, “and find Isaac the Jew of York. Pay him for the horse and arms with which his credit supplied me. And here are ten coins for yourself.”

Gurth thanked his master and left him to his thoughts.

When Gurth came to Isaac’s house in Ashby, a servant let him in. Isaac and his daughter were sitting in a room decorated in the Eastern fashion.

The door opened, and Gurth entered.

“Are you Isaac the Jew of York?” said Gurth, in Saxon.

“I am,” replied Isaac, in the same language, – “and who are you?”

“It doesn’t matter,” answered Gurth, “I bring money from the Disinherited Knight.” It is the price of the armour Kirjath Jairam of Leicester supplied to him on your recommendation. The horse is returned to your stable. I want to know the amount of money which I am to pay for the armour.”

“I said he was a good man!” exclaimed Isaac joyfully. “A cup of wine will do you no harm,” he added, filling and handing to the swineherd a cup of very expensive wine. “And how much money,” continued Isaac, “have you brought with you?”

“A small sum.”

“Well, then”—said Isaac, hesitating between his love of money and a new desire to be generous, “if I should say that I would take eighty golden coins for the good horse and the rich armour, do you have enough money to pay me?”

“Barely,” said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he had expected, “and it will leave my master almost without money. Nevertheless, if this is your demand, I must be content.”

“Fill yourself another cup of wine,” said the Jew.

Gurth put eighty coins upon the table. The Jew’s hand trembled with joy when he counted his eighty pieces of gold.

“I believe you have more coins in that bag,” he added.

Gurth smiled when he replied, “About the same amount that I have paid you.” He then drank a third goblet of wine without invitation and left the apartment.

When Isaac turned to speak to his daughter, he saw that she had left the apartment.

In the meanwhile, Gurth had reached the hall but was not sure where the door was. At this moment a figure in white with a small silver lamp in her hand asked him to come to another room. Gurth hesitated, then followed his guide to another room where he found to his surprise and relief that it was the daughter of the Jew.

She asked him how much he paid Isaac. He answered.

“My father, good fellow,” said Rebecca, “owes your master for his kindness much more than these armour and horse could pay. In this purse you will find a hundred golden coins. Give to your master eighty and take the rest for yourself. Go now, be careful on the road at night.”

“By St Dunstan,<sup>19</sup>” said Gurth, as he stumbled in the dark, “this is not a Jewish maiden, she is an angel from heaven! Ten golden coins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion—Oh, a happy day! – One more day like this and I will buy my freedom.<sup>20</sup>”

---

<sup>19</sup> By St Dunstan... – «Клянусь святым Дунстаном...»

<sup>20</sup> Раб мог сам выкупить себя из рабства, если у него находился источник дохода.

\* \* \*

The adventures of Gurth did not end. When he left the village, he found himself on a dark road. The trees on both sides caught the light of the harvest moon. Gurth began to walk faster but it didn't save him. Four men suddenly jumped on him, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast, that he wasn't able to resist. "Surrender," said one of them, "we are your saviors, we will save you from your money."

Gurth was dragged through the forest and then to an open space which was lighted by the moon. Here the robbers were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the band. Each had a short sword and a staff, and Gurth could now observe that all the six wore masks.

"What money do you have?" said one of the thieves.

"Thirty coins of my own property," answered Gurth.

"He should lose it!" shouted the robbers; "a Saxon has thirty coins, and returns from a village without getting drunk! He should lose all he has."

"I kept it to buy my freedom," said Gurth.

"You are a fool," replied one of the thieves "three cups of ale would make you as free as your master."

"A sad truth," replied Gurth, "but if these same thirty coins can buy my freedom from you, let me go and I will pay them to you."

"Hold," said one who seemed to be the leader, "this bag which you have, as I can feel through your cloak, contains more coin than you have told us."

"It is my master's," answered Gurth, "about which I would not have spoken a word, had you been satisfied with taking my own money."

"You are an honest fellow," replied the robber, "and your thirty coins may yet escape, if you don't lie to us." So saying, he took from Gurth's breast the large leathern bag, in which was the rest of the money, and then continued his interrogation. – "Who is your master?"

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.