THEODORE;

OR,

The Crusaders.

BY MRS. HOFFLAND.

LONDON;
J. HARRIS AND SON,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

E. G. Barrs.
1022.

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THEODORE,

OR

The Crusaders.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.

BY MRS. HOFFLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE SON OF A GENIUS," AND OTHER WORKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS AND SON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was the intention of the Author of the following story to have written an Introductory chapter, explaining the times, the terms, the mode of warfare, and other circumstances connected with the Crusades, but on reconsidering the matter, she thought it more advisable to give this very necessary information, by way of dialogue in the story itself, as more likely to engage the attention, and impress the memories of her young readers.

The Author will be found to have adhered faithfully to facts, and dates, in her narrative, conceiving that all works written for young people should be especially careful on these points. Theo-

dore is of course fabulous, but she trusts not unnatural, for the times in which he lived—whatever relates to his royal Master, Richard Cœur de Lion, will be found to coincide with the accounts of his character, and history, as given by Hume, Gibbon, and that excellent publication, Mills's History of the Crusades.

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THE CRUSADERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the summer of 1188, the inhabitants of a cottage in the ancient village of Laughton en le Morthen in the west riding of Yorkshire, were suddenly diverted from their silent labour of copying a valuable Missal, by the entrance of a neighbour's son, whose uncouth manners, and coarse features, did not obscure the expression of genuine joy which illuminated his broad, good humoured countenance.

" *Oh! Theodore, Oh! Dame Alice, Feether

* The Author has given this boy the provincialisms in use at this time, merely to shew the distinction which education always makes, it is very probable that many peculiarities of his language were then in use by his

ha come hoame fra Dancaster and ha brot sich news as ye nivver hard an, its aw true to the letter."

"Indeed! my good boy," said the mistress of the cottage as she smilingly laid aside her employment, "and prythee what says thy father?"

"He says, that the warder o' Conisbro' Castle told him, that down at Knaresbro' there's going to be the grandest revels that ever were seen, for the daughter of Lord Eustace Fitz-John (the son of Richard the Red,) is going to wed the fair daughter of Sir Hugh de Marville, and the young Earl of Cornwall himself gives away the bride, and the Bishop of Ely her old great uncle marries her, and the free forresters shew their archery, and the vassals dance the sword dance in white Holland sarks, and the——"

"But will there be a tournament?" cried Theodore with an air of impatient and intense interest.

"Oh! aye, there's to be jousting amang the knights, and wrestling for the villains, and throwing the javelin for men at arms—my feether means to have a tug wi' em I promise ye, an I'll warrant

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superiors, but as her knowledge on this point is very confined, she has not presumed upon it.

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Theodore if yere grandfeether had been alive, he'd a tried hard tul a got there, and shewed 'em a touch o' the old times, and the way to spill the blood of infidels."

"Yes! that he would," exclaimed the boy springing from his seat, and involuntarily assuming an attitude of defiance, but in another moment he sat down again dejectedly, adding "but he is *not* alive, and I am very sorry for it."

"Ye may well say that, and *me* too," observed the visitant, "for what fine tales about wars, and wounds, and killing Saracens, he used to tell us, I shall never forget him, he made a soldier a me that's certain, not but I hope never to be starved, as he wear starved at Jaffa, that's a death I've no fancy for Theodore, have *you?*"

"If I were a soldier, I hope I should never shrink from my duty whatever it might demand, but I fear there is but little reason to hope I shall be tried," answered the boy.

"I fear so too, for y'ere always at y'ere clerk work, now-a-days, I wot it's e'en tiresome enough—I'd rather drive pleugh, or ga ditching by hafe—Oh! I wed ye were a Knight, and I yer Squire, dear Theodore—by 'r lady when a new Crusade turns up we'd off for the Holy Land."

The dreams of poor Humphrey were interrupted

by the arrival of his father, who not only confirmed the news of the splendid fete about to take place at Knaresbro', but proceeded to say, "that himself and family, were going thither to enjoy that part of it, in which people of his station were permitted to partake, and to assure Alice, that if she were inclined to give her nephew Theodore a treat, he would take charge of him as if he were a son of his own," adding in a tone which he considered persuasive.

"And you see dame Alice, though you be a clever woman and more *learned* than I be, seeing you can read and write and all that, and much more *wiser*, having been beyond seas with your father, and seen a deal a trouble, which God knows I can't pretend to; yet still you be but a *woman*, and it can't be right to tie such a lad as Theodore to any woman's apron strings, specially when her own feether has put as one may say the very soul of a man into him, and taught him a store of useful knowledge?"

During this speech the countenance of Alice had exhibited some changes, and the first expression was by no means so favourable to the honest petitioner's wishes, as Theodore desired; before its conclusion however, her features relaxed into a pensive smile, and when she said "she would

consider of it," he almost felt certain that he should go, for he well knew that his Aunt never would permit him to indulge a hope she did not mean to gratify, although her refusal, if given, would have been scrupulously adhered to.

When Humphrey and his son were departed, Alice remained for a long time immersed in profound thought, and even when at length she arose and began to prepare the evening meal, although her countenance was open, she continued silent, and evidently considering. When at length she spoke, it was to ask Theodore, "on what day Humphrey had said this noble marriage would take place?"

"To-morrow se'nnight," said Theodore, adding, "pray is not Knaresbro' in the very road to Bolton, where my good grandsire so often wished to take me?—that goodly land, where the Wharfe laves meadows of emerald that feed a thousand kine, where innumerable sheep bleat on the hills, and rich woods stretch along the plains—the very land where you have wished to conduct me so often, Aunt?"

"Very true, child, and where I still wish to conduct you, I am as desirous of giving you pleasure too in this affair of Knaresbrough Castle, as you can be of obtaining it, but the manner of

doing it calls for much thought—go to bed, my dear Theodore, assured that though I do not yield to poor Humphrey's reasons for taking you, (being persuaded that your aunt's occupations have not tended to make you an effeminate, any more than an ignorant youth,) yet that I am determined no trifling obstacle shall prevent you from an enjoyment you so naturally wish for."

Theodore retired to his humble pallet, but he did not soon drop into his usual state of repose, he reflected on the difference there was between his Aunt and all the other women of Laughton, to whom although her lot in life seemed no way superior, she could in no respect be compared, and over whom she always appeared to exercise a kind of quiet influence, more mild, yet not less despotic, than that which was exacted by the wives and daughters of the Lords to whom they belonged as vassals. He even remembered, that during the few times when these great personages saw his Aunt at church, they had noticed her with much and unusual courtesy, not unfrequently giving her the appellation of "Dame," to which she had ever denied her claim.—"It is undoubtedly her superior knowledge, it is the elegance of that occupation by which she supports us," said Theodore internally, "which renders her

thus respected, and wisely has she taught me to study, since that will make *me* also superior to my fortunes, and though I may not rank with those of gentle blood, no Lord shall enroll me among his villains. I will preserve the freedom of a stranger, and learn to subsist without the patronage of a master."

"But am I not myself allied to the great? Often has my grandfather given hints of something particular in my birth, which my Aunt has immediately checked; sometimes he would address me as if, (child as I am,) he felt me to be his superior, and then would my Aunt observe with a stern air, "They who were born to command, must learn to obey," surely! her sister must have been beautiful, and married with some bold Baron whose child I am—alas! an orphan and an unportioned child."

Sorrowful as was this conviction, yet the sorrows of the young are light, and Theodore soon dropped asleep to dream of the pleasures which he looked to partake in the promised festival.

CHAPTER II.

The following morning Alice met her young charge without a cloud on her brow, and gladdened his heart by the assurance that, "she would herself accompany him to Knaresbro'," and as she did not like to share the cart, which was to convey the wife and daughter of Humphrey, and found herself unable to procure horses, it was her intention to set out two days before the festival, in which case they could manage to walk thither, and would not want company as a protection on their way, seeing that the Lords of various Castles in this populous district, were all likely to be going, and their numerous retainers would people the roads.

Theodore was too much rejoiced in this arrangement to regret at this moment the loss of young Humphrey's society, for though he loved the lad for the decided affection with which he had ever regarded *him*, yet in this very important expedition, which was much the longest he ever

remembered to have made, he felt aware that the information he must obtain from his Aunt, would constitute his highest gratification, and that her praise would be his sweetest reward, if he succeeded in any successful display of those exercises, which in that age were deemed the criterion of merit, and which he had practised not less under the care of her father, than under her own eye.

The whole of this day was spent by Theodore in feathering a bundle of darts, which had been long treasured by his Aunt for some such season of display; in practising with his bow and arrow, and even in poising a long light lance which he had been accustomed to wield almost from his cradle, taught by the aged warrior, beneath whom he had been inured to hardy exercise, and trained to that martial daring which was considered the crown of character and the proof of virtue—after such a day of exercise in which many lessons were recalled, many anecdotes recollected, no wonder that in the hour of evening the following conversation should occur.

"Dear Aunt, although my grandfather was perpetually talking of the wars in the Holy Land, and told me all the details of various sieges, inspiring me with the most just abhorrence of the infidels, and animating me to the good cause,

yet I do not remember being informed of the first mover in this glorious warfare; pray tell me something respecting a subject of which I can never be weary, and seeing you are now embroidering, it will not interrupt your pursuit as if you were writing?"

"To me it is a subject full of sorrowful remembrances my child, and even to you it may be tedious, but I will give you the history of these wars as briefly as I can, first naming those circumstances it is necessary for you to know."

"After the death of our blessed Saviour, Jerusalem was conquered as well as all its surrounding dominion, and fell into the hands of the Romans, who established there the Pagan religion which they then professed—but when these people were themselves converted to Christianity, and had created Constantinople the great metropolis of their overgrown empire, the holy city naturally became an object of the most sacred interest in their eyes, and every place of peculiar importance it contained, obtained due reverence. The holy sepulchre was inclosed in a magnificent church, the places where our Lord suffered, and ascended, the ancient site of Solomon's Temple, were all sanctified by churches or monasteries, and the pious from all parts of Christendom made

Theodore preparing his bow & arrows for the Fete at Knaresboro'. *Page 9.*

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pilgrimages to these holy altars during many centuries. In process of time, the followers of Mahomet who by their creed bind themselves to persecute all other religions, and who yet to a certain degree revere Christ as a prophet, overran the Holy Land, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, and by their cruelty, not less than the establishment of their religion, defiled the sacred places so dear to the followers of Jesus.

"The wanderers, who as pilgrims, or palmers, now sought to fulfil their vows of penitence, by kneeling on the tomb of a crucified Redeemer; the religious, who devoted to his service endeavoured to increase their faith and enlighten their minds, by tracing their great master's footsteps in the very theatre of his divine ministry, were subject to ten thousand insults, sufferings, and even death itself, amongst this violent and sinful race; and from time to time, their complaints awoke the indignation of the Princes of Europe, and their spiritual father the Pope—at length about seventy or eighty years ago, they were all suddenly roused to action, by the energetic preaching and warm remonstrances of a pilgrim, named Peter the hermit. The Pope himself assembled an immense multitude whom he addressed with all the fervour of awakened zeal, and

the pathos of a wounded heart. At his words, the numerous congregation kindled into holy boldness, and daring resolution, and they called out as with one voice, "It is the will of God"—"it is the will of God." The holy father tore his robes into shreds, which were seized by the multitude and being sewed in the form of a cross, upon the garments, obtained for those who were thus devoted, the name of the Croisers or Crusaders, many of whom farther enrolled themselves in the cause, by cutting in the flesh of their shoulders the sign of the cross as the unchanging badge of their profession."

"From this time until their setting out I have understood all the kingdoms of Europe, and all the private houses both of great and little, were in a state of agitation—money was drained from the rich man's coffer and the poor man's scanty store, to furnish the means of equipment, and while the princes of the land mortgaged their estates, their vassals encountered the horrors of want, and tore themselves from the tenderest ties of existence, in obedience to this all-controlling energy; and in the course of a few months three hundred thousand Christians, resolutely set forward to rend from the Islamites their unmerited and invaluable possession."

"Oh! that I had been one of such a glorious band!" exclaimed Theodore, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, and his slight frame dilating with the fullness of his spirit.

"Alas! my child you know not what you wish —long ere this band reached the view of the promised land, it was wasted by fatigue, consumed by hunger, and degraded by intestine broils. In the Greek Emperor Alexius, it met with a nominal friend, and concealed enemy, ever standing aloof in the hour of want, and danger; yet seizing the first rewards of victory as a tribute due to *him*. At length they entered on the more immediate scene of warfare, and their chiefs proved how worthily the trust of the people had been reposed in them, of these Godfrey of Bouillon was the most pious, virtuous, and brave. Tancred a young warrior, boasts the *second* name, but Adhemar, Baldwin, and Fulk, will also be renowned to the latest posterity—though errors, divisions, the selfish ambition of one, and the avarice of another, tarnished the fame, and impeded the progress of the expedition."

"But they fought bravely, Aunt?"

"Oh yes! they fought bravely, they suffered manfully, as the siege of Antioch fully proved,

and at length the sufferers who remained were rewarded for all that was past, by the conquest of Jerusalem itself."

"Pray tell me more particularly of that?"

"Of all the vast concourse which set out, together with the many reinforcements sent from Europe, only forty thousand encamped about Jerusalem. They found it a city nearly square in its form and so encompassed by vallies, and rocks, that it appeared impregnable, but a circumstance much more appalling was the want of water, the brook of Siloah being perfectly dry. Yet even under every difficulty, it is certain that Jerusalem was gazed upon with rapture, that the eyes of the sternest warrior were bathed in tears of humility and delight, his lance and sword were thrown aside, and he felt at this awful and transporting moment, only that he was a disciple of that Lord whose life and death had been passed in the place before him."

"Mighty engines called sows, and battering rams, such as my father has frequently described to you, were set in array against the towers of the city, together with scaling ladders; and notwithstanding the dreadful stores of war, and the great advantages possessed by the besieged, both in number and situation; the terrible conflict at last

ended, by scaling the walls and placing the standard of the cross on the towers of Jerusalem. To effect this mighty object, every individual was taxed to his utmost strength, and excited to his proudest daring, and their generals fighting like lions amid the ranks, shared in the danger, and partook of the severest toils of the day. Even women could not be prevented from aiding in the cause, and many were seen either annoying the enemy, or supporting their wounded friends in the hottest part of the battle. At one time their utmost efforts appeared unequal to the mighty conflict, and all was nearly lost when a Knight was seen on Mount Olivet waving his glittering shield, as if recalling the scattered Christians. Godfrey and Eustace pointing him out to their followers, declared that St. George was come to their succour, and they returned to the battle with re-animated hearts, and by dint of irresistible courage carried the tide of victory over the walls of the city.

"At length the war cry ceased, the enemy slain, and vanquished, no longer opposed the great object of the enterprise, and the holy city consecrated by the redeemer's presence, became the rich reward, and the abiding possession of his disciples—ah! Theodore, how it grieves me to say that they 'knew not what spirit they were

of,' and that cruelty polluted the triumph which valour had won, but when all was over, the city was purified, and the conquerors now knelt in meekness and penitence, at the sepulchre of that Lord in whose name they had fought. Godfrey as the most pious and valiant of their leaders, was elected King of Jerusalem, and inducted with all due solemnity to the dignities of his station, although he refused the highest symbol of royalty, saying that, 'he would never wear a crown of gold in that city where his Saviour was crowned with thorns.' "

"Pious warrior! how well did he merit his high station, but I fear he was not able to retain it?"

"Yes, he did, and established an excellent code of laws, and those orders of Knighthood, called by the different appellations of Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John,* who are of noble families and distinguished by a white cross of eight points worn on the breast of their black mantle. Knights Templars, who wear a red cross on the breast, suffer their beards to grow, wear linen coifs and red caps over them, with shirts and stockings of twisted mail, and a white cloak

* Since then Knights of Malta.

which toucheth the ground, thus proving in their dress the soldier and friar are united in their persons. To these warlike, and sacred orders, were added that of St. Lazarus, who are distinguished by a green cross, and whose more immediate duty is to attend the sick."

"I would I were a Knight of St. John!" exclaimed the boy with ardour—"but, if Godfrey retained Jerusalem, why did my grandfather go with another army, I have heard him say he went in the second Crusade with Sir Hugh de Marville, who being one of the murderers of the great Thomas à Becket, sought pardon from the church by entering the holy wars?"

"I will tell you—the reign of Godfrey was somewhat short of a year, but his brother and successor Baldwin finished what he had so wisely began, and extended the kingdom of the holy city, but weaker successors arose, the power of the Mussulmen increased, and the city called for succour from Europe—again the priests exhorted, the Pope blessed the cause, and the hearts of the pious, the youthful, and the brave, answered to the call."

"And my good grandfather among the rest?"

"My father did not accompany the first company of Crusaders, for he then watched over the

dying bed of my mother, but when she was gone, he devoted himself to the good cause, and sought to find in that devotion relief from the trouble that oppressed him. I was then but nine years old, but such was the excess of my affection for my only parent, my natural intrepidity, and my dread of being left to the mercy of a neighbouring Prioress, that I importuned my father night and day to permit me to accompany him, and at length obtained my wish, and in the habit of a boy became a sharer in his danger, a participater in his toils, and I trust, a comforter in his troubles."

"It was then undoubtedly when you learnt to throw the dart, and wing the arrow with such unerring aim?"

"It was, since for several years my pursuits necessarily partook of my military destination, but as time advanced, my father alarmed alike for my personal safety, and my better interests, sought out an asylum for me suited to my age, and sex, and was rendered happy by placing me under the protection of a high-born lady, who educated me with so much care, and made me mistress of such useful accomplishments, that when my father who left England a wealthy yeoman, returned friendless, lame, poor, and old, I was enabled to support him in ease and comfort, though in a humble

home, to the close of a long life—and to communicate to you my beloved boy, those acquisitions which pave the way to honourable distinction."

"Oh yes! you have been more than mother to me—but tell me, I beseech you, where was *my* mother all this time—who nourished *her* infancy when you went to the Crusade? where was I found on your return?"

The cheek of Alice faded into deadly paleness beneath the eager gaze of her youthful interrogator, as he pronounced these questions, and for a few moments she appeared surprized and bewildered. Then recovering herself, she said with an impressive air, "Theodore, I have told you more than once, that I can answer no questions respecting your mother save *one*, that she was virtuous, and merits your regard and regret."

"Pardon me if I break your commands sometimes on this subject—how can I fail to think on one, who although perhaps she died at my birth, has yet evidently left an impression of love on your heart beyond the common ties of sanguinity—though you speak not of my mother to *me*, yet your whole heart is full of her. Often have you crept to my bed and gazing upon me, have said in a low voice half stifled by sighs—'just so *she*

looked'—' these are the deep lashes of *her* eyelids.' ' O that she could gaze on thee as I do' —and then you would kneel and pray for her, until my slumber overpowered me, how often have you played with my hair and called it, ' *her* golden-tinted locks, and when you have parted it to kiss my forehead, your heart has throbbed, your eyes have filled with tears, how can I fail to enquire of the fate of one so worthy of your love and sorrow, when she too was my mother?'"

Alice as she heard these words, melted into an agony of tears, such as Theodore had never witnessed before, for rarely did her powerful and chastened mind yield to the external proofs of inward agitation. Grieved, and almost alarmed, by the effect he had so unintentionally produced, although Theodore wept with her, he yet sought to soothe her distress, by protesting that he never would renew enquiries of so painful a nature, and his own sorrow was removed by the exertion she made to overcome her awakened affliction, and her assurance, "that the time would come when every particular in her power to give, should be revealed respecting *both* his parents;" till when, her lips were sealed by a promise which he knew her principles too well, to consider it possible for her to break.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun had been visible about an hour, and gave the promise of a cloudless day, when Alice, and Theodore, set out on their expedition. As they passed towards Tickhill they met the labourers who were going to hew the white rocks for stone with which to lay the foundation of Roche Abbey, that beautiful edifice which even in its slightest fragments delights the beholder. On arriving at Tickhill, whose turretted castle stood upon a lofty mound, that even now, commands an immense view of this rich and beautiful country, they first perceived travellers who like themselves were preparing to walk to the scene of festival, and Alice cast abroad an eye of keen investigation, that sought to scan how far they might prove her aid, or her annoyance.

This examination was the more necessary, as our travellers took with them the best part of all their worldly substance. Alice carried a bundle of supernumerary cloathing, several relics, inestimable in the eyes of her neighbours, and a Sara-

cenian dagger inlaid with precious stones. Theodore was the bearer of a beautiful bow, a plentiful quiver, and a long light lance whose shaft of ebony was inlaid with oriental pearl, and although these were weapons of defence, the youthful hand that bore them, was little likely to preserve them from the cunning, or the strength of determined depredators.

Shrinking from vulgarity, as well as fearing villainy, yet bearing a countenance which invited kindness and promised friendship, Alice pursued her way in thoughtful silence till they reached the town of Doncaster, beneath the shade of whose castle walls they sat down to partake the refreshment they carried with them, and enjoy during the warm hours of the day that rest which their long walk rendered necessary.

This town was the largest as well as most beautiful which had ever within his memory been seen by Theodore, for having been destroyed by lightning about 760 it had risen like the phœnix from its ashes, with far more than even its claims to importance as a Roman fortress, and to the unpractised eye of our young wanderer, appeared as splendid, as its neighbouring meadows and winding river were lovely and inviting; and he gazed on it in silent admiration, till slumber stole over his

eye-lids, and he sunk to repose upon the green sward on which they had seated themselves.

Alice watched him with looks of tender care, in which anxiety for the future, blended with solicitude for the present; and many a prayer for him was addressed from her heart, though her lips were silent. When she perceived that the sun was declining, she recollected that they had yet many miles to travel ere they reached their proposed resting place of Pontefract, (called Kirby by the Saxons,) and therefore unwillingly awoke him.

Theodore sprung up light of heart, as of limb, and seizing the bundle declared he would carry it, and expressing much surprise at finding it was so heavy, lamented that he had not done so before—he then adverted to the beauty of the country they had passed through, and said, "it must be, he apprehended, the most beautiful and best cultivated part of Yorkshire."

"That our Norman conqueror thought it very fine is a plain proof," answered Alice, "since their great lords have settled themselves in all its most fertile places, save where they give way as perforce they must, to the claims of the church; in many places even changing the name of our lands, as in case of our own village Laughton-en-

le-Morthen, and in the neighbouring valley of Roche, where they are beginning to build a magnificent Abbey, in imitation of the Cistercians, who are now finishing a stately fabric at Kirkstall (which I mean to show you on our return) and Fountains Abbey which is not less admirable, but I fear me Theodore, your mind lies rather to the sword than the missal, you would rather traverse the turrets of a castle than the cloisters of a monastery."

"I hope some time to unite the duties of both, and that you will give me your blessing as a Red Cross Knight."

"It is a life of pain and danger, Theodore."

"But it is a life worthy of a man, a soldier, a christian, Aunt—it is the life for which my grandfather prepared me, and for which I think as your son you would design me?"

The noble bearing of the boy, his impetuous, but not ungraceful utterance, caught the attention of two persons who were following, and who now quickened their steps. These men proved to be Palmers, and theirappearance although familiar to Alice, was new and interesting to Theodore. Their garment was a long dress of coarse woollen, clasped to the waist by a leathern girdle, from their necks were suspended a narrow bag, or scrip;

Alice and Theodore on their way to Knaresboro'.

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Theodore, Alice & Palmers, met by Robin Hood.

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containing provisions, and their hats were adorned and disfigured by various shells and a branch of palm brought from the plains of the holy land, from which they were termed palmers, being on their outset called pilgrims.

"Benedicite" was the first word addressed by the holy travellers to Theodore, who looking upon them as almost saintly in their conduct, and excellent for their knowledge; received their salutation with a lowly bend, and a blushing countenance; whilst Alice darted a penetrating glance which was meant to discover how far they partook the simple character of true pilgrims, towards whom her heart would be drawn as by kindred ties, and how far they resembled the many she had known, who compromised the appearance of sanctity, with licentiousness of character, and disgraced alike the land they left, and that which they visited.

But even she relaxed from the cold reserve of her deportment, when the pilgrims adverting to the weapons of Theodore, began to lament the insults and sufferings which they had endured at the holy sepulchre—they related the melancholy fact that Jerusalem was now subdued by Saladin, the most powerful prince of the East, under whose successful arms nearly the whole of the Holy Land

was conquered, and its metropolis rendered his abiding place—" that the christians were now abhorred, and trampled upon, where they had lately reigned, and that without speedy succours their power would be annihilated, their persons sacrificed, and the very name of their founder polluted, and finally blotted out."

" Forbid it, O God of armies," exclaimed the youth internally, while his eyes filled with scalding tears, and indignation flushed his cheek, but his native modesty and the consciousness of his secluded life and obscure birth and station, kept him silent, but he heard with pleasure and solicitude, his Aunt enquire, " if there were any probability of relief being afforded to the sufferers in the Holy Land ?"

" I fear not," observed one, " our king is indeed warlike, and it is his earnest desire to expiate his sins by a voyage to Jerusalem, but then he is encompassed by difficulties at home, for his queen and her sons lead him a weary life— besides his health fails fast, you may say his heart is broken—we met him as we journied through France, and by our lady, he looked more like a sick woman than the royal warrior we have known him for."

" But if his son, the famous Richard Cœur de

Lion should take the field," said the other, "then would the Philistines be scattered like chaff before the wind—at all events it is our business to aid the cause, and for this purpose we journey to Knaresborough, where many knights of high name are assembling, whom we will entreat to aid their distressed brethren."

The shades of evening were now descending fast, and the little party saw with pleasure the towers of Pontefract castle in the horizon, especially as the country through which they now passed was a kind of forest land, in which the half formed road was but ill defined, and the frequent intervention of trees and brushwood, suggested the idea of lurking robbers, or startling intruders, but they were only broken in upon once, and then by a young and gay-looking personage; whose open countenance and gallant bearing, rather suggested the idea of a courtly cavalier than a lurking bandit. His age appeared scarcely twenty, his dress was of green made close to his shape like that of a huntsman, or falconer, and his hat which was turned up in front, was adorned with white feathers—a gold chain, from which was suspended a small bugle, hung round his neck, and his sandals and gloves were of costly materials. Although alone, and apparently unarmed,

he wore an air of quiet intrepidity, which bespoke his familiarity with danger, and the good night he uttered to the palmers was in a tone of good humoured contempt, which proved how little they were objects of sanctity in his sight. His address to Alice and her nephew was much more courteous, but the way in which he eyed the bow and arrows of Theodore, was a little alarming, for he had the air of one whom it would have been difficult to refuse any thing he solicited; and the worthy guardian at this time wished to preserve to her young charge every advantage which her kindness had procured for him.

They lodged that night at a little house of entertainment, where it was impossible to obtain that privacy which Alice desired, there being many assembled who were, like themselves, on the route for the scene of festivity; and many others, who from motives of curiosity crowded round the palmers, and listened to their account of their sufferings with indignation and pity, and the enthusiasm of Theodore was increased by the contagion of numbers. Alice at once admiring his spirit, and yet seeking to divert it until he was farther advanced in life, determined to withdraw him as far as she was able from company which he found but too fascinating, and she

again set forward the following morning at an hour so early, that the whole family except the host remained asleep, and purchasing from him provisions for the day, they pursued their journey in peace, singing as they went, their morning service to the virgin.

Although this part of the country was equally wild and broken, with that which they had passed the preceding evening; yet it was trodden with more delight by Alice the further she proceeded, because she was better acquainted with it, and every step drew her nearer to the place of her nativity. Threading her way through wooded glens, she kept ever at a distance from the main road, without losing its advantages, and after making a long halt in the middle of the day, under the protection of the priory at Aberford, they drew near to Knaresborough while the beauty of the sun still shone on its enchanting scenery.

The whole town was evidently engaged in preparation for the morrow, and strangers were pouring into it on every side. Noble steeds, on which rode substantial yeomen, with their wives behind on huge pillions—the palfreys of fair ladies led by their serving men, and attended by trains of liveried menials—low square carts, filled with the wives and children of farmers, manufacturers,

shewmen and dealers in wares; drawn by oxen, or mules, slowly made their way amid the dust and inequalities of the road, and, by their creaking, jumbling noises, increased the confusion of sound which arose on every side. To Theodore all was charming, because all was new; but to Alice, long used to retirement, and ever associating with the idea of multitude, scenes of war and bloodshed, the first appearance of the town was almost insupportable.

"Dear Aunt you are ill and overdone, I fear you have for my sake undertaken far more than you were able to bear; and in this great town I doubt we have not a single friend whose hospitality might restore you?"

"I shall soon be better Theodore, rest and stillness will restore me, and to-morrow I will enter freely into that scene which it is as natural that you should desire, as that I should shrink from."

"But how can we obtain either rest or stillness here?"

"Follow me, if my memory serves me, we shall get a cheap and quiet lodging, for the walk of another mile."

So saying, Alice crossed the upper part of the town, and made directly for the river Nid, and when arrived at its banks and at some distance

from the ferry, which was at this moment as busy as the streets, she told Theodore to look back or rather above him, for that he could not remember to have seen such a sight before.

Theodore turned, and beheld the fair town standing on a hill, which was girt round as far as his eye could perceive, by bold rocks of a rich, red, yellow, intersected by green lichens, and sprouting foliage; and which now reflected the golden rays of a descending sun. Around them rolled at the bottom a deep river, which reflected every form in its bosom, while its rapid current broke the shattered lights and shifting objects, into visions of new beauty. A new and stately church adorned the more distant part of the town, and the castle crowned the other, and rose on the hill almost perpendicularly above where he stood, spreading in a circular sweep to the eye, fortified by many finished towers, whose strength appeared impregnable, and others still building of equal promise.

From all the towers, waved the various banners of the noble families about to be connected, that of the lord of the castle being most conspicuous, but even his was surmounted by the holy standard of the cross, and Theodore for the first time gazed on that sacred symbol of piety

and valour, which he had been taught to reverence and delight in, from the first moment that he had the power to listen to a story, or to form a wish, and it may be supposed that he saw it with feelings that were almost extatic.

After many questions eagerly asked by Theodore, and kindly answered by his maternal friend, they pursued their way close by the water side, and soon passed some habitations cut out of the solid rock, as these naturally excited the attention of Theodore, he ventured to look into the entrance of one where he found a new object of interest, as a man was employed in furbishing a suit of polished armour, and the youth could not forbear to enter, and make enquiries as to the uses of its several parts.

"I have seen a mail shirt, of chain armour, for my grandfather wore one when he was a Knight Banneret,*" said Theodore, "it is made entirely of links of iron, and can receive innumerable arrows without injury, but such as *this* I never saw, it is very beautiful."

"It will be when I have finished it—it grows as bright as our old town, which the Scots burnt

*A poor man might hold this office.

down in my grandfather's time, never dreaming I ween that it would get up again, fine and brave, as it will look to-morrow," replied the man.

Alice now entered, and soon answered the enquiries of Theodore as he pointed to each part of the armour. "This iron cap you see is far superior to my father's, which was simply an iron skull cap, such as were generally worn in the first Crusades, the front being ornamented with armorial bearings when worn by men of rank. This you perceive Theodore, covers the head, protects the neck, and has a piece of iron which descends over the forehead and nose, which is called a nasal—the vizor is this piece which covers the face, and may be put up at pleasure, and with the adjoining piece, (called a beever) both of which are loose, permit the wearer to eat or drink—then comes the gorget or throat-piece—next the breastplate which covers the body—here are also kneepieces, and breeches, and hose of mail. Many knights even now wear the hauberk, or coat of mail, it is made up of scales of iron sewed upon leather, and has a degree of pliability with the motions of the body, which renders it somewhat more comfortable than this; but then it is heavier, so that there is no saying which is preferable—the hauberk is united with a hood, stockings,

shoes, and gauntlets,* and girt round the body with a strap called a balteus."

"But how are the poor protected? who have not these costly means of defence?"

"They wear a gambeson or waistcoat, composed of many folds of linen, stuffed with cotton, wool, or hair, quilted and covered with leather, and frequently enriched and beautified at the pleasure of the wearer, who may also render it more effective by intermixing the chain armour in the stuffing"—"but see, the sun is sinking, we must away."

They now lost sight of the town and of human habitation, and passing the river by the aid of a rude bridge, composed of planks and fragments of rocks, arrived in a short time at a huge pile of rocks, which barred their passage further. Alice immediately gathering up her garments began to ascend on one side of this formidable barrier, and with wonderful strength and agility, soon attained the object of her search, and entered a cave cut in the rock, and furnished with the conveniences of a rude, but safe abode.

"In this dwelling," said she, "the pious saint Grimbald lived and died, about two centuries ago happy, in that he was taken to heaven before

* Gloves.

the desolation of the country he loved, afflicted him—here we can safely deposit our stores, for the difficulty as well as the sanctity of the place will protect them, and as the inner cave is full of dry leaves, we shall after so long a walk find little difficulty in sleeping there for a single night in this beautiful season."

Of difficulty Theodore thought little, and when the stores for supper were drawn out he made a hearty meal, and then fetched from the spring, which was at the foot of the rock and there joined the Nid, a draught of pure water for his aunt, and having kissed her, and called on his patron saint to bless her, he retired to dream of the pleasures before him.

But the last streak of a long twilight faded, ere Alice could follow his example—she felt a dread of the events of the morrow, yet a consciousness that they were such as she ought to desire, as a means of aiding the future fortunes of a youth for whose welfare she ardently implored the aid of heaven; and in whose virtue and felicity, she alone hoped to taste of earthly happiness. A new æra in his history seemed about to open, and that life which had hitherto glided on in peaceful, but well improved privacy, might be exchanged from henceforth, for toilsome,

anxious exertion, or vain repinings; since it was utterly improbable that a glimpse of the world would satisfy the cravings of a mind like Theodore's, and "who could measure the extent of the good, or evil, which this journey prepared for him?"

CHAPTER IV.

Early the following morning our travellers arose, and Alice with a beating heart unfastened her bundle, and prepared to array her darling in the treasured stores of happier days, hitherto he had worn a simple vest of brown serge with sandals of the same, like the children around him, with the single addition of a collar of fine linen embroidered with needle-work. She now produced a vest of Leeds cloth of a pale amethyst colour, and hose of the same, and although made perfectly plain as the fashion of the commonalty in that day demanded, yet when she had thrown over him a short cloak, the general effect was

Alice dressing Theodore at St. Grimbalds Cave.

Page 36.

The Bridegroom attended by his Knights &c. at Knaresboro' Castle. *Page 40.*

gay, and even splendid. This cloak woven in the looms of Persia, was a mixture of silk and camel's hair and of spotless whiteness, and on the back was wrought the figure of the cross in needle-work of various colours—a cap formed of the panther's skin, with a lining of Genoese velvet, completed his dress.

The person of Theodore was calculated to give dignity to the most humble apparel. Though only entering his fifteenth year, he had attained the stature of manhood, and his form though extremely slender was so perfect, and so habituated to manly exercises, that he possessed a strength beyond his years. His forehead was high, his countenance open, dignified, and commanding, but the spirit of his deep blue eyes, was attempered by the smiles which played around his mouth, which expressed the purest benevolence. His complexion was exquisitely fair, but continued exposure to the elements, somewhat abated its extreme delicacy, and aided with the generally lofty tone of his features, to spare him from the charge of effeminacy.

Alice, arrayed in a manteau of black camblet, with a curch and sleeves of the purest cambric, and a long veil of Lyons silk, with a rosary of silver, and a girdle of velvet studded with pearls,

was herself an important personage. Although in her forty-fifth year, her person was very handsome, her complexion was the clear dark olive which yields slowly to the effect of time, and her eyes might boast the black liquid lustre for which the women of Andalusia have been so celebrated; her height was commanding, her walk majestic, and her every action as well as her words and the expression of her countenance, seemed to indicate mental and personal superiority. In this alone, our travellers resembled each other, and it was difficult to believe there could be consanguinity between two people so favoured by nature, yet with such distinct characteristics of feature and complexion.

Returning to the town in the morning, the first persons they saw were the family of Humphrey, and although they gazed with surprise at the appearance of Theodore, it was not with either envy, or ridicule; for they felt considerable awe, yet sincere respect for Alice, and their good will was increased when she offered to accompany them to the place where they proposed to breakfast. After this meal they departed for the Castle yard, their entrance being made easy by their host, who was permitted to conduct thither, all " decent and farrantly guests."

The circle within the Castle walls, inclosed an

area of about three acres of ground, which was now divided by a slight inclosure into two parts, one of which was intended for the reception of the more decent towns-people and their visitants of Humphrey's description, and the other, for the exhibition of the sports. From the inhabited part of the Castle, to the next tower was erected a temporary gallery, which was approached by two flights of stairs at either end, and defended by a light palisade, covered with green cloths and boughs of birch, and hazel, which also formed a canopy over the heads of those for whose accommodation it was designed, and the seat of the bride elect was further ornamented by wreathes of choice flowers, and especially by a garland of roses, a flower but lately imported from Italy and used for the purpose of decorating places of sanctity, and persons of importance.*

From the walls of the Castle, the tops of the towers, and every loop hole within them, might be seen numerous faces full of joy, and expectation. The clang of cymbals, the tinkling of dul-

* The rose was frequently placed in churches and on confessionals, hence arose the proverbial phrase of "under the rose," and we find from this time it is adopted in architectural ornaments.

cimers, the braying of bagpipes, and the beating of gongs, and other oriental instruments, without forming as yet into any regular music, yet inspired ideas of cheerfulness, which were farther aided by immense butts of beer, and barons of beef, placed at due distances through the whole space, and flanked by pyramids of hard oaten bread. Among the crowd were seen various persons and effigies, dressed up for the purpose of exciting merriment, and bands of mummers in different places were enacting the triumphs of the Christians over the Saracens, with St. George and the Dragon as the prime part of the entertainment.

When the preparations within the Castle were completed, a flourish of trumpets proclaimed the opening of the gates, and called for silence and attention from the crowd. Theodore exerting his utmost strength and agility, rushed forward to the front of the barrier, closely followed by young Humphrey who panted, and struggled, to obtain a situation which was naturally sought by numbers. The boys were happy in obtaining this place just as the splendid procession issued from the Castle, and proceeded to the platform which was exactly opposite to the place where they stood.

First rode two Knights clad in complete armour

of polished steel, with spears in their hands and daggers in their belts. Their horses were led, and their shields were carried by two Esquires who were also armed in part, having steel caps and breastplates. By the devices on their shields, it was known that the Knights were Thomas de Scriven, and William Danbie, and as they were both neighbouring chieftains, and much beloved by their vassals, a shout of welcome arose at their approach. They were succeeded by two others, each of whom wore a mantle over his armour, one of which was of pure ermine. This wore his beever up and exhibited a handsome, cheerful countenance, which was recognized as that of the Bridegroom, and shouts of still louder welcome broke from the multitude; but his companion, the gallant Baron Harcourt, on whose mantle was seen the cross of the order of St. John attracted with far deeper interest, the eager gaze of admiration from Theodore.

These four knights having stationed themselves on one side of the open space, the trumpets again sounded, and four others alike appointed came forth, two and two, and took their station opposite. Then came out the venerable bishop of Ely, son of Richard the Red, the Abbot of Kirkstall, the Prior of Fountains, the Lord of Knaresborough,

(father of the bride elect,) and many ancient gentlemen. Then followed their wives and many other dames splendidly apparelled, each attended by a younger son or some courtly relative—lastly came the bride, leaning on the arm of Sir Hugh de Morville, the father of her intended spouse, followed by her young companions. They were clad alike in white garments, having fillets of silver binding their foreheads, and their hair drawn up to the crown in a coronet of curls, was fastened by a large bodkin of silver, the bride alone wearing in addition a white rose, and a band of emeralds, in token of her innocence and her constancy.

When this noble party had ascended the platform and taken their seats, the seneschal of the castle arrayed as an herald, proclaimed according to the forms of ancient chivalry: "That the knights on the right hand challenged those on the left to mortal combat, if they dared to deny, that the fair Oliva, the bride and queen of the day, was not the fairest flower, and most peerless fair of England."

The Knights to the left in like form accepted the challenge; the trumpets sounded, and the four on either side rode forth and formed, opposite to each other.

Whilst the Knights fixed themselves in the saddle, poised their lances, and prepared to rush upon each other, the most perfect silence reigned throughout the multitude, and although every person was aware that the expected encounter was neither intended to injure life, nor limb; yet the recollection of many accidents of which they had heard as arising from other tournaments, the martial array of the combatants, the spirit of their fiery steeds, all tended to awaken anxiety in some beholders, and valour in others. The pulse of Theodore throbbed with both sensations, and his heart beat even audibly, when again the trumpet sounded, and with a violent rush, beneath which the very ground was shaken, each party flew upon the other.

The great object in these heroic exercises was so to direct the lance as to unhorse the adverse party, and so to parry attack, as to be immediately able to take advantage of every receding movement or unguarded sally—by art, vigilance, and activity, by overpowering strength, or dexterous manœuvre, to receive or return the desperate thrust in the happiest moment, was the great object of the encounter. Various were the feats of horsemanship, the display of knowledge, adroitness, and personal prowess, shewn

on the present occasion; and Theodore was soon as much delighted with the display of talent, as warmed with the enthusiasm natural to a young courageous bosom. The most difficult part of the combat was undoubtedly that which called for coolness in the moment of awakened ardour, and this power of self-command was in the quick eye of the youth, evinced decidedly in the conduct of the two crusading Knights, who evidently surpassed all the rest in their power of attack, but who generously used their advantages merely to enhance the pleasure of the spectacle. At length the Knight of St. John having thrown his adversary to the ground, and drawing from his belt the dagger, which was then called a misericord, flourished it over his head in triumph, demanding submission, on which the multitude set up a loud shout of exultation.

"The youthful bridegroom, who had hitherto kept up a kind of flying fight with much ability, had been frequently foiled by the untractableness of his horse, and the animal on hearing this shout became perfectly unmanageable—plunging between two warriors, whose extended spears presented danger on either side, he was instantly placed in the greatest jeopardy, and a shriek of terror succeeded that of exultation, which rose more

immediately from the ladies on the platform, whence the situation of all parties was most visible. At this terrible moment Theodore with the rapidity of a mountain torrent, sprung over the fence—his light lance was in his hand, and rushing forward with equal intrepidity and ingenuity through the impediments offered by the engaged combatants, he succeeded in pointing the weapon against the neck of the enraged animal. Thus wounded, the horse instantly retreated, but it was with such a terrible rebound, that his rider was thrown off with prodigious force, and might have been dreadfully hurt, if Theodore at the same moment had not sprung forward and so far caught him that he broke the severity of the shock, and they fell on the ground together, breathless and stunned.

Again loud cries rent the air—the fair Oliva overcome with terror swooned away, and Sir Hugh de Morville in agony hurried to the spot where his son had fallen—he found the young man panting and speechless, but otherwise uninjured. As they raised him he endeavoured to thank his preserver, and the words "noble boy," just issued from his lips, but the anxieties of the father, the crowd of attendants who bore him away, checked all farther communication.

When Theodore rose from the ground, he found that the weight of the armour had crushed his left side, which was painful, and as he looked around, the gay pageant was swiftly receding from his confused and swimming sight. The late gallant train were now pouring into the castle promiscuously, the shields and spears were thrown upon the ground, and poor Alice was calling over the barrier, most earnestly intreating him to return to her. When on his turning to do so, it became evident that he moved with pain, honest Humphrey although he had hitherto considered the inclosure as ground far too sacred for him to tread, instantly clambered over the paling, and made his way towards Theodore.

On his road he saw amidst other weapons that strewed the place, the lance of his friend which was in his eyes, a thing only second in value to Theodore himself; for he knew that it came from the Holy Land, and had originally been made for the hand of a fair lady; he therefore seized it with joyful avidity, and then proceeded toward the owner, when the herald whose duty it was to keep the ground, and who was probably vexed at the turn which this unfortunate accident had given to the sports of the day, came up to him, and after reprimanding him for being within

the inclosure, rudely seized the weapon which was in his hand.

"It is my young master's there," said Humphrey sturdily.

"Your young master and you, will have a good chance for a visit to the castle dungeon if you stay trespassing here," replied the man, accompanying the threat with a violent blow.

At this sight the languor of Theodore vanished, he sprung forward with a bound like a young roe, and concentring all his strength, struck the aggressor a blow which laid him prostrate on the same dusty soil, from which he had so lately arisen himself.

The herald did not fail to announce his own disaster, and as he was instantly raised again by an Esquire who joined with him in vowing vengeance, there is little doubt but the boys would have been dragged to a dismal, though perhaps short imprisonment, if the herald at the moment of his grappling with Theodore, (who was by no means a match for him in a close encounter) had not received a wound in the side of his head from an unknown hand, on which he instantly relaxed his hold, and directed the Esquire's attention also towards the side from whence it proceeded.

"Fly Humphrey," said Theodore seizing the spear which his faithful friend had not surrendered, "I will guard your flight."

Many a hand was held out to help poor Humphrey over the paling, for the crowd have ever a due sense of justice, Theodore slowly drew back, and as he faced his foes with the spear, perceived with astonishment that one of his own feathered darts had been launched at his opponents, for a moment he was afraid that they had been stolen from the cell, together with his arrows, but the next, he felt that his Aunt alone had the power to throw it thus unerringly, and his heart relented when he saw the pain to which the Esquire was putting his enemy. Under this impression he returned, and signifying his intention, in another moment the dart was extracted, the wound closed, and an application recommended, which the parties retired to seek, still grumbling, but fearing further annoyance.

A short time only served to prove that the injury was not forgiven, a party of servants from the castle hunted out the boys and their party, and drove them ignominiously from the castle walls, just as the rest of the crowd were served with a plentiful refreshment. They had, however, the consolation to learn, that from the accident

in the morning there would be no further sports that day, although it was asserted that the repose of a few hours would restore the health of Sir Morville's heir

When released from the crowd, and the first lamentations of the disappointed family of the Humphries, had somewhat subsided, Theodore learnt with surprize that the dart had not been thrown by Alice, whose recent agitation on his account had rendered her unequal to exertion, and with him she became much alarmed for the property they had left in the cave since they were little able to afford its loss. Theodore proposed that Humphrey and him should therefore go thither for the night, whilst his Aunt should remain in the town, and after they had taken refreshment they set out accordingly.

When however, the house of lodging was described to Humphrey with all the dread inspired by superstition, he refused to go further, he said, 'he liked ghosts still less than starving, and though he loved Theodore as his own soul, and would face any thing in the shape of flesh and blood for his sake, he durst not sleep in a saint's cavern for the world, for he should expect the saint to come and ask what business he had there? and that provided he had a friend and a supper,

he would prefer sleeping in the Castle dungeon a thousand times to St. Grimbald's cavern." '

As his fears increased with every step he took, Theodore on arriving at the bridge dismissed him back to the town, and prepared himself to encounter those dangers in the existence of which he had the belief usual to the times in which he lived, but also the courage which enables the pious to meet them. 'A soldier of Christ must engage with enemies of every description,' said Theodore, 'he must conquer the powers of darkness by his faith, and others by his sword, but it is little likely that the spirit of a holy man should return to earth, for the purpose of frightening two boys who mean not to offend him.'

Yet Theodore already mortified, pained both in body and mind, and exhausted by the excitement of the scene, felt his spirits sink far below their usual standard, when he entered the lonely cavern, and this sensation was exceedingly increased when he found that their ordinary clothing, his bow, arrows, and darts, were indeed taken away, with whatever else was contained in the bundle of his Aunt. In the first moments of his vexation he would have gone back to the town, but in the next, his native intrepidity and loftiness of spirit returned, and he determined to remain in the

cave, for the purpose of meeting the thieves should they return and endeavouring to persuade, or force them, to restitution.

The shades of night advanced, and the last sounds of the inhabitants of day, were succeeded by the wheelings of the bats as they flew from point to point, in the high crags above his head, and the shrill hootings of the owls from the stunted oaks which sprung in the rifted rocks, the tinkling of the rill below his feet, fell with a melancholy murmur, and the sadness of solitude seemed to rest on his frame as if it were tangible, for although used to but little society, he had never been perfectly alone in his whole life till now.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore, "how much am I indebted to my Aunt, not only for my support, my learning, for her unbounded care, but for the treasure of her company, which is so far superior to every other person's, save indeed our own good priest's, that I question if all the quality in that gay gallery could afford better—how ought I to revere her precepts and follow her directions—to prove that I have been worthy of such a monitress, and that the examples she has given me of patient endurance, holy self-conquest, as well as martial daring, were not given in vain."

Reanimated by these reflections and the pure

love they inspired towards his benefactress, Theodore performed his evening devotions, and without allowing himself to regret further that property which was yet very valuable in his eyes, hoping that by redoubled diligence he might regain it, he again retired to his couch of leaves, and slept, though with less soundness than on the preceding evening.

CHAPTER V.

When Theodore awoke, he was surprized to perceive a stream of light issue from the outer cave, which yet did not resemble the beams of day, but rather the light of a lamp, and he was the more convinced that it must be such, because he heard the voice of the screech owl still howling in the rock. The recollection of the robbers instantly rushed upon his mind, he listened in breathless silence for steps, and voices, but the most perfect stillness pervaded the cavern, and he was almost led to believe that the light was supernatural.

Theodores interview with Robin Hood in the disguise of St. Grimbald. *Page 53.*

Theodore shewing Robin Hood his Knowledge of Archery. *Page 56.*

Determined to ascertain the cause, he grasped his spear sprung up and stepped forward to the entrance—but his hold relaxed, his knees trembled, and all the faculties of his soul were palsied, when he perceived an aged man, in the habit of a monk, seated on the stone bench, and a lamp burning on the table beside him. The figure remained so motionless that his eye ran rapidly over every part, the beard white as snow descending to the girdle, the scrip, the scapulary, and the stooping gate all denoted the form of St. Grimbald in his old age; as tradition had handed it down, and as his Aunt had described it.

After a long pause, Theodore ventured to advance a few steps in front of the awful figure, when crossing his hands on his breast, and bowing with reverence, he said in a voice of deprecation.

"Father, I meant no harm."

"I dare swear thou didst not," answered a voice in which the tremours of age were not heard, and at the same moment the saint raising his head, gazed upon him with eyes so full of sparkling youth, that Theodore recovered all his firmness, whilst he felt the need of all his courage.

"What is the meaning of this?" said he boldly,

"who art thou that intrudest on my privacy, and disturbest my repose?"

"Say rather, who art thou that takest possession of my cell, and sleepest on my bed?—didst thou suppose the fairies gathered those leaves for thy convenience?"

"I thought not of the matter," said Theodore, "but I am now well aware that my invisible host was well paid for my lodgings."

"Yes! luckily for thee, since the speeding of a dart from thy own quiver saved thee from worse lodgings, though more lasting ones—but I will not quarrel with thee, for thou art a brave youth, and I would have thee know me for a friend."

As the mysterious personage thus spoke he arose from his seat, and threw off in a moment not only his cowl, but his beard, and with speechless astonishment, Theodore saw the gay young sportsman whom he beheld on the way to Pontefract, and who even then seemed to eye his arrows with an envious look.

"Here," continued the stranger, "is my hand, and with it the share of as warm a heart, as the world, to which thou art a stranger, is likely to offer thee."

Theodore returned the grasp of the stranger with interest, he was charmed with the graces of

his person, and the frankness of his manners, and with all the eager confidence of a young, ingenuous heart, he returned his offers of friendship; and begged to know the name of one, whose hostility was evidently a jest, but whose services had been real.

"Marry I am a wild youth, that prefers a green wood in summer, and a cavern in winter, with a few friends on whom I can rely, to the company of deceitful courtiers. Yet I am of gentle blood, and shall one day be earl of Huntingdon—hadst thou lived a little farther south, the name of Robin Hood and his merry lads would have reached thee, for we have dwelt in the forest of Sherwood ever since the cuckoo came, but the fame of this revel brought us to the forest of Knaresborough some ten days ago, thou shalt now see the jolly blades that call me captain."

So saying, the stranger blew a long shrill blast on his small bugle, and observing that the sun was up, asked Theodore to give him a specimen of his talents in archery, at the same moment drawing his bow, arrows, and other property, from a cleft in the rock, which had entirely escaped his notice. Theodore complied, and directing his aim toward a plant which grew alone on a distant

crag, his arrow pierced its yellow flower and stuck in the spot.

"Now shoot me that white owl, which blinks and nestles under the goss bushes—thou hast a peerless eye."

"In faith not I," replied Theodore, "the owl is a mother, and her life is sacred in my mind, besides she will neither serve us for food, nor does she destroy that which is food; had the kite been hovering near, I would have brought her down willingly."

Whilst he spoke, four young men answered the call of the bugle, and made their way with agile feet and gay countenances towards the mouth of the cave, they were all habited like their master, were full of the freshness and hardihood of youth and valour, and exhibited an attractive admixture of ease and respect in their manners towards their leader. At his request, Theodore gave them numerous proofs of the perfect ability with which he managed the bow, and the unerring hand with which he flung the dart, and the captain thanked him repeatedly for having given him a lesson in the art, in which till this time, he had held himself paramount; he then turned into the cave and bade his men set out the morning meal.

Theodore was atonished to see the rude table of

St. Grimbald, in a few minutes overspread with abundance of excellent provisions, which although cold were very welcome to him. These were interspersed with flagons of rosy wine such as Theodore had never seen before, and each man being furnished with a horn cup, they drank freely with their victuals, and mirth and song flowed amongst them.

"Thou must pledge me and share *my* cup," said Robin Hood to Theodore.

"That is a part of your good cheer I cannot share, for I vowed seven years ago never to touch the wine cup, till I had earned the draught as a soldier should."

"But I will give thee absolution my young *Hannibal, if thou wilt join me and my band—thou seest how we fare, and may depend upon it that we shall increase and become as famous, as we are manly and courageous. We will protect thy youth, and thy good Aunt shall neither want a side of venison, a Duffil cloak, nor a gold doubloon in her purse—thou wilt not find us men of the same metal with the proud revellers, whose heir was yesterday saved by thy prowess and ge-

* Alluding to the oath taken by Hannibal, when a child, to make war upon the Romans.

nerosity, that their menials might thrust thee out with ignominy."

Indignant recollection flushed the cheek of Theodore, and his awakened enthusiasm, and affectionate disposition hurried him forward to accept an offer made by young, and ardent spirits, which he felt to be dear and congenial to his own, and there can be little doubt, but that if to the natural excitement of his spirits, that of the offered wine cup had been added, he would have hastily enrolled himself of their number, but happily he had yet the power of reflection, and he exclaimed—

"The thing is impossible! I have no fortune to throw into the common purse, and I love independence too well to eat the bread bought by another, save he were my liege lord."

"Oh! never trouble thyself for that, the money of all the usurers in the kingdom will be soon at our beck, it is our maxim to take from the rich, to give to the poor, to oppose force to force, and fraud to fraud, in short—" "I was not wrong when I apprehended that I had fallen among thieves," cried Theodore.

The whole party started on their feet, looks of indignation, and murmurs of rage, succeeded to the song, and the jests. "We brook no hard

names," said the leader, "and it were wise not to provoke us, what wouldst thou say if we *compelled* thee to remain with us?"

"I would say, such constraint ill became thy blood which is noble, or thy bearing which is brave. I would also say, that as a *living* man I would not abide with ye."

"Go then, for by the holy rood not a hair of thy head should be hurt if a kingdom were its purchase; put this bugle in thy pouch, and should an hour of need befall thee call on us for help and be assured thou wilt have it—thy things will all remain safe in the keeping of St. Grimbald, be assured."

Theodore lingered, his lip quivered, the tears sprung to his eyes, for a moment he eagerly clasped the generous forester in a close embrace, his heart was full, and he felt as if he could be eloquent in the cause of virtue, and perhaps persuade these brave, but erring youths, to draw the swords they were about to misuse for their country's cause; but he was unable to speak, and all he could do, was to seize his quiver and offer the largest portion of his valuable arrows to Robin Hood, who accepted them courteously, but in silence, for he too was agitated and affected.

Theodore sprung down the rock and hurried

forward, till he got to the passage of the river, which he now found nearly destroyed, so that he was eventually obliged to cross it partly by wading and partly by swimming after throwing his clothes over. As he stood on the bank to dress, he regained some composure of spirits, and felt truly thankful, that he had not yielded to the force of a temptation which had well nigh overset him, and which even yet seemed to allure him to return to one with whom he felt that he could have lived pleasantly, and for whom in any honourable cause he could have died willingly. As these thoughts passed his mind, and he walked slowly forward, he reached some lofty rocks at the outside of the town, and remote from all human habitations, which appeared to him a natural temple, and entering a little recess he knelt down to make his morning orisons, and adore the divine hand which had preserved him—little thinking, that the place where he thus prayed, would in another century become the chapel and abode of saint Robert, and that his own form as a knight devoted to the cross, would be engraven on that wall where he besought divine assistance in attaining that honour.*

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* The chapel of St. Robert near Knaresborough, is an object of great curiosity, it is now overspread with a mass

CHAPTER VI.

As the time was yet very early, Theodore surveyed every object of attention before he made his appearance at the house of entertainment where his Aunt lodged, and when he did so, his kind relative was shocked to perceive that his looks were pale and disordered, and that his whole appearance was indeed very different to what it had been the preceding day. At her earnest request he consented to lie down for a few hours, which he did with the more willingness, from finding that all her bundle had been delivered an hour

of ivy, and is cut in an elegant gothic form out of the solid rock: it contains an altar, and other appendages. St. Robert was a holy man, and lived in the 13th century. He was patronized by the Lord of Knaresbro', who gave him all the land from hence to Grimbald crag, and King John also gave him forty acres in Swinesco. See Hargrave's Knaresbro'.

before his return, to her great satisfaction, by an unknown courier.

When Theodore arose, it was high day, the sports were about to begin, and poor Humphrey and his father were debating on the possibility of entering the Castle yard, without being recognized. Theodore assured them that he was willing to run every risk, and Alice willingly consented that he should go. She took even more pains than she had done the day before in his dress, which she had spent some hours in cleansing from the dust it had contracted on the ground. She rubbed his bruised arm with an unguent, perfumed him with rose water from Damascus, hung an amulet round his neck, and throwing his cloak gracefully on one side, placed his quiver on his left shoulder, and bade him be of good cheer, and hope that the disgrace of one day, might prepare the honours of the next.

When they had succeeded in gaining the interior of the Castle gates, they found the same party assembled on the platform as the day before, with the addition of the Knights now gaily apparelled, amongst whom the young bridegroom shone conspicuous, from the splendour of his trappings, and a bandage upon his right arm. On the open ground before them, were twelve

young men in white linen dresses, gaily ornamented with garlands on their heads, and swords in their hands, with which they danced the Saxon* sword dance to rustic music. Their various movements alike agile and athletic, their martial air and measured footsteps, the clattering of their weapons, the rapidity of their motions, and the grace of their gestures, entirely banished every thing else from the mind of Theodore, and again all the powers of his mind was absorbed in the object before him, when his arm was suddenly arrested, and a person close to him said, "I have found you at last."

"Found me! friend, what do you want with me?"

"That's more than I can answer, save that my orders were to seek out a fine lad that seemed fit company for his betters, dressed in a doublet of light purple, and a white short cloak, and if you ben't him, to my mind, none such will be found—so come along, the young Knight who weds our bonny Lady, wills to see you immediately, he has led a fine stir these three hours."

Theodore with a palpitating heart followed the

* This dance is still performed in this district, during the season of Christmas festivals.

messenger, and Alice (whose expectations of this eventful visit went far beyond his own) followed also, as far as she was able, to the door of the inclosing barrier, beyond which her prayers accompanied him. The natural modesty of Theodore at this time, became extremely oppressive to him, and that spirit which he could so well display in the hour of danger, forsook him as he followed his guide up the steps of the platform, and found himself entering for the first time, the presence of beauty, rank, and martial glory.

Happily for him, the first person he beheld as he raised his eyes, was the herald who had treated him so unworthily the day before, and whose office it was now, to guard the ground—the sight of this man roused his spirit, and he stepped upon the platform with grace and dignity, though covered with modest blushes, which were the more becoming, when taking off the cap he wore, the sunny curls of his light brown hair which he shook from his forehead, revealed his countenance to the beholders.

"You were yesterday, my preserver," said the Bridegroom, "at the great risk of your life, and I fear, not without injury, though you appear little the worse for it—you acted the part of a

Theodores interview with the Bridegroom at Knaresboro' Castle *Page 64*

Theodore invested with a Gold Chain by the Bride.

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brave fellow, and I wish to reward you, will you tell me how I can serve you?"

"I will not be a niggard of my gold," added Sir Hugh Morville, "to the preserver of my son?"

"I want no gold," said Theodore, "if Sir Knight you deem my conduct was that of bravery, give me the guerdon of the brave—I ask a flower from the brow of the Bride, given by her own fair hand."

"By my troth," said the Knight of St. John, "thou art a gallant boy and hast learnt true chivalry, but know that such meed should be granted, only to those of gentle blood, we know not what thou art."

A murmur ran through all the assembly at these words, and the ladies were especially discontent—some insisted that he was a nobleman's son in disguise; and some, that it must needs be the young Earl of Salisbury, the nephew of fair Rosamond, or perhaps her youngest child, but all agreed that even without the insignia of rank, he was far too well apparelled for the son of a yeoman, or a merchant.

Whilst these surmises took place, Theodore looking earnestly at the Knight of St. John, answered.

"My name is Theodore, I have been an orphan

from my birth, but I was educated by a grandsire, who spent his all in the cause you have served; and an Aunt who partook his travels and dangers, and far excelled him in the knowledge she derived from them, she is now within the Castle walls, and may be questioned.

"There is no question of thy merit, yet we will have her called to witness thy reward," said the Lord of Knaresborough, "for I see my daughter yearns to bestow it."

In a few moments Alice was on the platform, and Sir William Estatville then taking the hand of Theodore, led him forward towards the Bride, whose eyes swam in tears at the remembrance of his generous exertion, and the horrors from which he had probably rescued her.

Theodore laying down his bow, arrows, and cap, knelt gracefully at her feet, when taking from her own neck a golden chain from which a costly marguerite was suspended, she threw it over his neck, declared him, "henceforth her own Esquire, and the preserver and companion in arms of her wedded Lord." Theodore kissed the fair hand held out to him, and arose, but ere he did so, the sign of the cross wrought upon his cloak had attracted the attention of the bye standers, and the Earl of Cornwall then present, though very

young, and eager in his enquiries concerning those crusades in which he afterwards joined with such prowess, enquired eagerly, "by what right he had adopted such an honourable badge of distinction?"

"That question, my Lord," said Alice, "I must answer for him, and I say that he wears it on his back as a returned Pilgrim, or rather, as a memento due to the land of his nativity."

"Pilgrims!" "Nativity!" exclaimed the Chiefs, and Dames. "Yes," said Alice, "though to himself unknown, as unremembered, his lips have kissed the Holy Sepulchre, his steps have trodden in those places, where the best of Europe have sought to trace the paths of the Redeemer."

"Whose son is he?" cried several voices at once.

"I am under promise not to reveal his name, until he hath attained to man's estate—'tis enough, I trust, to tell this honourable company, that his blood is inferior to none present—his spirit they have witnessed, and his learning may be easily adjudged by these holy Fathers."

"There is something," said Sir Hugh Morville, "in the voice of this woman, familiar to mine ear."

"Probably," said Alice, "for I was with my

father many days in the dwelling of the Knight your father, and though very young I remember you, Sir Hugh, a stripling like Theodore."

At this moment there was a cry of joy in the Castle yard, for the sports of archery were began, and as many of the honourable personages then present took part in it, Theodore accompanied them, whilst the ladies crowded about Alice, eager to ask her questions concerning a land of which they had heard so much. She was however soon withdrawn from them by the loud shouts which bespoke her darling a victor in that contest which she had instructed him to attain.

Flushed with the pleasure of conquest, and perhaps a little elated with vanity, Theodore's best feelings led him instantly towards his Aunt, although he laid his trophy (which was a silver arrow finely embossed) at the feet of his sovereign lady, but scarcely had she time to congratulate him, when a loud voice was heard to proceed from the crowd, and Alice perceived one of the Palmers who had joined them on the road, who thus opened his mission.

"Wo, wo, wo, the Holy City is defiled, the sanctuary is trodden under foot, behold the scourgings with which the infidels have tormented us,

listen to the sorrows with which they have afflicted us."

The crowd pressed around the Pilgrims, and the company listened with intent interest, on which he proceeded.

"Oh ye! the sons of chieftains who fought and died for their Saviour, ye! whose nearest kindred, whose best blood have been sacrificed to obtain the Holy City, will ye see their labours wasted? their honours smitten to the dust? shall the holy sepulchre where your Saviour laid, the awful mount where he expired, the holy place whence he ascended, be trodden down by infidels? Shall your brethren in faith be tormented by Mussulmen? shall the name of Christian be coupled with that of dog? Shall the highest blood in Christendom be spilt by the vilest of the vile? Behold at this moment chains are upon your holiest men, dungeons confine your noblest spirits, and the lust of the infidel is sated with the beauty of Christian ladies. Are ye nobles and will ye endure this? are ye men? and will ye not avenge it?

"We will avenge it," issued from a thousand voices, and neither Peter the hermit, nor his great successor, Robert de Courcy, could have awakened greater zeal; but even the preacher was soon

obliged to cease, for a courier arrived whose message to the Lord of Knaresborough was of such vast importance that the sports of the wedding, the preaching of the Crusade, with all its pathetic details, and awakening remonstrances, gave way before it, though they shortly became connected with it.

It appeared that Henry II. one of the best kings the most valiant, and amiable of princes, had now laid down a life embittered by the rebellion of his sons, and died at Fontenvrault in France. That his son Richard Cœur de Lion, on visiting the Abbey where his father's remains lay, was so much touched with remorse,* that he had made a vow to visit the Holy Land, and wrest it from the hands of the victorious Saladin, and in aid of this vow he called on his Barons, at once to attend his coronation and support his arms.

Already excited as the present company were, it was no wonder that on the instant many bound themselves by oath, to enter on the third Crusade.

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* It is said that when Richard went to look upon the corpse of his father, blood issued from the mouth, and although this could be naturally accounted for, it awoke the conscience of the son who exclaimed in agony, "that he had been the death of his father."

Among these even the Bridegroom stepped forward, but his father forbade him peremptorily to speak. "I will myself go on this errand," said he, "my father to serve the late king engaged in slaying Thomas à Becket, for which he was forced to go to the Holy Land as a penance, but I will yield a willing obedience in this matter, provided my son remains to sustain my house, and this I call upon ye all to prove I have exacted from him. I shall have no lack of a companion if I can read the eyes of young Theodore."

"Oh, Sir Hugh!" cried the youth falling at his feet, "accept me I pray you in this enterprize, lead me to the victory I anticipate, if my blood be be the purchase."

"Young man," said the baroness d'Estatville, "thou hast forgotten that thy youth forbids thee to dispose of thyself, where is thy duty and gratitude to thy Aunt? thy only relative."

Theodore arose, he gazed wildly around, and at length his eyes fell upon his Aunt—"you will not hinder me, for to this very end have you instructed me? but you weep dear Aunt, and alas! you will be very lonely when I am gone—now too when age is advancing and when my labours are useful to you—ah! I see that I cannot, ought not to forsake you?"

"Yes! thou shalt go my child," said Alice, struggling with her tears, "doubtless we were conducted hither for this great end—I war not with heaven, and the God whom I serve will support me."

In a short time the news was dispersed among the crowd, and while some lamented the old king, others extolled the new one. The young and ardent, declared that they would follow his standard, the old and cautious, protested, "that his disobedience had provoked the judgment of God, and would bring down defeat upon his army," but in one shape or other all were employed in thinking and conversing on this interesting subject.

Alice and Theodore were this night lodged in the castle, but they were not unmindful of their humble friends, and young Humphrey so vehemently besought Theodore to allow him to accompany him, that on his father's consenting, it was settled that he should be presented to Sir Hugh de Morville, to be enrolled among his vassals, his father's Lord permitting.

From this time all was hasty preparation for repairing to London, and within three days Theodore was called upon to part with her whom he considered his only relative, the kind supporter of his infancy, and he felt that the pang was a severe

one. Consistent with the steady kindness, an strong intellect which characterized her, Alice suffered neither her fears for the future, nor her grief for the present, to appear in such a manner as might add to his pain, and increase his anxiety, but on the last evening they were together, she drew him apart, and telling him, " that the steady manliness of his conduct, having proved to her that he was worthy of confidence, she had determined to intrust him with some particulars of his early history.

Theodore might well be supposed to listen with extreme anxiety on this head, especially since he had learnt that he was actually born in the country towards which he had ever had his views directed. He had also that ambition which was natural to a youth, whose education had placed him far above the rank in which he had hitherto moved, and he earnestly desired to find that his birth would not form a bar to his hopes of mixing with polished society, or of entering into some military order, which was the grand object of his desire. Times were then far different to what they are now, there were no intermediate classes, no gradations of rank, and it was hard for a noble spirit and enlightened mind, to continue under vassalage to a proud, ignorant chieftain, who often despised the

merit he could not imitate; and well might a generous nature wish to possess that destination, which at this time belongs to every man—that of being a free-born Briton.

CHAPTER VII.

"You may remember, my dear Theodore," said Alice, "that I told you one day that my father, soon after his arrival placed me under the care of an English lady then resident in Jerusalem. My business was to attend on her little girl, a child of three years old, who was the most lovely and engaging being I have ever beheld, and who not only attracted me, but became so attached to me, that the ties of sister, child, and mistress, were united in us. She grew up gentle, amiable, endearing, yet full of vivacity, and capable of all the accomplishments of her sex, which are in the east carried much farther than here.

"With her, and for her, I studied, and my an-

xieties for her were carried still further, when in her twelfth year she had the misfortune to lose her mother, as I considered it that period of life when the cares of a parent are most important.—The extraordinary beauty of her person, the high rank of her father, which was that of an Earl, the large estates he had in England, to which she was sole heiress, altogether rendered her a charge of the greatest solicitude.

"Jerusalem and its surrounding domain, now held by the feeble hand of Guy de Luvignon, was surrounded by foes, and the noble warrior under whose protection I lived, was deputed to the court of Constantinople, to see how far the reigning emperor Manuel was likely to assist the christians. My young lady and myself accompanied the embassy, and thus I was permitted to behold that splendid city, in which is united the glories of ancient Greece and Rome, the remains of Egyptian knowledge, and the most magnificent churches that have ever been raised in honour of the Redeemer. Standing on the very point of union between two seas, she stretches out, (as it were) her mighty arms to either side in sign of dominion, and looks haughtily towards both Asia and Europe as the seats of her power. Within, she is beautified by works of art, of which you

Theodore can form no idea, for there are figures of marble so perfect that they seem capable of motion, and paintings which appear to breathe. There I beheld Juno, a Pagan Goddess, whose head would reach the walls of this tower, yet in whose colossal form the most perfect symmetry might be discerned, and another called Venus, whose beauty seemed almost divine; but on these subjects I must now cease to speak, though I never can forget them.

"We found in the court of Manuel, much seeming kindness, but little sincerity, and less of valour, and the circumstances in which our unhappy country stood, called aloud for both. One young prince alone, a nephew of the emperor, named Alexis . Theodore espoused the christian cause with courage and sincerity, but his remonstrances failed to have any effect, save to draw upon himself the displeasure of the emperor; and in consequence the good earl resolved to withdraw from a court where his embassy had produced private evil and no public good. We departed under a shew of great civility, but within a short time after our departure were so harassed by bands of mussulmans, who attacked us in a regular manner, that we could not forbear believing that they had been informed of our journey. These bands were

The Grecian Prince in the Tent of de Clifford.

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Alice presenting to Theodore the Bracelets worn by his Parents. *Page 83.*

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repulsed with vigour, but they followed and assailed us with renewed ardour, and we were at length placed in the most imminent danger of death or slavery.

"In this moment of peril, the remembrance of my early exertions nerved my arm, and I eagerly seized the weapons of offence, which might enable me to preserve the beloved mistress and treasure of my heart, and when I found that my gracious lord was encompassed by the infidels, fought with an intrepidity and vigour which was as astonishing to myself as my comrades, but vain would have been all my efforts if the astonishing valour of one youth in his suite had not been exerted in his behalf, by whose prowess he was finally delivered, the Saracens beaten off with great slaughter, and our security for the present effected.

"When my lord was left to rest in his tent with only his daughter and myself, our brave companion entered, and throwing his casque on the ground, discovered to us the face of the brave Grecian prince I have already named. Disclaiming all thanks for his exertions, he protested that he was henceforth devoted to our cause, confessing at the same time, that love for the lady Blanche, was a paramount principle in his conduct, and that for her sake he had determined to forego his

friends and his country, provided he could remain unknown in Jerusalem, until his uncle should be inspired with more worthy sentiments towards the chirstian cause.

"The blushes and thanks of Blanche, the gratitude of the good earl, alike favoured the suit of the generous youth, and in this moment of awakened feeling, it was no wonder that the prince obtained" ———

"But dear Aunt, pardon my impatience," cried Theodore, "I want to here somewhat of my *own* relations—the prince was, I doubt not brave, and the lady fair, but alas! they are nothing to me?"

"Yes, Theodore, they are *all* to you—they were your noble parents!"

"My parents? *mine!!* am I then descended from the heroes of Greece, and the barons of England? Oh! glorious fate! I ask no higher inheritance—but go on dear Aunt, tell me all their history."

"You perceive already, Theodore, that I am *not* your Aunt, that your blood flowed from far higher sources."

"But I know also that to you I am indebted for the means of life, for an education worthy of my birth and—"

"I hope also for a *discretion,* which your circumstances still call for imperiously—but I will continue—"

"The Prince, under an Iberian title, married the Lady Blanche on our arrival at Antioch, where the young couple agreed to remain for some time, whilst the good Earl proceeded to Jerusalem. Soon after his reaching the holy city he was sent out to repel an invasion from the country of Edessa which had lately become the prey of the Saracens. He entered on this expedition with the greater joy, because it would, he hoped, enable him to return victorious to Antioch which lay in his way, but alas! he was slain in the mountains, as we suppose, since the defeat of of his army was entire and his body was never found."——

"The victorious enemy pushed on their conquests, and it was well known that Antioch, so frequently the seat of war, would again be their object, and the Prince eagerly joined in adopting every mode of defence, at the same time that he carefully concealed the death of the Earl from his lovely wife, who was at this time on the point of becoming a mother. His heroic ardour, his transcendant talents, infused new vigour into the soldiery, and although the loss of Edessa and

the recent triumph left little hope of successful resistance, they determined to defend the city to extremity. In the midst of this preparation you Theodore first saw the light, and when you were first presented to the sight of a youthful and enraptured father, I well remember he put down his vizor to take a parent's kiss, and as his bright eyes were suffused with tears of tenderness, exhibited a spectacle of martial ardour, and connubial sensibility, that affected all around—ah! well might the sweet Blanche love him with a devotedness that knew no bounds—well might she doat upon the babe of such a father!"

"Alas! how short were a mother's joys—to save her from the horrors of the expected siege, the Prince determined on escorting her to Laodicea, from whence in case of the worst, we might escape by sea, and he arranged every thing for our flight with the precaution of a husband and father—the necessity for this removal soon becoming apparent, we left Antioch when you were but three weeks old by night, and journeying with rapidity, soon beheld the waves of the Mediterranean, which were to us the features of a friend. Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves on this discovery, and recollected that we were still at a considerable distance from Laodicea,

which lay much farther down the coast, when we were surprised by a band of armed men, who had undoubtedly landed at port St. Simeon into which the Orontes fell, not a day's journey from Antioch. This band was evidently Greek pirates, and the Prince hoped that by discovering his country, he should have insured his safety—but the band of females richly habited, the stores which accompanied us, and the smallness of the escort which the Prince had thought necessary for our safety, were all motives of attack to these wretches, and in a few minutes we were invested and every man engaged in battle.

"The Prince fought like an enraged lion for the wife he adored, the child he idolized, and such was the destruction he dealt, that in a short time every lance of the pirates was directed against him alone. In this moment of horror, even the timid and gentle Blanche, seized a spear from one of her women, and flew to the side of her husband—alas! she arrived only in time to see a dagger pierce the heart of that noble and beloved Prince—to receive him in her arms, and feel his last sigh breathe upon her cheek."

"Oh! my father, was it thus you fell?" cried Theodore, bursting into tears of agony.

For some time Alice wept with him, but at

length conscious that time was advancing, she continued her sad story, struggling to subdue her emotion.

"The battle was now over, for the spirit which had sustained it was fled—the men were butchered, the women henceforward slaves, were reserved to be sold as such, wherever the vile conquerors might find it convenient to dispose of them. The lady Blanche covered with the blood of her husband sat on the ground, still stupified with the excess of her sorrow, and perhaps vainly hoping that death would shortly end her agony, when the shrill shrieks of the child made themselves heard, even in the confusion of this scene of blood. Dreading lest the bold deeds of the father should be avenged on the infant, I instantly clasped it to my breast and proclaimed myself its mother—the action and the words drew the attention of one of the pirates, who, from the death of the chief was become the head of the gang—we instantly recognized each other, and I beheld in him an afflicted man, whom I had in Constantinople cured of a painful malady, by long and wearisome artendance in the application of herbs and decoctions."

"Woman," said he advancing, "thou and thy child art free, nay more I will convey thee forward

on the sea-coast as far as thou desirest—the disease thou curedst might return upon me, if I were ungrateful to thee."

"Thankful for this release I knelt at his feet to implore mercy for my mistress also, but this it was utterly impossible to obtain—her relation to the man who had slain the choicest of their band, her youth, beauty, and costly habiliments, alike forbade the boon, and raising her they bore her far from my cries. Yet such was the tenderness of the mother, that at this awful moment it preponderated over every other feeling, and she continued to urge me to preserve her child to the last moment that her voice could be heard, speaking in a language to which the pirates were strangers."

"When the lady and her attendants were carried to the vessel, the commander prepared to fulfil his promise to me, by causing two of his people to convey me in a boat along the sea coast as far as Tripoli, and to rejoin him afterwards in Cyprus. These men were both wounded though not dangerously, and in consideration of my services in dressing their hurts, they permitted me to wash the body of the Prince, and deposit it in a rocky grave—on the arm I found this bracelet."

Alice drew from her bosom, a bracelet, or ra-

ther armlet, formed of woven hair curiously and strongly intertwined of about two inches broad, and of a singularly beautiful colour—the sight of this long treasured relic of a dear, ill-fated couple was too much for her to endure, and she wept again in the bitterness of sorrow.

As Theodore earnestly surveyed this affecting memento of both his parents, he was led to try it upon his wrist for which it was too large, and Alice though unable to speak, made him a sign that he should put it between the shoulder and the elbow which it nearly fitted—" may the holy virgin make thee worthy of it," said she, with difficulty, and relapsed into silence.

After a long pause, Theodore deeply affected ventured to say, " and did you see my mother no more?"

" I never saw her again, or could learn any tidings of her; I trust she died of sorrow before she felt captivity."

" But what became of you my dear friend, my preserver?"

" For a long time I abode in the sea coast, but when you Theodore, my sole care began to walk, and make effort to speak, I set out for Jerusalem as a pilgrim, and then presented you in the temple, had your name registered, with the particulars of

your birth, and made further inquiries respecting your grandfather but to no effect. It was then, that your little lips kissed the sepulchre of your Lord, and that your infant steps traversed mount Calvary. Though I wished to remain secluded, I was naturally recognized by many who had formerly known me, and from one I learnt that my poor father whom I had not seen for several years was then in Jerusalem, and inconsolable for my loss. I flew to him immediately, delighted to find there yet lived one human being to whom I was endeared, and as he was now become old and desirous of returning to his native country, foreseeing, in fact, the evils that were descending on the Holy Land, we lost no time in embarking for England.

"We returned, alas! to poverty and devastation, the little portion of land he had held on the banks of the Wharfe, had become part of the prey of the Scottish conqueror, and the vast estates to which your mother was the rightful heir, were all passed into other hands—one only aged relative of that noble house now survived in the person of the Prior of Abbeford, and with the blessings he called upon thy head, were mixed tears for the past, and deprecations for the future. "If," said he, "the real heir appears before he

has gained the wisdom of mature years, and the friends which merit alone can raise him, never will he reclaim the lands, or sit in the halls of his ancestors—that which force has gained, fraud will hold, his life will be the forfeit of his temerity, and the more noble his spirit, the surer his destruction."

"To this good man I therefore vowed not to reveal your name, nor your claims even to yourself, until you had the wisdom and the power to prosecute a cause, which calls for the interference of the highest authority, and as I had myself long before taken the vows of chastity, although I chose not the monastic life, I introduced you to others as my nephew, and fixing on a secluded village, which nevertheless admitted an intercourse with the great city of York, in which dwelt many friends of my mother's, I engaged in the writing of Missals for which I was extraordinarily qualified, being able to copy them correctly in four languages, and thence acquired means to support us all, yet leave leisure for your instruction."

With these words Alice concluded a narrative which had awakened all the sorrows of her heart, and given to that of her hearer the most delightful emotions, and the most poignant anguish—but as hope in the young is ever prevalent, it was

no wonder that he eagerly dwelt on the most promising parts, and that he even flattered himself that his mother still lived, and might be even liberated by his hand.

"If," said Alice solemnly, "you hope for the favour of heaven, either in restoring your mother to her own people, yourself to your birthright, or your country; remember Theodore, to practise the lessons of mercy towards your enemies—dare not to profane the holy cause in which you are engaged, by actions utterly incompatible with the spirit of that Redeemer under whose banner you fight, and above all, remember, that cruelty and oppression are the basest propensities of our fallen nature, and therefore peculiarly displeasing in the sight of Him, whose every precept tends to exalt and purify the heart.

"Never forget, Theodore, that self-conquest is the noblest triumph, and that he who in the crush of battle, the pride of victory, the moment of revenge, the exultation of ardent spirit, can listen to the still, small voice of humanity—*he only* is a Christian Hero."

CHAPTER VIII.

When on the following morning Theodore presented himself to Sir Hugh de Morville, he found the good Knight returning from the marriage of his son, and ready to take horse. The Bridegroom presented Theodore with a noble steed gaily caparisoned, a suit of light armour, and a trusty sword, and his fair dame added a heavy purse and many sweet words to the donation. It was observed by all, that although the manners of Theodore were extremely modest, and that parting with his good Aunt had drawn tears from his eyes, yet that his deportment was full of dignity, and that he received, as one who communicated honour in accepting service.

Immense was the crowd, innumerable the greetings now passing on every side, tears, and sighs contended with shouts and blessings, and it was with difficulty that the long train of gallant horsemen made their way for the first mile, during which, the eyes of Theodore were continually

The Bridegroom presenting Theodore with a Horse & Armour. *Page 88.*

Theodore introduced to King Richard.

Page 94.

turned towards the turret in which Alice had shut herself, and with every breath arose from his heart, a benediction on the friend of his infancy, until the novelty of the scene, and the questions of his companions, allured him into conversation.

In passing through the forest of Sherwood, the remembrance of the acquaintance he had made in St. Grimbald's cave rushed upon his mind, and ardently did he wish that the youths he had seen there were united in the same expedition with himself, and as he approached nearer to the metropolis and witnessed many goodly companies from various roads gathering thither for the same purpose with that to which he belonged, from time to time he hoped to descry *their* faces, but the search was in vain.

At length they reached the City of London, and Theodore beheld with astonishment the vast congregation of human dwellings which were spread before him, and the noble river which was graced by numerous vessels, but on his entrance into the city he wondered how people could live in such close streets, or endure the same dull view of long aisles of houses, but the bustle of the city soon attracted him, and the expected coronation became the subject of all his thoughts.

Richard Cœur de Lion, a Prince more calcu-

lated to shine in the field of battle than the revels of a court, rendered the awful ceremony of his coronation rather a military, than a religious spectacle, and as Theodore could not get to see the crown placed on the head of the monarch, he found the most interesting part of the ceremony of the coronation that, when the Champion appeared in the noble space of Westminster Hall, which was lately finished by King Henry, and throwing down his gauntlet, defied the whole world to gainsay the title of the King. At this moment Theodore had a full view of the monarch, who even then had intermingled with his coronation robes, part of the accoutrements of a warrior. His age was just thirty, his stature tall, and athletic; his eye dark and piercing, his countenance manly, and partaking at once the severity of habitual command, and the gaiety of a passion for broad humour and exuberant mirth—in the extent and keenness of his glance, all felt themselves comprehended, and Theodore sensible that he came within it, almost fancied that the King had penetrated his secret, and might perhaps soon call him by the name and title to which he was heir, or condemn him to an obscurity from which he had so lately emerged.

No event however followed the royal cognizance,

and after a short residence in London, he accompanied his friendly Lord and the rest of the Knights who were ready to embark for France, it being already agreed that Philip the King of that country should join Richard in the crusade on which he was entering.

The society in which Theodore was now thrown, was entirely military, and he found great difficulty in brooking the insolence of many young sprigs of nobility, who deeming him an encroacher into their ranks, wished to punish his temerity, and envied him the distinctions which those Knights who had seen his conduct at Knaresborough were ever ready to bestow, and there were many moments when he felt that he had been much happier in reading of the deeds of warriors at Laughton en le Morthen, than he was likely to be in making one of them, and that even the praise of the honourable, was less dear to the heart than that of the good woman who loved him had been. In the society of poor Humphrey he sometimes found a consolation which can only be accorded by affection, but this was generally polluted by the very love of his humble friend, who with the genuine wisdom of the whole race of lowly confidents, seldom failed to tell him every ill-natured observation that was

made upon him, and every scheme that was laid to detract from his merit.

On arriving at Marseilles, the French monarch was too ill to join the army, and the King naturally as impatient, as warlike, determined to proceed without him. For some time this was rendered impracticable from the delay of the English fleet—the King sought to divert his chagrin by visiting the sick monarch at Genoa, but finding that insufficient for the filling up of his time, and being aware that his fleet was hindered by the stress of weather, he determined to pursue his journey at all events, and leave his followers to get forward as they might.

Under these circumstances the monarch proceeded to Pisa, thence to Naples, where he was followed by Sir Hugh de Morville and those attached to his suite, who had now learnt that the fleet was re-assembled and was now near, but the impatience of Richard brooked no controul, and not enduring a life of inactivity, he pursued his journey accompanied by only one Knight to Mileto—hither Sir Hugh and others also followed him as mere travellers, all parties being alike unknown. In this place the good Knight being disposed for sleep after the exercise he had taken, dismissed Theodore from attending him, and with

the curiosity natural to his age, he strolled into the neighbourhood to look at the country.

Theodore had proceeded but a little way when he saw a person of apparent importance, flying with rapidity towards the town, pursued by several men who seemed bent on his destruction as they assailed him with clubs and stones—for a moment he turned round on his enemies and struck one person with the flat part of his sword, on which the instrument broke. Theodore on this flew to the stranger's assistance, and though unarmed, he contrived greatly to assist in aiding his retreat, and by throwing stones they contrived so to keep the pursuers at bay, that they safely reached the house in which Sir Hugh was left, it being in the suburbs.

"Any port in a storm," said the stranger,* as he rushed without ceremony into the Knight's chamber.

Theodore was glad that he had been the means of aiding this person, who was covered with dust and disfigured by the heat of his encounter, and the disorder of his garments, but he was by no means pleased with the freedom of his manners, in thus entering on his master's privacy.

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* Vide Mills's Crusade.

"Hold, sir," said he, "you must find some other room for rest, this is Sir Hugh de Morville's place of repose."

The stranger shook the dust off his clothes, and in the rude and careless noise he made, awoke the Knight, to the great vexation of poor Theodore, who was proceeding to remonstrate, when Sir Hugh darting on his feet exclaimed.

"My Liege! whence comes your Majesty? I fear some evil has befallen your sacred person."

"None but what a laundress may cure, Sir Hugh —you know that from our boyhood we have loved a hawk, and finding one confined in a cottage below, we entered to free the noble fowl, when behold some dozen caitiffs set upon us with violence as thou mayest perceive, and we should have been grievously worsted but for the assistance of this lad—by the locks of St. Catherine he is a dainty hand at a slinging match and yet marvellously saucy."

In a moment Theodore was prostrate at the feet of his sovereign, who amused at the transitions of his countenance laughed heartily, and raised him with a look which brought fully to his mind that piercing eye he had beheld but once before, and bound his heart for ever in those ties

of personal affection, which the benignity of the great seldom fail to inspire.

"We must beg this butterfly of thee, Sir Knight," said Richard, "in our hands he will become a hornet to the infidels."

The intreaties of Kings are ever commands, but so endeared was Theodore to the good Knight, that his surrender of him even to his sovereign was evidently so painful, that for the present Theodore remained in Sir Hugh's suite, but the monarch accepted the escort of both to Scilla, where he determined to sleep, not choosing to honour Mileto by his presence any longer.

The following morning the English fleet arrived with the French King, and a multitude of warriors from both nations; the grand warlike spectacle alarmed the Sicilians, and as it entered the harbour of Messina, fear and admiration possessed the inhabitants. Tancred, the sovereign of Sicily, had indeed cause for alarm, as he had ventured to imprison the widow of the late king, who was the sister of the English monarch, and it was not likely that the lion-hearted Richard, should tamely submit to the insult. Various jealousies and disturbances took place during their stay in the island, the dowry of the widowed queen was

demanded, but for some time refused, and every circumstance indicated complete rupture.

Richard unlike many of his predecesors, was drawn to the crusades less by religious motives than the love of fame, and conquest; it was therefore to be apprehended that he might expend that strength, on the plains of Sicily, which was meant for a more distant field, and as the French King and him took opposite sides, this event was the more likely to take place. Theodore's heart was set upon the Holy Land, and neither the sight of the mighty Etna and its terrific volcano, the view of Agrigentum and its splendid palaces, nor the site of those places rendered memorable by the invasion of Syracuse, and the disasters of Greece, could atone to him, (interesting as they were) for this unhappy delay, and delightful was the hour, when at length the Monarch set out once more for the Holy Land.

Magnificent was the array of vessels, manned with armed men, and ornamented with streaming banners, which sailed from Sicily—but the winds were now adverse, and the fleet was dispersed. Richard ever irascible had new provocation—at Rhodes two of his vessels had been shipwrecked, and the survivors of the crews imprisoned, and ill treated. The vessel which conveyed the

widowed sister of the king and Berengaria his betrothed wife, had been refused admittance into the port of Cyprus, and the same discourtesy was offered to himself. Unable to endure insult, or submit to compromise, Richard landed on this island, therefore, as an enemy, and for the first time young Theodore beheld the real horrors of war.

According to the usual operations of assault at this period, the archers led the way, and their barbed arrows falling like a shower of hail, greatly annoyed the defendants, and being followed by the heavy armed soldiers who pressed forward with determined power, the troops of Cyprus were soon put to flight, the inhabitants scattered, and the sovereign Isaack falling into the hands of the conqueror, the whole kingdom remained at his disposal. Richard, ever fond of pleasure, as of war, levied a tax on the inhabitants of Cyprus, and then sat down to enjoy the pleasures it procured for him, and mirth and revelry resounded where the voice of war and tumult had so lately reigned.

The King's marriage with Berengaria was now solemnized with great splendour, and all the riches of the island, its natural beauties, and the stores which had been amassed by King Henry were drawn forth in honour of the nuptials. A

vast amphitheatre decorated with trees, on which the trophies of war were placed, and from which innumerable banners were suspended, was the scene of the festival, where also was displayed the stores taken from the conquered, consisting of delicious wines, fine wheat, and embroidered garments. The archers in their best attire were placed around the space, and the men at arms performed within, mock battles, single combats, and warlike dances, to the sound of minstrelsy produced by Eastern and European instruments, the royal couple rewarding the best performers from a high artificial mound on which they sat enthroned to receive the homage of their subjects.

A short time served to satiate the active mind of the King, with enjoyments in which he was reduced to be a mere looker on, and in a few weeks he roused himself to arms, and embarked for Acre. Theodore was now on board the king's vessel, for his spirited use of the bow and arrow, had tended to render him a decided favourite, and he was ever near the royal person.

They had not proceeded far, when one of the ships of Saladin, the great enemy they were about to encounter, crossed their way, and Richard, notwithstanding its immense dispropor-

tion to his own light gallies, determined to conquer it. "I will crucify all my soldiers if she escape," were his memorable words, and his men fearing the wrath of their sovereign, more than the swords of the infidels, drove the sharp beaks of their vessels against the lofty sides of the Turk, and finally succeeded in boarding her. Theodore shared in all their danger and their intrepidity, but was compelled to see that the remarks of the good Alice were but too true, when she said, "that cruelty polluted the triumphs of valour," and his heart bled with anguish to hear the monarch he honoured condemn his now defenceless opponents to death, or reserve them for the purpose of extorting ransom.

CHAPTER IX.

In a few days after this battle, Richard and his followers landed before the walls of Acre, and the feet of Theodore pressed the land of his birth—the land which had drank the blood of his father,

the tears of his mother—which had been from his cradle the object of his fervent love, his hallowed aspirations.

All within his view was calculated to excite the utmost ardour of his spirits, and the strongest affections of his heart, a pure and brilliant sky was above him, a balmy air soothed and invigorated his frame, a shout of welcome run through his ears, and far as his sight could reach appeared those objects most dear and captivating to the youthful soldier. The martial youth of Europe, each nation distinguished by the gorgeous ensigns, armorial bearings, and glittering weapons peculiar to its discipline, were stretched in long lines on the ample plain. Splendid tents of various colours, and the crimson standard of the cross, were intermixed with the troops who guarded them, and far behind on the eminences, were the embattled squadrons of the Sultan Saladin, arranged also according to their nations and tribes—here appeared the Tartar with his bow, the Egyptian with his scourge and flail, and the Bedoweens with their spear and shield; and amidst all was raised the black banner in defiance of the cross.

Sounds of martial music aided the proud and terrific aspect of the scene, and the sound of the drum and the atabal, by turns awoke ardour, or

dismay, in the breasts of the assembled multitude, but it was the general desire of the Crusaders to attack the city at every point, alike regardless of the defence within the walls, and that which was evidently ready to co-operate to its advantage.

Again much dissention prevailed amongst the Crusaders, and the English and French, alike brave, impetuous, and desirous of distinction, disputed who should make the first attack. Battering rams were prepared, portable towers were built with rapidity, and moved to the charge with determined resolution; but in despite of valour and art, the assailants were repulsed on every side, and in the moment of their discomfiture, Saladin with a mighty train issued from the heights, to take advantage of their confusion. Rallying, they returned to the charge, and the infidel was driven back with the loss of the flower of his troops, and from time to time, each party thus balanced the fortune of the day. Richard of England every where conspicuous, dealt death among his foes, encouraged his followers, and so led on the youthful Theodore, that it was customary for the inhabitants of Acre to call them, "the Lion and his cub." In a short time the exertions he made added to the heat of a climate new to him,

stretched the brave monarch on a bed of sickness, and Theodore beheld with bitter sorrow the languid eye and the parched lip of his beloved commander. Yet the soul* of Richard sunk not even under that which usually bows down the stoutest, causing himself to be carried on a mattress, from one place of assault to another, he so directed every engine of attack, that he soon destroyed half of one of the Turkish towers, at the same time that he preserved his own machines from the Greek fire of the city, that terrible mode of destruction now unknown to us.

For some time the Kings of England and France carried on alternate operations against the city, but they now found that nothing less than their united efforts could avail to dislodge the infidels, who considering this fortress as the key to the Holy Land, determined to defend it to the last extremity—it was therefore agreed that one should assault the walls, whilst the other should defend the camp from the attack of Saladin, who although himself an invalid like his courageous enemy, rode forth every day on his Arabian charger, heading his troops and exhibiting all the courage of resolute valour. After this union,

* See Mills' Gibbon, &c.

the place began to experience severe distress, and Saladin could no longer infuse his own invincible spirit among the citizens—the multitude slain on the walls—the brave men that went out never to return, day by day thinned their number and subdued their valour, and at length the mighty Saladin, disappointed of his expected succours, and worn out with a siege of two long years, surrendered Acre to its conquerors.

The conditions of surrender were, "that with the city should be given up the true cross, said to be in possession there—200,000 pieces of gold—and five hundred christian captives." Under these circumstances, the city changed its masters, and the banners of the two Kings floated on the walls of Acre, that of Richard of England surmounting that of Philip of France. Among the captives delivered up on this eventful day, was one whom long captivity had stamped with the marks of such extreme old age, that he particularly attracted the attention of Theodore; his beard, and hair, were white as mountain snow, he bent nearly two-fold, and his trembling limbs were scarcely equal to support him, as he advanced with the rest to be presented to the conquerors who had rescued them.

Theodore hastened to the assistance of the

prisoner, and taking his hand with that air of respect due to age and misfortune, he placed it upon his shoulder saying, "lean upon me, good father, time has laid a heavy hand upon you, and exertion is painful."

"True, youth," replied the prisoner, "time moves slowly in a dungeon, especially beneath fetters, otherwise the weight of sixty winters would not thus have reduced me."

"Sixty winters only!—ah! how cruelly have they used you?" exclaimed Theodore, the tears gushing to his eyes.

The emotion of Theodore and the appearance of the venerable object, excited the attention of the Kings and the assembled warriors, and Richard courteously approached the unhappy being, whom long confinement had almost prevented from using his own limbs, and enquired, "by what unfortunate fate he had been rendered a greater sufferer than the rest?"

"Because," returned the prisoner, "my arms were more powerful, my influence greater—in me most worthy successor of the King I loved, behold the Earl de Clifford, there may be some present who remember a name which for almost twenty years has been lost to all mankind."

The Earl of Leicester, the Bishop of Salis-

bury, and several other noble Lords rushed forwards, and hailed the long lost friend of their youth, with the warmth of early days, but their kindness affected his weakened frame too much, and he sunk into the arms of Theodore. The sight of this venerable sufferer enraged the hearts of all around, and whilst he was borne to a place of safety followed by Theodore, to whose immediate care he was committed by the sovereign; those murmurs broke out against the infidels, which in a few hours led to excesses unworthy alike of victors, and of christians.

When the first confusion of taking possession had subsided, the walls were repaired, the churches purified, and the soldiers not only reposed from their long fatigues, but engaged too freely in the pleasures which the place afforded them—happily for the morals of our young warrior, the same cause which had saved him from beholding the horrors of plunder and massacre, prevented him from sharing in the errors of dissipation, for he still watched the slow recovery of the venerable Earl, and beheld with the purest joy, that beneath his tender care and cheerful converse, the spark of life again revived, and the long afflicted spirit resumed the powers of intellect, and the energies of manhood.

The first vessel dispatched to England with the tidings of the surrender of Acre bore with it the good Earl de Clifford, with a commission to the government for reinstating him in his possessions —many of the older prisoners accompanied him, but a considerable number, now refreshed, and reinstated in their health and rank, desired to remain with the new crusade, and seek revenge and glory in the field of battle.

Saladin perceiving that the warlike preparations of Richard were again forming, endeavoured to conciliate him by proposing a lasting peace, to be cemented by the marriage of his brother Saphadin, with the widowed Queen of Sicily: but this marriage the Christian princes rejected with disdain, and in a short time the soldiers of Richard pursued their way to Ramula, where they encountered severe storms which distressed them much, by destroying their tents, injuring their provisions, and rusting their arms. In all the services required, Theodore took an active part; and young as he was, he had now lost much of the delicacy of his complexion, and acquired somewhat the look of a veteran. At this place various bodies of soldiers arrived—a great council was held on the subject of attacking Jerusalem, and thus securing the possession of the holy sepulchre,

the grand object of the Crusade; but to the surprize of Theodore, and his great mortification, the King was dissuaded from attempting it by the Knight's Templars, and Hospitallers, and the soldiers enraged and disappointed deserted the army. Under these circumstances Richard fell back upon Ascalon, where another species of hardship presented itself. The Turks now recovering from their loss, hovered round and continually annoyed them, so that it was necessary to repair the walls of Ascalon, and even the proudest nobles and the most dignified clergy, partook the toil, and our young warrior rejoiced at the hardships which he had encountered in early life, as rendering him now patient of labour, and capable of foregoing the elegancies of rank. In this dilemma the French King deserted the cause, and the greatest part of his princes forsook it also, but the courageous Richard persevered, and having put the city in a state of defence proceeded once more towards Jerusalem. In every step of their march they were assaulted by flying parties of Saracens, and annoyed by their arrows, but so strict was the discipline of the English soldiers, that neither injury nor menace disturbed their purpose, and they proceeded like a close embattled wall, impervious even to the flight of a bird, and irresistible in pur-

pose. Thus they proceeded to Bethlehem, and the fate of Jerusalem seemed already decided, such being the alarm of the inhabitants that numbers forsook the place, and Saladin himself trembled for its safety. But a hand more mighty than that of conquering armies interposed, the heats of summer had begun—the Turks had destroyed all the cisterns of water within two miles of the city, and it was decidedly the opinion of all those knights whose knowledge could be most relied on, that the crusaders were utterly unequal in number, or resources, to effecting its conquest.

Richard's Lion heart was assailed with the bitterest feelings of sorrow, and mortification, at this decision; but he was too wise not to listen to the advice of the council, and too good a general to waste the lives of his men in useless warfare. When convinced that his hopes of redeeming the holy sepulchre were over, he suffered the Baron Harcourt to lead him to one of the surrounding hills, from whence a view of the most consecrated places in the Holy City might be obtained, but when he arrived there, he covered his face with a shield, and declared,* "that he was unworthy to see the city, since he could not conquer it."

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* Historical Fact.

The feelings of Theodore were at this period wound to the highest pitch, and with the enthusiasm natural to his age, he believed all he desired, to be practicable, and condemned the council of the Knights as timidity, and almost cowardice. Admitted constantly to the royal ear, he was perpetually speaking of the interior of the city, as it had been described to him by the Earl de Clifford, and of the external fortifications as examined by himself, and inferring from both the capability of taking it. Although the King judged the matter with more prudence, he yet was naturally so sanguine, and liked so well to trace his own feelings in the spirit of a youth he loved, that he encouraged Theodore in his observations on the place, and although it was attended with great danger his examinations were persisted in daily.

When at length the departure of the army was determined on, Theodore went for the last time to gaze once more on the holy place he was forbidden to enter, and as some motion was visible in the crusading army, the centinels on the walls were more than usually watchful, and the youth being considered as a spy was marked for destruction—as, with his vizor down, he gazed towards a lofty tower an arrow pierced his forehead, and before he could disengage himself from its barbed dart,

five men rushed from the inner gate of the tower, surrounded him, and with their bright scymetars glancing before his eyes threatened instant destruction.

Theodore's sword was in his hand, and rushing forward he instantly thrust it through the body of the first assailant, but drawing it thence with difficulty, he became exposed to the others, and must have fallen an immediate victim to numbers, if an order had not been given at this time from the camp that he should be followed, and his old friend and another soldier arriving, engaged two of the Saracens. One of those who now attacked him was a youth of his own age, an especial favourite of Saladin's who was now surveying the fight from the tower, and had deputed the young Selim to attack the 'lion's cub'—conscious that the eye of the sovereign was upon him, Selim fought with ardour, and observing that Theodore was already wounded, made a motion for the other infidel to desist, hoping to slay him in single combat. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but the superior skill of Theodore for a considerable time gave him the advantage, until the blood which fell from his forehead blinded his eyes, and his enemy was enabled to give him a terrible gash in his shoulder, regardless of the pain, Theodore

aware that he was losing torrents of blood, then rushed upon his foe, grappled with him and wrenching his weapon from his hand, hurled it on the plain—his enemy was now beneath his foot, his sword was pointed to his breast, and in another moment would have pierced his heart, when the foe exclaimed—

"Spare me, Christian, for my *mother's* sake, for she has only me!"

In a moment the sword of Theodore was withdrawn, and his hand extended to raise his adversary, but before he was able to retreat, a posse of troops with Saladin himself at their head, issued out and he became instantly their prisoner.

The confusion of the moment, the loss of blood, and the pain of his wounds, nearly deprived Theodore of his senses, but he was yet aware that the Emperor gave commands for carrying him to his own palace, and that this was executed with respect and tenderness. In a short time he was taken into a magnificent dwelling, laid upon a couch, and restoratives given to him which enabled him to perceive the objects of splendour which surrounded him.

"Tell the fair slave," said Saladin, "to attend this prisoner, and prepare for him her most precious balsams, and her finest ligaments, he has

shewn not only the courage of a Christian, but the mercy in which they are so woefully deficient—let him be served as the princes of my own house."

So saying, the Emperor again departed to the tower of observation, and in a short time three women appeared bearing various things calculated for his comfort. The first from her complexion and manner, appeared to be the one whom Saladin had particularly nominated.

Even the novelty of his situation, the pain of his wounds, and the mortification of becoming a prisoner at this critical juncture, all failed to render Theodore insensible to the extraordinary appearance of this woman, who now in silence approached the spot where he lay. She was rather above the middle height, and habited in a kind of flannel tunic, with short sleeves, and sandals of the same, fastened together by a simple belt, which indicated her state of slavery: but there was an air of majestic dignity in her person and movements, which even captivity had failed to obliterate. The perfect fairness of her complexion, had evidently given her the appellation by which she was known, for it was that of snow, which was only varied by the scarlet of her lips, for her cheeks were perfectly colourless, and her eyes bent upon the earth—her hands and arms

were of the most perfect symmetry, nor had their exposure in the slightest degree changed that parian whiteness which characterised her skin, and rendered her unlike to every thing of which Theodore had ever heard, save the statues of which Alice had spoken, as being breathing marble.

With equal tenderness, and skill, the blood was staunched and the wounds dressed, and Theodore perceived in the unguents applied, the origin of that knowledge for which Alice had ever been famous in the village where she resided, as the applications now made, greatly resembled those she had been accustomed to use. The operation passed in silence, but when it was over, and he became easier, the two inferior slaves began to chaunt in a low and sweet melody, alternate parts of a song intended to lull him to repose, and he was beginning to feel a disposition to sleep steal over him, notwithstanding his pain, when the fair slave by a motion of her hand dismissed them, and seating herself at the foot of his couch to his great astonishment and delight, began to sing herself, in pure English the following stanzas.

Oh! Christian repose, for to thee it is given,
Like Daniel of old to be guarded by heaven,
In the den of the lion, find mercy, and truth,
For he honours thy valour, and pities thy youth.

Thou art now in the land where thy Saviour arose,
To purchase for thee everlasting repose,
The breeze that blows o'er thee, is mighty to save,
For it breathes thro' the cells of the Holy One's grave.

That mountain that rears his tall brow o'er thy head,
Beheld thy Redeemer arise from the dead,
And where those green olives wave bright to the eye,
He sprang from the earth, and ascended the sky.

Then Christian repose thee, the battle is done,
The guerdon of Knighthood thy valour has won,
And justly the cross on that bosom shall shine,
Whose courage was princely, whose boon was divine.

Soothed, and comforted, alike by the language and the tender melody of this strain, Theodore sunk to slumber which lasted many hours, and when he awoke was sensible of much amendment, and the judicious cares applied to his case being also extended to young Selim, they both became convalescent nearly at the same time, and being introduced to each other, contracted an affection much more cordial in consequence of their rencontre, and as the mother of the young Turk highly estimated the generous forbearance of Theodore, there was no kind of friendly attention which she did not delight to shew him, which, aided by the kindness of the Emperor himself, served to

soften the sorrow unavoidably felt by him as a prisoner torn from the sovereign to whom his heart was attached, alike by gratitude and loyalty.

This sorrow was abundantly increased, when he found that the Crusade had actually quitted the environs of Jerusalem, and that his generous King had been foiled in his attempt to procure his liberation, though he had offered Saladin an enormous ransom.

From this time Theodore fell into a state of dejection, from which neither the friendly attentions of Selim, nor the favours of Saladin could rouse him, and although his wounds were cured by the skill of the fair slave, his health sank under the pressure of his spirits. To wean him from this sorrow, the mother of Selim invited him to her house, where a grand entertainment was provided for him, to which he was carried in a palanquin by the slaves of the Emperor, and followed by a numerous train who accompanied him, to add to the entertainment, and to aid his personal accommodation. He was met at the entrance into the court by Selim and a number of the young Turkish nobility, who conducted him to a large open saloon, in the middle of which was a beautiful fountain which threw up the purest water from innumerable jets d'eaux, which falling again into

basins of marble and porphyry, gave a balmy coolness to the air, and in their silvery tinklings soothed the ear. Around this beautiful court, were placed sofas covered with rich velvets, above these, were canopies from which hung folds of the richest silks, and festoons of the finest flowers, particularly those beautiful lilies which are abundant in the meadows of Judea, and from the rainbow richness and variety of their colours, were noticed as exceeding the glory of Solomon, by Christ himself. Beneath their feet were the costly carpets of Persia, and the air was perfumed by frankincense and myrrh. Fruits unknown to European climes, and various dainties to which Theodore was a stranger, were displayed in profusion on stands and tables of ivory inlaid with gold, and music added its charms to the enchantment of the scene.

As soon as they were seated, a grand flourish of atabals* was heard, and instantly appeared from either side a warlike band, arrayed in the splendid costume of their respective tribes, and they immediately engaged in a kind of dramatic entertainment, which ended with a battle, in which the perfect use of their arms, the rapidity of their

* Instruments much used in oriental warfare.

movements, the gracefulness of their action, and the manly beauty of their persons were displayed to such advantage, that Theodore wondered how it had been possible that the Christians had ever obtained any advantages over them, and for the first time submitted to the belief that Jerusalem was indeed lost for ever to the Crusaders, and there were moments when he almost envied Selim the power of leading forth such troops to future conquest. This martial display was followed by a band of females of uncommon beauty, each splendidly dressed according to the costume of her tribe, and country. They danced in a measured step around one of their company, who represented a person oppressed by languor and sickness, whom they sought to restore to wonted enjoyment, and their endeavours were aided by invisible songstresses, who personified youth, health, valour, and constancy, in their recitations. Theodore enchanted with the novelty of the scene, resigned himself to the pleasure it was calculated to excite, and felt his own mental powers resume their functions, and his grief disperse, in the same manner with that represented by the performer. The eyes of Selim were bent upon him with equal tenderness and anxiety during the whole period, and he was once on the point of waving

his hand that the sounds might cease, and he might pour into the bosom of Theodore the full tide of thoughts which were evidently on his heart, when the voice of the fair slave was heard beginning to speak in his own language, and the youth feeling that a chord in his heart was touched still more tenderly than before, intreated him to stop a moment. Selim consented, and in words to him unknown, she thus addressed her countryman.

Christian tremble—not in vain,
Spreads the feast and swells the strain,
All the gawds that round ye wait,
Lure ye to a Traitor's fate,
Should not power and riches sway ye,
Then may friendship's voice betray ye,
Rise, and fly, while yet you can,
Rise!—and be a Christian man.

By the land where you are cast!
By the dangers you have past!
By the mother who has borne ye!
By the father that would scorn ye!
By the King that gave ye fame!
By your Saviour's hallowed name!
Rise, and fly, while yet you can,
Rise!—and be a Christian man.

Even while the last line hung on the lips of the fair singer, Theodore sprang upon his feet, and gazed wistfully around him like one bewildered, and Selim grasping his hand,said with an air of kindness, " what would my deliverer wish for more ?"

" Oh ! nothing, nothing more, here is already too much of splendour for a youth like me—I would depart,"—

" Not till I have entreated thee to accept of all thou seest, and far more—the Sultan loves thee, he commissions me to treat with thee as a friend, and induce thee to forget that thou art a prisoner—he bids me offer thee riches, power, and martial glory, from *him*—for myself, I offer also a heart that loves thee, and wooes thee to remain with a mother who will adopt thee, a people that admire thee, and a noble monarch who honours thee."

" But I am a Christian," said Theodore, " the Emperor is a brave man, but he tramples on the cross I adore."

" True," said Selim, " he demands in return, the sacrifice of thy religion, but at our age it is surely a cheap purchase especially to thee—no mother will mourn thy heresy, no father condemn thy actions, for thou art an orphan—this is the land of thy nativity thou sayest, and may be that

of thy burial—captivity is ensured to thee on one hand, wealth, and even the power of benefitting the people thou lovest on the other--think of that."—

The crowd had now retired, but again from the invisible orchestra arose the same strain, murmured in a low and feeble voice interrupted by its own evident trepidation.

> " Rise, and fly, while yet you can,
> " Rise!—and be a Christian man."

" I will never, *never* consent to deny my Saviour," cried Theodore, " no not for the crown of the Emperor Selim, nor even for your sake, whom I value far beyond it, and I now beseech you to conduct me as you once promised you would, to the church of the Holy Sepulchre that I may renew my vows, and strengthen my faith—I take shame to myself that I have dared to taste of the cup of pleasure, before I had as a pilgrim offered my thanksgivings in the temple of my God."

The air of calm resolution and deep humility, with which Theodore spoke, impressed the mind of Selim with a full conviction that all he now could urge would be useless, and he therefore resigned this object of his wishes for the present,

and sent a proper escort with the young prisoner to the Holy Sepulchre, so far respecting his feelings that he was permitted to remain alone. Under the sense of penitence for the past, and of holy joy for the present triumph, it may readily be conceived that Theodore traversed these sacred and holy places, with feelings of the most awakened sensibility and rapture, and that he often prostrated himself in adoration of that divine personage, who was here "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," and that he could not be prevailed upon to tear himself from places, so dear to the sight of a Christian.

When at length Theodore with reluctant steps was advancing to the outer court, he was surprised by the appearance of a person who started from behind the tomb of the celebrated Godfrey, and proved to be no other than Humphrey, of whose fate he had entertained many doubts since his imprisonment, as he left him engaged in unequal combat with the Saracens.

"Hist, my young master, I must have a word with you, your life and liberty hangs upon a thread, and another hour may snap it."

"Well my good fellow speak on—but how got you here?"

"No matter—a mouse may creep where a rat can't enter, all I have to say is, that I can assist your escape, and that in a moment, and the fair slave has sent me to tell you so—by her means I have secured a disguise and we can get beyond the walls as Troubadours, she would give the wide world to join us, but it is impossible, for these people, it seems always travel in pairs only."

"*She* shall go," exclaimed Theodore warmly, for she has been to me a benefactress, whose liberty were worth the purchase of my life, she has cured my body and saved my soul from perdition. Fly to her and if possible secure her escape."

"But what can I do with *her*—a fine flimsey thing of a woman, can bear no hardship and carry no arms, and we are going to have fine fighting again I take it at Jaffa, besides to tell you the truth, I'm sadly afeard from what she says they'll use you very badly when the Emperor comes back, so think of that."

"No matter—obey my wishes I beseech you take the fair slave to the King, intreat of him in my name that he will bestow her in safety with the royal Consort."

"But how will he know you sent me?"

Theodore hastily tore off his tunic, "here said he, take this precious relic from my arm, his royal

hand fastened it with a clasp from his own girdle, tell him that I conjure him by that act of courtesy to grant the *last* request of one who bond, or free, living, or dying, is devoted to him."

Theodore kissed the precious relic as he delivered it to the hands of Humphrey, and his tears streamed upon it—he essayed to recommend the fair object of his cares to his humble friend, but the remembrance that she was the only human being here who held the same religion and country with himself, completely overcame him, and he was not able to speak, but Humphrey though himself much affected, comprehended him and promised to protect her at the hazard of his life from all injury.

In a few moments the young soldier vanished by the subterraneous road by which he had entered, the guards appeared, and Theodore was conducted to the Palace prison, from whence he had been taken in the morning, and left alone to ponder on his fate, for he was neither received with the usual ceremonies by the slaves, nor cheered by the society of Selim, and a deep cloud hung upon the future.

CHAPTER X.

During the convalescence of Theodore the contentions in the army of the Crusaders, had so weakened its general interests that Saladin was enabled to recover from the heavy losses be had sustained, so far, as to make head again, and he was at this time on the march for Jaffa, which he besieged with that vigour which characterized all his actions. Delighted with the valour of Theodore and the affection that existed between him and Selim, (his nephew and favorite) he left orders that no pains or expence should be spared to attach him to the Turkish cause. But when informed by his emissaries that all arts had failed, he was exceedingly enraged, and ordered that he should be thrust into a dungeon. The mother of Selim had the barbarity to execute this order in the fullest sense, for she was now become jealous of the influence the young christian had obtained over her son, and thus in two days our unfortunate young hero, was thrown from the extremes of luxury to the most wretched abode that wanton bar-

barity could procure, and under the persuasion that his beloved monarch was then on his return to England was left to wear out in a noisome dungeon, the remains of life ere he had attained his eighteenth year.

Long and melancholy was each succeeding hour, and often would poor Theodore think that the most terrible moments of war, the torrents of blood, and the groans of the dying were yet preferable to the torpid silence, the wearisome hopelessness of his present state, and the remembrance of the Earl de Clifford, his trembling limbs, his long white beard, continually haunted his mind and appalled his spirit. "Oh"! cried he, "let them lead me to the block, let them even crucify me as they did my blessed Lord, but God in mercy forbid, that year after year, I should thus exist in a worse state than the toad that crawls over me, or the snail that besmears me with its slime!"

Yet when his stern keeper appeared, his heart could not cease to throb in a terrible expectation of the doom for which he had prayed, and he felt that the love of life would enable him to endure his sufferings still longer.

In the mean-time poor Humphrey had with great hazard succeeded in conveying the fair slave safe to Acre, where through the medium of

Baron Harcourt who remembered him he was enabled to reach the King himself, and deliver the message and credentials he bore, together with the sad news which he had learnt since he set out, of the cruel treatment poor Theodore at this time experienced. The King was just then setting out by sea for the relief of Jaffa, and his affection for Theodore, his indignation at his sufferings, and his admiration of his constancy, accelerated his movements—he clasped the bracelet of the unfortunate youth, round his own athletic wrist, swearing, "that he would liberate or avenge him," and gave orders that the object of Theodore's care should be conveyed on board a ship then sailing with dispatches for England, as a means of effectually preventing her from falling again into the hands of the Saracens.

This duty over, Richard set sail for Jaffa, and arrived at the very moment when Saladin had planted his battering rams to beat down the walls. The valiant monarch was the first to leap on shore, and by his personal prowess which performed deeds almost miraculous, changed the fortune of the devoted city, and infused the same spirit in his troops who were at this time, (from the chief part being sent by land and not yet arrived) scarcely a handful of men. His archers

and cross-bowmen of which number was Humphrey, formed an impenetrable phalanx—he had only ten soldiers on horseback, but each fought like a chivalry hero, and the falchions which had turned the fortunes of the day at Azotus, here again gave the tide of victory to the Christians. So great was the admiration which the deeds of Richard caused even to his enemies, that twice in the course of this struggle for power, he was presented with horses by the brother of Saladin when his own was killed under him, the Saracens being ever generous and courteous to him, through the whole of the warfare between them.

When the prowess of Richard had placed him in a commanding situation, he wisely desired an honourable peace, which after long negociation was at length acceded to, and the first demand of the generous monarch was the restoration of Theodore, together with William de Pratelles, a noble Frenchman who had formerly saved him from captivity by assuming his name. He also demanded permission for all his followers to visit the Holy Sepulchre unmolested; and placed Jaffa under the government of Count Henry of Champagne, one of the few French noblemen, who had remained true to the sacred cause.

When Saladin had acceded to these terms, he

went beyond them—granting a free conduct to all the soldiers to visit his city of Jerusalem, treating the Christian Bishops with the highest respect, bestowing castles and lands upon many noblemen desirous of remaining, and even appointing Christian Bishops in Nazareth and Bethlem. Under this new impulse, it will readily be supposed that poor Theodore was drawn from his dungeon, and Saladin blushing for his unworthy treatment, loaded him with presents, and presented him to the Bishop of Salisbury when he visited the city in a splendid habit, but looking emaciated from his past sufferings. At Theodore's request the King consented to knight the young Selim, and on arriving at Jaffa the same honour was conferred on both these youths at the same time. Their parting was extremely affecting, for poor Selim had imbibed such a grateful affection for Theodore, that he experienced the sincerest grief, having already bitterly mourned the imprisonment he had endured, though a stranger to its severity.

At length, the day arrived, when the Crusade bade a final adieu to the shores of Palestine, and Theodore, his curiosity satisfied, and the fond hopes he had once nourished, effectually subsided, looked forward to beholding the white cliffs of

Parting of Theodore & Selim.

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Richard taken Prisoner.

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England, the fair meadows of Yorkshire, and the beloved countenance of the good Alice—he foresaw not the sorrows that must intervene, ere that venerable friend should again welcome the child of her adoption.

This memorable Crusade left the shores of the Holy Land, in October 1192. The weather soon became more boisterous than even the season of the year had led them to expect, and the soldiers and pilgrims ever superstitious, imputed their distress to the anger of heaven for having quitted their enterprize, especially as they soon after heard of the death of Saladin. Tossed by the tempest on unfriendly shores, many vessels were wrecked, and their crews became the prey of the waves or their enemies, and a few only returned after a long distance of time to Britain. That which contained the royal party, landed at Zara in Dalmatia, from whence Richard determined if possible to continue his route by land, although too well aware that the princes of the continent envious of his fame, were to the disgrace of the age, desirous of injuring him. When the unhappy monarch found that the governor of this country, to whom it was necessary to apply for passports, was the nephew of the late Marquis of Tyre who had been his enemy, he became aware

of the impossibility of passing with so large a party through a hostile country, and turning to Theodore he said. "We had once hoped my faithful young Knight to have parted with thee no more, but we must yield to circumstances. To thy care we commit the Queen, our royal sister, and their ladies, leave this shore the moment thou canst do it with safety, and remember, that in committing our Queen to thy care, thou holdest that which is more precious than our life."

Sir Theodore accepted this painful, but honourable mission, with grief and mortification, he loved his royal master with the utmost devotion and he wished to share his personal dangers whatever they might be, and as the Queen and her train had been closely shut from his eyes, ever since the commencement of the voyage, he had no hope of giving or receiving the consolations of society. Seeing however how deeply the lion-hearted monarch was wounded, he would not add to his vexation by expressing a contrary wish, and he begged only that the King would accept of Humphrey *his* esquire, as one both able and willing to do good service, for though still short and uncouth in his person, he was of great courage, unshaken fidelity, and tolerably versed in the

German tongue, which he had learnt verbally from him and Alice in his peaceful days of childhood.

The King accepted this boon, and Theodore having given poor Humphrey his own clothing, and wrung him cordially by the hand, they parted in silence, for the hearts of both were too full for utterance. Theodore pushed off once more for the element on which he had suffered so much, and Richard dispatched a messenger to procure passports, having with him only Anselm his chaplain, another priest named Baldwin de Betun, a few Knights Templar, and Blondell his minstrel.*

Ever munificent in his gifts, the king betrayed himself, by commissioning his messenger to present to the governor a ring worth three hundred besants, saying that the passports were wanted for pilgrims, and a person named Hugh the merchant. The governor struck with the splendor of the ruby, exclaimed, " the owner of this ring is King Richard: tell him, however, that the magnificence of the gift, and the dignity of the donor, induce me to violate an oath which I have taken to detain pilgrims, and allow your master to pass."

The King heard of these observations with alarm, and with his whole party took to their

* Historical.

horses, their number, and noble appearance, soon caused it to be rumoured, that the King of England was in Germany, yet they continued unmolested till they reached Frisak, when a Norman Knight whose duty it was to examine all travellers, and who was well acquainted with the English character, suspected the fact. As this knight considered of course, Richard of England as his liege sovereign, he examined him only for the purpose of affording him aid, but his kind efforts were rendered here abortive, the English party were seized, the greater number imprisoned, and the king, Sir William de Stagno, and Humphrey, alone escaped.

This little party of fugitives now continued travelling for three days, and three nights, scarcely allowing themselves time to take subsistence, and at length arrived in the neighbourhood of Vienna exhausted with fatigue and anxiety. Yet even here Richard found that he could not stop in safety, for the Duke of Austria was now dwelling in that capital, and Richard well remembered that he had given umbrage to this proud, impetuous nobleman at the siege of Acre, which he would not fail to avenge, should he fall into his power. A thousand times did the great Plantagenet regret that he had left his vessel to pursue this danger-

ous route, and probably thought also, that he had better never have left the people who loved him, the country which required his presence, to display valour to no end, and purchase renown by misfortune.

As however it was impossible to proceed, nor to sustain existence without food, and repose, the King and his servants were huddled together in a lodging, and Humphrey was dispatched to purchase food. Our honest Yorkshire youth had not learnt to carry his person consistently with the clothes which he wore, and the same strong dialect which pervaded his own language, was heard in his pronunciation. The people who remarked these peculiarities, asked him many questions respecting his master, to which he replied by saying, "that his master was a rich merchant who had arrived but three days before," but when he named his abode it was of course at variance with the character given of such a person, and also with his own habit, Humphrey was not so stupid, but he saw by the looks of the auditors that his account was not believed, and on his return he said immediately to the sovereign.

"Please ye my liege and so forth, we maun be off again."

"How so my boy?" replied the King.

"Why because, when they asked me who my master was? an I tould 'em in good German, as how you were rich, and a decent boddy, an all that, they stood winking at one another sae—an I saw they took me for a *bite*, and thought as how I wor comming Yorkshire over 'em."

The King laughed at the moment, yet soon after began to consider the subject, but he felt too languid to proceed, and as for several days Humphrey continued to visit the market unheeded, the poor fellow began to consider his fears as groundless, and proud of his various occupations about the person of his Sovereign, he forgot the caution required in this perilous situation. One day going to market as usual, it was perceived that in his girdle were stuck a pair of gloves of the kind usually worn by Kings, poor Humphrey was again questioned, and on his prevaricating, he was dragged before an Officer, who commanded him to be scourged until he should tell the whole truth respecting his master.

Poor Humphrey bore this cruel discipline with great courage, comforting himself by heaping all possible terms of Yorkshire abuse on the bye-standers, but when these barbarians proceeded to threaten that his tongue should be cut out if he did not speak fully, and actually produced the

instruments to carry their threat into execution, the firmness of the honest lad was overpowered and he abruptly threatened them with the vengeance of King Richard.

In a few minutes afterwards, the house where the monarch dwelt was surrounded with soldiers, and the royal warrior aware that resistance must be vain offered to resign his sword, the Duke of Austria advanced and received it, and in the excess of his joy, lost for a short time the rancour that filled his heart, and Richard during that period was treated as his guest, when his mask was taken off, the King of England was sold by this prince to the Emperor of Germany, removed to a Castle in the Tyrol, surrounded by armed men continually, and treated with a cruelty as painful to endure, as it was despicable to inflict.

CHAPTER XI.

RICHARD thus lost to his people, and his relatives, seemed likely to end his days in captivity, and his impatient spirit burning beneath grief, and

indignation, would probably have accelerated his death, if hope had not at length sprung up, from a circumstance which eventually proved of the greatest importance.

Among the prisoners seized in Germany as attendants on the King, was his favorite minstrel Blondell,* when the capture of the King had taken place, these persons were released, and made their way to Normandy or England as well as they were able, but Blondell being determined if possible to find his Sovereign, went from one fortress to another, and by the aid of his art, succeeded in passing without suspicion for a travelling minstrel—at last (heaven directed) he reach- this Castle, and succeeded in making his voice heard in singing the first part of a rondelay, of which Richard was very fond—with what emotion those words were now heard by the royal captive, may be readily conceived, and with what a trembling, yet eager voice he replied by singing the remainder of the song. The guards easily alarmed, caused immediate search to be made for the minstrel, but as it was night, the musician escaped, and Richard was again left to the weariness of solitude, since the presence of

* Historical Fact.

the soldiers prevented him from any communication with the servants and partakers of his captivity.

But from this time, since he was aware that his people would soon know where he was confined, and be able to offer a ransom for him, the anxiety of the King might be said to increase, often would he reproach his Barons for coldness, declare how different *his* conduct, would have been to *them*, and recapitulate the ransoms he had paid, and the sacrifices he had made for the deliverance of those he loved. Then would he advert to the anxiety of his mother, the wanderings of his wife, the perfidy of his Brother John, who perhaps even now might be seated on his throne, and a party in his detention, and these sad thoughts were alone relieved by turning his mind to the composition of poetry, the recital of antient romances, and the singing such melancholy songs as were suggested by his forlorn situation.

Often would the bereaved monarch think of Theodore, and lament the loss of his society; at the same time he could not regret his destination, since he relied with confidence on the courage and integrity with which he would execute his mission. At these times he was wont to question poor Humphrey, concerning all he had known for-

merly of the young Knight, and even in his vulgar descriptions and uncouth language, he could find some diversion at times from the bitter thoughts, and the restless, yet inactive life to which he was doomed. But the way in which the poor lad was most useful to his royal master, was by fishing, for as the prison was seated on one of those beautiful rivulets, which abound in the Tyrol, even the keepers of the castle were not averse to permitting poor Humphrey to exercise his talents in this way, since they all reaped the benefits of his labours, and as their eye was always upon him, he had no chance of escape even if he had designed it, but nothing could be further from his intentions.

Sir Walter de Stagno, and even the captive monarch himself, would assist in preparing his tackle, and wait with anxiety for his return; for in the dull and monotonous life of a prisoner, every incident becomes an event, and the slightest shade of variety is relief to the sameness of existence. In the autumn which succeeded the King's imprisonment, additional reliance was placed on the intention of Humphrey, and on the days proper for his sport, he went to it with little impediment; and on his return, the examination of his basket, his account of every fish he had hooked, every

Humphry discovers Theodore in disguise.

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Humphry singing to Richard in prison.

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unsuccessful effort he had made, and all his tale of hopes and fears, was listened to with the utmost interest; although the conclusion was followed by many a sigh, and the unhappy Richard could seldom forbear comparing himself to the scaly prize before him.

It would sometimes happen that a wandering shepherd, or a stray peasant, passing near the spot would address a few words to Humphrey, but taught by sad experience, he generally shook his head and declined all answer. One morning, however, being addressed by a brother angler, who made a pertinent remark on the state of the water, Humphrey was about to reply, when on looking in the fisherman's face, his own became alternately flushed with hope, and pale with fear, and he was utterly unable to speak.

"Do not betray your emotion," said the angler in his own tongue, "Remember the archers of the castle are watching us, but be assured you are speaking to your own friend Theodore."

The voice of his early associate, his own honoured and almost idolized master, so unexpectedly, completely overcame Humphrey—his country, his parents, his kindred, all rushed on his heart, and it was only by a violent effort, that he recalled himself so far as not to spring forward, and pros-

trate himself at Theodore's feet—but at his most earnest adjuration he recalled his scattered senses, and though trembling in every limb with joyful agitation, and awakened sensibility, threw his rod into the stream and affected his wonted coldness towards the stranger.

"Now tell me," said Theodore, in low but earnest tones, "how does my royal master bear his fate?"

"Why sometimes like a man, and sometimes like a woman, poor soul."

"What do you mean, Humphrey?"

"Why, sometimes he is confoundedly angry, and raves away famously—and sometimes he is sorrowful, and it just breaks my heart to see him; but I know he will be wonderfully glad to hear of you, for he talks about ye many a time for an hour together."

"Excellent friend! unparalleled monarch! but how does his health endure confinement?"

"Tolerably, but I question if he could cleave a Saracen from the skull to the thigh, as I saw him at Jaffa—I have my doubts whether he could cut off a Turk's head with a touch, as he did at Ascalon, when the rider sat so firm that he went straight forward as if nought had happened. I don't think he could heave a sow or work a bat-

tering ram, but still he's a fine fellow, and the noblest king in these parts."

"My heart longs to see him, is it not possible for you to retire beneath the shadow of the Castle and change clothes with me? my only wish is to share his captivity."

"No! that will never do, unless you could crop your height, Sir Knight, some three inches; turn your skin to a piece of dry parchment, and clap a waggon wheel to your tongue. No! no! for the virgin's sake keep where you are, or we shall all be lost."

Theodore was almost afraid this was already the case, for at this instant two persons from the Castle approached them. Pretending to be busy with his nets he endeavoured to elude suspicion by removing to a distance, and for several hours poor Humphrey was tantalized with the view of one whom he loved better than life, whose expected information was of the utmost importance to his royal master, yet to whom he durst not address a syllable. If such were the feelings of Humphrey, still more acute were those of the unhappy Theodore, who had under various disguises been many days lurking near the Castle, in the vain hope of obtaining the sight of Humphrey, with whom his interview was now rendered

nugatory. He was the more uneasy also from the conviction that it was the surprise evinced by his attached follower, which had excited the suspicion of the centinels, and he feared that if he left him, he would in his sorrow ruin them both, and yet it was evident that if he remained, it could answer no end. Appearing intent on his sport, he however contrived to get to the windward of Humphrey, and when he perceived that the young man's whole mind was given to him, he began in a rough voice to sing like an improvisatoire, in which he related his long and wearisome voyage to England, his having safely placed the Queen in a nunnery at Godmanstow, the interview he had since had with Blondell, and the pains which they had both taken to raise the enormous sum demanded for the King's ransom, and was proceeding to say, 'that there was a plan among the German princes to accuse the King of murder, for the purpose of throwing a veil over their own crime in imprisoning him,' when one of Humphrey's guards observed to the other, "that the strange fisherman sung in an unknown tongue, and he did not like the look of it."

"Nor do I like the sound," observed Humphrey, "for I have not had a single bite since the scoundrel came, I wish you would drive him away, or

there will be no supper of fish in the Castle to-night."

Theodore was immediately ordered to depart, and pleased with the adroitness of Humphrey, he walked away without much reluctance, though he affected to grumble.

The same tone was assumed by our homely fisherman, and with some appearance of reason, as he obtained very few fish, being in fact too much pleased, and too recently alarmed, to exercise the skill, or attain the calmness, necessary for his vocation; and he returned for the first time with an empty basket to his royal master, but the expression of his countenance was so far from being consistent with the sorrow he assumed in words, that Richard felt convinced there was some mystery in the affair.

"Thou sayest that a man sung and deluded the fish from thee. Wouldest thou have us believe he was a wizard?"

"In troth would I, please your majesty, for I can swear he hath more shapes than one."

"Then thou wouldest rejoice to see him tied to the stake and burnt for sorcery?"

"Would I?" cried Humphrey, "Nay! not for all the towers of Jerusalem should a hair of his mustachio be singed!"

"Pshaw! thou art a fool," said the King, turning away with a smile, fully convinced that Humphrey had seen Theodore, for he well knew the unchangeable regard in which the affectionate lad ever held *him*, whom he even now esteemed his master—he perceived also that poor Humphrey with all his zeal and honesty, and with a tolerably quick comprehension, and some aptness at evasion, could not be trusted beyond a certain point, and he durst make no further enquiries, and therefore turned away affecting vexation, but in reality nourishing a faint spark of hope which served to relieve the dullness of despondency and corroding care.

Humphrey conscious that he had again nearly betrayed Theodore, was for some time low spirited, but his natural desire to speak betrayed itself to the awakened views of his more enlightened companions in various ways, and after supper, when the cheerful meal and the advancing hour, had somewhat dulled the apprehension of the attendant guards, Sir Walter de Stagno observed to him:

"Canst thou remember no part of the song which stole away thy fish this morning? methinks thou wouldest do well to lull thy royal master to repose by singing it."

"Not I, Sir Knight, besides I should be afeard

to report his necromancy—'tis true I have a bit of a ballad of my own country that might help his Grace to *rest,* thof I fear my voice is not over gentle."

"Let's have it in St. George's name," quoth the king, "a cracked bell or a scolding jade, were better than the silence of a prison."

Humphrey rummaging his stock of words which was very scanty, having hit upon an idea which he felt too proud of to scan its impropriety, immediately began in a strong nasal tone, and broad Yorkshire dialect to sing as follows—the King listening with profound attention.

A yeoman there was, who in Durham did dwell,
And he thought in his heart, he was doing too well,
So he set off to Scotland in very great haste,
His health to wear out and his treasure to waste,
Derry down, down, derry down.

The Scots used him ill, as you well may suppose,
But he gave them their due in abundance of blows,
Then came homeward—got lost—folks thought he was dead,
So his brother, Jack Scapegrace, got up in his stead.
Derry down, &c.

But there came an old piper, whose name it was *fair,*
And he found the good yeoman was caught I declare,

And he told it a *younker*, who I understand,
Was a scribe and wrote strait to the great of the land.
Derry down, &c.

"Go on," said the King impatiently "thou art the best singer in Christendon, but in sooth none of the sweetest."

Humphrey proceeded with new powers to bleat forth.—

Then some gave a penny, and some gave a pound,
For this yeoman was loved, by the whole country round,
And all did agree they would ransom his lot,
Tho' vast was the fee of this Beggarly Scott.
Derry down, &c.

Now his mother comes forth, with her treasures apace,
And his wife she looks out with a smile on her face,
So there 'll soon be an end of this yeoman's sorrow,
And the woes of to-night be forgotten to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

Sweet is the cup of hope whatever be the hand that administers it, or the medium through which we quaff it, this homely, and somewhat offensive address, poured balm on the torn and aching bosom of the Captive Monarch, and although he had first frowned, then laugh'd outright, and finally melted into tears; yet his heart was at

length attuned to confidence in man and gratitude to God—the difficult circumstances in which he was placed compelled him to conceal every emotion as far as he was capable, he therefore took no further notice of the ballad, but for some time traversed his chamber with hasty steps—at length he required the assistance of Humphrey and prepared for his bed, humming as he disrobed, an air, which he frequently sung, in these new words.

There is a Scott, and a *noble* Scott,
And that Scott doth owe to me,
For the freedom of his land,
For the service of my band,
Full many a round penny.—

The eye of Humphrey immediately told the King that he comprehended him, and in the assurance that he was not forgotten by his friends and subjects, and that his miserable captivity was drawing to a close, the Lion-hearted Richard, sunk into the sweetest slumber he had enjoyed ince the day of his captivity.

CHAPTER XII.

The following day Humphrey went out again to fish, and as no person approached him during the whole day, suspicion as to Theodore's first interview was lulled to sleep, and as he had this time brought home a heavy basket, the keeper himself proposed, that as the cloudy weather continued, he should go again the day following.

The King, whose newly awakened hopes had brought with them the extreme anxiety, and restless solicitude of suspense, being now persuaded that Humphrey had understood his meaning, and that if he could regain the sight of Theodore, effectual assistance might be rendered to him by the friendship or gratitude of the King of Scotland: felt at this moment with tenfold severity the difficulty of his situation, in being surrounded with spies. When however he had himself arranged the fishing tackle, and put it into the young man's hands, he said in a tone of affected severity, which the open and even kind expression of

his countenance belied, " Look thou bringest us store of fish to-night, or thou hadst better throw thyself into the stream."

" So I will," said Humphrey, " if it will pleasure your Grace."

The King again *trusted*, but was not *certain*, that he was understood, and in a state of uneasiness and mental irritation, the most afflictive, he continued the whole day to traverse his apartment, utterly unable to compose his thoughts, or pursue his wonted ocupations. Poetry, so long his solace and his employment was forgotten, and conversation on the painful terms he held it was impossible.

" So," said poor Humphrey to himself, " I am turned out of the Castle"—" sent into the wide world to have my tongue cut out, that is, if one of the long arrows don't reach me first and pin me down to the soil"—" I see plain enough the King wants me to set off to Scotland and get him assistance—but St. George have pity on his poor head, who will believe me? And how am I to travel all these thousands of miles without friends or money?

At this moment Humphrey looking among his tackle for a hook, perceived a splendid ruby ring, the fellow to that which had in its costliness been

the means of betraying the King—poor Humphrey was horror struck at the sight, and laying it down instantly he cried, "Satan avaunt!"

"How now!" said a female peasant at that moment passing by with a basket of poultry on her arm, "seest thou a snake in the grass?"

"No," said Humphrey instantly recovering, "take thou that ring sweet damsel, and hie thee to the King of Scotland, say to him, 'Richard Cœur de Lion hath need of a thousand marks from thee'—hie thee quickly, and God speed thee."

The damsel picked up the precious jewel as if it were a daisy, and agitated with the consciousness of the many eyes which were upon her, said as she slowly went away, "The King will be dragged to Worms, accused of murder, and slandered a thousand ways, let not despondency so shake him that he forsake himself—he is *innocent*, let him be *strong*."

These words uttered, the stranger fled in a happy moment, for the guards perceiving that Humphrey stood as one astonished, were already on the way to watch him, and Theodore in his new disguise would unquestionably have been taken—when they came up to Humphrey they asked him

" what the peasant had said to him? and which way she went?"

" She told me something about *worms,*" said Humphrey, " and so flamagasted me I took notice of nothing else."

As Humphrey spoke, he digged with his fingers in the ground, as if seeking for the reptiles he wanted, and the guards were satisfied that he thought only of his angling. On his return, the King looked extremely wretched, for he supposed that Humphrey had been guarded the whole time, and that his ring, now the last of his treasures,* had been lost by accident—with great difficulty Humphrey conveyed to the King the information he had received, but when he did so, he perceived that the spirits of the unhappy monarch suddenly rose, and that the wickedness of an accusation for which his base enemies had no ground, save in the malice of their own vile conceptions, gave him spirits to endure his misfortunes by awakening his honest indignation, and contempt.

Happy was it that this spirit was thus roused, for soon afterwards in the dead of the night, the

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* Richard had bought three of these valuable rings in Pisan, the value of each was three hundred bezants.

chamber of Richard was suddenly entered by a great number of armed men, in addition to those who always remained there—he was told in a rude, imperative voice, to prepare for instant removal, and treated in every respect as a felon, by being loaded with chains, and taunted as a murderer by the wretches who surrounded him.

On this occasion, even his last attendant Knight, the companion of his captivity was taken from him, but Humphrey as a creature unworthy of notice, was suffered unheeded to follow the train, and the poor fellow accustomed to exercise in a hilly country in early life, was for a considerable time enabled to keep up with the horses, and when no longer able to do that, he still determined to follow to Worms and if possible assist his royal master, being (it must be confessed) by no means without hope of finding Sir Theodore there also, should he have delegated his errand to another.

This however was not the case, for although Theodore had by dint of entreaties and representations, caused many persons to enter fully into his views in procuring succour and promoting the ransom of the King, this errand was performed by him in person; and at the time his royal master was placed in a strong prison at Worms, he

had embarked in Holland for Edinburgh, and was now enjoying the favourable breeze which aided the monarch's cause.

Arrived at Worms, the indignities offered to Richard were every hour increased—his table was reduced to that allowed the meanest criminal; his guards were doubled, and the weight of his chains increased; he was openly accused of being the murderer of the Marquis de Montserrat in the Holy Land, together with many other crimes, such as, the insulting the Duke of Austria before Acre, the victory he obtained at Cyprus, and the making an alliance with Tancred; and at the same time denied all aid of counsel, and day after day, were added to his captivity, in the hope that the acuteness of his feelings, and the loftiness of his rage and indignation, would break his constitution, and wear out that manly frame, which was impervious to the fatigues of warfare, but shrunk in the weariness of captivity.

At length he was suddenly drawn from prison, and taken before the Diet of Worms, where were assembled the Princes of Germany, and their Emperor Henry IV. and the Ambassador of Philip, King of France, who envying his glory had long been his declared enemy—never had so august a tribunal sat upon the fate of any indi-

vidual—never had so august an individual been brought before any human tribunal.

The Emperor, and the other Sovereigns were seated on magnificent thrones, forming an amphitheatre round the upper part of an immense hall, and above, in a temporary gallery appeared a numerous concourse of ladies in splendid habiliments, blazing with jewels and wearing coronets and other ornaments bespeaking their rank—below the thrones, were ranged officers of the law, and in the opposite distance a number of armed soldiers, the keepers of the prison, and many respectable citizens who had found the means of gratifying their curiosity, and amongst these, appeared the now meagre form of Humphrey who had been near a month in the city, without friends or money, a wretched wanderer subsisting on casual charity, or the sale of a few fish taken from the neighbouring river.

When silence was proclaimed in court, the accusation of the King as the murderer of the Marquis de Montserrat, was read aloud, and he was cited to reply to the charge, every eye at the instant being strained towards the farther part of the hall, where the King was placed in the midst of so many guards, that he was scarcely discernible.

In a moment, with a bound, which no force could oppose, no foresight expect, from a shackled and long oppressed prisoner, Richard sprung forward and stood in the midst of his accusing peers, with a step as firm, a countenance as undismayed as he had worn in the plains of Cyprus and the walls of Acre—the majestic height of his person, his well-knit athletic limbs, the calm command of his dignified countenance, his open brow bleached by his long confinement, his clear black eye in which sweetness was blended with severity of expression—the clanking of his chains, the forlorn appearance of his clothing, rendered him altogether the most interesting object on which the eyes of all beholders had ever rested—and when, checking the rapidity of his movements, subduing the fierceness which was curling his lip, he cast his eyes upward and made that obeisance to the high-born dames called for from a courteous Knight of chivalry, every gentle bosom beat in sympathy, and the prisoner under all his disadvantages, became the single object of attraction, the charm of every eye, the pitied and admired of every heart.

Still more was this sentiment increased, when waving his fettered hand, and fixing his full view

on the Emperor after a moment's recollection, the accused monarch in a voice of the most perfect sweetness, and the deepest pathos, thus replied to the charge of murder.

"Most noble Emperor, our brother and Peer, the only one whom in this assemblage of the great; Richard of England allows as such, to you alone shall I address myself, and if in the slightest iota I go beyond the truth in my own statement of facts, let the witness against me instantly speak, those now sitting here as my accusers, judges, and witnesses, being themselves the parties to whom I appeal.

"When on my late crusade I took part against the pretensions of the Marquis of Montserrat to the crown of Jerusalem, I did it with the full conviction that de Lusignon his antagonist possessed the better title; a fact which not one of ye all can deny, without setting aside at once all claims to hereditary distinction, and testamentary possession. The brave Conrade knew me for an *open* opponent to his wishes, as did ye all, for when did Richard disguise his enmity, or dissemble in his friendship? But it was the misfortune of the noble Conrade to have offended the prince of a

country of the * assassins, (called the old man of the mountains,) who never failed to revenge all offences by compelling his slaves to murder—thus fell the unhappy marquis. Two of these wretches perpetrated the fact, by insinuating themselves at midday among his guards—these men were seized and tortured, and confessed the instigator of the deed, and died glorying in the action."

"Conrade expiring recommended his widow—to whom? not to the partisans of his cause—not to Philip of France—not to the princes of Germany—but to Richard of England—to *him*, whose prowess would protect her—whose beneficence would *aid* her—the prince of the assassins avowed his crime, and transmitted a memorial of it to Europe, for he gloried in his revenge, and were he now asked would repeat the fact; but it is the policy of the same accusation which invented the charge, to prevent me from gaining credentials of my innocence."

"Innocence!" exclaimed the King, "kindling into indignation at the word, ye *know* that I am innocent"—"this thing was not done in a corner,"

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* The term assassin, as signifying a private murderer has passed into common use all over Europe from this circumstance.

nor lives there one human being of power to scan the human mind that would accuse *me* of the meanness of private murder, of base concealed revenge—my arm is not wont to shrink from performing my will, and he who successfully opposed the mighty Saladin, was little likely to shrink from the Marquis of Montserrat had he been in fact his enemy—as a King, a Legislator, a warrior, I opposed him, for my duties compelled me, but as a man I honoured him, as a Christian held him in brotherly love—why waste I words? ye *know* this is the fact—all Europe and all Asia know it."

"Say rather we *desire* to know it," said the Emperor, "and in truth we for ourselves believe it, and are grieved to behold so great a King and renowned a warrior, arraigned before us."—

What further the Emperor might have said was not known, for he was interrupted by great confusion in the court, and one voice was heard to demand aloud, "admittance for the witnesses of King Richard."

"The witnesses of King Richard," echoed a solitary voice, which the monarch alone knew to be that of poor Humphrey, and the consciousness that in this magnificent assembly, one creature however mean, felt for him the attachment of a devoted heart, brought the first tear his eye had

owned, but conscious he must not indulge the emotions of tenderness, in the hour which demanded energy, he dashed it impetuously from his burning cheek.

"Knowest thou aught of these who demand entrance?" said the Emperor to the captive monarch.

"Nothing," replied Richard, "but I would that they were admitted—it may be that heaven has sent me help in the hour of need; or, that some device is further acted upon for my ruin, which I desire to investigate before ye all."

In a moment room was now granted, and a young crusading Knight habited in the holy insignia of his order appeared, leading a veiled female, who held in her hand various papers slightly folded in one of those rich embroidered handkerchiefs which were wrought only in the East—her clothing was that of a sacred sisterhood, established at Nazareth, and not indicative of peculiar rank; but her carriage was that of one, who, conscious of inherent dignity, and the support of the church to which she was dedicated, shrunk not even in the mighty circle of assembled sovereigns in which she stood.

When these two people had advanced with modest but assured steps, to the place where the

royal prisoner stood alone, the female threw back her veil—cast her eyes around, and falling on her knees called out,

"So please ye mighty sovereigns, I am the bearer of certain letters to the Emperor Henry—to the Duke of Austria and others, in this great presence.

"Who art thou woman? whence bringest thou these?" demanded the Herald as he took the letters from her extended hand.

"My name is Alice de Linton—my vocation, a sister of the blessed burial—I am returned through many dangers from Tyre and Jaffa, with these presents."

The letters in their costly envelope, were immediately handed forward to the august personages to whom they were addressed, and Alice remained standing with the calm firmness of one, who expected that the severity of the torture would probably put her assertions to the test.

Not thus stood Theodore—in the day of battle, he had shewn the firmness of manhood in the very bloom of youth—neither allured by temptation, nor subdued by suffering, he had endured the trials that were past, with firmness, and by unwearied zeal, ability, and activity, had conduced in every possible way to sustain the cause

of his sovereign when it appeared most hopeless—but to see that monarch so idolized, that master so beloved; degraded, though yet the greatest Prince on earth arraigned, though guiltless and glorious; and enchained by the very hands which should have crowned him with fame and honour; was a sight the generous youth found it utterly impossible to endure. In the view of the whole court, Theodore saw neither rank, nor beauty, save that of his royal master; and hastily throwing himself at the feet of the prisoner, he embraced his knees, clung around him with an agony of sorrow and love, that admitted neither controul nor disguise, and unable to vent in words the feelings of his breast, he wept and sobbed aloud.

The heart of the Lion, which withstood the hand of power and oppression, as the deep rooted rock defies the wave and the wind; melted at the soft touch of loyalty so unshaken, and love so ardent. With streaming eyes, and eager hands, he raised the youth from the ground and pressed him to his bosom, the warmth of this embrace shook the fetters on his arms so much, that the sound was heard through the whole court, at that moment attending in deep silence to the contents of the letters. It was a sound that touched the

inmost chord of every feeling bosom—all the ladies were deeply affected—the attendants were moved as one man, and the princes by a simultaneous movement, indicated their remorse or their contempt, for a prosecution they blushed to own.

"These letters*," proclaimed the Emperor, "are fully exculpatory of our beloved brother monarch—they are forwarded to us by the widow of Conrade, containing direct avowals from the Prince of the assassins of the murder of Conrade Marquis of Montserrat, and confirmation of her husband's good will and unshaken confidence in Richard of England—on *other* points, we are ourselves satisfied, that the greatest warrior of our day well knew when he ought to draw the sword against Isaak, and make alliance with Tancred. Brother of Austria there remains only on record against the prisoner, your accusation of being offended at Ascalon, an offence, for which you have taken terrible reparation.

The Duke of Austria covered with shame, muttered in a low voice somewhat of apology rather than of accusation, and his confusion evidently increased, when Richard with grace and matchless dignity, thus accosted him.

* Such letters were produced.

"For whatever, in the heat of my temper (awakened by a cause so glorious, and a service so arduous) I might say at the siege of Ascalon derogatory to the dignity of the Duke, I ask his forgiveness before ye all—I well remember, and the latest posterity shall record it, that his Highness alone of all the Champions of the Cross refused to become a Bricklayer* or a Carpenter amongst us—it well becomes Richard of England, the veriest slave, and most laborious drudge, in the service of the Cross, to own the *fact*, and pay obeisance to the dainty warrior, whose hands, were unsoiled by the labours, though they shared the laurels of the day."

The Emperor, hastily quitting his throne descended to embrace the prisoner, and restore him to the honours of which he had been robbed, for his heart appeared deeply moved with shame and sorrow and impatient to give restitution, but his avarice finally prevailed over these indications of a better feeling, and he persisted to demand that ransom for which England had been taxed to its utmost powers, thus at once acquitting him of guilt yet demanding the forfeit claimed for its expiation. The immense sum of 150,000 marks or £300,000 of our money was demanded, of

* Historical fact.

which £100,000 was to be paid before the King could have his liberty, and sixty seven hostages were to be held as security till the rest was brought forward.

"And for this end," exclaimed Richard, his form dilating, and his countenance glowing with indignation, "for* this end, have I, the Champion of the Cross who have expended in that honourable cause the immense treasures of my Father, the blood of my subjects, and the indefatigable exertions of three of the best years of my existence—been thrown into a dungeon, loaded with irons, treated as a subject, and a malefactor, torn from the wife I love, the mother I revere, the country to whom my heart is bound, and for whom my services are requisite—shame! on the ingratitude, the vile *ingratitude* that has oppressed me, shame! on the base, the unworthy"—

At this moment of eloquent reproach and energetic recrimination, the eye of the King fell upon Theodore and Alice—two people who for his sake had traversed kingdoms, braved dangers, endured difficulties, despised tyrants, and this very day thrown themselves into the hands of those merciless oppressors from whom they had

* Historical, see Hume.

every thing to fear. The bitter invective of the harassed King was suddenly arrested even on his lips, and he bestowed on these faithful followers, especially the female, a smile of ineffable complacency, which seemed at once to extract the gall from his own heart, and restore to him the joy of benevolent and gentle sensations.

The Emperor seized this moment for conciliation, and many of the Princes became loud in their condemnation of all that was passed, and in the assembly there was only found *one,* who was base enough to regret the termination, and this was the emissary of Philip of France, who on hearing of Richard's feedom wrote to his brother John, who was then endeavouring to get possession of the English throne. " Take care of yourself, the devil is broken loose."

King Richard was now taken to the Emperor's palace at Spires, surrounded by all the pageants of royalty, clothed, and served as a King. The same bright eyes which had wept his sorrow in the morning, shone with new lustre as they experienced his courtesy, and shared his conversation in the evening, and Theodore, again recognized in the language of the day, as the " Cub of the Lion," was treated with distinguished regard and flattering admiration.

Anxiety and constraint however still affected both the Monarch and his faithful Knight, and perhaps no person concerned in this affair could justly be termed happy, but Humphrey; who being sought out by his kind young master, had soon the satisfaction of being safely lodged in the city, introduced to the friend of his childhood dame Alice, and what was of more immediate importance, accommodated with a basin of smoking brewis* and a manchet of roast beef.

CHAPTER XIII.

When poor Humphrey had saved himself from the death he most dreaded, and disliked, and found himself farther comforted by a clean towel, a new vest, shoes, and hose, his natural cheerfulness, and the warm affections of his heart began to expand, and he felt that in seeing Dame Alice once more, his hopes of regaining his early home,

* Brewis, a favourite dish in those days, is not less so now in that district where Humphrey was born.

and beloved parents, were revived, and he gazed upon her with an intentness of love and admiration, which at an earlier period of her life might have been mistaken for a different sentiment; but which now excited her risibility—and when she laughed poor Humphrey laughed also.

"I'll be bound now dame you laugh because I stare so at ye—why surely its quite natural, for I haven't seen a decent looking woman this many a day, nor spoken to a single one since I squired that poor slave all the way from Jerusalem to Jaffa—aye! I've a fine deal to tell feether and mother if I ever gets to Laughton again, but for that matter so have ye."

"Sir Theodore told me you were the faithful attendant of that unfortunate Christian lady, know ye what became of her?" replied Alice.

"All I know is, that the King sent her hoame in the ship with dispatches, and gave orders tha she should be placed in a nunnery, at Winchester till he got back, and things were settled—did Sir Theodore, tell you what sort of a creature she was?"

"*Creature!* he spoke of her as an admirable woman and to him an invaluable friend."

"So she was I take it, or he 'd hardly have given up his chance of liberty for *her* to take it,

but what I mean is that she was so fair and grand like, with the voice of a nightingale and the speech of a Queen, her eyes were as blue as a Palestine sky, and her hands as white as snow on a holly bush, only with a long red line on the left, like the scratch of a pricker."

"Are you sure of that?" said Alice eagerly.

"*Sure!*—its like I am sure—didn't I lead her up hill, and down dale, many a long mile—wasn't she forced to stop many and many a time for weariness, and lay that same white hand fast hold o' my elbow—why before I got her to Acre, she was pretty well as weak as that old Earl de Clifford, who Theodore nursed back again, when he was just off as one may say."

"The Earl de Clifford!" exclaimed Alice.

"Aye! the old prisoner with a beard like the icicles from my feether's roof, and that shook like the aspen tree by our barn door—why you gaze at me as if you thought I were telling tantrums, yet that's a thing I could never make a good hand on in all my life.,'

"But did the Earl recover?"

"O, aye! the old boy came about purely, but now I think on't, our leech said he must stay a year or two in Italy, to get up his strength before he went hoame to old Britain, seeing his Castle lay north and the cold air might kill him outright."

Alice arose, and recommending Humphrey to sup well, and sleep soundly, retired, and was certainly obeyed with avidity. Notwithstanding the many fatigues she had endured, the incessant anxieties she had suffered, Alice could not follow this counsel, and after a night of little repose, she presented herself in the morning, equipped for a journey, to the astonished eyes of Humphrey, telling him, "that she was bound for England, had procured passports for him, and hoped he was willing to accompany her as it was desired he might do so by his master."

Humphrey had no love for Germany, but he had a great deal for Theodore, he therefore felt some difficulty in leaving him just as he was recovered, when however he recollected that his master was in the Palace for which he had a great aversion, ever coupling it with the idea of a prison, he became reconciled to setting out, especially with a friend so highly esteemed as his companion, whom he justly looked upon as a being of superior intellect, whose wisdom would protect him from the misfortunes he had so abundantly experienced, from deficient knowledge.

To this surprising woman, who on witnessing the distress of her beloved Eléve, the unhappy

Theodore, could voluntarily set out to the Holy Land at her advanced age, to procure testimonies of her Sovereign's innocence, at the time when his calumniators were slandering him while he lay in bondage—to her, who united to this zeal those tender remembrances of early friendship which in advancing life rarely leave more than a shadow on the mind, but yet led *her* once more to retrace the plains of Judea, such a journey as the present appeared trifling, and as she was mistress of the language of the countries through which they passed, in comparatively a short time they reached Flanders, from whence they embarked for England.

At this time the whole country was in commotion, collecting the enormous ransom, and the hostages demanded for the liberation of the King. The sight of his own land so transported Humphrey, that Alice would not detain him from that part of it which he thought was worth all the rest, and she sent him home to his parents, as soon as she had arranged those plans for her own movements, which she could manage without his assistance, charging him at the same time with many commissions, for which he was amply reimbursed, and appointing a certain time when he should return and meet her in the metropolis.

Whilst Humphrey astonished the people of Laughton en-le-Morthen with the wonders he had seen, and even drew the monks of Roche Abbey, and the garrison of Tickhill, to listen to his stories, the young Knight his master was not less happily employed in attending his sovereign to Mentz, where Eleanor the Queen mother, and Walter the Archbishop of Rouen, were, by the liberality of the King of Scotland at Theodore's late instigation, able to produce all the money and the hostages, and to liberate the King.

Delighted to meet his mother, thankful for his recovered liberty, and impatient to see his queen, the King lost not an hour in setting out for his own kingdom; but the Emperor as false in fact, as he had appeared liberal in manner, had laid a plan for again surprizing and actually * assassinating the prince, whom he had so lately accused of this very crime. Theodore discovered the pursuers, at the time Richard was engaged in close conversation with his mother, and giving instant alarm, the King made all imaginable haste, and embarking at the mouth of the Scheldt was out of sight of land, when the messengers reached Antwerp where they had intended to dispatch him.

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* See Hume.

After this long string of adventures, and misfortunes, Richard at length landed safely at Sandwich, and proceeded towards London, greeted by all his subjects with the most heartfelt delight, and lauded by them as the most glorious monarch that had ever graced the English throne.

The nearer he approached to the metropolis, the more widely was the news of his return circulated, and people poured in from every part of the country, to gaze upon the beloved King, whom they deemed a prodigy for his valour, and a martyr for his sufferings. Even the vast sum they had raised for his ransom, and which was even now collecting, prevented them not from the most extravagant rejoicings, or the most expensive proofs of their attachment. Superb horses richly caparisoned, splendid robes, chains of gold, and crosses of diamonds, were presented to him on the road, and he entered London in the stile of a triumphant conqueror, being met at the outside of the City by an immense number of nobility, priests, aldermen and rich citizens, each carrying some valuable present, or banner, in token of joy, triumph, and loyalty.

The whole space of the streets through which he passed were hung with garlands of flowers, ribbons, and silken flags—tapestries, and costly

King Richards entry into London.

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Blanche discovers de Clifford is her Father.

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velvets, were hung from the open windows, which were lined with spectators in their best attire, and such was the general air of wealth seen in the city of London on this festive occasion, several foreigners declared, "that if the Emperor of Germany had thought England had been so rich, even the enormous ransom he had secured, would have been far too little for his rapacity to have exacted."

Scarcely had Richard arrived in his kingdom, when the Duke of Austria falling from his horse was so injured that he fell into a fever, and conceiving himself struck by the hand of heaven for his injustice, ordered all the English hostages in his hands to be set at liberty, and his share of the ransom yet due to be remitted. The King received these hostages with pleasure, and determined to celebrate his own coronation again, with that of his young Queen at Winchester, that being the place where his father and mother were married, and to which he was extremely partial.

To the great joy of Theodore, on attending his royal master to this ancient city, he once more met his venerable friend Alice, whose sudden departure from Germany had puzzled and therefore somewhat distressed him, although he did not doubt but she was in some way forwarding the interest of the King, to whom as all his own thoughts

were given, he concluded her's were also; although the fact was, that Alice served the King for the dearer sake of Theodore.

This coronation was performed with all the splendour the exhausted state of the kingdom could supply, and with all the solemnity demanded by the importance of the occasion. When the King came forth from the cathedral, he presented himself and Berengaria to the people, in a large inclosed space prepared for the purpose, and as the season was now delightful, nothing could be conceived more gratifying than the sight. The shouts of welcome from tens of thousands rose upon the air, the beloved companions of his early life, the remainder of those who had shared his warfare stood around him, joyful in *his* joy, proud of *his* glory, and devoted to *his* will, and the heart of Richard once more bounded to the voice of love, and was sensible of the power of happiness.

The populace were feasted under vast awnings, and a royal banquet provided in the court house of William the Conqueror, whither the monarch and his splendid train now retired for a short time, that the people might enjoy their mirth and revelry without restraint.

At this moment the Baron Harcourt appeared

leading forward a venerable man, who although apparelled as became a nobleman, was not arrayed as became the occasion, but ere his conductor had time to apologize for him as a traveller, the King recognized him and gave welcome to him before his court as the Earl de Clifford.

The aged veteran was followed by two Knights bearing a costly present to the King, which was a golden vase full of coin of the same precious metal, with which to satisfy his rapacious enemy. The Earl himself presented this upon his knees at the foot of the throne, to his deliverer, from worse than Egyptian bondage. Although far different now to what he appeared when released from the prison at Acre, the Earl was yet a weak old man, and Richard with ready courtesy and urbanity, hastened to relieve him from the weighty boon, and in doing so displayed upon his wrist (which from the form of the coronation robe exposed that part of his arm,) a bracelet of hair curiously wrought, which attracted the Queen's attention, who observed—

"My Liege you have got there a curious ornament?"

"At least an useful one," replied the King, "for it saved me twice from sabre cuts at Jaffa, slight and insufficient as it appears."

"It is indeed a delicate braiding and looks wonderfully like a boon from a fair hand, drawn from a fair head. Your grace knows best from whence ye gained it."

It was evident the Queen viewed the bracelet with no small anxiety, but the courtiers were diverted from remarking her, by a more striking curiosity—the Earl de Clifford drew from his attendant, two round pieces of glass set in a frame work adapted to the form of his face, in such a manner that he placed them readily upon his nose* and peered through the glasses in order to see more plainly. It was the opinion of many present, that the ornament the King displayed, had been imbued with magical properties, for though the Queen had only changed colour thereat, the old Earl shook with emotion, and earnestly besought the King to inform him whence he had it, affirming, "that he had seen it himself in the Holy Land many years before."

"Here comes Sir Theodore your old friend, Earl, we had the braid from him as an assurance of his existence, and he sent it us the rather, because we had once witnessed its service to him at Ascalon, when a Damascene blade was foiled

* Spectacles were first worn in England in this reign.

by it—" ho! Sir stripling, how camest thou by this bracelet?" cried the monarch gaily.

" My earliest friend gave it to me, telling me that she took it herself from the dead arm of my murdered father, who wore it as my mother's gift, it being woven from her hair."

" *Thy* mother's hair!" exclaimed the Earl, still more deeply agitated, and gazing with extreme anxiety on the youth, as if he had the power of expressing by looks, the various questions he was unable to utter; but at this moment he was compelled to forego enquiry, for the Abbess of the grand Convent of the Ursulines was entering with a numerous train, to make an offering to the monarch, and present to him some petition of importance.

On the right of this venerable lady, was seen one who was of far different dress and aspect, and on whom every eye was involuntarily bent—her form was slender, yet majestic, her brow open, yet pensive; and never had the Grecian chisel pourtrayed features of more exquisite beauty. She was arrayed in a mantle of black velvet, open at the bosom and shoulders, with wide sleeves which descended to the ground, which were opened to the middle of the arm, and displayed a lining of pure ermine. From her head flowed a

mantle of Cyprus lawn, and on her brow shone a cross of deep amethyst—she walked with an air of nobleness, yet her steps would often tremble, and a flush of fear and modesty continually passed over her cheek, and animated the paleness of her snowy skin.

When the Abbess stepped forward, and bestowed on the royal pair the ecclesiastical and maternal benediction, it was received with reverence by the monarch, and heard with silence by his court—but still more profound was the attention, when she took the graceful stranger by the hand, and presented her as "the slave his goodness had protected—an orphan, who besought his countenance and prowess, in the restoration of her rights, as heiress of the Earl de Clifford."

"But the Earl still lives—behold! him here."

"My Father," exclaimed the stranger, "oh! no, no, I cannot be so blest?"

"It is her voice!" cried the old Earl struggling to reach the spot where the lady stood—but in a moment, regardless even of the presence, she had flung herself at his feet, she had besought his blessing—she had risen, she had gazed at that dear face so aged, and so care-worn, and in tears and inarticulate words, thanked heaven for beholding it once more.

"This," said the gallant monarch to the brave Barons that stood around him, "is indeed a sight worthy of the day which gives it us—by St. George it brings the woman into our eyes as freely as thine Theodore's, but prythee bring forward that vestal friend of thine, whom I see below there, we owe her much, and would recommend her especially to our Queen, who will not on *this* occasion suspect our fidelity."

Alice was at the feet of the Queen, before the long parted father and daughter had recovered from the surprize and overwhelming joy of their situation; but when she arose, Theodore conducted her to the Earl of whose recent arrival she had not heard: when he announced her as Alice de Linton, the old man bewildered by the events of the day repeated the words with a kind of half recollection, but his daughter stretching out her fair arms towards her, swooned in her embrace.

Immediate restoratives were offered on every side, and the young Queen herself supported the long suffering stranger, but the voice of Alice was the first that welcomed her to new life and restored happiness.

"Awake! awake! Lady Blanche," cried she with energy, "behold your faithful servant, your long lost Alice again, and with her, the father we

believed dead—the child you committed to her care."

"Child!" said the stranger, looking wildly around, "where is the child?—do not deceive me, Alice."

"Theodore, behold your mother!—my vow is absolved."

Theodore flew to the Lady Blanche, he knelt by her side, he gazed upon her with all the intensity of affection and admiration, of which sensibility like his was capable, and as with rapid thought, he glanced over the wonderful circumstances of their meeting, remembered from how much of depravity his mother had preserved *him*, in how singular a manner he had been the means of redeeming *her* from slavery, his gratitude to heaven arose to the purest transports, and tears of bliss too exquisite for utterance poured from his uplifted eyes.

When poor Humphrey was informed of these wonderful events, he was beside himself with joy—"the fair slave a grand lady"—"his idolized Theodore a noble baron, who would henceforward live in a castle of which he would be the major domo himself," inspired him with delight which he expressed by a thousand frantic gestures, which ended with plans of eternal aggrandizement. In

the midst of all he checked himself, and gazing upon Alice cried out, "ah! dame Alice, after all is said and done, you that sit there so quietly, are still the happiest of the whole set of us, putting the King and Queen into the bargain, for you are very sartain that the tree you nourished from the size of a bracken bush, will spread out to a goodly oak, and shelter your old age under its branches.

"I do," replied Alice, "in a double sense, since both Theodore and his mother were objects of my unceasing care and tenderness through life, and their *virtues* are now a crown of rejoicing to my age still greater than their prosperity. But go on with thy mirth Humphrey, for joy is the natural effect of such circumstances to the young, to *me* it is enough that I am satisfied, and thankful."

We can only add to the above story, the circumstance, that when Theodore was reinstated in his rank, and the good Earl had taken possession in person of his Castle in the north of Yorkshire, and our long desolate orphan beheld himself the possessor of those fair fields, on the banks of the

Wharfe,* of which he spoke in the outset of this history, the King himself visited him there.

During this progress through so considerable a part of his dominions, King Richard made himself particularly acquainted with the many evils which had occurred to his country during his long absence, he redressed many grievances, listened to many complaints, and at this time pardoned his brother John for his many rebellious acts, using these memorable words, "I forgive you, and hope I shall as easily forget your injuries, as you will forget my pardon." The most remarkable circumstance which attended his tour, was the encountering in the forests in Nottinghamshire, Robin Hood and his men, who were by this time become a formidable band of robbers, and who by blending acts of generosity with those of rapine, had made friends of the country around them. The King was little likely to allow an organized banditti to exist in open defiance of his laws, yet he was ever

* Bolton—two centuries afterwards this memorable estate was the property of the shepherd Earl de Clifford, who for thirty years dwelt in Cumberland in obscurity, it now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire by descent from this earl in the female branches.

inclined to look with an eye of favour on all who exhibited those feats of personal prowess, in which he excelled himself, and in much anxiety he consulted with Theodore on the best means of reducing these outlaws to obedience without proceeding to extremities. It may be readily conceived that our young crusader entered into the views of his sovereign, and as he had in all his travels ever preserved the bugle that was given him in St. Grimbald's cave by the captain of the gang, he set out alone to the scene of action, and having blown a strong blast soon gathered the outlaws around him with Robin Hood at their head, who welcomed him with marks of the strongest affection. Theodore was no longer a timid though virtuous boy—manly, intrepid, eloquent, and persuasive, he represented to these deluded men the folly and wickedness of their conduct in such strong and energetic language, that they consented one and all to surrender themselves to the king, and it was the rich reward of Theodore to convey to them the pardon of their sovereign and enrol them amongst the number of his brave followers and soldiers, thus rescuing them from a life of shame, and a death of ignominy. Many old songs and traditions yet exist relative to this happy event, and

which mention the restoration of Robin Hood to his estates as Earl of Huntingdon, and his reconciliation to King Richard, after which he had the honour of entertaining the King, Queen, and their whole court in the forest of which he had so long reigned sovereign himself.

FINIS.

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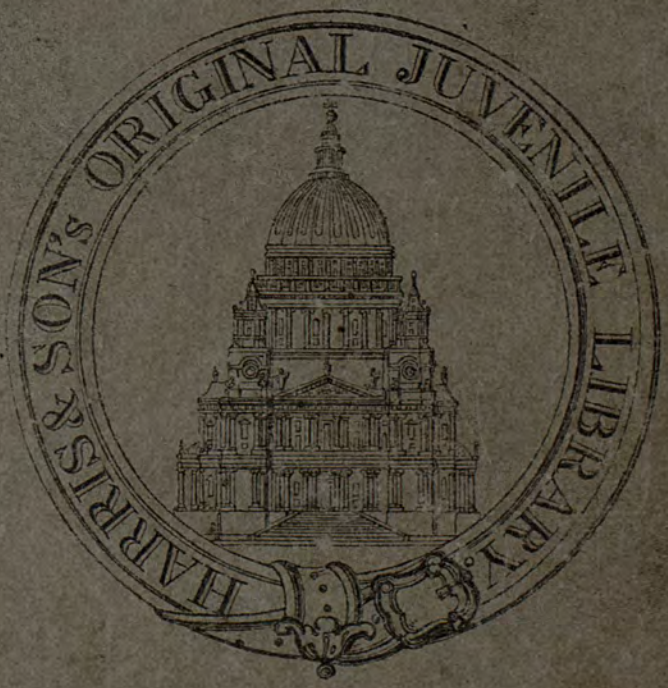
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