

# IVANHOE



SIR WALTER SCOTT

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.  
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.

Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,  
In thy most need to go by thy side.

---

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

No. 16

FICTION

IVANHOE  
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

**SIR WALTER SCOTT**, born at Edinburgh in 1771. Called to the Bar, 1792; Sheriff-depute of Selkirk, 1799; Principal Clerk of Session, 1812. Moved to Abbotsford in 1812, and died there on 21st September 1832. Ruined in 1826 by the failure of Messrs. Constable and Ballantyne, but he worked off the greater part of his indebtedness and his executors were able to settle the balance after his death. Created a baronet in 1820.

## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THE great historical novelists have always been inclined to take their history as Wamba took his pedigree, lightly, and one cannot read far in *Ivanhoe* without finding that Scott in its pages made the most of his liberty. He is quite frank about it. He offers a disclaimer, along with his explanation of his methods, in his preamble to the story, and he repeats it with equal plainness in his notes:—

"I neither can nor do pretend," he says, "to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners."

Historical romance was, in fact, for Sir Walter Scott a very free translation indeed of the past into the present. It was not only that his stated formula was "ancient manners in modern language"; its application in his books was easy and variable. So we find him discussing apropos of *Ivanhoe* Strutt's *Queenhoo Hall*, a romance which few have read to-day, but which is very well worth reading by all who care to settle the difficult business of getting the greatest common measure between the science and the fantasy of history. What Scott says about this almost forgotten book is the more interesting because he had some hand in putting it finally into shape. Strutt's method was not Scott's; in *Queenhoo Hall* the archæologue outsteps the romancer, and a distinct bid is made for the obsolete. A passage from it may be given for the sake of comparison with kindred passages in *Ivanhoe*. It occurs near the opening of the story, where Jack of Wellwyn, Robin Tossplot, Gillys the juggler, and some other choice spirits meet at Hob Filcher's tavern, and wear their costumes and speak their lines with somewhat of a Wardour Street air.

"That same borrel knight," said Hugh, "benemp him how ye may, was a tall man and a brave——"

"He a tall man!" cried Hob, "the foul fiend afray him, he is a carle, a princox. I'll tell ye, my hearts, this tall man, with his gay train as crank as peacock's, passed my doors

without giving me the good-day, or hansling a single cross with me for luck's sake."

"Marry, that was a shrewd ill guise of his!"

It is worth while to note that there is a fifteenth century reproduction of a tournament, at the May revels, in the opening chapter of *Queenhoo Hall*, from which Scott might very well have borrowed some effects. Robin Hood, too, and Little John are represented at these May games in Hertfordshire, and so *Ivanhoe* of the twelfth century and *Queenhoo Hall* of the fifteenth meet by anticipating and reversing history respectively. Strutt's book reached Scott, recollect, just as he was thinking of turning romancer.

Again Scott said in one of the notes to *Ivanhoe* that the author of "a modern antique romance" need, so long as he produced no obvious anachronism, not stick to only proven and stated manners and customs. Only he must not do as Mat or "Monk" Lewis did, who was accused of using negroes in his *Castle Spectre*, and said in reply he did so for the sake of contrast; and that if he could get as good an effect by making his heroine blue, blue she should be.

However, *Ivanhoe* is in no wise built on Monk Lewis's shaky base. In its colours and its spirit, it is another Froissart book. It is freely suffused with the atmosphere of a later day; but the atmosphere is still historical. Scott takes from Froissart some of the effects used in the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche; but he distinctly increases the historic illusion by this pretty obvious thirteenth century Froissart patch on the twelfth century canvas, just as a beggar's breeks look the more convincing with a piece of the squire's hunting-coat let into their rent integument. The tournament at Smithfield, commanded by Richard II., which we find in Froissart, gives us one detail; but much better is that at Vannes. The affairs between the Lord de Pousanges and the Lord de Vertain, between Clarius de Savoye and Finchley, and between John de Chatelmorant and Sir Wm. Farrington, all wear the chivalric graces which Scott knew well how to adopt. Still better is the jousting at St. Inglevere, where the three young knights, Sir Boucicaut, Reginald de Roye, and the Lord de Saimpi held the lists for thirty days against all comers.

Add to the noise of these occasions some details from fiercer fields. When we hear the followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shout, "Ha! Beau-seant, Beau-seant! at the tourney, we seem to hear it through a hubbub of real battle and catch

faintly in the distance an echo of Poitiers—"Mountjoy! Saint Denis!" When we read how *Ivanhoe* and Rebecca watched Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight at the siege of Torquilstone Castle, we seem to be back again at the barriers of Newcastle-on-Tyne, or at the castle of Cambray, to see that squire of Vermandois, John St. Disier, holding the barriers there against John Chandos. It is no reflection upon Sir Walter Scott that he too came under the spell of Sir John Froissart. It was inevitable that he, like all other modern resumers of the antique, should borrow much music, and arms and armour too, from the best of all the romantic historians. Even the details of the dust in the lists, that gives so much reality to the description of the Ashby scene, is a Froissart touch; and if Sir Walter then, delighting in Sir John, added a foot or two to the length of his lances in *Ivanhoe*, and altered his short to long bows on the same principle, we must not grumble.

As Mr. J. E. Morris has pointed out in his valuable researches into the military period of Edward I.: "Robin Hood with a six-foot bow is impossible in the thirteenth century, but tradition attributed to him what was possible to the fourteenth century archer."<sup>1</sup> Locksley in *Ivanhoe* is as every ballad-reader knows none other than Robin Hood; but in making use of him, Scott not only lengthened his bow and bow-shot, but took certain liberties with his mortal lease. Robert Fitzooth of Locksley, otherwise Robin Hood, died about the year 1245, and though he could not have shot so far or figured so large as Scott says, in Richard's reign, it was no great sin against the likelihood of the time to use him as a romance figure:—

"Mercy," cried Robin to our king,  
 "Under the trystyll tree,  
 Of thy goodness and thy grace  
 For my men and me!"

"Fore God," then said our lord and king,  
 "My grace I grant to thee,  
 If that thou leave the good greenwood,  
 And all thy company!"

"For all dread of Edward our king," says one of the Robin Hood ballads; others show how freely the ancient folk-tale of "the king and the outlaw" was adapted to different times and reigns. English folk-lore had carried Edward IV. to

<sup>1</sup> *The Welsh Wars of Edward I.: a Contribution to Mediæval Military History.* Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1901.

Sherwood; Scott translated Richard I. into the same scene and a different century by the same imaginative independence.

But turn now to the more serious part of the history set out in *Ivanhoe*, first to the much debated question of the supposed national aspirations of the Saxons. For the purposes of a romance of two races, as it is figured in *Ivanhoe*, and in the book for which it was the model—Lytton's *Harold*, a dramatic increase of the Saxon hope becomes almost inevitable. But in *Harold* there is more excuse for magnifying the "Saxon" than in *Ivanhoe*: as Lytton is telling of a climacteric moment in English or Anglo-Saxon history. And this is why Freeman is relatively severe on Scott.

"In the contemporary writers," says Freeman,<sup>1</sup> speaking of the fusion of the English and Normans, "we may look in vain for any sign of that long-abiding hatred between Normans and 'Saxons' of which Thierry has, after his master Scott, given us so eloquent a picture. When we believe that the keep of Coningsburgh Castle is older than the Norman Conquest, . . . that Englishwomen, whether of the fifth or of the twelfth century, bore the names of Rowena and Ulrica, and when we believe that the Christian English folk of the twelfth century prayed to the Slavonic idol Czernibog, or swore by the soul of the heathen Hengest, . . . or that there was a time when Norman and English differed about the time of keeping Easter, . . . then we may believe in the state of things set forth in the history (Thierry's) of which the Cedric (Cerdic)? of the romance is the popular embodiment."

Again, Freeman says, speaking in his magisterial way: "No Englishman in the twelfth century called himself a Saxon, or was called a Saxon by anybody except a Scot or a Briton."

Apparently Scott was on occasion misled by his own native or national ideas as a Scotsman, not only in terming the English Saxons, as a Celt would have done, but also into crediting his Saxons with what were British, or Celtic, or Scottish imaginations and desires. But Freeman might easily tempt the reader too far into historical suspicions of *Ivanhoe*. Saxon, after all, is a proverbial label, that romance borrowed from history; and Cedric is a good romance-name, bearing that suggestion of the life its bearer lived, and the things he lived for, which a name of the kind ought to bear.

And for his castles, though his keep of Coningsburgh is

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. v., appendix, p. 839.

certainly not Saxon, as Scott would have it, and though it may have only been a timber structure on a tump in Richard's day, the description is good as realising the cumbrous strength of some early Norman strongholds. The reader can pause if he likes to dive into Clark's *Mediæval Military Architecture*, or to look up Mrs. Armitage's interesting papers in the *English Historical Review* (April and July 1904) on the Early Norman Castles of England, if he wishes to see how little the Saxons did in castle-building of any kind, and how much less the Normans may have done in stone, at this date, than we usually suppose. Still the Norman kings and the Angevin kings were great builders; and Richard built Saucy Castle on the Seine before he died in storming the Castle of Chalus.

Take next Scott's pictures of the Jews. Here he is fairly close to history, but he did not rely only on mediæval evidence. Isaac of York in person is no other than Shylock paraphrased and turned from drama into good narrative; and to explain certain details in his account of the Jews, we must turn to Lockhart's *Life*, where there are several vivid glimpses of *Ivanhoe* in the making. Scott owed much of the Jewish colour worked into his Saxon tapestry to the visits during his illness of his friend Skene. This was in the year 1819, when he had, owing to his sufferings, to dictate the story as he lay on his couch. We owe the account of it to Skene's wife, who describes how, sitting by Scott's bedside, and trying to amuse him "as well as he could in the intervals of pain, Skene happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable austerity by their Christian neighbours, being still locked up at night in their own quarter by great gates; and Mr. Skene, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and divert it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel." Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, Scott reminded Mr. Skene of this conversation, and said, "You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences."

Mrs. Skene adds another striking personal note to our knowledge of the writing of the romance. "Dining with us one day," she says, "not long before *Ivanhoe* was begun,

something that was mentioned led him to describe the sudden death of an advocate of his acquaintance—a Mr. Elphinstone—which occurred in the *Outer-house* soon after he was called to the bar. It was, he said, no wonder that it had left a vivid impression on his mind, for it was the first sudden death he ever witnessed; and he now related it so as to make us all feel as if we had the scene passing before our eyes. In the death of the Templar in *Ivanhoe*, I recognised the very picture—I believe I may safely say the very words."

If Scott had written *Ivanhoe* to-day, in the full light of modern history, he would have written it differently no doubt. He must have cast his Prince John in much less pleasant colours; his King Richard must have had much less effect on John's intrigues; and the former would not have brought into the part of the Black Knight half the English sympathies he did. The late Prof. York Powell said that Richard might have made a good king, but contented himself with being a good knight; and Scott himself prompted this picturesque verdict. His foreign wars and his Crusaders' exploits counted more to Richard than did the whole people of England, amongst whom he spent so little of his time.

Richard, succeeding to the crown, was hallowed at Westminster in September 1189; in December he left England, not to return till, after his Crusade and his imprisonment, the month of March 1194. The excuse for Scott's Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood interlude is in Richard's going that spring to Nottingham. But the romance carries him to places that as King of England he never saw, and without keeping to exact dates, prolongs his apparent stay in England far past its time in history. For Richard had hardly been crowned at Westminster before he was gone again. He reigned ten years in fact as actual king; he did not spend ten months of that period in England; and more than any of the Angevin kings, he failed to regard it from an English prince's point of view. It was lion's-provider to Richard, head-province and crown-giver to Anjou and Normandy; little more.

All Richard's real activity as soldier and statesman—and he was more of the latter than Scott thought—had an extra-insular orbit. On one genuine romance-point, however, Scott did not exaggerate or lessen Richard's faculty, and that was in the art of minstrelsy: witness one verse freely rendered from his lay written in prison about the end of 1192, addressed to his sister Joan:—

" True is the saying, that stone walls do prove  
Dead men no friends have; prisoners gain no love;  
If my friends leave me here, to save their gold,  
'Tis bad for me, but worse for them, far worse,  
Who when I die, shall bear my dying curse  
If they leave me in hold!"

The imprisonment of Richard recalls yet one other detail from Froissart, relating to Isaac's torture scene in chapter xxii., to which Scott appends in the notes a very gruesome story of "the Earl of Cassilis's tyranny against a quick man." It is where the same torture is directed against a lady, under still more horrible circumstances.

. . . . .

Scott was at the very zenith of his fame when *Ivanhoe* appeared. It marks, said Lockhart, the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. The very next novel witnessed the beginning of the change, leading on to the story of his decline, as moving a story as any told in the old chronicles he drew upon, as any in his own works.

*Waverley* had appeared in the year of Waterloo, 1814; and in the intervening five years had appeared eight more of his novels, including *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which came in June 1819, together with *The Legend of Montrose*. This was for him a year of great sickness of body, which brought no loss of invention or mental power, but which compelled him to dictate his stories. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe* were mainly so composed. How hard was the battle he fought in maintaining his terrific output may be judged by Lockhart's account of the change wrought in his appearance:—

"He had lost a great deal of flesh, his clothes hung loose about him, his countenance was meagre, haggard, and of the deadliest yellow of the jaundice, and his hair, which but a few weeks before had been but slightly sprinkled with grey, was now almost literally snow-white. His eye, however, retained its fire unquenched; indeed it seemed to have gained in brilliancy from the new languor of the other features."

John Ballantyne—light-hearted, "leein' Johnnie"—was one of Scott's chosen penmen in this dictation, and Will Laidlaw was the other. Scott on his sofa, groaning and dictating, or at a moment of excitement in the story, rising up from it, pacing the room and acting the parts; this is the picture of

the author at Abbotsford, as he was in the days when *Ivanhoe* was written.

It was published at length on the 18th December 1819. In England it was received "with a more clamorous delight," Lockhart tells us, than any of the Scotch novels had been. This in spite of some natural fears about the change of venue: for hitherto he had kept to Scotland—"Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, Scottish characters,"—for his groundwork. But he had felt, as he says, that there was a danger of monotony if he stayed his muse of romance any longer in the north; so south he went for his new book. He thought, as a further effect in this romantic expatriation, of assuming the guise of a purely English author, and drew up accordingly one of his elaborate mystifying epistles, purporting to be written by Lawrence Templeton, Toppingwold, near Egremont, Cumberland, the supposed antiquarian novelist, to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust. However, the Ballantynes, as the story proceeded, were against this unnecessary obfuscation, and the story appeared at length with all the accumulated lustre that the fame of the "Author of Waverley" could lend to it.

It is, as one reads it for the first, or re-reads it for the fifth time, one of the best of all story-books—a masterpiece of its kind. It carries into its far time that immense humanity and tireless heartiness which were part of Sir Walter Scott's character. His people can eat, drink, and be merry; fight, love, and be equal to death; and all with that cordial lifelikeness which goes with the romantic illusion. If it is not serious history, it is history's play-book: and when the Black Knight and Ivanhoe, Cedric and Wamba, the Prior Aymer and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Isaac the Jew and Ulrica, Front-de-Bœuf and Robin Hood, Rowena and Rebecca, have played the game out, one finds that the period is, despite the mixture of costumes and weapons, made more actual and intelligible than by any exact chronicler. One must treat the book as the music, and not the plain testament, of history, and use its tunes to lighten the road. Scott set the twelfth century to an old rhyme of the Black Prince:—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,  
For striking of a blow,  
Hampden did forego,  
And glad he could escape so."

From this he got the superb romance-name Ivanhoe. It became in Scott's mouth a new conjuration, and those who

would conjure up the past must be ready to use the same spell, and borrow a waving plume and a tournament from Froissart, or a long bow and elaborate armour from the fourteenth century, to bring the day of Richard Cœur de Lion within range.

ERNEST RHYS.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832

*Disputatio Juridica*, etc., 1792 (exercise on being called to the Bar); *The Chase and William and Helen* (from German of Bürger), 1796; *Goetz of Berlichingen* (translation of Goethe's tragedy); *Apology for Tales of Terror* (includes some of Author's ballads), privately printed 1799; *The Eve of St. John: A Border Ballad*, 1800; *Ballads in Lewis's Tales of Wonder*, 1801; *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, 1802, 1803; *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805; *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*, 1806; *Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field*, 1808; *Life of Dryden*; *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810; *Vision of Don Roderick*, 1811; *Rokeby*, 1813; *The Bridal of Triermain*, 1813; *Abstract of Eyrbiggia Saga*, in Jamieson's *Northern Antiquities*, 1814; *Waverley*, or *'Tis Sixty Years since*, 1814; *Life of Swift* (prefixed to works), 1814; *The Lord of the Isles*, 1815; *Guy Mannering*, 1815; *The Field of Waterloo*, 1815; *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, 1815; *The Antiquary*, 1816; *Tales of my Landlord* (*Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*), 1817 (1816); *Harold the Dauntless*, 1817; *The Search after Happiness, or the Quest of Sultan Solimaun*, 1817; *Rob Roy*, 1818; *Tales of my Landlord* (*Heart of Midlothian*), 1818; *The Bride of Lammermoor*, 1819; *Description of the Regalia of Scotland*, 1819; *Ivanhoe*, 1820; *The Monastery*, 1820; *The Abbot*, 1820; *Kenilworth*, 1821; *Biographies in Ballantyne's "Novelists,"* 1821; *Account of George IV.'s Coronation*, 1821; *The Pirate*, 1822; *Halidon Hill*, 1822; *Macduff's Cross* (*Joanna Baillie's Poetical Miscellanies*), 1822; *The Fortunes of Nigel*, 1822; *Peveril of the Peak*, 1822; *Quentin Durward*, 1823; *St. Ronan's Well*, 1824; *Redgauntlet*, 1824; *Tales of the Crusaders: The Betrothed, The Talisman*, 1825; *Woodstock, or the Cavaliers: A Tale of 1651*, 1826; *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, 1827; *Chronicles of the Canongate: The Two Drovers, The Highland Widow, The Surgeon's Daughter*, 1827; *Tales of a Grandfather*, 1st Series, 1828; 2nd Series, 1829; 3rd Series, 1830; 4th Series, 1830; *Chronicles of the Canongate: St. Valentine's Day, or The Fair Maid of Perth*, 1828; *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, The Tapestry Chamber, The Laird's Luck* (*Keepsake*, 1828); *Religious Discourses, by a Layman*, 1828; *Anne of Geierstein*, 1829; *History of Scotland* (*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*), 1830; *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, 1830; *House of Aspen* (*Keepsake*, 1830); *Doom of Devorgoil; Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy*, 1830; *Essays on Ballad Poetry*, 1830; *Tales of My Landlord: Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous*, 1832.

Letters and Articles were contributed to *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1814 (*Chivalry; Drama*); *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland*, 1819-26; *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 1820, 1826; as well as frequent articles to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, and *Edinburgh Annual Register*.

Collected Poems: 1820, 1821, 1823, 1830 (with Author's Prefaces); 1834 (Lockhart).

Collected Novels: 1820 (Novels and Tales); 1822 (Historical Romances); 1824 (Historical Romances), 26 vols. With Author's Notes, 1829-33, 48 vols.

All rights reserved  
by  
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD  
Aldine House · Bedford Street · London  
Made in Great Britain  
at  
The Temple Press · Letchworth · Herts  
First published in this edition 1906  
Last reprinted 1952

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,  
And often took leave,—but seemed loath to depart!

PRIOR.



## INTRODUCTION

THE author of the Waverley Novels had hitherto proceeded in an unabated course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed *L'Enfant Gâté* of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. It was, however, obvious, that this kind of interest must in the end occasion a degree of sameness and repetition, if exclusively resorted to, and that the reader was likely at length to adopt the language of Edwin, in Parnell's tale:—

——“ ‘ Reverse the spell,’ he cries,  
‘ And let it fairly now suffice,  
The gambol has been shown.’ ”

Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts, than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the artificers of their pleasures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the scale of their art.

There is some justice in this opinion, as there always is in such as attain general currency. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the external qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be

deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be master exclusively of modes of thought, and powers of expression, which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another, and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition, than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his exertions by any peculiarity of features, or conformation of person, proper for particular parts, or, by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Whether this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present author felt that, in confining himself to subjects purely Scottish, he was not only likely to weary out the indulgence of his readers, but also greatly to limit his own power of affording them pleasure. In a highly polished country, where so much genius is monthly employed in catering for public amusement, a fresh topic, such as he had himself had the happiness to light upon, is the untasted spring of the desert:—

“Men bless their stars and call it luxury.”

But when men and horses, cattle, camels, and dromedaries; have poached the spring into mud, it becomes loathsome to those who at first drank of it with rapture; and he who had the merit of discovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with the tribe, must display his talent by a fresh discovery of untasted fountains.

If the author, who finds himself limited to a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to themes of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely to fail. If the mine be not wrought out, the strength and capacity of the miner become necessarily exhausted. If he closely imitates the narratives which he has before rendered successful, he is doomed to “wonder that they please no more.” If he struggles to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he speedily discovers that what is obvious, graceful, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the indispensable charm of novelty, he is forced upon caricature, and, to avoid being trite, must become extravagant.