THE BOY WHO COULD NOT LIE.

THERE was once a young Virginian, and a princely boy was he,
Yet he sprang not from a princely line, nor was of high degree;
But the clear blood mantled in his cheek—the light flashed from his eye,
And his presence was right noble, for he never told a lie.

Now his home was near a forest, filled with lofty branching trees,
And his wont had been to try his knife, boy-fashion, upon these.
We may think that he, not seldom too, had snapped the brittle toy,
Before his father found a hatchet and bought it for his boy.

Who so proud as our young woodman now? his soul is full of glee,
He will try his keen-edged tool at once upon the nearest tree:
So he hies him round his father's house and waves his axe in air,
Then, in evil hour, he spies a favourite pear-tree planted there.

Oh! the mischief in that bold, bright eye! the mischief in that arm!
For the noble tree is ruined ere he feels the least alarm.
Yet no one saw the ruin wrought, and he soon can run away:
He may choke his fault in silence, light the burden where it may.

But the boy was better than his thought. His father saw the tree:
'Who has done all that mischief there?' with angry voice cried he;
His son struggled for a moment,—'twas so easy to deny:
Then, summoning true courage, said, 'Sir, I cannot tell a lie.'

Oh, I wish all could see his father's changing features now:
He forgot his much-prized tree when he read the boy's brave brow.
Then he clasped him in his arms and said (fit words for sonf and sire),—
'I would rather lose a thousand trees than have my son a liar.'

So the fearless boy grew up to be a noble, fearless man;
Match his worth and great deeds for freedom as often as you can!
That will be a glorious age indeed which of patriots yields us one,
Who achieved such lasting glory as heroic Washington!

Home Book for Children of all Ages.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 95.)

THE FRIAR.

'A Frère there was, a wanton and a mery,
A limitour, a full solempne man.'

A PLEASANT companion, and a merry, was our Friar Huberd. In all the four religious orders there was no one so fair of speech as he. Beloved by every one, and on familiar terms with the franklains, or country gentlemen, he was a noble support to his order; for, as he said himself, being a licentiate, he had a greater power of confession than a curate. He took it for a great sign of repentance when a man gave liberally to his convent; for, as he said, some men were so hard-hearted they could not weep and pray, therefore they ought to give gold and silver to the poor friars instead. His tippet was always stuffed full of knives and pins to give away as presents. Well could he play on the rote, a kind of harp, and in singing he bore away the prize. He was as strong as a champion too. No beggar or lazar knew better than he where the good inns were in every town; though he would have nought to do with beggars or lazars, for he held it was not becoming or advantageous to have dealings with such poor creatures. He was all for the rich, and the sellers of victuals; for he was a 'limitor,' that is, a friar having a license to collect money and contributions for his convent within a certain district; and none could do this better than he, for wherever he thought any profit might arise there was he most courteous and serviceable.

Yet this pleasant friar had done some good in his time, and made many marriages of young people at his own cost. There used to be a kindly custom of appointing a day for the amicable settlement of quarrels and grievances, and this was called a 'love-day;' and Friar Huberd was of great help in reconciling neighbours, and adjusting their differences. There he was, not like a cloisterer or poor scholar in a threadbare cope, but like a master or a pope, in a semicope of double worsted, that was as round as a bell. In his wantonness he lisped somewhat, 'to make his English sweet upon his tongue;' and in his harping, when he had sung, his eyes twinkled in his head like the stars on a frosty night!

Though not exactly the right sort of person, perhaps, for the sacred profession, or altogether disinterested, there were worse men than Friar Huberd; and he looked with indignation on the Summoner, who was one of his fellow-pilgrims, and was a functionary who notoriously abused his office by extorting money from timid people. Ever and anon, as he rode along, he cast an angry glance at him, but from a sense of decorum he refrained from speaking his mind; but when the Wife of Bath had finished her tale he could contain himself no longer, and told the company that, if they pleased, he would tell them the story of a Summoner, who, as they might know by the name, was a man of whom no good could be said.

Then spake our host: 'Ah, sir, ye should be civil and courteous, as befits your estate; tell your tale, and let the Summoner be.'

The Friar.

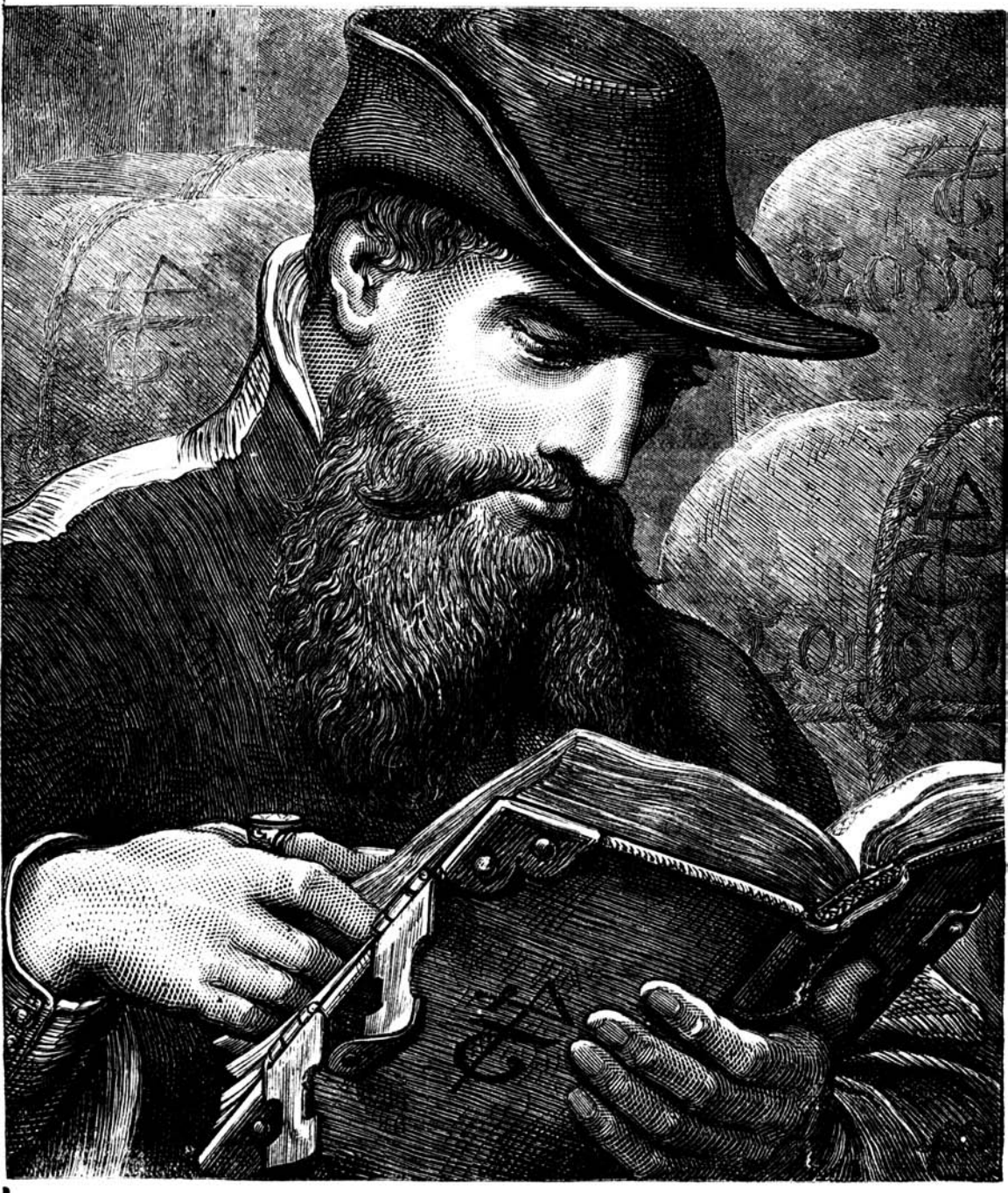
'Nay,' quoth the Summoner, 'let him say of me what he likes; when it comes to my turn I shall quit him every groat. I shall tell what a great hónour it is to be a flattering limitour, and of many another crime that need not be rehearsed now.'

Our host answered, 'Peace! no more of this.' And said to the Friar, 'Tell forth your tale, mine own master dear.'

So the Friar told how a Summoner, in his greed of gain, entered into partnership with the evil one himself, and was carried off bodily by that personage to his own abode. And he ended by exhorting the company to lead good lives, and hoped that even the Summoner would repent of his wickedness, and so avoid the fate that otherwise awaited him.

In Chaucer's time, French being very much used, the friars were called 'frères,' or brothers. A. R.

(To be continued.)



The Merchant.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 109.)

THE MERCHANT.

'A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on horse he sat.'

THE character of the English merchant stood very high indeed in Chaucer's time. He often attained to great wealth, and was much respected; but in those days the different classes of society were far more distinctly marked than they are now. The Knight was wholly devoted to chivalry and feats of arms. He frequently wasted his substance in making a splendid display at the tournament; but however straitened his means were, he never thought of improving them by entering into trade or any mercantile transactions whatever; whilst the merchant was as completely absorbed in his business, and in maintaining his integrity with the foreign nations he had dealings with; and no more dreamt of following the Knight's way of life than he would of imitating his dress, or riding in the lists at the tournament. Commerce was his vocation, and warfare that of the knight. And be it remarked, that whilst Chaucer is very severe on the faults of his fellow-men, he has never a word to say against the merchants of London.

A very worthy representative of his class was the good citizen who rode with our pilgrims to Canterbury. He sat high on his horse, had a forked beard, and on his head was a Flemish beaver hat. He was simply dressed, according to his station, in a suit of motley, or different colours, most likely those of the guild of merchants to which he belonged; and his boots were neatly clasped.

A full solemn man, he spoke gravely, and was ever thinking of how he should increase his gains. He would have the sea guarded at any cost between 'Middleburgh and Orewell,' for he traded to the Low Countries, and Middleburg was the capital of Zealand, and had a considerable commerce. As most of the English exports in his day consisted of wool, our merchant was probably a wool-stapler. He could exchange money right well; and so steadfastly did he manage his bargains and agreements, that no man could say he was in debt! Truly he was a worthy man, but his name our author did not know.

Now this good merchant, though he was such a clever man of business, had made a mistake in marriage, and had got a wife that was not suited to him. She had rather a shrewish tongue; and it may be suspected that it was not altogether piety that took him to Canterbury, but partly a wish to escape from domestic cares for a while. Anyway, his mind was so embittered by his own experience, that when called on by our host to tell a tale, he tells one against wives, which it is to be hoped was not true.

In some of our ancient churches there are beautiful monuments to the great merchants of the olden time. They usually consist of a sheet of brass let into the pavement of the church, bearing on it the effigy of the merchant engraved in durable lines. There the old worthies lie, clad in their citizens' dress, and with their hands folded in prayer! The inscriptions to them contained not only their names, but the monogram or merchant's mark, which they appended to their documents, or inscribed on their bales of goods, and of which they were as proud as the knight was of his shield and crest.

A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

PEAS-BLOSSOM.

(*Continued from p.* 116.)

'I'D go to my governor in a jiffey,' said Pat; 'but he has such a lot to bother him that we don't worry him about things if we can help it: but I suppose grandfathers are different.'

'Yes,' said Ray, 'very different.'

And then a minute or two afterwards he added,—

'Pat, if you wanted to do something very much, and your governor' (he was learning to speak in the vulgar tongue, under Pat's guidance), did not like it, what would you do?'

'I should not do it,' said Pat, very decidedly; and then truth compelled him to add, 'that is, if I remembered: but I've a shocking bad memory.'

There seemed no help for it, and Ray resigned himself gloomily to circumstances, while Pat very soon consoled himself with a sort of tennis, which one of the boys had introduced, and which so engrossed the attention of the Pies that Ray was left very much to his own devices.

A week passed away in this manner, and Ray had given up all hope, when help came in a most unexpected shape, and from a most unexpected quarter.

It was in the shape of a very ragged doll, with one eye and no wig, and the quarter it came from was the window in Miss Pink's house overlooking the playground, from whence it was followed, as far as they would reach, by two fat, little brown arms, and a burst of rapid and vehement lamentations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DOLL suddenly descending in the middle of a playground full of boys may be compared to a bun thrown into a bear's den, or a nut into a cage full of monkeys—not, of course, on a Bank Holiday, or two or three days after, when the animals are so overwhelmed with the attentions of the public that they loathe their natural food—but on ordinary occasions, when the monkeys' cheeks are not bursting with their stores, and the bears are not too languid even to open their mouths.

But to the distracted owner of those brown arms, from which the doll had fallen, the matter was far more tragic; and her feelings may be compared to those of a mother whose baby had been thrown to the wild beasts before her very eyes.

More than once Pat had seen Piccola's black eyes peeping out at that window, and sometimes the organist's dark face was there watching the boys at

deeds of valour equal to any done by Hector or Achilles. Stand here, and let us see the warrior King of England enter his new abbey. How does he feel? Does he sorrow for having spilt so much blood? Has he built the Abbey to make up for it? But here he comes, followed by his Norman knights. What an array of brave men and famous names! They have left their chargers outside the Abbey grounds, which extend three miles from the walls on every side, and they walk in full armour to the great west door, and so up the nave to the choir and altar, where stands Odo, William's half-brother—a fighting bishop, who, lance in hand, marshalled the Norman cavalry at the great battle. Odo wears no coat of mail to-day; he is in his sacred robes, and he waits the arrival of his brother and the proud lords of France who escaped the dreadful English battle-axes.

Nearest to the stern Conqueror come his sons, Robert, William, and Henry; then step out those lucky warriors who had flocked to his standard from Maine and Anjou, from Poitou and Bretagne, from Aquitaine and Burgundy, from Piedmont and Italy. There go Robert Fitz Ernest, William Fitz Osborn, Hugo de Montford, Robert de Todeni, Gilbert de Lacy, and Hugh d'Avranches, who soon after earned the unpleasant nickname of Hugh the Wolf. There go the de Vitrys, the de Veseys, the d'Omfrevilles, and many others, whose names have been written on a long roll of honour.

The King of England (by conquest) when he reaches the steps unbuckles his sword—his victorious sword—and hands it to his brother, Bishop Odo, who places it on the altar. The Conqueror then unfastens a golden brooch, glittering with gems, which keeps his magnificent coronation robe in its place. The purple robe, heavy with embroidery, would have fallen, had not two squires held it. They fold it together, and the King, taking it from them, offers it to Odo, who lays it on the altar. Then one of the highest of the Norman knights offers William the famous roll of names, which he hands to his brother to be deposited in the altar.

The service goes on, and the Abbey is consecrated; and around the choir in their oaken stalls we see the sixty brethren who have here found a home. They are all Norman monks, brought over from Marmontier, and their head is a mitred abbot. The monks are dressed in loose black coats or gowns, reaching to their heels, and on their heads are cowls or hoods made of the same stuff. Under their black gowns they have another dress, made of white flannel. These monks are employed now to keep up in Battle Abbey a perpetual service of prayer and song. They must pray for the souls of those who expired where they kneel, and for the happiness and long life of those who survived that bloody day. The Abbey is also now a sort of inn, where every belated traveller can have a supper and a bed for nothing. The Abbot is a great man, and he enjoys one singular privilege,—Every condemned thief he happens to meet, as he rides out on his sleek pulfrey, is at once restored to life and liberty. G. S. O.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 122.)

THE CLERKE OF OXENFORDE.

'A clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.'

OXENFORDE, or, as it is now called, the University of Oxford, was a famous seat of learning long before Chaucer's time. It is said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, about the year 890, and he is supposed to have endowed University College; but there was probably a school there before that period. During the middle ages, Oxford was only second in celebrity to the University of Paris for the study of Aristotle.

So great was the love of learning in England during the fourteenth century that at one time there were 30,000 scholars in Oxford—a number far exceeding any that has since been known. But the life of an Oxford student was very different then from what it is now, and the difficulties he had to contend with can scarcely be imagined by our young scholars in these times. There were a few colleges with endowments for the support of poor scholars, but about 300 inns, or halls, where the students lived, under the direction of a doctor or master of their own choice, and chiefly at their own expense. And there were no luxurious rooms there; nothing but narrow chambers, barely furnished, and without even fireplaces; so that the poor students had to keep themselves warm during the piercing cold of winter as best they could. No magnificent libraries to consult, but a few manuscript books which could only be procured at great expense: and of these nearly all were in Latin, for Greek books were at that time so rare that even our clerk's copy of Aristotle, though it may have been in Greek, was much more likely to have been the Latin version by Thomas Aquinas. Indeed, as all Western learning and all communications between scholars were in those days carried on in that language, our clerk's life must have been a continual Latin exercise. However, he had one advantage over us, perhaps, in these days of general information, that what he did know he knew thoroughly.

The Clerk* of Oxenforde — whose acquaintance Chaucer made on his pilgrimage — was a studious man, who had long ago given himself up to logic. His horse was as lean as a rake, and he himself was not right fat, but looked rather hollow. His short cloak was very threadbare, for he had as yet no benefice, and was not worldly enough to hold any office; for he would rather have at his bed's head some twenty volumes of Aristotle's works, bound in black and red, than rich robes, or a fiddle or harp. Yet, with all his philosophy, he had but little gold in

* At that time all learned men were called clerks.

his chest; but all that he could get from his friends he spent on books and learning; and earnestly would he pray for those who gave him the means of attending school, for of study he took most care. He spoke briefly, using no word that was not needful, and all was said with modesty and propriety, and full of good sense; and gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

Now, as this scholar rode thoughtfully along, our host turned to him jestingly with—

'Sir Clerk of Oxenforde, ye sit as still and coy as doth a maid. This day I have not heard a word from your tongue. I trow ye study about some sophism. But Solomon saith there is a time for everything. Come! be of better cheer; this is no time for study. Tell us some merry tale, for when a man has entered into a game he must assent to it. But don't preach us a sermon; tell us some merry string of adventures; keep your terms and figures till such time as ye write in high style, as men do to kings. Speak, I pray you, so plainly now that we may understand what ye say.'

The worthy clerk gently answered,—

'Host, I am under your rule. Ye have the governance of us now; therefore I will do your obedience.

He then told how the Marquis of Saluces, or Saluzzo, in Italy, having married a poor village girl, whose name was Grisildis, or Griselda, resolved to try whether she would really obey him cheerfully in all things, as she had promised to do. And, telling her that his people were discontented and murmuring at him for his marriage, he took away her little daughter and son from her, letting her think they were killed; but she concealed the anguish of her heart, and still continued loving, and patient, and submissive. But the children were secretly sent by the Marquis to his sister at Bologna, where they were carefully brought up; and years after, not satisfied even yet, he wickedly told his wife that his people were more unruly than ever, for they said it was a shame to them to have to obey and honour her, who was only the daughter of a poor man; and that to preserve peace in his state the Church had granted him a dispensation of his marriage with her, that he might have a wife of suitable rank. And poor Griselda humbly submitted to his pleasure, and, divested of her rich robes and jewels, left the palace and returned to her father's cottage.

The Marquis then gave out that he was going to be married again; and, sending for his children from Bologna, he pretended that the girl, who was now grown up and very beautiful, was his intended bride. He then sent for Griselda to come and wait on her, which she instantly did; and when he asked her what she thought of the young bride, she praised her beauty in spite of her suffering, but begged of her lord not to subject his new wife to the dreadful trials he had made of herself. And the hard-hearted Marquis at last told her that the new bride was her own daughter, and that she only was his beloved and faithful wife. And poor Griselda, fainting with joy, embraced her children, and had peace and happiness at last.

The clerk did not obey our host literally, for he certainly did not tell 'a merry tale.' It was probably the first time that the famous story of the patient Griselda had been heard in the English language, and it was told very beautifully, and at great length.

Our clerk says that he heard it from Francis Petrarch, 'the laureate poet,' at Padua. The story was originally written in Italian by Boccaccio, in his *Decameron;* and was translated into Latin by Petrarch, that those might read it who did not understand Italian; and it was doubtless from Petrarch's own lips that Chaucer heard the story when he was in Padua.

A. R.

(To be continued.)

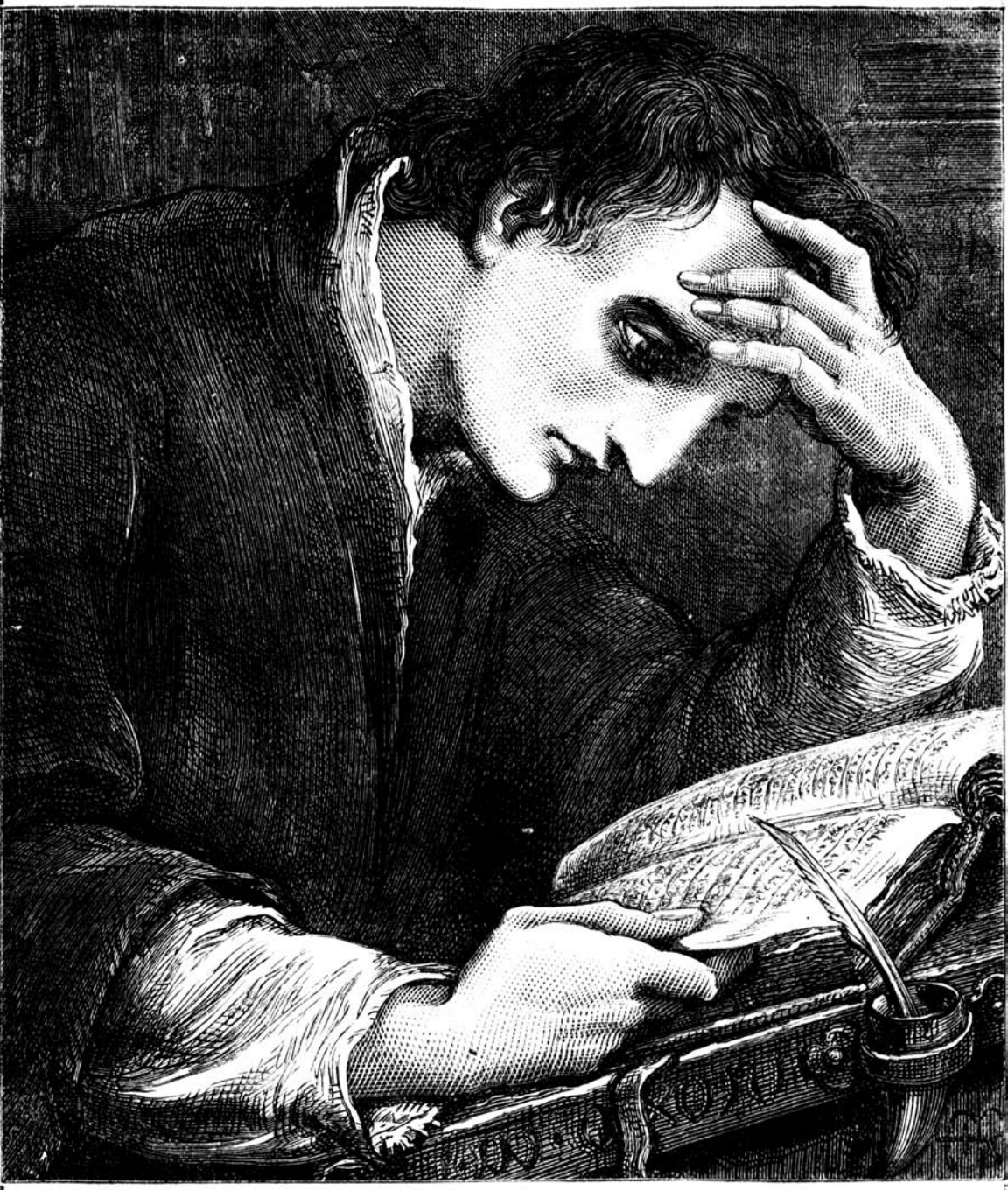
SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE study of biography shows us that some of the greatest inventions have been made by men quite apart from the trade to which their discoveries applied. Naval tactics are said to have been the invention of a clergyman; and Sir William Armstrong, whose great guns are famed throughout the world, was brought up to the law. The reaping-machine also has for its inventor a clergyman. Pettitt Smith, a farmer, is thought by most to have invented the screw-propeller. Paxton, the architect of the huge glass-house which contained the first Exhibition in Hyde Park, was gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. Richard Arkwright, who invented the twist-frame, to supersede the use of finger-and-thumb in spinning, was a barber. The inventor of the stocking-frame, whereby these useful articles are woven, instead of being made of cloth and buttoned, as in the days of Queen Bess—was the Rev. William Lee of Nottingham. A draper has been known to build a lighthouse, and a commercial traveller to invent a valuable method of dyeing calico. Clearly, then, the old proverb warning the cobbler not to go beyond his last does not always apply.

THE character of the child does not always show what the man will be. Joseph Addison, who so enriched our literature with his papers in the *Spectator*, may certainly be called one of the gentlest and most quiet of men; and yet we are told, that in his school-days he took the lead in a rebellion against the master and fell into deep disgrace. It is also said that he ran away from school, hid himself in a wood, and for some time evaded pursuit, satisfying his hunger with berries, and sleeping in a hollow tree.

DURING the last years of the great Duke of Marlborough, an attendant used to read to him the history of the wars in which he himself had commanded the British army. At times he would raise himself in his chair and ask, with admiration, 'Who commanded?'

A somewhat similar instance of absence of mind is recorded of Sir Walter Scott. Entering a room one day, he found a friend reading a volume of poetry aloud to some ladies. He sat down and listened for some moments. At last a tear was seen stealing down his cheek, and, rising from his chair, he crossed the room and looked over the reader's shoulder to see the author's name. Imagine his surprise at discovering the poem to be his own!



The Clerke of Oxenforde.

of china on the stairs announced that the soup was coming.

'I must be off,' said Pat, 'or the Signor will leave me in the lurch. Send her down for something, and I'll slip away while she's gone for it.'

So Ray asked for some pepper, and while Goody was gone to fetch it Pat made his escape.

'Good-bye, Ray. Keep up your pluck, old chap!'

'Bless my heart! Master Ray, you do look a sight better—quite a colour in your cheeks! But what a draught there is! the back-door must be open!'

(To be continued.)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(Continued from page 143.)

THE SERJEANT OF LAW.

'A Sergeant of the Lawe ware and wise,
That often had yben at the parvis.*
Ther was also ful riche of excellence.'

FIT associate for the noble knight and the worthy franklain was the Serjeant of the Law, or, as we should now call him, Serjeant-at-Law. For he was wary and wise, and of great reverence, and seemed very discreet, so wise were his words. He had often been justice of assize, and his science and high renown gained him plenty of fees and rich robes. Nowhere was there so busy a man, and yet he seemed busier than he really was. He knew every case and judgment that had befallen since the days of William the Conqueror, and had them all in terms; and could dictate a matter so that no man could find a flaw in his writings, and knew every statute clearly by heart.

He was plainly dressed in a 'medley,' or parti-coloured coat, and wore a silk girdle ornamented with small bars.

Now as the pilgrims were riding along, after the cook had told his story, our host, though he was not deeply learned, concluded from the position of the sun in the sky, and the length of the shadows of the trees by the wayside, that it was ten o'clock; and suddenly he turned his horse about.

'Lordings,' quoth he, 'I warn you all that the fourth part of this day is gone. Now lose no time, for loss of goods may be recovered but loss of time ruins us, for it will never come again. Let us not moulder thus in idleness. Sir Man of Law tell us a tale anon, as your promise is.'

'Host,' said the Serjeant, 'I assent; it is not my intent to break my word. I can tell a thrifty tale, but Chaucer, though he knows but little of metre or ryming, hath told them all in such English as he could, long ago, as many a man knows; and if he hath not told them in one book, he hath in another. Ne'ertheless, I care not a bean, tho' I come after him with hauberk. I speak in prose, and let him make rymes.'

After giving his opinion, natural perhaps to so wise and discreet a 'purchaser,' that poverty was the greatest of all evils, and that if we were poor no one would respect us, and our own neighbours despise us, and bidding us beware that we did not come to poverty, the Serjeant of the Law began his tale.

He told how the Sultan of Syria loved Custance, the daughter of the Emperor of Rome; and how he consented to be baptized, and give up his belief in his prophet 'Mahound,'* that he might marry her. And she set out for Syria with a great retinue, and when she arrived there, the old sultana, the mother of the Sultan, pretending that she also would become a Christian, invited them to a feast, and had them all murdered but Custance, whom she put alone into a ship, and the poor princess was tost about on the waves till the ship drove on the English coast, where Alla, king of Northumberland, married her. But his people were pagans, and her stepmother hated her; and whilst the King was away warring in Scotland, the wicked woman caused Custance and her little baby, the king's son, to be put into the ship again, and the poor princess was once more left to the mercy of the ocean. And a Roman senator, returning victorious from Syria—the Emperor having made war on the Sultan to avenge the massacre of the Christians—met her ship driving before the wind, and finding Custance and her little child all alone in it, took them home with him to Rome. And years afterwards, King Alla, who, when he found out his mother's cruelty, had killed her in his rage, came on a pilgrimage to Rome; for he had become a Christian, and repented of his sins. And there he was once more united to his beloved wife, whom he believed to have been drowned in the salt sea, and had never ceased to lament; and there was an end of all poor Custance's sufferings, and their son Maurice became Emperor of Rome.

The Serjeant-at-Law was at first a servant of the king's for the management of his law affairs, and derives his name from the Latin, *serviens ad legem:* just as there was a Serjeant-at-arms, *serviens ad arma.* Serjeants-at-Law are still 'ware and wise,' but their dress is very different from what it was in Chaucer's time. They wear grand wigs now, and black silk gowns; whereas they used to cover their heads with an odd sort of cap, that was fastened under their chin, and called a coif; and wore a long parti-coloured robe, and about their shoulders a cape with a hood on it, and furred with white lambskin: for though lawyers are of such great antiquity, their awe-inspiring wigs are more modern.

If you have ever been into a court of law, you may have observed some of the learned gentlemen with a little round patch of silk on the crown of their wigs. These are the Serjeants-at-Law, and the little piece of silk represents the ancient coif. In our own time Serjeants' Inn has been abolished; and perhaps in the next generation the very title of Serjeant-at-Law, that has lasted so many centuries, may be a thing of the past.

A. R.

(To be continued.)

* Parvis, a porch or portico; most likely that of St. Paul's, where the lawyers may have met in conversation after dining at the Inns of Court.

* Mohammed.

The Serjeant of Law.

but always at war with some of the wandering tribes of the plains.

At Witchita we—that is, Charlie Conseane and I—remained only one night, being hospitably entertained by Caddo George, a firm friend of mine, and a chief who keeps his people under fine control. This good man was kind enough to advise us boys to change our route; for the Comanchee Indians, he said, were on the war-path, and would give trouble to anybody going to Mexico. We therefore resolved to turn our faces northward, and to make for Fort Arbuckle, which was a military agency of the United States on the Big Blue river for the Comanchee, Kiowa, and Apachee Indians. These Indians, at that time, had no definite territory assigned to them, but were living at large, and drawing their supplies from the United States Government. Fort Arbuckle was a stockade fort (that is, made of timber set upright in the ground); it was large enough to allow a handsome little grove in its enclosure, and to accommodate five companies of soldiers in its barracks. It was situated about twelve miles from the Big Blue river, on the dividing line between the prairies and the timber lands, having a tongue of beautiful timber running up to it from the river. We remained there two days to recruit and lay in supplies for our trapping, and then we went to work at our business on the river.

The rich timber bottom of this river abounds with deer, antelopes, otters, and, of course, with wolves too, because the deer furnished them with food.

In selecting a place for our camp, where we expected to remain for weeks, and perhaps months, there were three or four things which it was necessary for us to keep in mind. First, plenty of the right sort of game for our eating. Next, plenty of game for our traps. Then plenty of grass for our horses and of water for ourselves; and then lastly, concealment from enemies, who might rob us of all we had, if they did not also take our lives.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 159.)

THE FRANKLAIN.

'A Frankelein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the daycsie.'

IN old times the rich country gentlemen, or large freeholders, used to be called 'Franklains.' They were next in rank to the knights and esquires; and there was this difference between them, that whilst the franklain's influence was owing to the extent of his possessions, the knight's rank was the same, whether he were poor or rich, and his position depended on his deeds: for many a knight, who at first owned nothing but his horse and armour, made for himself a famous name; but a knight without either horse or armour was in a bad way indeed!

A wealthy Franklain was amongst the pilgrims, who was so rich, and of such influence, that at sessions he was 'lord' and 'sir;' and had been sheriff, and ofttimes knight of the shire. Nowhere was there such a worthy landlord. A great householder, and very hospitable, his house was so stored with all sorts of good things—his fish, flesh, and fowl, and bread, and ale, and wine, were so plenteous, that it snowed meat and drink! and his great table in the hall stood ready covered all the long day.

He loved well a sop in wine in the morning, and changed his diet according to the dainties that were in season; for he was Epicurus'* own son, and to live in delight was ever his way. And woe to his cook if his sauce were not sharp, and everything in proper order! He was of a ruddy complexion, and had a beard as white as a daisy; wore an anlace, or dagger, and at his girdle hung his silk purse, as white as new milk.

Yet this prosperous gentleman, though surrounded by all the pleasures that wealth could give, was not happy, for he was afflicted with a graceless son; one who, instead of being a comfort to his good father, was a weary pain to him, and who, by his evil ways, would some day, perhaps, bring ruin on the ancient house, and see the broad fields and richly-stocked dwelling of his ancestors pass away from his name for ever. So when the worthy man heard the young squire tell his tale, he was struck with admiration at his well-chosen language and noble address, and thought with sorrow how different his own son was from this gallant young gentleman.

'In faith, Squire,' quoth the Franklain, 'thou hast quit thyself gentilly and well; I praise thy wit. In my judgment, sir, considering thy youth, there is none here who will equal thee in eloquence, if thou but live. Heaven give thee good chance, and send thee continuance in virtue! I have a son, and I would rather than twenty pounds' worth of land that he were a man of such discretion as ye be. Fie on possession, unless a man be virtuous withal! I have snubbed my son, and yet shall I, for he has no liking for virtue, and cares only to play at dice, and so lose all that he hath; and would rather talk with a page than commune with any gentle wight, from whom he might learn gentillesse.'

'Straw for your gentillesse!' quoth our host. 'What, Franklain! well thou knowest, sir, that each of you must tell a tale or two, or break his promise.'

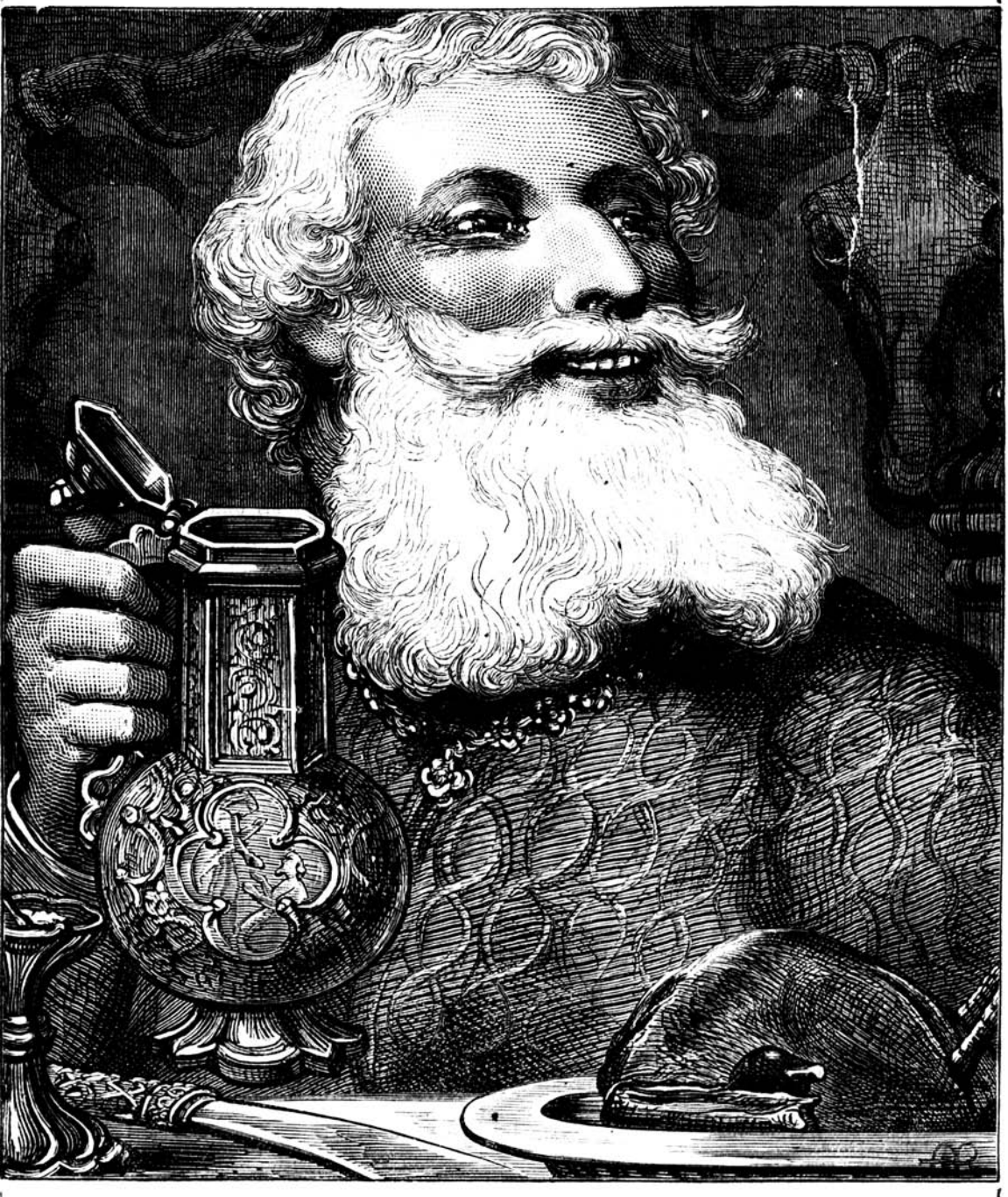
'That know I well, sir,' said the Franklain. 'I pray you have me not in disdain though I speak a word or two to this man.'

'Tell on your tale without more words,' quoth our host, who was growing impatient.

'Gladly, Sir Host,' said the other; 'I will obey your will. Now hearken what I say.' But even then the old gentleman did not tell his story straight off; but in the course of a preamble asked the company to excuse his rude speech, for he was only a layman, and had never learned Cicero, and knew no colours of rhetoric; the only colours he knew being those that grew in the meadow, or such as men paint or dye with: but at last he told a tale about Bretaigne, or Brittany. A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

* Epicurus was a celebrated Greek philosopher, who lived three hundred years before the Christian era, and was erroneously supposed to have placed the height of human happiness in eating and drinking.



The Franklain.

courage. Up to the shoulders in the swift current they formed a line, along which they passed the rescued inmates of the flooded and dismantled houses. They had landed nearly the whole of them, when a poor woman implored them to save her infant, which had been left behind in its cradle. A fugleman of the 62nd infantry, Roger Corbucci, struggled through the water, entered the house, dodging as best he could the pieces of furniture that were floating past him, he caught hold of the cradle; but, sad to relate, its little tenant was gone, floated out by the torrent. He was making his way back when other cries fell on his ears, and joined by a comrade, called Michela, they crept outside and along the reeling wall of the house, and reached a sort of a ladder and staircase, down which the cries came. Up Corbucci clambered, Michela steadying the steps from below, and gained an apartment, only to find that the appeal came not from human lips, but from a poor she-goat, whose voice, heard through the din of the torrent, was not to be distinguished from a child's. He saved it, however, and got back to his comrades, who had given him up for lost.

Other deeds of heroism were performed by the same detachment, Sergeant Cavaletti rescuing a woman and two children, when another minute would have made his return impossible. But not every one was equally successful, the moon yielding but a fitful light, and the flaring torches not visible very far in the driving rain, while many a call for help must have been drowned in the rush of the torrent. Next morning eleven persons were found dead, many were still missing, and a large number of animals, horses, sheep, goats, and other cattle, lay dead on the sides of the valley. J. F. C.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from p.* 175.)

THE ARTISANS OF LONDON.

'An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapiser,
Were alle yclothed in a livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.'

THOUGH London is so greatly changed since that April morning when the poet Chaucer saw the nine-and-twenty pilgrims ride out from the Tabard at Southwark, the principal districts still retain the names by which they were then known; and most of the great City companies were even at that time in existence, their title-deeds extending as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Five wealthy citizens of London—a haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer, and tapistry maker—all of them members of great Companies, were amongst our pilgrims. Skilled artisans, or 'craftsmen,' as they used to be called, were highly esteemed in those days, and these were all men of consequence. They were clothed in the liveries of their several Companies, and all their appointments were spruce and new. Their knives, girdles, and pouches, were mounted and ornamented with well-wrought silver, and not with brass. Each of them seemed a fair burgess, worthy to sit on the dais* in a Guildhall, and fit to be an alderman, for of goods and property they had enough. And their wives, too, would well agree to that, or else they were much to blame; for it is a fine thing to be called 'Madame,' and go first to vigils,† and have a mantle royally carried for them.

In early times the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and Aldermen of London were not merchants or tradesmen at all, but were chosen from the great feudal families who owned estates within the walls of the City. These were the 'Barons of London.' They were quite independent, and within their own lordship, or 'soke,' as it was called, they had the power of life and death; and on their seals appended to deeds which are still in existence these old aldermen are represented clad in armour, in baronial fashion, or, with hawk on wrist, following the sports of the field. But all through the thirteenth century there was a violent struggle going on between the aristocracy and the commons of the City, which ended in the power remaining with the traders, though to this day the names of some of the great families are preserved in streets or districts of the City. Basinghall Street was where the mansion of the Basings once stood; Farringdon Ward marks the lordship of the Farringdons; and the once powerful family of the Cornhills have left their name in one of the main thoroughfares of London.

The citizens did not wear swords like the knights and squires, but carried at their girdle an anlace, or short knife; and the apprentices, in times of tumult, armed themselves with clubs. Many of the artisans were of foreign extraction, and a colony of Flemish weavers was introduced into this country by Henry the First.

Any one who has walked through London must have noticed that many of the streets bear the names of trades, such as Ironmonger Lane, Shoemaker Row, Stonecutter Street, and many others. This is because it used to be the custom for the members of any trade or craft to live together in particular places, and the street was named from the occupation carried on in it. For instance, all the blacksmiths dwelt in what is now Ironmonger Lane.

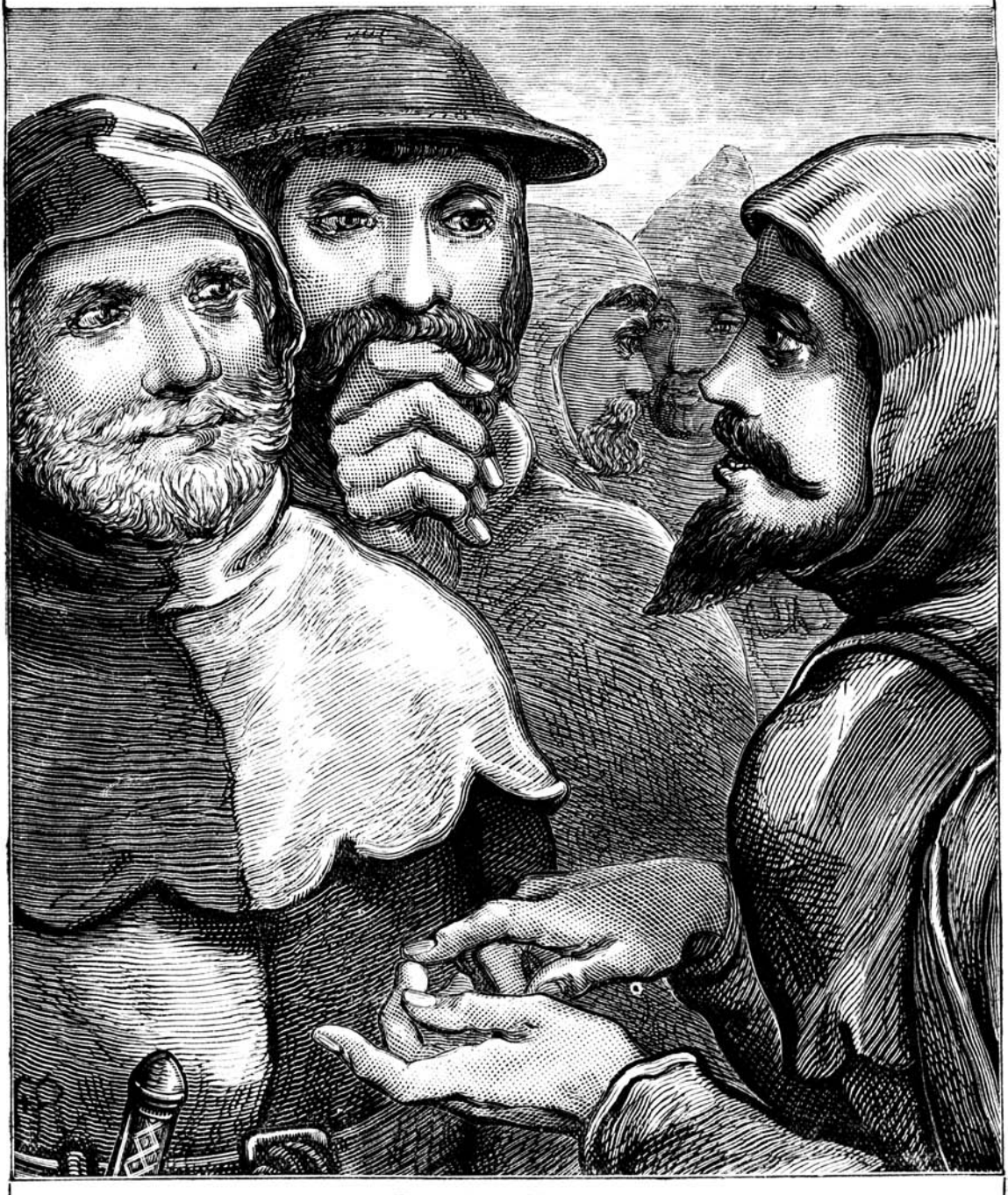
A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

IN ICELAND.

WE are so used to banks, that it is strange to read that the public funds of Iceland are kept in a large iron chest at the Governor's house. This chest is secured by a double lock, to which there are two keys, and before it can be opened to add to or take away from the contents, both the keys have to be procured from the Governor and Treasurer, who have the care of them. A. R. B.

* The raised part of the floor at the upper end of the hall.
† The eve of a Church festival.



The Artisans of London.

'Nor did we!' burst out Pat; 'not a word!'

'Then you have heard it? I thought you would. Pat,' he added, eagerly, 'you had better go home, lad. Your father wouldn't like your coming, and I wouldn't come between you for worlds.'

'Father thought it was just spiteful gossip, and he said I could come to you as much as I liked.'

'You had better not, all the same. You had better keep clear of me, Pat.'

'Why?'

'Do you know that they say I am a bad fellow, living by my wits; that I've often been in debt and low company, and more than once in prison; that I married a play-actress, and am living under a false name?'

'Do you think I believe a word of it?' said Pat. 'I should like to punch their heads all round, whoever said it.'

'Wait a bit, Pat—don't be in a hurry; for these good, respectable people of Mudford, have it on the best authority; and it's all true.'

'True?'

'Yes. I told you that you had better keep clear of me, Pat.'

He turned his head away, and closed his eyes; but opened them again in a minute, and saw Pat still sitting before the fire, hugging his knees.

'Why don't you go?' he said, fretfully.

Pat jumped to his feet. 'What do you take me for?' he said. 'I don't care a snap what they say, or if it's true or not.'

The Signor stretched out one of his thin, hot hands, and laid it on Pat's. 'They know a great deal about me, Pat,' he said. 'My wretched story is all at their fingers' ends; but there's one thing they don't know, and that I've never told any man, but I'll tell it to you.'

'What?'

'That I'm sorry.'

(To be continued.)

HOW GOUNOD BECAME A MUSICIAN.

From the German.

WHEN Gounod was at the school of one who was called the good Papa Pierson he was constantly scribbling musical notes. One day the schoolmaster sent for him into his study.

'Your parents complain,' said Pierson. 'They do not wish any musician in their family. You must be a Professor.'

'Never!'

'Your only choice is between Greek and Latin.'

'But I will be a musician,' said Gounod.

'You will? Give it up, I say: it is no profession at all. However, we will just see what you can do. Here's pen and paper. Compose for me a new air to Joseph's words: "A peine au sortir de l'enfance!"'

It was the recreation hour.

Before the bell sounded for the studies to begin again, Gounod came back with his paper completely covered.

'Already!' cried Pierson. 'Well, sing it, then!'

Gounod sang and accompanied himself, and so deeply affected poor Papa Pierson, that with tears he pressed him in his arms, and exclaimed,—

'Oh, my dear boy! Henceforth they may say what they like, but a musician you shall be, and nothing else.' J. F. C.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(Continued from page 191.)

THE COOK.

'A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones,*
To boile the chickenes and the marie bones.'

THE five rich London citizens brought with them their own cook, a clever fellow called 'Hodge,' or Roger, 'to boil the chickens and the marrow-bones, and powder-marchant tart,' whatever that may have been—perhaps something nice that we know nothing about now; and 'galingale,' or sweet cyperus. Well did he know a draught of London ale, and roast and boil and fry and broil; and right well could he bake a pie.

Now this Cook of London was so delighted with the Reve for the story he told of the knavish miller, who got so well served for his roguery, that for joy he clapped him on the back.

'Aha!' cried he, 'this miller had a sharp conclusion. Never since I have been called Hodge of Ware heard I of a miller better set to work. But if ye vouchsafe to hear a tale from me that am a poor man, I will tell you as well as I can of a little jest that befell in our city.'

'I grant it thee,' said our host. 'Now tell on, Roger, and look that thy tale be good; for thou hast let blood for many a pasty, and hast sold many a Jack of Dover† that has been twice hot and twice cold. And many a pilgrim has fared the worse for the parsley they have eaten in thy stubble-goose, for many a fly goeth loose in thy shop. Now tell on, gentle Roger by thy name; yet be not angry, I pray thee, for a man may say full truly in sport and play.'

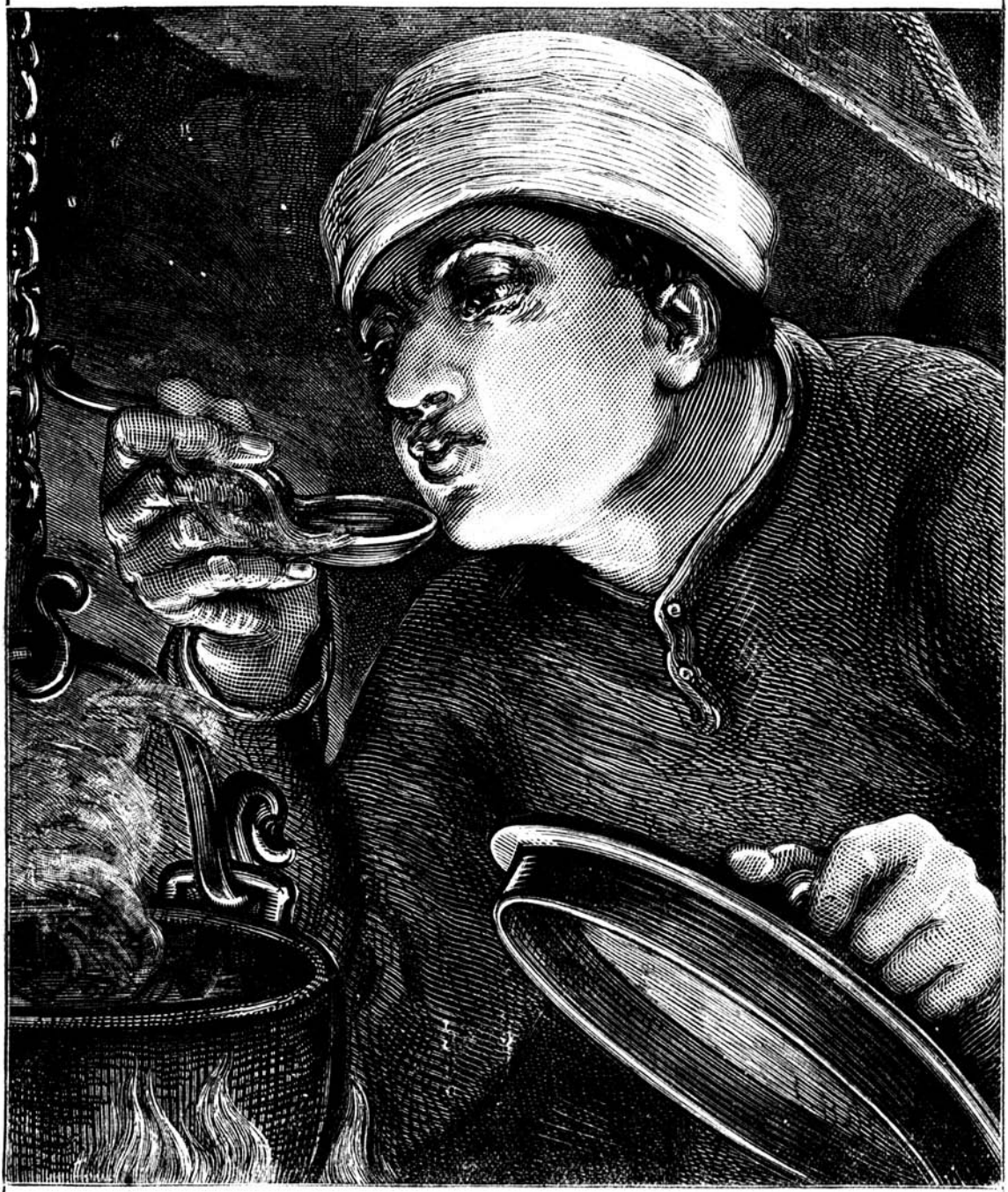
'Thou sayest true,' quoth Roger; but "true sport is bad sport," as the Fleming saith; and therefore be not thou angry, Herry Bailly, though my tale be of an hosteler. But, nevertheless, I will not tell it yet, but ere we part you shall certainly be quit!'

And so, laughing and making good cheer, the Cook saved his tale about an hosteler, or host, for another occasion; and instead of that, told one of an idle London 'prentice, who spent all the time he should have been minding his business in amusements, till, making free with his master's cash-box, he got turned out of his situation. But what the after adventures of this scapegrace were we shall never know, for all but the beginning of the story is lost. A. R.

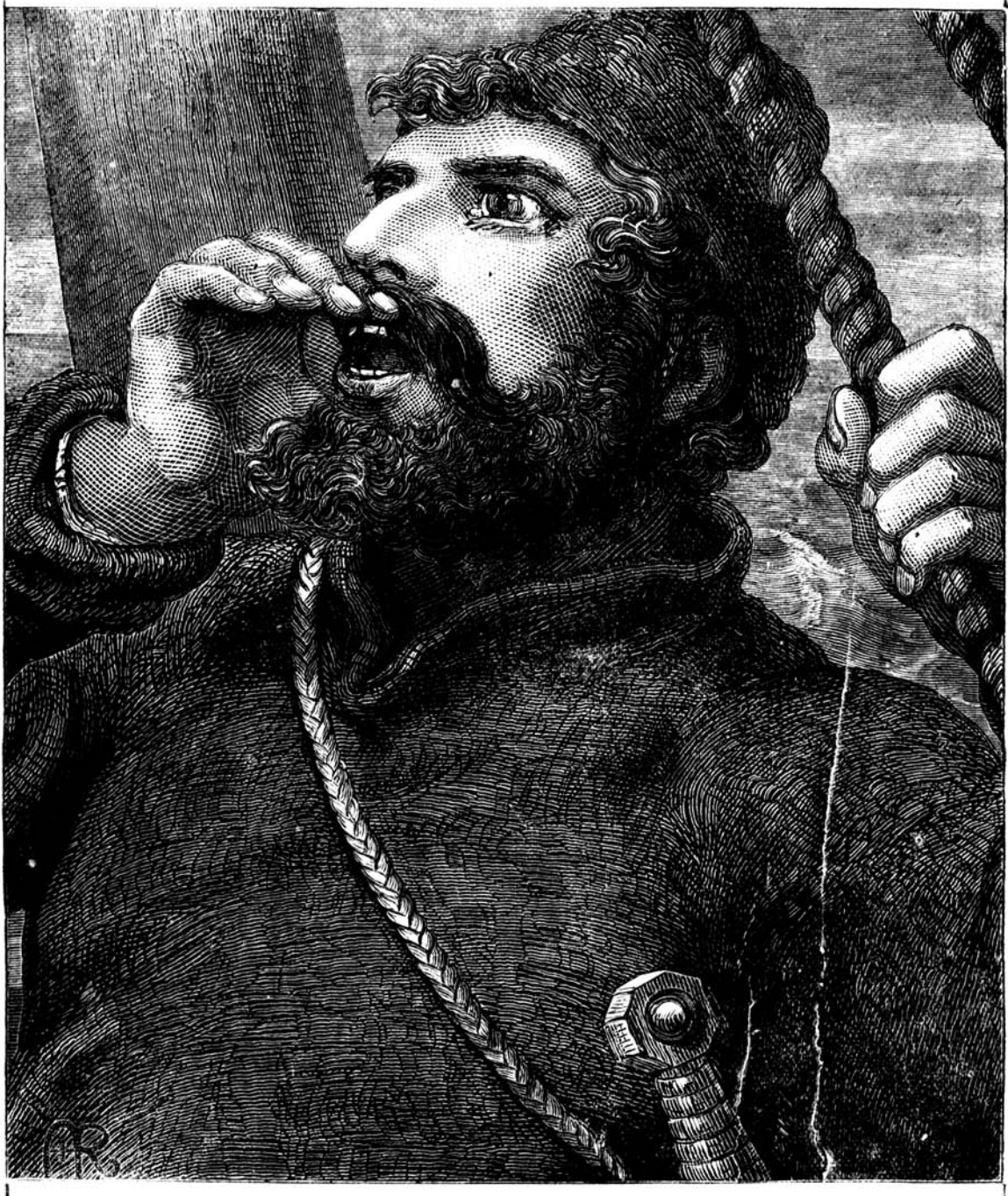
(To be continued.)

* For the occasion.

† Some eatable, but of what kind is not known.



The Cook.



The Shipman.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 207.)

THE SHIPMAN.

'A Shipman was ther, woned fer by west:
For eught I wote, he was of Dertemouth.'

A GOOD fellow was our Shipman, hailing from Dartmouth. But it would be difficult to find his exact counterpart amongst seafaring men of the present day; for he was not only master of the barge the *Magdelane*, which he commanded, but owned the cargo too, and traded on his own account. He seems rather to have resembled the old smugglers, for 'of nice conscience took he no keep,' and had drawn many a draught of wine from Bordeaux ward whilst 'the chapman' slept; and if he got the upper hand in a fight sent it home by water to every land. But for skill in reckoning his tides, streams, and strands, the moon, and for pilotage, there was not his like from Hull to Carthage. A hardy fellow, and a wise; his beard had been shaken in many a tempest; and he knew all the havens from Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre.

But his horsemanship was not equal to his seamanship; and he rode on his 'rauncie,' or hackney horse, as well as he was able. He wore a gown of 'falding,' or coarse cloth, that reached down to his knees; and suspended by a lace round his neck, and hanging down under his arm, was a dagger; and the hot summer had made his face all brown of hue.

Now after the Pardoner had told his story, our host had a little difference with that wily personage on the subject of relics; but having made friends with him again, he stood up in his stirrups, and cried to the company of pilgrims, 'Good men, hearken every one. This was a thrifty tale for the occasion.' And then turning to the Parson, he asked him also to tell them a tale, as learned men like him knew so much good. But he accompanied his request with a great deal of profane language; for he had a bad habit of swearing—a habit not altogether unknown to men of his class even now.

'Benedicite!' exclaimed the good Parson. 'What aileth the man so sinfully to swear?'

Then our host, irritated by the rebuke, turned rudely on the good man, and calling him a 'Loller,'* or heretic, said he would be preaching them some sermon next; sermons appearing to have been an especial source of dread to the merry Host of the Tabard.

'Nay,' quoth the Shipman, 'that shall he not; he shall preach none here. And therefore, Host, I warn thee, my own jolly body shall tell a tale, and clink you so merry a bell, that I shall waken all this company: but it shall not be of philosophy, or physic, or terms of law: there is but little Latin in me.'

And so the Shipman told a story of a trick that was played on a merchant, to the great delight of our host, who, when it was ended, cried, 'Well said! Now long mayest thou sail by the coast, thou gentle master, gentle mariner! But now pass over, and let us see who will tell us the next tale.' A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

* A Lollard; a name at first given to a peculiar class of religious people in Germany and the Netherlands: but it came to be used in England as a name for any heretic. The word is supposed by some to be derived from the German '*lallen*,' to sing in a murmuring way, like a dirge; but it is more probable that it was from the Latin '*lolium*,' or tares, as if they were tares among the wheat; and this appears to have been Chaucer's opinion.

PEAS BLOSSOM.

(*Continued from p.* 211.)

AS the doctor came in, Pat bent over and kissed his forehead, and then bolted out of the room, with a heart too full for words, only keeping his thoughts resolutely fixed on what he had to do, to keep down the grief that seemed overwhelming.

Paddy edged up to him as they went to their classes after prayers.

'What is it Pat? How is he?'

'Don't bother!' was the gruff reply; and Paddy did not take it amiss, guessing that things must be pretty bad.

'Look here,' Pat added; 'come out after dinner sharp. I'm going to cut school this afternoon, and I want you to help me.'

'Help you cut school?'

'I'll tell you all about it.'

'All right. I'll come fast enough.'

Pat went through his lessons that morning in a dream: the voices sounded indistinct and far away; and his own voice, reading or construing, was strange and unreal. He must have looked and spoken much as usual, however, for no one but Paddy and Mr. Radley noticed anything was wrong with him, and the latter only asked if he were not feeling well.

At dinner, too, Pat found himself eating mechanically, though I do not think he knew whether it was beef or mutton that he was swallowing, and he even laughed when one of the boys upset his glass of beer into his plate.

Paddy was on the look-out after dinner; and the two boys slipped out into Paul Street together.

Piccola was watching for them at the door, and ran at once to meet them. She had her Sunday frock on, and was neatly washed and brushed, and round her neck, by a little silk ribbon, was hung a gold locket, that Pat had never seen before, though Piccola's treasures had often been overhauled and displayed for his amusement.

It was as new to her as to Pat, for she kept it held in her little hand, and every now and then glanced down at it, to make sure it was quite safe.

'Look!' she said to Pat; and he saw that it was old-fashioned and dinted, as if it had seen service, and on one side was engraved the word 'Pray.'

you will go to work at once,' added Don. 'I don't suppose you could tell, even within a week or two, of the time it will take you to fill the order, could you?'

'I shouldn't. like to make a guess,' said David. 'The birds rove around so that a fellow can't tell anything about them. They are plenty now, but next week there may not be half a dozen flocks to be found.'

'Then I will write to him that the best you can say is that you will lose no time. How does the pointer come on?'

'Finely,' said David. 'He works better than half the old dogs now. He's smart, I tell you.'

'He takes after his owner, you see. I hope to get firmly on my feet next week, and if I do I want to try him. Good-bye.'

(To be continued.)

ABOUT OYSTERS.

OYSTERS,' says Fuller, 'are the only meat which men eat alive, and yet account it no cruelty.' The idea that an oyster is dead as soon as

> 'The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
> And the salt liquor streams between her hands,'

is a mistake: unless it is dead before opened, the oyster is often swallowed alive. From the most ancient times they have been thought a delicacy. Some think that Homer has alluded to them; at all events, the Romans were very fond of oysters, and those brought from the shores of Kent near Richborough were much prized by them. There are many enemies to the oyster, and the star-fish, especially the common five-fingers, are amongst its greatest. They get the shell between their rays, fix it firmly by the suckers, and then turn their stomachs inside out, and so embrace the captive. The shells soon open, and the star-fish enjoys its meal. Mussels destroy oysters by smothering them, and sand and frost cause thousands to die. Oysters are said to be a great brain food. Louis XI. of France used to feast the learned doctors of the Sorbonne on oysters once a-year, in order to keep up their brain power. Cervantes, Pope, Swift, Rousseau, Voltaire, Hume, Christopher North, and Napoleon I., were all fond of oysters.

A. R. B.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(Continued from page 218.)

THE DOCTOR OF PHYSIC.

> 'With us ther was a Doctour of Physike,
> In all this world ne was ther non him like
> To speke of physike, and of surgerie.'

OUR Doctor of Physic was a man of very profound learning indeed, but his art differed from that of physicians of the present time, for it was grounded in astronomy; and by his natural magic he could tell in what hours the planets favourable to his patients were in the ascendant, and treated them accordingly. So he was half an astrologer. Fancy being ill, and having to wait for your medicine till Mars or Saturn were in some particular quarter of the heavens!

He knew the cause of every malady, whether it were hot or cold, or moist or dry; and of what humour, and what caused it. He was a perfect practitioner, for as soon as he knew the root of the harm and the cause of the disease he at once gave the sick man his remedy.

In all the world there was none like him for physic and surgery. He had apothecaries ready to send him drugs; and they made profit for each other, the doctor and the apothecary, for their friendship was of long standing. And well knew this Doctor the works of all the famous physicians, from old Æsculapius, and Hippocrates, and Galen, down to Gatesden and Gilbertin.

His diet was moderate, but nourishing and digestible; and he studied his Bible but little. He was clothed in red Persian silk, lined with taffety and sendal, or thin silk. Yet his expenses were light, and he kept carefully what he had gained during the pestilence; for as gold is a cordial in physic, he loved gold especially.

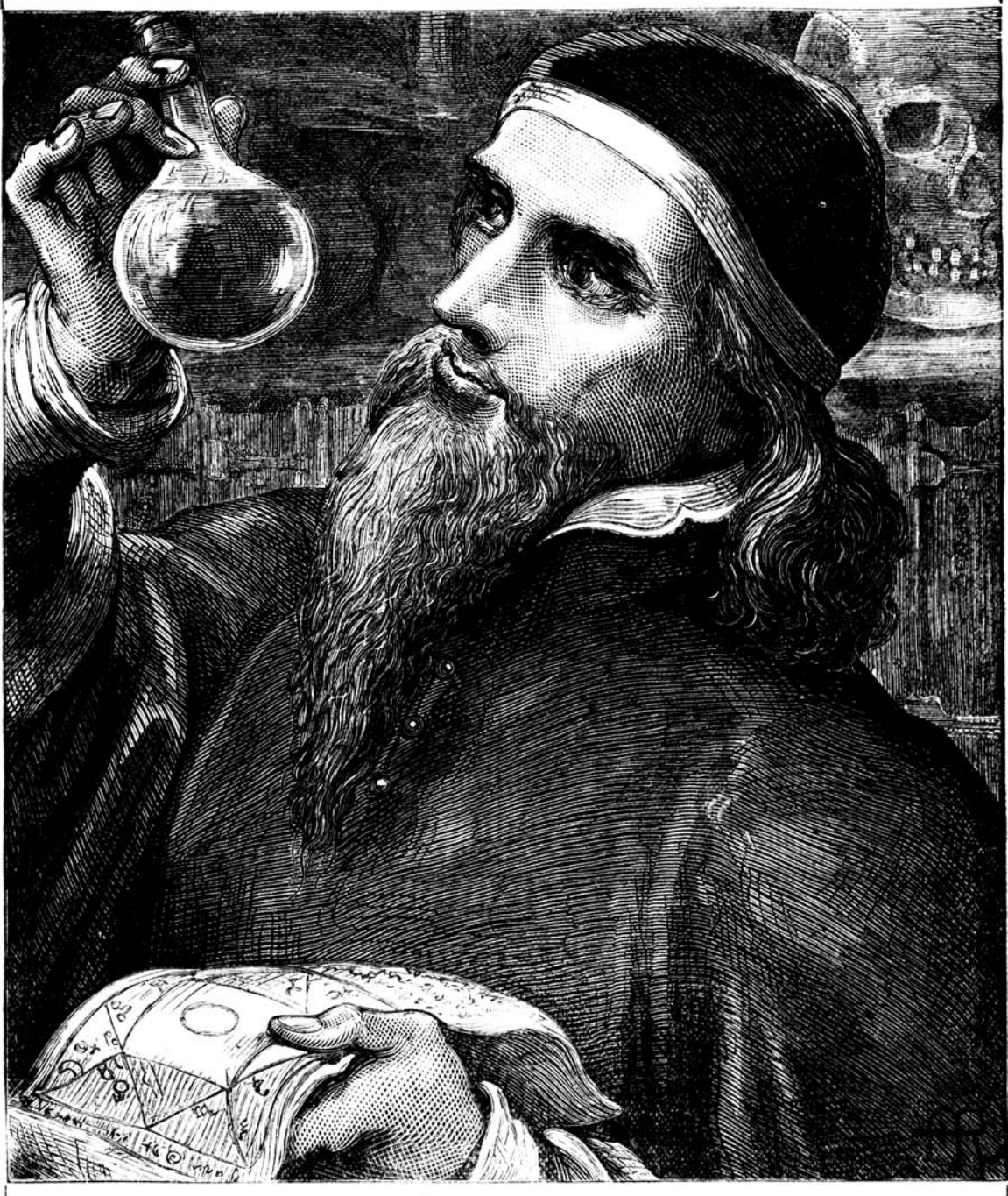
This learned Doctor was not a man of many words, or one who indulged in needless talking. So when the Franklain had finished his story, and our host said, 'Sir Doctor of Physic, I pray you tell us a tale of some honest matter,' the Doctor replied, 'It shall be done, if you will hear it;' and at once he began his tale. But thinking that he need not tax his powers much where no fee could be expected, he contented himself with a recollection of his school days, and told the celebrated story of Virginius and his daughter, out of Titus Livius, and which you will find in your Roman History.

Now though this story was most likely well known to the most educated of the pilgrims, to whom Latin was almost as familiar as their mother tongue, it was quite new to our host; and when it was finished he began using strong language, as if he were mad, as was his very unpleasant custom when much excited. He railed at Appius Claudius for his wickedness; and whilst praising the Doctor's cleverness, and hoping that Heaven would bless every boxful of his medicines, he declared that the piteous tale had nearly given him a 'cardiacle,' or some such malady; and that unless he at once heard some merry tale his heart was quite lost for pity of poor Virginia.

We must not judge the Doctor of Physic of the fourteenth century by the standard of our own day. He doubtless did much good in his time, by relieving human suffering as far as lay in his power. In the middle ages the planets were believed to have an influence over people's health; and the art of healing was mixed up with astrology and magic, and observations of the stars, and ideas about 'humours' and 'temperaments,' long since abandoned. Nor ought we to think lightly of his studies, dark and confused though they seem to us now, for it was through the labours of such men as he that the science of medicine has struggled on to its present eminence; just as some of the most valuable discoveries in chemistry were made by the old alchemists, whilst spending their lives and exhausting their energies over their crucibles, striving to find out the philosopher's stone, or the secret that should turn brass, and iron, and lead into gold.

A. R.

(To be continued.)



The Doctor of Physic.

The Wife of Bath.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 239.)

THE WIFE OF BATH.

'A good Wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was some del defe, and that was scathe.'

IT was certainly a pity that Dame Alison, the Wife of Bath, was somewhat deaf; but as her talent lay more in talking than in listening, it was less harm than might be supposed. She doubtless heard all she cared to hear. Indeed, she might have told us much more than she did; for she had been a great traveller. She was now on her way to Canterbury to visit the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket. But that journey was nothing to *her*, for she had crossed the sea to Boulogne and Cologne, had paid her devotions at the famous shrine of Saint James of Compostella, in Galicia, had gone three times on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and passed many a strange stream; and much could she tell of her wanderings by the way. Pilgrimages were held to earn God's favour in old times, and the Wife of Bath did her duty thoroughly in that respect.

Dame Alison was rich, and had such an establishment for cloth-making that it surpassed those of Ypres or Ghent.* All her life she was a worthy woman; there was no other in the parish should go before her to the offering, and if they did, she was sure to be so angry that she was out of all charity. And on Sundays she wore so many fine coverchiefs on her head that they must have weighed a pound.

Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue; but her teeth were a little irregular—'gap-toothed,' she herself called it: but that, she thought, became her. She was well wimpled, and had on her head a hat as broad as a buckler or target; her stockings were scarlet, her boots were new, and she wore a pair of sharp spurs, and sat easily upon her ambling steed, with a foot-mantle wrapped about her; and well could she laugh and talk in merry companionship.

The good wife was as experienced in marriage as in pilgrimage, for she had been wedded to no less than five husbands. She was now a widow, and, as she pleasantly tells us, was waiting for her sixth, who should be heartily welcome whenever he appeared. And it is not likely that so rich and showy a dame would be left to pine in loneliness long, though her teeth were rather uneven.

Now would you not have thought, when it came to this worthy dame's turn to tell a story, that she would have told us of some of the strange scenes she had witnessed during her travels in foreign countries? She did nothing of the sort; but told us instead all about herself, and how handsome and lively she was when she was young, and what fun she had! And all about her five husbands in regular succession, and how well she managed them, and what a life she led them, till the Pardoner, who had some thoughts of getting married, started up in alarm.

'Now, dame,' cried he, 'ye be a noble preacher in this case! Alas! I was about to wed a wife, but I would much rather wed none if I must pay for it so dearly!'

'Stay,' quoth she; 'my tale is not begun.'

And then she went on with her story, telling how three of her husbands were good, and two were bad; so she was rather fortunate, as she got three good ones out of five. She liked her fifth husband, Jankin, best of all, though it was through him that she came by her deafness. Jankin was 'a clerk of Oxenforde;' and after his marriage spent all his leisure time in reading. Now, though he was very fond of her, he had a bad habit of reading out to her, by way of warning, all the stories about wicked wives that he could find in his books; till one evening she lost all patience—if she ever had any—and snatching the horrid volume out of his hand, she tore the leaves out; at which he was so angry that he boxed her ears. And she instantly tumbled down on her back and pretended she was going to die. And he was so sorry for what he had done in his passion that he begged her forgiveness, and promised that she should henceforth always have her own way, which was just what she wished: but she was a little deaf ever after from the slap he had given her. And so, having got through all her family history from the day she was first married, at twelve years old, and a great deal more besides, Dame Alison said that she would now begin her tale.

'Now, dame,' quoth Friar Hubert, laughing, 'this is a long preamble of a tale.'

'Lo,' cried the Summoner, 'a friar will be ever interfering! Amble or trot, thou ever hinderest our sport in this matter.'

'Yea, wilt thou so, Sir Summoner?' quoth the Friar. 'Now, I shall tell a tale or two of a Summoner ere I go, so that all the folk in this place shall laugh!'

'And,' quoth the Summoner, 'ere I come to Sittingbourne I will tell two or three tales of friars that shall make thy heart mourn, for well I know thy patience is but gone.'

'Peace!' cried our host; 'and that at once: let the woman tell her tale. Ye behave like folk that have been drinking ale. Do, dame, tell on your tale.'

'All ready, sir,' said she; 'right as you please, if I have leave of this worthy Friar.'

The Friar assented, and Dame Alison told a story as old as the days of King Arthur, to show that what all women liked best in the world was to rule and to have their own way. So, you see, this good Wife of Bath only did what most of us do, for she judged of every one by herself.

A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

* Cities in Belgium celebrated for their cloth manufacture.

DERIVATION OF WORDS.

BLANKETS take their name from one Thomas Blanket, of Bristol, who first made them in 1340.

Worsted is so called from the town of Worsted, in Norfolk, where it was first manufactured.

Sally Lunns (as the well-known tea-cakes are called) are simply retaining the name of the first young woman who made them and carried them about in her basket, towards the end of the last century.

H. A. F.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 10.)

THE KNIGHT.

'He was a verray perfight, gentil knight.'

THE knight was a soldier of high rank. In Chaucer's days the king kept no standing army, but a certain number of men in the country were bound, as our militia and volunteers are now, to be ready to go out and fight whenever they were called upon.

Chaucer himself was a soldier when young, but fighting and writing are occupations that cannot be carried on well together; so when the poet took up his pen he laid aside his sword. His short experience of military life taught him, however, what a model soldier ought to be like; so when he described the 'perfight knight's' character he drew it from the knowledge that he had gained by experience.

In proof that war and literature thrive badly side by side, it is curious to note that after Chaucer's death no great writer arose in England for more than a hundred years; the reason being that the country was never free from wars for a whole century, so nobody had time to think of writing books.

The knight was brave and skilful: he had fought in many distant lands—in Russia, Prussia, Africa, Turkey, and Palestine; but, better even than being brave, he was truthful, honourable, and courteous, never known to do a villainous deed or to use a wicked word. The hard, rough life he led, did not spoil his sense of right and wrong; so, however often he had to shout and give orders to his men, he never tried to enforce those orders with oaths or bad language. His yea meant yea, his nay, nay; and the soldiers knew it, and obeyed him all the more readily for being treated with courtesy. They respected him also for his simple habits of life. His clothes consisted of a coat of chain-armour, over which he wore a plain fustian suit, which was stained with rust-marks from rubbing against the armour below. When he got home from the wars the first thing he did, before even changing his clothes, was to go straight to Canterbury, and there return thanks to God for his safety and victory, giving the glory of his success where it was due, and not taking it to himself.

We must not imagine that his being 'a very perfight, *gentil* knight,' meant that he was at all feeble or wanting in manliness. *Gentle* towards the weak and helpless is what every brave man ought to be.

A pretty story, showing that a tender heart often lies under a soldier's coat, is told of the Emperor Charles of Spain, who, during a campaign in Flanders, lived for so long outside some city which he was besieging that a swallow had time to build her nest upon his tent. The soldiers wished to destroy it, but the Emperor forbade them; and after he had taken the town, and wished to move the tents to some other place, he ordered that his own tent should be left standing rather than break up the home which the skilful little bird had built. So the tent was left empty and flapping in the breeze until the swallow's eggs had hatched and her little ones had flown away.

Napoleon I., too, who often seemed hard and cruel as a soldier, yet had a soft corner in his heart, which showed itself now and then. Once, whilst England and France were at war, a young British sailor was taken prisoner and kept at Boulogne. Here the lad, when pacing by the sea-shore and longing to be at home, caught sight of an empty barrel tossing amongst the waves. This he seized and hid it in a cave, where he worked very hard and contrived to turn it into a rough kind of boat. At last, when it was finished, he pushed the little vessel off to sea, jumped in, and began to row across the Channel which separated him from Old England; but he had not got far before he was overtaken and brought back. The Emperor heard of his rash attempt to escape, and sent for him, and asked what motive had led him to risk his life in such a reckless way. The lad replied that he longed to see his mother again. Touched by the sailor's simple devotion:—

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said;
'Ye've both my favour fairly won:
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son!'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THE CASTLE GOBLIN.

(*Continued from page* 22.)

'PRETTY state we are in!' the Count cried, his anger returning more hotly than ever. 'Who can have played us this trick, I should like to know? He shall feel the strength of my fist, I warrant?'

But it was in vain to rave; the men-at-arms knew nothing about it, and could with difficulty keep themselves from laughing in the Count's face, being only restrained by fear of his wrath, which, when once roused, was more like that of a wild beast than of a man. The worst of it was, that with all their efforts Albrecht and his companions could not remove the colour, which was evidently produced by woad, some of which had been prepared for dyeing some stuffs which had been spun and woven by the Baroness's maidens.

'We must e'en go and see our fair prisoner with our helmets on and visors down,' said the Count, furiously: 'it would never do to allow her to laugh us to scorn!'

A peal of laughter from the upper part of the hall made the three knights look up. Over this end there ran a gallery, where, in special times of rejoicing, a band of musicians used to play. Leaning over the

means he would make his servant more profitable, and that as soon as Claude had been a little taught he would find a very cheap assistant in him.

But Tassi had to wait a long time before he repaid himself for his feigned generosity. Claude's intellect was enveloped by a thick covering of stupidity and awkwardness which was very hard to work through.

At last, however, light dawned in upon this dull soul. Claude listened, understood his master's lessons, and was beginning already to profit by them, when the sight of some pictures sent from Naples by a famous landscape-painter of that city revealed to the young man what his real vocation was.

He started from Rome to go and ask this painter, whose works had struck him so much, the favour of being admitted among his pupils.

This request granted, Claude worked with so much zeal that at the age of twenty-five his name was already known as an illustrious artist.

He did all he could now to make up for the time he had lost in his youth, studying with unwearied diligence all the principles of his art. He travelled in Italy, France, and Germany, and paid a visit to his native place—the old castle in Lorraine. It was from this province that he took the name of Lorraine, though he is generally known by the one simple name of Claude.

He then returned to Rome, where he was eagerly welcomed. There was now a great demand for his pictures, many famous personages sending him commissions. He finally fixed his residence at Rome. He would spend great part of his time, often whole days, in watching the changes of the appearance in earth and sky. He painted for his study a landscape, compounded of many views taken in the Villa Madama, with a great variety of trees, which he kept as a store of natural objects: he refused to sell it, even when Clement IX. offered to cover it with pieces of gold.

Claude is the prince of landscape-painters. His works now fetch enormous prices at picture-sales. Stories are told of picture-dealers who, by chance, have picked up a Claude at sales of property in French castles, making their fortunes by the discovery. Most of the galleries of Europe possess specimens of his paintings. In the National Gallery there are no less than ten, some of which rank among his finest works.

Claude died in 1682, aged eighty-two, leaving his property to two nephews and a niece, his only surviving relatives. J. F. C.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT loved all animals, and especially dogs. When he lost his property he wrote these touching lines:—'My dogs will wail for me; the thought of parting from these dumb creatures has moved me more than anything else. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may yet be those who, loving me, will love my dog because it has been mine. Alas! I feel my dogs' feet on my knees; I hear them whining and seeking me. What would they do if they knew how things may be?'

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE PARSON.

'A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Persone of a town.'

RIDING to Canterbury, united by a common object, were men of various dispositions. The humble parish priest, 'a poure Persone of a town,' rode side by side with the lordly monk, who belonged to a wealthy monastery, kept fine horses, and lived on the fat of the land.

The 'poure Persone' who accompanied our pilgrims to Canterbury, though a poor man, was rich in good works and holy thoughts. He was very learned, and preached the Gospel truly to his parishioners. Benign and wonderfully diligent, his patience in adversity was often proved. Notwithstanding his poverty he was loth to enforce the payment of his tithes, and would rather relieve the wants of the poor out of his offerings, or his own substance, for he himself could be contented with very little. His parish was large, and the houses scattered wide asunder; yet with his staff in his hand he would walk through rain or thunder-storm to visit the farthest of them in times of sickness or misfortune. He taught his flock, after giving them the best example by his own life; for he said, 'If gold rusted, what should iron do? And if a priest in whom the people trusted were bad, what wonder if they were bad also? For it was a shame to see sheep cleaner than their shepherd, and a priest ought, by his own way of living, to show his flock how to live.'

But though he was so holy, he had pity on sinful men, and was not severe of speech, but strove to draw them to Heaven by gentleness and good example. To obstinate people, however, who persisted in doing evil, he would speak sharply at the time, no matter what their position in life was. A better priest was nowhere to be found, for he cared neither for pomp nor reverence;

'But Cristes lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.'

Chaucer calls his parson a 'Persone,' because that was the old way of spelling, as the name is derived from the Latin word, *persona* a person—and was applied to the clergy, because in their persons they represented the church of their parish. So the good priest is still the same, though his name is spelled differently, just as his ordinary dress is different from that which he would have worn long ago. A. R.

A RIDDLE.

AS I was going through a field of wheat,
I picked up something good to eat:
'Twas neither fish, flesh, feather nor bone,
I kept it till it ran alone.

THE REPLY IS—HEN'S EGG.

The Parson.

'em an' got the money in his pocket, then I'll tell you what else to do. Le' me see: fifty dozen birds at three dollars a dozen! That's—that's jest——'

Godfrey straightened up, locked his fingers together, rested his elbows on his knees, and looked down at the pile of ashes in the fireplace.

'It's a heap of money, the fust thing, you know,' said Dan. 'It's fifty dollars. Dave told me so.'

'Fifty gran'mothers!' exclaimed Godfrey. 'Dave done said that jest to make a fule of you. It would be fifty dollars if he only got a dollar a dozen. If he got two it would be a hundred dollars, an' if he got three, it would be——'

(To be continued.)

THE MEGALOSAURUS AND IGUANODON.

AT the period in the history of the world when the ocean swarmed with such monsters as the Ichthyosaurus, the land was tenanted by huge crocodile-like lizards. These were reptiles provided with feet; while those inhabiting the sea were partly like fishes, and had paddles to enable them to swim. The largest of the land species was the Iguanodon, so called because it resembled in structure, and in the character of its teeth, the Iguana, a lizard common in the tropical parts of America. The Iguana of the present day only grows to the length of four or five feet, while the Iguanodon of former ages reached the astonishing dimensions of more than sixty feet! The horn on its nose gave it a strange, dragon-like aspect; but, notwithstanding its enormous size and formidable look, it was probably a harmless creature, like its modern congener the Iguana, for its teeth were only formed for feeding on vegetable substances.

The Megalosaurus, or 'Great Lizard,' was, on the other hand, a dreadful carnivorous monster, almost as huge as the Iguanodon, but far more terrible; for its immense jaws look as if they could have crushed through a bar of iron, and its formidable rows of teeth were specially adapted for cutting and tearing flesh: for some were arranged like those of a saw, while others were curved backward like a sabre, and sharp all along the inner edge, so that when an animal was seized by them it could not possibly escape. The body of the Megalosaurus was covered with strong plates like armour, and its legs were longer in proportion to its size than those of other lizards. As these monsters were not sluggish like the crocodile and alligator, but, from their flexible, lizard-like structure, probably swift and sudden in their motions, the destruction of animal life by such must have been immense; and, indeed, their voracity may have been one cause of their extinction, for when other food failed them they may have attacked each other, the large herbivorous animals, such as the Mastodon and Mammoth, not being then in existence.

From the plants preserved in the same rocks which contain the remains of these creatures, we know that they must have lived in a tropical climate, for the vegetation chiefly consists of tree-ferns and palms, such as only grow in hot countries. And yet all these were discovered in England, showing what great changes have taken place in the earth since the ages before the Flood! A. R.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

'With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother.

* * * * *

A trewe swinker,* and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.'

THE good Parson was accompanied by his brother, who was only a poor Ploughman, and the two brothers, each in his several way, did their duty to the utmost, for we can all be as good in the lowliest walk of life as in the very highest.

Steadily guiding his plough, and making his furrows straight, our poor ploughman also guided his own life in the right path, and in his humble condition practised every Christian virtue. For he loved God with his whole heart at all times, whether in joy or sorrow, and loved his neighbour as himself. And, if it lay in his power, he would thresh or dig and delve for any poor man, for the Lord's sake, and without any hire; for he was a true worker, and a good, 'living in peace, and perfect charity.' And he paid his tithes fairly, both of his labour and his goods. He wore a tabard, a kind of outer garment without sleeves, and rode upon a mare.

These two good brothers, the Parson and the Ploughman, though they were the poorest, and their lives the hardest, were most likely the happiest in all that mixed company of pilgrims riding together to Canterbury.

Ploughing has been practised from the earliest times of which we have any record. But at first the plough was nothing but the great branch of a tree, that was dragged over the ground, scratching the earth rather than furrowing it. By-and-by the branch was pointed with metal, so as to form a rude ploughshare. The Saxon plough was very simple, having no wheel, and the raised end of the beam forming the stilt or handle by which it was guided. In Chaucer's time the plough had been greatly improved, and was made with a ploughshare, coulter, and mould-boards, as it is now; it also had two stilts or handles, but they appear to have been placed one before the other, so that in guiding it the ploughman did not stand between the stilts as he does now, but rather behind them.

What would the ploughman of the fourteenth century think, could he, in our days, visit the scenes of his labours; and instead of the familiar plough drawn by its yoke of slow-moving oxen, that he had guided so patiently day by day, a strange-looking machine, armed with a number of formidable blades, tearing rapidly through the earth, cutting four furrows at a time, and attached by a steel cable to two puffing and snorting steam engines, placed one at each end of the field, and managed by a couple of smoke-blackened stokers! A. R.

* Worker.

The Ploughman.

this child's father, I believe—died four years ago in India. She married again the end of last year, and it was necessary to send her boy back to England, both for his health and his education, and the Elmwood people were saying that they thought Mr. Pollard's was hardly the place he should have been sent to. Evelyn was always very musical, and her boy they say has quite a wonderful taste for music. How strange it would be if poor little Chris really were her son!'

Mr. Pollard arrived in the course of that day, and was very angry about everything; and Chris cried dreadfully till Dr. Taylor came, and said, 'No one must dream of moving him for a fortnight, or perhaps more.' And then Mr. Pollard got better, and mother and he sat and talked for ever so long, and she found out all about Chris, and that he really was the little boy she had heard about at Elmwood. Mr. Pollard said he was quite music mad; but mother never thinks that anything to do with music is mad, and the more she heard of Chris the more glad she was to have to care for him.

He was a long time getting well; but he did get quite well before he went back to school, and now he always spends his summer holidays with us, and seems just like one of ourselves.

Mother and he are as fond of one another as if they were really mother and son—not that he ever takes our places, or could take them in mother's heart; but there is the music between them, and none of us have any more ear, mother says, than three crows.

Of a summer evening we often miss her and Chris, and though at first we could not think where they were, we know now that we have only to run down the lane to the churchyard, and we are sure to find the church door open, and to hear the soft tones of the organ floating out into the warm air. Within Chris is sure to be playing, and mother sitting by listening, or every now and then joining in with her sweet, clear voice; and I think mother and he like these times better than anything else that ever happened since Chris came to us. E. W.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE MILLER.

'The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones.'

IN Chaucer's time, the miller was a man of some importance, for there were few shops except in the large towns, and nearly every one sent their corn to be ground at the mill, and baked their own bread. He took a handful of meal from every bushel that he ground, as his perquisite, but it was believed that he usually took far more than his due. Indeed, so bad a reputation had he, that there was a proverb, that every *honest* miller had a gold thumb.

The miller who rode with our pilgrims to Canterbury to clear his conscience, appears to have had much to answer for in this way, for he was shrewdly suspected of taking thrice his due from the meal, and even of stealing the corn. However, he was a jolly fellow, and a famous wrestler, and his strength was well proved, for all who came to contend at the wrestling matches went down before him, and he carried off in triumph the ram which was the prize of the winner. And no wonder, for he was broad-shouldered, and as hard as the knot of a tree; and so strong, that he could heave a door from its bars, or break it by running with his head at it. But he was no beauty to look at, for his broad spade-shaped beard was as red as a fox; and right on the top of his nose there was a wart, with a tuft of red hair growing out of it! His nostrils were wide and black, and his mouth gaped like a furnace. A talking fellow was he, too, who belonged to the jovial society of Goliards,* and could play well on the bagpipes. He was dressed in a white coat and blue hood, had a sword and buckler at his side, and brought the pilgrims out of London town, blowing merrily on his pipes.

Now this roguish miller had taken more ale at the 'Tabard' than was good for him, so much so that he forgot his manners, and the deference he owed to his superiors; and when the knight's tale was ended, though scarcely able to sit upright on his horse, he shouted out that he knew a tale as good as the knight's. Our host, seeing the state he was in, besought him to wait awhile, and let some better man first tell one. This only made the miller more boisterous, and he cried out that he would speak, or else he would go his own way; whereon the host, telling him that he was a fool, and that his wit was overcome with drinking, bade him tell on his tale, and have done with it. So the miller, asking the company, if he said anything wrong, to put it down to the credit of the Southwark ale, began by telling them that he knew of a trick that had been played on a carpenter. Now the Reve happened to be a carpenter, and when he heard this, fearing some ridicule would be thrown on his craft, he bade the miller to stop his chattering, for it was a great sin to defame any man. In spite of all, the miller persisted in telling his tale, to the amusement of the company; but while they were laughing, Osewald the Reve was getting more and more angry, and only thought of how he could pay the miller for his tale in his own coin. A. R.

EQUAL SHARES.

IN the revolutionary times of 1848, two stalwart leaders of the people one day entered the Rothschilds' bank at Frankfort. They asked for the Baron, and were admitted to his presence.

'You have millions on millions,' said they to him, 'and we have nothing. You must divide with us.'

'Very well, gentlemen,' calmly replied the Baron. 'What do you suppose, now, the firm of Rothschild is worth?'

'About forty millions of florins.'

'Forty millions of florins you think, eh? Well, there are just forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here are yours; now, of course, you are satisfied. Good morning.'

And the nonplussed advocates of equality actually allowed themselves to be bowed out.

* So called from Golias, a wit of the twelfth century.

The Miller.

The Manciple.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE MANCIPLE.

'A gentil Manciple was there of a temple,
Of which achatours* mighten take ensemple.'

IT used to be the custom at all inns of courts and colleges, where lawyers or students lived together, to have an officer to buy provisions for the community, who was called a Manciple. His name was derived from the Latin word *manceps*, which at first meant the owner of a public bakehouse. The office is still retained in several colleges and inns of court; and as Chaucer is said to have studied in the Middle Temple, he must have been well acquainted with their ways.

A Manciple belonging to one of the Inns of Temple rode with the pilgrims to Canterbury, and was so clever that all other purchasers might take example in buying victuals wisely; for whether he paid or took by account, he so watched his bargaining that he always did well. Now is not this a great gift, that the wit of such an ignorant man should surpass the wisdom of a heap of learned men? For he had more than thrice ten masters, all expert and careful in law: and there were a dozen in the house fit to be stewards of rent and land to any lord in England, and enable him to live on his property honourably and without debt, unless he were mad —men who were able to help a whole shire in any case that might happen; and yet this Manciple 'set all their caps;' in fact, made fools of them!

In the way to Canterbury, just under the wood called 'The Blee,' there stood a little town known by the funny name of 'Bob-up-and-down,' and for which you might now look in your maps in vain. And here our host saw that the cook, Roger, had got tipsy, and was lagging behind; and he cried out,—

'Sirs, what? Dun is in the mire! Is there no man who will waken our fellow behind? A thief might easily bind and rob him. See how he naps, as if he would fall from his horse! Is this a cook of London? Make him come forth, he knows his penance; for he shall tell a tale, though it be not worth a bottle of hay! Awake, thou Cook,' quoth he; 'what aileth thee to sleep in the day-time?'

'I know not how it is,' said the Cook; 'but such a heaviness hath fallen on me that I would rather sleep than have the best gallon of wine in Cheap!' Which might very well be, as he had already taken too much.

'Well,' quoth the Manciple, 'if it will do thee ease, Sir Cook, we will now excuse thee of thy tale: for in good faith thy face is full pale, and thine eyes dazed: you shall certainly not be flattered by me. See how he gapes, as though he would swallow us outright! Shut thy mouth, man! Ah! take care, sirs, of this sturdy man! Now, sweet sir, will ye just at the fan?† Methinks ye be in good condition for that!'

At this the Cook waxed 'all raw,' and began nodding fast at the Manciple for lack of speech, when down he fell from his horse, and there he lay. Here was a brave expedition of a cook! It was a pity he had not stuck to his ladle! And what trouble there was, and what a pushing to and fro, ere his unwieldy body could be hoisted into the saddle again!

'As drink hath dominion over this man,' quoth our host to the Manciple, 'he will be unable to tell his tale; for it is more than he can do to keep himself on his horse out of the slough: and if he fall off again we shall all have enough to do to lift him up: so tell on thy tale, and never mind him. But yet, manciple,' said he, 'in faith thou art foolish to reprove him thus openly. Mayhap some other day he will be even with thee, by pinching at thy reckonings that were not honest, if it came to the proof.'

'I would rather pay for the mare he rides on,' quoth the Manciple, 'than that he should get me into trouble. I will not anger him—I spoke but in jest. But I have here in my gourd a draught of good wine, and this cook will drink, and not say nay!'

And sure enough the Cook did so, though he had drunk so much already; and he thanked the Manciple as well as he could, though he had been so angry with him a while ago. At which our host, laughing loudly, turned to the Manciple and asked him now to tell his tale: and so he told a story from Greek mythology.

A. R.

* Purchasers.

† A favourite sport in the middle ages was 'justing at the Quintaine;' which was a post with a movable top called a 'fan,' or 'vane;' and which, if awkwardly struck with the lance, would swing round and hit the rider.

THE BOY TRAPPER.

(*Continued from page* 318.)

By HARRY CASTLEMON.

Porter and Coates. 1878.

CHAPTER X.—A BEAR HUNT.

'LL jest do it, an' it's the luckiest thing in the world that I thought of it. That will make me wuth—' here he stopped and counted his fingers—'twenty-two dollars and two bits, anyhow. Then my clothes an' stockings, an' shoes, an' all the powder an' lead I want this winter, won't cost me nothing; so I shall be rich fur all that thar mean Dave is workin' so hard agin me.'

It was Dan Evans who talked thus to himself, and he was standing behind the cabin, with his hands in his pockets, and looking at Don's pointer, just as he was the last time we saw him. He was so very much delighted with certain plans he had determined upon that he did not dare meet his brother again just then, for fear that the expression of joy and triumph which he knew his face wore would attract David's notice, and put him on his guard. So he remained in the rear of his cabin with his thoughts for company, until his mother came home.

The dress David had purchased for her, and which he had placed in the most conspicuous position he could find, was the first thing that attracted her attention as she entered the door.

Dan heard her exclamation of joyful surprise, and listened with all his ears in the hope of overhearing some of the conversation that passed between her

The hasty little crimson buds,
To seize the gauntlet rush;
But one tall flower, the Crimson Queen,
In gentle voice says, 'Hush!
'Tis for the gardener's negligence
And ignorance I *blush!*'

The Yellow Queen's sarcastic voice
Is borne upon the breeze;
'When *next* you're planted upside-down,
Grow downwards, if you please!
Appreciation you may find
At the antipodes!'

The rosy Chieftainess in vain
Would still her outraged crew.
'Is not the evening sky,' they shout,
'Tinged with a crimson hue?
That yellow shade you all possess
To *jealousy* is due!'

The yellow buds in deep disdain
All further parley spurned.
'We know,' they said, 'the sunset clouds
With *golden* radiance burned!
Poor things! their senses, like their roots,
Quite *upside-down* are turned!'

Since then the deadly primrose feud
No lapse of time can stay,
The *Crimson* pointedly ignore,
The *Yellow* Monarch's sway.
The *Yellow* have the *Crimson* sent
To *Coventry* for aye!

G. E. Bennet.

SCRAPS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An oyster is said by Poli, a great authority on this subject, to contain as many as 1,200,000 eggs, so that from a single oyster enough to fill 12,000 barrels might be born!

The number of herrings caught in one year for food is beyond calculation. In Norway twenty millions have been taken at a single fishing, and, where more boats are employed, still larger numbers are caught. It is uncertain who first suggested that herrings should be salted and kept for food. One writer gives the honour to William Denkelzoon, a fisherman of Biervlist, in Flanders, who began the practice in the fourteenth century. By others the invention is ascribed to William Benkelings of Bierulin. The Emperor Charles V. was so impressed with the importance of the invention that he paid a solemn visit to his tomb, and there ate a salted herring over the grave.

The first rhinoceros purchased for the Zoological Gardens cost 1000*l*. It was then, of course, a great curiosity. The next was bought for less than half that sum, although as fine an animal. A pair of giraffes cost the Society 1400*l*. in purchase-money and their carriage home. The hippopotamus presented to the Society cost nearly 1000*l*. to bring to England and safely house it. The prices of some rare birds have been even larger than these. A. R. B.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE REVE.

'The Reve was a slendre, colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.'

The Reve was a steward, or head bailiff, who managed an estate, and took charge of the stock for its owner.

Chaucer describes his reve as a slender man, prone to anger. His beard was clean shaven, and his hair clipped away at the top, and cut close round his ears like a priest's. His legs were long and lean as a staff. But he was a good man of business, and could keep his lord's accounts well; the sheep and cattle, the horses, poultry, and even the dairy, being wholly under his control. And ever since his lord was twenty years of age he had given due reckoning of all to him, and no man could accuse him of being in arrear. There was no bailiff, nor herd, nor hind on the estate, but was in deadly fear of him, for he knew all their tricks and wiles. Yet with all this he was subtle enough to enrich himself, whilst he pleased his master; for indeed he could purchase better than his master, and so manage matters as to get thanks, and a present of a coat and hood, when he was only giving to his lord that which was his own property. He had a fair house in Norfolk, built on a heath, and well shaded by green trees; and he had learned a good trade in his youth, and was a carpenter. Altogether he was a very prosperous man, but this does not appear to have improved his temper: in fact, he was a very cross old fellow. He rode on a fine dapple-grey horse, whose name was 'Scot;' wore a long surcoat of 'perse,' or bluish-gray colour, and carried by his side a rusty sword. He always rode hindmost of the company.

Now when this long-legged, short-tempered reve, whose name was Osewold, or Oswald, heard the tipsy miller tell a jest about a carpenter, he at once thought, like all conceited people, that it applied to himself, as he belonged to the craft of carpenters; and he thought that the miller had not told it merely to amuse the company, but on purpose to make him ridiculous. So to revenge himself, he determined to tell a tale about a trick that was played on a knavish miller, but he began with such a long tirade about his grey hair, and youth and age, and so forth, that our host, losing patience, interrupted him by telling him that a reve was not made for a preacher, any more than a blacksmith was a shipman or a doctor; and reminding him that the day was wearing on, and that they were in sight of Deptford and Greenwich, bade him tell his tale without wasting any more time.

So Osewold the Reve told his story about a miller who ground the corn of the college of Soler Hall at Cambridge, or Cantebrigge, as it was then called; and how this miller, taking advantage of the illness of the manciple of the college, stole so much of the corn that two of the scholars, resolving to put a stop to it, got permission from the warden to take the corn themselves to the mill; and they not only got all ground, but gave the rogue a thorough beating for his pains. Thus the reve thought that he had paid off the miller for his story about a carpenter; and it is to be hoped it comforted the sour old fellow, and quieted his temper for a time. A. R.

The Reve.

of something else. 'How do you like Mrs. Pepper?' she asked presently.

'Very much; she is very kind, generally,' and as she said so, Salamander looked round rather anxiously.

'I knew her well some years ago,' her aunt went on, 'and I couldn't see much to like in her then; but she may be changed since that time,—I hope she is. Does she ever say anything to you about her relations, Salamander?'

'No, never. I didn't know she had any.'

'Never told you she had a sister living in the village, I suppose?'

'In the village!' repeated Salamander, more and more surprised.

'Yes, and not very far from this house; a sister who has to work harder to get a living than any other cat in the village, and who would often be glad of the bones that her sister Pepper has picked. No, Mrs. Pepper would indeed be changed if she were to tell you that. I was about your age, Salamander, when I first saw her: it was just after I had gone to live at the farm-house, and that winter was a very cold one. One morning a poor cat and two kittens were found half frozen in the snow. No one knew where they came from, so my mistress took them in, and with good care and feeding they soon came round. A week or two after the old cat disappeared, but the two little kittens, Moss and Pepper, were left behind, and my mistress was glad to get rid of them as soon as possible. Moss was taken by a farm labourer, who chose her because she was the largest and strongest-looking, and Pepper was left with me some time longer. We were not very good friends, for she would do nothing but eat and sleep; and one day, when I asked her to go a-mousing with me, she set up her back and hissed at me. Well, before long, my mistress heard that they needed a cat at the Hall, and Pepper was sent there. Moss was very glad to hear of her sister's good fortune, and as soon as she could find time she went up to see her. But Pepper's head was quite turned, and she thought herself far too grand to have anything to do with poor Moss; so that, though she came again and again, Pepper would never even go to the door to speak to her, and at last she gave it up in despair, and I don't believe they have seen each other all these years. And now, Salamander dear, you won't wonder that I couldn't like Mrs. Pepper, and was almost sorry to hear you were with her; but if you don't take after her it won't matter.'

Poor Salamander! She wondered what Aunt Scrub would think of her if she knew what her own feelings had been a little while ago. But they were quite gone now, and her manner towards her aunt, as she said good-bye, was more loving than it had ever been before; and as she went back to the house she felt heartily ashamed of herself for having even thought that Mrs. Pepper or any one else was better than dear, kind Aunt Scrub.

She found Mrs. Pepper in a very good humour, for she had had as much milk and cream as she wished for, and had not been shut in this time. She did not ask Salamander any questions, but warned her that if she went on like this, going out in all weathers, she would catch a terrible cold some day.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE SUMMONER.

'A sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face.'

THE 'Sompnour,' or Summoner, was an officer whose business it was to serve summonses on people who had been guilty of bad conduct, and bring them before the archdeacon's court. But whatever good may originally have been in the office was entirely lost in our author's time, through the bad character of the men engaged in it, for they were accused of not only taking bribes to let evil-doers escape punishment, but of working on the fears of innocent and timid people by threatening them with a summons, and so obtaining money from them. And Friar Huberd appears to have had good reason for saying, as he did, that a summoner was a man of whom no good could be said; but as both himself and his office have long since been abolished, we can afford now to laugh at his oddities.

Our Summoner was no exception to the bad reputation of his class, and his person was by no means attractive. He had a fiery-red face covered with pimples, narrow eyes, ugly black eyebrows, and a plucked beard; and at his visage the little children were sorely frightened. There was no ointment of any sort, that would clear away the knobs from his red cheeks. He loved garlic, onions, and leeks, and strong red wine; and when he had drunk much he would cry out as though he were mad, and would speak nothing but Latin. He had two or three phrases of that language which he had learned out of some decree, and no wonder he could repeat them when he heard them all day, for you know that a jay can cry 'Watt' as well as any one; but if you tried his learning any further you would find he had spent all his philosophy.

But, after all, he was a good-natured sort of rogue in his way; for though he kept all the young people in his district in terror, yet if he got a good fellow into his clutches he would let him off easily for a pint of wine, and tell him not to be afraid of what the Archdeacon said, for a man's conscience was in his purse, and if he paid well he was all right. He was a droll fellow, too, this Summoner of ours, for he had stuck a garland on his head as big as the bush at an alehouse door;* and, as he rode along, he carried before him a huge cake by way of a buckler.

But our worthy Friar could not endure the sight of him, and gave the company his opinion of summoners in general, telling a story to show how bad they all were. And when the Summoner heard it he was so mad at the Friar that, standing high in his stirrups, and shaking like an aspen leaf for very anger, he cried out, 'Lordings, but one thing I desire. I beseech you of your courtesy that, since ye have heard this false Friar, ye suffer me to tell my tale also; and may Heaven save ye all but this odious Friar!'

And he then treated the company to his views about Friars, as the Friar had given them his about Summoners, and relieved his mind by telling a story in which a Friar was shown to be a sad rogue. A. R.

* It used to be the custom to erect a stake with a bush on it at the doors of ale-houses as a sign, and this was called 'the ale-stake,' a phrase that is often met with in old writers.

The Summoner.

was a king of men in an age of men, and wounds and weather were trifles. His Norman knights and soldiers caught their leader's spirit, and met billows and blows as manfully as he did. The great battle of Hastings was won by pluck, and now wisdom must secure the bonny island.

Before William dared to leave the sea-coast and pounce on London, he determined to fortify a long strip of the Kentish and Sussex shore, extending from the town of Sandwich to that of Hastings, perhaps forty-six miles as the crow flies. He built castles, and left trusty garrisons in five towns, namely, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings. The most important and central point of this line was Dover; and William had some years before compelled Harold to swear that the castle of Dover should be surrendered to him on the death of William the Confessor.

These five towns are called the 'Cinque Ports' still, and many old names and customs yet linger there, and show how solid was the work of the great Duke William.

In after days, before England had a regular navy, these five towns furnished nearly all the men-of-war required by the State. As a set-off to this burden the Cinque Ports enjoyed many privileges. Each port sent two *barons*, as they were called, to Parliament, and every free man was entitled to a provision of some sort. The judges of England were not allowed to hold assizes within the liberties of these five boroughs.* The citizens were never called upon to serve in the militia; and the barons of the ports, in number ten, had for many years a singular honour—they were allowed to carry the canopy over the king's head when he went to his coronation.

G. S. O.

KINGLY CONSIDERATION.

From Madame Bunsen's Letters.

WHEN King Frederick William III. of Prussia lay dying in the year 1840, he still showed the greatest care for the welfare of his people and the good of those around him. In his palace-yard there stood a pump much renowned for the purity of its water, to which the public used to resort for the supply of their houses. The noise of pumping, however, and the creaking of the pump-handle, was supposed by the physicians to disturb the king, and they therefore ordered the water-seekers to be kept out of the palace-yard. The king at once noticed the cessation of the creaking, and asked the reason. On hearing the explanation, he begged that no one should be prevented fetching the water as usual.

He noticed, likewise, the small number of petitions placed on his table while he lay sick in his bed, saying that he feared some were kept back for fear of wearying him, and he commanded that all might be brought to him as long as he was able to read them. This kindly thought for his people he maintained to the last day of his life. H. A. F.

* They had a judge of their own; namely, the Constable of Dover Castle

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

THE PARDONER.

'With him ther rode a gentil Pardoner
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere.'

WITH his friend the Summoner rode the Pardoner, the oddest character in the whole company, and the farthest removed from anything in our own times. Both himself and his profession have vanished like the Summoner's, which is no loss, for those two jolly companions were decidedly the black sheep in the flock of pilgrims. The Pardoner was the worse of the two, for he took advantage of the people's belief in holy things, by pretending that his false relics could absolve their sins, and bring them prosperity, and thus obtained more money in a day than the Parson could in two months; and, indeed, he beguiled both Parson and people by his tricks, though all the better-educated Catholics knew he was an impostor. He could not have been a regular priest, for he wore long hair, and talked about getting married; and appears to have merely bought his patent and license for the exhibition and sale of his relics.

His appearance was as strange as his character. His long hair, which was as yellow as wax, hung down as smooth as a streak of flax, in thin locks, one by one, and overspread his shoulders; and for jollity he wore no hood, but kept it trussed up in his wallet, and had nothing on his head but a cap with a 'vernicle'* sewn upon it. He thought he rode all in the newest fashion! His eyes were as glaring as a hare's, and no beard had he, or ever would have any; his face was smooth, as though it was newly shaven. His voice was small, like a goat's, and as he rode along he sang full clear, 'Come hither, love, to me!' his friend the Summoner joining in a bass, louder than a trumpet.

But of his craft, from Berwick unto Ware, there was not such another Pardoner! He had just come from Rome, and his wallet that lay before him in his lap was brimful of pardons, and he said that he had a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat, and all sorts of wonderful things; and he had a cross made of 'laton,'† and full of stones.

Now when the Doctor had finished his story of Virginius, our host, who had been so moved by it that he required something lively to cheer him up again, he turned to the Pardoner, saying, 'Thou fair friend, thou Pardoner, tell us some merry jest right anon.'

'It shall be done,' quoth the Pardoner, 'but first I will bite on a cake, and have a drink at this ale-stake.'

'Nay,' cried all the gentles; 'let him tell us of no ribaldry. Tell us some moral thing, that we may learn some wit, and then we will gladly hear.'

* Veronica: the 'true Image.'
† A mixed metal, the colour of brass.

'I agree,' quoth the Pardoner: 'but I must think of some honest thing whilst I drink.'

He then, with the utmost candour, began to tell all about his own proceedings, which were nothing honest. How, when he came to any place, he assembled all the people in the church, and first telling whence he came, and showing his patent, with their liege lord's seal on it, so that no priest or clerk should be so bold as to interrupt him in his work, he preached a sermon against covetousness. But this was only to get the people to give their pence freely, for he was himself the most covetous of men. Then would he speak a few words in Latin, to give colour to his discourse, and bringing out his relics, get the people's money, which, as he plainly tells us, was all he wanted.

'But hearken, lordings,' said he 'though I myself be a full vicious man, yet can I tell you a moral tale.'

And this was the tale that the Pardoner told:—

'In Flanders, once upon a time, there was a company of young folk who haunted taverns, and spent both night and day in gambling and riot, and playing and dancing.

'Now as three of these revellers were sitting drinking one morning, they heard a bell ringing before a corpse that was carried by, and one of them, calling to his serving-boy, bid him go find out who it was that was carried to his grave. "Sir," said the boy, "there is no need; it was told to me two hours ago. He was an old companion of yours, who, as he sat drinking last night, was suddenly slain by a secret thief called Death, who is killing all the people in this country: he hath slain a thousand in this pestilence. And, master, ere he cometh here, methinks it were needful to be ready to meet him evermore, for thus my dame taught me."

'"The boy saith true," said the taverner, "for he hath slain this year both man, and woman, and child, in a village about a mile off. I believe his habitation must be there."

'And when the three rioters heard this, they made a compact to stand by each other like brothers, and vowed to seek out this Death, and slay him before night. And up they started in their rage, and sallied out towards the village. But scarce had they gone half a mile, when, just as they were about to get over a stile, they met a poor old man, who greeted them meekly with, "Now, God save you, lords!"

'"What, churl!" cried the proudest of these rioters, "why art thou all wrapped up but thy face? Why livest thou so long in such great age?"

'The old man looked him in the face and replied,—

'"Because there is no one who will exchange his youth for my age, and Death, alas! will not have my life. But, sirs, it is not courtesy in you to speak thus to an old man, or to do him more harm than you would a man did to you, should you live to be old. And God be with you, for I go whither I have to go."

'"Nay, old churl! thou shalt not: thou part not so lightly!" said the man. "Thou spake but now of this traitor Death. Tell us where he is, or thou shalt dearly rue it. I believe thou art one of his spies, and art of his counsel to slay us young folk, thou false thief!"

'"Nay, sirs," quoth he. "If ye wish to find Death turn up this crooked way, for in that grove I left him under a tree. See ye that oak? There ye shall find him; and God save you and amend you!"

'Thus spake the old man. And the three rioters ran till they came to the tree, and there they found a great heap of golden florins; and they forgot their search for Death in their gladness at the sight of the bright gold coins. And down they sat by the precious hoard, and the worst of them spoke first.

'"Brethren," said he, "mind what I say. Fortune hath given us this treasure that we may live in jollity and mirth; but we cannot carry it either to your house or mine in the day-time, lest men say we are strong thieves. This must be carried by night, wisely and slyly. Let us draw 'cuts' which of us shall go to the town and bring us bread and wine, and then we will wait till night, when we can carry our treasure where we think best."

'And it fell to the lot of the youngest of them to go to the town. But he was no sooner gone than one of the others proposed that they two should kill him when he returned, and divide the treasure between themselves. In the meanwhile the youngest one was thinking how he could get all the gold to himself: so he bought poison and mixed it with some of the wine, and returned to the tree with the provisions. And the other two killed him, and sat down to make merry over their splendid prospects, and talk of the happy life they should lead; and they drank the poisoned wine their companion had brought them, and they died beside their golden treasure.

'And thus these three revellers found Death under the tree, even as the old man told them.'

The Pardoner, having finished his tale, warned the company against avarice; and wishing to improve the occasion, told them how fortunate they were in having a good Pardoner with them, for that one of them might fall from his horse and break his neck; and that they had better all bring out their money and be absolved from their sins on the spot.

'Come forth, Sir Host,' said he; 'as thou art the most sinful man here, ye shall first begin; so unbuckle thy purse at once!'

But though the host could stand a great deal, this man's impudence was too much for him. And he told the Pardoner his opinion of him and his relics so plainly that all the company began laughing, and the Pardoner grew so angry he spoke never a word in reply. Then the worthy Knight, wishing to prevent a quarrel, and saying, 'Enough; no more of this!' made the Host and the Pardoner kiss and be friends, and they all rode merrily on their way.

You have now made the acquaintance of all the members of that goodly company of pilgrims who rode to Canterbury five hundred years ago; and have been introduced to every class of society in the days of Richard the Second, from the gentle Knight to the poor Ploughman. How our pilgrims fared when they arrived at their journey's end, or what became of them afterwards, we cannot tell; for Chaucer never finished his work. It breaks off abruptly with a sermon from the Parson: for the good man did preach a sermon after all, notwithstanding the previous objections of the host and the Shipman. A. K.

The Pardoner.

The Squire.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 26.)

THE SQUIRE.

'Embrowdid was he as it were a mede
All ful of fresshe flowres white and reede.
* * * *
Schort was his gowne with sleeves long and wyde,
Wel cowde he sitte on hors and faire ryde.'

HE Squire's coat must, indeed, have been a gay one! 'Embroidered like a meadow full of fresh white and red flowers.' This sounds like nothing less than a field full of ox-eye daisies and scarlet poppies all ablaze at once! His short gowne (*i. e.* coat) and skilful horsemanship remind us of the short scarlet or blue jackets that the fine riders in our cavalry regiments wear now; but our soldiers are not allowed to indulge in 'long and wide' sleeves, since such clothing would hamper the free use of their arms. The squire, however, was not a full knight (or soldier) yet. He was only twenty years old, and thought a great deal about his smart clothes, and his own beauty and accomplishments. He could dance, sketch, write, and sing songs, and no doubt was a great favourite amongst his lady friends; but these trifling amusements were not the chief object of his life. The desire that was strongest in his heart was to become a brave soldier, like his father the knight; and in order to gain a little experience he had been allowed to accompany the latter on some short military expeditions to Flanders and elsewhere.

When the squire's own turn came to go forth to war, and leave the comforts of home and the joys of love behind, we may be sure he would be as ready to quit them without a murmur as good soldiers in all ages have been and are. The night before the battle of Waterloo was fought most of the Duke of Wellington's officers were at a ball in Brussels, but in the middle of the evening word was whispered amongst them to come quietly away and prepare for the morrow. One by one they stole out, forbearing to frighten the women they left behind by telling why they were going away, and what prospect lay before them. At daybreak, dressed in gay uniforms, as fine as the squire's smart coat, they followed their leader to the field of battle, from which very many did not live to return; but all were upheld by the certain knowledge that—

'Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.'

The squire's ambition to follow his father's profession is one that exists just as commonly in the hearts of soldiers' sons now as heretofore. It would be interesting to know how many of the men in our army have had fathers, brothers, uncles, and relatives, in the same service. Only lately an instance of this came to light, when Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead earned his rank as Major and the Victoria Cross by his gallant help in defending the garrison at Rorke's Drift in South Africa; for a notice given of his parentage in the newspapers showed that his ancestor, Ensign Bromhead, fought at Quebec in 1759, under General Wolfe; his grandfather, Sir Edmund de Gonville Bromhead, at Waterloo; and that his three brothers, as well as himself, have all served in her Majesty's army!

Chaucer tells us little about the squire's character; he was too young for it to have fully developed; but the description that he was 'courteous, lowly, and useful,' shows that the father's good teaching and example were training the son to become worthy of the 'grand old name of *gentleman*.'

As to his pilgrimage, one may feel sure that he went to Canterbury to give thanks for his father's safe return from war, and not merely to please himself. He was 'of gret strength,' and so light-hearted in spirits that he played the flute or sang all day long.

(*To be continued.*)

PEAS-BLOSSOM.

(*Continued from p.* 36.)

CHAPTER VI.

HE fireworks were a brilliant success, and fizzed, and banged, and sputtered to every one's heart's content. A guy was rigged up for the occasion with a cheerfully smiling, healthy red face, at the top of a terribly distorted and decrepit body; and Pat insisted on a trencher-cap crowning the whole, and generously offered his own rather than that Guy should go uncapped: which noble offer was rendered needless by the unearthing of an old battered affair in the knife-house, which Pat adorned with a Catherine-wheel at each corner.

Great anxiety was felt during lesson-time at a slight tendency to rain, which produced a marked effect on the construing, which did not resemble the fireworks in brilliancy; but, happily, the clouds cleared off, and, except for a slight obstinacy in the lamps in 'R. R.' to light, there was nothing to complain of.

Mr. Radley suggested that there ought to have been a third 'R,' for 'rithmetic, as he concluded the two others stood for reading and 'riting; but that he supposed they thought any allusion to the subject might be painful after the grievous display over the decimals that morning.

I am afraid the Pies were not possessed of sufficient generosity not to be a little elated at the rumour that came into the play-ground, that the monster Lark bonfire was a failure, as the wood was green and damp, and persistently gave forth volumes of smoke and scarcely any flame. So the Pies shouted the louder as their rockets flew and their Catherine-wheels whizzed, and Guy writhed and crackled at the stake, still smiling good-naturedly from among the flames, and Mr. Radley's little girl clapped her hands, and little Miss Pink, who had one window overlooking the play-ground, shivered and gasped with fear at the sparks flying hither and thither, and the smell of gunpowder and smoke, and kept her goloshes on all the evening, in order to be ready to run at a moment's notice to fetch the fire-engine; 'though,' as she said,

of the mountain; if we remained where we were we should soon be frozen to death or buried in the snow. I knew not what to do. We could see no sign of our road, the posts were covered, and nothing was to be seen but snow. But the driver came to the rescue. "There is only one thing, sir, to be done. I feel pretty sure that we are not far from the road; we must take out the horses, turn the sledge over, and take refuge underneath it, covered with our rugs." "But then we shall be buried directly; what use is there in that?" "Yes, sir, we shall be covered with snow; but I will take the poles off the sledge, fix them upright in the snow, and then any travellers passing along will see them, and come and dig us out." It was evidently our only chance. We did as we were advised, fixed the long poles upright in the air, turned the sledge over, made ourselves a comfortable nest inside, and there, covered with rugs, we betook ourselves to rest, knowing not whether we should ever be awakened. There we lay, while the sledge was quickly covered by the snow. It was a strange resting-place, yet it was not long before we all three slept. So the night passed.

'Very early in the morning, as the driver had prophesied, some travellers came along the road, saw the poles, guessed its meaning, and proceeded to dig us out. Thus were we awakened and saved. My two companions were unharmed; but my servant, being restless, had dragged my rug off from me, and I had been caught by the cold. We were taken back to the inn, and by dint of baths and rubbing I was brought back to consciousness; though it was months before I fully recovered the effects of that eventful night. It was a narrow escape, was it not?' continued the old man; 'and I thank God for having so wonderfully preserved my life from the great danger into which my own foolhardiness had brought me.'

J. R. K.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

THE YEOMAN.

'A not-head hadde he with a brown visage,
Of wood-crafte cowde he wel al the usage.'

THE Knight only took two attendants with him on his pilgrimage — his son the Squire, and a Yeoman. This was a mark of great humility on the Knight's part, as men of his rank generally went about with a long train of followers. This Yeoman, too, was not even a middle-class farmer, which is what we usually understand by the word, but simply a forester, who in times of peace had charge of the woods and game on his master's estate.

He was dressed after the fashion of Robin Hood's men, in 'coote and hood of green.' Green has always been a favourite colour for the clothes of those whose work lies in woods and fields. Our gamekeepers now are generally clad in suits of dark green corduroy. The reason of course is, that green is less conspicuous amongst leaves and grass than any other hue, and therefore less likely to frighten and attract the notice of game.

The Yeoman's hair was not allowed to be long, as was the fashion for men in Edward the Third's reign to wear it, but cropped short, so that he is described as having a 'not (or 'nut') head,' and a 'brown visage.' The short locks were to avoid his coming to such an end as Absalom did among the branches, and the bronzed face resulted from his constantly living out of doors in all weathers.

He evidently took a pride in being well dressed for his station, since the feathers of his arrows were taken from the peacock, and stuck out from the shaft instead of drooping. Both of these facts were marks of great smartness. Most people used swans'-wing feathers for their arrows, and peacocks' were only employed for their greater beauty. Robin Hood once received a present of a hundred sheaves of arrows from Sir Richard-at-the-Lee, and they were an 'elle in length and feathered from the peacock.'

In addition to his bow and horn, the Yeoman carried a dagger on one side, and a sword and buckler on the other; so was as ready to fight for his master in times of war as to hunt in days of peace.

The pride that he took in being suitably clad for his work shows that the Yeoman was not ashamed of his calling in life, and he did not try, by dressing himself up in gay clothes, to be a bad imitation of his master. It is only a very silly fellow who is ashamed of honest work, even though it soil his hands or even blacken his face.

The Yeoman had one more ornament about him, and that was a silver figure of St. Christopher hung by a chain round his neck. It is touching to find that he had chosen Christopher for his patron saint, since the circumstances of the latter's life in many ways coincided with his own; and this thought must have been a comforting assurance to him of the heights of holiness to which it is possible for humanity to attain.

'Martyrs and Saints, each glorious day,
Dawning in order on our way,
Remind us how our darksome clay
May keep th'ethereal warmth our new Creator brought.'

The story of Christopher's career is that he was a servant in station, and a giant in personal size and strength. He lived in the darkness of heathendom, but had sufficient gropings after the light to determine to obey no one as master unless he were greater and stronger than himself. After serving under several earthly lords, and even under the great Spirit of Evil, Christopher learnt that all these were less than Almighty God, and so henceforward gave himself up entirely to the service of the Lord and Master of all.

(*To be continued.*)

The Yeoman.

"A not-heed hadde he with a brown visage,
Of wood-craft cowde he wel al the usage."

turned to run ashore, she saw her father beckoning to her to stay where she was, and running at full speed down the pathway on the cliff. She called to him with all her strength, and found too late how foolish she had been to leave the boat.

The tide was coming in rapidly, and a long swirling wave lifted her off her feet, and she lost her balance and fell to the ground.

In her fall Kate's feet had become entangled in a long wreath of sea-weed, and she was thrown against a sharp stone, which grazed her forehead. The poor girl fainted, and knew nothing more until she found herself in bed, in the little room which she and Edith shared together.

'Edith?' was the first word she uttered.

Edith sprang forward with an exclamation of joy at hearing her sister's voice. Captain Graham then drew near and stooped to kiss her.

'Well, Kate,' he said, 'what a fright you gave poor Sam and me! What were you thinking about?'

'Father—the sea—the boat!' she said, in a tearful voice.

'The boat, silly little girl!' said her father, smiling. 'Why, did you not know that it was fastened to a stake? Did you think I, or Sam either, would have left you in a boat unmoored, with the tide coming in, to drift out to sea alone?'

Just then Kate saw her mother standing close by, looking both sad and pale, for she had been much frightened when Kate was brought home insensible. A flood of recollections came over poor Kate, and she burst into tears.

'Mother,' she said, raising her head from the kind, encircling arms that were round her, 'after all, Edith, who never says or thinks anything about being brave, was a real heroine to-day. She sat still and stayed where father told her, and I was frightened and ran away.'

'Never mind, my Kate; next time you will say to yourself, "Deeds, not words;" and I shall have two heroines in my family!' M. P. B.

A BRAVE LITTLE PRINCE.

A PRETTY story is told of the young son of Napoleon I., the child whose birth was celebrated with such rejoicing as 'King of Rome,' and whose early death is hardly thought worthy of notice in history.

The little boy lived with his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, at Schönbrunn. When he was about six years old the Princess of Wales sent a present to the Emperor of a pair of young lions. Little Napoleon took a great fancy to these new pets, and often visited them, fed them, and caressed them, till they became very fond of him. The Emperor, naturally enough, had not so much time to make friends with these strange playfellows, and one day when he asked to see the lions, little Napoleon thought he noticed an uneasy look on his grandfather's face as they were let out of their cage. In a moment he ran up to the nearest lion and threw his arms round its neck, exclaiming,—'Now, grandpapa, you may come near; he shan't touch you.' H. A. F.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page 55.*)

THE PRIORESS.

'There was also a nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy.'

BUT few ladies were riding with our pilgrims, and of these, the highest in position and character was Madame Eglentine, the Prioress. She was accompanied by a nun who acted as her 'chapelleine,' or chaplain, and three priests; so that she travelled in some state, as became so great a lady.

She must have found the rude manners of some of the pilgrims a sad contrast to the peaceful quietness of the religious house over which she presided; but she fitted herself to her circumstances, and whilst preserving her dignity took pains to appear cheerful, and was always pleasant and amiable. She had a fair, broad forehead, a straight, well-shaped nose, and a small mouth with soft red lips. Her wimple was folded round her face full seemly, and her cloak was very neat. On her arm she wore a pair of beads, the small ones being of red coral and the large ones green; and thereto hung a gold brooch, bearing on it a crowned letter 'A,' under which was written the Latin motto, '*Amor vincit omnia*,' or, 'Love conquers all things.' And she was as well taught as she was sweet looking; for she spoke French very properly and fairly, but it was after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow, for French of Paris was unknown to her. At chapel, when she sang the Divine service, she intoned it full sweetly! And how well-behaved she was at meals, too! dipping the morsel nicely in the sauce without wetting her fingers much: for in her time forks were not used, so she had to make use of her fingers instead. And then she wiped her lips so clean before drinking, she left never a farthing of grease in her cup!

But, to speak of her conscience, she was so charitable and piteous that she grieved if she but saw a mouse caught in a trap. She had several little dogs, small hounds, that she fed daily with roasted meat, and milk, and waste bread, and sorely would she weep if a man struck one of them with a stick, or if any of them died, for she was all goodness and tenderness.

Altogether, our gentle Prioress was a perfect lady; and so our host, who showed little reverence for the hunting monk or the merry friar, addresses her with the greatest respect, saying,—

'My lady Prioress, by your leave, if I should not offend you, I would ask you to tell us a tale next. Now will ye vouchsafe, my lady dear?'

'Gladly,' said she, and went on to tell her story; which, as she was a religious lady, was about a miracle which was said to have happened once. In those days there was an extreme dislike, amounting even to a positive hatred, of the Jews; and this un-

The Prioress.

'Then there was also a nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy.'

reasonable prejudice made people believe the most absurd stories of their wickedness. The good Prioress tells us about a little Christian boy who was killed by some Jews, because he sang a hymn as he was passing through their street on his way to school: and that when they had hidden his body, the little boy, by a miracle, still continued to sing his hymn, and so his murderers were discovered and punished.

We know better now than to think people wicked merely because their religion is different from ours, for we know that there are good Jews as well as good Christians.

A. R.

(To be continued.)

friends, a stranger rode into the court-yard, leading two magnificent chargers by the bridles. 'I bring you these horses,' said the unknown, 'as a gift from the people of the haunted castle, whose secret you have so faithfully kept. They release you now from your promise, since they have quitted the country, and no longer run any danger of being found out.'

The Duke then told his friends of all that had befallen him on that eventful night in the castle. The five spectres were five coiners of false money, who carried on their unlawful work (with the help of confederates) in the vaults of the ruin. Taking advantage of the credulity of the ignorant peasants they had managed to escape detection, and had in the space of some six or seven years made a large sum, and they had now left the country with their ill-gotten wealth.

CARLO VITI.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS PILGRIMS.

(*Continued from page* 77.)

THE MONK.

'A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie.'

CONSPICUOUS on his fine brown palfrey rode the monk; a manly man, a fair prelate, and fit to be an abbot. A great rider; you could hear his bridle jingling in the whistling wind as loud and clear as his own chapel bell. He cared for nothing but hunting. The rule of Maurice or St. Benedict was too strict and old-fashioned for him, so, letting old things pass, he took the world as he found it. He would not give a plucked hen for the text that said that hunters were not holy men; and the saying that a monk out of his cloister was like a fish out of water he thought not worth an oyster. Why should he study or make himself mad by always poring over a book, or work with his hands, as St. Austin bids us? How should the world be served? No! let Austin work if he likes; our monk, for his part, would enjoy the present life. So he had many a fine horse in his stable, and kept greyhounds as swift as fowls in flight; for in riding and in hunting the hare was all his pleasure, and in that no cost would he spare.

His dress was trimmed at the sleeves with costly fur, and his hood fastened beneath his chin by a curious gold pin, the larger end of which was fashioned like a true-love knot. He had fine boots, too. His bald head shone like glass, his face looked as though it were anointed with oil, and his deep-set eyes rolled in his head. He was not pale like a ghost, but full, fat, and in good point; and his horse, which was as brown as a berry, was in grand estate.

Our monk, also, was fond of good living, and liked of all things a roast swan. See how tastes change! No one now-a-days would think a roast swan a treat. We are content to feed the swans instead of eating them; but they used to be thought very nice, and were served up at the Lord Mayor's banquet long after they had ceased to be a luxury of the table, though merely as a sign of the rights of the city of London over the swanneries in the river Thames.

Now this hunting monk, who took life so merrily, was just asr epugnant to the ideas of people in those days as to what a religious man should be, as he would be to ours. Every one knew that hunting, hawking, and luxurious living, were opposed to all monastic rules, and strictly forbidden to the inmates of the cloister; and therefore our host addresses the brave monk with very little reverence indeed.

'My lord the Monk,' quoth he, 'be merry of cheer, and tell us a tale truly; but, by my troth, I cannot tell your name—whether shall I call you my Lord Dan John, or Dan Thomas, or Dan Albon? I vow thou hast a full, fair skin; thou art not pale, like a penitent or ghost! Thou must be some master or governor when thou art at home, and no poor cloisterer or novice, but a right well-faring person. I wish confusion to him who brought you into the Church. Alas! why dost thou wear so wide a cope? Were I the Pope, all such men as you should have wives and families. But be not angry, my Lord, if I play; full oft have I heard a true word said in jest.'

The worthy monk took all this patiently, saying he would do his best to tell them a tale—the life of St. Edward, if they cared to hear it; or else some tragedy, of which he had a hundred in his cell. And then explained that tragedies were stories in old books about those who, from prosperity and high estate, fell into misery and ended wretchedly; and that some were written in prose and some in verse; and that when the verse was in a metre of six feet it was called 'hexametron:' for all which information, or at least as much of it as he understood, our host was no doubt very grateful; but when the gay monk had got through more than a dozen of his tales about the downfall of pride, beginning with Lucifer himself, the Knight said, 'Ho! no more of this! What you have said is right true, I know, but it is painful to hear of the sudden fall of those who have been in great wealth and ease. Rather would I hear of those who from a poor estate had climbed up and risen to prosperity.'

'Yes,' quoth our host, 'ye say right. This monk hath clapped loud. He spake of a tragedy, as ye heard, but it is no use to complain or bewail that which is done, and it is a pain to hear of sorrow. Sir Monk, no more of this; such talking is not worth a butterfly: therefore, Sir Monk, Dan Piers by your name, tell us somewhat else; for surely, but for the clinking of your bells that on your bridle hang on every side, I should ere this have fallen down from sleep, though never so deep the slough, and then your tale had been told in vain. Sir, say somewhat of hunting, I pray you.'

But the monk would tell no other story, saying he had no pleasure in play. He was most likely secretly vexed with the jesting at him, for, though a worldly man, he knew right well that his life was not in accordance with his monastic vows, or with the sacred profession to which he belonged.

A. R.

(*To be continued.*)

The Monk.

'A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie.'