

M. TWAIN

THE PRINCE
AND
THE PAUPER

PAŃSTWOWE ZAKŁADY
WYDAWNICTW SZKOLNYCH

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AND
THE PAUPER

W opracowaniu Mol



WARSZAWA 1954

PAŃSTWOWE ZAKŁADY WYDAWNICTW SZKOLNYCH

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PRZEDMOWA

Wojna domowa między feudalnym, broniącym systemu niewolnictwa, Południem a kapitalistyczną Północą (1861—1865), gwałtowny rozwój amerykańskiego kapitalizmu po tej wojnie oraz nie mniej szybkie przejście Stanów Zjednoczonych do agresywnego, rozbójniczego imperializmu — oto czasy, w których żył i tworzył Mark Twain, znany pisarz amerykański.

Prawdziwe nazwisko i imiona Marka Twaina brzmią Clemens Samuel Langhorne (1835—1910). Samuel L. Clemens urodził się na Florydzie. Z powodu wczesnej śmierci ojca miał bardzo ciężkie warunki życia w dzieciństwie i latach chłopięcych. Warunki te sprawiły, że Samuel L. Clemens musiał opuścić szkołę i pracować, by zarobić na życie. Przez jakiś czas terminował u zecera, a następnie pracował jako pilot na statkach, na rzece Mississippi. Ileż to razy Samuel L. Clemens słyszał wtedy okrzyki “Mark One! Mark Twain!”¹⁾, określające głębokość wody w czasie przepływania statku przez płytcizny rzeczne. Wspomnienie tej pracy towarzyszyło mu przez całe dalsze życie, a wyraz temu dał między innymi przybierając pseudonim Mark Twain.

Podczas wojny domowej przez krótki czas Twain służył w armii. Później wyjechał na zachód, do stanu Nevada i tam pracował w kopalni złota. W tym okresie zaczął pisać. Dzięki artykułom drukowanym w dziennikach, odczytom, gawędom, a następnie książkom, Mark Twain zdobył znaczną popularność jako pisarz. Społeczeństwo amerykańskie widziało w nim przede wszystkim świetnego humorystę; nie doceniło w nim natomiast wielkiego satyryka. Przez cały okres swej twórczości Twain z niezwykłym talentem walczył piórem przeciw wyzyskowi człowieka przez człowieka, uciskowi społecznemu i niesprawiedliwym prawom amerykańskim. Oburzały go do głębi

¹⁾ *twain*, dawniej używano zamiast *two* (dwa)

warunki, w jakich w Stanach Zjednoczonych znajdują się Murzyni, z których życiem zapoznał się w latach dziecięcych nad rzeką Mississippi. W swych dwóch najpopularniejszych powieściach: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" i "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn", opartych na wspomnieniach z tych lat, Twain kreśli z wielką sympatią postacie Murzynów oraz występuje przeciw niewolnictwu. Również i w innych książkach, a zwłaszcza w swych opowiadaniach, gawędach i szkicach, Mark Twain krytykował rzeczywistość życia amerykańskiego, ukazywał oblicze świata wyzyskiwaczy, bolał nad warunkami pracy robotników. Niektóre jego pisma, niewydane drukiem ze względu na ich postępowy charakter, opublikowano dopiero w naszych czasach.

Mark Twain zajmuje czołowe miejsce wśród pisarzy realizmu krytycznego drugiej połowy XIX w., którzy uczciwie i bezlitośnie demaskowali sprzeczności stosunków kapitalistycznych; tworząc jednak w oderwaniu od klasy robotniczej, od jej światopoglądu i programu walki nie byli w stanie ujawnić przyczyn zła ani wytknąć dróg wiodących ku lepszej przyszłości.

Książka "The Prince and the Pauper" (w polskim przekładzie „Książę i żebrak“) została wydana w r. 1882. Współczesne społeczeństwo amerykańskie przyjęło tę książkę jako interesujące opowiadanie dla dzieci, rodzaj bajki osnutej na wydarzeniach historycznych. Autor sam pisał w przedmowie do I-go wydania książki: „może to jest zdarzenie prawdziwe, a może tylko legenda“. Jednak forma bajki, fantazja maskują tylko prawdziwe intencje pisarza. Książka jest satyrą, i to nie tylko na Anglię XVI wieku znajdującą się na przełomie między stosunkami feudalnymi i rodzącym się kapitalizmem. Ostrze satyry godzi również w Anglię współczesną autorowi, a pośrednio i w stosunki amerykańskie. Autor kpi sobie z obyczajów arystokracji i dworu, ujawnia krzywdy i poniżenie ludu, piętnuje okrucieństwo praw angielskich, samowolę bogaczy i bezbronność uciskanych. Odmienność tła historycznego, sposobu życia, obyczaju itd. nie jest w książce istotna, choć często interesująca i zabawna. Satyra Twaina godzi w to co najistotniejsze — ucisk człowieka przez człowieka — niezależnie od form, w których ucisk ten się przejawia.

Introduction

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

In the ancient city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a poor family of the name of Canty, who did not want him.

On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor¹⁾, who did want him²⁾. All England wanted him too; now that he was really come the people went nearly mad with joy³⁾. Everybody took a holiday. By day London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony. By night, it was again a sight to see, with great bonfires at every corner.

Chapter I

TOM'S EARLY LIFE

Let us skip a number of years.

London was fifteen hundred years old, and was a great town — for that day. The streets were very narrow and dirty, especially in the part where Tom Canty lived, which was not far from London Bridge. The houses were of wood.

The house which Tom's father lived in was up a foul little pocket¹⁾ called Offal Court. It was small but it was packed full of poor families. The Canty family occupied a room on the third floor. The mother and father had a kind of bed in the corner. Tom, his grandmother, and his two sisters, Bet and Nan, had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose.

¹⁾ Tudor — dynastia Tudor'ów panowała w Anglii od r. 1485 do r. 1603

²⁾ who did want him — who wanted him. "Did" użyte dla zaakcentowania czynności (emphatic form)

³⁾ went nearly mad with joy — z radości prawie wariowali

¹⁾ a foul little pocket — mały, plugawy zaułek

Bet and Nan were fifteen-year-old twins. They were good-hearted girls, clothed in rags, and very ignorant. Their mother was like them. The father and grandmother got drunk whenever they could. John Canty was a thief, and his mother a beggar. They made beggars of the children. Father Andrew, a good old priest whom the King had turned out of the house and home ²⁾ with a pension of a few farthings, taught Tom a little Latin and how to read and write.

The whole of Offal Court was just as bad as Canty's house. Broken heads were as common as hunger. Yet little Tom was not unhappy. He had a hard time ³⁾ of it, but did not know it. It was the sort of time that all the Offal Court boys had, therefore he supposed it was the normal and comfortable thing. When he came home empty-handed ⁴⁾ at night, he knew his father would curse him and thrash him first, and then his awful grandmother would do it all over again ⁵⁾.

Tom spent a good deal of his time listening to good Father Andrew's charming old tales about enchanted castles, kings and princes. His head grew to be full of ⁶⁾ these wonderful things, and many a night he forgot his pains in delicious picturings ⁷⁾ to himself of the charmed life of a prince in a palace. One desire came in time to haunt him day and night: it was to see a real prince, with his own eyes. He often read the priest's old books and asked him to explain what he could not understand.

By and by ⁸⁾ Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life worked such a strong effect upon him ⁹⁾ that he began to act the prince, and his influence among the young people now began to grow day by day. He seemed to know so much! In fact ¹⁰⁾ he became

2) whom the King had turned out of house and home — którego król wyrzucił z domu, pozbawił domu. Mowa o konfiskacie dóbr klasztornych i rozpędzeniu zakonów przez Henryka VIII

3) „a hard time — ciężkie życie

4) empty-handed — z próżnymi rękoma

5) all over again — once more

6) his head grew to be full of ... — his head became full of ...

7) delicious picturings — very pleasant pictures

8) by and by — before long — wkrótce

9) worked such a strong effect upon him — wywarły na nim tak silne wrażenie...

10) in fact — właściwie, faktycznie

a hero to all who knew him except his own family — they alone saw nothing in him.

And still his desire to look just once¹¹⁾ at a real prince grew upon him, day by day, and week by week, until at last¹²⁾ it became the one passion of his life.

Chapter II

TOM'S MEETING WITH THE PRINCE

Tom got up hungry, and walked slowly away. He wandered here and there in the city, hardly noticing where he was going, and walked on outside the walls of London, towards a mighty and majestic palace. Here, indeed, was a King's palace. Might he not hope to see a prince now — a real prince?

At each side of the gilded gate stood a motionless man-at-arms¹⁾, clad from head to heel in shining steel armour.

Poor little Tom, in his rags, approached, and was moving slowly past the soldier with a beating heart, when all at once²⁾ through the golden bars he saw a sight that almost made him shout for joy³⁾. Within was a beautiful boy, whose clothing was all of lovely silks shining with jewels. Oh! he was a prince — a prince, a living prince, a real prince, and the prayer of the pauper-boy's heart was answered at last.

Before he knew what he was doing, he had his face against the bars. The next moment one of the soldiers pushed him back and sent him whirling among the gaping crowd.

The crowd laughed, but the young prince sprang to the gate and cried out —

“How dare you treat a poor boy like that! Open the gates and let him in!”

The soldiers presented arms, opened the gates, and the little beggar passed in, in his rags.

¹¹⁾ to look just once — spojrzeć raz tylko

¹²⁾ at last — w końcu

¹⁾ man-at-arms — a soldier

²⁾ all at once — nagle

³⁾ shout for joy — krzyczeć z radości

Edward Tudor said —

“You look tired and hungry, come with me.”

Edward took Tom to a rich apartment in the palace. By his command a meal was brought. The prince sat near by ⁴⁾, and asked questions while Tom ate.

“What is your name?”

“Tom Canty, sir.”

“Where do you live?”

“In the city, sir, in Offal Court.”

“Have you parents?”

“I have, sir, and a grandmother and also twin sisters, Nan and Bet.”

“Is your grandmother kind to you?”

“She is cruel and beats me.”

“Is your father kind to you?”

“Not more than Grannie Canty, sir.”

“And what about your mother?”

“She is good, sir. And Nan and Bet are like her.”

“How old are they?”

“Fifteen, sir.”

“The Lady Elizabeth ⁵⁾, my sister, is fourteen, and the Lady Jane Grey, my cousin, is of my own age ⁶⁾, and gay and pretty; but my sister the Lady Mary ⁷⁾ is not so nice; she is gloomy. But tell me of your Offal Court. Have you a pleasant life there?”

“Yes, of course, sir, when one is not hungry. There are Punch-and-Judy shows ⁸⁾, and monkeys.”

“Tell me more.”

“We run races, sir, to see which of us will be quickest.”

“Speak on.”

“In summer, sir, we swim in the river, we dance and sing, we make mud pies... Oh, the lovely mud! It has not its like ⁹⁾ in all the world.”

⁴⁾ near by — obok

⁵⁾ Lady Elizabeth — późniejsza królowa Anglii (1533—1603; panowała od r. 1558)

⁶⁾ of my own age — w moim wieku

⁷⁾ Lady Mary — późniejsza królowa Anglii (1516—1558; panowała od r. 1553)

⁸⁾ Punch-and-Judy shows — przedstawienia uliczne teatru marionetek

⁹⁾ it has not its like — nie ma sobie równego

“Oh, if I could dress myself like you and strip my feet, and enjoy the mud¹⁰⁾, just once, I would give up the crown.”

“And if I could dress myself, sweet sir, as you are clad — just once¹¹⁾.”

“Oh would you like it? Then so shall it be.”

A few minutes later the little Prince of Wales¹²⁾ was in Tom's rags, and the little Prince of Poverty was clad in the bright royal robe. The two went and stood side by side¹³⁾ before a great mirror and, look, it seemed that no change had been made! At last the prince said —

“If we were naked, none could say which was you, and which the Prince of Wales. And now that I am clothed as you were clothed I should be able to feel as you did when the brute soldier... Show me, is not this a bruise upon your hand?”

“Yes; but it is nothing.”

“It was a shameful and cruel thing; I must punish him!” cried the little prince. “Wait till I come again.”

In a moment he had snatched up and put away an article of national importance that lay upon the table and was out at the door in his rags, with a hot face and glowing eyes. As he reached the great gate, he seized the bars shouting —

“Open!”

The soldier that had illtreated Tom obeyed quickly, opened the gate, snatched him, sent him whirling into the roadway, and said —

“Take that, you beggar, for what I got from my Prince!”

The prince picked himself out of the mud shouting —

“I am the Prince of Wales!”

The soldier said angrily —

“Be off, you mad boy.”

And the crowd, laughing, closed around the poor little prince, shouting —

“Way for the Prince of Wales!”¹⁴⁾

¹⁰⁾ enjoy the mud — bawić się w błocie

¹¹⁾ just once — tylko raz

¹²⁾ Prince of Wales — tytuł najstarszego syna króla Anglii, następcy tronu; tytuł ten istnieje od r. 1301

¹³⁾ side by side — close together — obok siebie

¹⁴⁾ “Way for the Prince of Wales!” — “Z drogi! Książę Walii idzie!”

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES BEGIN

At last the little prince was deserted by the crowd and left to himself. He looked about him now. He was within the city of London — that was all he knew. He moved on, rested a few moments, then passed on. As the day was reaching its close ¹⁾, his rags were all covered with mud. He wandered on and on, so tired that he could hardly pull along one foot after the other ²⁾. He kept muttering ³⁾, “Offal Court — that is the name; if I can find it I am saved — for these people will take me to the palace”.

The lights began to twinkle, it came on to rain ⁴⁾; the wind rose. The homeless prince still moved on. Suddenly a big, drunken man collared him and said —

“Out to this time of night again, and you have not brought a farthing home. If it is so, and I do not break all your bones, then I am not John Canty, but some other ⁵⁾”. The prince eagerly said —

“O, are you *his* father? Will you then fetch him from the palace and restore me!”

“*His* father? I do not know what you mean, but I know I am *your* father, as you will soon see.”

“Take me to the King my father, and he will make you rich. Believe me, man, believe me! I am indeed the Prince of Wales!”

The man looked down astonished, then shook his head and muttered —

“He is gone mad. But mad or not mad, I and grandmother Canty will soon find where the soft places in your bones lie!” With this he dragged the struggling prince away, and disappeared into a courtyard followed by a noisy crowd.

¹⁾ as the day was reaching its close — kiedy dzień miał się ku końcowi

²⁾ he could hardly pull along one foot after the other — z trudem wlókł nogę za nogą

³⁾ he kept muttering — wciąż szeptał, mówił do siebie cicho

⁴⁾ it came on to rain — it began to rain

⁵⁾ some other — ktoś inny

TOM AS PATRICIAN

Tom Canty, left alone in the prince's cabinet, turned himself this way and that ¹⁾ before the great mirror, then walked away imitating the prince. He tried each of the beautiful chairs, and thought how proud he would be if the Offal Court herd could only see him.

At the end of half an hour it suddenly came into his mind ²⁾ that the prince was gone a long time, so he grew uneasy ³⁾ and then restless. Suppose some one should come and catch him in the prince's clothes, and the prince not there to explain. Might they not hang him at once? Trembling he softly opened the door, but stepped quickly back and shut the door.

He walked up and down the floor ⁴⁾, filled with fear. Presently the door opened, and a page said —

“The Lady Jane Grey.”

The door closed and a sweet young girl, richly clad, came towards him. But she stopped suddenly and said —

“Oh, what has happened, my lord?” ⁵⁾

Tom's breath was nearly failing him ⁶⁾, but he said —

“Ah, be good. I am no lord, but only poor Tom Canty of Offal Court in the city. Oh, be good, and save me!”

By this time the boy was on his knees. The young girl cried out —

“O my lord, on your knees?”

Then she ran away. Tom, in despair, sank down, murmuring —

“There is no help, there is no hope. Now they will come and take me.”

While he lay there, dreadful news was speeding through the palace. It flew from lord to lady, down all the long corridors, from

¹⁾ turned himself this way and that — obracał się to w tę, to w tamtą stronę

²⁾ it suddenly came into his mind — nagle przyszło mu na myśl

³⁾ he grew uneasy — zaczął się niepokoić

⁴⁾ he walked up and down the floor — chodził tam i z powrotem

⁵⁾ lord — pan, władca; tytuł używany w arystokracji angielskiej; w czasach feudalnych tytułu tego używano w stosunku do pana nadającego ziemię wasalowi

⁶⁾ Tom's breath was nearly failing him — Tomkowi prawie zabrakło tchu

room to room, "The prince has gone mad ⁷⁾, the prince has gone mad!" Presently a splendid official came marching past the whisperings groups, proclaiming —

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING!

Let nobody listen to this foolish matter, upon pain of death. In the name of the King!"

The King wanted to speak to his son and sent for him. Soon poor Tom came slowly towards the King's apartment. Great nobles walked upon each side of him. Behind him followed some servants.

Presently Tom found himself in a noble apartment and heard the door close behind him. Before him, at a little distance, lay a very large and very fat man, with a wide face. His large head was quite grey. His clothing was rich but old. One of his swollen legs had a pillow under it and was in bandages. This invalid was Henry VIII ⁸⁾. He said —

"My Lord Edward, my prince? It has been said to me, the good King your father, who loves you, that you are playing a foolish joke."

Poor Tom listened to the beginning of that speech and when the words "me, the good King" fell upon his ears ⁹⁾, he dropped upon his knees. Lifting up his hands he cried —

"You the King? Then I am lost indeed!"

The King said in a tone of deep disappointment —

"Come to your father, child; you are not well."¹⁰⁾

Tom approached the Majesty of England. The King took the frightened face between his hands. Presently he said —

"Don't you know your father, child? Say you know me; You do know me, don't you?"

"You are my lord the King, I am a pauper, and it is by accident that I am here. I am too young to die, and you can save me with one little word. Oh speak it, sir!"

"Die? Sweet prince — you shall not die!"

Tom dropped upon his knees with a glad cry. He turned a joyful face towards the lords, then turned timidly towards the King, saying, "May I go now?"

⁷⁾ has gone mad — zwariował

⁸⁾ Henry VIII — król Anglii, ojciec Edwarda VI (1491—1547; panował od r. 1509)

⁹⁾ fell upon his ears — were heard by him

¹⁰⁾ you are not well — jesteś niezdrów

The King was silent and thoughtful a while. Presently he said, with something of hope¹¹⁾ in his voice —

“We will make a trial.”

Then he asked Tom a question in Latin and Tom answered him. He put a question¹²⁾ to Tom in French. Tom stood silent, then said —

“I have no knowledge¹³⁾ of this tongue, so please Your Majesty.”

The King fell back upon his couch. Then he turned towards the company. He said —

“Listen all! My son is mad but he will recover. Over-study has done this. Away with his books and teachers! He is mad; but he is my son, and, mad or sane, he shall reign. Were he a thousand times mad, yet he is Prince of Wales!”

Tom, heavy-hearted¹⁴⁾, knew that he was indeed a prisoner now and might remain for ever shut up in this gilded cage.

His old dreams had been so pleasant; but this reality was so gloomy!

Chapter V

TOM RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS

Tom was conducted to a beautiful room. With him was his “uncle”, the Earl of Hertford. The Lord St. John was announced and said —

“His Majesty commands that the prince hide his illness in every way in his power, till it passes, and the prince be as he was before. Thus says the King’s Majesty, and prays that God will have you now and ever in His keeping¹⁾.”

Tom replied —

“The King shall be obeyed.”

At this moment the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey were announced. As the young girls passed Hertford, he said in a low voice —

¹¹⁾ with something of hope — z odrobiną nadziei

¹²⁾ he put a question — he asked

¹³⁾ I have no knowledge — I do not know

¹⁴⁾ heavy-hearted — z ciężkim sercem

¹⁾ in His keeping — pod Jego opieką

“Do not seem to observe his humours or show surprise when his memory mistakes ²⁾”.

Lord St. John was saying in Tom's ear —

“Please you, sir, keep in mind ³⁾ His Majesty's desire”.

Tom in his simple heart was determined to do his best ⁴⁾, according to the King's command.

The conversation among the young people became difficult at times ⁵⁾. The tact of Princess Elizabeth saved it. When it came out that the little ladies were to go with him to the Lord Mayor's banquet in the evening, he felt that he should not be friendless, now, among strangers. When the girls were gone, Tom turned to his keepers and said —

“May I go into some corner and rest?”

Lord Hertford said —

“It is for you to command; it is for us to obey”.

He touched a bell, and a page went to fetch Sir William Herbert, who came and led Tom to another apartment. Tom's first movement there was to reach for a cup of water; but a page dropped upon one knee and offered it to him.

Next the tired prisoner sat down and was going to take off his shoes, but another page went down upon his knees and took them off. Dressed in a beautiful robe, he laid himself down at last to rest, but not to sleep, for his head was too full of thoughts and the room too full of people.

After Tom had left the two noble gentlemen alone, Lord St. John said —

“What do you think?”

“The King is near his end, my nephew is mad — a mad boy will mount the throne.”

“I remember his saying he was not the prince”... The speaker stopped.

Lord Hertford looked into his face, and said —

“Speak on ; there is none to hear but me.”

Lord St. John continued —

²⁾ his memory mistakes — pamięć go zawodzi

³⁾ keep in mind — remember

⁴⁾ to do his best — postępować jak można najlepiej, robić co się da

⁵⁾ at times — chwilami

“Does it not seem strange that madness could so change his manners? Does it not seem strange that madness took off from his memory his father’s face; and leaving Latin took off French? Don’t be offended, My Lord, but tell me, is he the real prince?”

“Peace, My Lord, have you forgotten the King’s command?”

St. John quickly said —

“I will neither think nor speak of this thing more.”

“Madness”, continued Lord Hertford, “can do all the strange things you see in him, and more. He is my sister’s son. Is not his voice, his face known to me from his cradle?

This is the very prince ⁶⁾ — I know him well — and soon he will be your king.”

After some further talk, Lord Hertford was left alone. He was soon in deep meditation.

Presently he said —

“This is the true prince, gone mad!”

Chapter VI

TOM’S FIRST ROYAL DINNER

Somewhat after one in the afternoon Tom was dressed for dinner. He was presently conducted to a big room, where a table was already set for one ¹⁾. Its furniture was all of gold and beautified with priceless ornaments. The room was half-filled with noble attendants. A chaplain said grace. Tom was hungry. The Earl of Berkeley fastened a napkin about his neck. Tom’s cupbearer and the taster ²⁾ to His Highness the Prince of Wales were there also, prepared to taste every dish. There had been times when the office of taster was dangerous. Why they did not use a dog seems strange; but all the ways of Kings are strange. Tom had three hundred and eighty four servants, but they were not all in that room, of course, nor a quarter of them.

⁶⁾ the very prince — prawdziwy książę

¹⁾ a table was already set for one — stół był już nakryty na jedną osobę

²⁾ taster — dworzanin, którego zadaniem było próbowanie pokarmów przed podaniem na stół (m. in. dla sprawdzenia, czy nie są zatrute)

All those that were present had been taught to remember that the prince was off his head ³⁾, and to be careful to show no surprise. It was a great suffering to see the beloved prince so ill.

Poor Tom ate with his fingers; but no one smiled at it, or even seemed to observe it.

Tom examined the turnips and lettuce with interest, and asked what they were, and if they were to be eaten. His question was answered with respect, and no surprise was manifested. When he had finished his dessert, he filled his pockets with nuts. But in the next moment he did not doubt that he had done an unprincely thing.

His meal being ended, a lord came and held before him a golden dish with rose-water in it, to clean his mouth and fingers with. Tom looked at the dish, then raised it to his lips. Then he returned it and said —

“No, I don’t like it, my lord; it has only a pretty flavour”.

Tom’s next mistake was to get up and leave the table just when the chaplain had lifted his hands behind Tom’s chair, and with closed eyes was beginning the blessing. Still nobody seemed to see that the prince had done anything unusual.

By his own desire our small friend was now conducted to his private cabinet, and left there alone. Soon he was cracking the nuts, and feeling almost happy for the first time since God for his sins had made him a prince.

When the nuts were all gone ⁴⁾, he saw some nice books, among them one about etiquette at the English court. This was of great value to him. He lay down upon a rich divan, and began to read that book. Let us leave him there for the present.

Chapter VII

THE QUESTION OF THE SEAL

About five o’clock Henry VIII awoke and muttered to himself, “My end is coming. Yet I will not die till he goes before”. When his

³⁾ off his head — mad

⁴⁾ the nuts were all gone — the nuts were all eaten

servants saw that he was awake, one of them said that the Lord Chancellor was waiting.

“Admit him, admit him!” said the King. The Lord Chancellor entered, and knelt by the King’s couch saying —

“According to the King’s command, the lords in their robes are in the House ¹⁾, where, having condemned the Duke of Norfolk ²⁾ to death, they are waiting His Majesty’s further orders in the matter”.

The King said —

“In my own person I will go before my Parliament, and with my own hand I will seal...”

His voice became weak, and the servants put him upon his pillows. Presently he said sorrowfully —

“How I have waited for this sweet hour! and it comes too late. Before the sun rises and sets again, bring me his head that I may see it!”

“According to the King’s command, so shall it be. Will it please Your Majesty to order that the seal be now given back to me?”

“The seal? Who keeps the seal but you?”

“Please Your Majesty, you did take it from me two days ago”.

“I did, I do remember it ... What did I do with it?... It is strange, strange....”

At last Lord Hertford said —

“Sire, I remember that you gave the Great Seal into the hands of His Highness the Prince of Wales.”

“True, most true!” ³⁾ said the King, “Bring it! Go!”

Lord Hertford flew to Tom, but returned to the King before very long ⁴⁾, empty-handed. He said —

“It is the will of God that the Prince cannot remember that he received the Seal”.

After a little while His Majesty said, with a deep sadness in his voice —

“Trouble him no more, poor child”.

He closed his eyes and presently was silent. After a time he opened his eyes again, looked around and saw the kneeling Lord Chancellor.

¹⁾ the House — the Parliament

²⁾ Duke of Norfolk — wuj Anny Boleyn, drugiej żony Henryka VIII

³⁾ true, most true — prawda, rzeczywiście prawda

⁴⁾ before very long — niezadługo



Suddenly his face was full of deep anger.

„What, you here yet!”

The trembling Chancellor answered —

“Your Majesty, I was waiting for the Seal”.

“The small Seal is in my treasury. Go! And come no more till you bring his head!”

The poor Chancellor didn't wait, nor did the slavish Parliament. They appointed the next day for the execution of the wretched Duke of Norfolk.

Chapter VIII

THE RIVER PAGEANT

At nine in the evening the whole river front of the palace was blazing with light. The river itself, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with boats decorated with coloured lanterns, and gently agitated by the waves. It resembled a glowing and limitless garden of flowers moved by summer winds. The grand terrace of stone steps leading down to the water was a picture to see, with its ranks of halberdiers in polished armour, and its troops of brilliantly costumed attendants moving up and down in the hurry of preparation¹⁾.

Presently a command was given, and immediately all living creatures vanished from the steps. The people in the boats rose up and gazed towards the palace.

Forty or fifty boats drew up to the steps. Some of them were decorated with banners, some with cloth-of-gold, others with silken flags with numberless silver bells fixed to them.

The procession now appeared in the great gateway. The guard formed two long rows. A thick carpet was then unrolled and laid down between the rows by attendants in the gold-and-crimson liveries of the prince. This done, the musicians on the water played a lively prelude. There was a flourish of trumpets within, and the prince's uncle, Lord Hertford, came through the gateway. He turned, and took off his plumed cap, bent his body in a low bow and began to step backwards, bowing at each step. “Way for the high and mighty

¹⁾ in the hurry of preparation — przygotowując się w pośpiechu

Lord Edward, Prince of Wales." The crowd burst into a mighty roar of welcome; and Tom Canty, the hero of it all, stepped into view and bowed his princely head.

He was beautifully dressed in white silk with diamonds. He wore a mantle set with pearls and brilliants.

O Tom Canty, born in rags and dirt and misery, what a sight is this!

Chapter IX

THE PRINCE IN THE TOILS

We left John Canty with the rightful prince going into Offal Court, and followed by the noisy crowd. There was but one¹⁾ person to defend the captive but nobody paid any attention to him.

The prince continued to struggle for freedom, until John Canty lost what little patience was left in him. He raised a thick stick over the prince's head. The boy's only protector sprang to stop the man's arm, and the blow came upon his head. He sank to the ground among the feet of the crowd, and the next moment he lay there in the dark alone.

Presently the prince found himself in John Canty's house, with the door closed. By the feeble light of a candle, which was stuck in a bottle, he saw two dirty girls and a middle-aged woman leaning against the wall in one corner, looking like animals. From another corner came an ugly old woman with grey hair. John Canty said to the prince —

"Now say your foolery again. Who are you?"

The little prince looked at the man's face and said —

"I tell you now, as I told you before, I am Edward, Prince of Wales, and none other".

Surprise at this answer almost took the old woman's breath away²⁾. But Tom Canty's mother and sisters ran forward shouting —

"Oh, poor Tom, poor boy!"

¹⁾ but one — only one

²⁾ took the old woman's breath away — *pozbawiła starą kobietę tchu*

The mother fell on her knees before the prince, and put her hands upon his shoulders. Then she said —

“Oh, my poor boy! Foolish reading has done this work. You have broken your mother’s heart”.

The prince looked into her face, and said gently —

“Your son is well, let me go to the palace where he is, and the King, my father, will give him back to you”.

“The King your father! Oh, my child! Look upon me. Am I not your mother, that loves you?”

The prince shook his head and said —

“I have never looked upon your face before”.

Canty turned angrily upon the prince, and said —

“To-morrow we must pay two pennies to the owner of this hole, else we go out of this. Show what you have gathered with your lazy begging”.

The prince said —

“Do not offend me. I tell you again I am the King’s son.”

A blow upon the prince’s shoulder from Canty’s hand sent him into goodwife Canty’s arms. The frightened girls went to their corner, but the grandmother stepped forward to assist her son. The prince sprang away from Mrs. Canty, shouting —

“You shall not suffer for me. Let them do their will upon me³⁾ alone”.

This speech made Canty and his mother so angry, that they set about their work without waste of time. They beat the poor boy, and then the girls and their mother for showing him sympathy.

The light was put out⁴⁾, and the family went to bed. As soon as the head of the house and his mother were asleep, the young girls came to the prince and covered him from the cold with rags, and their mother came to him also, and cried over him. She had saved a piece of bread for him to eat, also; he was touched by her brave defence of him; and he thanked her in very noble and princely words and begged her to go to bed. She went back in tears.

As she lay in her bed she began thinking — what if the boy were really not her son? She almost smiled at the idea but it pursued

3) let them do their will upon me — niech swoją złość wywrą na mnie

4) the light was put out — zgaszono światło

her. At last she saw that there was not going to be any peace for her until she should prove without question ⁵⁾ whether this boy was her son or not. But it was an easier thing to propose than to do. While this thought was passing through her mind, she knew he had fallen asleep. It was the best moment to test him. She said to herself —

“Since that day, when he was little, that the powder burst in his face any time he has been afraid he has thrown his hands before his eyes, with the palm turned outward, and not as others would do, with the palm inward. I have seen it a hundred times, and it has never changed”.

She came to the boy's side, with a candle in her hand. She bent over him and suddenly sent the light in his face. The sleeper opened his eyes for a moment — but did not make any special movement with his hands. The poor woman was almost helpless with surprise. She startled the boy in his sleep a second and a third time with the same result. She tried to believe that her Tom's madness had banished his habit, but she could not do it. “No”, she said, “his hands are not mad. Oh, this is a heavy day for me.” Then she went to bed and fell asleep.

The prince slept like the dead⁶⁾. Thus four or five hours passed. Presently, half asleep and half awake, he muttered —

“Sir William! Sir William Herbert!”

“Whom are you calling?” said a voice near him.

“Sir William Herbert. Who are you?”

“I? Who should I be, but your sister Nan?”

In a moment his heavy troubles were upon him again.

“It was no dream, then!”

And he knew that he was no longer a prince in a palace, but a pauper, clothed in rags, a prisoner among beggars and thieves.

The next moment there were several sharp knocks at the door; John Canty said —

“Who knocks?”

A voice answered —

“Do you know who was the man you struck last night?”

“No. I don't care”. ⁷⁾

⁵⁾ prove without question — udowodnić ponad wszelką wątpliwość

⁶⁾ slept like the dead — spał jak nieżywy

⁷⁾ I don't care — nie dbam o to

“If you want to save yourself, run away. The man is dying. It is the priest, Father Andrew!”

Canty roused his family, and ordered, “Run away, or you are lost!”

Five minutes later the Canty family were in the street. John Canty held the prince. The family came suddenly out of darkness into light; and not only into light but into the midst of singing and shouting people massed together on the river bank. There was a line of bonfires as far as one could see up and down the Thames. John Canty became separated from his family and from the little prince. The prince's heart was beating high ⁸⁾ with hopes of escape now. He didn't lose time but suddenly disappeared among the crowd of people. He realised that a false Prince of Wales was being welcomed by the city. He easily came to the conclusion that the pauper boy, Tom Canty, had become a usurper. Therefore he wanted to find his way to the Guildhall, and make himself known ⁹⁾; then the usurper should be hanged according to the law.

Chapter X

AT THE GUILDHALL

The royal boat took its way ¹⁾ down the Thames. The air was full of music, the city lay in a soft brightness from its countless bonfires, and as the fleet swept along, it was greeted from the banks with cheers and the boom of artillery.

To Tom Canty these sounds appeared beautiful and astonishing. To his little friends at his side, the Princess Elizabeth and the Lady Grey, they were nothing.

The fleet swept towards the centre of the ancient city of London. Tom left the boat and went to the Guildhall.

Tom and his little ladies were received by the Lord Mayor and the Fathers of the City ²⁾. The lords and ladies who were to

⁸⁾ was beating high — biło mocno

⁹⁾ make himself known — dać się poznać

¹⁾ took its way — went

²⁾ Lord Mayor and the Fathers of the City — burmistrz i radni miejscy

attend upon Tom and his two small friends, took their places behind their chairs.

At a lower table other noble guests were seated. After grace, Tom did as he had been instructed: he rose — and the whole house with him — and drank from a golden loving-cup³⁾ with the Princess Elizabeth; from her it passed to the Lady Jane, and then to the rest of the guests. So the banquet began.

By midnight everybody was dancing, and the lords and ladies were dancing too.

And while Tom, in his high seat, was looking in admiration upon this dancing, the ragged but real little Prince of Wales was proclaiming his rights⁴⁾ and trying to get into the Guildhall. The crowd laughed at him. Tears of despair filled his eyes and he shouted —

“I tell you again, I am the Prince of Wales!”

“Prince or no prince, you are a brave boy and I shall be your friend. Here I am by your side and you cannot have a better friend than Miles Hendon. Rest, my child, I will talk with these brutes.”

The speaker was tall and strong. His clothes were rich, but shabby; at his side he wore a long rapier. His speech was received with an explosion of laughter. So the stranger took out his long sword, and the next moment voices shouted “Kill the dog! Kill him! Kill him!”, and the crowd closed in on Miles Hendon, who saw his moments numbered. Then suddenly a trumpet blast sounded, a voice shouted, “Way for the King’s messenger!” and a troop of horsemen came upon the people, who ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The brave stranger caught up the prince in his arms, and was soon far away from danger.

* * *

Let us return to the Guildhall. Suddenly, above the noise of music, broke the sound of a trumpet. There was silence — then a single voice rose, that of the messenger from the palace, and began to read a proclamation.

The last words were —

³⁾ loving-cup — czara miłości; wg dawnej tradycji angielskiej czarę miłości wychylano podczas uczt ślubując wzajemnie miłość i wierność

⁴⁾ ... was proclaiming his rights — głosił, że przysługują mu prawa, wysuwał swoje prawa

“The King is dead!”

All the people present bent their heads and remained so, in deep silence, a few moments; then all knelt, stretched out their hands towards Tom, and a mighty shout that seemed to shake the building burst forth —

“Long live the King!”⁵⁾

Poor Tom’s eyes wandered over this sight, and finally rested upon the kneeling princesses beside him, then upon Lord Hertford. Suddenly he said in a low voice to Lord Hertford’s ear —

“Answer me truly, may I command and would such commandment be obeyed?”

“You are the King — your word is law”.

Tom said in a strong voice —

“Then shall the King’s law be the law of mercy, from this day, and never more shall it be the law of blood! Go to the Tower⁶⁾ and say the King commands the Duke of Norfolk shall not die!”

The words were caught up and carried from lip to lip⁷⁾ far and wide over the hall, and a shout burst forth —

“The reign of blood is ended! Long live Edward, King of England!”

Chapter XI

THE PRINCE AND HIS DELIVERER

As soon as Miles Hendon and the little prince were safe, they went towards the river. Near London Bridge there was a crowd again, and Hendon took the prince’s — no, the King’s hand. The dreadful news was already known, and the boy learned it from a thousand voices at once — “The King is dead!” The news struck the heart of the poor boy. He understood the greatness of his loss, and was filled with sadness; for the tyrant who had been such a terror to others had always been good to him. Tears filled his eyes. For

⁵⁾ Long live the King! — Niech żyje król!

⁶⁾ Tower — forteca wybudowana za czasów Wilhelma Zdobywcy, siedziba królów, przez wiele wieków więzienie, obecnie muzeum

⁷⁾ from lip to lip — z ust do ust

a moment he felt himself the most lonely and unhappy creature in the world — then another cry shook the night¹⁾: “Long live King Edward the Sixth!”, and this made him proud. “Ah”, he thought, “how strange and grand it seems — I AM KING!”

Our friends walked slowly through the crowd upon the Bridge. The Bridge was a kind of town in itself; it had its beer-houses²⁾, its bakeries, its food markets, its manufacturing industries and even its church. It was a town of a single street, its population was but a village population, and everybody in it knew all his fellow-townsmen, and had known their fathers and mothers before them. It had its aristocracy, of course — its fine old families of butchers and bakers. Children who were born on the Bridge grew to old age and finally died without ever having seen any part of the world but London Bridge alone.

Hendon lived in a little inn on the Bridge. As he neared the door with his small friend, a rough voice said —

“So you’re come at last. You won’t escape again, or I shall crush your bones and teach you to be obedient!”, and John Canty put out his hand to seize the boy.

Miles Hendon said —

“Not too fast, friend. What is the boy to you?”

“He is my son!”

“It is a lie!” cried the little King.

“I believe you. But whether this man is your father or not, this is all the same; he shall not beat you, if you prefer to stay with me.”

“I do, I do — I don’t know him, and I would rather die than go with him”.

“All right, there is no more to say”.

“We will see, as to that”³⁾ shouted John Canty, and tried to seize the boy.

“If you touch him, I will kill you”, said Hendon, laying his hand upon his sword. Canty drew back.

“Now listen”, continued Hendon, “I have taken the boy under my protection”.

¹⁾ another cry shook the night — inny krzyk przeszył noc

²⁾ beer-houses — piwiarnie

³⁾ we will see, as to that — zobaczymy, jak to będzie! Zaraz się to okaże!

John Canty went away, muttering curses.

Hendon's apartment was poor. The furniture was old. The room was lighted by candles. The little King lay down upon the bed, tired and hungry, and fell asleep almost immediately. He had been on his feet a good part of a day and a night, for it was now two or three o'clock in the morning, and he had eaten nothing.

Hendon said to himself —

"He called himself the Prince of Wales. Poor little friendless boy, he has gone mad. Well, I will be his friend; I have saved him, I will teach him, I will be his elder brother, and care for him and watch over him".

He bent over the boy and looked at him, then walked up and down the room to keep warm ⁴⁾.

"If my father is still alive after these seven years that I have had no news from home, he will welcome the poor boy; and so will my good elder brother Arthur; my other brother, Hugh, is a bad character — I will kill him if he doesn't agree! We must go home, and quickly."

A servant came in with a hot meal. The noise woke the boy, who looked round him; then a sad look came into his face and he murmured to himself,

"It was but a dream".

He got up and walked to the washstand in the corner, stood there waiting and said —

"I want to have a wash".

He stood and did not move.

Hendon was surprised.

"Please, pour the water", said the boy, and then, "The towel". Hendon laughingly took up a towel from under the boy's nose and handed it to him.

While Hendon was having a wash, the boy seated himself at the table and began to eat. Hendon drew back the other chair and was about ⁵⁾ to sit down at the table when the boy said angrily —
"Would you sit in the presence of the King?"

⁴⁾ to keep warm — ażeby nie zmarznąć (utrzymać ciepło)

⁵⁾ was about — miał właśnie

Hendon muttered to himself, "The poor thing⁶⁾ is mad". He removed the chair from the table, and stood behind the King while he ate. The King began to talk. He said —

"I think your name is Miles Hendon".

"Yes, Sire" Miles replied.

The King warmed his heart with a second glass of wine, and said —

"I should like to know your story".

Hendon said —

"My father, Sir Richard, is very rich and very good. My mother died when I was a boy. I have two brothers, Arthur, my elder, who is like my father, and Hugh, younger than I — a bad character; such was he ten years ago, when I saw him last, he was nineteen then, I was twenty, and Arthur twenty-two. There was also the Lady Edith, my cousin; she was sixteen then, a beautiful and good girl, the daughter of a very rich earl. I loved her and she loved me. But she was promised to Arthur. Arthur loved another maid; Hugh loved the Lady Edith's fortune. My father loved Hugh best of us all, and believed him; and others hated him. Hugh convinced my father that I wanted to carry off my Edith and marry her. So my father sent me away from home for three years. I became a soldier and fought in the continental wars. In my last battle I was taken captive. After seven years I was free again, but quite poor and without news from home. So please you, Sire, my talk is told".

Then the unhappy King poured his own story into Miles's ears. When he had finished, Miles said to himself —

"Poor ruined little head⁷⁾, what an imagination he has. But he shall be cured. I will take care of him".

The King spoke —

"You have saved my life. Such services must be rewarded. Tell me your desire, and if it is in my royal power, it will be fulfilled!"

Hendon wanted to say that he had only done his duty, but a wiser thought came into his head. He dropped upon one knee and said —

⁶⁾ the poor thing — the poor boy

⁷⁾ ruined little head — here: mad little boy

“My poor service didn’t go beyond the limit of a subject’s duty; but since Your Majesty is pleased to give me a reward, I ask that I and my heirs, for ever, may sit in the presence of the Majesty of England!”

“Rise, Sir Miles Hendon, Knight”, said the King, touching Hendon’s arm with his sword — “rise and take a seat. Your request is granted. As long as England remains, and the crown continues ⁸⁾, the privilege shall not be taken away”.

Dropping on a chair at the table Hendon observed to himself, “That was a good idea. My legs are so tired”.

Chapter XII

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE

After a moment the King was in bed again in a deep sleep. Hendon stretched himself across the door, on the floor, and fell asleep. Towards noon he rose and went out. After thirty or forty minutes he was back with a second-hand¹⁾ suit of boy’s clothing. He seated himself and began to mend it. Then he wanted to wake the King. He threw back the covers — the boy was gone ²⁾.

At that moment a servant entered with the breakfast. “Where is the boy?” shouted Hendon.

The servant replied —

“You were hardly gone ³⁾ from the place, when a youth came running and said that you were waiting at the bridge-end, so the boy went with him to meet you. On the bridge a ruffianly man was about to join them, and I saw no more as the crowd closed in on them”.

Hendon was in despair, thinking that he had lost his poor little mad master, “No! not lost! Not lost, for I will look for him till I find him again”, muttered Hendon as he went through the crowd on the Bridge, trying to find the boy.

⁸⁾ as long as England remains, and the crown continues — póki Anglia i tron angielski istnieją

¹⁾ second-hand — używany

²⁾ the boy was gone — chłopca nie było

³⁾ you were hardly gone — zaledwie wyszliście Panie

“LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI”¹⁾

The same morning Tom Canty opened his eyes in the dark. He lay silent a few moments, trying to analyse his thoughts, then suddenly said in a low voice —

“I see it all, I see it all! Now God be thanked²⁾, I am indeed awake at last! Come, joy! Vanish sorrow! Ho, Nan! Bet! Kick off your straw and come to my side. Ho, Nan, I say, Bet!”

As somebody appeared, the boy said —

“Speak — who am I?”

“Yesterday you were the Prince of Wales; to-day you are Edward, King of England.”

Tom buried his head among his pillows, murmuring —

“It was no dream, what a sorrow!”

Tom slept again, and after a time he had a pleasant dream about his own home in Offal Court. The dream was interrupted by the voice of a Lord —

“It is late — will your Majesty rise?”

Tom opened his eyes. The poor boy saw that he was still a prisoner and a King. The room was filled with courtiers clothed in purple clothes — the mourning colour. Tom sat up in bed and looked upon this fine company.

The heavy business of dressing began, and one courtier after another knelt to greet the new King. To begin with, a shirt was taken up and passed from one Lord to another and at last was put on Tom; it reminded him of passing buckets at a fire.

Each part of his dress had to go through this slow process. Tom grew tired of the ceremony; so tired that he felt almost happy when he at last saw his long silken stockings begin the journey, and knew that the end of the ceremony was near.

All things must have an end, and so Tom Canty got out of bed and got safely through the ceremony of washing and into the hands

¹⁾ “Le roi est mort — vive le roi” — „król umarł — niech żyje król”; słowa (w języku francuskim), którymi herold ogłaszał ludowi śmierć króla i wstąpienie na tron jego następcy

²⁾ God be thanked — dziękować Bogu

of the hairdresser. Soon he was as pretty as a girl, in his mantle of purple silk and purple-plumed cap.

He went towards the breakfast-room. After breakfast he was conducted to the throne-room, where his "uncle", Lord Hertford, took his place by the throne. Many great men appeared to ask Tom's consent to certain acts. A secretary began to read out the expenses of the late King's household, which totalled £ 28,000 ³⁾, for the last six months — a sum so big that it made Tom Canty gasp, and he gasped again when he learned that £ 20,000 of this money was still owing and unpaid, and he gasped once more when he learned that the King's coffers were empty, and his twelve hundred servants waiting for their wages.

The dull work went on. Petitions and proclamations were read. Tom's poor head nodded a while, and presently dropped to his shoulder; and the business of the empire stopped. Silence followed as the poor King fell asleep.

* * *

During the forenoon, Tom had a pleasant hour with the Lady Elizabeth and the little Lady Jane Grey. Then a boy of about twelve years of age came in. He came slowly, and dropped upon one knee in front of Tom. Tom said —

"Rise, my boy. Who are you? What do you want?"

The boy rose. He said —

"Surely you must remember me, my lord. I am your whipping-boy" ⁴⁾.

"My *whipping-boy*?"

"Yes, my lord. I am Humphrey — Humphrey Marlow."

The situation was delicate. What should Tom do? An idea came to his head. So he thought a moment or two, and presently said —

"Now I seem to remember you" ⁵⁾

The whipping-boy said to himself, "Really, his mind is gone, poor boy." He went on —

³⁾ £ 28,000 = 28,000 pounds. Literą £ oznacza się funt angielski (nazwa pieniędzy)

⁴⁾ *whipping-boy* — w dawnych czasach taką nazwę miał chłopiec, którego bito, kiedy książę zasłużył na karę. Był to swego rodzaju urząd i to powierzany synom szlacheckim

⁵⁾ I seem to remember you — wydaje mi się, że sobie ciebie przypominam

"Two days ago, Your Majesty made three mistakes in your Greek — in the morning lessons — do you remember it?"

"Y — e — s — I think I do. Now — go on".

"The master, being angry with you, promised that he would whip me very hard for it".

"Whip you!" said Tom, astonished. "Why should he whip you for my mistakes?"

"Ah, my lord, you forget again. He always beats me when you make mistakes".

"Then where is your fault? What riddle is this? Am I gone mad, or are you mad? Explain — speak out".

"But, Your Majesty, it is quite simple. Nobody can beat the sacred person of the Prince of Wales; therefore when you should be punished, I am beaten. That is my office and my livelihood."

Tom looked at the boy, then he said aloud —

"And have you been beaten, poor friend?"

"No, your Majesty, I was to be punished to-day. You promised me to speak with..."

"With the master? To save you from whipping?"

"Ah, you remember!"

"My memory is better. Be quiet. You shall not be beaten — I will speak about it".

"Oh, thanks, my good lord", cried the boy, dropping upon his knee again. After a moment he said —

"Since you are no more Prince of Wales, but King, you can order what you want; therefore you will burn your books and then I am ruined, and my sisters with me!"

"Ruined? Why?"

"My back is my bread, O my Lord. If you stop to study, my office is gone; you need no whipping-boy. Do not turn me away!"

Tom was touched by the boy's despair. He said —

"Don't be worry, my boy. Your office shall be in your family for ever. Then he struck the boy a light blow on the shoulder with his sword, saying —

"Rise, Humphrey Marlow, Hereditary Whipping-Boy to the Royal House of England. I will take my books again, and study so ill, that they must pay you three times as much as before for beating your back".

The grateful Humphrey said —

“Thanks, O most noble master. Now I shall be happy all my days, and all the house of Marlow after me”.

Tom was clever enough to see that the boy could be useful to him. He encouraged Humphrey to talk, and at the end of an hour he had gathered valuable information about the court. Humphrey had hardly been dismissed when Lord Hertford arrived with more trouble for Tom.

He said that his Majesty should begin to dine in public after a day or two — his healthy complexion and firm step would more surely quiet the general opinion — in case any evil news of the King's damaged health had gone about.

Then the Earl proceeded, very delicately, to instruct Tom about his new duties; but to his great satisfaction it turned out that Tom needed very little help — he had been making use of ⁶⁾ Humphrey in that direction, for Humphrey had told him that within a few days he was to begin dining in public.

Seeing the royal memory so improved, the Earl said in quite a hopeful voice —

“Now I am sure that Your Majesty will be able to solve the puzzle of the Great Seal”.

But for Tom a Great Seal was something which he was unacquainted with. After a moment he asked —

“What was it like, my Lord?”

The Lord muttered to himself —

“He is gone mad again!” Then he turned the talk to other matters to sweep the unhappy Seal out of Tom's thoughts.

Chapter XIV

TOM AS KING

The third day of Tom Canty's kingship came and went as the others had done; he was getting a little used ¹⁾ to his new life.

⁶⁾ he had been making use of — wykorzystywał

¹⁾ he was getting a little used — on się trochę przyzwyczajał

The fourth day was coming and with it Tom's dining in public. He dreaded dining all by himself, with a lot of eyes fastened upon him and upon his mistakes, if he should make any.

But nothing could stop that fourth day, and so it came. It found poor Tom quite sad. Once more he felt that he was a prisoner.

Late in the forenoon, Tom, who had gone to a window, became interested in the life of the great highway beyond the palace gates. He wanted with all his heart to take part in its freedom. Suddenly he saw a crowd of poor men and women coming up the road shouting.

"I should like to know what it is about" ²⁾, he said.

"You are the King", said the Lord. "Have you anything to command?"

"O yes! O gladly, yes", exclaimed Tom adding to himself — "To be a King is not so bad after all".

So the Lord called a page, and sent him to the captain of the guard with the order —

"Stop the crowd and ask the cause of the movement. By the King's command!"

A few seconds later the royal guards stopped the crowd. A messenger came back to say that the crowd were following a woman and a young girl to execution for crimes committed by them.

"Death — and a dreadful death — for these wretched people!"

Tom could think of nothing but ³⁾ the scaffold. He forgot that he was but a shadow of a king, and he commanded —

"Bring them here!"

The page went backwards out of the room to deliver the command.

Tom said to himself proudly —

"Truly, it is like what I used to feel when I read the old priest's tales, and imagined myself a prince giving law and command to all".

Tom sat in the chair of state ⁴⁾, and turned his eyes upon the door. In a little while the accused persons entered, escorted by

²⁾ what it is about — o co chodzi

³⁾ Tom could think of nothing but... — Tomek mógł myśleć tylko o...
Myśl Tomka zaprzątnęło całkowicie...

⁴⁾ chair of state — tron

an under-sheriff⁵⁾) and military men. The civil officer knelt before Tom, the two doomed persons knelt also, and remained so; the guard took his place behind Tom's chair.

Tom addressed himself to the under-sheriff⁵⁾), saying —
“What is it that these have done?”

“Please Your Majesty, a black crime⁶⁾) is clearly proved; therefore, according to the law, they will be hanged. They sold themselves to the devil — such is their crime”.

Tom shuddered. But he asked —

“Where was this done? — and when?”

“On a midnight, in December — in a ruined church, Your Majesty”.

Tom shuddered again.

“Who was there present?”

“Only these two, Your Majesty — *and that other*⁷⁾!”

“Have they confessed?”

“No, Sire — they do deny it”.

“Then how was it known?”

“Many persons saw them going in, Your Majesty. It is sure that through their power they brought on a storm that ruined all the region round about. Above forty witnesses have proved that storm; all have suffered by it.”

“This is a serious matter”, said Tom, then asked —

“Did the woman also suffer by the storm?”

The sheriff answered —

“Indeed she did, Your Majesty. Her house was swept away, and herself and her child left homeless”.

“How old is the child?” asked Tom.

“Nine years, please, your Majesty”.

“By the law of England may a child sell itself, my lord?”, asked Tom turning to a learned judge.

⁵⁾ sheriff — szeryf; w Anglii urzędnik hrabstwa mianowany przez króla i czuwający nad wymiarem sprawiedliwości i bezpieczeństwem publicznym; under-sheriff — jego zastępca, którego specjalną funkcją jest czuwaniem nad więziennictwem i egzekwowaniem wyroków sądowych

⁶⁾ black crime — ciężka zbrodnia

⁷⁾ that other — ten inny; tutaj: diabeł

"No, your Majesty. The *devil may buy* a child but an Englishman may not".

"It seems a bad thing that English law denies privileges to Englishmen, to give them to the devil", cried Tom.

The old woman stopped weeping, and was hanging upon Tom's words⁸⁾ with growing hope. Tom saw this. Presently he asked —

"How did they bring on the storm?"

"By pulling off their stockings, Sire".

Tom said —

"How strange!"

Then he turned to the woman, and said —

"Show your power. I should like to see a storm!" Then he added.

"Don't be afraid. You shall be free — none shall touch you. Show your power!"

"Oh, my lord the King, I have no power. I have been falsely accused".

"Don't be afraid. Make a storm — a small one — but indeed I prefer a small one — do this and your life is saved. You shall go out free, with your child".

The woman protested with tears that she had no power to bring a storm, else she would gladly save her child's life.

Finally Tom said —

"I think the woman has spoken the truth. If my mother were in her place, she would call storms and lay the whole land in ruins if she could save my life thanks to it. You are free, good wife — you and your child — for I think you are innocent. Now you are not afraid, being free — pull off your stockings! If you can make me a storm, you shall be rich!"

The woman obeyed and took off her stockings and her little girl's also, but it was all in vain.

Tom said —

"Good woman, your power is gone. Go your way in peace; and if it returns to you at any time, don't forget me, and bring me a storm."

⁸⁾ was hanging upon Tom's words — w napięciu słuchała słów Tomka

FOO-FOO THE FIRST

Miles Hendon hurried along towards the end of the bridge hoping to find Tom, but all the traces ended, and he did not know what to do next. Still he continued to look for the King during the rest of the day. The night found him tired and hungry, and his desire as far from accomplishment as ever¹⁾; so he supped at the Tabard inn and then went to bed, resolved to make an early start in the morning to look for the boy. As he lay thinking and planning, he presently began to reason thus.

The boy would escape from the bad man who says he is his father, if possible; would he go back to London and look for his former friends? No, he would not do that, being afraid of his "father". What, then, would he do? He would try to find his protector, Miles Hendon, without coming back to London and danger. He would start for Hendon Hall, that is what he would do. There Miles might expect to find the little King. Yes, he must lose no more time, but move at once and look for the boy in the wood and ask about him on the roads.

* * *

The ruffian whom the waiter at the inn on the bridge saw "about to join" the youth and the King did not exactly join them, but followed their foot-steps. At last the King said he would stop where he was — it was Hendon's place²⁾ to come to him, not his to go to Hendon. The boy said —

"You want to stay here, and your friend is lying wounded in the wood there."

The King's manner changed at once. He cried out —

"Wounded? And who did it? Lead on, lead on! Faster! I will never forgive it! Even if it is done by a lord's son, I will punish him!"

It was some distance to the wood, but they went quickly. By and by an open place was reached, where there were ruins of a farm-

¹⁾ and his desire as far from accomplishment as ever — podczas gdy jego życie było bardziej niż kiedykolwiek dalekie do spełnienia

²⁾ it was Hendon's place — it was Hendon's duty

house, and near them a barn which was falling to ruin. There was no sign of life anywhere, and a deep silence reigned there. The boy entered the barn, the King following him. No one there! The surprised King looked at the boy, and asked —

“Where is he?”

A loud laugh was his answer. The King was so angry that he took a big piece of wood and wanted to strike the boy, when he heard another laugh. It was from the ruffian who had been following at a distance.

The King turned and said angrily —

“Who are you? What are you doing here?”

“Stop this foolery”, said the man. “Don’t say that you don’t know your father”.

“You are not my father. I do not know you. I am the King. Show me where is my servant!”

John Canty replied —

“It is sure that you are mad, and that is why I don’t punish you; but if you don’t stop, I will beat you. I have done a murder, and can’t return home, neither can you. I need you. My name is changed, for certain reasons; it is Hobbs — John Hobbs; yours is Jack — remember it well: Now then, speak. Where is your mother? Where are your sisters? Do you know where they went?”

The King answered —

“Don’t speak in riddles. My mother is dead; my sisters are in the palace”.

The youth burst out laughing and the King would have beaten him, but Canty — or Hobbs, as he now called himself, said —

“Stop, Hugo; his mind is gone. Sit down there and you shall have something to eat”.

Hobbs and Hugo began to talk together in low voices, and the King removed himself as far as he could from their company. He went to the farthest end of the barn and lay here, drew some straw over himself, and began to think about the death of his father.

To the whole world the name of Henry VIII was a name to be dreaded, but to this boy the name meant only pleasure and love. The eyes of the young King were full of tears, so deep and real was the sorrow in his heart. As the afternoon passed, the King, tired with his troubles, fell asleep.

After a time — he could not tell how long — as he lay with closed eyes wondering where he was and what had been happening, he heard the beating of rain upon the roof. The next moment he saw that a bright fire was burning in the middle of the floor, at the other end of the barn; and around it, lit up by the red fire, was sitting the most horrible company of beggars and ruffians he had ever read or dreamed of. There were long-haired men clothed in rags; there were blind people; some of the women were hardly grown girls³⁾, some were old, and all were loud and dirty. There were also some babies and hungry dogs whose duty was to lead the blind.

Night came on, the company had just finished eating and began to drink and sing. One of the blind men got up and took off the bandage which was on his perfectly good eyes. Another beggar took of his wooden leg and took his place beside his healthy companions.

Conversation followed. In the course of it⁴⁾ it appeared that "John Hobbs" was not a new member of the company, but had trained there at some former time. When he said he had killed a man everybody cheered, and he had to drink with everybody. They were proud to shake him by the hand. One of them said —

"Once I was a rich farmer with loving wife and children — now my wife and my children are gone; perhaps they are in heaven, perhaps in the other place — but the kindly God be thanked, they are no more *in England*. My good old mother earned her bread by nursing the sick; one of these died, the doctors did not know how, so my mother was burnt for a witch — English law! — up, all with your cups⁵⁾! now all together and with a cheer! — drink to the good English law that delivered *her* from the English hell! I begged from house to house — I and my wife — with us were the hungry children — but it is forbidden to be hungry in England — so they beat us and drove us from town to town. Again, drink all, to the good English law! for they beat my wife so hard that her end came quick. She lies there in the field, safe from all harm. And my children were hungry and they died. Drink, my friends — only

³⁾ were hardly grown girls — zaledwie wyrosły z wieku dziewczęcego

⁴⁾ in the course of it — during it

⁵⁾ up, all with your cups! — w górę wszystkie kielichy

a drop — a drop to the poor children, that never did any harm. I begged again — I begged for a piece of bread, and got the stocks and lost an ear; I begged again and I lost the other. And still I begged again, and was sold for a slave — here on my cheek, you can see the red S the branding-iron ⁶⁾ left there! A SLAVE! — I have run away from my master, and when I am found — I shall hang!”

A voice came from the darkness —

“You shall not hang! — and from this day on that law does not exist!”

All turned, and saw the figure of the little King approaching quickly. They asked one another —

“Who is this? What is this? Who are you?”

The boy stood in the middle of all those surprised eyes and answered —

“I am Edward, King of England”.

A wild burst of laughter followed. They thought it was an excellent joke. “John Hobbs” said —

“Mates, he is my son, a dreamer, a fool, he thinks he is the King.”

“I am the King” said Edward, turning towards him, “and you will know it soon. You have confessed that you are a murderer, and you shall hang for it”.

One of the beggars saved the King from a heavy blow by knocking Hobbs down.

He said —

“Have you no respect for the King? I will hang you myself”.

Then he said to His Majesty —

— “Be King, if it please you, but leave the title you have used — it’s treason. We are bad men but we have loving and loyal hearts and none among us is a traitor to his King. I speak the truth. Now — all together: “Long live Edward, King of England”.

“Long live Edward, King of England!”

They shouted so loud that the little King’s face lighted up with pleasure ⁷⁾ for an instant. He bowed his head and said —

⁶⁾ the branding-iron — narzędzie tortur służące do piętnowania ciała

⁷⁾ the little King’s face lighted up with pleasure — twarz młodego króla się rozjaśniła

"I thank you, my good people".

This delighted the company ⁸⁾. Then one of them said firmly but good-naturedly ⁹⁾ —

"Stop it boy, it is neither wise nor good. Choose some other title."

Somebody shouted —

"Foo-Foo the First, King of the Beggars!"

The title "took" ¹⁰⁾, at once, and a shout went up —

"Long live Foo-Foo the First, King of the Beggars!"

"Give him a crown!"

"Give him a sceptre!"

"Put him on a throne!"

These and twenty other cries broke out at once! and almost before the poor little King could draw breath he was crowned with a tin basin, dressed in a blanket, throned upon a barrel, and sceptred with a piece of iron. Then they fell upon their knees about him and shouted —

"Be good to us! O sweet King!"

Tears of shame and indignation stood in the little monarch's eyes; and the thought in his heart was, "They are cruel — I was kind to them and this is how they thank me for it!"

Chapter XVI

THE PRINCE WITH THE TRAMPS

The company started out early in the morning. It was cold. All were sad and silent.

"Jack" was in Hugo's charge ¹⁾. And John Canty had to keep away from him and let him alone.

After a while the weather grew milder ²⁾. The troop did not feel so cold and they grew more and more cheerful. Everybody gave

⁸⁾ this delighted the company — wywołało to wśród zebranych wesołość, zachwył

⁹⁾ good-naturedly — dobrodusznie

¹⁰⁾ the title "took" — tytuł przyjął się

¹⁾ in Hugo's charge — pod opieką Hugona

²⁾ the weather grew milder — pogoda stała się łagodniejsza, poprawiła się

them the road ³⁾. They took linen from the hedges, in full view ⁴⁾ of the owners, who made no protest, but only seemed grateful that they did not take the hedges too.

By and by they invaded a small farmhouse and made themselves at home ⁵⁾, while the farmer and his family gave them breakfast. They threw bones and vegetables at the farmer and his sons and they ended by buttering the head of one of the daughters. Leaving the house they threatened to come back and burn the house if any report of their doings got to the ears of the authorities ⁶⁾.

About noon, after a long tramp, the troop stopped behind a hedge near a village.

"Jack" was sent to the village with Hugo. They wandered here and there, finally Hugo said —

"I see nothing to steal. Therefore we shall beg".

"We! Do so if you like. But I will not beg".

"You won't beg!" exclaimed Hugo, looking at the King. "Since when will you not beg?"

"What do you mean?" ⁷⁾

"What do I mean? Have you not begged in the streets of London all your life?"

"I? You are stupid!"

"Your father said that you had begged all your days".

"Him you call my father? He lies".

"I believe your father. But come if you don't want to beg, we shall rob kitchens!"

The King said —

"Stop, you make me sick". ⁸⁾

Hugo answered —

"Now, mate, you won't beg, you won't rob; all right. But I will tell you what you will do. You will help me while I beg!"

And he continued —

³⁾ gave them the road — ustępował im z drogi

⁴⁾ in full view — well seen

⁵⁾ made themselves at home — poczuli się jak u siebie w domu

⁶⁾ if ... got to the ears of the authorities — gdyby ... dotarła do uszu władz, do wiadomości władz

⁷⁾ what do you mean? — co masz na myśli?

⁸⁾ stop, you make me sick — przestań, nudzisz mnie

"Here comes somebody. When the stranger comes near me, I shall have an attack of illness. You must fall upon your knees, weep and cry. "Oh, sir, it is my poor brother, give us one little penny!"

Then Hugo began to moan and cry, and fell in the dirt, pretending to be in agony. "O dear, O dear" cried the stranger, "Oh, poor boy, how he suffers! Let me help you to get up".

"Oh, noble sir, it gives me dreadful pain to be touched when I am taken so ill ⁹⁾. A penny, dear sir, a penny, to buy a little food: then leave me to my sorrow".

"A penny! you shall get three", and he got them out of his pocket. "Poor boy, take them. Now come here, my boy, and help to carry your brother to this house, where —"

"I am not his brother", said the King.

"He denies his own brother", murmured Hugo "who has one foot in the grave!"

"Boy, you are indeed hard of heart ¹⁰⁾, if this is your brother. If he is not your brother, who is he then?"

"A beggar and a thief! He has got your money and has picked your pocket".

In a moment Hugo was up and off like the wind, the gentleman following after him.

The King fled in the opposite direction. He took the first road that offered and soon put the village behind him¹¹⁾. He hurried along, as quickly as he could, for several hours. He now felt hungry, and also very tired. So he stopped at a farmhouse; but when he was about to speak, he was driven away. His clothes were against him¹²⁾. He wandered on. The night came on, cold and dark; and he still wandered slowly on. He had to keep moving, for every time he sat down to rest he soon was cold. All the sensations he felt as he moved through the empty night were new and strange to him. From time to time he heard voices, and then silence again. From time to time he saw a light — always far away — almost as if it were in another world; now and then came the bark of a dog; all the sounds were far off; they made the little King feel that all life was far removed

⁹⁾ I am taken so ill — chwyciła mnie taka choroba

¹⁰⁾ hard of heart — twardego serca

¹¹⁾ put the village behind him — pozostawił wieś poza sobą

¹²⁾ his clothes were against him — jego ubranie źle o nim świadczyło

from him, and that he stood alone, companionless, in the centre of a measureless lonely place.

But by and by he came suddenly upon the light of a tin lantern. He stepped back and waited. The lantern stood by the open door of a barn. The King waited some time — there was no sound and nobody came. He got so cold, standing still, and the barn looked so nice and warm, that at last he resolved to risk everything and to enter. He started quickly, and just as he was crossing the barn he heard voices behind him. He stopped behind a barrel within the barn. Two farm labourers came in, bringing the lantern with them, and fell to work¹³), talking. While they moved about with the light, the King made good use of his eyes¹⁴). He saw many horse blankets. By and by the men finished their work and went away, closing the door behind them and taking the lantern with them.

The King, trembling in the darkness, took the blankets. Of two of them he made a bed, then covered himself with the remaining two. He was happy now, though the blankets were old and thin, and not quite warm enough; and besides had an unpleasant strong smell.

Although the King was hungry and cold, he was also so tired that he only wanted to sleep. As he was on the point of dropping off to sleep, he felt something touch him! He was quite awake in a moment and gasping for breath¹⁵). This touch in the dark almost made his heart stand still¹⁶). He lay motionless and listened. But nothing moved, and there was no sound. He continued to listen, and wait during what seemed a long time, but still nothing moved, and there was no sound. So he fell asleep once more, at last; and all at once¹⁷) he felt that touch again! It was awful, this light touch from a noiseless presence; it made the boy sick with fear¹⁸). What should he do? That was the question; but he did not know the answer. Should he leave the barn? But where to go? He could not get out of the barn;

¹³) fell to work — began to work

¹⁴) the King made good use of his eyes — król patrzył uważnie

¹⁵) gasping for breath — ledwo dysząc, z trudem chwytając powietrze

¹⁶) almost made his heart stand still — sprawiło, że serce prawie mu zamarło

¹⁷) all at once — nagle

¹⁸) it made the boy sick with fear — to sprawiło, że chłopcu zrobiło się słabo ze strachu

and the idea of moving in the dark with this unknown phantom after him, touching his cheek or shoulder at every turn was dreadful. But to stay where he was, with that fear all night? — was that better? No. What, then, was there left to do? Ah, there was but one thing, he knew it well — he must put out his hand and find the thing!

It was easy to say so, but hard to do. Three times he stretched his hand a little way out¹⁹⁾ into the dark; and suddenly drew it back with a gasp. But the fourth time he put his hand a little farther, and his hand lightly swept against something soft and warm. His mind was in such a state that he could imagine the thing to be nothing else than a corpse newly dead and still warm. He thought he would rather die than touch it again. But again he put his hand out and this time it met a lot of long hair; he followed up the hair and found what seemed to be a warm rope; he followed up the rope and found an innocent calf — for the rope was not a rope at all, but the calf's tail.

The King was ashamed of himself for being so afraid of a sleeping calf. Now he was not only happy to find that the creature was only a calf, but happy to have the calf's company; for he had been feeling so lonely and friendless that the company of even an animal was welcome. He had been so badly treated by his own kind²⁰⁾. It was a real pleasure to him to feel that he was in the society of a calf that had at least a soft heart. So he resolved to make friends²¹⁾ with the calf. The calf lay near him. He re-arranged his bed so as to be close to the calf and near its warm back, drew the blankets up over himself and his friend, and in a minute or two was as warm and comfortable as he had ever been in his beautiful bed in the royal palace.

Pleasant thoughts came at once; life seemed good. He was free; he was warm; in a word, he was happy. The night wind was rising; it made the old barn shake, but it was all music to the King, now that he was happy and comfortable; let it blow, let it moan, he did not mind²²⁾, it only gave him pleasure. He came nearer to his friend, and felt warm and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep that was full of peace. The distant dogs barked, the wind went on blowing, it was

¹⁹⁾ he stretched his hand a little way out — wyciągnął nieco rękę

²⁰⁾ by his own kind — by people

²¹⁾ to make friends — zaprzyjaźnić się

²²⁾ he did not mind — nie dbał o to

raining, but the Majesty of England slept on, and the calf did the same, being a simple creature, and not easily troubled by storms or by sleeping with a King.

Chapter XVII

THE PRINCE WITH THE PEASANTS

When the King awoke in the early morning he got up and stepped out of the barn, and just then he heard the sound of children's voices. The barn door opened and two little girls came in. As soon as they saw him, they stopped laughing and talking, and stood still looking at him. By and by they began to speak.

One said —

"He has a pretty face".

The other added —

"And pretty hair".

"But he is badly dressed".

"And he looks hungry".

They came still nearer, and looked at him as if he were some kind of strange animal, an animal that would bite. Finally they stopped before him, holding each other's hands. Then one of them said —

"Who are you, boy?"

"I am the King" was the answer.

The children remained speechless half a minute. Then they broke the silence —

"The King? What King?"

"The King of England".

The children looked at each other — then at him — then at each other again — then one said —

"Did you hear him? — He says he is the King. Can that be true?"

"How can it be else but true? Would he tell a lie?"

The first girl looked at the King a moment, then said —

"If you are truly the King, then I believe you".

"I am truly the King".

The two little girls began at once to ask how he came to be so poorly dressed. It was a great pleasure to him to tell them about his troubles; so he told his tale, forgetting even his hunger for the

time. But when he got down to his latest troubles¹⁾ and they learned how long he had been without food, they cut him short²⁾ and hurried him away to³⁾ the farmhouse to find some breakfast for him.

The King was cheerful and happy now, and said to himself — “When I come to my palace again, I shall always be good to little children, remembering how they trusted me and believed in me in my time of trouble while older people mocked at me and took me for a liar”⁴⁾.

The children’s mother received the King kindly, and was full of pity for him.

She was a poor widow, and she had seen troubles enough to feel sympathy for the poor boy. She thought that he had wandered away from his friends and keepers; so she tried to find out from where he had come, but all her questions went for nothing⁵⁾ — the boy’s face, and his answers too, showed that the things she was talking of were not known to him.

He talked about court matters⁶⁾, and spoke sadly of the late King “his father”; but whenever the conversation changed to simple matters, he became silent.

The woman did not give up⁷⁾. She wanted to know the boy’s real secret. But she could not find it out. Perhaps he had been a servant. But this subject tired him too. Then the goodwife touched upon the subject of cooking. To her surprise the King’s face lighted up at once!

“Ah, I know at last” — she thought; and she was proud of herself.

“Oh, I was right — he had helped in a kitchen. O but how can he know so many dishes and so fine ones? These belong only to the tables of the rich and the great. Ah, now I see! He served in the

1) when he got down to his... troubles — when he began to speak of his... troubles

2) they cut him short — przerwały mu

3) and hurried him away to ... — i pospieszyły z nim do ...

4) took me for a liar — uważali mnie za kłamcę

5) her questions went for nothing — jej pytania na nic się nie zdały

6) about court matters — o sprawach dworu

7) the woman did not give up — kobieta nie rezygnowała

palace before he went mad; yes, he must have helped in the very kitchen of the King ⁸⁾ himself”.

To see if she was right, she told the King to watch the cooking a moment — then she went out of the room and made a sign to her children to follow her.

But the King soon fell into deep thoughts, and the cookery got burnt. The woman returned in time to save the breakfast. Seeing how troubled he was, she was all goodness and gentleness towards him.

The boy had a good meal. The goodwife had wanted to feed this young tramp in a corner, like any other tramp or like a dog; but she was a kind-hearted woman and allowed him to sit at the family-table; and the King, on his side, did not want the woman and her children to stand and wait upon him while he occupied their table alone as a King should do.

When breakfast was over, the housewife told the King to wash up the dishes. The King did not like this command, but he said to himself —

“I shall try it”.

To his surprise, the cleaning of wooden spoons was a difficult piece of work ⁹⁾. But he finished it at last. He wanted to get away on his journey now. But it was not easy, as the good woman gave him all kinds of work. After dinner the woman set him and the little girls to paring some winter apples. Just as he was starting to do it there was an interruption. The interruption was John Canty and Hugo! The King saw these ruffians coming to the front gate before they could see him; so he said nothing to the little girls, went quickly out the back way, and hurried on into a narrow road behind the house.

Chapter XVIII

THE PRINCE AND THE HERMIT

A high hedge hid the King from the house now; and so, in a deadly fright, he used all his strength and ran towards a wood in

⁸⁾ in the very kitchen of the King — w kuchni króla, samego króla

⁹⁾ ...was a difficult piece of work — ...było to trudną pracą

the distance. He never looked back until he had almost reached the forest. He hurried on far into the wood. Then he stopped, being sure that he was quite safe. He listened — the stillness was awful. From time to time his ear caught sounds, but they were so mysterious that they seemed unreal like the moaning of phantoms. He wanted, at first, to stay where he was for the rest of the day, but he was cold ¹⁾, and he had to keep moving in order to get warmer ²⁾. He went straight through the forest, hoping to find a road presently, but he was disappointed in this. He travelled on and on ³⁾; but the farther he went, the thicker the wood became. The King saw that the night was coming on. So he tried to hurry faster, but he could not see well enough to choose his steps ⁴⁾.

And how glad he was when at last he saw a faint light! He approached it, often stopping to look about him and listen. The light came from a poor little house. He heard a voice now, and wanted to run away, but he changed his mind at once, for this voice was praying. He came to the window and looked in. The room was small; its floor was of earth; in a corner was a bed with blankets; near it was a cup, a basin and two or three pots; there was also a small bench and a three-legged stool; before a shrine, which was lighted by a single candle, knelt an old man, and on an old wooden box at his side lay an open book. The man's hair was very long and snowy-white; he was clothed in a robe of sheepskins which reached from his neck to his heels.

“A holy hermit!” said the King to himself. “Now I am indeed fortunate”.

The hermit rose from his knees; the King knocked. A deep voice answered —

“Enter!”

The King entered, and stopped. The hermit looked upon him, and said —

“Who are you?”

“I am the King”, came the answer.

1) he was cold — było mu zimno

2) in order to get warmer — aby się rozgrzać

3) on and on — w dalszym ciągu

4) he could not see well enough to choose his steps — nie widział na tyle dobrze, aby stawiać pewne kroki, szedł na oślep

"Welcome, King!" cried the hermit.

Then saying, "Welcome, welcome", he seated the King on the bench.

"Welcome! Many came here, but they were turned away. But a King who clothes his body in rags — he is welcome!"

The King wanted to explain, but the hermit did not pay attention to him, but went right on talking ⁵⁾.

"And you shall find peace here. None shall find you. You shall not return to that empty foolish life. You shall pray here, you shall feed upon grass. You shall wear a hair shirt ⁶⁾ next your skin, you shall drink water only and you shall have peace; for who comes to look for you shall go his way again; he shall not find you".

The old man stopped speaking aloud, and began to mutter. The King told him his story, but the hermit went on muttering and paid no attention. And still muttering, he said to the King — "Sh! I will tell you a secret".

After a moment he put his face close down to the King's and said in a low voice —

"I am an archangel!"

The King said to himself —

"I was with the ruffians, and now I am the prisoner of a madman!"

The hermit went on talking about himself as an archangel in a low voice for an hour, while the poor little King sat and listened.

Then all at once his madness departed. The old man set to prepare and cook supper all the time speaking pleasantly, and patting the boy's cheek or head. This happy state of things continued while the two ate supper, then, after a prayer before the shrine, the hermit put the boy to bed in a small room, covered him with a blanket like a loving mother, left him and sat down by the fire. Then he touched his forehead several times with his fingers, as if trying to catch some thought which had escaped from his mind.

Now he started quickly up, entered the boy's room and said —

"You are a King?"

"Yes" was the answer.

"What King?"

⁵⁾ went right on talking — mówił w dalszym ciągu

⁶⁾ a hair shirt — włosienica

“Of England”.

“Of England? Then Henry is gone!”

“Yes, it is so. I am his son!”

He stood a few moments, breathing fast, then said in an angry voice —

“Do you know that it was he who turned us out into the world houseless and homeless?”

There was no answer. The old man bent down and listened to the boy’s breathing.

“He is asleep, fast asleep”.

He went away muttering to himself, seeking here and there for something; now and then ⁷⁾ listening and looking towards the bed. At last he found what he seemed to want an old butcher knife. Then he sat by the fire, and began to sharpen the knife softly on a stone, still muttering. The wind blew around the lonely place. The shining eyes of mice and rats looked at the man but he went on with his work and did not see them. After a long time he drew his finger along the edge of his knife, and said with satisfaction —

“It is growing sharper, yes, it is growing sharper”.

He worked on quickly and muttered to himself —

“His father destroyed us — and is gone down into the eternal fires! Yes, down into the eternal fires! It was his father that did it all. I am an archangel”.

The King moved. The hermit sprang noiselessly to the bedside, and went down upon his knees, with his knife uplifted. The quiet breathing of the boy showed that he was fast asleep once more.

The hermit watched and listened for a time, keeping his position; then he slowly lowered his arm, and went away, saying —

“It is long past midnight — he might cry out and somebody might be passing”.

Carefully he tied the King’s legs together without waking him. Next he tied his hands, which the boy had crossed in his sleep himself. Now a bandage was passed under the sleeper’s chin and brought up over his head and tied fast, so softly that the boy slept peacefully through it all without moving.

⁷⁾ now and then — co chwila

HENDON TO THE RESCUE

The old man went away, and brought a low bench. He seated himself upon it in the shadow; and bending over the sleeping boy, he sharpened his knife. He looked like a spider watching some helpless insect that lay bound in his web.

After a long while, the old man suddenly observed that the boy's eyes were open! Wide open! — and looking with dreadful fear at the knife. He smiled, and said —

“Son of Henry the Eighth, have you prayed?”

The boy struggled helplessly in his bonds. The hermit repeated —

“Pray the prayer for the dying!”

The boy struggled again to free himself, turning this way and that, but in vain. And all the time the old hermit smiled down upon him, and nodded his head, sharpening his knife and muttering, from time to time —

“Pray the prayer for the dying!”

Once more, the boy tried to free himself. Tears came into his eyes and then, one after another, down his face; but this sight did not soften the heart of the hermit.

The dawn was coming; the old man began to be nervous —

“The night is already gone. It seems but a moment — only a moment. Son of the Church's enemy, close your eyes”.

The old man knelt, knife in hand, and bent over the boy...

Listen! There was a sound of voices near the house — the knife dropped from the hermit's hand; he threw a sheepskin over the boy and started up trembling. The sounds grew louder, and presently the voices became angry; then came cries for help; then a clatter of swift footsteps, retreating. Immediately came a succession of knocks upon the door followed by —

“Hullo—o—o! Open! And quickly!”

Oh, that was the most beautiful sound that had ever made music¹⁾ in the King's ears; for it was Miles Hendon's voice!

¹⁾ the most beautiful sound that had ever made music — najpiękniejszy dźwięk, jaki kiedykolwiek zabrzmiał

The hermit, muttering to himself in anger, moved out of the bedroom, closing the door behind him. The King heard the following talk —

“Greetings, sir! Where is the boy — my boy?”

“What boy, friend?”

“What boy! I am not in the humour for jokes. Near this place I caught the ruffians who had stolen him from me; they said that he had run away and they had followed him to your door. They showed me his very footprints. Now, sir, where is the boy?”

“Oh, good sir, you mean the ragged, royal boy, who was here during the night. I have sent him with a message. He will be back soon”.

“How soon? How soon will he be back?”

“He will return quickly”.

“I shall wait then. But stop! — you sent him with a message? — you! I don’t believe you — he would not go. He would pull your old beard. You lie; you surely lie! He would not go for you, nor for any man”.

“For any *man* — no. But I am not a man”.

“What! What are you then?”

“It is a secret. I am an archangel!”

There was a shout from Miles Hendon, followed by —

“That is right. I knew that he would not move for anybody; but even a King must obey when an archangel gives the command! What noise was that?”

All this time the little King was trembling with hope, and all the time, too, he was throwing all the strength he could into his moaning, constantly expecting them to reach Hendon’s ear, but always without result. So this last word of his servant came as comes breath from fresh fields to the dying! — and once more he tried with all his energy to moan, just as the hermit was saying —

“Noise? I heard only the wind!”

“Perhaps it was. I have been hearing it all the time — there it is again! It is not the wind. What a strange sound! Come, we must see into this”.

The King’s hopes rose, but the poor fellow’s heart sank again to hear the hermit say —

“Ah, it came from the wood there. Come, I will lead the way”²⁾.

The King heard the two pass out, talking; he heard their footsteps die quickly away — then he was alone with an awful silence. It seemed an age till he heard the steps and voices again. Then he heard Hendon —

“I will not wait longer. I cannot wait longer. He has lost his way in this thick wood; which direction did he take? Quick — show it out to me”.

“He — but wait; I will go with you”.

“Good-good! Truly you are better than your look. Will you take the donkey that is for my boy, or will you take the mule that I have taken for myself?”

“No — I am surer on my own feet, and will walk”.

The little King heard the voices and footsteps die away. All hope left him now, and dull despair came upon his heart.

“My only friend is gone”, he said; “The hermit will return and ...”

And at once he began to fight so wildly with his bonds again, that he shook off the sheepskin.

And now he heard the door open! Already he seemed to feel the knife at his throat.

Fear made him close his eyes, fear made him open them again — and before him stood John Canty and Hugo!

A moment or two later his limbs were free, and his deliverers, each gripping him by an arm, were hurrying with all speed through the wood.

Chapter XX

A VICTIM OF TREACHERY

Once more “King Foo-Foo the First” was wandering with the tramps. Once more he was in the hands of Canty and Hugo. Those two were the only ones that really disliked him. Some of the others liked him and all admired his pluck and spirit. For two or three

²⁾ lead the way — show the way

days Hugo amused the company by teasing the King, always as if by accident. Twice he stepped upon the King's toes — accidentally — and the King seemed to be indifferent, but the third time the King felled him to the ground with a blow of a short thick stick, to the delight of the tribe. Hugo, with anger, sprang up, took a stick, and came at the King in a fury. Instantly a ring was formed around the fighting boys. But poor Hugo had no chance whatever. The little King had been trained by the first masters of Europe. He stood gracefully, and caught and turned aside the thick rain of blows. The on-lookers were wild with admiration¹⁾; and every now and then, when a blow reached Hugo's head, a storm of cheers followed. At the end of fifteen minutes, Hugo left the battlefield and the hero of the fight, the real King, was crowned as the "King of the Game-Cocks", and his former title "King Foo-Foo the First" was taken back.

On the first day after his return the poor King was sent out with a tinker to help him at his work; he would not work; and both Hugo and the tinker had to keep him from getting away. He was sent out, in Hugo's charge, in company with a dirty old woman and sick baby, to beg; but without result, as the King would not beg.

The morning after the fight Hugo got up with a heart filled with anger against the King. He had two plans. One was to humiliate this proud boy; his other plan was to put a crime of some kind upon the King²⁾, and then betray him.

To accomplish the first plan he wanted to force the King to beg in the highway. Hugo got the help of the tinker. They took the boy out, and as soon as they were out of sight³⁾ of the camp, they threw him down and the tinker held him while Hugo tried to tie a ragged bandage round his leg to arouse the sympathy of the passers by. The King fought and threatened to hang the two as soon as he had the crown again. But they kept him firm and enjoyed seeing him struggle. But there was an interruption; for the "slave"

¹⁾ were wild with admiration — szaleli z zachwytu

²⁾ to put a crime of some kind upon the King — uczynić króla winnym jakiegoś przestępstwa, obciążyć króla jakimś przestępstwem

³⁾ they were out of sight — znikli z oczu

who had made the speech about England's laws came and put an end ⁴⁾ to the scene.

So in the camp it was decided that the King should not beg, since he was worthy of something higher and better. He was appointed to steal!

Hugo was happy. He had already tried to make the King steal.

But now the command had been given direct from headquarters. So he planned a raid for that very afternoon.

Very well. All in good time Hugo went off with the King to a neighbouring village. They wandered slowly up and down one street after another, the one watching sharply for a chance to fulfil his evil plan, and the other watching as sharply for a chance to run away and get free of his prison for ever.

Both, in their secret hearts, wanted to make absolutely sure work ⁵⁾ of it this time.

Hugo's chance came first. For at last a woman approached carrying a big parcel of some kind and a basket. Hugo was overjoyed. He had already tried to make the King steal, and failed; but there would be no more trouble now, for of course the King would not dream of defying a command delivered from headquarters. So Hugo planned to get the King into the grip of the law.

He waited and watched till the woman had passed by; then said in a low voice —

“Wait here till I come again”, and went after the woman.

The King's heart was filled with joy — he could run away now. **But** he had no time.

Hugo went up behind the woman, snatched the parcel and came running back. The woman raised the cry in the moment when the parcel was stolen, but she had not seen the person who took it. Hugo threw the parcel into the King's hands without stopping, saying —

“Now run after me with the rest, and cry “Stop thief!”

⁴⁾ put an end — położył kres

⁵⁾ in their secret hearts, wanted to make absolutely sure work — w głębi serca chcieli być zupełnie pewnymi powodzenia

The next moment Hugo turned a corner and ran down a road, — and in another moment he came back, looking innocent, and took up a position behind a tree to watch the results.

The King threw the parcel on the ground just as the woman arrived with a big crowd at her heels ⁶⁾; she seized the King's hand, snatched up her parcel. The boy fought, without success, to free himself from her grip.

Hugo had seen enough — his enemy was taken, so he went away.

The King continued to struggle in the woman's firm grasp, and cried —

“Leave me, you fool; it was not I that stole your goods”.

The crowd closed around and a blacksmith wanted to thrash him, saying that he would give him a lesson; but just then a long sword fell upon the man's arm, flat side down.

The blacksmith went muttering away, rubbing his arm, the woman let go the boy's hand; the crowd looked at the stranger, but fear closed their mouths. The King sprang to his deliverer's side, shouting with joy —

“I have waited for you so long, but you have come at the right moment Sir Miles”.

Chapter XXI

THE PRINCE A PRISONER

Hendon smiled and said to himself —

“*Sir Miles!* I had forgotten I was a knight! A foolish title is mine, and yet it is something to have deserved it! For I think it is more honour to be held worthy to be a knight in his Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows, than to be an earl in some of the real Kingdoms of this world”.

The crowd fell apart to admit a constable, who came and was about to lay his hand upon the King's shoulder, when Hendon said —

“Good friend, take away your hand, the boy will go alone. Lead us, we will follow you”.

⁶⁾ with a big crowd at her heels — wielki tłum postępował tuż za nią

The officer led on, with the woman, Miles and the King following after, and with the crowd on their heels. The King did not want to go, but Hendon said to him in a low voice —

“Sir, only think — the laws must be respected. One of these laws has been broken; when you are on your throne again, you will remember that when you seemed to be a simple person you obeyed the laws”.

“You are right; say no more”.

When the woman was called before the justice of the peace, she said that the little prisoner was the person who had stolen her parcel. The parcel was now untied and in it was a fat little pig. The judge looked troubled, and Hendon turned pale¹⁾, only the King remained quiet. The judge thought for a moment, then turned to the woman and asked —

“What is the price of this little pig?”

The woman replied —

“Three shillings and eightpence, sir, I say it honestly”.

The judge looked around upon the crowd, then said to the constable —

“Clear the court²⁾ and close the doors”.

It was done. None remained but the two officials, the woman, the boy and Miles Hendon, who was pale and shaking with fright. On his forehead big drops of cold sweat collected and ran down his face. The judge turned to the woman again, and said —

“This is a poor boy, perhaps he was hungry. Look at him, he has not an evil face, but when hunger comes ... Good woman! Don't you know that when one steals a thing above the value of thirteen pence ha'penny the law says that one must *hang* for it”.

The little King looked, wide-eyed, and kept quiet; but the woman did not. She sprang to her feet, shaking with fright, and cried out —

“Ah, what have I done! I would not hang the poor boy for the whole world! Ah, save me from this, sir — what shall I do, what *can* I do?”

The judge said simply —

“You can change the value”.

¹⁾ Hendon turned pale — Hendon zbladł

²⁾ clear the court — usunąć publiczność z sali sądowej

“Then let it be eightpence”.

Miles Hendon was so happy that he threw his arms around the King. The woman bowed to the judge and started away with her pig; the constable opened the door for her and followed her into the narrow hall.

Hendon thought he would like to know why the officer followed the woman out, so he slipped softly into the dark hall and listened. He heard the following conversation —

“That is a fat pig; I will buy it from you; here is eightpence”.

“Eightpence, indeed! You shall do no such a thing. It cost me more than three shillings and eightpence. A fig for your eightpence!”

“You said the value was eightpence, and if you lied before the judge, come back with me before him and answer for the crime! — and then the boy will hang”.

“Stop, stop, dear friend, say no more, give me the eightpence, and take the pig”.

The woman went off crying; Hendon slipped back into the court room, and the constable followed him, after hiding the pig somewhere. The judge sentenced the King to a short term of imprisonment in a common prison, to be followed by a beating in public.

The King opened his mouth, to speak, but he caught a sign from Hendon, and said nothing. Hendon took him by the hand, and the two went with the officer towards the prison. When they reached the street, the angry King snatched away his hand, and cried —

“Fool, do you think I will go to a common prison?”

Hendon bent down and said sharply —

“Will you trust me? Peace, don't spoil our chance with dangerous speech. Wait and be patient”.

Chapter XXII

THE ESCAPE

The short winter day was nearly ended. The streets were almost empty. The people were hurrying home. They looked neither to the right nor to the left; they paid no attention to our friends,

they did not even seem to see them. By and by the constable came to an empty market-square and began to cross it. When he had reached the middle of it. Hendon laid his hand upon his arm and said in a low voice —

“Wait a moment, good sir, I want to say a word to you”.

“I am not allowed to speak to you”.

“Stop! Turn your back¹⁾ a moment and let this poor boy escape”.

“You say this to me, sir! I arrest you!”

“Not so quickly, my friend. Be careful!”

Then Hendon said in the man's ear —

“The pig that you have bought for eightpence may cost you your neck²⁾, man!”

The poor man was speechless. Hendon waited; then said —

“I like you, my friend, but listen, I heard it all — every word”.

Then he repeated the conversation which the officer and the woman had had together in the hall, word for word, and ended with —

“I can repeat it once more before the judge...”

The man shook with fright for a moment, then said —

“It was only a joke”.

“Did you take the woman's pig as a joke?”

The man answered sharply —

“Of course, yes, good sir — I tell you it was but a joke”.

“I begin to believe you”, said Hendon smiling; “but wait a moment while I run and ask the judge if it was a joke — for he is a clever man”.

He was moving away, still talking; but after a moment the officer cried out —

“Stop, stop, good sir — wait a little — I am a man of family³⁾, I have a wife and children ... What do you want of me?”

“Only let the boy escape”.

“Ah, but I cannot”.

Hendon replied —

1) turn your back — odwróć się

2) your neck — your life

3) I am a man of family — I have a family

“What you did is a crime, and the punishment is death!”

“Sweet sir, be good — and I will turn my back and see nothing!”

“Good! And will you give the pig back?”

“I will, I will indeed — and I will never touch another. Go — I am blind — I see nothing. I will say that you took the prisoner from my hands by force”.

“Do so, good man, no harm will come of it. The judge was kind to the poor boy, so he will not be hard on you”⁴⁾.

Chapter XXIII

HENDON HALL

As soon as Hendon and the King were out of sight of the officer, His Majesty was told to hurry outside the town and wait there, till Hendon should go to the inn and pay his account. Half an hour later the two friends were travelling eastward. The King was warm and comfortable now, for he had changed his rags for a second-hand suit which Hendon had bought on London Bridge.

Hendon did not wish to tire the boy; he wanted to see the boy well again; therefore he decided to move slowly in spite of¹⁾ his impatience to hurry along night and day towards his home.

When Hendon and the King reached a certain village, they stopped there for the night, at a good inn. Hendon, as before, stood behind the King's chair while he dined, and waited upon him; undressed him when he was ready to go to bed²⁾, then took the floor for his own bed³⁾, and slept at the door.

The next day, and the day after, they moved on lazily, talking over the adventures they had met since their separation. Hendon spoke about his wanderings in search of the King, and how the

4) he will not be hard on you — nie będzie surowy dla ciebie

1) in spite of — pomimo

2) ready to go to bed — gotowy do snu

3) took the floor for his own bed — postąpił się podłogą jako łóżkiem, położył się spać na podłodze

archangel had led him all over the forest, and taken him back to the house. Then — he said — the old man went into the bedchamber and came back looking broken-hearted⁴⁾ and saying he had thought to find that the boy had returned, but it was not so. Hendon had waited at the house all day; hope of the King's return had died out then, and he went away to look for the boy.

During the last day of the journey Hendon was very happy. He talked about his old father, and his brothers, about the coming meeting at Hendon Hall, and what a surprise it would be to everybody.

They were in a beautiful country, full of cottages and gardens. In the afternoon Hendon cried out —

"There is the village, my Prince, and there is the Hall close by. You may see the towers from here; and that wood there — that is my father's park. Ah, *now* you will see something beautiful! A house with seventy rooms — think of that! and twenty seven servants! Come, let us hurry!"

Still, it was after three o'clock before the village was reached. Hendon kept talking all the time —

"Here is the church — nothing has changed. There is the inn, the old Red Lion, — and there is the market place!"

The end of the village was soon reached, then they went into a narrow road, then passed into a flower garden, and a big house was before them.

"Welcome to Hendon Hall, my King!" cried out Miles. "Ah, this is a great day! My father and my brothers, and the Lady Edith will be so mad with joy that they will have eyes and tongue for none but me⁵⁾. But when I tell them of my love for you, they will take you to their breasts, and their house and hearts will be yours for ever after!"

The next moment Hendon sprang to the ground before the great door, helped the King down⁶⁾, then took him by the hand and hurried within. A few steps brought him to a large apartment;

⁴⁾ broken-hearted — bardzo przygnębiony, złamany na duchu

⁵⁾ they will have eyes and tongue for none but me — they will look only at me and talk only to me

⁶⁾ ...helped the King down — ...pomógł królowi zsiąść

he entered, seated the King, then ran towards a young man who sat at a writing table in front of the fire place.

"Welcome Hugh", he cried, "and say that you are glad to see me again! and call our father, for home is not home till I touch his hand, and see his face, and hear his voice once more!"

But Hugh only drew back with surprise and said, in a soft voice —

"You are mad, poor stranger. Who do you think I am?"

"You are Hugh Hendon", said Miles, sharply.

The other continued, in the same soft tone —

"And who do you think you are?"

"I am your brother Miles Hendon?"

Hugh exclaimed —

"What! Are you not joking? Can the dead come back? Our poor lost brother again in our arms after all these years! Ah, it seems too good to be true, it *is* too good to be true — do not joke with me! Quick — come to the light — let me look at you well!"

He took Miles by the arm, and went to the window, and began to look him over from head to foot, turning him this way and that, while Miles smiled and laughed and kept saying.

"Go on, brother, go on. Look at me, my good old Hugh — I am indeed your old Miles, the same old Miles, your lost brother, is it not so? Ah, this is a great day! Give me your hand, give me your cheek, I am so happy!"

He was about to throw his arms around his brother; but Hugh put up his hand in protest, and said in a sad voice —

"Ah, God, what a disappointment!"

Miles could not speak, for a moment; then he found his tongue, and cried out —

"What disappointment? Am I not your brother?"

Hugh shook his head sadly, and said —

"I fear the letter spoke but too truly".

"What letter?"

„One that came from overseas, some six or seven years ago. It said my brother died in battle".

"It was a lie! Call my father — he will know me!"

"One may not call the dead".

"Dead?" Miles lips trembled. "My father dead! — oh, this is heavy news ⁷⁾. Half my joy is gone now. Let me see my brother Arthur — he will know me."

"He also is dead!"

"Gone — both gone! Ah, do not say the Lady Edith —"

"Is dead? No, she lives."

"Then my joy is whole again. Let her come to me! She will know me. Bring her — bring the old servants; they too, will know me."

"All are gone except five".

So saying, Hugh left the room. Miles began to walk back and forth; he had forgotten the King who was listening.

The door opened. A beautiful lady, richly dressed, followed Hugh, and after them came several servants. The lady walked slowly, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. Her face was very sad. Miles Hendon sprang forward, crying out —

"Oh, my Edith, my darling — —"

But Hugh said to the lady —

"Look upon him. Do you know him?"

At the sound of Miles's voice the woman grew red; she was trembling now. She stood still, then slowly lifted up her head and looked into Hendon's eyes; the blood sank out of her face ⁸⁾, drop by drop; then she said in a voice as dead as her face ⁹⁾ —

"I do not know him".

And went out of the room.

Miles Hendon sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. After a moment, his brother said to the servants —

"Do you know him?"

They shook their heads; then the master said —

"The servants do not know you, sir. I fear there is some mistake. You have seen that my wife does not know you".

"Your wife? Miles snatched Hugh, with an iron hand.

"Oh, I see it all! You wrote the letter yourself, and you have stolen Edith and my property".

⁷⁾ this is heavy news — to jest smutna nowina

⁸⁾ the blood sank out of her face — krew odpłynęła jej z twarzy

⁹⁾ she said in a voice as dead as her face — powiedziała tak martwym głosem, jak martwą była jej twarz

Hugh, red-faced, fell on the nearest chair, and ordered the servants to take the stranger. But one of them said —

“He is armed, Sir Hugh”.

“Armed! Take him, I say!”

But Miles warned them to be careful what they did.

“Then go and arm yourselves” said Hugh. He turned to Miles and said —

“Do not try to escape”.

“Escape? Why? Miles Hendon is master of Hendon Hall. And he will stay here!”

Chapter XXIV

THE LADY EDITH

The King was sitting and thinking, then said —

“It is strange — most strange”.

“What is it that is strange?” said Miles.

“Does it not strike you that the land is not filled with people looking for the King, who is gone. But I have a plan. I will write a paper, in three languages — Latin, Greek, and English — and you will take it to London in the morning. You will give it to my uncle, the Lord Hertford; when he sees it, he will know that I wrote it. Then he will send for me”.

Hendon muttered to himself —

“Poor ruined mind — still thinking about his dream”.

The King took the pen, and set himself to work ¹⁾ while Miles's thoughts went back to his misfortunes. He took the paper from the hands of the King and pocketed it, thinking the whole time about Edith.

“She was forced to lie. She seemed dead with fear ²⁾ — yes, I will look for her; I will find her; now that he is away, she will speak, she will remember the old times when we were little play-fellows together; she was always honest and true. She loved me in those old days.”

¹⁾ set himself to work — began to work

²⁾ she seemed dead with fear — wydawało się, że umiera ze strachu

He stepped toward the door; at that moment it opened, and the Lady Edith entered. She was very pale, but she walked with a firm step. Her face was as sad as before. Miles sprang forward to meet her. She seated herself, and asked him to do the same.

Speaking to him as if to a stranger she said —

"Sir, I have come to warn you. My husband is master here; his power is great, I know him well, I know what he will do; he will say to all that you are but a madman. He will destroy you, you are ruined if you stay. Go — do not hesitate. If you want money, take mine. Ah, poor man, escape while you may".

Miles rose up and stood before her.

"Look at me" — he said. "Now, answer me — Am I Miles Hendon?"

"No, I do not know you. Oh, but fly, and save yourself".

At that moment the officers who had been sent for by Hugh came into the room and a fight began; soon Hendon and the King were taken, and led to prison.

Chapter XXV

IN PRISON

The prison was crowded. The two friends were chained in a large room. Hendon and the King passed a troubled night. During the next week people whose faces Hendon remembered more or less distinctly came to look at him. At last the jailer brought in an old man who had been a servant at Hendon Hall for many years.

Hendon said to himself —

"This man will know me".

The old man came near Hendon, and looked him over, then shook his head and said —

"This is no Hendon — nor ever was!"

When the jailer went out, the old man dropped upon his knees and said in a low voice —

"God be thanked that you have come again, my master! I believed that you were dead these seven years! I knew you at once! I am old and poor, Sir Miles, but say a word and I will go and say the truth, though I be hanged for it".

“No,” said Hendon. It would ruin you, and it would not help me. But I thank you”.

The old servant became very valuable to Hendon and the King; several times a day he brought food and news.

Little by little, the story of the family came out. Arthur had been dead six years. The father, Sir Richard, believed he was going to die, and wished to see Hugh and Edith married. But Edith hoped for Miles’s return; Then the letter came which brought the news of Miles’s death, Sir Richard believed his end was very near, and he and Hugh insisted upon the marriage, and finally it took place, by the deathbed of Sir Richard. It had not been a happy marriage. Since the father’s death Sir Hugh had become a cruel master towards all who in any way depended upon him.

There was a bit of the old servant’s gossip to which the King listened with lively interest. The old man said —

“The late King is to be buried at Windsor on the 16-th of the month, — and the new King will be crowned at Westminster on the 20-th. Sir Hugh is going to the coronation with great hopes of becoming a peer”.

This news struck His Majesty. He wondered if the “new King” was the beggar-boy whom he had left dressed in his own robes in the palace.

Miles and the King were growing tired of their prison. At last Miles’s trial came on. He was sentenced to sit for two hours in the pillory for the attack against the master of Hendon Hall.

The officers took Miles. The King had to follow his good friend and servant. A big crowd accompanied them to the market place. When the crowd at last stopped, the little King saw his poor Miles sitting in the stocks among the laughing crowd; the servant of the King of England! Edward had heard the sentence pronounced, but he did not understand half what it meant. His anger began to rise. He made his way through the crowd and cried —

“This is my servant — set him free¹⁾! I am —”

“Oh, stop!” exclaimed Hendon. “Don’t pay attention to him, officers, he is mad”.

¹⁾ set him free — make him free

The officer said — “Give the little fool a good lesson, to mend his manners”.

The King was taken to be beaten. He did not even struggle. There was no help for him.

But meantime Miles Hendon said —

“Let the child go, you see how young and weak he is! Let him go — I will take the beating for him!”

“A good thought,” said Sir Hugh, who came a moment before, “Let the little beggar go, and give this fellow a dozen in his place.”

Hendon was removed from the stocks, and his back was bared; and when the blows were applied the poor little King turned away his face.

“Ah, brave good heart,” he said to himself “I will never forget it. Who saves his prince from wounds and death and shame — and this he did for me — does high service”²⁾).

The King came softly to Hendon’s side, and said in a low voice in his ear —

“Edward of England makes you an Earl!”

Hendon was touched. Tears came into his eyes.

Sir Hugh wheeled his horse about; the crowd divided silently to let him pass.

Chapter XXVI

TO LONDON

When Hendon was free, he had to leave the district and come back no more. His sword was given back to him and also his mule and his donkey. He mounted and rode off, followed by the King. The crowd let them pass, and went away when they were gone.

Hendon was soon in deep thought. There were questions to be answered. What should he do? Where should he go? Where could he hope to find enough help powerful against his brother?

Where, indeed! It was a difficult question. By and by an idea came to him. He remembered what the old servant had said about the young King’s goodness. Why not go and try to get speech of

²⁾ high service — wielka przysługa

him¹⁾ and beg for justice? Ah, yes, but could such a pauper get admission to the presence of a monarch? Never mind. No doubt he would be able to find a way. Yes, he would go to the capital. Perhaps his father's old friend, Humphrey Marlow, would help him — "good old Sir Humphrey". Now that he had something to do, Miles raised his head and looked about him. He was surprised to see how far he had come; the village was away behind him. The King was riding along with his head bowed; for he, too, was planning and thinking. Hendon thought: would the boy like to go again to the city where, for the whole of his short life, he had had nothing but trouble? But the question must be asked, so Hendon called out —

"I had forgotten to ask, where are we going?"

"To London!"

Hendon moved on again, happy with the answer — but surprised at it, too.

The whole journey was made without an adventure. But it ended with one.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 19-th of February, they stepped upon London Bridge, in the midst of a big crowd. The time was ripe for a free fight, for the festivities of the next day — Coronation Day — were already beginning; everybody was full of strong drink; within five minutes all the crowd was fighting. By this time Hendon and the King were hopelessly separated from each other and lost in the roaring mass of people. And so we leave them.

Chapter XXVII

TOM'S PROGRESS

While the true King wandered about the land with thieves and murderers, poorly dressed, poorly fed, beaten by tramps, and called idiot by all, the false King, Tom Canty, was in quite a different situation.

When we saw him last, royalty was just beginning to take on a bright side for him¹⁾. This bright side went on brightening more

¹⁾ to get speech of him — uzyskać audiencję u niego

¹⁾ royalty was just beginning to take on a bright side for him — władza królewska zaczynała właśnie nabierać dlań uroku

and more every day; and it became almost all sunshine²). He lost his fears; his misgivings faded away and died. He ordered the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Jane Grey to come when he wanted to play or talk. He was accustomed to these persons' kissing his hand when they were leaving him.

He doubled his guard and made them a hundred. He liked to hear the sound of distant voices down the long halls, "Way for the King!"

He liked to receive great ambassadors, and listen to the messages they brought from monarchs who called him "brother". O happy Tom Canty, from Offal Court!

He enjoyed his beautiful clothes, and ordered more; he found his four hundred servants too few, and trebled them. He remained kind, gentle and a determined champion of all that were oppressed, and he made war upon unjust laws³).

Once, when his royal "sister", the Lady Mary, told him that during his father's reign the prisons had sometimes contained sixty thousand people at a time; and that during his reign Henry VIII had sent seventy-two thousand thieves and robbers to death, the boy commanded her to go to her apartment, and try to change the stone that was in her breast into a human heart.

Did Tom Canty never feel troubled about the poor little rightful prince, who had treated him so kindly? Yes; his first royal days and nights were full of sad thoughts about the lost prince, and about his return to his rights and splendours. But as time went on, and the prince did not come, Tom's mind became more and more occupied with his new life, and little by little the monarch was forgotten.

Tom's poor mother and sisters travelled the same road out of his mind⁴). At first he longed to see them, but later, the thought of their coming some day in their rags and dirt made him shake with fear. At last they stopped, almost altogether, to trouble his thoughts.

At midnight on the 19-th of February, Tom Canty was sleeping in his rich bed in the palace, guarded by his servants, a happy boy;

²) it became almost all sunshine — stało się prawie całkowicie promienne

³) he made war upon unjust laws — wydał wojnę niesprawiedliwym prawom

⁴) travelled the same road out of his mind — were forgotten

for to-morrow was the day of his Coronation. At the same hour, Edward, the true King, hungry and thirsty, tired with travel, and clothed in rags, was among a crowd of people who were watching with deep interest the workmen who streamed in and out of Westminster Abbey. They were making the last preparations for the royal coronation.

Chapter XXVIII

THE RECOGNITION PROCESSION

When Tom Canty awoke the next morning, the air was heavy with noise¹⁾. It was music to him; for it meant that the English world²⁾ was out to give loyal welcome to the great day.

Presently Tom found himself once more the chief figure in a wonderful floating pageant on the Thames. By an old custom this procession through London must start from the Tower.

Tom Canty, splendidly dressed, mounted a beautiful horse; his "uncle" was with him; the King's Guard and a procession of nobles followed them; after these came the Lord Mayor, in a red robe with a gold chain, and, after these, the officers and members of the guilds of London. It was a brilliant spectacle, and was cheered with acclamations all along the line³⁾. The King, as he entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings and cries. To all that wished him well, he gave thanks with all his heart.

The great pageant moved on and on. From every window hung banners and the richest carpets.

"And all these wonders are to welcome me — me!" murmured Tom Canty.

He was happy! Just then he saw a woman's pale face her eyes fixed upon him; he recognized his mother! and up flew his hand⁴⁾, palm outwards before his eyes. In a moment she was past the guard and at his side.

She covered his legs with kisses, crying —

¹⁾ the air was heavy with noise — pełno było hałasu

²⁾ the English world — cała Anglia

³⁾ all along the line — wzdłuż drogi

⁴⁾ and up flew his hand — i błyskawicznie podniósł rękę w górę

"O my child, my darling!" lifting toward him a face full of joy and love. The same instant an officer of the King's Guard snatched her away with a curse, and sent her back from where she came. The shameful words, "I do not know you, woman!" fell from Tom Canty's lips.

The procession still went on but the King rode with his head bowed, seeing only his mother's face and that wounded look on it Royalty had lost its sweetness. Remorse was eating his heart out.

"Long live Edward of England!" It seemed as if the earth shook with the noise but there was no answer from the King. He heard it only as if it were at a great distance, for he heard the sound which was still nearer, in his own breast, a voice which kept repeating those shameful words, "I do not know you, woman!"

By and by the gladness in the faces of the crowd changed a little and became touched with something like anxiety. The Lord Hertford was quick to notice these things; he was as quick to find out the cause. He hurried up to the King, and said —

"Ah, my lord, shake off these sad humours; the eyes of the world are upon you. Lift up your face, and smile upon the people". Then he added —

"It was that mad pauper who upset Your Highness".

The mock King looked at his "uncle", and said in a dead voice —

"She was my mother!"

"My God!" murmured the lord, going back to his post. "He is gone mad again!"

Chapter XXIX

CORONATION DAY

Let us go backwards a few hours, and place ourselves in Westminster Abbey, at four o'clock in the morning of the Coronation Day. It is still night. The galleries are already filling up with people who are glad to sit still and wait seven or eight hours till the time shall come for them to see what they may not hope to see twice in their lives — the coronation of a King. The hours pass on tediously

enough. Every gallery is packed. The throne occupies the centre of a platform. The throne and footstool are covered with cloth of gold.

At seven o'clock the first peeress splendidly clothed enters the transept. An official follows after, and, when the lady is seated, he arranges her train across her knees for her. He then places her foot-stool according to her desire, after which he puts her crown where it will be convenient to her hand, when the time for the coronation of the nobles arrives.

By this time the peeresses are coming in. There is a stir everywhere. The peeresses are all come, and are all in their places. It is a beautiful sight; their dresses are sown thick with diamonds.

The time went on — one hour, two hours... two hours and a half, then the deep booming of artillery told that the King and his procession had arrived at last. When all were finally seated, the sight from the galleries was wonderful. Now the great heads of the church¹⁾ took their places; these were followed by other great officials, and these again by the King's guard.

There was a pause; then, at a signal, music burst forth²⁾ and Tom Canty, clothed in a long robe of cloth of gold, appeared at a door, and stepped upon the platform. Tom was conducted to the throne. The ancient ceremony went on, and as it drew nearer and nearer to the end³⁾, Tom Canty grew pale, and still paler, and a deep sorrow came upon his mind and upon his heart. At last the final act was at hand⁴⁾. The Archbishop of Canterbury lifted up the crown of England from its cushion and held it over the trembling "King's" head, while all the nobles lifted their crowns and held them over their heads. At this moment a boy, bare-headed and clothed in rags, appeared. He raised his hand and said —

"I forbid you to put the crown of England upon that forfeited head. I am the King!"

In a moment several hands caught the boy; but in the same moment Tom Canty, in his royal robes, took a step forward, and cried out in a loud voice —

1) the great heads of the church — dostojnicy kościelni

2) music burst forth — zabrzmiała muzyka

3) it drew nearer and nearer to the end — zbliżała się ku końcowi

4) the final act was at hand — zbliżał się końcowy akt

"Do not touch him! He is the King!"

Panic swept the people.

They were like persons who did not know whether they were awake, or asleep and dreaming. No one moved, no one spoke; indeed, no one knew how to act or what to say.

The boy still moved forward; he stepped up on to the platform, and the mock-king ran with a glad face to meet him; and fell on his knees before him and said —

"Oh, my lord the King, let poor Tom Canty be the first to do homage to you and say, put on the crown and be the King again!"

The great officers looked sternly at the new-comer's face. The thought in each mind was the same:

"What a strange resemblance!"

The Lord Protector ⁵⁾ said to the boy —

"Sir, I should like to ask you some questions".

"I will answer them, my lord".

The Lord Protector asked the new-comer many questions about the Court, the late King, the prince, the princesses — the boy answered them without hesitation. He described the rooms in the palace, the late King's apartments, and those of the Prince of Wales.

It was strange; it was wonderful — so said everybody who heard it.

But the Lord Protector shook his head and said —

"It is true, it is most wonderful — but these are not *proofs*".

He turned to the boy in rags and said —

"Where is the Great Seal? Answer me this; for only he that was Prince of Wales *can* answer this!"

It was a happy thought. Yes, none but the true prince could know the mystery of the Great Seal. This beggar-boy had been taught his lesson well, but here his teachings must stop, for his teacher himself could not answer *that* question — ah, very good, very good indeed. And so the great Officials nodded and smiled, and looked at this foolish boy. How surprised they were, then, to hear him answer quickly in a quiet voice —

⁵⁾ the Lord Protector — lord Hertford, który po śmierci Henryka VIII został księciem Somerset, miał tytuł Protektora i stał na czele rady sprawującej rządu w imieniu małoletniego króla

“There is nothing difficult in this riddle”.

Then, he gave this command —

“My Lord St. John, go to my cabinet in the palace — for you know it perfectly well — and, close down to the floor, in the left corner, you will find in the wall a nail-head; press upon it and a little box will open, and the first thing that you will see there will be the Great Seal. Bring it here!”

All the company wondered at this speech, and wondered still more to hear that the little beggar called this peer by name. The peer made a movement as if to go, but he stayed. So Tom Canty turned upon him and said sharply —

“Why don't you go? Have you not heard the King's command? Go!”

The Lord St. John obeyed — and went away.

Now among the group of officials there began a movement which was slow but steady, a movement which little by little dissolved the crowd that stood about Tom Canty and gathered it together near the new-comer. Tom Canty stood almost alone in his royal robes and jewels.

Now the Lord St. John was seen returning. Every eye was fastened upon him as he came. He reached the platform paused for a moment, then moved toward Tom Canty, and said —

“Sire, the Seal is not there!”

In a moment the little beggar stood all alone, without a friend. The Lord Protector called out angrily —

“Throw the beggar out into the street!”

Officers of the guard sprang forward to obey, but Tom Canty said —

“Back! Do not touch him!”

The Lord Protector said to the Lord St. John —

“Did you look well for the Seal? How can a thing as big as the Seal of England vanish away, and nobody be able to find it again — such a thick golden disc...” —

Tom Canty sprang forward and shouted —

“Stop. Enough! Was it round? — And thick? — And had it letters upon it? — Yes? Oh, now I know what this Great Seal is.

Right well I know ⁶⁾ where it lies; but it was not I that put it there — first”.

“Who, then, my lord?” asked the Lord Protector.

“He that stands there — the rightful King of England. And he shall tell you himself where it lies — then you will believe him. My King — it was the last, the very *last* ⁷⁾ thing you did that day before you ran away from the palace clothed in rags to punish the soldier that treated me so badly”.

All eyes were fixed upon the newcomer, who stood with his head bent.

Moment after moment passed; the boy struggled silently with his memory and gave no sign. But at last, he shook his head slowly, and said, with a trembling voice —

“I cannot remember”.

“Oh, my King” cried Tom Canty, “Wait! think! Do not give up. I am going to bring that morning back again⁸⁾. We talked — I told you of my sisters, Nan and Bet — ah, yes, you remember that; and about the games of the boys of Offal Court — yes, you remember these things also; very well, follow me still. You gave me food and drink — ah, yes, this also you remember. For a joke, my prince, we exchanged clothes. Then we stood before a looking glass, and so alike we were that it seemed as if there had been no change made. Then you noticed that the soldier had hurt my hand — look! here it is. I cannot yet even write with it. At this, my Lord, you sprang up, and ran towards the door to punish the soldier. You passed a table — that thing you call the Seal lay on the table — you snatched it up, looked for a place to hide it — your eye caught sight of... ⁹⁾”

“There, it is enough!” cried out the ragged boy, in great excitement.

“Go, my good St. John — in an arm-piece that hangs on the wall you will find the Seal!”

“You are right, my King! you are right!” cried Tom Canty; “now the crown of England is your own. Go, my Lord St. John, quickly!”

⁶⁾ right well I know — I know very well

⁷⁾ the very last — właśnie ostatnia

⁸⁾ I am going to bring that morning back again — przypomnę ten ranek

⁹⁾ your eye caught sight of... — you saw suddenly...

The whole crowd were on their feet¹⁰⁾ now.

Everybody began to talk.

Time — nobody knew how much of it — was going on.

At last St. John appeared upon the platform, and held the Great Seal in his hand. Then a shout went up —

“Long live the true King!”

For five minutes the air was full of shouts, and white with waving handkerchiefs, and in the centre stood the ragged boy happy and proud, and around him the great nobles of the Kingdom were kneeling.

Then all rose, and Tom Canty cried out —

“Now, O my King, take these royal dresses back, and give poor Tom, your servant, his rags again”.

The Lord Protector spoke up —

“Take the small rascal to the Tower”.

But the new King, the true King, said —

“That I will not allow! Thanks to him I have got the crown again — none shall lay a hand upon him to harm him”.

Then he turned to Tom, and said kindly —

“My poor boy, how was it that you could remember where I hid the Seal, when I could not remember it myself?”

“Ah, my King, that was easy, since I used it every day”.

“Used it, and you could not explain where it was?”

“I did not know it was *that* they wanted”,

“Then how did you use it?”

Tom grew red.

“Say it; good boy,” said the King. “How did you use the Great Seal of England?”

Tom murmured —

“To crack nuts with!”

Everybody burst out laughing, and if a doubt remained in any mind that Tom Canty was not the King of England this reply dispersed it completely.

Meantime the costly robe had been taken from Tom’s shoulders to the King’s. Then the coronation ceremonies began. The crown was set upon the head of the true King, the cannon thundered the news to the city, and all London seemed to shake with cheers.

¹⁰⁾ the whole crowd were on their feet — cały tłum powstał

EDWARD AS KING

After the fight of the crowd on London Bridge Miles Hendon had no money. The pick-pockets had stolen his last penny. But no matter ¹⁾, he must find the boy. What would the boy do? Well — thought Miles — he would go to his old home. His rags showed that his home was in one or another of the poorest districts of London. He would not hunt for the boy, he would hunt for a crowd; in the centre of a big crowd or a little one, sooner or later, he should find his poor little friend, and the two would never separate again.

So Miles started on his search. Hour after hour he wandered through the dirty streets, seeking groups or crowds, and finding no end of them, but never any sign of the boy.

When daylight arrived at last, he had walked many a mile, but the only result was that he was tired, hungry and sleepy. He wanted some breakfast, but there was no way to get it...

At noon he was still wandering among the crowd which followed the royal procession, then he left the crowd and took another direction. By and by he discovered that the town was far behind him and that the day was growing old ²⁾. He was nearer the river, and in the country.

It was not at all cold; so he stretched himself on the ground to rest and think. He heard the far-off boom of cannon, and said to himself —

“The new King is crowned”, and fell asleep. He did not wake again until near the middle of the next morning.

He got up. Hunger helped him to form a new plan; he would try to get speech with old Sir Humphry Marlow and borrow some money from him.

Towards eleven o'clock he came near the palace.

Presently our whipping-boy was passing him. He looked at Hendon, saying to himself —

¹⁾ no matter — wszystko jedno

²⁾ the day was growing old — dzień zbliżał się ku końcowi

"That must be the tramp his Majesty wants to see. I must speak to him".

Miles Hendon observed a strong interest in the boy's eyes fixed upon him and said —

"Do you come from the palace?"

"Yes" — answered the boy.

"Do you know Sir Humphrey Marlow?" continued Miles.

The boy said to himself—

"My old late father". Then he answered — "Quite well, sir".

"Is he within the palace?"

"Yes"—said the boy; and added to himself, "within his grave".

"Will you carry my name to him and say that I beg to speak to him?"

"Yes, sir".

"Then say that Miles Hendon, son of Sir Richard, is here."

The boy looked disappointed —

"The King did not name him so", he said to himself, and said to Miles, "Wait here till I bring you the answer".

Hendon had hardly seated himself when an officer saw him and arrested him for he looked like a tramp. Things began to look ugly³⁾. One of the men searched him. Nothing was found but a document; it was the letter written by Hendon's lost little friend. The officer read the letter. His face grew red as he read it—

"Another new claimant to the throne!" he cried. "Seize the rascal, men, and I will send this paper to the King": The officer hurried away, leaving the prisoner with his men.

Hendon muttered —

"Now I shall be hanged thanks to this letter. And what will become of my poor boy?"

By and by he saw the officer coming again. He ordered the men to set the prisoner free and return his sword to him; then bowed and said —

"Please, sir, follow me".

Hendon followed him. They went through a court, and came to the gate of the palace, where the officer with another bow

³⁾ things began to look ugly — sprawy zaczynały przybierać zły obrót

delivered Hendon into the hands of a gorgeous official, who led him forwards through a great hall, and up a broad staircase, among crowds of people. Finally they came into a big room. Then the official left him standing in the middle of the room.

There sat the young King, under a canopy of state, five steps away. He was sitting with his head bent speaking with a peer. Hendon was thinking that he would soon have to die...

At this moment the King raised his head, and Hendon was able to see his face.

The sight nearly took his breath away!

Miles stood looking at the fair young face, then murmured to himself—

“The Lord of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows on his throne!”

Still looking around the splendid room he muttered —

“But these are *real* — very real — surely it is not a dream!”

He looked at the King again, and thought —

“Is it a dream? ... or is he the true King of England and not a poor friendless boy. Who can tell me?”

A sudden idea came into his mind. He went to the wall, took a chair, brought it back, and sat down on it.

A voice shouted —

“Up, you mannerless man! How dare you sit in the presence of the King?”

The disturbance attracted the attention of His Majesty who stretched forth his hand and cried out —

“Do not touch him, it is his right!”

The King went on —

“Learn all of you, ladies, lords, and gentlemen, that this is my true and beloved servant, Miles Hendon, who saved his prince from harm and possible death — and for this he is a knight. Also learn, that for a higher service, for he saved his King from shame, he is peer of England, Earl of Kent, and he shall have gold and lands. We have commanded that the chiefs of his line shall have and hold the right to sit in the presence of the Majesty of England!”

Two persons who had only just arrived from the country stood listening to these words and looking at the King, then at Miles, then at the King again, in a sort of bewilderment. These were Sir

Hugh and the Lady Edith. But the new Earl did not see them. He was still looking at the King, muttering —

“This is my pauper. This is my pauper. This is he whom I would show in my house seventy rooms and seven and twenty servants! This is he whom I adopted and would make respectable! I wish I had a bag to hide my head in!”

Then he dropped upon his knees, with his hands between the King’s and did homage for his lands and titles. Then he rose and stood respectfully aside.

Now the King saw Sir Hugh, and exclaimed —

“Strip this robber of his stolen estates, and put him under lock and key”.

Sir Hugh was led away.

From the other end of the room Tom Canty came and knelt before the King, who said —

“I have learned the story of these past few weeks, and I am very pleased with you. You have governed the realm with royal gentleness and mercy. Have you found your mother and sisters again? Good. From this day, you shall have the throne’s protection⁴⁾; you can go to your good mother and kind sisters!”

Tom Canty, proud and happy, rose and kissed the King’s hand. He did not waste time but ran to his mother to tell her and Nan and Bet all about it.

THE EPILOGUE

Hugh Hendon confessed that his wife had repudiated Miles by his command, that day at Hendon Hall — a command supported by the warning that if she did not do so, Miles would be killed.

Hugh was not prosecuted for stealing his brother’s estates and title, because his wife and brother would not testify against him. Hugh deserted his wife and went over to the continent, where he presently died, and Miles married Edith.

⁴⁾ the throne’s protection — opieka króla

Tom Canty's father was never heard of again. The King sought out the farmer who had been branded and sold as slave and put him in the way of a comfortable livelihood ¹⁾).

He also showed favour to the judge who had pitied him when he was supposed to have stolen the pig.

As long as the King lived, he liked to tell the story of his adventures. He said that the memory of that precious lesson kept him strong in his purpose to make its teachings bring benefits to his people ²⁾).

Miles Hendon and Tom Canty were favourites of the King all through his short reign. The good Earl of Kent had too much sense to abuse his peculiar privilege.

Tom Canty lived to be a very old man, a handsome, white-haired old fellow. As long as he lasted, he was honoured. The people remembered that "in his time he had been royal ³⁾". Wherever he appeared the crowd fell apart ⁴⁾, making way for him, and whispering, one to another — "Take off your hat, it is the King's Ward!"

King Edward VI lived only a few years, poor boy... More than once, when some great dignitary argued against his merciful disposition in establishing new laws ⁵⁾ and amending the old ones, the young King answered —

"What do you know of suffering and oppression? I and my people know, but not you".

¹⁾ put him in the way of a comfortable livelihood — zapewnił mu dostatnie życie

²⁾ the memory of that precious lesson kept him strong in his purpose to make its teachings bring benefits to his people — pamięć tej cennej lekcji umacniała go w zamiarze, aby wykorzystać wyniesione z niej nauki dla przysporzenia korzyści (świadczona dobrodziejstw) swemu ludowi

³⁾ in his time he had been royal — swego czasu reprezentował majestat króla

⁴⁾ the crowd fell apart — tłum rozstępował się

⁵⁾ argued against his merciful disposition in establishing new laws — występował przeciwko jego łagodności w ustanawianiu nowych praw



SŁOWNIK

A

- abuse [ə'bjuz] — nadużywać
 acclamation [ˌæklə'meɪʃən] — owacja
 accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] — towarzyszyć
 accomplishment [ə'kɒmplɪʃmənt] — spełnienie
 according to [ə'kɔ:diŋ tu] — według
 account [ə'kaunt] — rachunek, sprawozdanie
 accuse [ə'kju:z] — oskarżać
 accustom [ə'kʌstəm] — przyzwyczaić
 act [ækt] — czyn, postępować, grać
 admiration [ˌædmi'reɪʃən] — podziw, zachwyt
 admission [əd'mɪʃən] — dopuszczenie, przyjęcie
 admit [əd'mɪt] — przyjąć, dopuszczać
 adventure [əd'ventʃə] — przygoda
 agitate [ˈædʒɪteɪt] — poruszać
 agony [ˈæɡəni] — męka, dotkliwe cierpienie
 agree [ə'ɡri:] — zgadzać się
 almost [ˈɔ:lmoʊst] — prawie, niemal
 aloud [ə'laʊd] — głośno
 although [ɔ:l'ðəʊ] — chociaż, aczkolwiek
 amend [ə'mend] — poprawiać
 amendment [ə'mendmənt] — poprawa
 amuse [ə'mju:z] — bawić, ubawić
 analyse [ˈænəlaɪz] — analizować
 ancient [ˈeɪnfənt] — starodawny
 anger [ˈæŋɡə] — złość, gniew
 announce [ə'naʊns] — ogłosić, oznajmić
 apart [ə'pa:t] — osobno, na bok
 apartment [ə'pa:tmənt] — apartament
 appear [ə'piə] — ukazać się
 apply [ə'plai] — zastosować, przyłożyć
 appoint [ə'pɔɪnt] — oznaczyć
 approach [ə'prəʊtʃ] — zbliżyć się do
 archangel [ˈɑ:k'eɪndʒəl] — archanioł
 archbishop [ˈɑ:tʃ'biʃəp] — arcybiskup
 argue [ˈɑ:gju:] — dowodzić
 arise [ə'raɪz] arose [ə'rouz] arisen [ə'rizn] — powstać

armour [ˈɑ:mə] — zbroja, pancerz
 around [əˈraʊnd] — dokoła
 arouse [əˈraʊz] — obudzić, wzniecić
 arrest [əˈrest] — aresztować
 aside [əˈsaɪd] — na bok, na boku
 assist [əˈsɪst] — pomagać, być obecnym
 astonish [əˈstɒnɪʃ] — zdziwić
 astonishing [əˈstɒnɪʃɪŋ] — zdumiewający, zadziwiający
 astonishment [əˈstɒnɪʃmənt] — zdziwienie
 attend [əˈtend] — uczęszczać, towarzyszyć
 attendant [əˈtendənt] — obsługujący, członek orszaku
 attract [əˈtrækt] — przyciągać
 authority [ɔːˈθɔ:riti] — władza
 awake [əˈweɪk] awoke [əˈwɔ:k] — budzić, budzić się
 awoke, awaked [əˈweɪkt]
 awful [ˈɔ:fəl] — straszny

B

back [bæk] — plecy, tył
 backward(s) [bækwəd(z)] — w tył, wstecz
 bakery [ˈbeɪkəri] — piekarnia
 banish [ˈbæniʃ] — wygnać
 bank [bæŋk] — brzeg (rzeki)
 banner [ˈbænə] — chorągiew
 bar [bɑ:] — sztaba
 bare [beə] — nagi, goły, obnażać
 bare-headed [ˈbeəˈhedɪd] — z odkrytą głową
 bark [bɑ:k] — kora (drzewa); szczekanie (psa)
 barn [bɑ:n] — stodoła
 barrel [ˈbærəl] — baryłka
 basin [ˈbeɪsn] — miednica
 battle [ˈbætl] — bitwa
 be about [ˈbi:əˈbaʊt] — mieć zamiar
 be off [ˈbi:ˈɔ:f] — wynosić się
 be out [ˈbi:ˈaʊt] — być nieobecnym w domu
 be right [ˈbi:ˈraɪt] — mieć słuszność
 beard [biəd] — broda
 beast [bi:st] — zwierzę, bestia
 beer [biə] — piwo
 beggar [ˈbegə] — żebrak
 believe [biˈli:v] — wierzyć
 belong [biˈlɒŋ] — należeć
 beloved [biˈlʌvd] — ukochany
 bench [bentʃ] — ławka
 benefit [ˈbenɪfɪt] — korzyść, dobrodziejstwo

betray [bi'trei] — zdradzić, wydać
bewilderment [bi'wildəmənt] — oszołomienie, zdumienie
beyond [bi'jɒnd] — poza
bind [baɪnd] bound [baʊnd]
bound [baʊnd] — wiązać
bite [baɪt] bit [bɪt]
bitten ['bɪtn] — kąsać, gryźć
blacksmith ['blæksmiθ] — kowal
blanket ['blæŋkɪt] — koc
blaze [bleɪz] — płomień
— płonąć
blessing ['blesɪŋ] — błogosławieństwo
blind [blaɪnd] — ślepy
blood [blʌd] — krew
blow [bləʊ] — cios
blow [bləʊ] blew [blu:] blown [bləʊn] — wiać, dąć, dmuchać
boat [bəʊt] — łódka
body ['bɒdi] — ciało
bond [bɒnd] — węzeł
bone [bəʊn] — kość
bonfire ['bɒn faɪə] — ognisko
boom [bu:m] — huk, grzmot
borrow ['bɒrəʊ] — zapożyczyć, brać pożyczkę
bound, see bind
bow [bəʊ] — ukłon
brave [breɪv] — śmiały, odważny
break [breɪk] broke [brəʊk] broken ['brəʊkn] — łamać
breast [brest] — pierś
breath [breθ] — oddech
breathe [bri:ð] — oddychać
brightness ['braɪtnɪs] — jasność, blask
brilliant ['brɪljənt] — brylant
— jasny, świetny, błyszczący
broad ['brɔ:d] — szeroki
broken, see break
bruise [bru:z] — siniak
brute [bru:t] — człowiek nieokrzesany, bydlę
bucket ['bʌkɪt] — kubek
burn [bɜ:n] burnt [bɜ:nt] burnt [bɜ:nt] — palić, spalić
burst [bɜ:st] burst [bɜ:st]
burst [bɜ:st] — pękać, wybuchać
bury ['beri] — pochować, pogrzebać
business ['biznɪs] — zajęcie
but [bʌt] — ale, tylko
butcher ['bʊtʃə] — rzeźnik
butter ['bʌtə] — smarować masłem

C

- cage [keɪdʒ] — klatka
 calf [kɑ:f] — cielak
 call [kɔ:l] — wołanie, zew
 candle ['kændl] — świeca
 canopy ['kænəpi] — baldachim
 captive ['kæptɪv] — więzień
 careless ['keəlis] — niedbały, nieuważny
 carpet ['kɑ:pɪt] — dywan
 carry off ['kæri of] — unieść, porwać
 castle ['kɑ:sl] — zamek
 catch [kætʃ] caught [kɔ:t] caught [kɔ:t] — złapać, chwycić
 cause [kɔ:z] — powód, przyczyna
 centre ['sentə] — środek
 century ['sentʃəri] — wiek
 ceremony ['seriməni] — uroczystość
 chain [tʃeɪn] — zakuć w kajdany
 chains [tʃeɪnz] — kajdany
 challenge [tʃælɪndʒ] — wyzwanie
 champion [tʃæmpjən] — mistrz, obrońca
 chancellor ['tʃɑ:nsələ] — kanclerz
 chaplain [tʃæplɪn] — kapelan
 charming [tʃɑ:mɪŋ] — czarujący, uroczy
 cheek [tʃi:k] — policzek
 cheer [tʃiə] — wiwatować
 chin [tʃɪn] — podbródek
 choose [tʃu:z] chose [tʃouz] chosen [tʃouzn] — wybierać
 clad [klæd] — odziany
 claimant ['kleɪmənt] — pretendent
 clatter ['klætə] — tupanie, stukot
 close in ['kləʊz'ɪn] — otoczyć
 clothing ['kləʊðɪŋ] — ubranie, odzież
 coffer ['kɒfə] — skrzynia, schowek
 collar ['kɒlə] — kołnierz; wziąć za kołnierz
 collect [kə'lekt] — gromadzić, zbierać
 come [kʌm] came [keɪm] come [kʌm] — przyjść
 come out ['kʌm 'aʊt] — wyjść na jaw
 come upon ['kʌm ə'pɒn] — trafić niespodzianie
 come up to ['kʌm 'ʌp tu:] — podejść, zbliżyć się do
 command [kə'mɑ:nd] — rozkazywać
 commandment [kə'mɑ:ndmənt] — obowiązujące prawo, nakaz
 common [kɒmən] — zwykły, pospolity, wspólny
 companionless [kəm'pænjənɪs] — samotny
 complexion [kəm'pleksjən] — cera
 conclude [kən'klu:d] — zawrzeć, zakończyć
 condemn [kən'dem] — potępić, skazać

conduct [kən'dʌkt] — prowadzić
confess [kən'fes] — wyznać
consent [kən'sent] — zgoda, wyrażenie zgody, zgodzić się
constable ['kɒnstəbl] — policjant
constantly ['kɒnstəntli] — ciągle
contain [kən'teɪn] — zawierać
continental [ˌkɒntɪ'nentl] — kontynentalny, lądowy
continue [kən'tɪnju:] — dalej coś robić
convenient [kən'vi:njənt] — wygodny
convince [kən'vɪns] — przekonać
coronation [ˌkɒrə'neɪʃən] — koronacja
corpse [kɔ:ps] — trup
corridor ['kɒrɪdɔ:] — korytarz
costly ['kɒstli] — kosztowny
cottage ['kɒtɪdʒ] — domek
couch [kaʊtʃ] — tapczan, kanapa
countless ['kauntlis] — niezliczony
court [kɔ:t] — dwór, podwórze
courtier ['kɔ:tjə] — dworzanin
cousin ['kʌzn] — kuzyn, kuzynka
cover ['kʌvə] — przykrycie, nakrycie
— przykryć, okryć
crack [kræk] — pękać, tłuc (orzechy)
cradle ['kreɪdl] — kołyska
creature ['kri:tʃə] — stworzenie, istota
crime [kraɪm] — zbrodnia
crown [kraʊn] — korona
cruel ['kruəl] — okrutny
crush [krʌʃ] — zgnieść
cupbearer ['kʌp,beəə] — podczaszny
cure [kjʊə] — wyleczyć
curse [kɜ:s] — przekleństwo, przeklinać
cushion ['kʊʃən] — poduszka
custom ['kʌstəm] — zwyczaj

D

dance [dɑ:ns] — taniec
— tańczyć
dare [deə] — śmieć, ośmielić się
darkness ['dɑ:knɪs] — ciemność
deal, a great deal [di:l] — sporo, znaczna ilość
death [de:θ] — śmierć
decide [di'saɪd] — zdecydować
decorate ['dekəreɪt] — ozdobić
deep [di:p] — głęboki

- defence [di'fens] — obrona
defend [di'fend] — bronić
defy [di'fai] — przeciwstawiać się
delicate ['delikit] — delikatny
delight [di'lait] — rozkosz
deliverance [di'livərəns] — wyzwolenie, oswobodzenie
deliverer [di'livərə] — wybawca, oswobodziciel
deny [di'nai] — odmówić, przeczyć
depart [di'pɑ:t] — odjechać, odejść
depend [di'pend] — zależeć
desert [di'zə:t] — opuścić, dezertować
desire [di'zaiə] — życzenie, pragnienie
despair [dis'pɛə] — rozpacz
dessert [di'zə:t] — deser, legumina
determine [di'tə:min] — określić, postanowić, zdecydować
devil ['devl] — diabeł
diamond ['daɪəmənd] — diament
die [dai] — umrzeć
die out ['dai'aut] — zamierać
different ['dɪfrənt] — różny, odmienny
dignitary ['dɪgnɪtəri] — dygnitarz
dine [dain] — jeść obiad
dirt [dɜ:t] — brud
disappear [disə'piə] — zniknąć
disappearance [disə'piərəns] — zniknięcie
disappointment [disə'pɪntmənt] — rozczarowanie
dish [diʃ] — potrawa
disc [disk] — krąg
dislike [dis'laɪk] — niechęć, odraza
— nie lubić
disposition [dispə'ziʃən] — zarządzenie; usposobienie, słonność
distance ['distəns] — odległość
distant ['distənt] — odległy
distinctly ['distɪŋktli] — wyraźnie
district ['distrikt] — okręg, dzielnica
disturbance [dis'tɜ:bəns] — zaburzenie
divide [di'vaɪd] — rozdzielić
document ['dɒkjumənt] — dokument
donkey ['dɒŋki] — osioł
doom [du:m] — stracenie, skazać na śmierć
double ['dʌbl] — podwójny, podwojony
doubt [daʊt] — wątpliwość, niezdecydowanie,
— wątpić
dozen ['dʌzn] — tuzin
drag [dræg] — wlec, ciągnąć

draw [drɔ:] drew [dru:] drawn [drɔ:n] — ciągnąć
dread [dred] — bać się
dreadful ['dredfʊl] — straszny, okropny
dreamer ['dri:mə] — marzyciel
dreamless ['dri:mli:s] — pozbawiony snów
draw, see draw
drink [driŋk] drank [dræŋk]
drunk [drʌŋk] — pić
drop [drɒp] — kropla,
— upadać, spaść, upaść
dull [dʌl] — nudny, posępny
duty ['dju:ti] — obowiązek

E

each [i:tʃ] — każdy
eagerly ['i:gəli] — skwapliwie
earl [ə:l] — hrabia (tytuł angielski)
earn [ə:n] — zarabiać
earth [ə:θ] — ziemia
eastwards ['i:stwədz] — na wschód, w kierunku wschodnim
effect [i'fekt] — skutek, rezultat
else [els] — jeszcze, inaczej, ponadto
empire ['empaiə] — państwo
enchant [in'tʃa:nt] — zachwycić, oczarować
energy ['enədʒi] — energia
especially [is'peʃəli] — specjalnie
establish [is'tæbliʃ] — założyć, ustanowić
estate [is'teɪt] — posiadłość, dobra
eternal [i'tə:nl] — wieczny
etiquette [eti'ket] — ceremoniał, etykieta
evil ['i:vl] — zło, nieszczęście
exchange [iks'tʃeɪndʒ] — wymienić
excitement [ik'saitmənt] — podniecenie
execution [,eksɪ'kju:ʃən] — egzekucja, wykonanie wyroku
exist [ig'zɪst] — istnieć
expect [iks'pekt] — oczekiwać, spodziewać się
expense [iks'pens] — wydatek, nakład, koszt

F

fade [feɪd] — więdnąć, zanikać
fail [feɪl] — zawieść, nie udać się
faint [feɪnt] — słaby
false [fo:ls] — fałszywy
falsely ['fɔ:lsli] — fałszywie
farthing ['fɑ:ðɪŋ] — czwarta część pensa, drobne pieniądze

- fasten [fɑ:sn] — przymocować, przytwierdzić, przywiązać
 fault [fɔ:lt] — błąd, wina
 favour ['feivə] — wzgląd, łaska
 favourite ['feivərit] — ulubieniec
 fear [fiə] — strach, obawa
 feast [fi:st] — święto, uczta, ucztować
 feeble ['fi:bl] — słaby
 feed [fi:d] fed [fed] fed [fed] — karmić
 feel [fi:l] felt [felt] felt [felt] — czuć
 fell [fel] — zwalić
 fellow-townsmān ['felou-'taunsmən] — współobywatel
 fetch [fetʃ] — przynieść, iść po
 finally ['faɪnəli] — ostatecznie, w końcu
 find out ['faɪnd aʊt] found out ['faʊnd 'aʊt] found out ['faʊnd 'aʊt] — wykryć, do-
 wiedzieć się
 fire-place ['faɪəpleɪs] — kominek
 firmly ['fɜ:mli] — mocno, stanowczo
 fix [fɪks] — przytwierdzić, wpatrzeć (się)
 flash [flæʃ] — błysk
 flat [flæt] — płaski
 flavour ['fleɪvə] — aromat, zapach
 flee [fli:] fled [fled] fled [fled] — uciec
 fleet [fli:t] — flota
 flourish ['flaɪrɪʃ] — fanfara
 fly [flaɪ] flew [flu:] flown [flaʊn] — uciec
 fog [fɔg] — mgła
 follow ['fɔləʊ] — iść za..., podążać za...
 fool [fu:l] — głupiec
 foolery ['fu:ləri] — głupstwo
 foolish ['fu:liʃ] — głupi
 foot-step ['fʊtstɛp] — krok
 foot-stool ['fʊtstu:l] — podnózek
 forbid [fə'bid] — forbade [fə'beɪd]
 forbidden [fə'bidn] — zakazać
 forehead ['fɔrɪd] — czoło
 forenoon ['fɔ:nu:n] — czas od wschodu słońca do południa
 forfeit ['fɔ:fit] — stracić
 forget [fə'get] — forgot [fə'gɔt]
 forgotten [fə'gɔtn] — zapomnieć
 forgive [fə'gɪv] forgave [fə'geɪv]
 forgiven [fə'gɪvn] — wybaczyć
 form [fɔ:m] — stworzyć
 former ['fɔ:mə] — poprzedni
 fortune ['fɔ:tʃən] — los, szczęście

foul [faʊl] — plugawy
freedom [fri:dəm] — wolność
French [frentʃ] — francuski
fresh [freʃ] — świeży
friendless [ˈfrendlis] — pozbawiony przyjaciół
fright [fraɪt] — strach
frighten [ˈfraɪn] — przestraszyć
fulfil [fʊlˈfɪl] — spełniać, wykonać
furniture [ˈfə:nɪtʃə] — meble, umeblowanie
fury [ˈfjuəri] — wściekłość

G

gallery [ˈgæləri] — galeria
game-cocks [ˈgeɪmkɔks] — koguty przyuczone do walki
gape [geɪp] — gapić się
gasp [gɑ:sp] — chwytać powietrze, ledwo dyszeć
gather [ˈgæðə] — zebrać
gay [geɪ] — wesoły
gentleness [ˈdʒentlnɪs] — łagodność, uprzejmość
gently [ˈdʒentli] — łagodnie, delikatnie
gild [gɪld] — pozłacać
give up [ˈgɪvʌp] gave up [ˈgeɪvʌp] given up [ˈgɪvnʌp] — rezygnować
glad [glæd] — zadowolony
gladly [ˈglædli] — radośnie, chętnie
gloomy [ˈglu:mi] — posępny, mroczny
glow [glou] — żar
— żarzyć się, pałać
goodness [ˈgʊdnɪs] — dobroć
gorgeous [ˈgɔ:dʒəs] — jaskrawy, wspaniały
gossip [ˈgɒsɪp] — plotka
grace [greɪs] — modlitwa przed jedzeniem i po jedzeniu
grand [grænd] — wielki, wzniosły
grant [grɑ:nt] — przyznać, udzielić, zaspokoić
grasp [grɑ:sp] — chwyt
grateful [ˈgreɪtful] — wdzięczny
Greek [gri:k] — grecki
greet [gri:t] — przywitać, witać
greeting [ˈgri:tɪŋ] — powitanie
grip [grɪp] — chwyt
— uchwycić, chwytać
ground [graʊnd] — ziemia
grow [grou] grew [gru:] grown [graʊn] — rosnąć, stawać się
guard [gɑ:d] — straż, warta
guess [ges] — zgadnąć

guest [gest] — gość
guild [gild] — cech, gildia

H

hairdresser ['heə,dresə] — fryzjer
halberdier [ˌhælbə(:)diə] — halabardnik
handkerchief ['hæŋkətʃif] — chustka do nosa
handsome ['hænsəm] — przystojny, ładny
hang [hæŋ] hung [hʌŋ] hung [hʌŋ] hanged [of people] hanged [hæŋd] — wisieć
ha'penny or halfpenny ['heipni] — pół pensa
harm [hɑ:m] — krzywda, szkoda
hate [heit] — nienawiść, nienawidzić
headquarters ['hed'kwɔ:təz] — główna kwatera
healthy ['helθi] — zdrowy
heaven ['hevn] — niebo
hedge [hedʒ] — żywopłot
heir [eə] — spadkobierca
held, see hold
hell [hel] — piekło
helpless [helplis] — bezradny
herd [hɑ:d] — trzoda, horda
hereditary [hi'reditəri] — dziedziczny
hermit ['hə:mit] — pustelnik
hesitate ['heziteit] — wahać się
hide [haid] hid [hid] hidden ['hidn] — schować się, ukryć się
highness ['hainis] — wysokość
highway ['haiwei] — gościniec
hive [haiv] — ul
hold [hould] held [held] held [held] — trzymać
holy ['houli] — święty
homage ['hɔmidʒ] — hołd
do homage ['du:'hɔmidʒ] — składać hołd
homeless ['houmlis] — bezdomny
honest ['ɔnist] — uczciwy
honestly ['ɔnistli] — uczciwie
hope [houp] — nadzieja
hopeful ['houpful] — pełen nadziei
hopeless ['houplis] — beznadziejny
horrible ['hɔribl] — straszny, okropny
household ['haushould] — domostwo
humiliate [hju:'milieit] — upokorzyć
humour ['hju:mə] — humor, nastrój, usposobienie
hunt [hʌnt] — ścigać, polować
husband ['hʌzbənd] — mąż

I

- idea [ai'diə] — myśl, idea
 ignorant ['ignərənt] — nieświadomy, nieuczony
 ill [il] — zły, chory
 illtreat ['il'tri:t] — źle traktować
 imagination [i'mædʒi'neiʃən] — wyobraźnia
 imagine [i'mædʒin] — wyobrazić sobie
 imitate ['imiteit] — naśladować
 impatient [im'peiʃənt] — niecierpliwy
 importance [im'pɔ:təns] — znaczenie
 imprisonment [im'priznmənt] — uwięzienie
 improve [im'pru:v] — udoskonalić, poprawić
 indifferent [in'difərənt] — obojętny
 indignation [,indig'neiʃən] — oburzenie
 industry ['indəstri] — przemysł
 influence ['influəns] — wpływ
 information [,infə'meiʃən] — wiadomość, informacja
 inn [in] — gospoda, zajazd
 innocent ['inosnt] — niewinny
 insect ['insekt] — owad
 insist [in'sist] — nalegać
 instant ['instənt] — chwila, moment
 instruct [in'strakt] — pouczyć
 instruction [in'strækʃən] — polecenie, instrukcja
 interrupt ['intə'rʌpt] — przerywać, przerwać
 interruption [,intə'rʌpʃən] — przerwa
 introduction [,intrə'dakʃən] — wstęp, wprowadzenie
 invade [in'veid] — najechać, wtargnąć
 inward ['inwəd] — wewnętrzny

J

- jailer ['dʒeila] — dozorca więzienny
 jewel ['dʒu:əl] — klejnot
 join [dʒɔin] — łączyć, przyłączyć się do
 joke [dʒɔuk] — żart, dowcip
 journey ['dʒə:ni] — podróż
 joyful ['dʒɔɪfʊl] — radosny
 judge [dʒʌdʒ] — sędzia
 justice ['dʒʌstis] — sprawiedliwość, sędzia

K

- keeping ['ki:piŋ] — opieka, utrzymanie
 kick [kik] — kopać
 kind [kaind] — uprzejmy, grzeczny; rodzaj
 kindhearted ['kaind'hɑ:tɪd] — dobrotliwy
 kingdom ['kiŋdəm] — królestwo

- kitten [ˈkɪtn] — kociak
 knight [naɪt] — rycerz
 knock [nɒk] — pukać, stukać
 knock down [ˈnɒkˈdaʊn] — przewrócić, powalić
 knowledge [ˈnɒlɪdʒ] — wiedza

L

- laid, see lay
 lantern [ˈlæntən] — latarnia
 late [leɪt] — zmarły
 Latin [ˈlætɪn] — łaciński
 laughter [ˈlɑːftə] — śmiech
 lay [leɪ] laid [leɪd] laid [leɪd] — położyć
 lazily [ˈleɪzɪli] — leniwie
 lead [liːd] led [led] led [led] — prowadzić
 lean [liːn] — opierać się, pochylać się
 leave [liːv] left [left] left [left] — opuścić
 let [let] let [let] let [let] — pozwalać
 let in [ˈletˈɪn] — wpuścić
 lettuce [ˈletɪs] — zielona sałata
 liar [laɪə] — kłamca
 lie [laɪ] — kłamstwo
 lift [lɪft] — podnieść
 light [laɪt] — lekki
 light up [ˈlaɪtʌp] lit up [ˈlɪtʌp] lit up [ˈlɪtʌp] — zapalić
 limit [ˈlɪmɪt] — granica, kres
 limitless [ˈlɪmɪtlɪs] — nieograniczony, bezgraniczny
 line [laɪn] — wiersz, ród, linia
 linen [ˈlɪnɪn] — bielizna
 lip [lɪp] — warga
 lit up, see light up
 livelihood [ˈlaɪvlɪhʊd] — środki utrzymania
 livery [ˈlɪvəri] — liberia
 lock [lɒk] — zamykać na klucz
 lonely [ˈləʊnli] — samotny
 long [lɒŋ] — pragnąć, tęsknić
 look [lʊk] — spojrzenie, wygląd
 look about [ˈlʊk əˈbaʊt] — rozglądać się
 look at [ˈlʊkˈæt] — patrzeć na
 look for [ˈlʊkˈfɔː] — szukać
 lose [luːz] lost [lɒst] lost [lɒst] — zgubić, stracić
 loss [lɒs] — zguba, strata
 loud [laʊd] — głośny
 lovely [ˈlʌvli] — piękny, śliczny
 low [ləʊ] — niski, cichy
 loyal [ˈləɪəl] — wierny, lojalny

M

- majestic [mə'dʒɛstɪk] — majestatyczny
 manner ['mænə] — tryb, sposób
 mannerless ['mænəlis] — bez wychowania
 manners ['mænəz] — maniery, wychowanie
 mantle ['mæntl] — płaszcz
 manufacturing [ˌmænjʊ'fæktʃəriŋ] — fabrykowanie
 mark [mɑ:k] — znaczyć
 market ['mɑ:kɪt] — targ, rynek
 marry ['mæri] — ożenić się, wyjść za mąż
 mass [mæs] — masa, wielka ilość lub liczba
 matter ['mætə] — kwestia, sprawa
 meal [mi:l] — posiłek
 meantime (in the meantime) ['mi:n'taim] — w tym czasie
 measureless ['meʒəlis] — bezkresny
 meditation [ˌmedi'teɪʃən] — rozmyślanie
 member ['membə] — członek
 memory ['meməri] — pamiątka, pamięć
 mend [mend] — naprawiać
 mercy ['mɜ:si] — łaska, miłosierdzie
 messenger ['mesɪndʒə] — posłaniec
 middle-aged ['mɪdl'eɪdʒd] — w średnim wieku
 midnight [mɪdnaɪt] — północ
 midst [mɪdst] — środek
 mighty ['maɪti] — potężny
 military ['mɪlɪtəri] — wojskowy
 mind [maɪnd] — umysł
 mirror ['mɪrə] — lustro, zwierciadło
 misery ['mɪzəri] — nędza
 misfortune [mɪs'fɒtʃən] — niepowodzenie, nieszczęsne zdarzenie
 misgiving [mɪs'gɪvɪŋ] — złe przeczucie, obawa
 moan [maʊn] — jęczeć, stękać
 moaning ['maʊnɪŋ] — jęczenie
 mock [mɒk] — nieprawdziwy, fałszywy
 — kpić, wyśmiewać
 monkey ['mʌŋki] — małpa
 motionless ['məʊʃənɪs] — nieruchomy
 mount [maʊnt] — wstępować na, dosiadać (konia)
 mourn [maʊn] — opłakiwać
 move [mu:v] — ruszać (się), prznosić
 move out [mu:v'au̯t] — wynieść (się)
 move about ['mu:və'baʊt] — poruszać (się)
 mud [mʌd] — błoto
 murderer ['mɜ:dərə] — morderca
 musician [mju:'ziʃən] — muzyk
 mutter ['mʌtə] — mruzczyć

muttering [ˈmʌtərɪŋ] — mruczenie, szemranie
mysterious [mɪsˈtɪəriəs] — tajemniczy
mystery [ˈmɪstəri] — tajemnica, sekret

N

naked [neɪkɪd] — nagi
name [neɪm] — nazywać, nazwać
napkin [ˈnæpkɪn] — serwetka
narrow [ˈnærəʊ] — wąski, ciasny
national [ˈnæʃənəl] — narodowy
nearly [ˈniəli] — prawie
need [ni:d] — potrzebować
neighbouring [ˈneɪbərɪŋ] — sąsiedni
new-comer [ˈnju:ˈkʌmə] — nowoprzybyły
news [nju:z] — wiadomość
noble [ˈnəʊbl] — szlachetny
nobody [ˈnəʊbɒdi] — nikt
nod [nɒd] — skinąć głową
none [nʌn] — nikt
noon [nu:n] — południe
notice [ˈnəʊtɪs] — uwaga
— zauważyć, spostrzec
number [ˈnʌmbə] — liczba
— numerować, policzyć
numberless [ˈnʌmbəlɪs] — niezliczony
nurse [nɜ:s] — pielęgnować
nursing [nɜ:sɪŋ] — pielęgnowanie
nut [nʌt] — orzech

O

obedient [oʻbi:djənt] — posłuszny
obey [oʻbei] — być posłusznym, słuchać
oblige [əʻblaɪdʒ] — obowiązywać, zmusić
occupy [ˈɔkjupai] — zająć
offend [əʻfend] — obrazić
offer [ˈɔfə] — proponować, zaoferować
office [ˈɔfɪs] — stanowisko, funkcja
officer [ˈɔfɪsə] — oficer, urzędnik
official [əʻfi:ʃl] — urzędnik
on-looker [ˈɔn,lʊkə] — widz
opposite [ˈɔpəzɪt] — przeciwległy
oppress [əʻpres] — gnębić
oppression [əʻpreʃən] — ucisk
order [ˈɔ:də] — porządek
— rozkazywać
in order (to) [ɪnˈɔ:də] — ażeby

outside [ˈaʊtˈsaɪd] — zewnątrz, poza granicami
outward [ˈaʊtwəd] — zewnętrzny
overjoyed [ˈoʊvəˈdʒɔɪd] — zachwycony
overseas [ˈoʊvəsiːz] — za morzem
overstudy [ˈoʊvəˈstʌdi] — przemęczyć się nauką
owing [ˈoʊɪŋ] — winny, dłużny
owing (to) [ˈoʊɪŋ ˈtuː] — dzięki (czemuś), zawdzięczając, na skutek (czegoś)
owner [ˈoʊnə] — właściciel

P

pack [pæk] — pakować
page [peɪdʒ] — stronica, paż
pageant [ˈpædʒənt] — parada, widowisko
pain [peɪn] — kara, ból
painful [ˈpeɪnfʊl] — bolesny
paint [peɪnt] — malować
palace [ˈpælɪs] — pałac
palm [pɑːm] — dłoń
panic [ˈpænik] — panika
parcel [ˈpɑːsl] — paczka, zawiniątko
pare [peə] — obierać
part [ˈpɑːt] — część
pass by [ˈpɑːs ˈbaɪ] — minąć
passer by [ˈpɑːsə ˈbaɪ] — przechodzień
passion [ˈpæʃən] — namiętność
pastry [ˈpeɪstri] — ciasta, pasztet
pat [pæt] — poklepywać
patience [ˈpeɪʃəns] — cierpliwość
patient [ˈpeɪʃənt] — cierpliwy
patrician [pəˈtriʃiən] — patrycjusz, arystokrata
pauper [ˈpɔːpə] — biedak, żebrak
pause [pɔːz] — przerwa, pauza
peacefully [ˈpiːsfuli] — spokojnie
pearl [pɜːl] — perła
peculiar [piˈkjuːliə] — osobliwy, szczególny
peer [piə] — par, osoba zasiadająca w Izbie Lordów
peeress [ˈpiəriːs] — żona para
pence, pennies [pens, ˈpenɪz] — pensy (pieniądze ang.)
penny [ˈpeni] — pens (dwunasta część szylinga)
pension [ˈpenʃən] — renta, emerytura
petition [piˈtɪʃən] — prośba
phantom [ˈfæntəm] — widmo
phrase [freiz] — wyrażenie
pick up [ˈpɪk ʌp] — podnieść
pick-pocket [ˈpɪk ˌpɒkɪt] — złodziej kieszonkowy
pie [paɪ] — pieróg, pasztet

- pillory [ˈpɪləri] — pręgierz
pillow [ˈpɪləʊ] — poduszka
pity [ˈpɪti] — litość, żal
— litować (się)
planning [ˈplænɪŋ] — planowanie
platform [ˈplætfɔ:m] — estrada
pleasant [ˈpleznt] — przyjemny
pleasure [ˈpleʒə] — przyjemność
pluck [plʌk] — dzielność
plume [plu:m] — pióro
plumed [plu:md] — przystrojony piórami
polish [ˈpɒlɪʃ] — polerować, gładzić
population [ˌpɒpjʊˈleɪʃən] — ludność
post [pəʊst] — stanowisko
pour [po:] — lać
powder [ˈpaʊdə] — puder, proch
power [ˈpaʊə] — potęga, siła
pray [preɪ] — modlić się, błagać
prayer [preə] — modlitwa
prefer [priˈfə:] — woleć
prelude [ˈpreljʊ:d] — wstęp, preludium
presence [ˈprezəns] — obecność
presently [ˈprezəntli] — niebawem, wkrótce
press [pres] — tłoczyć, naciskać
priest [pri:st] — ksiądz, kapłan
print [prɪnt] — odbitka, odcisk
privilege [ˈprɪvɪlɪdʒ] — przywilej
proclaim [prəˈkleɪm] — ogłaszać, obwieszczać
proclamation [ˌprɒkləˈmeɪʃən] — obwieszczenie
progress [ˈprɒɡres] — postęp
promise [ˈprɒmɪs] — obiecać
proof [pru:f] — dowód
property [ˈprɒpəti] — własność
propose [prəˈpəʊz] — przedstawić, proponować
protest [ˈpraʊtest], [prəˈtest] — sprzeciw, protestować
proud [praʊd] — dumny
prove [pru:v] — dowieść
public [ˈpʌblik] — publiczność, publiczny, ogólny
punish [ˈpʌnɪʃ] — ukarać
punishment [ˈpʌnɪʃmənt] — kara
purple [ˈpɜ:pəl] — purpurowy
purpose [ˈpɜ:pəs] — zamiar, cel
pursue [pəˈsju:] — ścigać dalej, dalej coś robić
push [puʃ] — pchnąć

Q

quarter [ˈkwɔ:tə] — kwadrans, ćwierć

R

rag [ræg] — łachman, strzęp

raid [reɪd] — najazd

rank [ræŋk] — ranga

rapier [ˈreɪpiə] — rapier

rascal [ˈrɑ:skəl] — szelma, łotr

reality [riˈælɪti] — rzeczywistość

realize [ˈri:əlaɪz] — zdawać sobie sprawę

really [ˈri:əli] — istotnie

realm [relm] — dziedzina, królestwo

reason [ˈri:zn] — motyw, powód; rozumować

receive [riˈsi:v] — otrzymywać

recognition [ˈrekəgˈniʃən] — rozpoznanie, uczczenie

recognize [ˈrekəgnaɪz] — poznać

recover [riˈkʌvə] — odzyskiwać, powrócić do zdrowia

reign [rein] — panować

remain [riˈmeɪn] — pozostawać

remind [riˈmaɪnd] — przypomnieć

remorse [riˈmɔ:s] — wyrzut sumienia

repudiate [riˈpjʊ:dieɪt] — nie uznać, zaprzecić się, odrzucić

request [riˈkwest] — prośba

rescue [ˈreskjʊ:] — ratunek; ratować

resemblance [riˈzembləns] — podobieństwo

resolve [riˈzɒlv] — zdecydować; decyzja, zdecydowanie

respect [riˈspekt] — szanować

respectable [riˈspektəbl] — szanowany

rest [rest] — odpocząć, spocząć

restless [ˈrestlɪs] — niespokojny

restore [riˈstɔ:] — przywrócić

result [riˈzʌlt] — rezultat

retreat [riˈtri:t] — odstępować, cofać się

return [riˈtə:n] — powrót

— wracać

reverence [ˈrevərəns] — poważanie; ukłon wyrażający szacunek

reward [riˈwɔ:d] — nagrodzić

riddle [ˈrɪdl] — zagadka

rightful [ˈraɪtful] — prawowity

ring [rɪŋ] — koło

ripe [raɪp] — dojrzały

rise [raɪz] rose [rouz]

risen [ˈrɪzn] — powstać, wznosić się

risk [rɪsk] — ryzykować

roadway [ˈrəʊdwei] — jezdnia

- roar [rɔ:] — ryk, wrzawa
 robbery ['rɔbəri] — rabunek, grabież
 robe [roub] — szata
 rope [roup] — lina, sznur
 rough [rʌf] — szorstki, nierówny, ordynarny
 row [rou] — rząd
 royal ['rɔjəl] — królewski
 rub [rʌb] — trzeć, pocierać
 ruffian ['rʌfjən] — brutal, drab, opryszek
 ruffianly ['rʌfjənli] — brutalny, o wyglądzie opryszka

S

- sacred ['seikrid] — poświęcony, święty
 sadness ['sædnis] — smutek
 safe [seif] — bezpieczny, pewny
 sane [sein] — zdrowy na umyśle
 sank, see sink
 save [seiv] — uratować
 scaffold ['skæfəld] — szafot
 scene [si:n] — scena, widownia
 sceptre ['septə] — berło
 seal [si:l] — pieczęć
 search [sə:tʃ] — rewizja, poszukiwanie
 — badać, przeszukiwać
 see [si:] saw [sɔ:] seen [si:n] — widzieć, rozumieć
 see into ['si:'intu] — sprawdzić
 seek [si:k] sought [sɔ:t] sought [sɔ:t] — szukać, poszukiwać
 seem [si:m] — wydawać się
 seize [si:z] — pochwycić, porwać
 send [send] sent [sent] sent [sent] — posłać
 separate ['sepereit] — oddzielny
 separation [,sepə'reiʃən] — rozłąka
 serious ['siəriəs] — poważny
 servant ['sə:vənt] — służący
 service ['sə:vis] — usługa, przysługa
 set [set] set [set] set [set] — umieścić, zachodzić
 set to work ['set tu'wɔ:k] — wziąć się do ...
 shabby ['ʃæbi] — wytarty, nędzny
 shadow ['ʃædou] — cień
 shake [ʃeik] shook [ʃuk] shaken ['ʃeikn] — potrząsnąć
 shame [ʃeim] — wstyd, hańba
 shameful ['ʃeimful] — haniebny
 sharp [ʃa:p] — ostry
 sharpen ['ʃa:pən] — ostrzyć
 sharply ['ʃa:pli] — ostro, przenikliwie
 sheepskin ['ʃi:pskin] — baranica

- shirt [ˈʃə:t] — koszula
 shook, see shake
 shoulder [ˈʃouldə] — ramię, bark
 shoulders — plecy, barki
 shout [ʃaʊt] — krzyk, krzyczeć
 shrine [ʃraɪn] — relikwiarz; przedmiot kultu, np. ołtarz, świątynia itp.
 shudder [ˈʃʌdə] — drżeć, wzdrygać się
 sick [sɪk] — chory
 to be sick [tuˈbiːsɪk] — mieć nudności
 sign [saɪn] — oznaka, znak
 silk [sɪlk] — jedwab
 silken [ˈsɪlkn] — jedwabny
 simple [ˈsɪmpl] — prosty, naiwny
 sin [sɪn] — grzech
 single [ˈsɪŋɡl] — pojedynczy, oddzielny
 sink [sɪŋk] sank [sæŋk] sunk [sʌŋk] — zapadać się, pogrążyć się
 skin [skɪn] — skóra
 skip [skɪp] — przeskoczyć
 slavish [ˈsleɪvɪʃ] — niewolniczy
 slow [sləʊ] — wolny, powolny
 slowly [ˈsləʊli] — wolno
 smell [smel] — zapach
 smoke [sməʊk] — dym
 snatch up [ˈsnætʃʌp] — porwać
 snatch away [ˈsnætʃ əˈweɪ] — wyrwać
 society [səˈsaɪəti] — towarzystwo
 soften [ˈsɒftn] — zmiękczyć
 softly [ˈsɒftli] — cicho
 sorrow [ˈsɔːrəʊ] — smutek
 sorrowfully [ˈsɔːrəʊfʊli] — smutnie, boleśnie
 sound [saʊnd] — dźwięk, głos
 — dźwięczeć, rozlegać się
 speaker [ˈspiːkə] — mówca
 special [ˈspeʃl] — specjalny
 spectacle [ˈspektəkl] — widowisko
 speech [spiːtʃ] — mowa
 speechless [ˈspiːtʃlɪs] — oniemiały
 speed [spiːd] — szybkość
 — spieszyć się
 spend [spend] spent [spɛnt] spent [spɛnt] — spędzić
 spider [ˈspaɪdə] — pająk
 spirit [ˈspɪrɪt] — odwaga, dzielność
 splendid [ˈsplendɪd] — wspaniały
 splendour [ˈsplendə] — wspaniałość
 spring [sprɪŋ] sprang [spræŋ] sprang [sprɪŋ] — skoczyć

staircase ['steəkeɪs] — klatka schodowa
startle ['stɑ:təl] — wstrząsnąć, przestraszyć
state [steɪt] — państwo, stan
steadily ['stedɪli] — wytrwale
steel [sti:l] — stal
step back ['step 'bæk] — cofnąć się
sternly ['stɜ:nli] — surowo, poważnie
stick [stɪk] — kij, laska
stick [stɪk] stuck [stʌk] stuck [stʌk] — lepić się
stir [stɜ:] — poruszenie
stocking ['stɒkɪŋ] — pończocha
stocks [stɒks] — dyby
stool [stu:l] — stółek
straight [streɪt] — prosty, bezpośredni
straw [stro:] — słoma
stream [stri:m] — strumień; płynąć strumieniem
strength [streŋθ] — siła, moc
stretch [stretʃ] — wyciągnąć
strike [straɪk] struck [strʌk] struck [strʌk] — uderzyć
strip [stri:p] — wyzuć, obnażyć
stripe [straɪp] — pas, pasek (we wzorze, np. na materiale)
strong [strɒŋ] — silny
stuck, see stick
stupid ['stju:pɪd] — głupi
subject ['sʌbdʒɪkt] — temat, poddany
success [sək'ses] — powodzenie
succession [sək'seʃən] — następstwo, szereg kolejnych elementów
sudden ['sʌdən] — nagły
suffering ['sʌfərɪŋ] — cierpienie, ból
suit [sju:t] — garnitur, komplet
sup [sʌp] — wieczerzać
support [sə'pɔ:t] — utrzymywać, podtrzymywać
suppose [sə'pəʊz] — przypuszczać
surely ['ʃʊəli] — z pewnością, oczywiście
surprise [sə'praɪz] — niespodzianka, zdziwienie
sweat [swet] — pot
sweep [swi:p] swept [swept] swept [swept] — zamieść, zmieść
swift [swɪft] — szybki
swollen ['swəʊlən] — spuchnięty
sword [sɔ:d] — miecz

T

tact [tækt] — takt
tail [teɪl] — ogon
take back ['teɪk 'bæk] took back ['tu:k 'bæk] taken back ['teɪkn 'bæk] — odebrać

tale [teɪl] — opowiadanie
teaching ['ti:tʃɪŋ] — nauczanie, nauka
tear [tiə] — łza
tear [tɛə] tore [tɔ:] torn [tɔ:n] — rozerwać
tease [ti:z] — drażnić
tediously ['ti:diəsli] — nudnie
term [tə:m] — okres, kres
terrace ['terəs] — taras
test [test] — próba, doświadczenie
testify ['testɪfaɪ] — świadczyć, zeznawać
thief [θi:f] — złodziej
thin [θɪn] — cienki
thirsty ['θɜ:sti] — spragniony
though [ðəu] — chociaż, aczkolwiek
thought [θɔ:t] — myśl
thoughtful ['θɔ:tful] — zamyślony
thrash [θræʃ] — bić, zbić, wygrzmocić
threaten ['θreɪn] — grozić, zagrozić
throw back ['θrou'bæk] threw back ['θru:'bæk]
thrown back ['θroun'bæk] — odrzucić
thus [ðʌs] — tak, w ten sposób, tak więc
tie [taɪ] — węzeł, związać
timidly ['timɪdli] — nieśmiało
tin [tɪn] — cyna, blacha cynowa
tinker ['tɪŋkə] — blacharz
title ['taɪtl] — tytuł
toe [təu] — palec u nogi
toil [təɪl] — trud
tongue [tʌŋ] — język
torn, see tear
total [təʊtl] — wynieść w sumie
touch [tʌtʃ] — dotyk, dotykać, dotknąć
tower ['taʊə] — wieża
train [treɪn] — tren
transept ['trænsɛpt] — nawa poprzeczna w kościele
treachery ['tretʃəri] — zdrada
treasure ['treʒə] — skarb
treble ['trebl] — potrójny, trzykrotnie większy
tremble ['treɪbl] — drżeć, trząść się
trial ['traɪəl] — rozprawa sądowa
troop [tru:p] — oddział, gromada
trouble ['trʌbl] — kłopot, zmartwienie; niepokoić, martwić się
trumpet ['trʌmpɪt] — trąbka
trumpet blast ['trʌmpɪt'blɑ:st] — odgłos trąby
trust [trʌst] — ufać

- turn [tə:n] — zwrócić się
 turn out ['tə:n 'aʊt] — okazać się
 turn away ['tə:n ə'wei] — odwrócić (się), wyrzucić
 turnip ['tə:nɪp] — rzepa
 twinkle ['twɪŋkl] — mruganie, migotanie
 twins [twɪnz] — bliźnięta
 tyrant ['taɪərənt] — tyran

U

- ugly ['ʌɡli] — brzydki
 unpaid ['ʌn'peɪd] — niezapłacony
 unroll ['ʌn'roul] — rozwijać
 untie ['ʌn'taɪ] — rozwiązać
 unwise ['ʌn'waɪz] — niemądry
 uplift [ʌp'lift] — podnieść
 upset [ʌp'set] — przewrócić
 usurper [ju:'zə:pə] — uzurpator
 use [ju:z] — używać
 used (to) ['ju:st tu:] — przyzwyczajony

V

- vain [veɪn] — daremny, próżny
 in vain [ɪn'veɪn] — nadaremnie, na próżno
 valuable ['væljuəbl] — wartościowy
 value ['vælju:] — wartość
 vanish ['væniʃ] — zniknąć
 vegetable ['vedʒɪtəbl] — jarzyna
 victim ['vɪktɪm] — ofiara

W

- wage [weɪdʒ] — zapłata, zarobek
 walk away ['wɔ:k ə'wei] — odchodzić, odejść
 wander ['wɒndə] — wędrować
 ward [wɔ:d] — wychowaniec (małoletni)
 warn [wɔ:n] — ostrzegać, ostrzec
 warning ['wɔ:nɪŋ] — ostrzeżenie
 wash up ['wɔʃ'ʌp] — zmywać
 washstand ['wɔʃstænd] — umywalka
 waste [weɪst] — strata, zmarnowanie
 — trwonić, marnować
 watch over ['wɒtʃ'əʊvə] — czuwać nad (kimś)
 wave [weɪv] — falować
 wear [weə] wore [wɔ:] worn [wɔ:n] — nosić, mieć na sobie (ubranie)
 web [web] — pajęczyna
 weep [wi:p] wept [wept] wept [wept] — płakać

welcome ['welkəm] — pożądany, mile widziany; witać, powitanie
 wheel about ['wi:l ə'baʊt] — obrócić
 whether ['weðə] — czy
 while [waɪl] — podczas gdy
 whip [wɪp] — bat
 — bić
 whirl [wɜ:l] — wir, wirować
 whisper ['wɪspə] — szeptać
 widow ['wɪdɔ:] — wdowa
 wild [waɪld] — dziki
 wise [waɪz] — mądry
 witch [wɪtʃ] — czarownica
 within [wɪðɪn] — wewnątrz, w ciągu, w ramach czegoś
 witness ['wɪtnɪs] — świadek
 — być świadkiem
 wonder ['wʌndə] — cud; zdumienie
 wonderful ['wʌndəfʊl] — cudowny, zdumiewający
 wooden ['wʊdn] — drewniany
 wore, see wear
 worry ['wʌri] — martwić się, kłopotać się
 worth [wɜ:θ] — wart
 wound [wu:nd] — ranić
 wretched ['retʃɪd] — nieszczęsny

Y

youth [ju:θ] — młodzieniec

SŁOWNIK IMION WŁASNYCH

Andrew ['ændru:] — Andrzej
 Arthur ['ɑ:θə] — Artur
 Bet [bet] — zdrobniałe od Elizabeth [ɪlɪzəbəθ]
 Canterbury ['kæntəbəri] — miasto w południowej Anglii, siedziba arcybiskupa, gło-
 wy kościoła anglikańskiego
 Canty ['kæntɪ] — nazwisko
 Berkeley ['bɑ:kli] — nazwisko
 Edith ['i:diθ] — Edyta
 Edward ['edwəd] — Edward
 Elizabeth [ɪ'lɪzəbəθ] — Elżbieta
 Guildhall ['gɪld'hɔ:l] — nazwa oznacza salę, w której związki cechowe odbywały
 swe zebrania i uroczystości
 Herbert ['hɜ:bət] — imię męskie; tutaj nazwisko
 Hertford ['hɑ:fəd] — nazwisko; miasto i hrabstwo w pld.-wschodniej Anglii

- Hugh [hju:] — Hugo
Humphrey [ˈhʌmfri] — imię męskie
Jack [dʒæk] — Janek
Jane [dʒeɪn] — Janina
John [dʒɔn] — Jan
Kent [kent] — hrabstwo w Anglii
Marlow [ˈma:lou] — nazwisko
Mary [ˈmɛəri] — Maria
Miles [maɪlz] — imię męskie
Nan [næn] — zdrobniałe od Anne
Norfolk [ˈno:fək] — hrabstwo we wschodniej Anglii
Offal Court [ˈɔfəlˈkɔ:t] — zaułek Londynu
Richard [ˈrɪtʃəd] — Ryszard
St. John [sənt ˈdʒɔn] — nazwisko
Thames [temz] — Tamiza
Tom [tom] — Tomek
Tower of London [ˈtaʊər ev ˈlʌndən] — zamek obronny w Londynie
Westminster Abbey [ˈwestmɪnstər ˈæbi] — Opactwo Westminsterskie
William [ˈwɪljəm] — Wilhelm
Windsor Castle [ˈwɪnzə ˈkɑ:sl] — rezydencja królewska pod Londynem



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