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M. TWAIN

# THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

PAŃSTWOWE ZAKŁADY  
WYDAWNICTW SZKOLNYCH



MARK TWAIN

THE PRINCE  
AND  
THE PAUPER

W opracowaniu  
M O L



WARSZAWA 1959

PAŃSTWOWE ZAKŁADY WYDAWNICTW SZKOLNYCH

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## PRZEDMOWA

Wojna domowa między feudalnym, broniącym systemu niewolstwa, Południem a kapitalistyczną Północą (1861—1865), gwałtowny rozwój amerykańskiego kapitalizmu po tej wojnie oraz nie mniej szybkie przejście Stanów Zjednoczonych do imperializmu — to 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 Marylandzie. Z powodu wczesnej śmierci ojca miał bardzo ciężkie warunki życia w dzieciństwie i latach chłopięcych. Warunki te sprawiały, 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!"<sup>1)</sup>, określające głębokość wody w czasie przepływania statku przez płytkie rzecze. 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 i uciskowi społecznemu. Oburzały go do głębi warunki, w jakich w Stanach Zjedno-

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<sup>1)</sup> *twain*, dawniej używano zamiast *two* (dwa)



czonych 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 prawdziwe oblicze wyzyskiwaczy, bolał nad warunkami pracy robotników. Niektóre jego pisma, nie wydane 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 był 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 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. Odmiennosc 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 Tudor <sup>1)</sup>, who did want him <sup>2)</sup>. All England wanted him too; now that ~~he was~~ really come the people went nearly mad with joy <sup>3)</sup>. 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

### 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 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

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<sup>1)</sup> Tudor — dynastia Tudorów panowała w Anglii od r. 1485 do r. 1603

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

<sup>3)</sup> went nearly mad with joy — z radości prawie wariowali



two sisters, Bet and Nan, had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose.

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 <sup>1)</sup> 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 <sup>2)</sup> 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 <sup>3)</sup> at night, he knew his father would curse him and thrash him first, and then his awful grandmother would do it all over again <sup>4)</sup>.

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 <sup>5)</sup> these wonderful things, and many a night he forgot his pains in delicious picturings <sup>6)</sup> 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 <sup>7)</sup> Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life worked such a strong effect upon him <sup>8)</sup> that he began to act the

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<sup>1)</sup> 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

<sup>2)</sup> a hard time — ciężkie życie

<sup>3)</sup> empty-handed — z próżnymi rękoma

<sup>4)</sup> all over again — once more

<sup>5)</sup> his head grew to be full of ... — his head became full of ...

<sup>6)</sup> delicious picturings — very pleasant pictures

<sup>7)</sup> by and by — before long — wkrótce

<sup>8)</sup> worked such a strong effect upon him — wywarły na nim tak silne wrażenie...



prince, and his influence among the young people now began to grow day by day. He seemed to know so much! In fact <sup>9)</sup> he became a hero to all who knew him except his own family — they alone saw nothing in him.

And still his desire to look just once <sup>10)</sup> at a real prince grew upon him, day by day, and week by week, until at last <sup>11)</sup> 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-arms<sup>1)</sup>, 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 once <sup>2)</sup> through the golden bars he saw a sight that almost made him shout for joy <sup>3)</sup>. 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 —

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<sup>9)</sup> in fact — właściwie, faktycznie

<sup>10)</sup> to look just once — spojrzeć raz tylko

<sup>11)</sup> at last — w końcu

<sup>1)</sup> man-at-arms — a soldier

<sup>2)</sup> all at once — nagle

<sup>3)</sup> shout for joy — krzyczeć z radości



"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.

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 <sup>4)</sup>, 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 <sup>5)</sup>, my sister, is fourteen, and the Lady Jane Grey, my cousin, is of my own age <sup>6)</sup>, and gay and pretty; but my sister the Lady Mary <sup>7)</sup> 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 <sup>8)</sup>, and monkeys."

"Tell me more."

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

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<sup>4)</sup> near by — obok

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

<sup>6)</sup> of my own age — w moim wieku

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

<sup>8)</sup> Punch-and-Judy shows — przedstawienia uliczne teatru marionetek



"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 <sup>9)</sup> in all the world."

"Oh, if I could dress myself like you and strip my feet, and enjoy the mud, just once <sup>10)</sup>, I would give up the crown."

"And if I could dress myself, sweet sir, as you are clad — just once."

"Oh, would you like it? Then so shall it be."

A few minutes later the little Prince of Wales <sup>11)</sup> 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 side <sup>12)</sup> 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~~ 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!"

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<sup>9)</sup> it has not its like — nie ma sobie równego

<sup>10)</sup> enjoy the mud just once — bawić się w błocie tylko raz

<sup>11)</sup> Prince of Wales — tytuł najstarszego syna króla Anglii, następcy tronu; tytuł ten istnieje od r. 1301

<sup>12)</sup> side by side — close together — obok siebie



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!”<sup>13)</sup>

### Chapter III

## 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. 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<sup>1)</sup>. He was muttering. “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<sup>2)</sup>; 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<sup>3)</sup>.” 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 —

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<sup>13)</sup> “Way for the Prince of Wales!” — „Z drogi! Księżę Walii idzie!”

<sup>1)</sup> he could hardly pull along one foot after the other — z trudem włożył nogę za nogą

<sup>2)</sup> it came on to rain — it began to rain

<sup>3)</sup> some other — ktoś inny



“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.

#### Chapter IV

### TOM AS PATRICIAN

Tom Canty, left alone in the prince's <sup>1)</sup> cabinet, turned himself this way and that 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 <sup>2)</sup> that the prince was gone a long time, so he grew uneasy <sup>3)</sup> 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 filled with fear.

Presently the door opened, and a page said —

“The Lady Jane Gray.”

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?” <sup>4)</sup>

Tom's breath was nearly failing him <sup>5)</sup>; 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 —

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

<sup>2)</sup> it suddenly came into his mind — nagle przyszło mu na myśl

<sup>3)</sup> he grew uneasy — zaczął się niepokoić

<sup>4)</sup> lord — pan, władca; tytuł używany w arystokracji angielskiej; w czasach feudalnych tytułu tego używano w stosunku do pana nadającego ziemię wasalowi

<sup>5)</sup> Tom's breath was nearly failing him — Tomkowi prawie zabrakło tchu



"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 long corridors, from room to room, "The prince has gone mad <sup>6)</sup>, the prince has gone mad!" Presently a splendid official came marching past the whispering 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 <sup>7)</sup>. 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 <sup>8)</sup>, 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." <sup>9)</sup>

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?"

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<sup>6)</sup> has gone mad — zwiariował

<sup>7)</sup> Henry VIII — król Anglii, ojciec Edwarda VI (1491—1547; panował od r. 1509)

<sup>8)</sup> fell upon his ears — were heard by him

<sup>9)</sup> you are not well — jesteś niezdrów



"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?"

The King was silent and thoughtful a while. Presently he said, with something of hope <sup>10)</sup> in his voice —

"We will make a trial."

Then he asked Tom a question in Latin and Tom answered him. He put a question <sup>11)</sup> to Tom in French. Tom stood silent, then said —

"I have no knowledge <sup>12)</sup> 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-hearted <sup>13)</sup>, 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

指令;指示.

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

"His Majesty commands that the prince hide his illness till it passes, and the prince be as he was before. Thus says the King's

<sup>10)</sup> with something of hope — z odrobiną nadziei

<sup>11)</sup> he put a question — he asked

<sup>12)</sup> I have no knowledge — do not know

<sup>13)</sup> heavy-hearted — z ciężkim sercem



Majesty, and prays that God will have you now and ever in His keeping <sup>1)</sup>).

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 —

“Do not seem to observe his humours or show surprise when his memory mistakes <sup>2)</sup>).

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

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

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

The conversation among the young people became difficult at times <sup>5)</sup>. 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 —

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<sup>1)</sup> in His keeping — pod jego opieką

<sup>2)</sup> his memory mistakes — pamięć go zawodzi

<sup>3)</sup> keep in mind — remember

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

<sup>5)</sup> at times — chwilami



“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 —

“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 <sup>6)</sup> — 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 <sup>1)</sup>. 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

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<sup>6)</sup> the very prince — prawdziwy księżę

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



Berkeley fastened a napkin about his neck. Tom's cupbearer and the taster <sup>2)</sup> 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, not a quarter of them.

All those that were present had been taught to remember that the prince was mad, 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 <sup>3)</sup>, 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.

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

<sup>3)</sup> the nuts were all gone — the nuts were all eaten