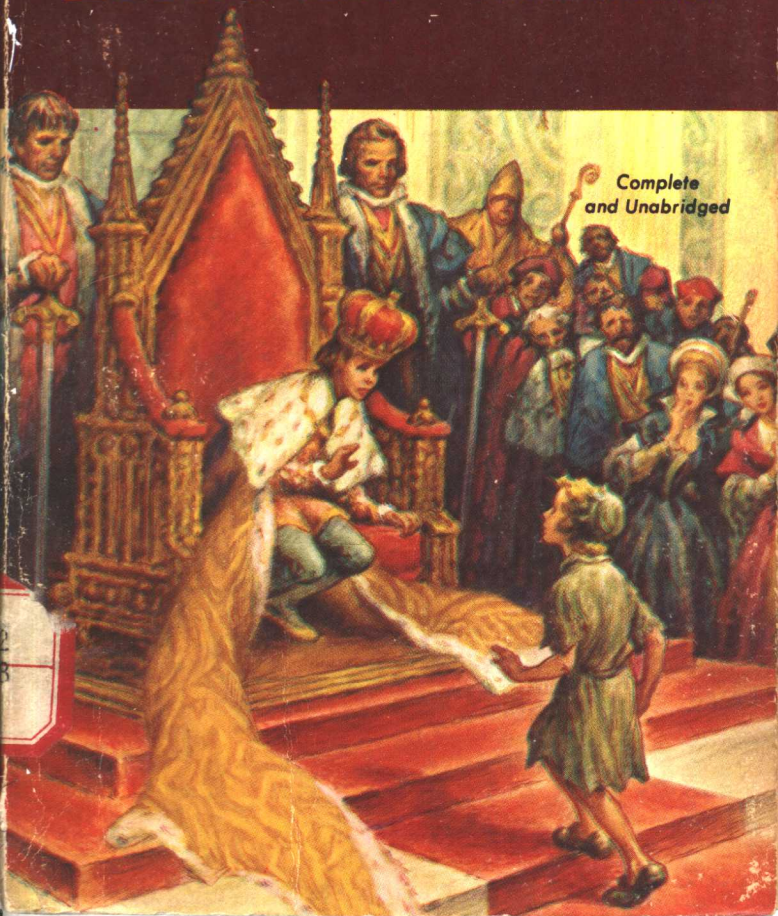


# The PRINCE and the PAUPER

MARK  
TWAIN

*with an introduction by*  
LUCY MABRY FITZPATRICK

**Complete  
and Unabridged**



THE  
PRINCE  
AND THE  
PAUPER



MARK TWAIN



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# THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

MARK TWAIN



## Introduction

On an autumn day, in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, two boys were born in England, one to a poor family by the name of Canty who lived in Offal Court, not far from London Bridge, and the other to a wealthy and high-placed family by the name of Tudor. Young Tom Canty, unwanted, unloved, began his day-dreaming early in order to forget the petty stealing to which he was forced by his cruel rogue of a father—and the Royal Court and young Prince Edward became the focus of his dreams.

It was beyond Tom's dreaming that he would one day actually meet the Prince and enter the Palace. But Fate had decided that these two boys, born on the same day—and who looked exactly alike—should play a part in the history of England that would cause King Edward VI to be a kind and just king, a king who, because he had known the life of the lowliest of his subjects, would modify and change the cruel laws in practice in the sixteenth century of a supposedly enlightened England. All fantasy, of course, but it could have happened, and King Edward VI did give promise of being a just and benign ruler before

his death, on July 6th, 1553, just three months short of six sixteenth birthday.

On a certain day, young Tom, now nine years of age, ventured to the very gates of the Palace, where, seeing the Prince, he was also seen by the Prince, and invited to enter the Palace. As a lark, and because Tom unwittingly had painted a glowing picture of freedom outside the Palace walls, Prince Edward proposed that he and Tom exchange clothes.

From this point on, the young Prince becomes the dominant figure in a tale of wild adventure and hairbreadth escapes from death. Pursued by his supposed father, John Canty, he is forced to become a member of a band of thieves. The subject of jeers, of ribaldry, of every insult that the oppressed and despised of England can dream up, Edward never forgets his princely birth and the dignity expected of a boy who will someday be King of England. Befriended by swashbuckling Miles Hendon, he vows to repay Miles by making him an earl. Miles, who has decided to adopt the boy for his own, thinks he is mad. While back at the Palace, Tom Canty—in the trappings of the Prince—is adjudged insane, a fact that must be kept from his loyal subjects at all costs. Perhaps, his dying father, Henry VIII, says; with rest and loving care, the young Prince will regain his senses. But, mad or sane, he must become King.

*The Prince and the Pauper* has been loved by children and grownups from its first publication in 1880. Children overlook Mark Twain's attacks on slavery and poverty and see only the romance; grownups sense the deeper meaning beneath the trappings of romance and value the book for it. Walt Disney adapted *The Prince and the Pauper* for the movies, and the picture ranks as one of the really great films for children, it appeal as fresh in America today as it was the day that Mark Twain finished the book. For in America, where anything can happen, it doesn't seem at all ridiculous that a poor waif should almost ascend the throne of England.

Mark Twain—Samuel Langhorne Clemens—was born on November 30, 1835, to John Marshall and Sarah Lampton Clemens, both descendants of early Virginia

settlers. Florida, Missouri, was Clemens' birthplace, but when, in 1839, his father, a storekeeper and part-time lawyer, failed in Florida, as he had elsewhere, he moved his family to Hanibal, Missouri, where Samuel Clemens grew up.

Clemens' father's death, in 1847, put a stop to all formal schooling for the boys. He was apprenticed to a printer—the best thing that could have happened to him. At this early age, he was exposed to the humorous stories and anecdotes so popular at the time, and his eager young mind quickly absorbed the various techniques of writing, developing in time his own unique style. When, in 1851, Clemens' older brother, Orion, became a publisher, the boy started to work for him. The *Journal* was not a success, and young Clemens, champing at the bit, set out in 1853 as an itinerant printer, to work his way east.

In 1856, Clemens started down the Mississippi on the first lap of a proposed trip to South America. But he became so fascinated with the boat on which he was traveling that he became an apprentice to Horace Bixby, its pilot—the second lucky break for young Clemens. For while his experience as a printer had taught him the techniques of writing, his experience as a pilot on the Mississippi gave him a broad understanding of an amazing variety of people. Merchants, minstrels, plantation owners, and slaves all sailed the Mississippi in those days, and Clemens' eyes and ears took in the pageantry of it all. In riverboat language, "Mark Twain" means two fathoms deep and safe water, and from these days spent on the Mississippi came American literature's most famous pseudonym.

The Civil War put an end to Clemens' career as a river pilot, and in 1861, he joined his brother on a trip to Nevada territory, drawn by rumors of fortunes being made there. He tried his luck with a timber claim in Carson City, then turned to mining speculations, but neither venture was a success. Kept indoors in the spring of 1862 by a period of bad weather, he wrote humorous contributions under the pseudonym of "Josh" and submitted them to the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*. Later, he was offered a job as feature writer for this paper,

and it was at this time that he began to sign his stories "Mark Twain."

In 1864, Twain went to San Francisco, where he served as a local reporter for the *Call* and as a correspondent for the *Enterprise*. During this period, he also wrote articles for two local periodicals, *The Californian* and *The Golden Era*. A vacation spent with Jim Gillis in Calaveras County, California, led rather indirectly to the publishing of his first book. Around the camp fireside, Twain heard many tall tales, among them one from which he adapted "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." This story first appeared in *The Saturday Press*, a New York periodical, but it was reprinted in newspapers all over the country. It was such a success that it brought Twain immediate fame. In 1867, his collection of sketches, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*, was brought out in book form.

That same year, Twain visited France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land, reporting on his reactions to the various places he visited to the *Alta California* and to the *New York Tribune*. Some of these letters formed the basis for *Innocents Abroad*, his second book, published in 1869.

It was during this trip that a fellow passenger showed Clemens a miniature painting of his sister, Olivia Langdon. Later, Clemens met Olivia and visited her in Elmira, New York. Although he wrote teasing letters about Olivia's tyranny, the marriage of Olivia Langdon and Samuel Clemens, in 1870, was almost an ideal one. Gentle and kind, Olivia merited the worship that her big, shaggy-headed husband gave her. A rugged man of high spirits, outspoken, sarcastic to the point of cruelty at times, Clemens was also a man of great sensitivity. He and Olivia lived in Buffalo, New York, immediately after their marriage, but soon moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where they lived until 1891. During this period, Twain's most productive years, he devoted himself entirely to his writing.

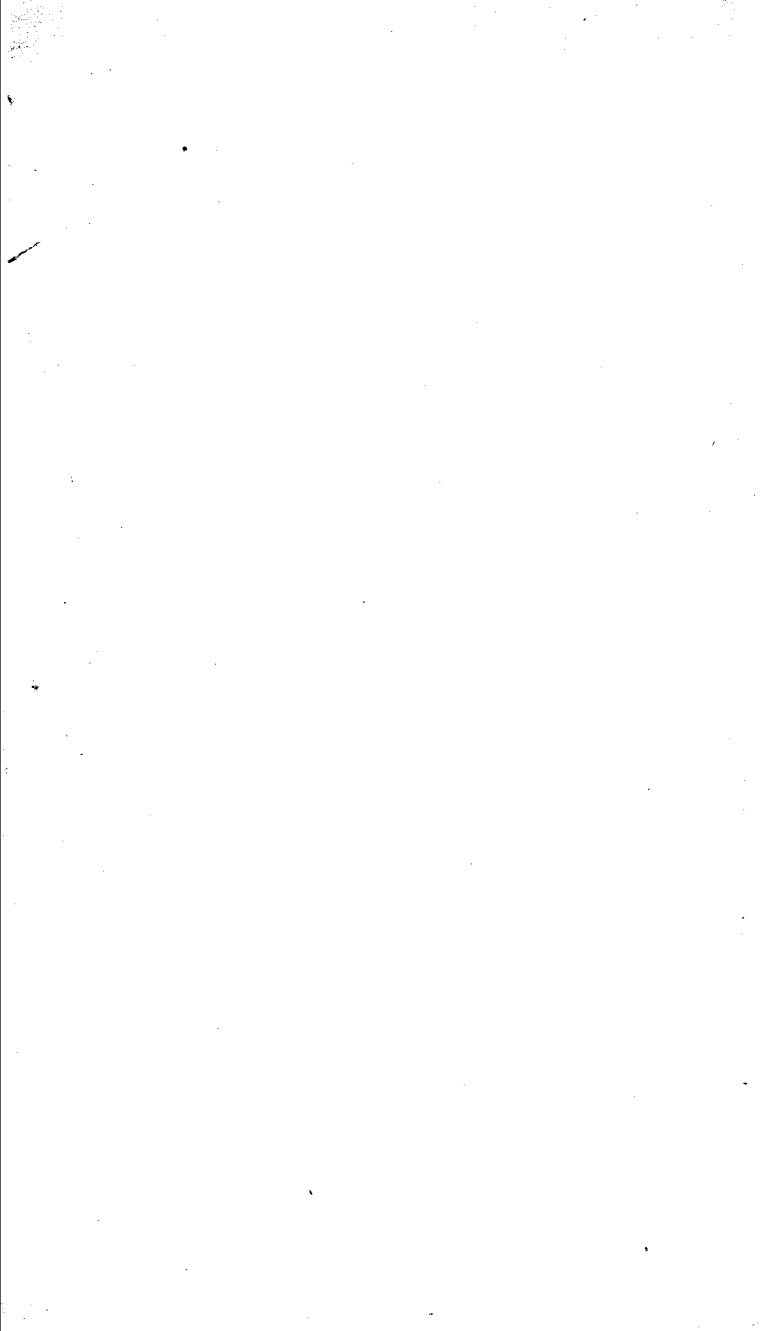
*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was published in 1876, and shortly after, Twain began *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (his masterpiece), which he interrupted to

write *The Prince and the Pauper* (1880), and to finish *Life on the Mississippi* (1883).

Although Twain continued to write until his death, in 1910, he never reached the heights that he did in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, finally published in 1884.

—LUCY MABRY FITZPATRICK





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## PREFACE

I will set down a tale as it was told to me by one who had it of his father, which latter had it of *his* father, this last having in like manner had it of *his* father—and so on, back and still back, three hundred years and more, the fathers transmitting it to the sons and so preserving it. It may be history, it may be only legend, a tradition. It may have happened, it may not have happened: but it *could* have happened. It may be that the wise and the learned believed it in the old days; it may be that only the unlearned and the simple loved it and credited it.

TO

*Those good-mannered and agreeable  
children, Susy and Clara Clemens, this book  
is affectionately inscribed by their father*

HUGH LATIMER, *Bishop of Worcester*, to LORD CROMWELL, *on the birth of the PRINCE OF WALES (afterward EDWARD VI).*

FROM THE NATIONAL MANUSCRIPTS PRESERVED BY THE  
BRITISH GOVERNMENT

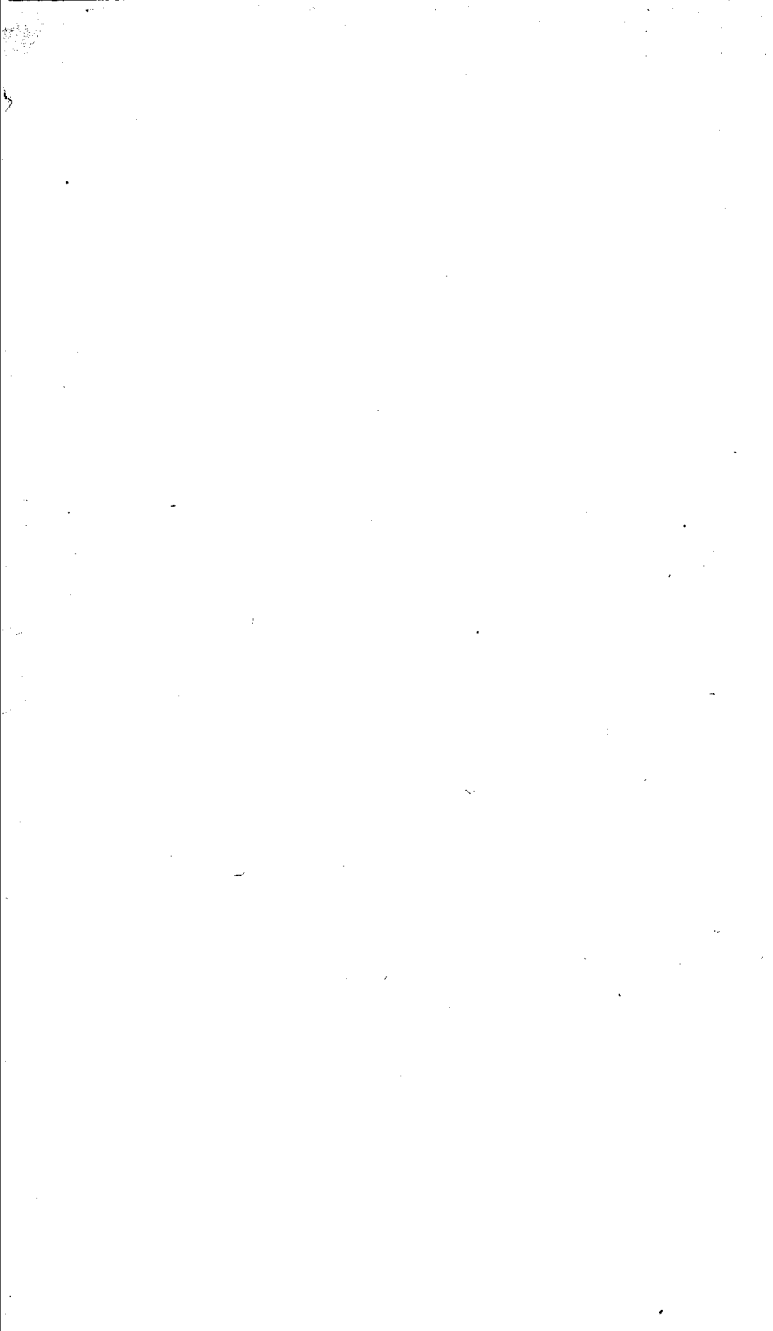
Ryght honorable, *Salutem in Christo Jesu*, and Syr here ys no lesse joynge and rejoyssynge in thes partees for the byrth of our prynce, hoom we hungurde for so longe, then ther was (I trow, *inter vicinos* att the byrth of S. I. Baptistste, as thys berer, Master Erance, can telle you. Gode gyffe us alle grace, to yelde dew thankes to our Lorde Gode, Gode of Inglonde, for verely He hathe shoyd Hym self Gode of Inglonde, or rather an Inglyssh Gode, yf we consydyr and pondyr welle alle Hys procedynges with us from tyme to tyme. He hath overcumme alle our yllnesse with Hys excedyng goodnesse, so that we ar now moor then compellyd to serve Hym, seke Hys glory, promott Hys wurde, yf the Devylle of alle Devylles be natt in us. We have now the stooppe of vayne trustes ande the stey of vayne expectations; lett us alle pray for hys preservatione. And I for my partt wylle wyssh that hys Grace allways have, and evyn now from the begynynge. Governares, Instructores and offyceres of ryght jugmente, *ne optimum ingenium non optimâ educatione depravetur.*

Butt whatt a grett fowlle am I! So, whatt devotion shoyth many tymys butt lytelle dyscretion; Ande thus the Gode of Inglonde be ever wih you in alle your procedynges. The 19 of October.

Youres, H.L.B. of Wurcestere, now att Hartlebury.

Yf you wolde excytt thys berere to be moore hartye ayen the abuse of ymagry or mor forward to promotte the veryte, ytt myght doo goode. Natt that ytt came of me, butt of your selffe, &c.

(*Addressed*) To the Ryght Honorable Lorde P. Sealle hys synguler gode Lorde.



## **1. 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, who did want him. All England wanted him too. England had so longed for him, and hoped for him, and prayed God for him, that, now that he was really come, the people went nearly mad for joy. Mere acquaintances hugged and kissed each other and cried. Everybody took a holiday, and high and low, rich and poor, feasted and danced and sang, and got very mellow; and they kept this up for days and nights together. By day, London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony and housetop, and splendid pageants marching along. By night, it was again a sight to see, with its great bonfires at every corner, and its troops of revelers making merry around them. There was no talk in all England but of the new baby, Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales, who lay lapped in silks and satins, unconscious of all this fuss, and not knowing that great lords and ladies were tending him and watching over him—and not caring, either. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags, except among the family of paupers whom he had just come to trouble with his presence.



## 2. 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. It had a hundred thousand inhabitants—some think double as many. The streets were very narrow, and crooked, and dirty, especially in the part where Tom Canty lived, which was not far from London Bridge. The houses were of wood, with the second story projecting over the first, and the third sticking its elbows out beyond the second. The higher the houses grew, the broader they grew. They were skeletons of strong crisscross beams, with solid material between, coated with plaster. The beams were painted red or blue or black, according to the owner's taste, and this gave the houses a very picturesque look. The windows were small, glazed with little diamond-shaped panes, and they opened outward, on hinges, like doors.

The house which Tom's father lived in was up a foul little pocket called Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane. It was small, decayed, and rickety, but it was packed full of wretchedly poor families. Canty's tribe occupied a room on the third floor. The mother and father had a sort of bedstead in the corner; but Tom, his grandmother, and his two sisters, Bet and Nan, were not restricted—they had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose. There were the remains of a blanket or two, and some bundles of ancient and dirty straw, but these could not rightly be called beds, for they were not organized; they were kicked into a general pile mornings, and selections made from the mass at night, for service.

Bet and Nan were fifteen years old—twins. They were good-hearted girls, unclean, clothed in rags, and profoundly ignorant. Their mother was like them. But the father and the grandmother were a couple of fiends. They got drunk whenever they could; then they fought each other or anybody else who came in the way; they cursed and swore always, drunk or sober; John Canty was a