SCOTTISH SAMPLER

Edited by Courtney E. Webb

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Aye, it's time to pull up yon favorite stuffed chair by the fire and put on your slippers and cozy robe. A touch of tea and a wee bit of your favorite Scottish shortbread will do fer ye. Let's slip back into the past and sample some of the world's favorite Scottish writers and a bit of they work and lives too.

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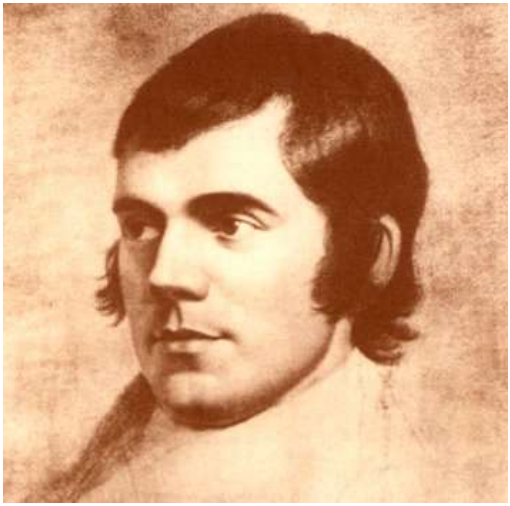


ROBERT BURNS 1759-1796

Scotland's favorite son, the ploughman poet.

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Luve
And fare thee well, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A Man's a Man for A' That

Also known as "Is there for honest Poverty."

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, an' a that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns, 'Robbie' Burns, the Romantic poet, was born to a large farming family of very modest means. He spent most of his life, until he was recognized for his writing skills, doing hard farm labor. There is some indication that the farming life took a toll on his health and may have weakened his heart. Despite the hard times and meager circumstances, he was taught at home by his father and later, he and his brother Gilbert attended school and had classical education in Latin, French and mathematics.

Later, in his writings, he penned in the Scots

language, Scottish English and plain English and would switch back and forth to fit the theme of his subject.

He suffered from debts and money problems throughout his life but early on was encouraged by a friend to publish a book of his poems. 'Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect' came out when Burns was 27 years old and was a success. He abandoned other plans to earn money and traveled to Edinburgh where he became the toast of the literary set.

His famous portrait, painted by Alexander Nasmyth, was commissioned for the second edition of his book and his career was established. He dabbled in a number of areas: romantic poetry, songs, and political and social commentary. His famous song 'Auld Lang Syne' is still sung on New Year's Eve.

He was a proponent of the common man and the equality of people (shown in the poem 'A Man's a Man..') and he supported liberal causes and was a proponent of the new French government after the French Revolution.

A large, handsome man, Burns was married and also had a number of affairs. He fathered twelve children although not all lived to be adults. Unfortunately, he continued to be plagued by ill health and died at age 37 after a tooth extraction.

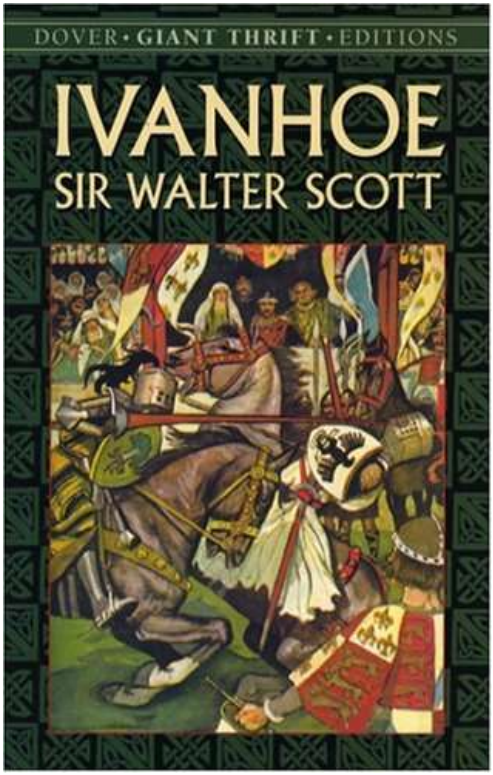
He was named as The Greatest Scot of All Time by

the Scottish people and his influence is still felt in the world. He influenced various writers to include Sir Walter Scott. When Scott was 15 years old he met Burns at a literary salon where they spoke. Scott wrote very favorably of the bard years later.

Engraved version of the Alexander Nasmyth 1787 portrait

In addition to having a lasting influence on Scott, Burn's is credited with influencing English writers such as Shelly, Coleridge and Wordsorth and American writers J.D.Salinger, John Steinbeck and even singer/songwriter, Bob Dylan. The actor John Cairney, has been performing as Burns since 1959 and has written a number of books on the poet. The

Burns legacy goes on as his works and his legend are retold and recreated to this day.



Dover Publishers 2004

Ivanhoe (1819)

by Sir Walter Scott

CHAPTER IX

——In the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign Queen.

And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,
So nobler than the rest was her attire;
A crown of ruddy gold enclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of Agnus Castus in her hand,
She bore aloft her symbol of command.
The Flower and the Leaf

William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him, at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be unlaced, or, at least, that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The

Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging, that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; for amidst the frequent and capricious vows by which knights were accustomed to bind themselves in the days of chivalry, there were none more common than those by which they engaged to remain incognito for a certain space, or until some particular adventure was achieved. The marshals, therefore, pressed no farther into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, announcing to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valour.

John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face.—Wot ye, my lords," he said, turning round to his train, "who this gallant can be, that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy, "nor did I

think there had been within the four seas that girth Britain a champion that could bear down these five knights in one day's jousting. By my faith, I shall never forget the force with which he shocked De Vipont. The poor Hospitaller was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling."

"Boast not of that," said a Knight of St John, who was present; "your Temple champion had no better luck. I saw your brave lance, Bois-Guilbert, roll thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

De Bracy, being attached to the Templars, would have replied, but was prevented by Prince John. "Silence, sirs!" he said; "what unprofitable debate have we here?"

"The victor," said De Wyvil, "still waits the pleasure of your highness."

"It is our pleasure," answered John, "that he do so wait until we learn whether there is not some one who can at least guess at his name and quality. Should he remain there till night-fall, he has had work enough to keep him warm."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do less than due honour to the victor, if you compel him to wait till we tell your highness that which we cannot know; at least I can form no guess—unless he be one of the good lances who accompanied King Richard to Palestine, and who are now straggling

homeward from the Holy Land."

"It may be the Earl of Salisbury," said De Bracy; "he is about the same pitch."

"Sir Thomas de Multon, the Knight of Gilsland, rather," said Fitzurse; "Salisbury is bigger in the bones." A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Coeur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over God's forbode!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, and shrinking as if blighted by a flash of lightning; "Waldemar!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises, and stand truly by me!"

"Here is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's son, as to think they can be held within the circumference of yonder suit of armour?—De Wyvil and Martival, you will best serve the Prince by bringing forward the victor to the throne, and ending an error that has conjured all the blood from his cheeks.—Look at him more closely," he continued, "your highness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he backs, could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was yet speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. Still discomposed with the idea that his brother, so much injured, and to whom he was so much indebted, had suddenly arrived in his native kingdom, even the distinctions pointed out by Fitzurse did not altogether remove the Prince's apprehensions; and while, with a short and embarrassed eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him the war-horse assigned as the prize, he trembled lest from the barred visor of the mailed form before him, an answer might be returned, in the deep and awful accents of Richard the Lion-hearted.

But the Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound obeisance.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-furniture; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists, exhibiting the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity, which might otherwise have been attributed to this display, was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the princely reward with which he had been just honoured, and the Knight was again greeted by the acclamations of all present.

In the meanwhile, the bustling Prior of Jorvaulx had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady, who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the ensuing day. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his truncheon, as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance, until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands; while all admired the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion and high excitation to the stillness of an equestrian statue.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. If, as a stranger in our land, you should require the aid of other judgment to guide your own, we can only say that Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Waldemar

Fitzurse, has at our court been long held the first in beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably, like the strawberry leaves and balls upon a ducal crown.

In the broad hint which he dropped respecting the daughter of Waldemar Fitzurse, John had more than one motive, each the offspring of a mind, which was a strange mixture of carelessness and presumption with low artifice and cunning. He wished to banish from the minds of the chivalry around him his own indecent and unacceptable jest respecting the Jewess Rebecca; he was desirous of conciliating Alicia's father Waldemar, of whom he stood in awe, and who had more than once shown himself dissatisfied during the course of the day's proceedings. He had also a wish to establish himself in the good graces of the lady; for John was at least as licentious in his pleasures as profligate in his ambition. But besides all these reasons, he was desirous to raise up against the Disinherited Knight (towards whom he already entertained a strong dislike) a powerful enemy in the person of Waldemar Fitzurse, who was likely, he

thought, highly to resent the injury done to his daughter, in case, as was not unlikely, the victor should make another choice.

And so indeed it proved. For the Disinherited Knight passed the gallery close to that of the Prince, in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride of triumphant beauty, and, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

It was worthwhile to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward, and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in alarm, which was perhaps affected, some endeavoured to forbear smiling, and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but, as the Wardour Manuscript says these were fair ones of ten years standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their claim, in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

It must be owned, that if an interest displayed in his success could have bribed the Disinherited Knight, the part of the lists before which he paused had merited his predilection. Cedric the Saxon, overjoyed at the discomfiture of the Templar, and still more so at the miscarriage of his two malevolent neighbours, Front-de-Boeuf and Malvoisin, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest. Even the unmoved Athelstane had shown symptoms of shaking off his apathy, when, calling for a huge goblet of muscadine, he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited Knight. Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armour, that was worth so many zecchins to Joseph Pareira, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highways!"

"If he risks his own person

and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to—Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his lance,—even as Og the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which was forfeited to the champion upon each new success. There had been therefore no small interest taken in the success of the Disinherited Knight, by those who occupied the part of the lists before which he now paused.

Whether from indecision, or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the

day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of Largesse, to which Cedric, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample donative, and to which Athelstane, though less promptly, added one equally large.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty, as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might be to Prince John, and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne; and mounting his

jennet, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists. The Prince paused a moment beneath the gallery of the Lady Alicia, to whom he paid his compliments, observing, at the same time, to those around him—"By my halidome, sirs! if the Knight's feats in arms have shown that he hath limbs and sinews, his choice hath no less proved that his eyes are none of the clearest."

It was on this occasion, as during his whole life, John's misfortune, not perfectly to understand the characters of those whom he wished to conciliate. Waldemar Fitzurse was rather offended than pleased at the Prince stating thus broadly an opinion, that his daughter had been slighted.

"I know no right of chivalry," he said, "more precious or inalienable than that of each free knight to choose his lady-love by his own judgment. My daughter courts distinction from no one; and in her own character, and in her own sphere, will never fail to receive the full proportion of that which is her due."

Prince John replied not; but, spurring his horse, as if to give vent to his vexation, he made the animal bound forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none

vows homage more sincerely than ourself, John of Anjou; and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall learn to know the empress to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answered for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh, speak only the language, and practise only the manners, of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

So saying, he lifted the coronet, and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

"What says he?" said Prince John, affecting not to understand the Saxon language, in which, however, he was well skilled. The purport of Cedric's speech was repeated to him in French. "It is well," he said; "to-morrow we will ourself conduct this mute sovereign to her seat of dignity.—You, at least, Sir Knight," he added, turning to the victor, who had remained near the gallery, "will this day share our

banquet?"

The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a low and hurried voice, excused himself by pleading fatigue, and the necessity of preparing for to-morrow's encounter.

"It is well," said Prince John, haughtily; "although unused to such refusals, we will endeavour to digest our banquet as we may, though ungraced by the most successful in arms, and his elected Queen of Beauty."

So saying, he prepared to leave the lists with his glittering train, and his turning his steed for that purpose, was the signal for the breaking up and dispersion of the spectators.

Yet, with the vindictive memory proper to offended pride, especially when combined with conscious want of desert, John had hardly proceeded three paces, ere again, turning around, he fixed an eye of stern resentment upon the yeoman who had displeased him in the early part of the day, and issued his commands to the men-at-arms who stood near—"On your life, suffer not that fellow to escape."

The yeoman stood the angry glance of the Prince with the same unvaried steadiness which had marked his former deportment, saying, with a smile, "I have no intention to leave Ashby until the day after to-morrow—I must see how Staffordshire and

Leicestershire can draw their bows—the forests of Needwood and Charnwood must rear good archers."

"I," said Prince John to his attendants, but not in direct reply,—"I will see how he can draw his own; and woe betide him unless his skill should prove some apology for his insolence!"

"It is full time," said De Bracy, "that the 'outrecuidance' of these peasants should be restrained by some striking example."

Waldemar Fitzurse, who probably thought his patron was not taking the readiest road to popularity, shrugged up his shoulders and was silent. Prince John resumed his retreat from the lists, and the dispersion of the multitude became general.

In various routes, according to the different quarters from which they came, and in groups of various numbers, the spectators were seen retiring over the plain. By far the most numerous part streamed towards the town of Ashby, where many of the distinguished persons were lodged in the castle, and where others found accommodation in the town itself. Among these were most of the knights who had already appeared in the tournament, or who proposed to fight there the ensuing day, and who, as they rode slowly along, talking over the events of the day, were greeted with loud shouts by the populace. The same acclamations were bestowed upon Prince John, although he was indebted for them rather to the splendour of his appearance and train, than to

the popularity of his character.

A more sincere and more general, as well as a better-merited acclamation, attended the victor of the day, until, anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, he accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions pitched at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was courteously tendered him by the marshals of the field. On his retiring to his tent, many who had lingered in the lists, to look upon and form conjectures concerning him, also dispersed.

The signs and sounds of a tumultuous concourse of men lately crowded together in one place, and agitated by the same passing events, were now exchanged for the distant hum of voices of different groups retreating in all directions, and these speedily died away in silence. No other sounds were heard save the voices of the menials who stripped the galleries of their cushions and tapestry, in order to put them in safety for the night, and wrangled among themselves for the half-used bottles of wine and relics of the refreshment which had been served round to the spectators.

Beyond the precincts of the lists more than one forge was erected; and these now began to glimmer through the twilight, announcing the toil of the armourers, which was to continue through the whole night, in order to repair or alter the suits of armour to be used again on the morrow.

A strong guard of men-at-arms, renewed at intervals, from two hours to two hours, surrounded the lists, and kept watch during the night.

CHAPTER X

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented, runs poor Barrabas,
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
—Jew of Malta

The Disinherited Knight had no sooner reached his pavilion, than squires and pages in abundance tendered their services to disarm him, to bring fresh attire, and to offer him the refreshment of the bath. Their zeal on this occasion was perhaps sharpened by curiosity, since every one desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, yet had refused, even at the command of Prince John, to lift his visor or to name his name. But their officious inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Disinherited Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, or rather yeoman—a clownish-looking man, who, wrapt in a cloak of dark-coloured felt, and having his head and face half-

buried in a Norman bonnet made of black fur, seemed to affect the incognito as much as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant relieved his master from the more burdensome parts of his armour, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal, ere his menial announced to him that five men, each leading a barbed steed, desired to speak with him. The Disinherited Knight had exchanged his armour for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, being furnished with a hood, concealed the features, when such was the pleasure of the wearer, almost as completely as the visor of the helmet itself, but the twilight, which was now fast darkening, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary, unless to persons to whom the face of an individual chanced to be particularly well known.

The Disinherited Knight, therefore, stept boldly forth to the front of his tent, and found in attendance the squires of the challengers, whom he easily knew by their russet and black dresses, each of whom led his master's charger, loaded with the armour in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Baldwin de Oyley, squire to the redoubted Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, make offer to you, styling yourself, for the present, the

Disinherited Knight, of the horse and armour used by the said Brian de Bois-Guilbert in this day's Passage of Arms, leaving it with your nobleness to retain or to ransom the same, according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squires repeated nearly the same formula, and then stood to await the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Commend me to the noble knights, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of steeds and arms which can never be used by braver cavaliers. —I would I could here end my message to these gallant knights; but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest, the Disinherited, I must be thus far.

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott, 1st Baronet *(15 August 1771 – 21 September 1832) was a historical novelist, playwright, and poet, popular throughout much of the world during his time.*

Scott had an international career in his lifetime, with many readers in Europe, Australia, and North America.

His novels and poetry are still read, and many of his works remain classics of both English-language literature and of Scottish literature. Famous titles include Ivanhoe, Rob Roy, The Lady of the Lake, Waverly, The Heart of Midlothian and The Bride of Lammermoor.

Born in the Old Town of Edinburgh in 1771, the son of a solicitor, Scott survived a childhood bout of polio in 1773 that left him lame. To cure his lameness he was sent in 1773 to live in the rural Borders region at his paternal grandparents' farm, where he was taught to read by his aunt Jenny, and learned from her many of

the tales and legends that characterized much of his work.

Scott returned to Edinburgh, and in October 1779 he began at the Royal High School of Edinburgh. He was now able to walk and explore the city and the surrounding countryside. His reading included chivalric romances, poems, history and travel books. He was given private tuition by James Mitchell and learned from him the history of the Kirk. After finishing school he was sent to stay with his aunt Jenny in Kelso and attending the local school, he met James and John Ballantyne who later became his business partners and printed his books.

Scott began studying classics at the University of Edinburgh in 1783, at the age of only 12, a year or so younger than most of his fellow students. In 1786 he began an apprenticeship in his father's law office. While at the university Scott had become a friend of Adam Ferguson, whose father hosted literary salons. Scott met the blind poet Thomas Blacklock who lent him books as well as introducing him to more poetry. During the winter of 1786–87 the 15-year-old Scott saw Robert Burns at one of these salons. When Burns noticed a print illustrating the poem "The Justice of the Peace" and asked who had written the poem, only Scott knew that it was by John Langhorne, and was thanked by Burns.

After completing his studies in law, he became a lawyer in Edinburgh. As a lawyer's clerk he made his first visit to the Scottish Highlands directing an eviction.

As a boy, youth and young man, Scott was fascinated by the oral traditions of the Scottish Borders. He was an obsessive collector of stories, and developed a creative method of recording what he heard from local story-tellers using carvings on twigs, to avoid the disapproval of those who believed that such stories were neither for writing down nor for printing. He began to write professionally in his twenties and translating works from German, his first publication being rhymed versions of ballads by Gottfried Burger in 1796. He then published a three-volume set of collected ballads of his adopted home region, 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'. This was a novel regarding Scottish history.

As a result of the polio, Scott had a pronounced limp. Although he walked a good deal, on horseback he experienced greater freedom of movement. On a trip to the Lake District with old college friends he met Charlotte Genevieve Charpentier, daughter of Jean Charpentier of Lyon in France, and ward of Lord Downshire in Cumberland. After three weeks of courtship, Scott proposed and they were married on Christmas Eve 1797. They had five children. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff-Depute of the County of Selkirk. Scott supported his family fairly well from his salary and some revenue from his writing.

In 1796, Scott's friend James Ballantyne founded a printing press in Kelso, in the Scottish Borders. Through Ballantyne, Scott was able to publish his first works and his poetry then began to bring him to public attention. In 1805, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' captured wide

public imagination, and his career as a writer was established in spectacular fashion. Ballantine Books are still published today through Random House Publishers.

He published many other poems over the next ten years, including the popular 'The Lady of the Lake', printed in 1810. Portions of the German translation of this work were set to music by Franz Schubert.

'Marmion', published in 1808, produced lines that have become proverbial. Canto VI. Stanza 17 reads: (note the references to Shakespeare,)

Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun
Must separate Constance from the nun
Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!
A Palmer too! No wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye.

In 1809, Scott persuaded James Ballantyne and his brother to move their printing business to Edinburgh and he became their partner.

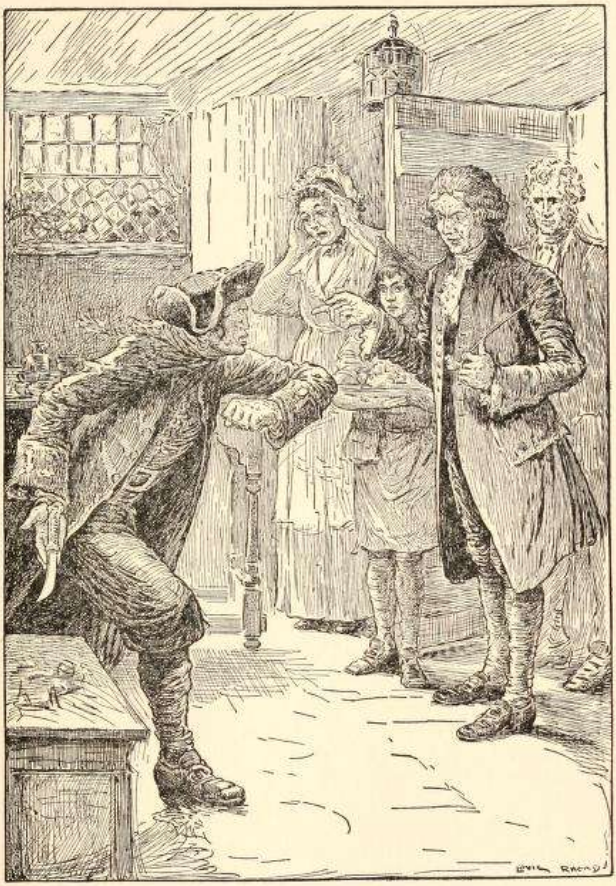
As a political conservative and advocate of the Union with England, Scott helped to found the Tory Quarterly Review, a review journal to which he made several anonymous contributions.

In 1813 Scott was offered the position of Poet Laureate which he declined.

Scott was active politically and wrote many articles that had a calming effect on the people regarding the rift between England and Scotland. Many feared at the time that there would be another revolution on British soil like the French Revolution.

During his life, Scotland was moving away from savage clan warfare into a modern world of literacy and capitalism. His writings helped the Scottish people to redefine themselves in a much more modern sense.

Scott continues to be honored by the Scottish people and his books are still widely read around the world today.



"IF YOU DO NOT PUT THAT KNIFE THIS INSTANT IN YOUR POCKET, YOU SHALL HANG AT THE NEXT ASSIZES"

Illustration 1915 – Louis Rhead – Harper Brothers, New York

TREASURE ISLAND **– Robert Louis Stevenson (1883) (adapted version)**

Chapter 1

The Old Sea-dog at the Admiral Benbow

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17__ and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow--a tall, strong, heavy,

nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he at length; "and a pleasant situated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, which was too bad.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, mate," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. You can call

me captain. Oh, I see what you want--there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he.

And indeed bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he seemed like a skipper accustomed to be obeyed. The man who came with the barrow told us that our inn was described as lonely, which was why the captain had chosen it.

He was a very silent man. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner next the fire and drank rum. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; and we soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his walks he would ask if any sailor had gone by along the road. At first we thought he wanted company of his other sailors, but at last we began to see he wanted to avoid them. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver four penny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "eye open for a seafaring man with one leg" and let him know. Often enough when the first of the month came round and I asked for my money, he would stare me down, but then, he would bring me my four-penny piece, and tell me again to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that one-legged man haunted my dreams. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and

up the cliffs I could see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch; it a nightmare.

But still, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than he needed; and then he would sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs; or sometimes he would call for drinks all around and force everyone to listen to his stories or listen to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," all the customers joining in for dear life, scared to death of him they were, and each singing louder than the other. He would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or that people were not listening to his stories. Nor could anyone leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and gone off to bed.

His stories were what scared people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were--about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. He must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that ever sailed the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes . My father said he would ruin us; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was exciting for country folk, and there was even a

group of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog" and a "real old salt" and such and saying there was the sort of man that made England great at sea.

In one way, indeed, he did ruin us, for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money he had paid us had been long exhausted, and still my father never had the nerve to insist on having more. I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the feathers of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth. I remember his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the customers, and only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was sick in bed. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come. I followed him in, and I remember seeing the difference between the neat, bright doctor, with his powdered wig, as white as snow and his bright, black

eyes and pleasant manners, and , with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting, drunk on rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he--the captain, that is--began to pipe up his eternal song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest-- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that big box of his upstairs in the front room. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and he did not like it, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on talking to old Taylor, the gardener, about a new cure. In the meantime, the captain cheered up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table to command silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before. The captain glared at the doctor, flapped his hand again for silence, and at last broke out with a low growl, "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and the captain replied yes, with a curse, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replied the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, you'll soon be dead!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his

feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and threatened the doctor.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, over his shoulder and in the same tone of voice, rather loud, so that all the room might hear: "If you do not put that knife away, I promise, you shall hang."

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and sat down, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know someone like you is here, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm a judge; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, I'll take means to have you hunted down and sent out. That is enough."

Soon after, Dr. Livesey's left, but the captain was quiet that evening, and for many evenings to come.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (13 November 1850 – 3 December 1894) was a novelist, poet, essayist, and travel writer. His most famous works are Treasure Island, Kidnapped, and The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

A literary celebrity during his lifetime, Stevenson now ranks among the 26 most translated authors in the world. His works have been admired by many other writers, including G. K. Chesterton, who said of him that he "seemed to pick the right word up on the point of his pen, like a man playing spillikins." (pick-up-sticks.) He was a contemporary of Arthur Conan Doyle and they attended University of Edinburgh at the same time.

It is difficult to assess the amount of influence that Robert Louis Stevenson has had on the literary world and the subsequent cross-over into the area of movies and television. The books 'Treasure Island' and 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' have been made into movies several times. 'Jekyll and Hyde' has been made into a play, 'Treasure Island' has been adapted into an animated movie 'Treasure Planet" and it would be safe to say that an entire of genre regarding pirates on the high seas (Pirates of the Caribbean to name some,) sprang in thought from his Treasure Island and Kidnapped books.

Stevenson was a master story teller and poet (Child's Garden of Verse') and his written works are still read to this day all around the world.

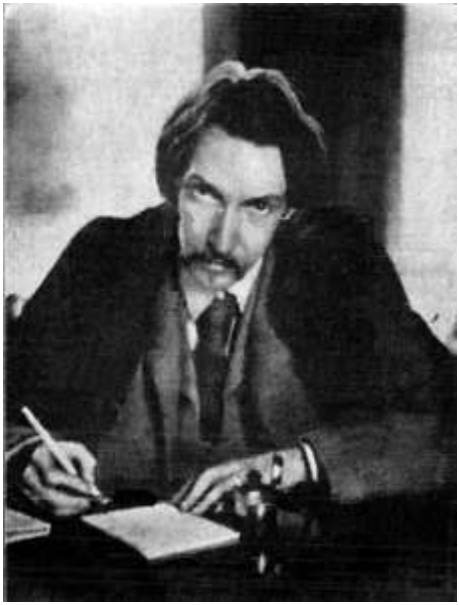


Illustration – Brian Bowes 2013

Wind In The Willows, Chapter 8; Toad`s Adventures

by Kenneth Grahame (the text is adapted)

From <u>Wind In The Willows</u>

When Toad found himself in a dank and noisy dungeon, and knew that all the grim darkness of a medieval fortress lay between him and the outer world of sunshine and well-metalled high roads where he had lately been so happy, carrying himself as if he had bought up every road in England, he flung himself at full length on the floor, and shed bitter tears, and abandoned

himself to dark despair. `This is the end of everything' (he said), `at least it is the end of the career of Toad, which is the same thing; the popular handsome Toad, the rich and hospitable Toad, the Toad so free and careless and cool! How can I hope to be ever set at large again' (he said), `who have been put into prison so justly for stealing so handsome a motor-car in such an outrageous manner, and for such imaginative cheek, put upon such a number of fat, red-faced policemen!' (Here his sobs choked him.) `Stupid animal that I was' (he said), `now I must sit in this dungeon, till people who were proud to say they knew me, have forgotten the very name of Toad! O wise old Badger!'

(he said), `O clever, intelligent Rat and sensible Mole! What sound judgments, what a knowledge of men and matters you have! O unhappy and lost Toad!' With cries such as these hepassed his days and nights for several weeks, refusing his meals or snacks, though the grim and ancient jailer, knowing that Toad was rich, often pointed out that many comforts, and indeed luxuries, could be sent in-- at a price—from outside.

Now the jailer had a daughter, a pleasant girl and good-hearted, who helped her father in the lighter duties of his job. She was fond of animals, and, besides her canary, whose cage hung on a nail in the massive wall of the keep by day, to the great annoyance of prisoners who loved an after dinner nap, and was covered in an coverlet on the dining table at night, she kept several mice and a restless revolving squirrel. This kind-hearted girl, pitying the misery of Toad, said to her father one day, `Father! I can't bear to see that poor beast so unhappy, and getting so thin! You let me have the managing of him. You know how fond of animals I am. I'll make him eat from my hand, and sit up, and do all sorts of things.'

Her father replied that she could do what she liked with him. He was tired of Toad, and his sulks and his airs and his meanness. So that day she went on her task of mercy, and knocked at the door of Toad's cell.

`Now, cheer up, Toad,' she said, coaxingly, on entering, `and sit up and dry your eyes and be a sensible animal. And do try and eat a bit of

dinner. See, I've brought you some of mine, hot from the oven!'

It was sausage and cabbage, between two plates, and its fragrance filled the narrow cell. The smell of cabbage reached the nose of Toad as he lay in his misery on the floor, and gave him the idea for a moment that perhaps life was not such a blank and desperate thing as he had imagined. But still he wailed, and kicked with his legs, and refused to be comforted. So the wise girl retired for the time, but, of course, a good deal of the smell of hot cabbage remained behind, as it will do, and Toad, between his sobs, sniffed and reflected, and gradually began to think new and inspiring thoughts: of chivalry, and poetry, and deeds still to be done; of broad meadows, and cattle browsing in them, raked by sun and wind; of kitchen-gardens, and straight herb-borders, and warm snap-dragon beset by bees; and of the comforting clink of dishes set down on the table at Toad Hall, and the scrape of chair-legs on the floor as everyone pulled himself close up to the table. The air of the narrow cell took a rosy tinge; he began to think of his friends, and how

they would surely be able to do something; of lawyers, and how they would have enjoyed his case, and what an ass he had been not to get in a few; and lastly, he thought of his own great cleverness and resource, and all that he was capable of if he only gave his great mind to it; and the cure was almost complete.

When the girl returned, some hours later, she carried a tray, with a cup of fragrant tea steaming on it; and a plate piled up with very hot buttered toast, cut thick, very brown on both sides, with the butter running through the holes in it in great golden drops, like honey from the honeycomb. The smell of that buttered toast simply talked to Toad, and with no uncertain voice; talked of warm kitchens, of breakfasts on bright frosty mornings, of cozy firesides on winter evenings, when one's
ramble was over and slippered feet were propped
on the stool; of the purring of contented cats, and th
canaries. Toad sat up on end once more, dried his
eyes, sippedhis tea and munched his toast, and soon b
talking freely about himself, and the house he lived i
doings there, and how important he was, and what a l

friends thought of him.

The jailer's daughter saw that the topic was doing hi
much good as the tea, as indeed it was, and
encouraged him to go on.

`Tell me about Toad Hall," said she. `It sounds
beautiful.'

`Toad Hall,' said the Toad proudly, `is an
self- contained gentleman's residence very unique; da
from thefourteenth century, but complete with ever
modern convenience. Up-to-date sanitation. Five minu
from church, post-office, and golf-links, Suitable
for----'

`Bless the animal,' said the girl, laughing, `I don't
want to buy it. Tell me something real about it. But f
till I fetch you some more tea and toast.'

She tripped away, and presently returned with a
fresh trayful; and Toad, pitching into the toast with
spirits quite restored to their usual level, told her ab
boathouse, and the fish-pond, and the old walled
kitchen-garden; and about the pig-pens, and the stabl

pigeon-house, and the hen- house; and about the dair
wash-house, and the china- cupboards, and the linen-
(she liked that bit especially); and about the banquet
the funthey had there when the other animals were
gathered round the table and Toad was at his best, si
telling stories, carrying on generally. Then she wante
to know about his animal-friends, and was very intere
he had to tell her about them and how they lived, anc
they did to pass their time. Of course, she did not sa
fond of animals as pets, because she had the sense to
Toad would be extremely insulted. When she said goo
having filled his water-jug and shaken up his straw fo
much the same happy, self- satisfied animal that he
of old. He sang a little song or two, of the sort he us
at his dinner-parties, curled himself up in the
straw, and had an excellent night's rest and the
pleasantest of dreams.

What happens next is that the jailer's daughter
dresses Toad up as a washer woman and helps him to
from jail. He escapes and hops a train and is then
pursued by the police but escapes by a hair into

the forest where he spends the night.

Kenneth Grahame *(8 March 1859 – 6 July 1932) was most famous for The Wind in the Willows (1908), one of the classics of children's literature. He also wrote The Reluctant Dragon; both books were later adapted into Disney films.*

Grahame was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His family moved to a seaside town when he was small due to his father's appointment. However, his mother died in childbirth when he was five and his father, a solicitor, developed a drinking problem and turned the care of all the children over to their maternal grandmother. The children moved in with Granny Ingles and lived in a large house in Cookham Dean. Kenneth was introduced to boating on the riverside by an uncle and it is felt that this setting formed the background of the 'Wind in the Willows' book. He was able to explore the countryside and the Thames river while at school in this area.

Grahame wanted to attend Oxford University, but could not do so because of cost. Instead he went to work at the Bank of England, and rose through the ranks until retiring as its Secretary in 1908. Rumours abound that he was shot at in the bank by a mentally ill individual and due to that and other issues, was forced to retire.

Grahame married Elspeth Thomson in 1899; they had one child, a boy named Alastair (whose nickname was "Mouse") born blind in one eye and plagued by various health problems.

On Grahame's retirement, they returned to Cookham and lived at "Mayfield", where he turned the bedtime stories he told his son into his greatest classic.

Peter Pan (1906)

by J. M. Barrie

Peter Pan Chapter 2 - The Shadow

Chapter 2 - The Shadow

Mrs. Darling screamed, and, as if in answer to a bell, the door opened, and Nana entered, returned from her evening out. She growled and sprang at the boy, who leapt lightly through the window. Again Mrs. Darling screamed, this time in distress for him, for she thought he was killed, and she ran down into the street to look for his little body, but it was not there; and she looked up, and in the black night she could see nothing but what she thought was a shooting star.

She returned to the nursery, and found Nana with something in her mouth, which proved to be the boy's shadow. As he leapt at the window Nana had closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had not had time to get out; slam went the window and snapped it off.

You may be sure Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully, but it was quite the ordinary kind.

Nana had no doubt of what was the best thing to do with this shadow. She hung it out at the window, meaning "He is sure to come back for it; let us put it where he can get it easily without disturbing the children."

But unfortunately Mrs. Darling could not leave it hanging out at the window, it looked so like the washing and lowered the whole tone of the house. She thought of showing it to Mr. Darling, but he was totting up winter great-coats for John and Michael, with a wet towel around his head to keep his brain clear, and it seemed a shame to trouble him; besides, she knew exactly what he would say: "It all comes of having a dog for a nurse."

She decided to roll the shadow up and put it away carefully in a drawer, until a fitting opportunity came for telling her husband. Ah me!

The opportunity came a week later, on that never-to-be-forgotten Friday. Of course it was a Friday.

"I ought to have been specially careful on a Friday," she used to say afterwards to her husband, while perhaps Nana was on the other side of her, holding her hand.

"No, no," Mr. Darling always said, "I am responsible for it all. I, George Darling, did it. MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA." He had had a classical education.

They sat thus night after night recalling that fatal Friday, till every detail of it was stamped on their brains and came through on the other side like the faces on a bad coinage.

"If only I had not accepted that invitation to dine at 27," Mrs. Darling said.

"If only I had not poured my medicine into Nana's bowl," said Mr. Darling.

"If only I had pretended to like the medicine," was what Nana's wet eyes said.

"My liking for parties, George."

"My fatal gift of humour, dearest."

"My touchiness about trifles, dear master and mistress."

Then one or more of them would break down altogether; Nana at the thought, "It's true, it's true, they ought not to have had a dog for a nurse." Many a time it was Mr. Darling who put the handkerchief to Nana's eyes.

"That fiend!" Mr. Darling would cry, and Nana's bark was the echo of it, but Mrs. Darling never upbraided Peter; there was something in the right-hand corner of her mouth that wanted her not to call Peter names.

They would sit there in the empty nursery, recalling fondly every smallest detail of that dreadful evening. It

had begun so uneventfully, so precisely like a hundred other evenings, with Nana putting on the water for Michael's bath and carrying him to it on her back.

"I won't go to bed," he had shouted, like one who still believed that he had the last word on the subject, "I won't, I won't. Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Nana. I tell you I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!"

Then Mrs. Darling had come in, wearing her white evening-gown. She had dressed early because Wendy so loved to see her in her evening-gown, with the necklace George had given her. She was wearing Wendy's bracelet on her arm; she had asked for the loan of it. Wendy loved to lend her bracelet to her mother.

She had found her two older children playing at being herself and father on the occasion of Wendy's birth, and John was saying:

"I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother," in just such a tone as Mr. Darling himself may have used on the real occasion.

Wendy had danced with joy, just as the real Mrs. Darling must have done.

Then John was born, with the extra pomp that he conceived due to the birth of a male, and Michael came from his bath to ask to be born also, but John said brutally that they did not want any more.

Michael had nearly cried. "Nobody wants me," he said, and of course the lady in the evening-dress could not stand that.

"I do," she said, "I so want a third child."

"Boy or girl?" asked Michael, not too hopefully.

"Boy."

Then he had leapt into her arms. Such a little thing for Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana to recall now, but not so little if that was to be Michael's last night in the nursery.

They go on with their recollections.

"It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wasn't it?" Mr. Darling would say, scorning himself; and indeed he had been like a tornado.

Perhaps there was some excuse for him. He, too, had been dressing for the party, and all had gone well with him until he came to his tie. It is an astounding thing to have to tell, but this man, though he knew about stocks and shares, had no real mastery of his tie. Sometimes the thing yielded to him without a contest, but there were occasions when it would have been better for the house if he had swallowed his pride and used a made-up tie.

This was such an occasion. He came rushing into the

nursery with the crumpled little brute of a tie in his hand.

"Why, what is the matter, father dear?"

"Matter!" he yelled; he really yelled. "This tie, it will not tie." He became dangerously sarcastic. "Not round my neck! Round the bed-post! Oh yes, twenty times have I made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, no! Oh dear no! begs to be excused!"

He thought Mrs. Darling was not sufficiently impressed, and he went on sternly, "I warn you of this, mother, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go out to dinner to-night, and if I don't go out to dinner to-night, I never go to the office again, and if I don't go to the office again, you and I starve, and our children will be flung into the streets."

Even then Mrs. Darling was placid. "Let me try, dear," she said, and indeed that was what he had come to ask her to do, and with her nice cool hands she tied his tie for him, while the children stood around to see their fate decided. Some men would have resented her being able to do it so easily, but Mr. Darling had far too fine a nature for that; he thanked her carelessly, at once forgot his rage, and in another moment was dancing round the room with Michael on his back.

"How wildly we romped!" says Mrs. Darling now, recalling it.

"Our last romp!" Mr. Darling groaned.

"O George, do you remember Michael suddenly said to me, `How did you get to know me, mother?'"

"I remember!"

"They were rather sweet, don't you think, George?"

"And they were ours, ours! and now they are gone."

The romp had ended with the appearance of Nana, and most unluckily Mr. Darling collided against her, covering his trousers with hairs. They were not only new trousers, but they were the first he had ever had with braid on them, and he had had to bite his lip to prevent the tears coming. Of course Mrs. Darling brushed him, but he began to talk again about its being a mistake to have a dog for a nurse.

"George, Nana is a treasure."

"No doubt, but I have an uneasy feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies."

"Oh no, dear one, I feel sure she knows they have souls."

"I wonder," Mr. Darling said thoughtfully, "I wonder." It was an opportunity, his wife felt, for telling him about the boy. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but he became thoughtful when she showed him the shadow.

"It is nobody I know," he said, examining it carefully, "but it does look a scoundrel."

"We were still discussing it, you remember," says Mr. Darling, "when Nana came in with Michael's medicine. You will never carry the bottle in your mouth again, Nana, and it is all my fault."

Strong man though he was, there is no doubt that he had behaved rather foolishly over the medicine. If he had a weakness, it was for thinking that all his life he had taken medicine boldly, and so now, when Michael dodged the spoon in Nana's mouth, he had said reprovingly, "Be a man, Michael."

"Won't; won't!" Michael cried naughtily. Mrs. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him, and Mr. Darling thought this showed want of firmness.

"Mother, don't pamper him," he called after her. "Michael, when I was your age I took medicine without a murmur. I said, `Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make we well.'"

He really thought this was true, and Wendy, who was now in her night-gown, believed it also, and she said, to encourage Michael, "That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn't it?"

"Ever so much nastier," Mr. Darling said bravely, "and I would take it now as an example to you, Michael, if I hadn't lost the bottle."

He had not exactly lost it; he had climbed in the dead of night to the top of the wardrobe and hidden it there. What he did not know was that the faithful Liza had found it, and put it back on his wash-stand.

"I know where it is, father," Wendy cried, always glad to be of service. "I'll bring it," and she was off before he could stop her. Immediately his spirits sank in the strangest way.

"John," he said, shuddering, "it's most beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind."

"It will soon be over, father," John said cheerily, and then in rushed Wendy with the medicine in a glass.

"I have been as quick as I could," she panted.

"You have been wonderfully quick," her father retorted, with a vindictive politeness that was quite thrown away upon her. "Michael first," he said doggedly.

"Father first," said Michael, who was of a suspicious nature.

"I shall be sick, you know," Mr. Darling said threateningly.

"Come on, father," said John.

"Hold your tongue, John," his father rapped out.

Wendy was quite puzzled. "I thought you took it quite easily, father."

"That is not the point," he retorted. "The point is, that there is more in my glass that in Michael's spoon." His proud heart was nearly bursting. "And it isn't fair: I would say it though it were with my last breath; it isn't fair."

"Father, I am waiting," said Michael coldly.

"It's all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting."

"Father's a cowardly custard."

"So are you a cowardly custard."

"I'm not frightened."

"Neither am I frightened."

"Well, then, take it."

"Well, then, you take it."

Wendy had a splendid idea. "Why not both take it at the same time?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Darling. "Are you ready, Michael?"

Wendy gave the words, one, two, three, and Michael

took his medicine, but Mr. Darling slipped his behind his back.

There was a yell of rage from Michael, and "O father!" Wendy exclaimed.

"What do you mean by `O father'?" Mr. Darling demanded. "Stop that row, Michael. I meant to take mine, but I -- I missed it."

It was dreadful the way all the three were looking at him, just as if they did not admire him. "Look here, all of you," he said entreatingly, as soon as Nana had gone into the bathroom. "I have just thought of a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Nana's bowl, and she will drink it, thinking it is milk!"

It was the colour of milk; but the children did not have their father's sense of humour, and they looked at him reproachfully as he poured the medicine into Nana's bowl. "What fun!" he said doubtfully, and they did not dare expose him when Mrs. Darling and Nana returned.

"Nana, good dog," he said, patting her, "I have put a little milk into your bowl, Nana."

Nana wagged her tail, ran to the medicine, and began lapping it. Then she gave Mr. Darling such a look, not an angry look: she showed him the great red tear that makes us so sorry for noble dogs, and crept into her kennel.

Mr. Darling was frightfully ashamed of himself, but he would not give in. In a horrid silence Mrs. Darling smelt the bowl. "O George," she said, "it's your medicine!"

"It was only a joke," he roared, while she comforted her boys, and Wendy hugged Nana. "Much good," he said bitterly, "my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house."

And still Wendy hugged Nana. "That's right," he shouted. "Coddle her! Nobody coddles me. Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled--why, why, why!"

"George," Mrs. Darling entreated him, "not so loud; the servants will hear you." Somehow they had got into the way of calling Liza the servants.

"Let them!" he answered recklessly. "Bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nursery for an hour longer."

The children wept, and Nana ran to him beseechingly, but he waved her back. He felt he was a strong man again. "In vain, in vain," he cried; "the proper place for you is the yard, and there you go to be tied up this instant."

"George, George," Mrs. Darling whispered, "remember what I told you about that boy."

Alas, he would not listen. He was determined to show

who was master in that house, and when commands would not draw Nana from the kennel, he lured her out of it with honeyed words, and seizing her roughly, dragged her from the nursery. He was ashamed of himself, and yet he did it. It was all owing to his too affectionate nature, which craved for admiration. When he had tied her up in the back-yard, the wretched father went and sat in the passage, with his knuckles to his eyes.

In the meantime Mrs. Darling had put the children to bed in unwonted silence and lit their night-lights. They could hear Nana barking, and John whimpered, "It is because he is chaining her up in the yard," but Wendy was wiser.

"That is not Nana's unhappy bark," she said, little guessing what was about to happen; "that is her bark when she smells danger."

Danger!

"Are you sure, Wendy?"

"Oh, yes."

Mrs. Darling quivered and went to the window. It was securely fastened. She looked out, and the night was peppered with stars. They were crowding round the house, as if curious to see what was to take place there, but she did not notice this, nor that one or two of the smaller ones winked at her. Yet a nameless fear clutched at her heart and made her cry, "Oh, how I wish that I

wasn't going to a party to-night!"

Even Michael, already half asleep, knew that she was perturbed, and he asked, "Can anything harm us, mother, after the night- lights are lit?"

"Nothing, precious," she said; "they are the eyes a mother leaves behind her to guard her children."

She went from bed to bed singing enchantments over them, and little Michael flung his arms round her. "Mother," he cried, "I'm glad of you." They were the last words she was to hear from him for a long time.

No. 27 was only a few yards distant, but there had been a slight fall of snow, and Father and Mother Darling picked their way over it deftly not to soil their shoes. They were already the only persons in the street, and all the stars were watching them. Stars are beautiful, but they may not take an active part in anything, they must just look on forever. It is a punishment put on them for something they did so long ago that no star now knows what it was. So the older ones have become glassy-eyed and seldom speak (winking is the star language), but the little ones still wonder. They are not really friendly to Peter, who had a mischievous way of stealing up behind them and trying to blow them out; but they are so fond of fun that they were on his side to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of the way. So as soon as the door of 27 closed on Mr. and Mrs. Darling there was a commotion in the firmament, and the smallest of all the stars in the Milky Way screamed out:

"Now, Peter!"

***Sir James Matthew Barrie, 1st Baronet**, OM (9 May 1860 – 19 June 1937) was an author and playwright, best remembered today as the creator of Peter Pan. The child of a family of small-town weavers, he was educated*

in Scotland. Barrie attended University of Edinburgh at the same time as Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Louis Stevenson.

At 6 years of age, one of his brothers was killed in a skating accident. This brother was his mother's favorite and it seemed that Barrie's mother found comfort in the fact that her dead son would remain a boy forever, never to grow up and leave her. It is a fairly easy leap to see this theme then recreated in Barrie's written work.

Barrie became friends with Conan Doyle and they were members of the same cricket team. He corresponded with R.L.Stevenson, although, they never met.

Peter Pan was a 1904 stage play before it was a novel, but the character of Peter Pan actually goes back even further — to a book called The Little White Bird.

Published in 1902, The Little White Bird was an adult novel that featured an unaging boy named Peter Pan who lived among birds in the middle of Kensington Gardens. The book was written after Barrie spent time in Kensington gardens in the company of some small boys that he was later to adopt after the death of their parents.

The character of Peter Pan was invented to entertain

George and Jack Llewelyn Davies. Barrie would say, to amuse them, that their little brother Peter could fly. He claimed that babies were birds before they were born; parents put bars on nursery windows to keep the little ones from flying away. This grew into a tale of a baby boy who did fly away.

Barrie, who probably suffered from a growth defect, never had any children of his own although he was married for a time.

Barrie was made a baronet by George V in 1913, and a member of the Order of Merit in 1922. Before his death, he gave the rights to the Peter Pan works to London's Great Ormond Street Hospital, which continues to benefit from them.

Illustration - Sidney Paget 1891

***His Last Bow* (1917) – A.C. Doyle**

The Adventure of the Dying Detective (adapted)

Mrs. Hudson, the landlady of Sherlock Holmes, put up with a lot. Not only was her first-floor flat invaded at all hours by many odd and undesirable characters but also Holmes was weird and irregular in his life. He was untidy, played music at strange hours, fired guns inside, made smelly experiments; in addition, there was an atmosphere of violence and danger which hung around him made him the very worst tenant in London. On the other hand, his payments were large. I have no doubt that the house might have been purchased at the price which Holmes paid for his rooms during the years that I was with him.

The landlady had the deepest respect for him and never dared to interfere with him, however wild he was. She was fond of him, too, for he had a remarkable gentleness and courtesy in his dealings with women. Knowing how genuine was her regard for him, I listened carefully when she came to my apartment in the second year of my married life and told me of how sick Holmes was.

"He's dying, Dr. Watson," said she. "For three

days he has been sinking, and I doubt if he will last the day. He would not let me get a doctor. This morning when I saw his bones sticking out of his face and his great bright eyes looking at me I could stand no more of it. 'With your permission or not, Mr. Holmes, I am going for a doctor,' said I. 'Let it be Watson, then,' said he. I wouldn't waste an hour in coming to him, sir, or he may not live."

I was shocked for I had heard nothing of his illness. I need not say that I rushed for my coat and my hat and we drove back by carriage.

"There is little I can tell you, sir. He has been working at a case down at an alley near the river, and he has brought this illness back with him. He took to his bed on Wednesday afternoon and has never moved since. For these three days neither food nor drink has passed his lips."

"Good God! Why did you not call in a doctor?"

"He wouldn't have it, sir. You know how masterful he is. I didn't dare to disobey him. But he's not long for this world, as you'll see for yourself."

He did look terrible. In the dim light of a foggy November day the sick room was a gloomy spot, but it was that thin, wasted face staring at me from the bed which scared me. His eyes were bright with fever, there was a flush upon either cheek,

and dark crusts clung to his lips; the thin hands upon the coverlet moved constantly, his voice was croaking like a frog. He lay sadly as I entered the room, but the sight of me brought a gleam to his eyes.

"Good heavens, Holmes! Do you imagine it would prevent me from doing my duty to so old a friend?"

Again I advanced, but he repulsed me with a look of furious anger.

"If you will stand there I will talk. If you do not you must leave."

I have so deep a respect for Holmes that I have always done what he wished. But now all my professional instincts were aroused. I didn't like this, I was the doctor.

"Holmes," said I, "you are not yourself. A sick man is but a child, and so I will treat you. Whether you like it or not, I will examine your symptoms and treat you for them."

He looked at me with evil eyes.

"If I am to have a doctor, let me at least have someone I can believe in" said he.

"Then you have none in me?"

"In your friendship, certainly. But facts are facts, Watson, and, after all, you are only a general practitioner. It is painful to have to say these things."

I was bitterly hurt.

"Such a remark is unkind, Holmes. It shows me the state of your own nerves. But if you have no confidence, I am done in. Let me bring any of the best men in London. I am not going to stand here and see you die."

"You mean well, Watson," said the sick man with something between a sob and a groan. "But what do you know of strange tropical fevers and rashes?"

"Nothing."

"There are many strange diseases from the East, Watson." He paused after each sentence to rest. "I have learned so much working on a recent case. This is how I caught this thing. You can do nothing."

"Possibly not. But I happen to know that the greatest living authority upon tropical disease, is now in London. I am going to get him." I turned to

the door.

Never have I had such a shock! In an instant, with a tiger-spring, the dying man had stopped me. I heard the sharp snap of a twisted key. The next moment he had staggered back to his bed, exhausted.

"You won't take the key from be by force, Watson, I've got you, my friend. Here you are, and here you will stay." (All this in little gasps for breath.). You shall have your way, but let me get my strength. Not now, Watson, not now. It's four o'clock. At six you can go."

"This is insanity, Holmes."

"Only two hours, Watson. I promise you will go at six. Are you content to wait?"

"I seem to have no choice."

"None in the world, Watson. You will seek help from the man that I choose."

"By all means."

"The first three sensible words that you have uttered since you entered this room, Watson. I am somewhat exhausted; I wonder how a battery

feels? At six, Watson, at six."

Then Holmes appeared to be asleep. Unable to settle down to reading, I walked round the room. Finally, I came to the mantelpiece and found a litter of things. In the middle of these was a small black and white ivory box. It was a neat little thing, and I had stretched out my hand to pick it up when there was a horrible cry.

It was a dreadful cry that he gave--a yell which might have been heard down the street. My skin went cold and my hair stood up at that horrible scream. As I turned I caught a glimpse of a twisted face and frantic eyes. I stood frozen, with the little box in my hand.

"Put it down! Down, this instant, Watson--this instant, I say!" His head sank back upon the pillow and he gave a deep sigh of relief as I replaced the box upon the mantelpiece. "I hate to have my things touched, Watson. Sit down, man, and let me have my rest!"

The incident was most unpleasant. The violent emotions, followed by this rough speech, so far unlike him, showed me how deep was the breakdown of his mind. Of all ruins, that of a noble mind is the saddest. I sat in depression until it was six. It was hardly six before he began to

talk with the same feverish animation as before.

"Now, Watson," said he. "Have you any change in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Any silver?"

"A good deal."

"How many half-crowns?"

"I have five."

"Ah, too few! Too few! How very unfortunate, Watson! However, such as they are you can put them in your watch pocket. And all the rest of your money in your left trouser pocket. Thank you. Now you will be better balanced."

This was raving insanity. He shuddered, and again made a sound between a cough and a sob.

"You will now light the gas, Watson, only half on. Excellent, Watson! There is a sugar-tongs there. Kindly raise that small ivory box with its assistance. Place it here among the papers. Good! You can now go and get Mr. Culverton Smith, of 13 Lower Burke Street."

To tell the truth, my desire to get a doctor was less, for poor Holmes was so delirious that it seemed dangerous to

leave him. However, he seemed to really want to see this man.

"I never heard the name," said I.

"Possibly not, my good Watson. It may surprise you to know that the man upon earth who is best knows this disease is not a medical man, but a planter. Mr. Culverton Smith is a well-known resident of Sumatra, now visiting London. If you could talk him into coming here and seeing me he can help me."

Holmes kept gasping for breath and clutching his hands. His appearance had changed for the worse during the few hours that I had been with him. Those spots on his cheeks were more pronounced, the eyes shone more brightly out of darker eyes, and a cold sweat glimmered upon his brow. He still retained, however, his jaunty speech. To the last gasp he would always be the master.

"You will tell him exactly how you have left me," said he. "You tell him I am-a dying man--a dying and delirious man. Indeed, I cannot think why the whole of the ocean is not one solid mass of oysters, they multiple so much. Ah, I am wandering! What was I saying, Watson?"

"My directions for Mr. Culverton Smith."

"Ah, yes, I remember. My life depends upon it.

Plead with him, Watson. There are bad feelings between us. His nephew, Watson--I suspected foul play. The boy died horribly. Beg him, pray him, get him here by any means. He can save me--only he!"

"I will bring him in a cab, if I have to carry him down to it."

"You will do nothing of the sort. You will talk him into coming. And then you will return in front of him. Don't forget, Watson. No doubt there are creatures that eat the oysters. Shall the world, then, be overrun by oysters? No, no; horrible! You'll tell him Watson, you tell him!"

I left him babbling like a foolish child. He had handed me the key. Mrs. Hudson was waiting, trembling and weeping, in the hall. Behind me I heard Holmes's high, thin voice in some delirious chant. Below, as I stood whistling for a cab, a man came on me through the fog.

"How is Mr. Holmes, sir?" he asked.

It was an old friend, Inspector Morton, of Scotland Yard.

"He is very ill," I answered.

He looked at me oddly. He looked happy! !

"I heard of it," said he.

The cab had driven up, and I left him.

Lower Burke Street proved to be a line of fine houses. The particular one at which my cabman pulled up had was costly and well kept. All was in keeping with a solemn butler who appeared.

"Yes, Mr. Culverton Smith is in. Dr. Watson! Very good, sir, I will take up your card."

My humble name and title did not appear to impress Mr. Culverton Smith. Through the half-open door I heard a high, cross voice.

"Who is this person? What does he want? Dear me, Staples, how often have I said that I am not to be disturbed in my study?"

There came a gentle flow of soothing explanation

from the butler.

"Well, I won't see him, Staples. I can't have my work interrupted like this. I am not at home. Say so. Tell him to come in the morning if he really must see me."

Again the gentle murmur.

From the hiding-place I heard the footsteps upon the stair, with the opening and the closing of the bedroom door. Then, to my surprise, there came a long silence, broken only by the heavy breathings of the sick man. At last that strange hush was broken.

"Holmes!" he cried. "Holmes!" "Can't you hear me, Holmes?" There was a rustling, as if he had shaken the sick man roughly by the shoulder.

"Is that you, Mr. Smith?" Holmes whispered. "I hoped that you would come."

The other laughed.

"I should imagine not," he said. "And yet, you see, I am here. Help thy enemy Holmes, help thy

enemy!"

"It is very good of you--very noble of you. I value your knowledge of diseases."

Our visitor laughed.

"You do. You are, fortunately, the only man in London who does. Do you know what is the matter with you?"

"Yes," said Holmes.

"Ah! You recognize the symptoms?"

"Only too well."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised, Holmes. I shouldn't be surprised if it WERE the same. And too bad for you if it is. Poor Victor was a dead man in four days--a strong, hearty young fellow. It was certainly, as you said, very surprising that he should have gotten a rare Asiatic disease in the heart of London--. Odd chance, Holmes. Very smart of you to notice, but unkind to tell people that I was the cause of his death."

"I knew that you did it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, you couldn't prove it, anyhow. But what do you think of yourself spreading reports about me like that, and then crawling to me

for help the moment you are in trouble? What sort of a game is that--eh?"

I heard the rasping breathing of the sick man. "Give me the water!" he gasped.

"You're precious near your end, my friend, but I don't want you to go till I have had a word with you. That's why I give you water. That's right. Can you understand what I say?"

Holmes groaned.

"Do what you can for me. Let the past be the past," he whispered. "I'll forget everything I said--I swear I will. Only cure me."

"Forget what?"

"Well, about Victor Savage's death. You as good as admitted just now that you had done it. I'll forget it."

"You can forget it or remember it, just as you like, my good Holmes, I assure you. I don't care whether or not you know how my nephew died. It's not him we are talking about. It's you."

"Yes, yes."

"The fellow who came for me--I've forgotten his

name--said that you contracted it down in the East End among the sailors."

"I could only account for it so."

"You are proud of your brains, Holmes, are you not? Think yourself smart, don't you? You came across someone who was smarter this time. Now think back, Holmes. Is there any other way you could have got this thing?"

"I can't think. My mind is gone. Help me!"

"Yes, I will help you. I'll help you to understand just where you are and how you got there. I'd like you to know before you die."

"Give me something to ease my pain."

"Painful, is it? Yes, the Chinese workers used to do some wailing towards the end. Takes you as cramp, I fancy." (pain in the stomach)

"Yes, yes; it is cramp."

"Well, you can hear what I say, anyhow. Listen now! Can you remember any unusual that just happened?"

"No, no; nothing."

"Think again."

"I'm too ill to think."

"Well, then, I'll help you. Did anything come by mail?"

"By mail?"

"A box by chance?"

"I'm fainting--I'm gone!"

"Listen, Holmes!" There was a sound as if he was shaking the dying man, and it was all that I could do to hold myself quiet in my hiding-place. "You must hear me. You SHALL hear me. Do you remember a box--an ivory box? It came on Wednesday. You opened it--do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I opened it. There was a sharp spring inside it. Some joke--"

"It was no joke, as you will find to your cost. You fool; you would not let me alone. If you had left me alone I would not have hurt you."

"I remember," Holmes gasped. "The spring! It drew blood. This box--this on the table."

"The very one, by George! And it may as well leave

the room in my pocket. There goes your evidence. But you have the truth now, Holmes, and you can die with the knowledge that I killed you. You knew too much about the fate (destiny) of Victor Savage, so I have sent you to share it. You are very near your end, Holmes. I will sit here and I will watch you die."

Holmes's voice had sunk to an almost inaudible whisper.

"What is that?" said Smith. "Turn up the gas? Ah, it is getting dark, is it? Yes, I will turn it up, that I may see you the better." He crossed the room and the light suddenly brightened. "Is there any other little thing that I can do, my friend?"

"A match and a cigarette."

I nearly called out in my joy and my amazement. He was speaking in his natural voice--a little weak, perhaps, but the very voice I knew. There was a long pause, and I felt that Culverton Smith was standing in silent amazement looking down at Holmes.

"What's the meaning of this?" I heard him say at last in a dry, rasping tone.

"The best way of successfully acting a part is to be it," said Holmes. "I give you my word that for three

days I have tasted neither food nor drink until you were good enough to pour me out that glass of water. But it is the tobacco which I find most irksome. Ah, here ARE some cigarettes." I heard the striking of a match. "That is very much better. Hello, hello! Do I hear the step of a friend?" There were footfalls outside, the door opened, and Inspector Morton appeared.

"All is in order and this is your man," said Holmes.

The officer gave the statements before making an arrest.

"I arrest you on the charge of the murder of one Victor Savage," he concluded.

"And you might add of the attempted murder of one Sherlock Holmes," remarked my friend with a chuckle. "To save me trouble, Inspector, Mr. Culverton Smith was good enough to give our signal by turning up the gas. By the way, the prisoner has a small box in the right-hand pocket of his coat which it would be as well to remove. Thank you. I would handle it carefully if I were you. Put it down here. It may play its part in the trial."

There was a sudden rush and a scuffle, followed by the clash of iron and a cry of pain.

"You'll only get yourself hurt," said the inspector.

"Stand still, will you?" There was the click of the closing handcuffs.

"A nice trap!" cried the high voice. "It will bring YOU into the dock, Holmes, not me. He asked me to come here to cure him. Now he will pretend, no doubt, that I have said anything which he may invent which will confirm his insane suspicions. You can lie as you like, Holmes. My word is as good as yours."

"Good heavens!" cried Holmes. "I had totally forgotten him. My dear Watson, I owe you a thousand apologies. I need not introduce you to Mr. Culverton Smith, since I understand that you met somewhat earlier in the evening. Morton, we will follow you to the station.

"I never needed it more," said Holmes as he refreshed himself with a glass of wine and some biscuits while getting dressed. "However, as you know, my habits are irregular, and going without food means less to me than to most men. I had to convince Mrs. Hudson that I was really sick, since she had to tell you, and you in turn to him. You won't be offended, Watson? You will realize that among your many talents lying is not one, and that if you had shared my secret you would never have been able to impress Smith to come here. Knowing his meanness, I knew he would come."

"But your appearance, Holmes--your face?"

"Three days of no food or drink doesn't help ones looks, Watson. For the rest, there is nothing which a sponge may not cure. With Vaseline on the forehead, eye drops in one's eyes, rouge over the cheek-bones, and crusts of beeswax round one's lips, the look is achieved. Then, a little occasional talk about half-crowns, oysters, or any other odd subject produces the look of delirium."

"But why would you not let me near you, since there was in truth no infection?"

"My dear Watson? Do you imagine that I have no respect for your medical talents? Did I not know that on examination, you would know I was not really sick? At four yards, I could deceive you. If I failed to do so, who would bring my Smith? No, Watson, I don't touch that box. You can just see if you look at it sideways where the sharp spring pops out as you open it. The poison germs were there

I dare say it was by some such device that poor Savage, who stood between this man and property in a will, was done to death. It was clear to me, however, that by pretending that I was really dying I might get him to confess. Thank you, Watson, you must help me on with my coat. When we have finished at the police-station I think that

some food at Simpson's would not be out of place."

Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle (22 May 1859 – 7 July 1930) .

It is difficult at best to know what to say about this extraordinary individual who was Arthur Conan Doyle. In addition to creating the famous Sherlock Holmes character, he also wrote many other stories to include the Professor Challenger series and a novel, 'The Lost World'. Doyle was a trained doctor and worked in his practice for many years and was also active in the scientific community. He

achieved fame during his lifetime for the Sherlock stories. It may have been his writing on political issues that earned him the knighthood.

Doyle was born on 22 May 1859 at 11 Picardy Place, Edinburgh, Scotland. His father, Charles Altamont Doyle was English of Irish descent, and his mother, born Mary Foley, was Irish. They married in 1855. In 1864 the family dispersed due to Charles's growing alcoholism and the children were temporarily housed across Edinburgh. In 1867, the family came together again and lived in the squalid tenement flats at 3 Sciennes Place. His mother, Mary, was an avid story teller and many a time she would spin tales that fascinated her young son. Later, Doyle was sent away to boarding school and then college with funds probably paid for by his well-to-do relatives.

Doyle graduated from medical school and began his practice and was in many ways the head of the household due to his father's chronic illness. He formed an attachment with Professor Joseph Bell during medical school and most people believe that Bell became the inspiration for his famous detective.

Today the Sherlock Holmes saga continues in movies, TV and in newly created stories which feature the 'amateur consulting detective' and his

sidekick, Watson.

The Conan Doyle family estate has given permission for Warner Brothers to release two Sherlock films starring Robert Downey, Jr. and Jude Law and a third is currently in production. The extremely popular British TV series, Sherlock, is coming back for a highly anticipated third season. The trust also gave permission for author Anthony Horowitz to write 'House of Silk,' an adaptation of the Holmes/Watson characters written in a very much Doyle style.

The fact that Doyle's work continues to experience such success more than 80 years after his death speaks of the man, his work and is its own tribute.

Conan Doyle and his family in New York 1922

The Arabian Nights **(1898)**

Andrew Lange

Artist unknown

Prologue – (adapted)

It is told that in the ancient kingdom of the Sassanidae, which reigned for about four hundred years, from Persia to the borders of China, we read the praises of one of the kings of this race, who was said to be the best monarch of his time. His subjects loved him, and his neighbors feared him, and when he died he left his kingdom in a more prosperous way than ever before.

The two sons who survived him loved each other, and it was a real grief to the elder, that the laws of the empire forbade him to share his kingdom with his younger brother. Indeed, after ten years, the King cut off the country of the Tartars (China) from the Persian Empire and made his brother Sultan of it

Now the Sultan had a wife whom he loved more than all the world, and his greatest happiness was to give her the finest dresses and the most beautiful jewels. It was with the deepest shame

and sorrow that he discovered, after several years, that she had deceived him completely, and had a secret boyfriend, so that he felt he had to carry out the law of the land, and ordered her put to death. The blow was so heavy that he almost died, and he declared that all women were as wicked as the sultana, if you only knew, and that the fewer women the better. So every evening he married a new wife and had her strangled the following morning before the grand-vizir.

The poor man fulfilled his job sadly, and every day saw a girl married and a wife dead.

The Sultan's order caused the greatest horror in the town, where nothing was heard but cries and weeping. And instead of the blessings that had formerly been heaped on the Sultan's head, the air was now full of curses of unhappy parents.

The grand-vizir was the father of two daughters, of whom the elder was called Scheherazade, and she was clever and courageous in the highest degree. Her father had given her the best education in philosophy, medicine, history and the fine arts, and besides all this, she was beautiful.

One day, when the grand-vizir(chief counselor to the Sultan) was talking to his eldest daughter, Scheherazade said to him, "Father, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it to me?"

"I can refuse you nothing," replied he, "that is just and reasonable."

"Then listen," said Scheherazade. "I am determined to stop this terrible practice of the Sultan's, and to deliver the girls from their awful fate."

"It would be an excellent thing to do," returned the grand-vizir, "but how do you propose to do it?"

"My father," answered Scheherazade, "it is you who have to provide the Sultan daily with a new wife, and I implore you, allow me to be next."

"Have you lost your senses?" cried the grand-vizir, in horror. "What a thought? You know what it means to be the sultan's bride!"

"Yes, my father, I know it well," replied she, "and I am not afraid. If I fail, my death will be a glorious one, and if I succeed, I shall have done a great service to my country."

"It is of no use," said the grand-vizir, "I shall never consent. You will die!"

"Once again, my father," said Scheherazade, "will you grant me what I ask?"

"Why are you still so stubborn?" exclaimed the

grand-vizir. "Why do you want this?"

But the maiden absolutely wanted to become the next queen and her father went sadly to the palace to tell the Sultan that the following evening he would bring him Scheherazade.

The Sultan received this news with the greatest surprise.

"Have you made up your mind," he asked, "to give up your own daughter?"

"Sire," answered the grand-vizir, "it is her own wish. Even the sad fate that awaits her could not hold her back."

"Let there be no mistake, vizir," said the Sultan. "Remember you will have to take her life yourself. If you refuse, I swear that I shall have your head."

The vizir took back this news to Scheherazade, who was very happy to hear it. She thanked her father warmly, and, seeing him still sad, told him that she hoped he would never regret having allowed her to marry the Sultan. Then she went to prepare herself for the marriage, and begged that her sister should be sent for.

When they were alone, Scheherazade told her:

"My dear sister; I want your help tonight. Father is going to take me to the palace for my marriage with the Sultan. When his Highness receives me, I shall beg him, as a last favor, to let you sleep in our bedroom, so that I may have your company during the last night I am alive. If, as I hope, he grants me my wish, be sure that you wake me before the dawn, and say: "My sister, if you are not asleep, I beg you, to tell me one of your charming stories." Then I shall begin, and I hope by this means to deliver the people from this terror." Dinarzade replied that she gladly do what her sister wished.

When the usual hour arrived the grand-vizir conducted Scheherazade to the palace, and left her alone with the Sultan, who bade her raise her veil and was amazed at her beauty. But seeing her eyes full of tears, he asked what was the matter.

"Sir," replied Scheherazade, "I have a sister who loves me. Grant me the favor of allowing her to sleep this night in the same room, as it is the last we shall be together." The Sultan consented to Scheherazade's wish and the sister was sent for.

An hour before daybreak the sister awoke, and said, as she had promised, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell me, one of your charming stories. It is the last time that I shall hear you."

Scheherazade but turned to the Sultan. "Will your highness let me to do as my sister asks?" said she.

"Willingly," he answered. So Scheherazade began.

Illustration - Thomas McKenzie 1919 *Aladdin*

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

There once lived a poor tailor, who had a son called Aladdin, a lazy, idle boy who would do nothing but play all day long in the streets with other boys like himself. This so grieved his sick father who was dying; yet, in spite of his mother's tears and prayers, Aladdin did not change. One day, when he was playing in the streets as usual, a stranger asked him his age, and if he were not the son of Mustapha the tailor.

"I am, sir," replied Aladdin; "but he died a long while ago."

This stranger, who was really a famous African magician, fell on him, saying: "I am your uncle, and you look just like my brother. Go tell your mother I am coming."

Aladdin ran home, and told his mother of his newly found uncle.

"Indeed, child," she said, "your father had a brother, but I always thought he was dead."

However, she prepared supper, and told Aladdin to go get his uncle, who came with wine and fruit. He told Aladdin's mother to not be surprised at not having seen him for forty years; as he had been out of the country. He asked Aladdin what he did for work, at which the boy hung his head, while his mother burst into tears. On learning that Aladdin had no job, he offered to buy him a shop. Next day he bought Aladdin a new suit of clothes, and took him all over the city, showing him the sights, and brought him home that night to his mother, who was full of joy to see him dressed so well.

Next day the magician led Aladdin a long way outside the city gates. They sat down by a fountain, and the magician pulled out food, which he divided between them. They then traveled a long time till they almost reached the mountains. Aladdin was so tired that he begged to go back, but the magician told him many stories, and they kept walking.

At last they came to two mountains divided by a narrow valley.

"We will go no farther," said the false uncle. "I will show you something wonderful; only go gather up sticks while I kindle a fire."

When it was lit the magician threw on it a powder

and said some magical words. The earth trembled a little and opened in front of them, showing a square flat stone with a brass ring in the middle to raise it by. Aladdin was frightened and tried to run away, but the magician caught him and knocked him down.

"What have I done, uncle?" he said sadly; and the magician said: "Fear nothing, but obey me. Beneath this stone lies a treasure which is to be yours, but you must do exactly as I tell you."

At the word treasure, Aladdin forgot his fears, and pulled the ring as he was told, and the stone came up easily and some steps appeared.

"Go down," said the magician; "at the foot of those steps you will find an open door leading into three large halls. Do not touch anything, or you will die. These halls lead into a garden of fine fruit trees. Walk on till you come to a wall where stands a lighted lamp. Pour out the oil it contains and bring it to me."

He drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin, bidding him to do well.

Aladdin found everything as the magician had said, gathered some fruit off the trees, and, having got the lamp, came back to the mouth of the cave. The magician cried out in a great hurry:

"Make haste and give me the lamp." This Aladdin refused to do until he was out of the cave. The magician flew into a terrible rage, and throwing some more powder on the fire, he said something, and the stone rolled back into its place and covered the steps

The magician left Persia forever, which showed that he was no uncle of Aladdin's, but a great magician who had knew of the magical lamp, which would make him the most powerful man in the world. Though he knew where to find it, he could only get it from the hand of another. He had picked out the foolish Aladdin for this reason, intending to get the lamp from him and then get rid of him

For two days Aladdin remained in the dark, crying and sobbing. At last he put his hands in prayer, and in so doing rubbed the ring, which the magician had forgotten to take from him. Immediately an enormous and frightful genie rose out of the earth, saying:

"What do you want from me? I am the Slave of the Ring, and will obey thee in all things."

Aladdin fearlessly replied: "Deliver me from this place!" whereupon the earth opened, and he found himself outside. As soon as his eyes could bear the light he went home, where he told his mother what

had happened, and showed her the lamp and the fruits he had gathered in the garden, which were really precious stones. He then asked for some food.

"Alas! child," she said, "I have nothing in the house, but I have spun a little cotton and will go and sell it."

Aladdin bade her keep her cotton, for he would sell the lamp instead. As it was very dirty she began to rub it, that it might fetch a higher price. Instantly a hideous genie appeared, and asked what she would have. She fainted away, but Aladdin, snatching the lamp, said boldly:

"Fetch me something to eat!"

The genie returned with a silver bowl, twelve silver plates containing rich meats, two silver cups, and two bottles of wine. Aladdin's mother, when she came to, said:

"Where does all this food come from?"

"Ask not, but eat," replied Aladdin.

So they sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and Aladdin told his mother about the lamp. She begged him to sell it, and have nothing to do with genies.

"No," said Aladdin, "since chance has made us aware of its virtues, we will use it and the ring likewise, which I shall always wear on my finger."

One day Aladdin heard an order from the Sultan that everyone was to stay at home and close his windows while the princess, his daughter, went to and from the bath. Aladdin was seized by a desire to see her face, which was hard to do, as she always went veiled.

He hid himself behind the door of the bath, and looked through a little hole. The princess looked so beautiful that Aladdin fell in love with her. He went home and told his mother her he loved the princess so deeply that he could not live without her, and wanted to marry her. His mother, started laughing, but Aladdin told her to go before the Sultan and take his wish of marriage.

So, she fetched a napkin and put into it the magic fruits from the enchanted garden. She took these to please the Sultan, and set out. The grand-vizir and the lords of council had just gone in as she entered the hall and placed herself in front of the Sultan. He, however, took no notice of her. She went every day for a week, and stood in the same place.

On the sixth day the Sultan said to his vizir: "I see a certain woman there every day carrying

something in a napkin. Call her next time, that I may find out what she wants."

Next day, at a sign from the vizir, she went up to the foot of the throne, and remained kneeling till the Sultan said to her: "Rise, good woman, and tell me what you want."

She couldn't speak, so the Sultan sent away all but the vizir, and asked her to speak freely. She then told him of her son's violent love for the princess.

"I prayed him to forget her," she said, "but in vain; he said I must go and ask your Majesty for the hand of the princess. Now I pray you to forgive me and my son Aladdin."

The Sultan asked her what she had in the napkin, so she presented the jewels.

He was amazed, and turning to the vizir said: "What do you say? Should I not give the princess to one who values her so highly?"

The vizir, who wanted her for his own son, begged the Sultan to wait for three months, in which time he hoped his son would to make him a richer present. The Sultan said yes, and told Aladdin's mother that, though he agreed to the marriage, she must wait three months.

Aladdin waited patiently for nearly three months, but after two had passed his mother, going into the city to buy oil, found everyone rejoicing, and asked what was going on.

"Do you not know," was the answer, "that the son of the grand-vizir is to marry the Sultan's daughter to-night?"

Breathless, she ran and told Aladdin, who was stunned at first, but presently thought of the lamp. He rubbed it, and the genie appeared, saying: "What is thy will?"

Aladdin replied: "The Sultan, has broken his promise to me, and the vizir's son is to have the princess. My command is that to-night you bring hither the bride and bridegroom."

"Master, I obey," said the genie.

Aladdin then went to his chamber, where, at midnight the genie transported the bed containing the vizir's son and the princess.

"Take this new-married man," he said, "and put him outside in the cold, and return at daybreak."

Whereupon the genie took the vizir's son out of bed, leaving Aladdin with the princess.

"Fear nothing," Aladdin said to her; "you are my wife, promised to me and no harm will come to you and he left her. In the morning the genie got the shivering bridegroom, laid him in his place, and transported the bed back to the palace. For another two days, this evening ritual was repeated. The genie would transport the bed to Aladdin and put the groom out in the cold.

Finally, the next morning, the son of the vizir told them dearly as he loved the princess, he had rather die than go through another night like that one, and wished to be separated from her. His wish was granted.

When the three months were over, Aladdin sent his mother to remind the Sultan of his promise. She stood in the same place as before, and the Sultan, and sent for her. On seeing her clothes the Sultan did not want to keep his word, and asked the vizir's advice, who told him to put a price on the princess so high that no man could pay it.

The Sultan then turned to Aladdin's mother, saying: "Good woman, your son must first send me forty basins of gold brimful of jewels, carried by forty black slaves, led by as many white ones, splendidly dressed. Tell him that I await his answer." The mother of Aladdin bowed low and went home, thinking it was all over. She didn't

believe Aladdin could do it. When she told him, he replied "I would do a great deal more than that for the princess."

He called the genie, and in a few moments the eighty slaves arrived, and filled up the small house and garden. Aladdin made them set out to the palace, two and two, followed by his mother. They were so richly dressed, with such splendid jewels in their belts, that everyone crowded to see them and the basins of gold they carried on their heads.

They entered the palace, and, after kneeling before the Sultan, stood in a half-circle round the throne with their arms crossed, while Aladdin's mother presented them to the Sultan. He hesitated no longer, but said: "Good woman, return and tell your son that I wait for him with open arms." She ran to tell Aladdin, bidding him to hurry.

But Aladdin first called the genie."I want a scented bath," he said, "a richly embroidered suit, a horse surpassing the Sultan's, and twenty slaves to attend me. Besides this, six slaves, beautifully dressed, to wait on my mother; and lastly, ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses." No sooner said than done. Aladdin mounted his horse and passed through the streets, the slaves strewing gold as they went. No one in the town knew who this mysterious person was.

When the Sultan saw him and rushed to embrace him and asked him to marry him to the princess that very day. But Aladdin refused, saying, "I must build a palace fit for her," and took his leave. Once home he said to the genie: "Build me a palace of the finest marble, set with precious stones, diamonds and rubies. In the middle build a dome, its four walls of gold and silver, each side having six windows, all except one, which is to be left unfinished. There must be stables and horses and grooms and slaves; go!"

The palace was finished by next day, and the genie carried him there and showed him. That night the princess said good-bye to her father, and set out for Aladdin's palace, with his mother, and followed by the hundred slaves. She was charmed at the sight of Aladdin, who ran to receive her. "Princess," he said, "blame your beauty for my boldness."

She told him that, having seen him, she willingly married him. After the wedding had taken place Aladdin led her into the hall, where a feast was spread, they ate, after which they danced till midnight.

Next day Aladdin invited the Sultan to see the palace. On entering the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, with their rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, he cried:

"It is a world's wonder! But one is unfinished. Was it by accident that one window was left undone?"

"No, sir," returned Aladdin. "I wished your Majesty to have the glory of finishing this palace."

The Sultan was pleased, and sent for the best jewelers in the city. He showed them the unfinished window, and bade them to make it like the others.

"Sir," replied their spokesman, "we cannot find jewels enough."

The Sultan had his own brought, which they soon used, but in a month's time the work was not half done. Aladdin, knowing that they could not get it done, and had the genie finish the window. The Sultan visited Aladdin, who showed him the window finished. The Sultan hugged him, while the vizir hinted it was all magic.

Aladdin had won the hearts of the people by his gentle bearing. He was made captain of the Sultan's armies, and won several battles for him, but remained modest and courteous, and lived in peace for several years.

The Magician Gets Even

But far away in Africa the magician remembered Aladdin, and discovered that Aladdin, instead of dying in the cave, had escaped, and had married a princess, and was living well. He knew that the poor tailor's son could only have done this with the lamp, and travelled night and day till he reached the capital of China, to get even with Aladdin and plan his ruin. As he passed through the town he heard people talking about a wonderful palace.

"Forgive my ignorance," he asked, "what is this palace you speak of?"

"Have you not heard of Prince Aladdin's palace," was the reply, "the greatest wonder of the world? I will direct you if you want to see it."

The magician thanked him, and then having seen the palace knew that it had been done by the genie of the lamp, and became half mad with rage. He determined to get hold of the lamp, and again make Aladdin poor again.

Unluckily, Aladdin had gone hunting for eight days, which gave the magician plenty of time. He bought a dozen copper lamps, put them into a basket, and went to the palace, crying: "New lamps for old!"

followed by a yelling crowd. The princess, sitting in the hall of windows, sent a slave to find out what the noise was about, who came back laughing.

"Madam," replied the slave, "who can help laughing to see an old fool offering to exchange fine new lamps for old ones?"

Another slave, hearing this, said: "There is an old one on the window ledge there which he can have."

Now this was the magic lamp, which Aladdin had left there, as he could not take it out hunting with him. The princess, not knowing its value, told the slave take it and make the exchange.

She went and said to the magician: "Give me a new lamp for this."

The magician snatched it and told the slave take her choice, among the jeers of the crowd. He could care less, but ran out of the city gates to a lonely place, and he pulled out the lamp and rubbed it. The genie appeared, and at the magician's command carried him, together with the palace and the princess in it, to a lonely place in Africa.

Next morning the Sultan looked out of the window towards Aladdin's palace and rubbed his eyes, for it was gone. He sent for the vizir, and asked what had become of the palace. The vizir looked out

too, and was lost.

He again put it down to magic, and this time the Sultan believed him, and sent thirty men on horseback to fetch Aladdin in chains. They met him riding home, bound him, and forced him to go with them on foot. The people, however, who loved him, followed, armed, to see that he came to no harm. He was carried before the Sultan, who ordered the executioner to cut off his head. The executioner made Aladdin kneel down, and raised his sword to strike.

At that instant the vizir, who saw that the crowd had gotten into the courtyard and were coming to rescue Aladdin, told him to stop. The people, indeed, looked so angry that the Sultan ordered Aladdin pardoned him in front of the crowd.

Aladdin now begged to know what he had done.

"False deceiver!" said the Sultan, "come hither," and showed him from the window the place where his palace had stood.

Aladdin was so amazed that he could not say a word.

"Where is my palace and my daughter?" demanded the Sultan. "I don't care about the palace, but you must find my daughter or lose your head."

Aladdin begged for forty days in which to find her, promising if he failed to return and suffer death at the Sultan's pleasure. His prayer was granted, and he went forth sadly from the Sultan's presence. For three days he wandered about like a madman, and no one could help him. He came to the banks of a river, and knelt down to say his prayers and he rubbed the magic ring he still wore.

The genie he had seen in the cave appeared, and asked his will.

"Save my life, genie," said Aladdin, "and bring my palace back."

"That is not in my power," said the genie; "I am only the slave of the ring; you must ask the slave of the lamp."

"Even so," said Aladdin "but you can take me to the palace and to my wife." He at once found himself in Africa, under the window of the princess, and fell asleep.

He was awakened by the singing of the birds, and his heart was lighter. He saw plainly that all had happened was due to the loss of the lamp, and wondered who had stolen it.

That morning the princess rose early since she had

been carried into Africa by the magician, who she had to see once a day. She, however, treated him so badly that he did not stay long. As she was dressing, one of her women looked out and saw Aladdin. The princess ran and opened the window, and at the noise she made Aladdin looked up and ran to her with great joy.

After he had kissed her Aladdin said: "I beg of you, Princess, in God's name, tell me what has become of an old lamp I left on the window, when I went hunting."

"Alas!" she said "I am the cause of our sorrows," and told him what happened to the lamp.

"Now I know," cried Aladdin, "it was that African magician! Where is the lamp?" "He carries it about with him," said the princess, "He pulled it out of his jacket to show me. He wishes me to marry him, saying that you were beheaded by my father's command. I am afraid of him."

Aladdin comforted her, and left her for a while. He changed clothes with the first person he met in the town, and having bought a certain powder returned to the princess. "Put on your most beautiful dress," he said to her, "and receive the magician with smiles, let him believe that you have forgotten me. Invite him to eat with you, and say you wish to taste the wine of his country. He will

go for some, and while he is gone I will tell you what to do."

She listened carefully to Aladdin, and went to get dressed in her most beautiful gown. She put on a head-dress of diamonds, and looking more beautiful than ever, received the magician, saying to his great amazement: "I have made up my mind that Aladdin is dead, and that all my tears will not bring him back, so I have decided to mourn no more, and have invited you to eat with me; but I am tired of the wines of China, and would like to taste those of Africa."

The magician flew to his cellar, and the princess put the powder Aladdin had given her in her cup. When he returned she asked him to drink her health in the wine of Africa, handing him her cup in exchange for his. Before drinking the magician made her a speech in praise of her beauty, but the princess cut him short saying: "Let me drink first, and you speak."

She set her cup to her lips and kept it there, while the magician drained his glass and fell back lifeless. The princess then opened the door to Aladdin, and flung her arms round his neck, but Aladdin told her to leave him, as he had more to do. He then went to the lifeless magician, took the lamp out of his vest, and bade the genie carry the palace and all in it back to China and then take

the magician to the darkest dungeon in chains.

This was done, and the princess in her chamber only felt two little shocks, and she was at home again. The Sultan, who was sitting in his closet, mourning for his lost daughter, looked up, and rubbed his eyes, for there stood the palace as before! He ran there, and Aladdin received him, with the princess at his side. Aladdin told him what had happened. A ten days' feast was proclaimed, and Aladdin and his wife lived in peace. He succeeded the Sultan when he died, and reigned for many years, leaving behind him a long line of kings.

And it came to pass that the Sultan who listened to the stories of Scheharazade, was so captured by her tales that he let her tell another and another for 1,000 nights At the end of that time, he was so in love with her that he wanted her to live and be his wife truly and he stopped the practice of taking any more new wives.

Thomas MacKenzie - 1919 - *Aladdin*

Andrew Lang (March 31, 1844- July 20, 1912)

Andrew Lang was a poet, novelist, literary critic, and contributor to the field of anthropology. He is best known as a collector of folk and fairy tales. The Andrew Lang lectures at the University of St Andrews are named after him. He is still famous for the series of twelve 'Fairy Books' which are a collection of many of the most famous fairy tales in the world.

Lang was born in Selkirk. He was the eldest of the eight children born to John Lang, the town clerk of Selkirk, and his wife, Jane Sellar. On 17 April 1875 Lange married Leonora Blanche Alleyne.

He was educated at Selkirk grammar school, St. Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in the final classical schools in 1868, becoming a fellow and subsequently honorary fellow of Merton College. As a journalist, poet, critic and historian, he soon made a reputation as one of the most able and versatile writers of the day.

Lang is now chiefly known for his publications on folklore, mythology, and religion. The interest in folklore was from early life.

The earliest of his publications is Custom and Myth (1884). In Myth, Ritual and Religion (1887) he explained the "irrational" elements of mythology as survivals from more primitive forms. Lang's Making of Religion was heavily influenced by the 18th century idea of the "noble savage": in it, he maintained the existence of high spiritual ideas among so-called "savage" races, drawing parallels with the contemporary interest in occult phenomena in England. His Blue Fairy Book (1889) was a beautifully produced and illustrated edition of fairy tales that has become a classic. This was followed by many other collections of fairy tales, collectively known as Andrew Lang's Fairy Books.

Lang was one of the founders of "psychical research" and wrote extensively on dreams, ghosts, magic and religion.

He collaborated with other writers to translate Homer's Odyssey, and the Iliad. He wrote literary and mythological essays in which he draws parallels between Greek myths and other mythologies.

Lange died of a heart attack and is buried in the cathedral precincts at St Andrews. His books are still sold and read today.

These stories have been adapted to better suit modern readers and to make the content more accessible to modern eyes. These changes are made with the greatest care to preserve the originals. CEW

FINIS

POST SCRIPT

The author at Edinburgh Castle, 2012

My inspiration or motivation, if you will, to write this book came on the heels of a vacation I took to Scotland to attend the yearly book festival held in Edinburgh. I had been to Scotland years before and had always wanted to go back.

I loved the city, my tours to the Highlands and my stay in Kirkcaldy. It was with a bit of a start that I realized there that many of my favorite authors were, in fact, Scottish. I have read the Sherlock Holmes series over and over again since I was a kid. I use bits and pieces of Treasure Island in my reading classes.

The city tour bus driver started to talk about Sir Walter Scott, who I had forgotten about and Robert Burns, the poet. In addition, M. C. Beaton, mystery writer and creator of the Agatha Raisin series and Hamish MacBeth and Helen Clark Mac Innes, spy novelist, are both from Scotland.

When I got home from my trip I pulled out my own textbook and added Andrew Lange (Arabian Nights) to the list and J.M. Barrie (Peter Pan) and, of course, Kenneth Grahame and the unforgettable Toad from Wind in the Willows.

There appears to be a theme here, what? So I decided to go ahead and do a short book to showcase some of their work, a

'sampler' and then to add a bit about their lives and where they came from. I found myself getting as involved in the stories of their lives as in their stories.

My hope is this will reacquaint (or acquaint) the reader in some of the most famous and influential writers of our time, all, curiously enough – from Scotland.

CEW

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