

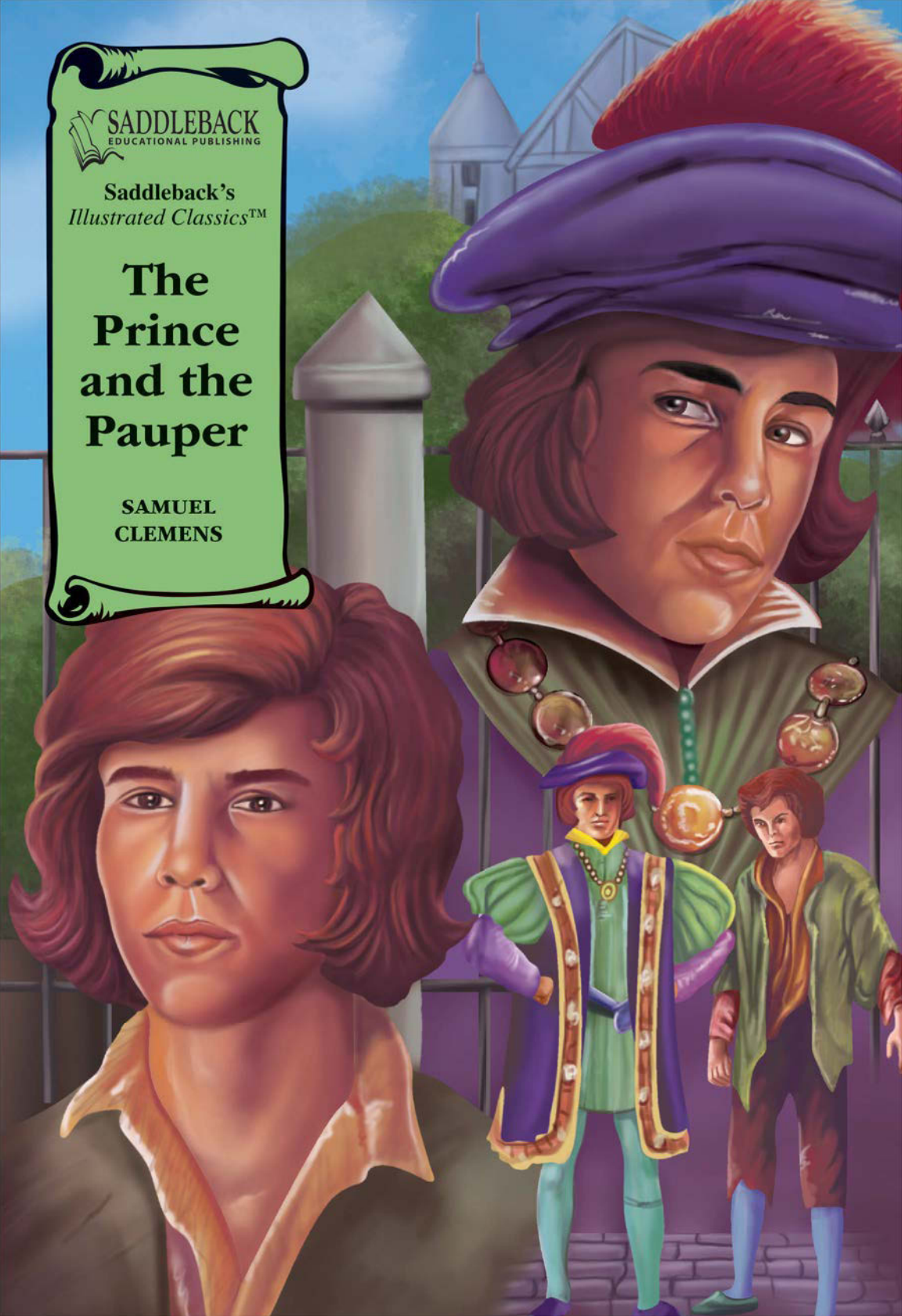


**SADDLEBACK**  
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**Saddleback's**  
*Illustrated Classics™*

# The Prince and the Pauper

**SAMUEL  
CLEMENS**



# Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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## Samuel Clemens

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, an American novelist, wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain. He is known as one of the major authors of American fiction and the greatest humorist in American literature. He was born in 1835 in Florida, Missouri. His family moved to Hannibal, Missouri, a village on the Mississippi River in 1839. His father died in debt in 1847, and Samuel Clemens went to work for a newspaper and printing firm.

He had little formal education, learning what he needed to know while working in the printing business. In 1857, Clemens decided to become a riverboat pilot. His pen name, *Mark Twain*, comes from a riverboat term meaning *two fathoms* (a depth of 12 feet, or 3.7 meters).

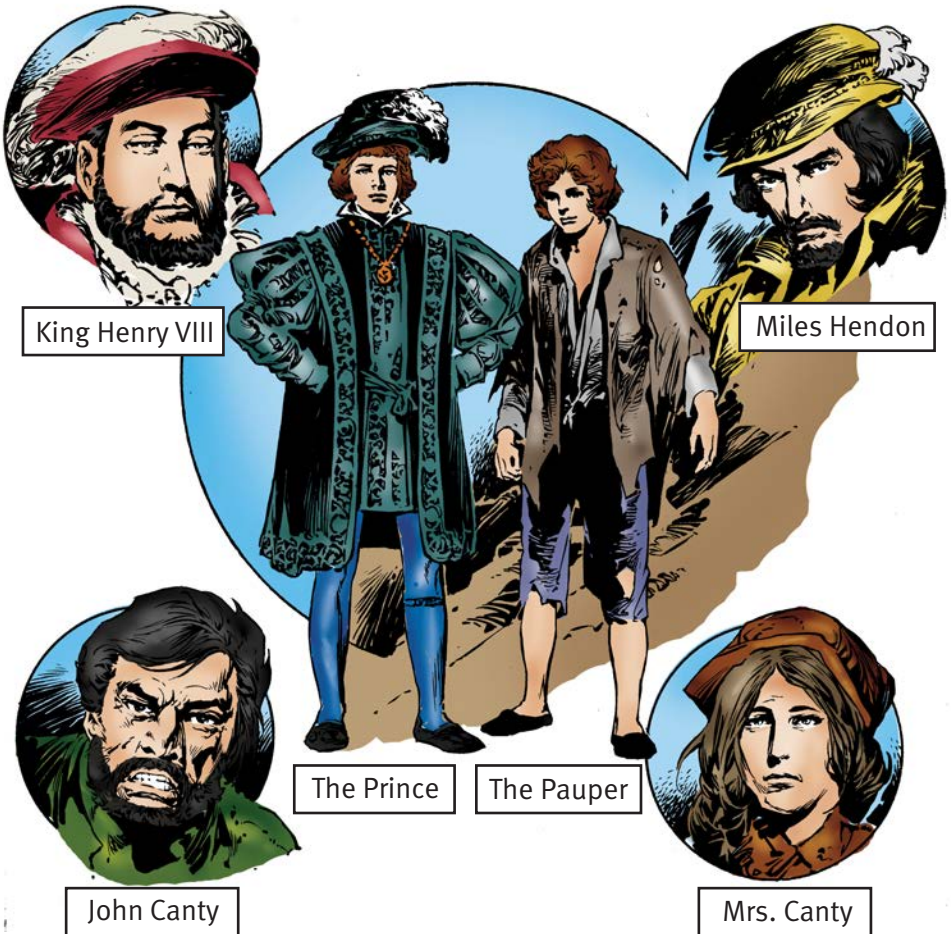
In 1861, the Civil War stopped commercial boat traffic on the Mississippi, and Clemens left the river.

He wrote many books, among them, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which was a sequel to *Tom Sawyer*. The book *The Prince and the Pauper* is a story of what happens when a young Prince Edward and a poor boy trade identities.

Samuel Clemens died in 1910.

*Samuel Clemens*

# *The Prince and the Pauper*



King Henry VIII

Miles Hendon

The Prince

The Pauper

John Canty

Mrs. Canty



In the old city of London, during the sixteenth century, a son was born to the poor Canty family. They already had more children than they could feed and they weren't happy about having one more.



On the same day another child was born—this time to the royal family. Indeed, all of England was filled with joyous talk of the new baby, Edward Tudor, the Prince of Wales.

This story has been told and retold, passed from parent to child for three hundred years or more. The two boys, a prince and a pauper, looked so much alike that when a trick of fate changed them around, not even their own families could tell who was who.

Many years passed. The Canty family lived in one poor room on Offal Court.

There, drinking and fighting were a way of life.

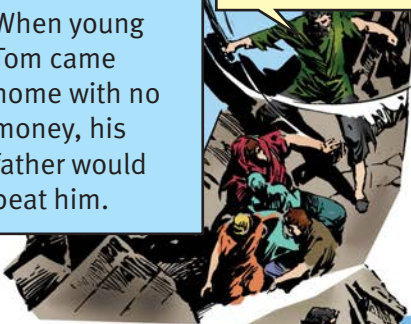


John Canty was a thief. His mother, who lived with them, was a beggar.



They made beggars of the children but could not force them to steal. When young Tom came home with no money, his father would beat him.

I'll teach you to come home without a penny, you brat.



But in the night, his mother would come to him with some soup or a crust of bread she had saved by going hungry herself.



Yet little Tom was a happy child. He thought that everyone lived the way his family did.



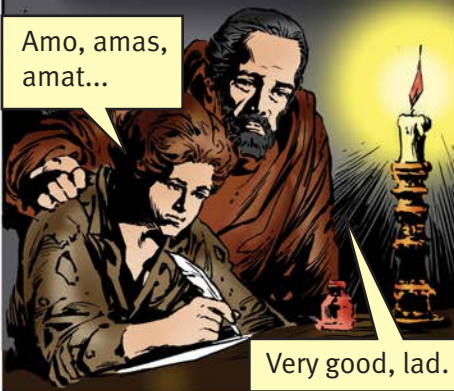
There was fun enough for all.

The boys had foot races, swam in the rivers, and even had grand mud fights.



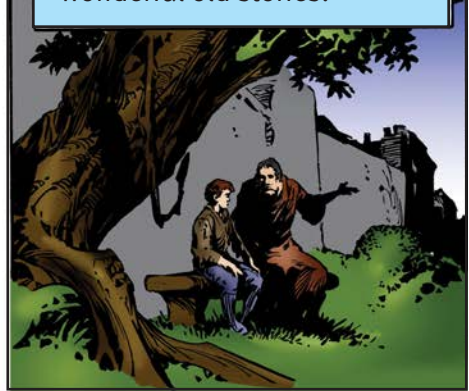
A kind old priest named Father Andrew lived nearby. He taught Tom how to read and write, and even gave him a few lessons in Latin.

Amo, amas, amat...



Very good, lad.

He filled Tom with tales of giants, princes, and kings, till Tom's head grew full of those wonderful old stories.



Many a night Tom lay in the dark, tired and hungry.

But he dreamed of princes and castles.



In his hours of play, Tom pretended that he lived in the king's court. He was the prince; his friends were the lords and ladies.

The royal army awaits your orders, your highness.



One morning as Tom walked through the city, he found himself in front of the king's palace at Westminster.



Poor little Tom in his rags caught sight of a handsome boy inside the gate. His clothes were of silk and satin and they shone with jewels. Tom pressed his face against the bars.

It is the prince himself!



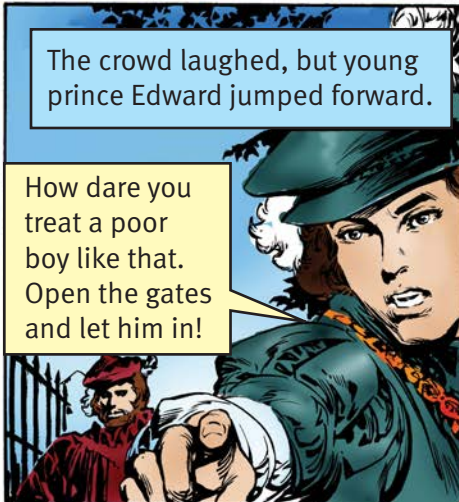
Then Suddenly...



Mind your manners, you young beggar!

The crowd laughed, but young prince Edward jumped forward.

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



You look tired and hungry. Come with me.





Edward took Tom inside the palace. At his order, the most wonderful breakfast that Tom had ever seen was set before him.

Thank you, my prince.



The prince asked Tom all about himself.

Is your life happy?



In truth, yes, except when I am hungry.

Tell me more about the way you live.



Out in the streets there are Punch and Judy shows, and plays, and foot races.

In the summer we swim in the rivers.



How wonderful! If I could swim in a river just once...

And if I could be dressed in your beautiful clothes just once...



Then so it shall be!

A few minutes later they stood before a great mirror. Tom was dressed in the grand clothes of the prince and the prince was dressed in Tom's rags.



We look exactly alike; same hair, same eyes, same voice. No one could tell, except by our clothes, who is Prince Edward of Wales and who is poor Tom.

But what is this mark on your hand?



Oh, that was given to me by the guard at the gate.



How dare he do that? Wait here until I return!



But when Edward reached the gate, the guard gave him a hard blow that knocked him to the ground.

Take that, young beggar, for the trouble you've caused me!



But I am the Prince of Wales!

Be off, you brat!



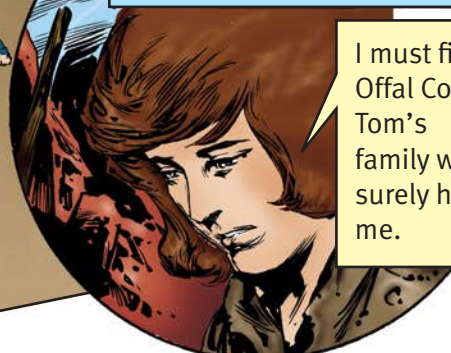
And so, a strange thing came to pass...

Make way for his royal highness! Ha, ha, ha!



As the day wore on, the homeless prince made his way through the streets of the city.

I must find Offal Court. Tom's family will surely help me.





Then at last...

So, out for so long and without a penny to show for it.

Take me to my father, the king, and he will make you rich.

The brat has gone mad, but it won't save him from a beating.

Meanwhile, for a half hour or so, Tom Canty had played happily.



But at last he grew tired—and frightened as well—when the prince did not return.

What will become of me?



Only moments later...

The lady Jane Grey.



Please help me. Give me back my own clothes, for I am not a prince.



Heaven help us! The prince had gone mad!



It was not long before the king heard this news. He called to see his son.









Shortly after noon Tom was given his second meal of the day. If any in the room were upset that he ate with his fingers, they did not show it.



Back in his own rooms, Tom came across a book that he knew would help him. Quickly he began to read.



It was well that he had done so, for that evening he attended the mayor's banquet. With him came the princess Elizabeth and the lady Jane Grey.



Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, the real prince was being dragged into Offal Court. Only one person tried to help him.

It was old Father Andrew. In his anger, John Canty did not recognize the priest and turned toward him, raising his club.

Have mercy!

This is none of your business, old man. Take that!

When they reached home...

Now tell me again. Who are you?

I am Edward, Prince of Wales, and none other.

Poor Tom. All that reading has made you mad. Am I not your mother?

I do not mean to hurt you, but truly I have never looked upon your face before.