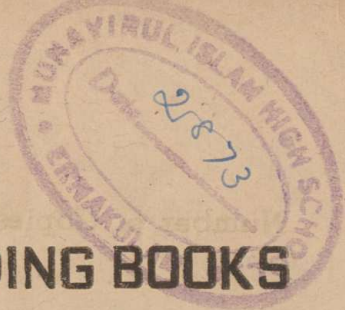


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STANDARD XI: BOOK I
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD



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BOOK I.

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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

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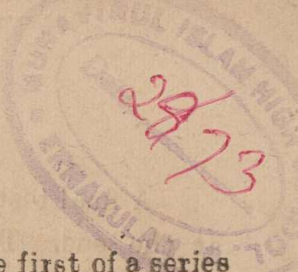
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FOREWORD

'The Vicar of Wakefield' is the first of a series of six novels abridged and simplified for the use of XI Standard pupils as home reading books. Only the words and sentence patterns used in the Detailed English Texts for Standard VI to X have been used in this book. Special care has been taken to see that the number of new words introduced is limited to two or three in a page of about two hundred words. Whenever the meaning of a new word is not clear from the context, it is given at the foot of the page.

The Vicar of Wakefield is a famous English novel by Oliver Goldsmith. Though the story is faulty in many respects, the language is so idiomatic that everybody looks upon it as a perfect model of good English. Teachers are requested to introduce the pupils—at least the bright ones—to the novel before they leave the school.

Self-administering tests have been given at the end of every chapter. Readers are expected to test themselves before they proceed to the next section.

A final test covering the whole book is given at the end. Teachers are requested to check up the library work of the pupils by making them write down their answers in their note books.

Bright pupils may be encouraged to write their own appreciation of the novel. The points given below may be used for this purpose.

1. Name of the novel.
2. Author
3. Nationality of the Author.
4. Chief Incidents.
5. Chief Characters.
6. Do you like the novel? If so,
why? If not, why not?

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

1. FAMILY MISFORTUNES

Dr. Primrose was the Vicar of Wakefield. The Vicar is a priest who is in charge of a parish. A parish is usually a village and the Vicar is the head of the village church. Dr. Primrose was the Vicar of the parish of Wakefield in England. The following is the story of the Vicar as given by himself:—

I was of opinion that every good man ought to marry and bring up a large family. As the Vicar of Wakefield I set an example to my parish by marrying a good woman



and bringing up a family. We had six children, four boys and two girls. Our

eldest son was named George after his uncle who left us ten thousand pounds. Then we had two daughters called Olivia and Sophia.

After Sophia came another boy. We named him Moses. Twelve years after Moses was born we had two more sons

Ours was a very happy family. I loved my wife dearly and our fondness increased as we grew old. Our elder daughter, Olivia was very beautiful. So was her sister Sophia. My eldest son, George, was sent to college at Oxford while Moses was taught at home.

When George left college, he made up his mind to marry Miss Arabella Wilmot, the beautiful daughter of an old friend of mine. As she was the only child of a rich man, we knew that she would bring him a lot of money. At last a day was fixed for their wedding. At that time I was writing a book on marriage. I felt that a priest of the Church of England should not marry again if his wife died. As it was a well-written book I showed it to my

friend, Mr. Wilmot, hoping that he would like it. But I was mistaken; for I soon found that he was thinking of marrying a fourth wife. We had a talk on this subject; but it ended in a quarrel.

Then a friend of mine called me aside and told me to stop the quarrel till my son's wedding was over. "For," said he, "the merchant in the town in whose hands, all your money was, has run away and you may not get more than a shilling in the pound." My friend advised me not to tell the news to anyone for if Mr. Wilmot came to know of it he would surely break off the match. But I felt that it was wrong to keep the news from him. When he heard it, he said he would not give his daughter to a penniless man and broke off the match.

With the little money that was left, I bought a farm in a village seventy miles away. It was a farm of about twenty acres with a hill on one side and a river on the other. Before going to my new home I sent away my eldest son to London where I

thought he would be able to earn a living for himself. All that I gave him when he went away was five guineas.

A few days after this we went to my new parish. On the way we met a young gentleman called Mr. Burchell. He was staying at an inn when I first saw him. On learning where I was going he said he was also coming that way. So we travelled together. On the way he showed us the place where my new landlord lived. "That," said he pointing to a large and beautiful building, "is the house where Mr. Thornhill lives. Sir William Thornhill is his uncle."

"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord, the nephew of the great Sir William?"

"Yes!", answered Mr. Burchell; but Sir William lives in the town, and he has left the estate to his nephew."

Soon we came to a flooded river. As we were crossing it my second daughter, Sophia fell into the water. She would have been drowned if Mr. Burchell had not jumped into the river and brought her safely

to the other side. We thanked him for his help and invited him to visit us whenever he came that way.

When we came to the parish, all the villagers came out to welcome us. There was feasting and dancing and we were very happy to meet them.

After the feast they took us to our house. It was a neat little house; but it had only one big room which we used both as kitchen and as sitting room; that only made it the warmer.

Though we were poor, we led a happy life. Every day we rose up early in the morning and prayed to God who gave us another day. Then my son and I went out to work while my wife and daughter stayed at home doing the household work. As we rose with the sun we stopped all work by sunset. Nor were we without guests. Sometimes Farmer Flamborough who lived next door would pay us a visit.

TEST. Complete the following sentences:—

1. Dr. Primrose was the (Bishop, Vicar, Head-master) of Wakefield.
 2. He had (two, four, six) sons and (one, two, three) daughters.
 3. He lost all his (sons, money, land) when the merchant ran away.
 4. Though George and Arabella loved each other dearly, Mr. Wilmot (agreed to, broke off) the match.
 5. The Vicar bought a (farm, church, shop) and settled down in a village seventy miles away.
 6. On the way he met Mr. Burchell who saved the life of, (Arabella Olivia, Sophia)
-

2. SQUIRE THORNHILL

About the beginning of autumn on a holiday as we were sitting outside, we saw a party of hunters riding towards us. Among them there was a handsome young gentleman who stopped short on seeing us. He came to us and said that he was Thornhill, the owner of the estates that lay around us. We welcomed him warmly and sat talking

with him for some time. Then he took leave of us saying that he would visit us again.

When he was gone my wife turned to her daughters and said, "Tell me, Sophia, what do you think of Mr. "Thornhill?"

"He is a good young gentleman," answered she.

"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man. But, for my part, I don't like him much. He is proud and thinks too much of himself."

From their words I understood that the two girls did not mean what they said. Sophia did not think highly of Mr. Thornhill. But I knew that Olivia admired him secretly. At this moment a servant from the Squire¹ came to us with some flesh of a deer he had killed. This well-timed present pleased my wife and she felt very glad when he said that his master would dine with us some days later.

Mr Burchell paid us a visit that night. He had supper with us and on the following

1 Squire—landlord.

day when we went to gather hay, he joined us in the work. As soon as his part of the work was over, he went over to the side of Sophia and helped her. I did not like this for Mr Burchell was known to be a very poor gentleman. But as Sophia was a wise girl, I did not feel very uneasy about it. In the evening Mr. Burchell left us to visit an old friend to whose son he was carrying a whistle.

We were very busy on the day our young landlord came to dine with us. With him came a few friends and a number of servants. Mr. Thornhill ordered the servants to dine at the next inn. But my wife would not agree and she made everyone of them stay for dinner. When the meal was over, the Squire sat talking with my wife and daughters and the evening passed off pleasantly. As his looks were always turned to Olivia, it was clear that he had fallen in love with her. This filled my wife with joy for she hoped that before long the Squire would marry the girl.

Next day Mr. Burchell visited us again. Though I liked him, I was displeased when he began to visit us so often. For I was afraid that Sophia might fall in love with him. In the evening the Squire sent a man to tell us that he was going to give a ball¹ by moonlight on the grass plot before our door. Mr. Burchell did not stay for the ball and when he was gone, Mr. Thornhill arrived with two richly-dressed ladies who, he said, were ladies of fashion from town. It was a bright moonlit night and all the people of the village came to see the dance. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led the party and every one said that Olivia danced wonderfully. My wife was filled with joy when she found that even the town ladies could not dance so well. After the dance we had supper in my house. When we sat down to eat, the two ladies began to talk of pictures, music, and Shakespeare. My daughters could only look on and admire. At last one of the ladies said that a few months in town would improve, Miss Olivia

1. ball-- A party for dancing.

very much. Then the other lady said that if Miss Sophia saw a little more of the world she would be a different person altogether. This pleased my wife so much that she said she would like to send her daughters to town for a few months. When the ladies rose to go they invited my daughters to spend the night with them. But I did not allow them to go. Even my wife was angry with me for this.

After meeting the two ladies a great change came upon my wife and daughters. They dressed themselves like ladies of fashion and would talk only of pictures, music and Shakespeare. They began to look down upon their neighbours and would not move freely with them.

Our good neighbour Farmer Flam-borough invited us to spend Michealmas Eve with him and his daughters. Mr. Burchell who had come to visit us that day joined the party. There were many noisy games in which my children took a leading part. They were playing the game called '*Hunt the Slipper*' when the door opened and the

two great ladies from town came in. Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs had been to our house to see us. But finding that we were not at home they followed us to Flamborough's. When the ladies came Mr. Burchell turned his face to the fire and whenever they said anything he cried '*Fudge*', a word which displeased us. "My dear Miss Skeggs", said Lady Blarney, "my companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach"—'*Fudge*'.

"And mine", answered Miss Skeggs, "has left me saying that twenty-five guineas a year is not enough for her"—'*Fudge*'.

"I shall pay thirty pounds a year," said Lady Blarney, "if I can get a good girl as my companion"—'*Fudge*'.

My wife thought that two such places would fit my daughters exactly and I agreed with her. The work was easy and the pay good. So my wife requested the ladies to make my daughters their companions and they promised to do so, if a person like Mr. Thornhill recommended them. As the Squire

was our friend, we were sure he would speak for us and my wife hoped that in London the girls would meet some good gentlemen who would be willing to marry them.

I now began to find that my wife and daughters were trying to live like their betters. They wished to buy a horse on which they could ride to church or go out to visit their friends. Though we had two horses neither of them were good for riding. So my wife sent Moses to sell one of them and buy another. When he was gone the Squire sent word that he had spoken to the ladies and they had agreed to take Olivia and Sophia with them to London. We told Mr. Burchell this good news when he came to visit us that day. But he only shook his head and said that in matters like this we should be very careful. At this, my wife got angry and said, "You are always against me and my daughters. When we want advice we shall seek it of those who have made good use of it themselves."

At this moment Moses came home from market and said that he had sold the horse for three pounds, five shillings and two pence.

"Well done, my boy" cried my wife. "It is a good price for that horse. Now, come, give me the money."

But the boy had no money; for, he had bought a gross of green spectacles with it. "They have silver rims," said he, "which alone will sell for twice the money."

But when I looked at them I saw that they were not silver at all. "These rims won't sell for six pence," said I, "for they are copper coated with silver."

My son now saw that he had been cheated and he told us that Farmer Flamborough was also cheated like this.

As I had to send my daughters to London, I was in need of money. So I decided to sell the other horse. I made up my mind to go and sell it myself. It was the first time that I was going to market to sell

anything. Then I met a venerable old man whose learning and wisdom filled me with admiration. When he learned my name he came up to me and asked me if I was related to the great Dr. Primrose. "Sir," cried I, "you see before you that Dr. Primrose whom you have been pleased to call great."

He said he had read my writings and admired them very much. He had come to buy a horse and agreed to buy mine. So I gave him the horse and he pulled out a thirty-pound note to pay me. As we could not get it changed, he gave me a draft upon my neighbour, Farmer Flamborough who, he said, was his old friend. When he was gone I felt it was wrong on my part to have taken a draft from a man whom I did not know well. When I gave it to Mr. Flamborough he said that I had been cheated. "This man, Ephraim Jenkinson," cried he, "is one of the greatest rascals in the world. It was he who sold the spectacles to us. But I will catch him and send him to jail."

When I found that I was cheated worse than my son Moses, I was ashamed of going home and facing my wife and daughters. But when I reached home I found them weeping. A wicked man had given some bad reports about my daughters to Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs and so they went away to London without taking them. We did not know who had sent the reports against us. Then one of my little boys brought me a letter case which he found on the grass plot in front of our house. It was Mr. Burchell's and in it there was a sealed letter on which was written, 'the copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle.' At once we knew that he was the man who had done it. My wife wanted to break open the letter. But I was against it. Sophia said, she was sure, Mr. Burchell would never send reports against us and she too asked me to open the letter. So I broke the seal and read it.



'Ladies,

The man who brings this letter will tell you who I am. I understand that you intend to take two young ladies with you as companions. As I don't like the good and the honest to be deceived, I request you not to take them to London.'

Our doubts were now at an end. Although it was not clear whom he meant by 'the good and the honest,' there was no doubt he did not want the ladies to take Olivia and Sophia to London. My wife was very angry. So was Olivia. Just then Mr. Burchell came in. "Do you know this?" cried I showing him the letter "Look me full in the face and tell me."

"Yes," said he, "it was I who wrote that letter."

"And how could you be so wicked as to write it?" I asked.

"And how could you," asked he, "be so wicked as to break open my letter? Don't you know I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to report the matter to the magistrate and he will hang you all up at his door."

When he said this I got so angry that I cried, "Wicked man, begone, and never let me see you again." So saying I threw down his letter case. He picked it up with a smile and went away as if he had done no wrong.

TEST. Complete the following sentences.—

1. The Vicar's wife hoped that (the squire, Mr. Burchell) would marry Olivia.
2. The Squire gave a (ball, feast, song) by moonlight.
3. Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs wanted a (friend, companion, servant.)
4. Moses and the Vicar were deceived by (Farmer Flamborough, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Burchell.)
5. Mr. (Thornhill, Burchell, Flamborough) wrote to the ladies not to take the Vicar's daughters to London.
6. So they were not taken and the Vicar got angry with (the ladies, Mr. Burchell)

3. OLIVIA

When the ladies went back to London, Mr. Thornhill came to visit us more often. We believed that he had fallen in love with



Olivia and my wife tried every method to make him say that he wished to marry her. But she did not succeed.

Now, there was a young farmer named Mr Williams who was ready to marry Olivia.

He was an honest and well-to-do man and I spoke to Olivia about him. She agreed to marry him if within four weeks Mr. Thornhill did not ask her to be his wife. So a day was fixed for the marriage. Yet Mr. Thornhill did nothing to stop it. Four days before the time fixed for the wedding, I was talking to my son Moses about the arrangements when my little boy, Dick came running in. "Papa," cried he, "she is gone from us. My sister Olivia is gone from us for ever."

"Gone?"

"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a carriage."

I was mad with anger when I heard the news. Taking my gun I ran out to kill the man. But my wife stopped me. "My dear," cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that and read it till you forget your grief."

We spent the night in misery and in the morning I set out to find my daughter and bring her home. As I thought that it was Mr. Thornhill who had carried her off, I went to Thornhill Castle to see him. On the way a man told me he had seen my daughter with a gentleman who looked like Mr. Burchell. When I saw Mr. Thornhill he was so surprised at the news that I came away feeling sure that it was Mr. Burchell who had run away with my daughter. I met several other people who told me they had seen them together. At that time I did not think that they were trying to mislead me. So I went on and on till at last I felt it was of no use to go farther. So I decided to return home.

On my way home I fell ill and was laid up with fever for nearly three weeks. When

I was all right I set out again and on the way I met a player who was travelling to the next village. When we came to the village we saw a well-dressed gentleman who spoke kindly to us and invited us home for dinner. From his talk I thought that he was at least a member of Parliament.

It was a beautiful house and he led us to a large hall where we sat down to eat. Two or three ladies joined us and we had a very good dinner. The gentleman spoke on many subjects and when the talk was most lively a carriage came to the door. At once the ladies jumped up crying, "Our master and mistress have come home." Now, I understood that the well-dressed gentleman who had taken us there was only a butler and the clothes he wore were those of his master. I did not know what to say, when I saw Miss Arabella Wilmot enter with the master of the house. She was the girl who was engaged to my eldest son, George.

As soon as she saw me, she ran up to me with the utmost joy. "My dear sir,"

cried she, "I am sure my uncle and aunt will be very glad to see the good Dr. Primrose."

The master of the house was her uncle Mr. Arnold. When he learned who I was he welcomed me warmly and invited me to stay there for a few days. I agreed and in the evening we went to see a play. A new actor who had never appeared on the stage before, was playing the part of the hero. Let parents think of my feelings when I saw that he was my poor son, George! On seeing Miss Wilmot and me, he stood speechless on the stage. I took him to Mr. Arnold's and the unfortunate boy told us his story.

When I sent him to London with only five guineas in his pocket, he tried to earn his living as a writer. Then he tried to be a teacher. At last he found work in the house of a rich gentleman for whom he had to fight a duel.¹ Then he went away to Holland. From Holland he went to France and travelled across the country on foot. He visited Spain and then worked his way back

1. duel — Fight between two persons.

to England. In London he joined the company of actors with whom I found him.

The sad story of my son's misfortunes filled us with grief. At that time Mr. Thornhill came to the house. He had come to see Miss Wilmot whom he was trying to marry. When he saw me and my son there, he was very much surprised. He was very kind to us and helped George by getting him an officer's place in the army for which he had to pay a hundred pounds. I gave him a promissory note for the money and George left us to take up his duties as an officer. I gave him all I had—my blessings.

On the following day I took leave of the good family that had been so kind to me and returned home. On the way I put up at an inn for the night. As I sat talking to the landlord I overheard his wife scolding a poor woman who was staying there. "What," cried she, "have you come to stay here without money. Come along; I say!"

"Oh dear," cried the woman, "have pity and allow a poor girl to stay here for the night, and death will soon do the rest."

At once I knew that it was the voice of my poor daughter, Olivia. I ran to her and caught her in my arms. "Welcome, my dearest," cried I, "Though you have done a thousand wrongs I am ready to forgive you."

I then learned that it was with Mr. Thornhill that she ran away. She was secretly married to him, but in a few days she understood that the marriage was not binding as he had married six or eight other girls in the same way. Indeed, Olivia met two such unhappy women who now lived a life of shame. So she ran away from her wicked husband and came to the inn where I found her. When she told me that it was a priest who conducted the marriage, I was pleased. "Then," said I, "you are his lawful wedded wife and things will yet be better."

Next day I took my daughter home. It was near midnight when I reached the village. All was silent and still, when I came to the door. Suddenly I saw that the house was on fire and I uttered a loud cry which woke my wife and children. They came

running out. As we stood helplessly watching the fire, I found that my two little sons were still within. Rushing into the burning house, I caught them up in my arms and ran out. Just as I got out, the roof fell down and my arm was burnt up to the shoulder.

"Now," cried I "let the fire burn down everything; I have saved my children," I kissed the little ones many times and their mother laughed and wept by turns.

As the house and everything in it were burnt to ashes, we moved into an outhouse. Our kind neighbours helped us by giving us all that we needed. Though I had lost everything I was happy as I had saved my children from the fire.

TEST. Complete the following sentences:—

1. Olivia ran away with (Mr. Burchell, Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Jenkinson)
2. He married her (openly, secretly) but she found that the marriage was not (true, binding, real) on him.
3. So she ran away from her (father, mother, husband.)

4. The Vicar found her in (Thornhill Castle, London, an inn) and brought her home.
 5. When the Vicar came home, the house was (shut, open, on fire) and he saved his (goods, money, children) from the burning house.
-

4. MORE MISFORTUNES

Olivia was very unhappy after she returned home. Her mother never forgave her and the poor girl felt miserable.

She told us that Mr. Burchell was not the bad man we took him to be. By some power which she could not understand, he was able to drive off the ladies, who were not great at all, but bad women leading a life of shame.

A few days after Olivia's return, Mr. Thornhill came to see me. I got very angry when I saw him.

"Begone, you wicked man," cried I. "If my brave son were here he would have killed you for wronging his sister."

"I am amazed at all this," said he, "what wrong is there in my taking your

daughter on an excursion? Hear me Dr. Primrose, I wish to be friends with you and I have come to invite you for my marriage with Miss Wilmot."

"Mr. Thornhill," answered I, "I will never allow you to marry any girl other than my daughter, Olivia. You have married her and she is your lawful wife."

Mr. Thornhill got angry when I said this and went away saying that he would teach me a lesson. Next day he sent his man to collect the rent which I had to give him for my farm. As I could not pay the money, he carried off my cattle. On the following day two officers came to arrest me for not paying the hundred pounds I had to give the Squire. Though I was ill they carried me off to town and put me in jail. My family came with me and stayed in a room near the prison.

I had not brought my bed with me to the jail. "That is very bad," said one of my fellow-prisoners, "you will die of cold, if you don't have a warm bed. So I will share my bed-clothes with you."

I thanked him for his help and we sat talking for some time. Then I remembered that I had met him before. "Are you not Mr. Jenkinson?" I asked, "who bought my horse at Welbridge market?"

"Yes, sir" answered he, "I remember you well." Then he told me that he would soon be taken before the magistrate and if Farmer Flamborough whom he had cheated, would not speak against him, he would be set free. When I promised to speak to my neighbour about it Mr. Jenkinson was very much pleased. "Though I am a rascal," said he, "I am your friend and perhaps I may be able to help you."

A few days after this when I was with Mr. Jenkinson my daughter Olivia came to see me. She looked very ill and begged me not to oppose the marriage of Mr. Thornhill with Miss Wilmot. "As for me," said she, "I will never again be happy in this world. And if you consent to that marriage, the Squire will set you free."

"Never," cried I, "never will I allow that marriage. He is your wedded husband,

and as long as you are alive he shall not marry another."

When Olivia was gone Mr. Jenkinson advised me to write to the Squire's uncle about Olivia's marriage. "Though Mr. Thornhill is a rascal," said he, "his uncle, Sir William is one of the best men in the kingdom."

So I wrote a letter to Sir William laying my case fully before him; but I received no answer. Meanwhile Olivia fell ill and day by day she grew worse. At last my wife came to tell me that Olivia lay dying. I wished to go to her bedside, but it was not to be. Before long I heard that she was dead.

After Olivia's death, I had no reason to oppose the marriage of Mr. Thornhill with Miss Wilmot. So I wrote a humble letter to him saying that I no longer wished to stand in the way of his happiness. The only reply I got was that if I had anything to say I should write to his lawyer. I

learned that he was very angry with me for laying my case before his uncle.

Soon after this, my wife came weeping into the room and cried, "We have lost a darling child! Sophia, my dearest in gone, carried off by rascals."

"How?" cried I, "Sophia carried off? Surely, it cannot be."

Then the wife of a fellow-prisoner told me that it was true. As Sophia was walking along the road a little way out of the village, a well-dressed man, not Mr. Thornhill, forced her into a carriage and carried her off. I was so overcome with grief at the news that my son tried to comfort me.

"Dear father," said he, "there is still something that will make you happy. This morning I had a letter from my brother George and he says that before long he will be Captain."

"Thank God," cried my wife when she heard this, "that my last letter did not reach him."

Then she told us that she had written an angry letter to her son calling upon him to punish Squire Thornhill for all the wrongs he had done us.

It was very thoughtless of my wife to have written such a letter.

"For," said I, "if our son had got it, he would have gone to Thornhill Castle and killed the Squire. But God is kind and I am thankful that George is left to look after you when I am gone."

As I said this, the prison gate was thrown open and a man was brought in, covered with blood. His hands and feet were bound with iron chains. I was filled with pity for the man, but when he came near I found that it was my own son!

"George, my George," cried I, "is this the way you come back to me?"

My wife and children began to cry when they saw him like this. Then George told us how he came to be arrested.

"When I got my mother's letter," said he "I came down to kill the man who had

wronged my sister. I sent him an order to meet me but he sent four of his men to take me prisoner. In the fight that followed I wounded one of them dangerously. But they took me prisoner and sent me here. As it is clear that I have tried to kill the Squire, I cannot escape punishment."

Then he turned to me and said, "Sir, you have taught me to face misfortunes calmly. Now let me see how you face them."

"And my son" cried I, "you shall see it now. I am raised above this world and all my hopes are in death. Together we shall leave this world and may God forgive us."

With the fall of night George was taken away from me and shut up in a strong room.

TEST. Complete the following sentences:—

1. The Vicar (opposed, agreed to) the marriage of Mr. Thornhill with (Olivia, Miss Wilmot.)
2. The Squire got (the Vicar, Moses) arrested and put him in prison.

3. The Vicar wrote to (the Bishop, the magistrate, Sir William Thornhill) about Olivia's marriage, with the Squire; but he got no reply.
 4. Soon after this Olivia (was carried off, died, ran away.)
 5. Sophia was (beaten, carried off, killed) by two rascals,
 6. George came down to kill (Mr, Burchell, Mr. Thornhill, Sir William) and was put in prison,
-

5. SIR WILLIAM THORNHILL

The sum of my misfortunes was now made up, and I saw no hope of happiness in this world. So I lay down and one of my little ones sat reading by my side when the jailor, who was a kind man, came with the news that my daughter was found. A few minutes after this, Moses came running in and said that his sister Sophia was coming up with our old friend, Mr. Burchell who had saved her. Before he had finished Sophia came up and pointing to Mr. Burchell cried, "Here, papa, is the brave man who saved me."

"Ah Mr. Burchell," said I, "forgive me I am ashamed to look upon your honest face. You were always our friend though I misunderstood you because of Mr. Thornhill." Then Sophia told us how she was



saved. "I do not know," said she, "who it was that carried me off. But as he was driving along the road I saw Mr. Burchell coming up and cried out to him to save me. He heard my cry and came running up to stop the carriage. With one blow he threw the horse down and the man jumped out with drawn sword to kill him. But Mr. Burchell took the sword from him and the man ran away to save his life. Then he brought me home and here I am."

I thanked him for saving my daughter. "Now, Mr. Burchell" said I, "if you love Sophia, take her and she will be a good wife to you for I know she loves you."

"But," said Mr. Burchell, "I am only a poor man who cannot keep her in comfort."

As we were hungry he ordered supper to be brought and I asked my son George and Mr. Jenkinson to join us. When Sophia saw her brother, she was filled with grief. Falling on his neck, she began to weep. When George came in and saw Mr. Burchell, he stopped short and would not come forward to meet him.

"Come on, my son" said I. "This is the brave man who saved your sister."

Yet he did not move.

"My dear brother" cried Sophia "why don't you thank the brave man who saved me?"

Still George did not come forward. Then Mr. Burchell turned to him and said, "I again find....."

Before he could finish the sentence the jailer came to the room and said that Mr. Thornhill was waiting below to see the gentleman who was with us. "Let him wait,"

said Mr. Burchell, "till I have time to see him." Then he turned to my son and said "I again find that you have been trying to kill a man."

"Alas, sir," cried I, "whoever you are, forgive the foolish boy, who at his mother's request tried to punish the man who had wronged his sister." Then I showed him my wife's letter. When he read it, he said, "Now, I see why you have done it. My nephew is waiting below. Let me hear him before I say anything; for I don't want people to question the fairness of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found that Mr. Burchell was the great Sir William Thornhill whom the whole nation honoured as one of the greatest men alive.

Sir William now asked Sophia if there was any mark by which the man who carried her off could be known.

"Yes," said she, "he had a large mark on his forehead."

On hearing this Mr. Jenkinson asked, "Was his hair red?"

"Yes," answered Sophia.

"Then," said Mr. Jenkinson, "I know the man. He is Timothy Baxter and I know where to find him."

Sir William sent two men with Mr. Jenkinson to bring Baxter. When they were gone he called Mr. Thornhill and asked him why he had wronged me so much.

"I have done him no wrong," answered Mr. Thornhill. "It is true that I took his daughter on an excursion. But I have done her no wrong. When I went to him to explain the matter, he told me to be gone. As for his being in prison, my lawyer will tell you the facts. He has not paid the rent, nor has he given me the money I lent him to get a place for his son in the army. His son has tried to kill me and he has dangerously wounded one of my servants. And I will see that he is punished for it."

By this time Jenkinson came with Baxter. "Here," cried he, "is the man who tried to carry off Miss Sophia." On seeing him Mr. Thornhill tried to escape; but Mr. Jenkinson stopped him. "What, Squire," said he, "are you ashamed of your old friends, Jenkinson and Baxter?" Then Baxter told us about the many wicked things he had done for the Squire. He carried off Sophia at his orders and he was the man, who the Squire said, was dangerously wounded by George. "Good God", cried Sir William turning to the Squire "I now see what a dirty rascal you are." Then he turned to the jailer and said, "Set free this young officer." I will speak to the magistrate about him and get the order for his release." So George was set free and then Sir William asked, "Where is the unfortunate Olivia? Let her come forward and tell us what she has to say about this wicked rascal."

Before I could tell him that my daughter Olivia was dead, Miss Arabella came to the

room. She was to be married to Mr. Thornhill the very next day. The agreement had been signed and her father had made over all his wealth to the Squire. But when she learned how Mr. Thornhill had wronged us she said; "O goodness, how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill told me that Captain George had gone off to America with his newly married lady. That was why I consented to marry him."

As she spoke my son George came to the room dressed as an army officer. He looked very handsome in his uniform and when Miss Wilmot saw him, she was filled with joy and said that she would not marry anyone except him. When Mr. Thornhill saw that Miss Wilmot would not marry him, he said, "I don't care whether you marry me or not; but by the agreement signed by your father all your wealth will be mine if you refuse to marry me." It was Sir William that drew up the agreement and he knew that his nephew was right.

Then Miss Wilmot turned to George and said, "Though I cannot give you my wealth, I have at least my hand to give."

"And that is all I wish to have," answered George.

At this point Mr. Jenkinson stepped forward and asked; "Can the Squire have Miss Wilmot's money, if he is already married?"

"Surely not," answered Sir William.

"Then," said Mr. Jenkinson, "he cannot get a penny of it for he is married already." Squire Thornhill answered that he was not lawfully married to any woman.

"Indeed you were," said Mr. Jenkinson and off he went to give us proof.

In a few minutes he came back-with my daughter Olivia!

"There she is," cried Mr. Jenkinson. "As sure as you stand there, she is your lawful wife. And here is the licence by which you were married." So saying he gave the paper to Sir William who found that it was a true licence.

"The Squire," said he, "sent me to bring a false priest and a false licence to deceive Miss Olivia. But I got a true priest

and a true licence so that after the marriage I might force him to give me money whenever I asked for it."

"And sir," said he turning to me, "let me tell you why we told you that Olivia was dead. You would not consent to the Squire's marriage with Miss Wilmot as long as Olivia was alive. So I asked your wife to tell you a lie."

When Mr. Thornhill saw that all was lost, he fell at his uncle's feet and begged him to pardon him. Sir William would have driven him away but at my request he forgave him. "You don't deserve any kindness," said he, "but for your wife's sake I will pardon you. One-third of my wealth shall be hers and if you want anything you will have to get it from her."

Mr. Thornhill was pleased when he heard this. Then Sir William turned to us and said, "For many years I have been trying to find a woman who would have me for my own sake and not for my wealth. At last I have found one and great is my joy that she is a girl of such sense and beauty."

So saying he turned to Sophia and requested her to be his wife.

Next morning my son came to me with the happy news that the merchant who had run away with my money was arrested at Antwerp and that he had enough money to pay me in full. I was filled with joy at this good fortune.

On the same day Sir William married my daughter, Sophia; and my son, George married Arabella. All my cares were now over. I went to my room and kneeling down thanked God for all the joys and sorrows He had given me.

TEST. Complete the following sentences:—

1. (Mr. Jenkinson, Moses, Mr. Burchell) saved Sophia and brought her home.
 2. When (George, Moses, the Vicar) saw Mr. Burchell, he knew that Mr. Burchell was Sir William Thornhill.
 3. (Mr. Jenkinson, Baxter) proved that Olivia was the lawful wife of Mr. Thornhill.
 4. The Vicar got back all the (sons, money, goods) he had lost.
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FINAL TEST

Complete the following sentences:-

1. The Vicar of Wakefield is a (play, novel, poem) by Oliver Goldsmith

2. The hero of the novel is the good but simple (Dr. Primrose, Sir William) who was the (Bishop, Mayor, Vicar) of Wakefield.

3. He lost all the money he had when (the banker, merchant, captain) in town ran away.

4. So the Vicar went to live in another parish where he bought a (shop, farm, church.)

5. His landlord was a wicked man called (Sir William Thornhill, Mr. Thornhill)

6. He tried to take the Vicar's daughters to (town, France) with the help of two ladies.

7. Olivia ran away with him but (the Vicar, George, Mr. Bruchell) brought her home.

8. The Vicar's house was (pulled, burnt) down he was put in (chains, prison), his daughter (Sophia, Olivia) was carried off and his son (George, Moses) was sent to prison.

9 Sophia was saved by Mr. Burchell who was none other than the great (Sir Thomas Cornhill, Sir William Thornhill).

10 Olivia became the wife of Mr. Thornhill. George married (Arabella, Miss Skeggs) and Sir William Thornhill married (Lady Blarney, Sophia).

11. The Vicar got back his (estate, money, book) and everyone was happy.

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