

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SER. A.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, APRIL 3 1886.

No. 7.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

ONE of the most picturesque incidents in modern history is the famous meeting, on the plains of Calais, of the Sovereigns of France and England—Francis I and Henry VIII—known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. "It was the disposition of each prince" says Dr. Ridpath whose history we quote, "equally gallant and whimsical, to outdo each other in kingly splendour; as though the reputation and glory of their respective realms depended on the glitter of pageantry, the waving of white plumes, the drinking of wine. In June 1520, the famous interview took place; 2800 tents, most of them covered with silk and cloth of gold, glittered in the plain, even these were insufficient for the multitudes of lords and ladies who flocked to the royal spectacle. So many came that not a few of the gay creatures who waved their plumes and flashed their gold lace in the sunlight by day were glad to find shelter in the haylofts and barns of the surrounding country by night. For two weeks the pageant continued. But the received and solemnly attested pledges of friendship and princely affection were more hollow than the hollow wind."

Our picture, which, with another in this number of PLEASANT HOURS, are specimens of the 1,210 high class engravings in Dr. Ridpath's History of the World,* shows the quaint, naval architecture of the day which is thus described by Longfellow in 'The Building of the Ship'

And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,



LANDING OF THE ENGLISH FLEET WITH HENRY VIII. AT CALAIS.

* *Cyclopaedia of Universal History*. Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2384 pages. By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 103 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

And signal lanterns and flags aloft,
And quaint round towers like those that frown,
From some old castle looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat

The magnificent work from which these cuts are taken is a perfect library in itself. To gain even a general idea of the history of the world, demands more time and more books than most of us can afford. But the volumes under review, however, bring an apparently almost impossible task within

easy accomplishment. By judicious omission of unimportant details and by skilful condensation of narrative and grouping of facts into their proper relations, a clear and connected conspectus of the history of the world may be obtained. Most abridgments of history are as juiceless and dry as last year's hay. Dr. Ridpath's cyclopaedia is free from this fault. He is master of a picturesque and dramatic style that rivets the reader's attention and

presents the great features of the period he treats in a singularly vivid manner. He possesses also the critical skill that sifts out the legendary and gives the results of the labours of the ablest original investigators of the past.

We heartily commend this book—which is the subject of a special article in the April number of the *Methodist Magazine*—and illustrated with many engravings—as by far the best general history that we know.

THE PRINCESS MARR.

In a certain far off country there once lived a great and powerful princess called Marr, whose territory extended from a remote and lofty region called Backatuc to a distant low lying region known as the Sabacia.

Although the Princess Marr was a gentle and considerate ruler, she was often much troubled by the rebellious and disorderly conduct of Prince Sonneigh.

The thing which caused her the most anxiety was the disorderly manner in which he regulated his own domain. This he would so neglect that at times some parts would look as though they had been swept by a cyclone, whilst others would look as though they had been rent by a devastating army, whilst others again—the fairest part of his territory—would be so covered with soot and other deposits that the real surface underneath could scarcely be recognized.

Then the Princess Marr would arise in her might, and calling upon her good knights, Sir Hackaback, and Sir Windsor Sops, and Sir Hairb Rush, she would make a descent on the domain of Prince Sonneigh, or, as he was more properly called, Prince Tommeigh,—for Sonneigh was merely a title of courtesy,—and they would

sweep the incumbered districts of their foreign deposits, this task being confided to Sir Hackaback, aided by Sir Windsor Sops, whilst Sir Hairb Rush went through the tangled brakes and shrubbery, which had been allowed to grow into wild disorder and put them into orderly shape.

There was always great wailing and outcry and sore distress in the land of Prince Tommeigh when these reforms were being carried into ex-