

**JACKANAPES: DADDY
DARWIN'S DOVECOT: THE
STORY OF A SHORT LIFE**

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Jackanapes: Daddy Darwin's dovecot: The story of a short life by Juliana Horatia Ewing

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JULIANA HORATIA EWING

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STORY OF A SHORT LIFE**



He caught at his own reins, and spoke very loud, —
“Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on.” (p. 49)

Jackanapes
Daddy Darwin's Dovecot
and
The Story of a Short Life

BY

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

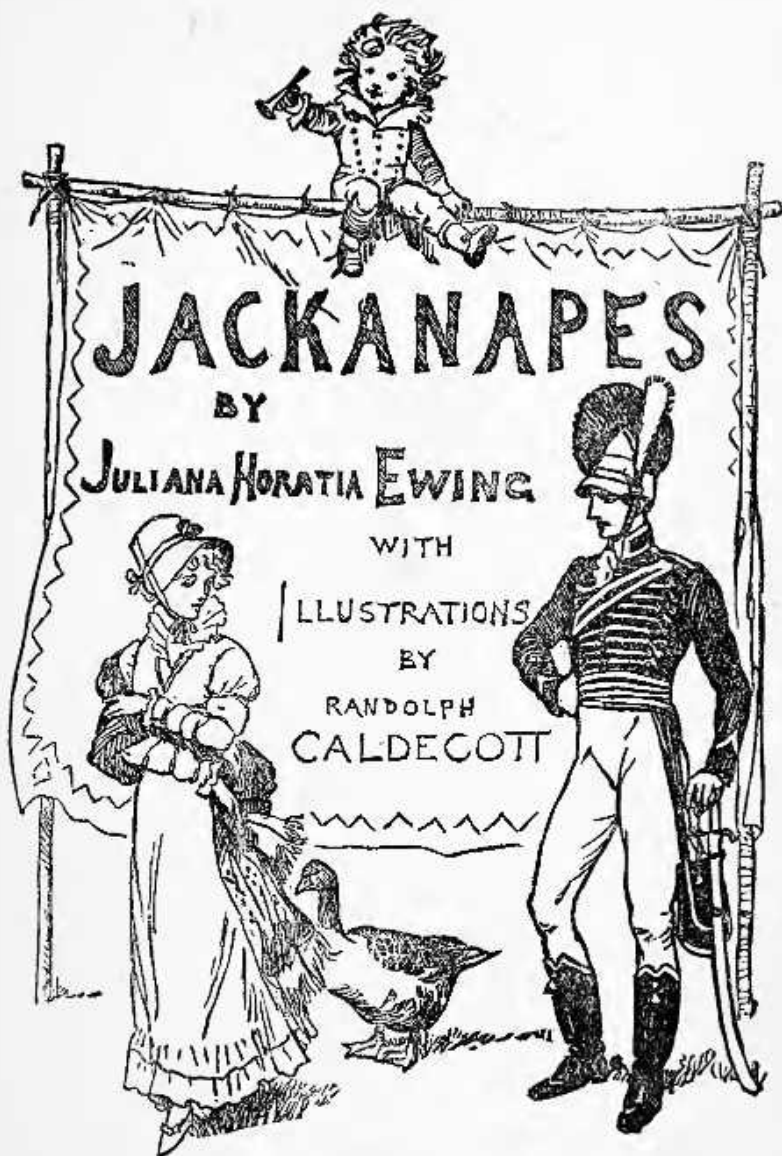
Author of "Six to Sixteen," "Jan of the Windmill," etc.

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“ If I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a Jackanapes, never off.”

King Henry V., Act v. Scene 2.

CHAPTER I.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine
Yet one would I select from that proud throng.

To thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for.

BYRON.



TWO Donkeys and the Geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the Postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived. As to the rest

of the world, what has one to do with the rest of the world when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green? Moreover, if a stranger did come on any lawful business, he might ask his way at the shop.

Most of the inhabitants were long-lived, early deaths (like that of the little Miss Jessamine) being exceptional; and most of the old people were proud of their age, especially the sexton, who would be ninety-nine come Martinmas, and whose father remembered a man who had carried arrows, as a boy, for the battle of Flodden Field. The Gray Goose and the big Miss Jessamine were the only elderly persons who kept their ages secret. Indeed, Miss Jessamine never mentioned any one's age, or recalled the exact year in which anything had happened. She said that she had been taught that it was bad manners to do so "in a mixed assembly."

The Gray Goose also avoided dates; but this was partly because her brain, though intelligent, was not mathematical, and computation was beyond her. She never got farther than "last Michaelmas," "the Michaelmas before that," and "the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before that." After this her head, which was small, became confused, and she said, "Ga, ga!" and changed the subject.

But she remembered the little Miss Jessamine, the Miss Jessamine with the "conspicuous" hair. Her aunt, the big Miss Jessamine, said it was her