

**ARTHUR ELLERSLIE;  
OR, THE BRAVE BOY**

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Arthur Ellerslie; Or, The Brave Boy by Francis Forrester

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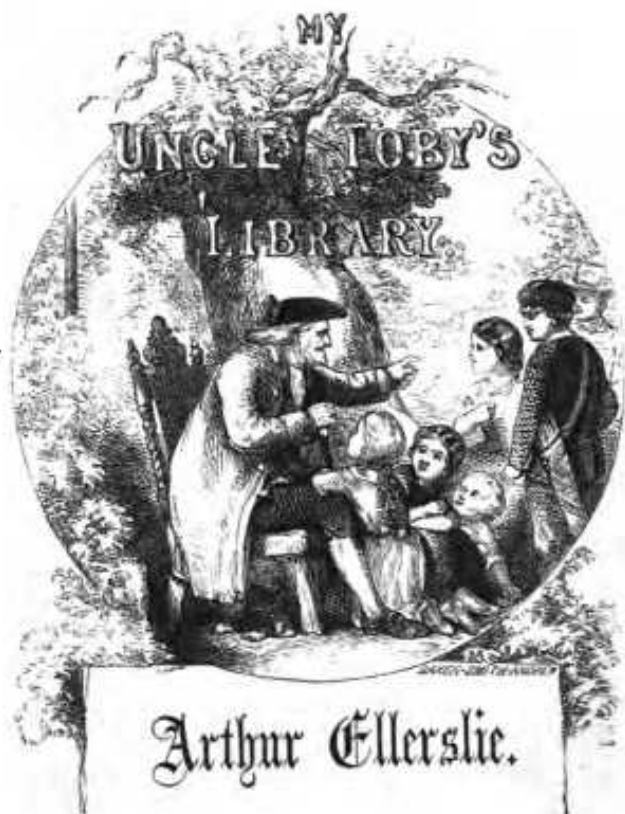
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**FRANCIS FORRESTER**

**ARTHUR ELLERSLIE;  
OR, THE BRAVE BOY**





Arthur Ellerslie.

ARTHUR ELLERSLIE;

OR,

THE BRAVE BOY.

BY

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ. *found.*

*Daniel Wise*  
" "

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BOSTON:

GEO. C. RAND, 3 CORNHILL.

WM. J. REYNOLDS & CO.

1858.

3-21-47 - Harney W. Hewett - Hayer gift

## PREFACE.

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My uncle Toby is an old soldier. In his youth he was in the wars of foreign countries. But he is very old now, and loves peace and children better than war and soldiers. He is a great story teller. He is never happier than when, on a summer's day, he sits under a tree, with his little friends all round him listening to his stories. This library contains some of his prettiest tales.

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(RECAP)

Whether the birds, who heard them from their green home over his head, warbled them in the ears of the writer, or whether he heard them himself, is of no consequence at all to the reader. I leave him to guess about that. This I know: whoever reads them will say that my uncle Toby is not to be sneezed at as a poor story teller; but that his stories are capital, and ought to be read by all the boys and girls in the world.



## ARTHUR ELLERSLIE.

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ON the outskirts of the little village of ROSEDALE stood a small school house. It looked very pleasant and inviting to the eye, for it was newly painted white, with green blinds; and it had a grove of young oak trees in its rear, and a noble old elm in its front yard. As the village clock struck twelve, its door opened, and a troop of happy children came running out, looking as if they felt

glad that the hour for a recess had arrived. And I think it is quite likely that they really felt as glad as they looked.

Among them was a boy of about twelve years old, named RALPH RATTLER. He had quite handsome features; plump, rosy cheeks, and large grayish eyes. He was dressed better than any other boy in the group; and it was easy to see, both by his dress and mien, that he belonged to rich parents.

There was another boy among them, named ARTHUR ELLERSLIE, whose cheap, patched clothing clearly showed that he was the child of poverty. But he had as

fine a bearing, and as noble a look, as any boy in that youthful flock. Although it was plain that he was the child of poor parents, it was equally clear that in mind he was at least equal to any of his companions. His broad, pale brow, his soft, bright, blue eyes, his intelligent look, told all who looked upon him that he was a boy of no ordinary stamp.

As the children crowded towards the narrow gateway leading to the road, it happened that Arthur and Ralph were hustled close upon each other. Arthur was a little in front of Ralph, and, yielding to the impulse to be first, which