

Chapter 1 : The Changeling (film) - Wikipedia

*Buy A Reputed Changeling (Large Print Edition) by Charlotte Mary Yonge from Amazon's Fiction Books Store. Everyday low prices on a huge range of new releases and classic fiction.*

Women were especially in danger in liminal states: Changelings, in some instances, were regarded not as substituted fairy children but instead old fairies brought to the human world to die. The English poet and topographer George Waldron , who lived in the Isle of Man during the early 18th century, cites a tale of a reputed changeling that was shown to him, possibly a child with an inherited genetic disorder: His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a-charing, and left him a whole day together. The neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone, which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing and in the utmost delight. Along with this belief in supernatural beings was the view that they could spirit away children, and even adults, and take them back to their own world see Elfhame. When taunted by other boys he would not hesitate to draw his gully a large knife and dispatch them, however being that he was woefully short in the legs they usually out-ran him and escaped. Scott beat a hasty retreat. It was believed that if a human child was taken in spite of such measures, the parents could force the return of the child by treating the changeling cruelly, using methods such as whipping or even inserting it in a heated oven. In at least one case, a woman was taken to court for having killed her child in an oven. When her husband demands she abandon the changeling, she refuses, and he leaves her "whereupon he meets their son in the forest, wandering free. The son explains that since his mother had never been cruel to the changeling, so the troll mother had never been cruel to him, and when she sacrificed what was dearest to her, her husband, they had realized they had no power over her and released him. The tale is notably retold by Helena Nyblom as Bortbytingarna [26] in the book Bland tomtar och troll. The changelings grow up with their new parents, but both find it hard to adapt: Upset with the conditions of their lives, they both go astray in the forest, passing each other without noticing it. The princess comes to the castle whereupon the queen immediately recognizes her, and the troll girl finds a troll woman who is cursing loudly as she works. The troll girl bursts out that the troll woman is much more fun than any other person she has ever seen, and her mother happily sees that her true daughter has returned. Both the human girl and the troll girl marry happily the very same day. Spain[ edit ] In Asturias North Spain there is a legend about the Xana , a sort of nymph who used to live near rivers, fountains and lakes, sometimes helping travellers on their journeys. The Xanas were conceived as little female fairies with supernatural beauty. They could deliver babies, "xaninos," that were sometimes swapped with human babies in order to be baptized. The legend says that in order to distinguish a "xanino" from a human baby, some pots and egg shells should be put close to the fireplace; a xanino would say: Wales[ edit ] In Wales the changeling child plentyn cael sing. It may be of less than usual intelligence, but again is identified by its more than childlike wisdom and cunning. The common means employed to identify a changeling is to cook a family meal in an eggshell. The child will exclaim, "I have seen the acorn before the oak, but I never saw the likes of this," and vanish, only to be replaced by the original human child. Alternatively, or following this identification, it is supposedly necessary to mistreat the child by placing it in a hot oven, by holding it in a shovel over a hot fire, or by bathing it in a solution of foxglove. In , Anne Roche bathed Michael Leahy, a four-year-old boy unable to speak or stand, three times in the Flesk ; he drowned the third time. She swore that she was merely attempting to drive the fairy out of him, and the jury acquitted her of murder. Local storyteller Jack Dunne accused Bridget of being a fairy changeling. It is debatable whether her husband Michael actually believed her to be a fairy; many[ who? The killers were convicted of manslaughter rather than murder, as even after the death they claimed to be convinced they had killed a changeling, not Bridget Cleary herself. One of the most commonly prescribed methods for ridding oneself of an ogbanje was to find and destroy its iyi-uwa , a buried object tying it to the mortal world. Even today, infant death is common among children born with severe sickle-cell anemia, especially in areas of Africa lacking adequate medical resources. Among the diseases or disabilities with symptoms that match the description of changelings in various legends are spina bifida , cystic fibrosis , PKU , progeria , Down

syndrome , homocystinuria , Williams syndrome , Hurler syndrome , Hunter syndrome , regressive autism , Prader-Willi Syndrome , and cerebral palsy. The greater incidence of birth defects in boys correlates to the belief that male infants were more likely to be taken. When children appear to develop normally in their early years and then start to show symptoms of autismâ€”a condition known as regressive autism â€”some parents have blamed vaccines because vaccination schedules happen close to the time children begin to show developmental changes. In particular, it has been suggested that autistic children would be likely to be labeled as changelings or elf-children due to their strange, sometimes inexplicable behavior. For example, this association might explain why fairies are often described as having an obsessive impulse to count things like handfuls of spilled seeds. This has found a place in autistic culture. Some autistic adults have come to identify with changelings or other replacements, such as aliens for this reason and their own feeling of being in a world where they do not belong and of practically not being the same species as the other people around them. In nature[ edit ] Parasitic cuckoo birds regularly practice brood parasitism, or non-reciprocal offspring-swapping. More often than not, the cuckoo chick hatches sooner than its "stepsiblings" and grows faster, eventually hogging most nourishment brought in and may actually "evict" the young of the host species by pushing them off their own nest. In popular culture[ edit ] The word "changeling" is often used in media to describe a shapeshifter, rather than a child swapped at birth. Woman by The Doors. In Supernatural , the Winchesters have faced changelings posing as real children. In My Little Pony: Friendship Is Magic , changelings are insect-like ponies that disguise themselves as other creatures to feed off their love. They are recurring antagonists in the series, led by the tyrannical Queen Chrysalis, until she is deposed by the kind changeling Thorax, who reforms the changelings into creatures who share love instead. The character Odo is a shape-shifter left in the Alpha Quadrant like European changelings were, and he fails to live up to Founder standards. In the TV series Merlin series 3 episode 6, "The Changeling", features Elena, a princess set to marry Arthur in an arranged marriage, is inhabited by as opposed to swapped with a member of the Sidhe race, who will possess her once the marriage is complete, thus ensuring a Sidhe Queen in Camelot. In Trollhunters , Arcadia is infested by changelings who bring babies to the dark lands so that they can take the form of that human. The changelings in the series are trolls rather than fairies. In Outlander , Claire finds a baby in the woods and is told that it is a changeling S1E According to the creature, his people really like milk, and a number of them have indeed been rumored to use their powers in order to disguise themselves as infants and drink it as fresh as possible. The real son of the king is taken away to elven lands and raised by elves. Changelings play a major role in Foxglove Summer , the fifth novel in the Rivers of London series by Ben Aaronovitch. As with other forms of magic and myth featured in these books, the phenomenon of fairies kidnapping human children and replacing them with changelings is depicted as actual, present-day practice. Switched , by Amanda Hocking, is the first book in the Trylle series. The Changeling Sea by Patricia A. McKillip centers around a Changeling prince with ties to the Undersea realm beneath the waves. In , The Changeling was released, featuring the story of a man who took on the identity of a murdered boy and the man who discovers this when he begins living in the house where the murder took place. Angelina Jolie starred in Changeling , in which she portrays Christine Collins , whose son was kidnapped in and replaced with another boy. In the anthology horror film, A Christmas Horror Story , one of the stories involves a couple who mistakes a changeling for their own son and brings it back home with them. When attacked once, they reveal their true forms, such as a scorpion , a shark , a pterodactyl , and a Wampa. The Gathering , the term is used to define a creature that has every single creature type within the game. It also has a card named Crib Swap, which reflects the switcheroo aspect. Both the original and rebooted World of Darkness settings by White Wolf Games included one game line titled focused on changelings: The Dreaming in the original World of Darkness, and Changeling: The Lost in the New World of Darkness. In both games, player characters were changelings, though the approaches differed between the two games: The latter game focused on the folklore concerning mortals kidnapped by faeries and subsequently returned to the mortal world. Wings of Liberty , the changeling is a zerg spy produced by the overseer. Loki disguised herself yet again in the intro for the Tempest Trial Mini entitled "Shrouded by the Storm" this time as Fjorm, the Princess of Nifl until her cover was blown when the real Fjorm shows up. The game Button Men features a Changeling character as a rare

button in the Soldiers set.

**Chapter 2 : A Reputed Changeling by Charlotte M. Yonge - Full Text Free Book (Part 1/8)**

*A Reputed Changeling by Charlotte Mary Yonge, , available at Book Depository with free delivery worldwide.*

Transcribed by David Price, email ccx coventry. There is some doubt as to the proper spelling of Portchester, but, judging by analogy, the t ought not to be omitted. Your precious babe is hence conveyed, And in its place a changeling laid. See here, a shocking awkward creature, That speaks a fool in every feature. Do you not know that he is a changeling? The first speaker was Anne Jacobina Woodford, who had recently come with her mother, the widow of a brave naval officer, to live with her uncle, the Prebendary then in residence. The other was Lucy Archfield, daughter to a knight, whose home was a few miles from Portchester, Dr. In the seventeenth century, when roads were mere ditches often impassable, and country-houses frequently became entirely isolated in the winter, it was usual with the wealthier county families to move into their local capital, where some owned mansions and others hired prebendal houses, or went into lodgings in the roomy dwellings of the superior tradesmen. For the elders this was the season of social intercourse, for the young people, of education. The two girls, who were about eight years old, had struck up a rapid friendship, and were walking hand in hand to the Close attended by the nurse in charge of Mistress Lucy. This little lady wore a black silk hood and cape, trimmed with light brown fur, and lined with pink, while Anne Woodford, being still in mourning for her father, was wrapped in a black cloak, unrelieved except by the white border of her round cap, fringed by fair curls, contrasting with her brown eyes. She was taller and had a more upright bearing of head and neck, with more promise of beauty than her companion, who was much more countrified and would not have been taken for the child of higher station. They had traversed the graveyard of the Cathedral, and were passing through a narrow archway known as the Slype, between the south-western angle of the Cathedral and a heavy mass of old masonry forming part of the garden wall of the present abode of the Archfield family, when suddenly both children stumbled and fell, while an elfish peal of laughter sounded behind them. Lucy came down uppermost, and was scarcely hurt, but Anne had fallen prone, striking her chin on the ground, so as to make her bite her lip, and bruising knees and elbows severely. Nurse detected the cause of the fall so as to avoid it herself. It was a cord fastened across the archway, close to the ground, and another shout of derision greeted the discovery; while Lucy, regaining her feet, beheld for a moment a weird exulting grimace on a visage peeping over a neighbouring headstone. O nurse, her mouth is all blood. They had dined at the fashionable hour of two, and were to stay till supper-time, the elders playing at Ombre, the juniors dancing. As a rule the ordinary clergy did not associate with the county families, but Dr. Woodford was of good birth and a royal chaplain, and his deceased brother had been a favourite officer of the Duke of York, and had been so severely wounded by his side in the battle of Southwold as to be permanently disabled. Indeed Anne Jacobina was godchild to the Duke and his first Duchess, whose favoured attendant her mother had been. It had been already arranged that the two little girls should spend the evening together, and as they entered the garden before the house a rude voice exclaimed, "Holloa! Has my fine lady met a spider or a cow? I heard him laughing like a hobgoblin, and saw him too, grinning over a tombstone like the malicious elf he is. Small question of that, the cankered young slip! Nurse, do you think those he belongs to can do Charley any harm if he angers them? I thought there were no such things as--" "Hist, hist, Missie Anne! Not like boys in London. So they took madam home to the Chace, but she has been but an ailing body ever since. I am coming to it all in good time. I was telling you how the poor lady failed and pined from that hour, and was like to die. My gossip Madge told me how when, next Midsummer, this unlucky babe was born they had to take him from her chamber at once because any sound of crying made her start in her sleep, and shriek that she heard a poor child wailing who had been left in a burning house. The Whig bear is what Charley calls him. So they must needs trip him up, so that he rolled down the stair hollering and squalling all the way enough to bring the house down, and his poor lady mother, she woke up in a fit. The womenfolk ran, Molly and all, she being but a slip of a girl herself and giddy-pated, and when they came back after quieting Master Oliver, the babe was changed. They cannot, if a body is looking. But what had been as likely a child before as you would wish to handle was gone! The poor little mouth was all of a twist, and his eyelid drooped, and he never ceased mourn,

mourn, mourn, wail, wail, wail, day and night, and whatever food he took he never was satisfied, but pined and peaked and dwined from day to day, so as his little legs was like knitting pins. The lady was nigh upon death as it seemed, so that no one took note of the child at first, but when Madge had time to look at him, she saw how it was, as plain as plain could be, and told his father. But men are unbelieving, my dears, and always think they know better than them as has the best right, and Major Oakshott would hear of no such thing, only if the boy was like to die, he must be christened. Well, Madge knew that sometimes they flee at touch of holy water, but no; though the thing mourned and moaned enough to curdle your blood and screeched out when the water touched him, there he was the same puny little canker. So when madam was better, and began to fret over the child that was nigh upon three months old, and no bigger than a newborn babe, Madge up and told her how it was, and the way to get her own again. Madge always held to breaking five and twenty eggs and have a pot boiling on a good sea-coal fire with the poker in it red hot, and then drop the shells in one by one, in sight of the creature in the cradle. Presently it will up and ask whatever you are about. Then you gets the poker in your hand as you says, "A-brewing of egg shells. Madam was that soft-hearted she could not bring her mind to it, though they promised her not to touch him unless he spoke. So after a while madam saw the rights of it, and gave consent that means should be taken as Madge and other wise folk would have it; but he was too old by that time for the egg shells, for he could talk, talk, and ask questions enough to drive you wild. So then it was all over with them, as though that were not proof enow what manner of thing it was! Madge tried to put him off with washing with yarbs being good for the limbs, but when he saw that Deb was there, he saith, saith he, as grim as may be, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," which was hard, for she is but a white witch; and he stormed and raved at them with Bible texts, and then he vowed men are so headstrong, my dears that if ever he ketched them at it again, he would see Deb burnt for a witch at the stake, and Madge hung for the murder of the child, and he is well known to be a man of his word. So they had to leave him to abide by his bargain, and a sore handful he has of it. There was often a considerable distance between children and their parents in the seventeenth century, but Anne Woodford, as the only child of her widowed mother, was as solace, comfort, and companion; and on her pillow in early morning the child poured forth in grave earnest the entire story of the changeling, asking whether he could not be "taken to good Dr. Ken, or the Dean, or the Bishop to be ex-- ex--what is it, mother? Not whipped with nettles. The other old woman saw it! He is lean and small, and his eyes are of different colours, look two ways at once, and his mouth goes awry when he speaks, and he laughs just like--like a fiend. Have you ever seen him, mamma? I saw a poor boy, who seemed to me to have had a stroke of some sort when he was an infant. If I had told mine, I should have been whipped for repeating lying tales. And she kept her resolution, for though a little excited by her first taste of lively youthful companionship, she was naturally a thoughtful reticent child, with a character advanced by companionship with her mother as an only child, through a great sorrow. Changeling or no, it was certain that Peregrine Oakshott was the plague of the Close, where his father, an ex-officer of the Parliamentary army, had unwillingly hired a house for the winter, for the sake of medical treatment for his wife, a sufferer from a complication of ailments. Oakwood, his home, was about five miles from Dr. Woodford thought it well to begin the acquaintance at Winchester. While knocking at the door of the house on the opposite side of the Close, she was aware of an elfish visage peering from an upper window. There was the queer mop of dark hair, the squinting light eyes, the contorted grin crooking the mouth, the odd sallow face, making her quite glad to get out of sight of the strange grimaces which grew every moment more hideous. Oakshott sat in an arm-chair beside a large fire in a wainscotted room, with a folding-screen shutting off the window. She had evidently once been a pretty little person, innocent and inane, and her face had become like that of a withered baby, piteous in its expression of pain and weariness, but otherwise somewhat vacant. At first, indeed, there was a look of alarm. Perhaps she expected every visitor to come with a complaint of her unlucky Peregrine, but when Mrs. Woodford spoke cheerfully of being her neighbour in the country, she was evidently relieved and even gratified, prattling in a soft plaintive tone about her sufferings and the various remedies, ranging from woodlice rolled into natural pills, and grease off the church bells, to diamond dust and Goa stones, since, as she said, there was no cost to which Major Oakshott would not go for her benefit. She was quite animated when Mrs. Woodford offered to show her how to prepare it. Therewith the master of the house came in, and

the aspect of affairs changed. He was a tall, dark, grave man, plainly though handsomely dressed, and in a gentlemanly way making it evident that visits to his wife were not welcome. He said that her health never permitted her to go abroad, and that his poor house contained nothing that could please a Court lady. Oakshott shrank into herself, and became shy and silent, and Mrs. Woodford felt constrained to take leave, courteously conducted to the door by her unwilling host. She had not taken many steps before she was startled by a sharp shower from a squirt coming sidelong like a blow on her cheek and surprising her into a low cry, which was heard by the Major, so that he hastened out, exclaiming, "Madam, I trust that you are not hurt. It is nothing--not a stone--only water! It was only childish mischief. Woodford, making a motion to ward off the stroke, and as the queer eyes glanced up at her in wondering inquiry, she laid her hand on the bony shoulder, saying, "I know you did not mean to hurt me. You are sorry, are you not? I should fail in my duty alike to God and man," he added, in reply to a fresh gesture of intercession, "did I not teach him what it is to insult a lady at mine own door. Woodford could only go away, heartily sorry for the boy. From that time, however, both she and her little daughter were untouched by his tricks, though every one else had some complaint. Perhaps frequent usage had toughened his skin, or he had become expert in wriggling from the full force of the blow, or else, as many believed, the elfish nature was impervious; for he was as ready as ever for a trick the moment he was released, like, as his brother said, the dog Keeper, who, with a slaughtered chick hung round his neck in penance, rushed murderously upon the rest of the brood. Woodford, on her way through the Cathedral nave, was aware of something leaning against one of the great columns, crouching together so that the dark head, supported on the arms, rested against the pillar which fluted the pier. The organ was pealing softly and plaintively, and the little gray coat seemed to heave as with a sob. She stood, impelled to offer to take him with her into the choir, but a verger, spying him, began rating him in a tone fit for expelling a dog, "Come, master, none of your pranks here! Be not you ashamed of yourself to be lying in wait for godly folk on their way to prayers? If I catch you here again the Dean shall hear of it, and you shall smart for it. Woodford began, "He was only hearkening to the music," but she caught such a look of malignity cast upon the verger as perfectly appalled her, and in another moment the boy had dashed, head over heels, out at the nearest door. The next report that reached her related how a cloud of lime had suddenly descended from a broken arch of the cloister on the solemn verger, on his way to escort the Dean to the Minster, powdering his wig, whitening his black gown from collar to hem, and not a little endangering his eyesight. The culprit eluded all pursuit on this occasion; but Mrs. Woodford soon after was told that the Major had caught Peregrine listening at the little south door of the choir, had collared him, and flogged him worse than ever, for being seduced by the sounds of the popish and idolatrous worship, and had told all his sons that the like chastisement awaited them if they presumed to cross the threshold of the steeple house. Nevertheless the Senior Prefect of the college boys, when about to come out of the Cathedral on Sunday morning, found his gown pinned with a skewer so fast to the seat that he was only set free at the expense of a rent. Public opinion decided that the deed had been done by the imp of Oakshott, and accordingly the whole of the Wykeham scholars set on him with hue and cry the first time they saw him outside the Close, and hunted him as far as St. Cross, where he suddenly and utterly vanished from their sight. Woodford agreed with Anne that it was a very strange story. For how could he have been in the Cathedral at service time when it was well known that Major Oakshott had all his family together at his own form of worship in his house?

Chapter 3 : A Reputed Changeling by Charlotte Mary Yonge

7. *A reputed changeling or Three seventh twoA reputed changeling or Three seventh years two centuries ago. 7.*

She was educated at home by her father, studying Latin, Greek, French, Euclid, and algebra. He required a diligence and accuracy that were utterly alien to me. He thundered at me so that nobody could bear to hear it, and often reduced me to tears, but his approbation was so delightful that it was a delicious stimulus I believe, in spite of all breezes over my innate slovenliness, it would have broken our hearts to leave off working together. And we went on till I was some years past twenty. His "approbation was throughout life my bliss; his anger my misery for the time. Yonge is herself sometimes referred to as "the novelist of the Oxford Movement", as her novels frequently reflect the values and concerns of Anglo-Catholicism. She remained in Otterbourne all her life and for 71 years was a teacher in the village Sunday school. She chose Eastley, but decided that it should be spelt Eastleigh as she perceived this as being more modern. Her first commercial success, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, provided the funding to enable the schooner *Southern Cross* to be put into service on behalf of George Selwyn. Similar charitable works were done with the profits from later novels. Yonge was also a founder and editor for forty years of *The Monthly Packet*, a magazine founded in with a varied readership, but targeted at British Anglican girls in later years it was addressed to a somewhat wider readership. *A Book of Golden Deeds* is a collection of true stories of courage and self-sacrifice. After her death, her friend, assistant and collaborator, Christabel Coleridge, published the biographical *Charlotte Mary Yonge: An officer in the Guards*, asked in a game of "Confessions" what his prime object in life was, answered that it was to make himself like Guy Morville, hero of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. *Her Life and Letters*. Macmillan and Company Dennis, Barbara Introduction. *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Hayter, Alethea Charlotte Yonge. Oxford University Press, Retrieved on 8 May Sturrock, June "Heaven and Home": Anger and Masculinity in the Novels of Charlotte M.

Chapter 4 : Reputed Changeling, A eBook

*Charlotte Mary Yonge (11 August - 24 May ), was an English novelist, known for her huge output, now mostly out of print.*

A week had passed since any of the family from Oakwood had come to make inquiries after the convalescent at Portchester, when Dr. Woodford mounted his sleek, sober-paced pad, and accompanied by a groom, rode over to make his report and tender his counsel to Major Oakshott. Accordingly there was a ready welcome at the door of the old red house, which was somewhat gloomy looking, being on the north side of the hill, and a good deal stifled with trees. In a brief interval the Doctor found himself seated beside the pale languid lady at the head of the long table, placed in a large hall, wainscotted with the blackest of oak, which seemed to absorb into itself all the light from the windows, large enough indeed but heavily mullioned, and with almost as much of leading as of octagons and lozenges--greenish glass--in them, while the coats of arms, repeated in upper portions and at the intersections of beams and rafters, were not more cheerful, being sable chevrons on an argent field. The crest, a horse shoe, was indeed azure, but the blue of this and of the coats of the serving-men only deepened the thunderous effect of the black. Strangely, however, among these sad-coloured men there moved a figure entirely differently. A negro, white turbaned, and with his blue livery of a lighter shade, of fantastic make and relieved by a great deal of white and shining silver, so as to have an entirely different effect. He placed himself behind the chair of Dr. The rest of the party consisted of Oliver and Robert, sturdy, ruddy lads of fifteen and twelve, and their tutor, Mr. Horncastle, an elderly man, who twenty years before had resigned his living because he could not bring himself to accept all the Liturgy. While Sir Peregrine courteously relieved his sister-in-law of the trouble of carving the gammon of bacon which accompanied the veal which her husband was helping, Dr. Neither his head nor his side can brook the journey for at least another week, and indeed my good sister Woodford will hardly know how to part with her patient. Woodford, "that he has been a very good child, grateful and obedient, nor have I heard any complaints. Woodford, carries you far, sir," answered his host. Is my nephew and namesake so peevish a scapegrace? On which anecdotes broke forth from all quarters. Every one had something to adduce, even the serving-men behind the chairs; and if Oliver and Robert did not add their quota, it was because absolute silence at meals was the rule for nonage. However, the subject was evidently distasteful to the father, who changed the conversation by asking his brother questions about the young Prince of Orange and the Grand Pensionary De Witt. Woodford enjoyed his conversation, and his information on foreign politics, and the Major, though now and then protesting, was evidently proud of his brother. Woodford intimated that he wished for some conversation with his host respecting the boy Peregrine. Woodford uttered a diplomatic compliment on the healthful and robust appearance of the eldest and youngest sons, and asked whether any cause had been assigned for the difference between them and the intermediate brother. It may be in order to humble me and prove me that this hath been laid upon me. In proof that Peregrine veritably believed it himself, Dr. Woodford related what he had witnessed on Midsummer night, mentioning how in delirium the boy had evidently believed himself in fairyland, and how disappointed he had been, on regaining his senses, to find himself on common earth; telling also of the adventure with the King, which Sir Christopher Wren had described to him, but of which Major Oakshott was unaware, though it explained the offer of the pageship. He was a good deal struck by these revelations, proving misery that he had never suspected, though, as he said, he had often pleaded, "Why will ye revolt more and more? Woodford then begged as a personal favour for an individual examination of the family and servants on their opinion. The master was reluctant thus, as he expressed it, to go a-fooling, but his brother backed the Doctor up, and further prevented a general assembly to put one another to shame, but insisted on the witnesses being called in one by one. Oliver, the first summoned, was beginning to be somewhat less overawed by his father than in his earlier boyhood. To the inquiry what he thought of his brother Peregrine, he made a tentative sort of reply, that he was a strange fellow, who never could keep out of disgrace. Do you--nay, have you ever supposed him to be a--" he really could not bring out the word. I cannot recollect the time when I did not as entirely deem Peregrine a changeling elf as that Robin was my own

brother. He believes so himself. The little fellow came in, somewhat frightened, and when asked the question that had been put to his elder, his face lighted up, and he exclaimed, "Oh, have they brought him back again? Molly Owens, that was his foster-mother, saw the fairies bear him off on a broomstick up the chimney. The Major could not listen with patience. The old Ironside who now appeared would not avouch his own disbelief in the identity of Master Peregrine, being, as he said, a man who had studied his Bible, listened to godly preachers, and seen the world; but he had no hesitation in declaring that almost every other soul in the household believed in it as firmly as in the Gospel, certainly all the women, and probably all the men, nor was there any doubt that the young gentleman conducted himself more like a goblin than the son of pious Christian parents. Poor soul, she is too feeble to be fretted," said her husband. She would be of one mind while I spoke to her, and another while her women were pouring their tales into her ear. Methinks I now understand why she has always seemed to shrink from this unfortunate child, and to fear rather than love him. The question is how to deal with him under this fresh light. I will, so please your honour, assemble the family this very night, and expound to them that such superstitions are contrary to the very word of Scripture. Woodford, "that the best hope for the poor lad would be to place him where these foolish tales were unknown, and he could start afresh on the same terms with other youths. Woodford, "some scholar might be found, either here or in Holland, who might share your opinions, and could receive the boy without incurring penalties for opening a school without license. Then he rode home to tell his sister-in-law that he had done his best, and that he thought it a fortunate conjunction that the travelled brother had been present. Do you like this chapter?

**Chapter 5 : Editions of The Changeling by Robin Jenkins**

*A Reputed Changeling, or Three Seventh Years Two Centuries Ago [Charlotte M. Yonge] on [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com)  
\*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. A fascinating novel about a boy born a year after The Great Fire of London, whose strange appearance caused his mother.*

Your precious babe is hence conveyed, And in its place a changeling laid. See here, a shocking awkward creature, That speaks a fool in every feature. Do you not know that he is a changeling? The first speaker was Anne Jacobina Woodford, who had recently come with her mother, the widow of a brave naval officer, to live with her uncle, the Prebendary then in residence. The other was Lucy Archfield, daughter to a knight, whose home was a few miles from Portchester, Dr. In the seventeenth century, when roads were mere ditches often impassable, and country-houses frequently became entirely isolated in the winter, it was usual with the wealthier county families to move into their local capital, where some owned mansions and others hired prebendal houses, or went into lodgings in the roomy dwellings of the superior tradesmen. For the elders this was the season of social intercourse, for the young people, of education. The two girls, who were about eight years old, had struck up a rapid friendship, and were walking hand in hand to the Close attended by the nurse in charge of Mistress Lucy. This little lady wore a black silk hood and cape, trimmed with light brown fur, and lined with pink, while Anne Woodford, being still in mourning for her father, was wrapped in a black cloak, unrelieved except by the white border of her round cap, fringed by fair curls, contrasting with her brown eyes. She was taller and had a more upright bearing of head and neck, with more promise of beauty than her companion, who was much more countrified and would not have been taken for the child of higher station. They had traversed the graveyard of the Cathedral, and were passing through a narrow archway known as the Slype, between the south-western angle of the Cathedral and a heavy mass of old masonry forming part of the garden wall of the present abode of the Archfield family, when suddenly both children stumbled and fell, while an elfish peal of laughter sounded behind them. Lucy came down uppermost, and was scarcely hurt, but Anne had fallen prone, striking her chin on the ground, so as to make her bite her lip, and bruising knees and elbows severely. Nurse detected the cause of the fall so as to avoid it herself. It was a cord fastened across the archway, close to the ground, and another shout of derision greeted the discovery; while Lucy, regaining her feet, beheld for a moment a weird exulting grimace on a visage peeping over a neighbouring headstone. O nurse, her mouth is all blood. They had dined at the fashionable hour of two, and were to stay till supper-time, the elders playing at Ombre, the juniors dancing. As a rule the ordinary clergy did not associate with the county families, but Dr. Woodford was of good birth and a royal chaplain, and his deceased brother had been a favourite officer of the Duke of York, and had been so severely wounded by his side in the battle of Southwold as to be permanently disabled. Indeed Anne Jacobina was godchild to the Duke and his first Duchess, whose favoured attendant her mother had been. Has my fine lady met a spider or a cow? I heard him laughing like a hobgoblin, and saw him too, grinning over a tombstone like the malicious elf he is. Small question of that, the cankered young slip! Nurse, do you think those he belongs to can do Charley any harm if he angers them? Not like boys in London. So they took madam home to the Chace, but she has been but an ailing body ever since. I am coming to it all in good time. I was telling you how the poor lady failed and pined from that hour, and was like to die. My gossip Madge told me how when, next Midsummer, this unlucky babe was born they had to take him from her chamber at once because any sound of crying made her start in her sleep, and shriek that she heard a poor child wailing who had been left in a burning house. The Whig bear is what Charley calls him. So they must needs trip him up, so that he rolled down the stair hollering and squalling all the way enough to bring the house down, and his poor lady mother, she woke up in a fit. The womenfolk ran, Molly and all, she being but a slip of a girl herself and giddy-pated, and when they came back after quieting Master Oliver, the babe was changed. They cannot, if a body is looking. But what had been as likely a child before as you would wish to handle was gone! The poor little mouth was all of a twist, and his eyelid drooped, and he never ceased mourn, mourn, mourn, wail, wail, wail, day and night, and whatever food he took he never was satisfied, but pined and peaked and dwined from day to day, so as his little legs was like

knitting pins. The lady was nigh upon death as it seemed, so that no one took note of the child at first, but when Madge had time to look at him, she saw how it was, as plain as plain could be, and told his father. But men are unbelieving, my dears, and always think they know better than them as has the best right, and Major Oakshott would hear of no such thing, only if the boy was like to die, he must be christened. Well, Madge knew that sometimes they flee at touch of holy water, but no; though the thing mourned and moaned enough to curdle your blood and screeched out when the water touched him, there he was the same puny little canker. So when madam was better, and began to fret over the child that was nigh upon three months old, and no bigger than a newborn babe, Madge up and told her how it was, and the way to get her own again. Madge always held to breaking five and twenty eggs and have a pot boiling on a good sea-coal fire with the poker in it red hot, and then drop the shells in one by one, in sight of the creature in the cradle. Presently it will up and ask whatever you are about. Madam was that soft-hearted she could not bring her mind to it, though they promised her not to touch him unless he spoke. So after a while madam saw the rights of it, and gave consent that means should be taken as Madge and other wise folk would have it; but he was too old by that time for the egg shells, for he could talk, talk, and ask questions enough to drive you wild. So then it was all over with them, as though that were not proof enow what manner of thing it was! So they had to leave him to abide by his bargain, and a sore handful he has of it. Not whipped with nettles. The other old woman saw it! And he is not a bit like other lads, mamma dear. Have you ever seen him, mamma? I saw a poor boy, who seemed to me to have had a stroke of some sort when he was an infant. If I had told mine, I should have been whipped for repeating lying tales. And she kept her resolution, for though a little excited by her first taste of lively youthful companionship, she was naturally a thoughtful reticent child, with a character advanced by companionship with her mother as an only child, through a great sorrow. Changeling or no, it was certain that Peregrine Oakshott was the plague of the Close, where his father, an ex-officer of the Parliamentary army, had unwillingly hired a house for the winter, for the sake of medical treatment for his wife, a sufferer from a complication of ailments. Oakwood, his home, was about five miles from Dr. Woodford thought it well to begin the acquaintance at Winchester. While knocking at the door of the house on the opposite side of the Close, she was aware of an elfish visage peering from an upper window. There was the queer mop of dark hair, the squinting light eyes, the contorted grin crooking the mouth, the odd sallow face, making her quite glad to get out of sight of the strange grimaces which grew every moment more hideous. Oakshott sat in an arm-chair beside a large fire in a wainscotted room, with a folding-screen shutting off the window. She had evidently once been a pretty little person, innocent and inane, and her face had become like that of a withered baby, piteous in its expression of pain and weariness, but otherwise somewhat vacant. At first, indeed, there was a look of alarm. Perhaps she expected every visitor to come with a complaint of her unlucky Peregrine, but when Mrs. Woodford spoke cheerfully of being her neighbour in the country, she was evidently relieved and even gratified, prattling in a soft plaintive tone about her sufferings and the various remedies, ranging from woodlice rolled into natural pills, and grease off the church bells, to diamond dust and Goa stones, since, as she said, there was no cost to which Major Oakshott would not go for her benefit. She was quite animated when Mrs. Woodford offered to show her how to prepare it. Therewith the master of the house came in, and the aspect of affairs changed. He was a tall, dark, grave man, plainly though handsomely dressed, and in a gentlemanly way making it evident that visits to his wife were not welcome. He said that her health never permitted her to go abroad, and that his poor house contained nothing that could please a Court lady. Oakshott shrank into herself, and became shy and silent, and Mrs. Woodford felt constrained to take leave, courteously conducted to the door by her unwilling host. It was only childish mischief. You are sorry, are you not? Woodford could only go away, heartily sorry for the boy. From that time, however, both she and her little daughter were untouched by his tricks, though every one else had some complaint. Perhaps frequent usage had toughened his skin, or he had become expert in wriggling from the full force of the blow, or else, as many believed, the elfish nature was impervious; for he was as ready as ever for a trick the moment he was released, like, as his brother said, the dog Keeper, who, with a slaughtered chick hung round his neck in penance, rushed murderously upon the rest of the brood. Woodford, on her way through the Cathedral nave, was aware of something leaning against one of the great columns, crouching together so that the dark head, supported on

the arms, rested against the pillar which fluted the pier. The organ was pealing softly and plaintively, and the little gray coat seemed to heave as with a sob. Be not you ashamed of yourself to be lying in wait for godly folk on their way to prayers? If I catch you here again the Dean shall hear of it, and you shall smart for it. The next report that reached her related how a cloud of lime had suddenly descended from a broken arch of the cloister on the solemn verger, on his way to escort the Dean to the Minster, powdering his wig, whitening his black gown from collar to hem, and not a little endangering his eyesight. The culprit eluded all pursuit on this occasion; but Mrs. Woodford soon after was told that the Major had caught Peregrine listening at the little south door of the choir, had collared him, and flogged him worse than ever, for being seduced by the sounds of the popish and idolatrous worship, and had told all his sons that the like chastisement awaited them if they presumed to cross the threshold of the steeple house. Page 10 Nevertheless the Senior Prefect of the college boys, when about to come out of the Cathedral on Sunday morning, found his gown pinned with a skewer so fast to the seat that he was only set free at the expense of a rent. Public opinion decided that the deed had been done by the imp of Oakshott, and accordingly the whole of the Wykeham scholars set on him with hue and cry the first time they saw him outside the Close, and hunted him as far as St. Cross, where he suddenly and utterly vanished from their sight. Woodford agreed with Anne that it was a very strange story. For how could he have been in the Cathedral at service time when it was well known that Major Oakshott had all his family together at his own form of worship in his house? Anne, who had been in hopes that her mother would be thus convinced of his supernatural powers, looked disappointed, but she had afterwards to confess that Charles Archfield had found out that it was his cousin Sedley Archfield who had played the audacious trick, in revenge for a well-merited tunding from the Prefect. But, dear madam, pray do not tell what I have said to her ladyship, for there is no knowing what Sedley would do to us. He is a very gentleman. He never is rude to any girl, and he is courteous and gentle and kind. He gathered walnuts for us yesterday, and cracked all mine, and I am to make him a purse with two of the shells. There was a reserve to bring that glow, for the child knew that if she durst say that Charles called her his little sweetheart and wife, and that the walnut-shell purse would be kept as a token, she should be laughed at as a silly child, perhaps forbidden to make it, or else her uncle might hear and make a joke of it. It was not exactly disingenuousness, but rather the first dawn of maidenly reserve and modesty that reddened her cheek in a manner her mother did not fail to observe. On the strength of which Anne, as her companions sometimes said, gave herself in consequence more airs than Mistress Lucy ever did. However, the present school character of Master Sedley, as well as her own observations, by no means inclined Mrs. Woodford towards the boy, large limbed and comely faced, but with a bullying, scowling air that did not augur well for his wife or his parish. There were some fine yew trees on the southern borders, towards the chalk down, with massive dark foliage upon stout ruddy branches, among which Peregrine, armed with a fishing-rod, line, and hook, sat perched, angling for what might be caught from unconscious passengers along a path which led beneath. Full of dismay, she hurried shrieking away to tell the story of the bewitched chick at the market-cross among her gossips. As soon as the coast was clear he went back to his post, and presently was aware of three gentlemen advancing over the down, pointing, measuring, and surveying. One was small and slight, as simply dressed as a gentleman of the period could be; another was clad in a gay coat with a good deal of fluttering ribbon and rich lace; the third, a tall well-made man, had a plain walking suit, surmounted by a flowing periwig and plumed beaver.

## Chapter 6 : Changeling - Wikipedia

*A Reputed Changeling by Charlotte Mary Yonge as one's life was [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com) Peregrine was to die, suggested [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com) your heart, dearie, he'll never die! When the true one's time comes, you'll see, if so be you be alive to see.*

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