

Chapter 1 : Chaucer's Canterbury Tales - The Parson by Tessa M on Prezi

*Of the Stiff-legged Parson and his Flock Authur Conan Doyle O UR road lay through Castle Carey and Somerton, which are small towns lying in the midst of a most beautiful pastoral country, well wooded and watered by many streams.*

Turner through one of his Rev. Ebenezer Buckle novels, *The Fair Murder*, which is part of a lamentably short-lived series published under the name of "Nicholas Brady. I was favorably impressed by the extraordinary and increasingly darkening plot of *The Fair Murder*, told as a surprisingly conventional detective story, which convinced me to move as many titles from this brief series from my wish list to the big pile "a task that proved to be ridiculously easy. Nearly all of the Nicholas Brady titles are rarities on the secondhand book market and acquiring a copy will cost you a pretty dime. Fortunately, four of the books were reissued last year by an independent publisher, Black Heath Editions, who sell their books for a buck a pop. So I was able to pick up the book Norris chased for more than in a decade in less than a month and at a fraction of the price he paid for it. I decided to dip into this obscure series without too much delay and my pick turned out to be first-rate village mystery that can stand comparison with H. Yes, the one by Crispin is a really good village-set detective story, JJ. Just read it already! I picked the previously mentioned *Ebenezer Investigates*, the next-to-last book in the series, which takes place in the small, quiet village of Dowerby. A place that has not felt "the touch of unnatural death" for more than a hundred years. There are, however, more than enough everyday problems and most of them were deemed "unfit for polite conversation. Ebenezer Buckle, as chairman of the Organizing Commitee. Several months of hard, selfless work were invested in putting together the village bazaar and the event promised to be a huge success. Buckle had unburdened himself of the responsibility of his flower stall, the mystery-addicted parson entered the treasure hunt himself, but his clue brought him to a ditch that ran along the foot of the railway embankment and there he caught "the glimpse of something blue" on the other side of bridge "laying at the bottom of the trench. When he came closer, the blue thing turned out to be the body of one of the village girls, Constance Bell, with the handle of a knife protruding from a "ghastly wound" in her throat. Buckle is not going to sit idly by as a murderer stalks the grounds of his own village and unapologetically inserts himself into the investigation. Luckily, Chief Constable Kail holds a favorable opinion of the amateur criminologist and accepts his help in untangling the litany of complications that this murders brings with it. The water is even further muddled by her obstinate father, who refuses to talk, and consequently has to be held as a material witness at the police-station. And then there are such problems as to why Constance was standing in a ditch, filled with three inches of water, when she was stabbed and why was a piece torn from her blue frock near her ankles. What happened to the book she was seen carrying around the bazaar and how the murderer manage to lug around a big, cumbersome carving knife stolen from the village fete without being seen. However, this person was being too clever and did too much to obscure the trail, which is what got this person noticed by Rev. But the murderer was still clever enough to leave behind any actual evidence that could be brought into court. So the person had to lay a trap and resort to fabricating evidence in order to ensnare this person. Nevertheless, in this instance, I believe it fitted the plot of the story and the parson should be forgiven this indiscretion. If only for the wonderful performance he gave away in this book. A role that covered more ground than just detective work. Not only did Rev. Buckle played the part of amateur criminologist, but also performed the role of enthusiastic botanist who practically chased everyone away from his stall with his intimate knowledge of flowers. Even more importantly, he never forgot his clerical duties to the village and was seen preaching several times from the pulpit, but also provided pastoral care when he mended a badly damaged marriage towards the end of the story "the best piece of work" since "I was ordained". And invites you to read one of his other cases that were mentioned in passing. On a whole, *Ebenezer Investigates* is arguably one of the better village-set mystery novels with a rock-solid, but relatively simplistic, plot and a solution that beautifully explains the clutter of complications that preceded the final chapters. Even the location of the two hidden sovereigns from the treasure hunt are revealed in the final pages. Particularly when you know who hid the coins and the recurring theme in the riddles that were handed out as clues. Well, my next read is going to be that new locked room

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anthology, *The Realm of the Impossible* , but might precede my mammoth or two-part blog-post with a review of *Kindaichi* or *Case Closed*.

**Chapter 2 : Beneath the Stains of Time: A Wolf Among His Flock**

14 - *Of the Stiff-legged Parson and his Flock* download. M. 15 - *Of our Brush with the King's Dragoons* download. M. 16 - *Of our Coming to Taunton*.

Therefore hee endures not that any of his Flock should go to Law; but in any Controversie, that they should resort to him as their Judge. To this end, he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience, and by reading some initiatory treatises in the Law, with Daltons Justice of Peace, and the Abridgements of the Statutes, as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some cases to ask, when he meets with them; holding that rule, that to put men to discourse of that, wherein they are most eminent, is the most gain full way of Conversation. Yet when ever any controversie is brought to him, he never decides it alone, but sends for three or four of the ablest of the Parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first; out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold; and so the thing passeth with more authority, and lesse envy. In judging, he follows that, which is alto- gether right; so that if the poorest man of the Parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it as a Judge; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the Parson, and exhorts to Charity. Neverthelesse, there may happen somtimes some cases, wherein he chooseth to permit his Parishioners rather to make use of the Law, then himself: As in cases of an obscure and dark nature, not easily deter- minable by Lawyers themselves; or in cases of high con- sequence, as establishing of inheritances: But then he shews them how to go to Law, even as Brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoyding therefore one anothers company, much lesse de- faming one another. Now as the Parson is in Law, so is he in sicknesse also: But if neither him- seife, nor his wife have the skil, and his means serve, hee keepes some young practicioner in his house for the benefit of his Parish, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in tickle cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correspondence with some neighbour Phisician, and entertaines him for the Cure of his Parish. Yet is it easie for any Scholer to attaine to such a measure of Phisick, as may be of much use to him both for himself, and others. This is done by seeing one Anatomy, reading one Book of Phisick, having one Herball by him. And let Fernelius be the Phisick Authour, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously; especially let his Method of Phisick be diligently perused, as being the practicall part, and of most use. Now both the reading of him, and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times, as they may be an help, and a recreation to more divine studies, Nature serving Grace both in comfort of diversion, and the benefit of application when need requires; as also by way of illustration, even as our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people: And I conceive, our Saviour did this for three reasons: Secondly, that labouring people whom he chiefly considered might have every where monuments of his Doctrine, remembring in gardens, his mustard-seed, and lillyes; in the field, his seed-corn, and tares; and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but some- times lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that he might set a Copy for Parsons. In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing would be carefully observed; which is, to know what herbs may be used in stead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop: For home-bred medicines are both more easie for the Parsons purse, and more familiar for all mens bodyes. So, where the Apothecary useth either for loosing, Rubarb, or for binding, Bolearmena, the Parson useth damask or white Roses for the one, and plantaine, shepherds purse, knot-grasse for the other, and that with better successe. As for spices, he doth not onely prefer home-bred things before them, but con- demns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable, for herbs, to rosemary, time, savoury, mints; and for seeds, to Fennell, and Carroway seeds. Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssope, valerian, mercury, adders tongue, yerrow, melilot, and Saint Johns wort made into a salve; And Elder, camomill, mallowes, comphrey and smallage made into a Poultis, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the Parson and his Family use to premise prayers, for this is to cure like a Parson, and this raiseth the action from the Shop, to the Church. But though the Parson sets forward all Charitable deeds, yet he looks not

in this point of Curing beyond his own Parish, except the person bee so poor, that he is not able to reward the Phisician: Now it is a justice and debt to the Common-wealth he lives in, not to incroach on others Professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of Charity. In the Elizabethan Age, medicine was just beginning. Surgery amounted to blood letting and amputation. In the country, herbal cures were the best medicine. Even up to , homeopathic doctors were common; this was before chemical replacements into pill and liquid form. Homeopathic cures have become popular again.

**Chapter 3 : The works of A. Conan Doyle**

*As a boy he follows his rather romantic notions of what it means to be a soldier and how to find adventure. But over the course of his career, adventure finds him, and it is not always quite as fun as Micah had pictured it to be - especially as he finds himself involved in a rebellion.*

Authur Conan Doyle OUR road lay through Castle Carey and Somerton, which are small towns lying in the midst of a most beautiful pastoral country, well wooded and watered by many streams. The valleys along the centre of which the road lies are rich and luxuriant, sheltered from the winds by long rolling hills, which are themselves highly cultivated. Here and there we passed the ivy-clad turret of an old castle or the peaked gables of a rambling country house, protruding from amongst the trees and marking the country seat of some family of repute. More than once, when these mansions were not far from the road, we were able to perceive the unrepaired dints and fractures on the walls received during the stormy period of the civil troubles. Fairfax it seems had been down that way, and had left abundant traces of his visit. I have no doubt that my father would have had much to say of these signs of Puritan wrath had he been riding at our side. The road was crowded with peasants who were travelling in two strong currents, the one setting from east to west, and the other from west to east. Many of these poor folk were pushing barrows in front of them, in which a few bedclothes and some cracked utensils represented the whole of their worldly goods. Others more prosperous had small carts, drawn by the wild shaggy colts which are bred on the Somerset moors. What with the spirit of the half-tamed beasts and the feebleness of the drivers, accidents were not uncommon, and we passed several unhappy groups who had been tumbled with their property into a ditch, or who were standing in anxious debate round a cracked shaft or a broken axle. The countrymen who were making for the West were upon the other hand men in the prime of life, with little or no baggage. Their brown faces, heavy boots, and smockfrocks proclaimed most of them to be mere hinds, though here and there we overtook men who, by their top-boots and corduroys, may have been small farmers or yeomen. These fellows walked in gangs, and were armed for the most part with stout oak cudgels, which were carried as an aid to their journey, but which in the hands of powerful men might become formidable weapons. From time to time one of these travellers would strike up a psalm tune, when all the others within earshot would join in, until the melody rippled away down the road. As we passed some scowled angrily at us, while others whispered together and shook their heads, in evident doubt as to our character and aims. Now and again among the people we marked the tall broad-brimmed hat and Geneva mantle which were the badges of the Puritan clergy. See you yon long-limbed parson on the left—him with the pent-house hat. Markest thou not the stiffness wherewith he moves his left leg! The man hath a straight sword within he leg of his breeches. He is one of the old breed by his cut, who: There is another ahead of him there, with the head of a scythe inside his smock. Can you not see the outline? I warrant there is not one of the rascals but hath a pike-head or sickle-blade concealed somewhere about him. I begin to feel the breath of war once more, and to grow younger with it. I am glad that I did not tarry at the inn. She was a fine woman, and the quarters were comfortable. I do not gainsay it. Old birds are not caught with such wiles. I did succeed in gaining the ear of one of the gossips, and asking him what he could tell me of the good dame and her inn. Again, a new inn hath been started in the village, which is well-managed, and is like to draw the custom from her. It is, too, as you have said, a dull sleepy spot. All these reasons weighed with me, and I decided that it would be best to raise my siege of the widow, and to retreat whilst I could yet do so with the credit and honours of war. But our new comrade, what think you of him? As to this Sir Gervas, however, I think, as I said at the inn, that he hath more mettle in him than one would judge at first sight. These young sprigs of the gentry will always fight, but I doubt if he is hardened enough or hath constancy enough for such a campaign as this is like to be. His appearance, too, will be against him in the eyes of the saints; and though Monmouth is a man of easy virtue, the saints are like to have the chief voice in his councils. Now do but look at him as he reins up that showy grey stallion and gazes back at us. Mark his riding-hat tilted over his eye, his open bosom, his whip dangling from his button-hole, his hand on his hip, and as many oaths in his mouth as there are ribbons to his doublet. Above all, mark the air with which he looks down upon the peasants beside him. He

will have to change his style if he is to fight by the side of the fanatics. I am much mistaken if they have not already got themselves into trouble. They had scarce halted, however, before the stream of peasants who had been moving along abreast of them slackened their pace, and gathered round them with a deep ominous murmur and threatening gestures. Other rustics, seeing that there was something afoot, hurried up to help their companions. Saxon and I put spurs to our horses, and pushing through the throng, which was becoming every instant larger and more menacing, made our way to the aid of our friends, who were hemmed in on every side by the rabble. Reuben had laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, while Sir Gervas was placidly chewing his toothpick and looking down at the angry mob with an air of amused contempt. How now, friends, why this uproar? All round us twenty deep were savage faces and angry eyes, with the glint here and there of a weapon half drawn from its place of concealment. The uproar, which had been a mere hoarse growl, began to take shape and form. He who is not with us is against us. He hath come to the title already! Is not Amalekite written upon his raiment? Is he not attired as becometh the bridegroom of the harlot of Rome? Why then should we not smite him? Keep close to my bridle-arm, Clarke, and strike home at any rogue who lays hands on you.

### Chapter 4 : Country Parson. Chapter The Parson's Completeness.

*Micah Clarke. From Wikisource. Chapter XIV: Of the Stiff-legged Parson and his Flock; Chapter XV: Of our Brush with the King's Dragoons; Chapter XVI.*

### Chapter 5 : The Canterbury Tales Full Text - The General Prologue - The Parson - Owl Eyes

*Parson - Connection btwn Chaucer and the character Main points: This collection of tales was written about 40 years after the black death ravaged England, however, the effects of the plague were still felt, especially in the church.*

### Chapter 6 : Micah Clarke - Wikisource, the free online library

*of the stiff legged parson and his flock. xv. of our brush with the king's dragoons. xvi. of our coming to taunton. xvii. of the gathering in the market square.*

### Chapter 7 : The Parson: by Geoffrey Chaucer | Salt of the Earth

*The Parson sees his parishioners as his sheep, and says that he cannot leave them stuck in the mud. He reinforces his reasons for living a holy life by saying that it wouldn't be right for a flock of white sheep to be watched by a "shiten" (dirty) shepherd, someone bespattered with sin.*

### Chapter 8 : parson | English to Spanish Translation - Oxford Dictionaries

*Notice that the narrator has called most of his companions the best at their occupations. While most of the other descriptions juxtapose the idea of being the best with qualities that make each character disreputable or repugnant, this description of the Parson seems genuine.*

### Chapter 9 : The Country Parson Themes - blog.quintoapp.com

*Internet Archive BookReader The works of A. Conan Doyle.*