

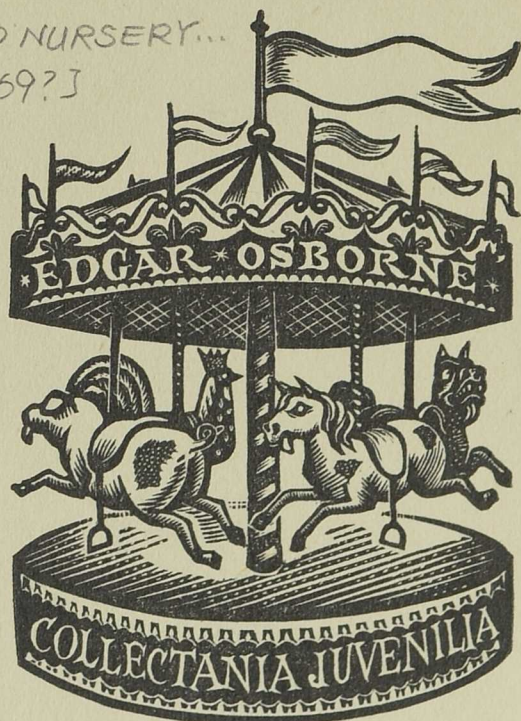
NURSERY

TALES AND

STORIES



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OLD NURSERY...
[1869?]



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JACK'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE GIANT.

OLD NURSERY TALES

AND

POPULAR STORIES.

WITH

EIGHT COLOURED PICTURES

AND

NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.



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Jack the Giant-Killer.

PART I.

WHEN King Arthur reigned in Britain, there lived near the Land's End, in Cornwall, a farmer, who had an only son, named Jack. He was

Jack the Giant-Killer.

a brisk fellow, and of ready wit: whatever he could not perform by strength he completed by policy, and nobody could baffle him. He listened eagerly to all the talk of the great deeds of the brave Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and resolved to imitate them.

In those days St. Michael's Mount of Cornwall, which rises high out of the sea half a mile from the main land, was kept by a huge giant. He was eighteen feet high, and three yards round; and his fierce and grim looks were the terror of all the people.

He dwelt in a gloomy cave on the Mount, and used to wade over to the main land in search of his prey. When he did so, the people left their houses, and after he had glutted his appetite upon their cattle, he would

Jack the Giant-Killer.

throw half a dozen oxen upon his back, and tie sheep and hogs round his waist like a bunch of candles, and so return back to the Mount. The giant had done this for many years, and the coast of Cornwall was greatly impoverished by his thefts.

Jack resolved to destroy him, and therefore took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, and a dark lantern. Early in a long winter's evening he swam over to the Mount. There he fell to work at once, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and as many broad. He covered it at the top with long sticks and straw, and strewed some mould over them to make them look just like solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth, and blew a loud "*tantivy, tantivy,*" The giant awoke with the noise, and came towards Jack,

Jack the Giant-Killer.

roaring in a voice like thunder,—
“You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest. I will broil you for my breakfast!”

He had hardly spoken these words, when he came advancing, and then tumbled headlong into the pit. St. Michael’s Mount shook with his fall, and the sea about it was disturbed.

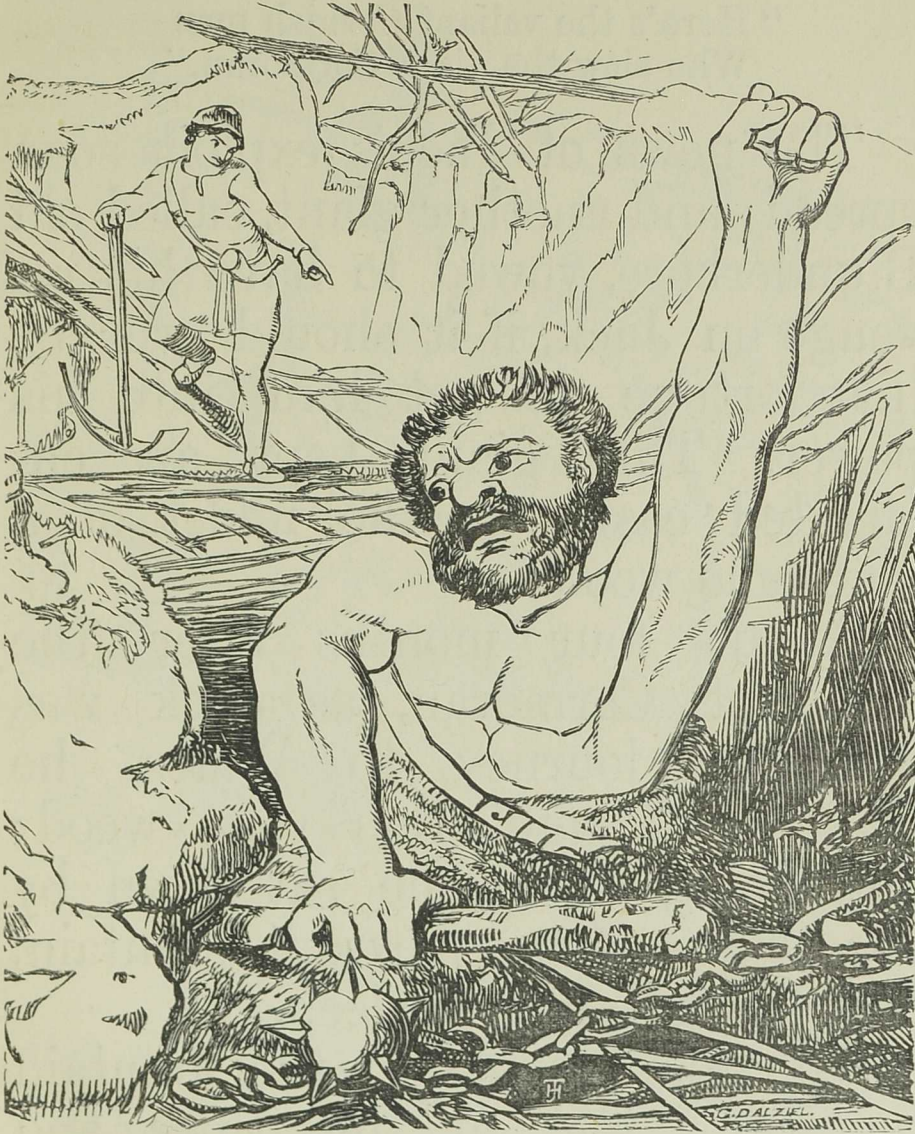
“O ho! Mr. Giant,” quoth Jack, “where are you now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast but broiling poor Jack?”

The giant now tried to rise; but Jack struck him a blow on the crown of the head which killed him at once, and then he buried him.

When the justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant action, they sent for Jack, and declared that he should always be called

“**JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.**”

Jack the Giant-Killer.



And they also gave him a sword
and belt, upon which was written in
letters of gold,

Jack the Giant-Killer.

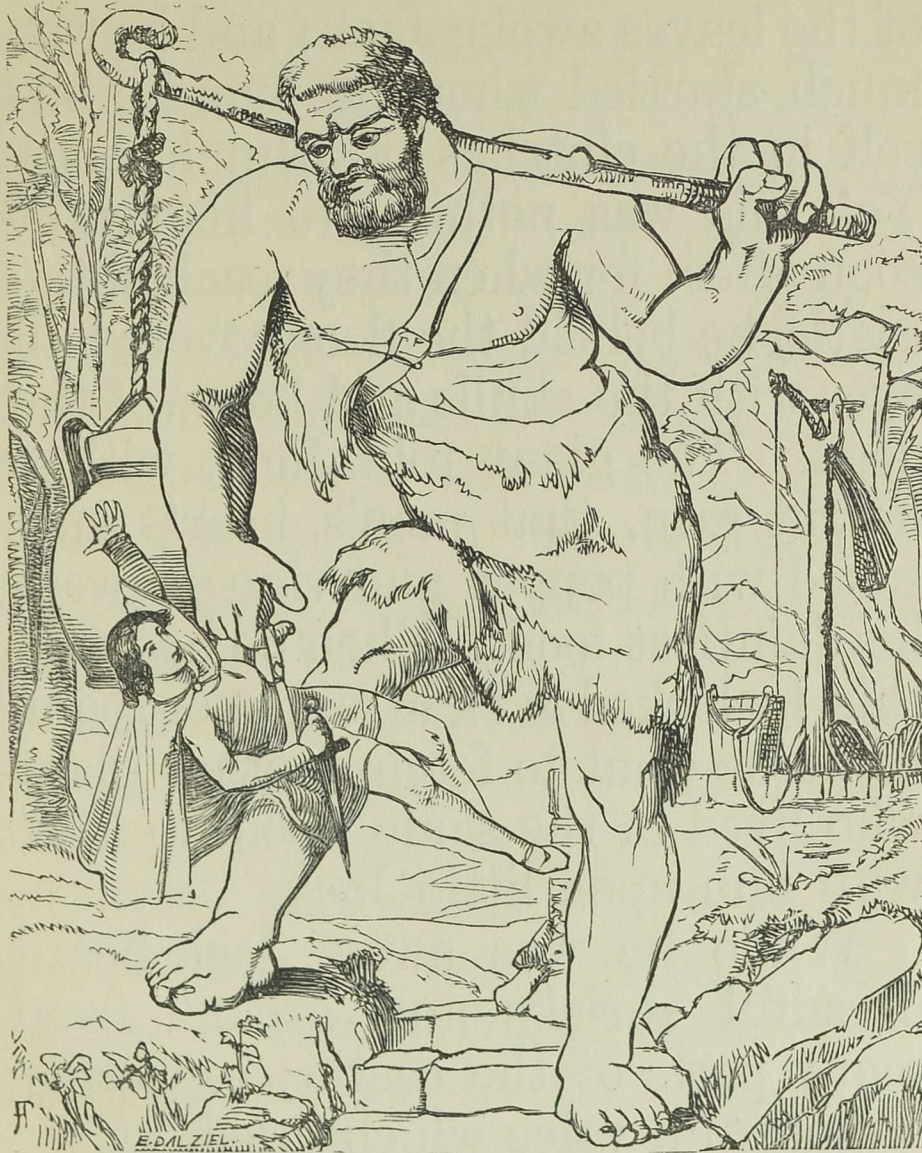
“Here’s the valiant Cornish man
Who slew the giant Cormoran.”

The news of Jack’s exploit soon spread; and another giant, called old Blunderbore, vowed to have his revenge on Jack, if it should ever be his fortune to get him into his power. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonesome wood.

About four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey to Wales, he passed through this very wood; and being weary, he sat down by the side of a pleasant fountain, and fell into a deep sleep.

The giant came to the fountain for water just at this time, and found Jack there; and as the lines on Jack’s belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up, and laid him

Jack the Giant-Killer.



gently upon his shoulder to carry him to his castle. But as he passed through the thicket, the rustling

Jack the Giant-Killer.

of the leaves awoke Jack; and he was much startled when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore. Yet this was nothing to his fright soon after; for when they reached the castle, he beheld the floor covered all over with the skulls and bones of the dead. The giant told Jack, with a horrid grin, that men's hearts seasoned with pepper and vinegar were his daintiest food. When he had said this, he locked Jack in an upper room, while he went to fetch another giant who lived in the same wood, to feast with him upon little Jack.

While he was away Jack heard dreadful shrieks and groans from many parts of the castle; especially a mournful voice which cried,

“Do what you can to get away,
Or you'll become the giant's prey.
He's gone to fetch a monster, who
Before he kills will torture you.”

Jack the Giant-Killer.

This warning shocked poor Jack. He rushed to the window, and beheld the two giants coming arm-in-arm. The window of the room was right over the gates of the castle. "Now," thought Jack, "either my death or freedom is at hand." There were two strong cords in the room. Jack made a large noose, with a slip-knot at the end of both these; and as the giants were unlocking the iron gates, he cast the ropes over each of their heads. He then threw the other ends of the ropes across a beam of the roof, and pulled with all his might, till he had throttled the giants. When he beheld them quite black in the face, he slid down the ropes, drew his sword, and killed them both, and thus saved himself from their cruelty.

Taking a great bunch of keys from

Jack the Giant-Killer.

the belt of Blunderbore, Jack entered the castle again. After a long search he found thirty ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, who told him that their husbands had been slain by the giant, who had condemned them to be starved to death, because they would not eat their murdered husbands.

“Sweet ladies,” says Jack, “I have put an end to the monster and his brother, and I give you this castle, and all the riches that it contains, to make some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt.” He then presented them with the keys, and proceeded on his journey to Wales.

In this journey Jack lost his way; and when night came on, he wandered in a valley between two lofty mountains for some hours, without seeing any dwelling-place, but at

Jack the Giant-Killer.

last came to a large and handsome house. He went up to it boldly, and knocked loudly at the gate, when there came forth a huge giant with two heads, but only one eye in the centre of each head. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for he was a Welsh giant; and all the mischief he did was done under a false show of friendship. Jack told him that he was a benighted traveller; on which the monster bid him welcome, and led him into a room where there was a good bed. Jack undressed himself quickly; but though he was weary he could not go to sleep, for he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself,

“ Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

Jack the Giant-Killer.

“Say you so?” thought Jack. “Are these your Welsh tricks upon travellers? I hope to prove as cunning as you are.” Then, getting out of bed, he groped about the room, and at last found a large thick billet of wood. He laid it in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room.

In the dead of the night came the giant with his club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed, in the very place where Jack had laid the billet; and then went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all Jack’s bones.

In the morning early Jack walked into the giant’s room to thank him for his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and began to stammer out—“Oh! ah! oh! how

Jack the Giant-Killer.

did you sleep last night? I hope nothing disturbed you?"

"Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack, carelessly; "a rat, perhaps, gave me three or four slaps with his tail."

The giant wondered at this, but did not answer a word. He brought two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the monster believe he could eat as much as a giant; so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant—"Now I will show you a fine trick:" and taking a knife, ripped up the leathern bag, which the giant thought was Jack's body, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor.

Jack the Giant-Killer.

“Ods splutter hur nails!” cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, “hur can do that hursel;” so he snatched up the knife, plunged it into himself, and in a moment dropped down dead.

Jack having thus outwitted the Welsh monster, went on his journey; and a few days after he met with King Arthur’s only son, who was travelling to Wales, to deliver a beautiful lady from a wicked magician that held her in his enchantments. When Jack found that the young prince had no servants, he begged leave to attend him, which the prince at once granted.

One night they lost their way, and the prince was uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. “Sir,” said Jack, “be of good heart. Two

Jack the Giant-Killer.

miles further there lives a giant, whom I know well; he has three heads, and will fight five hundred men, and make them fly before him."

"Alas!" replied the king's son, "we had better never have been born than meet with such a monster."

"My lord," said Jack, "leave me to manage him, and tarry here till I return." Jack then rode on at full speed; and when he came to the gates of the castle, he knocked with such force that all the hills rang again. The giant, with a loud voice, roared out, "Who is there?" and Jack made answer, and said, "No one but your poor cousin Jack."

"What news, cousin Jack?" "Dear uncle," said Jack, "heavy news."

"Pooh! what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three

Jack the Giant-Killer.

heads, and can fight five hundred men, and make them fly like chaff before the wind." "Alas!" said Jack, "here is the king's son coming with two thousand men to kill you, and to destroy the castle and all that you have."

"O cousin Jack," said the giant, in piteous tone, "this is heavy news, indeed! but I have a large vault under-ground, where I will hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Jack having made the giant fast in the vault, went back and fetched the prince, and they both made themselves merry with the wine and other dainties that were in the house.

Early in the morning, Jack furnished the king's son with supplies

Jack the Giant-Killer.

of gold and silver, and set him three miles forward on his journey, out of the scent of the giant.

He then went back to let his uncle out of the vault, who asked Jack what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle, "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and slippers, that are hanging at your bed's head."

"Ay," said the giant, "you shall have them as a reward; and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use. The coat will make you invisible; the cap will give you knowledge; the sword will cut through anything; and the shoes are of vast swiftness; these may be useful to you in all times of danger: so take them with all my heart." Jack gave many thanks

Jack the Giant-Killer.

to the giant, and then set off to the prince.

They soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady, who was under the power of a wicked magician. She received the prince with fair words, and made a noble feast for him; when it was ended, she arose, and wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord, you must show me this handkerchief to-morrow, or lose your head." She then went out of the room, taking the handkerchief with her.

The prince went to bed right sorrowful; but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced, by the power of the enchantment, to meet the wicked magician every night. Jack now put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, and was present

Jack the Giant-Killer.

at the meeting, and saw the lady give the handkerchief to the magician. Whereupon Jack with his sword of sharpness at one blow cut off his head, and regained the handkerchief for the prince; the enchantment was ended in a moment, and the lady restored to her former virtue and goodness.

She returned with the prince to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with great welcome and rejoicings. The friends of the prince and the lady were astonished at the wonderful deeds performed by the valiant Giant Killer. He became a great favourite at Court, and was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.





PART II.

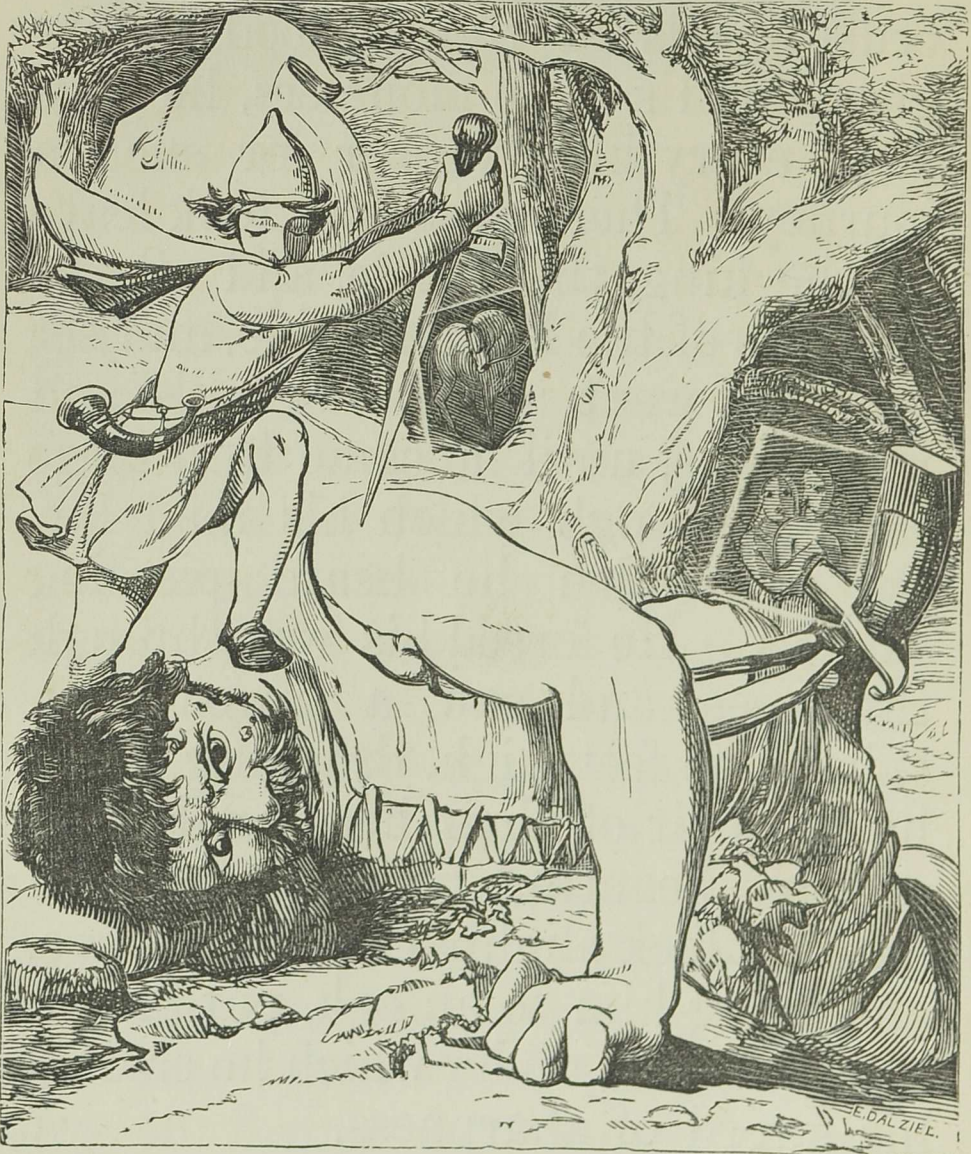
HAVING been so lucky in all his adventures, Jack resolved not to be idle for the future, but to do what services he could for the honour of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly besought King Arthur to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new and strange exploits. "For," said he to the king, "there are yet many giants among the mountains of Wales; therefore, if it please you, sire, to favour my designs, I will soon rid your kingdom of these horrible monsters." When the king heard this offer, and thought of the

Jack the Giant-Killer.

cruel deeds of those blood-thirsty giants and savage monsters, he gave Jack everything proper for such a journey. Thereupon Jack took leave of the king, the prince, and all the Knights of the Round Table, and set off. He went along over hills and mountains, until he came to a large forest, through which his road lay. On a sudden he heard piercing shrieks. He forced his way through the trees, and saw a huge giant, thirty-five feet high, dragging along by the hair of their heads a knight and his beautiful lady, one in each hand. Jack alighted from his horse, and tying him to an oak, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant, he made many strokes at him, but could not reach his body, on account of

Jack the Giant-Killer.



his great height. Still he wounded his ankles in many places: at last, putting both hands to his sword,

Jack the Giant-Killer.

and aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant's legs; so that his body tumbled to the ground.

Jack then set one foot upon his neck, and cried out, "Thou cruel wretch! behold, I give thee the just reward of thy crimes." And so, plunging his sword into the giant's body, the monster gave a loud groan, and yielded up his life; while the noble knight and his lady were joyful at their deliverance. They heartily thanked Jack for what he had done, and invited him to their house to refresh himself. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out this monster's dwelling."

The knight hearing this, grew sad, and replied, "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard. This monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of

Jack the Giant-Killer.

his, more fierce and cruel than himself: therefore, if you should go thither and perish it would be heart-breaking to me and my lady; so let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any further pursuit."

"Nay," said Jack, "even if there were twenty, I would shed the last drop of my blood before one of them should escape me. When I have done this task, I will visit you."

Jack had not ridden a mile and a half, before he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern; and nigh the entrance of it he beheld the other giant sitting on a huge rock, with a knotted iron club at his side, waiting for his brother. His eyes flashed like flames of fire, his face was grim, and his cheeks seemed like two flitches of bacon; the bristles of his beard were as thick as rods of iron wire; and his

Jack the Giant-Killer.

long locks of hair hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes. So Jack alighted from his horse, and turned him into a thicket; and he put on his invisible coat and drew a little nearer to behold this figure; and said softly, "O monster! are you there? it will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard." The giant, all this while, could not see him by reason of his invisible coat: then Jack came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness; but, missing his aim, only cut off his nose, whilst the giant roared like loud claps of thunder. And though he rolled his glaring eyes round on every side, he could not see who had given him the blow; yet he took his iron club, and began to lay about him like one that was mad.

Jack the Giant-Killer.

“Nay,” said Jack, “if this is the case, I will kill you at once.” So he slipped nimbly behind him, and jumping upon the rocky seat as the giant rose from it, he thrust his sword up to the hilt in his body.

After a hideous howling, the giant dropped down dead.

When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he searched their cave for treasure. He passed through many dark windings, which led him to a room paved with freestone; at the end of it was a boiling cauldron, and on the right hand stood a large table, where the giants used to dine upon their human victims. He then came to a window secured with iron bars, through which he saw a number of wretched captives, who cried out when they saw Jack, “Alas! alas! young man, are you come to

Jack the Giant-Killer.

be one among us in this horrid den?" "I hope," said Jack, "you will not tarry here long; but pray tell me, what is the meaning of your captivity?" "Alas!" said one, "we have been taken by the giants that hold this cave, and are kept till they have a feast; then the fattest of us is killed and cooked. It is not long since they took three for this purpose."

"Say you so?" said Jack. "I have given them such a dinner, that it will be long enough before they want any more." The captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," said Jack, "for I have slain both, and sent their heads to King Arthur, as trophies of my victory." To show them that what he said was true, he unlocked the gate, and set them all free. Then he led them to the great room,

Jack the Giant-Killer.

where they feasted plentifully. Supper over, they searched the giants' coffers, and Jack shared the store among the captives. At sunrise Jack started to the house of the knight, whom he had left not long before.

He reached the knight's castle, and was received with the greatest joy. In honour of Jack's exploits, a grand feast was given, which lasted many days. The knight presented Jack, as a mark of respect, with a ring, on which was engraved the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair.

Among the guests present at the feast were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives who had been freed by Jack from the dungeon. These old men pressed round him with tears of joy, and returned him thanks. One day the

Jack the Giant-Killer.

bowl went round merrily, and every one drank to the health and long life of the gallant hero. The hall resounded with peals of laughter and joyful cries. But, lo! in the midst, a herald, pale and breathless with haste and terror, rushed in, and told the company that Thundel, a giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, was come to take revenge on Jack, and that he was now near the house, the country people all flying before him.

At this dismal news, the very boldest of the guests trembled; but Jack drew his sword, and said, "Let him come, I have a rod in pickle for him also. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, walk into the garden, and you shall joyfully behold the giant's defeat and death."

The knight's castle was sur-

Jack the Giant-Killer.

rounded by a moat thirty feet deep, and twenty wide, over which lay a drawbridge. Jack set men to work, to cut the bridge on both sides, near the middle; and then, dressing himself in his invisible coat, went against the giant with his sword of sharpness. As he came close to him, though the giant could not see him, yet he cried out,

“Fie! foh! fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman:

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.”

“Say you so, my friend?” said Jack: “you are a clever miller, indeed.” “Art thou,” cried the giant, “the villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder.” “You must catch me first,” said Jack; and throwing off his invisible coat, he put on his shoes of swiftness, and

Jack the Giant-Killer.

began to run; the giant following him like a walking castle, making the earth shake.

Jack led him a dance round and round the walls of the house, that the company might see the monster; and to finish the work Jack ran over the drawbridge, the giant pursuing him with his club. But when the giant came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut on both sides, his great weight broke the bridge, he fell into the water, and was drowned. Some time after this it was told Jack that the duke's daughter was kept a prisoner by a great giant in a castle on the mountain. Jack got into the castle, and with his sword soon killed the giant, and restored the lady to her father, whose joy at again seeing his daughter was very great.

Jack the Giant-Killer.

Jack's victory over this giant was his last feat which the chronicles have handed down to us. We know nothing more of him except that he married the duke's daughter whom he had rescued from the castle of the giant, and that he lived in great happiness and content.







LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S BEDSIDE.



Little Red Riding-Hood.

IN a little thatched cottage near the forest in Hampshire, which is called the "New Forest," there lived a hard-working, industrious couple. The

Little Red Riding-Hood.

husband was a fagot-maker, and the wife used to spend all her spare time from her household duties in spinning thread, for these good people lived a great many years ago, when there were no large towns in which thread was made by steam-engines.

The cottager and his wife had only one child, a little daughter, who at the time of this story was about eight years old.

She was a handy little maid, and it was her wish to do everything she could to assist her mother. She was an early riser, getting up as soon as the sun began to shine, in order to make use of the whole daylight for her work, as the family were obliged to put out their lights when they heard the curfew bell toll. She helped her mother in getting ready

Little Red Riding-Hood.

her father's breakfast before he went to his work. After breakfast, she was busy in putting everything tidy and orderly in the house. She would then go on short errands for her mother: sometimes to take her father his meals to him in the forest, when he was too busy to come home; sometimes to inquire after the health of a sick neighbour; sometimes to see her good old grandmother, who lived three miles off, near another part of the forest.

When she had done all her errands and whatever else her mother wished, she would then try and learn to spin, and to mend and darn her father's clothes. When she had time to spare she attended to her garden, out of which she often gathered a few herbs to present her father for his supper, when he came home from

Little Red Riding-Hood.

his work hungry and tired. At other times, she was at work making little presents for her playfellows, for she was a kind and thoughtful child. She was always light-hearted and happy, and thoroughly enjoyed a good hearty game of play. All her young friends were very fond of her, and were eager to do anything to please her.

It was the child's great delight to be useful and helpful to her parents, who were very fond of her; not because she was so useful to them, but because she was generally so very good and obedient. Her parents dearly loved her, and so did all her friends, and no one better than her dear old grandmother.

Her grandmother, who was old, had herself made for her a little red hood such as was then worn in riding,

Little Red Riding-Hood.

which she gave to her as a present on her birthday, when she was eight years old. It was a nice comfortable little hood, and so warm and pleasant to wear, that the little girl never went out without her red hood when the weather was wet or cold.

The little red hood always looked so bright and smart among the green trees, that it could always be seen a long way off. When the neighbours used to spy out the red hood far off among the trees, they would say to one another, "Here comes Little Red Riding-Hood," and this was said so often, that at last the little girl got the name of "Little Red Riding-Hood;" and she was seldom called by any other name. Indeed, I have never been able to learn what her other name was. But everybody knew of her by this name: and so

Little Red Riding-Hood.

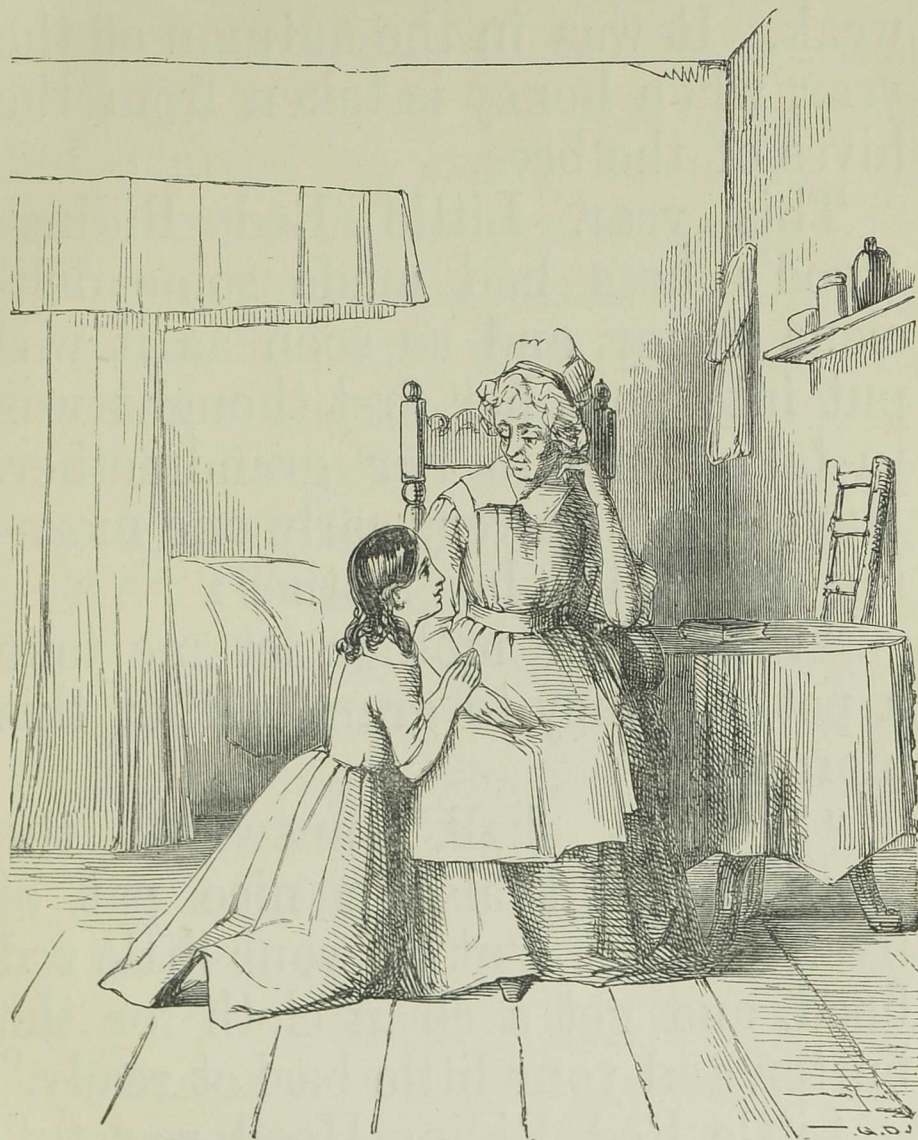
by the name of "Little Red Riding-Hood" we too will call her.

Her grandmother did many other and better things for her grandchild than making her a hood. She taught her how to knit, to spin, to bake bread, and to make butter—how to sing, so that she might join in the music in the church—how to be good-natured and kind and charitable—how to be courageous and honest, and to speak the truth at all times—how to be grateful—how to love and worship God—and to pray for God's blessing and providence.

This good woman fell sick, and as she had no one to sit with her and attend to her, Little Red Riding-Hood was sent to her every day for this purpose by her mother.

At last the grandmother seemed

Little Red Riding-Hood.



to be getting well, owing, I have no doubt, to the patient nursing of her good grandchild. Still she was very

Little Red Riding-Hood.

weak. It was in the autumn of the year, when honey is taken from the hives of the bees.

This year, Little Red Riding-Hood's bees had made some delicious honey, and as soon as it was put into pots, her first thought was to take some to her grandmother. Having got up very early one morning she said to her mother :

“Pray, dear mother, let me take a pot of honey to grandmother this morning.”

“So you shall,” answered the mother, “and also a nice pat of fresh butter. Put on your little red hood, and get a clean cloth for the butter, and your little basket ready.”

Little Red Riding-Hood was full of glee at the thoughts of going, and was ready dressed in a few minutes, with the pot of honey and pat of

Little Red Riding-Hood.

butter nicely packed in the basket. She did not stay for her breakfast, but started at once, intending to breakfast with her grandmother.

The morning was beautifully bright. The sun had just risen, making the dewdrops on the trees glitter and sparkle like gold; and the gossamer swung from the boughs like webs of silver. The skylarks were warbling over her head. The air was filled with the fragrance of the wild thyme as it crunched beneath her tread. She tripped along with a heart full of joy, not thinking of the weight of her basket, which was rather heavy for such a little girl.

When she came to a part of the forest which was rather dark and overshadowed with the trees, a very large wolf suddenly stepped out. Little Red Riding-Hood was startled,

Little Red Riding-Hood.



but walked on quickly. The wolf followed her and overtook her.

Upon coming up to her he grinned

Little Red Riding-Hood.

maliciously, his evil eye stared. He showed his sharp, white teeth, and looked most cruel and frightful. He looked as if he would eat her up. The little girl began, as you may suppose, to be frightened.

Hark! what are those sounds? It is the whistle and singing of some of the fagot-makers going to their work.

How different the wolf looks now! how demure! he hides his teeth, walks gently along, and seems quite another animal. The wolf, who was as cunning as he was cruel, hearing that people were near, at once changed his savage look into one of as much kindness as it was possible for him to do. Presently up came the fagot-makers, and the wolf slunk by the side of the little girl, as though he were afraid of them.

Little Red Riding-Hood.

“Good morning, Little Red Riding-Hood,” said one of the fagot-makers. “You are up betimes. Where are you going thus early?”

“To see grandmother,” replied Little Red Riding-Hood.

The wolf actually came close to the child’s side, and rubbed his head against her hand, as though he was very fond of her and knew her.

“Why, here’s a wolf!” exclaimed one of the men.

“As I am alive,” cried another, “I think it must be the very wolf that stole my sheep the other night.”

“No, upon the honour of a wolf,” said the treacherous knave, very quickly; it was a falsehood, for he *had* stolen the man’s sheep.

“Come, let us kill him,” they all exclaimed.

“No, no; don’t kill him,” said Little

Little Red Riding-Hood.

Red Riding-Hood. "Perhaps he is innocent; and I don't think he can be so very savage, for he did not touch me before you came up."

"Well, well, child, we'll let him go this once for your sake," said they; "but we advise him to be on his good behaviour."

So they wished the child "good morning," and went away. As soon as they were gone the wolf put his paw to his heart, and said, "Many thanks, dear little friend. I am very grateful to you for your protection of me, and I will not fail to remember it. I wish you a very good morning."

So he pretended to walk off, when suddenly, however, he returned, and said, in a soft, bland tone: "I think you said you were going to see your grandmother—Where does the dear creature live?"

Little Red Riding-Hood.

“In a little cottage which is covered with woodbine and jessamine, not far from Copthurst Gate,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood.

“How do you get in?” said the wolf.

“By tapping at the door; and Granny, if she is at home, will tell you to pull the latch, and the door will open.”

“Good-bye, good-bye,” said the wolf eagerly, and ran off into the forest.

As soon as he was gone, Little Red Riding-Hood began to pick some sweet purple and white violets for a nosegay for her grandmother, when she thought to herself, “I wonder why the wolf asked me any questions about Granny? Being a stranger, I think I ought not to have told him.” And she began to be afraid of the

Little Red Riding-Hood.

wolf's mischief. Indeed, it was a fault of Little Red Riding-Hood that she was sometimes too fond of talking; and when she thought upon this matter more and more, she felt that she had done wrong in telling the wolf anything. "The best thing I can do," she said, "will be to hasten onwards as quickly as possible."

The wolf, when he left her, darted through the forest, bounding over the furze and brambles, and ran as hard as he could until he reached the house of the grandmother. He tapped at the door, and the grandmother, who was in bed, called to him to come in, not knowing it was a wolf. The sly wolf said:

"Are you alone, madam?"

"Yes, quite alone," was the answer. So he rushed in and flew upon the

Little Red Riding-Hood.

bed, tore the grandmother out of it, and ate her up in a few minutes.

When he had finished the meal, he thought to himself, "Little Red Riding-Hood will soon be here, and she will make a most delicious feast. But I must hide myself from her until she is fairly inside of the cottage." He then went to the press in the room, and took out one of the grandmother's night-gowns and night-caps, and put them on as quickly as he possibly could, and jumped into the bed.

Presently the garden gate was opened, and there came a little quick footstep across the pebbled walk leading to the cottage door, and then a gentle tap, tap, tap, at the door.

It was Little Red Riding-Hood. She listened, but heard no answer.

Little Red Riding-Hood.



Her hand went tap, tap, tap, against
the door a second time.

Little Red Riding-Hood.

“Who’s there?” said the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother.

“Only Little Red Riding-Hood.”

“Pull down the latch, and come in, my child.”

So Little Red Riding-Hood entered, but it struck her ear that her grandmother’s voice was very hoarse this morning. As she entered, she said:

“I am afraid, dearest granny, that your cold is worse.”

“Much worse, dear,” said the wolf very gruffly, under the bed-clothes.

“I have brought you a pot of my virgin honey, which will do your cold good; and mother has sent you a little pat of fresh butter, some of the first we have had made from our new cow’s milk.”

“Put the things down, child, and

Little Red Riding-Hood.

come into bed to me, for I have been wretchedly cold all night."

Little Red Riding-Hood thought it rather strange that her grandmother should tell her to come *into* bed, instead of sitting by the side of the bed as she had been used to do. So she went to the bedside, and gently pulling aside the curtain saw a head, which though in her grandmother's night-cap did not altogether seem like that of her grandmother. She thought it was something like the wolf's head—Could it be the wolf? she asked herself. Poor thing! she could hardly help screaming out for fright, but she stopped herself, and said:

"Granny, what large ears you have!"

A gruff voice said, "The better to hear with, my dear."

Little Red Riding-Hood.

It did not sound like the grandmother's voice, so she said faintly, "Granny, what large eyes you have!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

Her voice faltered still more, and she said, "Granny, what a large nose you have!"

"The better to smell with, my dear."

Little Red Riding-Hood felt almost sure it was the wolf. Her tongue could hardly speak. She trembled from head to foot—at last she muttered in a whisper, "Granny, what large teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up."

And saying this, the wolf sprang out of the bed.

He seized Little Red Riding-Hood: she screamed. Suddenly

Little Red Riding-Hood.

“rap, rap, rap,” sounded against the door. Again she screamed as loudly as ever she could—and in rushed her father and some other fagot-makers, who, seeing the wolf, killed him at once, and released Little Red Riding Hood.





Jack and the Beanstalk.

AT some distance from London, in a small village, lived a widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. He delighted in scrambling along the steepest and most inaccessible parts of the rocks and cliffs, in search of bird's eggs, or anything else which caught his fancy or his eye; he cared not a rush for tumbles or disasters of any kind. He would climb to the top of one of the highest trees overhanging some steep precipice, and, lying along the swinging branches, wave his hat above his head, and scream with

Jack and the Beanstalk.

delight. All the boys in the neighbourhood acknowledged him as their leader in all feats of dexterity and daring. Many a time he got into sad disgrace for enticing them from their work to follow him over hill and dale, through brooks and hedges, in some wild freak or other.

But it was very idle of Jack to spend all his time in fun and frolic: he would not work or do anything useful, by which he might assist his mother in earning money to buy them food and clothing. This was partly owing to the foolish manner in which his mother had brought him up, for she had not courage or good sense to make him do anything which was disagreeable to him: she was so foolishly fond of him, that she only thought of the present moment; and as she liked to see

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him look smiling and happy, she did not consider what would be the consequence, when he became a man, of the idleness in which she now indulged him, or how miserable and unhappy an idle, useless person always becomes.

As Jack grew older, and cost more money than he used to do when he was a little child, his mother became poorer every year, so that she was obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another, until she had little else remaining in her house except her bed, a table, and a couple of chairs.

She had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. It supplied them with milk and butter, which she used to carry to market to sell, after setting aside a small quantity for their own use.

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But now the time had arrived when she must part with that too; and as, with tears in her eyes, she brought out the cow to feed it for the last time, before Jack should drive it to market, she could not forbear reproaching him, and saying, "Ah, my child! if you had not been so idle, and had worked ever so little to help me, we need not have sold my poor Brindle. But now it must be sold. It is a great grief to me to part with her; take her, Jack, and be sure that you make the best bargain you can: she is a famous cow, and ought to fetch us a good round sum."

Jack too felt very sorry to part with poor Brindle; so he walked along rather sadly for some time, driving the cow before him: by degrees he forgot his grief, and then

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began to whistle, and loiter to pick blackberries. On the road he met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought very pretty, and which he thought he should like to have to play with; they were speckled, and Jack could not take his eyes off them.

The butcher, who was a bit of a rogue, saw how eagerly Jack eyed his beans, and said, "Do you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "I do."

"Well," said the butcher, "I will buy her of you, if you like, which will save you the trouble of driving her any farther; and as you seem to have taken such a fancy to these beans, I will give you the whole hatful, in exchange for your cow."

Jack was delighted; he seized the hat, and ran back to his mother.

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His mother had so constantly given him whatever he wished for, that he now always expected every whim to be gratified ; and he had become so selfish that he thought of no one but himself. In this instance, he only thought of the pleasure of possessing the beans, and never once thought of the distress his mother would feel when he should return without the money which she so much needed.

“What! back so soon, Jack?” said his mother to herself, when she saw him running towards her,—“then I guess you have had good luck;” and she called out as he came towards her, “What luck, Jack? what luck?”

Jack was too much out of breath to answer; but as he ran forward heedlessly, his foot slipped, and he

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fell at his mother's feet, while the beans rolled out of the hat, and covered the ground.

"Jack, Jack!" said his mother, "why are you so careless? Get up and give me the money;" and she held out her hand to assist him to rise: but Jack, without answering, turned over on his hands and knees, and began to pick up the beans.

"What signify the beans?" said his mother impatiently. "Get up and give me the money."

Jack's tumble had sobered him a little, and when he heard his mother ask for the money so impatiently, he felt afraid to speak, and the colour rose to his cheeks as he thought that perhaps his mother would not like his bargain; however, he soon shook off these thoughts, and called out in his usual reckless way, "It's of no

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use to fret, mother, but I haven't brought you any money."

"Not brought me any money!" said his mother, distractedly; "why, Jack, you cannot mean it! Then where is my cow?"

"Sold, mother; and see what I have got for it," and he offered the hat of beans to his mother. His mother sobbed as if her heart would break; and saying, "Of what use are these foolish beans?" she opened the window, and threw them all out into the garden.

Jack burst into tears, and went to bed with a sad heart, feeling at last very sorry for his folly, and wishing that he could do something to comfort his mother and earn some money for her. At last he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the room had an unusual look about it.

Jack and the Beanstalk.

He hardly knew if it was morning yet: some little random gleams of sunshine played upon the wall, though the room seemed generally shadowed. He sprang out of bed, and walked to the window, and found to his great astonishment, that one of the beans which his mother had thrown out into the garden had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds, and he could not see where it ended. The stalks were so closely entwined that he thought he could easily climb up, and he felt a very strong desire to see what was at the top. He scrambled on his clothes, and was in such a hurry that he forgot to put his stockings on. He crept softly down stairs, in order that he should not disturb his mother so early, and he quietly lifted the latch of the cottage-door.

Jack and the Beanstalk.

The morning air was cool and fresh, and Jack felt full of spirits and eagerness to mount the Beanstalk. He put his foot on a branch and found that it would bear him—then he tried another—then another—“It will bear me, I find,” exclaimed Jack. “So here goes.” And he tore off his cloak and flung it down, lest it should be in his way.

Up! up! up! he goes, climbing as nimbly as a squirrel. He put forth all his strength, and got on famously. After some time he rested, and, looking down, could only just see his mother's cottage, but he could see the spires of many churches a long way off. Up! up! again he goes. The Beanstalk seemed to get steeper and steeper, yet he did not reach the top. Jack's heart begins to beat more quickly, and his

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breath gets shorter. His legs and arms tremble, and his foot often slips. Jack began to despair, and thought he could go no farther; but after resting for a short time he resolved not to lose his courage, so he again put forth his strength, and at last he reached the very top. He fell down on the ground quite exhausted. He lay in this state some minutes, when he raised himself to look about him. Everything looked so dreary and gloomy that he became quite melancholy, and began to wish that he was back again with his mother.

He was exceedingly hungry as well as fatigued. At last he fell asleep, and all at once he seemed to be carried through the air, until he came to a beautiful garden, where he was placed on a bed of the softest

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moss: he looked around in surprise, and began to wonder to whom this beautiful place belonged, when hearing a rustling noise, he looked up, and beheld floating in the air a slight but beautiful creature, in robes of lily white, spangled with gold, which looked like glistening stars. A long train floated behind her, richly fringed with gold and pearls, and supported by two beautiful little cherubs; her golden pinions struck the air, and her long flowing hair, crowned with roses, danced in the sunshine. As she came near, she seemed to smile sweetly upon Jack, and at last alighting on a rosebud which grew near, she turned to him, and said in a silvery-toned voice, "If thou art wise, look and learn."

She waved her wand, and Jack

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saw a magnificent house, in the hall of which he could perceive a crowd of poor people, to whom the master of the house was distributing money, clothes, and food: there was a lady, too, with a baby in her arms. The fairy again waved her wand, and Jack saw an enormous giant advance to the door; he was welcomed like the rest, and feasted with all manner of dainties. The fairy waved her wand a third time; all became dark, as if night had set in, and Jack saw the giant stalk stealthily to the room where his host lay, and with one blow of his club lay him lifeless before him. The fairy waved her wand once more, and Jack saw the lady, whom he now perceived to resemble his own mother, rush out of the house, with her baby in her arms, and run as fast as if her feet

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were winged, whilst the giant loaded himself with bags of money, a golden hen, a beautiful harp, and everything that was valuable, and then set fire to the house.

All vanished : Jack started, and, opening his eyes, found that the daylight was nearly gone ; he felt stiff and almost famished with hunger ; looking round the plain, he saw a large house as far off as he could see. He crawled on until he came to the door, at which he knocked.

The door was opened by a timid-looking woman, who started when she saw him, and cried out, "Oh, fly, fly, poor boy, before my husband comes back ; do you not know that he is a cruel giant, and that if he find you here, he will eat you up ? Run, child, run quick !" and the woman pushed him away gently but

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earnestly. Jack looked at her with curiosity; her face was frightfully pale and thin; her cheekbones projected, while her eyes were sunken and hollow: she stooped, and her head drooped like that of a person who lives in constant fear and dread. Jack shuddered, but there was a kind pitying look about her, which made him determine not to give up the point.

“I cannot run away,” said he, “because I am quite tired out with a long day’s journey, and I have had nothing to eat all day. Pray, pray, good woman, let me in: you may put me anywhere, if you will but give me some supper and a place to sleep in. There is no other house to be seen, and it is almost dark; pray, good mother, take me in,” said Jack, taking hold of her gown and looking

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in her face entreatingly. "I cannot go any farther to-night, indeed I cannot."

The woman, who was very kind-hearted, saw how tired Jack looked, and how sore and swollen his feet were; she therefore told him, though very reluctantly, that she would do the best she could for him. She brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread and meat, and a fine foaming jug of ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed: he watched the woman, who was basting an enormous ox roasting before the fire, and Jack was just thinking what a large appetite the giant must have, when the woman suddenly stopped and listened; she started, and saying, "My husband! quick, quick! he comes—he comes!" she opened the

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door of the oven and bid Jack jump in : but before she could shut it close, the knocker fell with a noise that made Jack's heart leap in his bosom : he could feel the whole house rock as knock succeeded knock—louded and yet louder ; for the poor woman could not open the door until she had hastily swept the remains of Jack's dinner into her apron, and thrown them at the bottom of the cupboard. At last she went, trembling in every limb, to open the door.

“How dost thou dare keep me waiting at the door?” bellowed the giant in a voice of thunder; “I have a great mind to grind thy bones to flour! Woman, tell me what mischief thou wast brewing whilst I was away.”

He raised his club to give her a blow, which she avoided by falling

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suddenly on her knees before him ; she escaped the blow, but the wind which it caused threw her prostrate on the floor. She raised herself on her knees again, and with many tears entreated his mercy, saying that she was so busy about his dinner, that she did not think it was time for him to come back.

The giant listened for an instant, and then snuffing up the air and striking his club with force against the ground, cried out, as he gnashed his teeth, and darted fire from his eyes :

“ Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I smell the smell of earthly men.”

Jack trembled in his hiding-place ; his heart beat so violently that he thought he should be suffocated, as he listened for the poor woman's answer.

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“Oh no,” said the wife, trembling more and more, “the hide of the ox smells very fresh, which I threw out before it was cold.” The giant was both tired and hungry, so that when he turned to the fire, towards which his wife pointed, and saw the fine fat ox, his passion cooled a little, and he demanded, in an angry voice, what she had got so wonderful for his dinner, to keep him waiting at the door for it. The poor woman, who now began to breathe more freely, answered that she would show him soon. Then she made haste to set before him an immense barrel of strong ale; he seized it greedily, and, putting the bunghole to his mouth, drained it to the bottom, whilst she placed upon the table a tub of soup. This was followed by eight fine salmon, which

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were quickly eaten; then came an ox, then a sheep, then a sucking-pig; then the wife brought in a fat buck. There was a basket of loaves, and, to crown all, a hasty-pudding full of plums; and so large was it, that if all the children you know had sat down to it, they could not have finished it at a meal. She then rolled in two more barrels of ale, and three of mead, the sight of which so delighted the greedy giant, that he quite forgot his anger. With eager looks and gaping mouth he swallowed the contents of one dish after another, laughing hideously, and crying out, "Oh, rare wife! what next, what next?" until he became so stupefied that he could go on no longer.

When Jack had recovered a little from his fright, he ventured to open

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the door of the oven very gently, in order to get a peep at the giant, but he was very near betraying himself, for he was so terrified, he nearly slammed the door, and could hardly help screaming out. The giant seemed to him exactly like the one he had seen in his dream. The giant's enormous head, which was covered with shaggy hair, just like a black bear's, seemed nearly to reach the ceiling; his large eyes were red and swollen with excess, and seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire; his huge mouth was tusked like that of a wild boar, and his teeth grinned fearfully. His legs were extended so far from him that he did not know where to put them: and when Jack saw him throw back his head and brandish his great knife as he began to eat, he shut the door,

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and fairly wished himself at home again.

After the giant could swallow no more, he called out, "Wife, bring me my hen, that I may amuse myself before I go to sleep."

Jack peeped out again, and saw the wife place a hen—the same he had seen in his dream—on the table: he noticed that when the giant said "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg. The giant repeated the word "lay" several times, until he had collected as many eggs as he wanted; he then called out with such loud merriment, that it made Jack jump even in the oven, "Ah, ah, wasn't it the best day's work I ever did, to knock out the brains of your master, my pretty hen, and get all the good things for myself?"

He soon fell asleep, and Jack, who

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watched him as he lay snoring and grunting in his chair, pushed open the door of the oven, and creeping out softly, seized the hen off the table, and putting it under his arm, made off without disturbing the giant.

Away ran Jack, scouring along the ground till he came to the Beanstalk; he was much sooner and easier at the bottom of it now than at its top in the morning; and running to his mother he told her all his adventure.

His mother recognised the hen to have belonged to her husband, Jack's father. The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and another house, and everything which she desired.

But Jack soon got tired of leading

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so easy a life; he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk once more. His mother tried to persuade him not to go; she said the giant would surely eat him this time. "Pray be content, my dear Jack," said she, "with what you have already got."

But Jack could not rest, so he got up early the next morning, and disguising himself that he might not be known, he climbed the Beanstalk, which it was much easier to do this time, and went straight to the giant's house.

He knocked at the door, and when the giant's wife opened it, he spoke in a feigned voice, and asked her for pity's sake to give him a night's lodging. He found it very difficult to persuade her; she said a youth, whom she had taken in once before,

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had stolen her husband's hen, and that he had never forgiven her. However, at last Jack prevailed, and she hid him in the cupboard; he could not help trembling when he heard the stalking strides of the giant as he approached the door. He seemed more savage to his wife than before, and as he growled out,

“Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I smell the smell of earthly men,”

he glared so fearfully upon her, that Jack felt as much afraid for her as for himself. She said however, timidly, “It's a piece of flesh which the crows have brought to the top of the house,” and hastened away directly to set his dinner before him. Jack peeped out of the cupboard, and saw him feed as voraciously as before.

The whole time he was eating his

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dinner he upbraided his wife because he had lost his hen; and this time, when he had finished his dinner, he gave her a push which sent her flying before him, and said, "Now bring me my bags of money, that I may count them before I sleep: I suppose I shall lose them next. Beware if I do!"

The woman flew up the stairs, but returned very slowly with two immense bags, which were so heavy that she could hardly carry them.

Jack peeped out and saw the giant open one of the bags, and roll out upon the table a quantity of silver coins, which he counted twice over, and then putting them back into the bag, he tied it tightly up; he then emptied the other bag, and Jack saw that these coins were all of gold. The giant played with them for some time, and then tying up the bag again,

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he said exultingly, "Wasn't it the best day's work I ever did, to knock your master's brains out, and get all the good things myself?"

Soon after he fell asleep, and Jack came out softly and seized the bags of money; but just as he had got hold of them, "Bow wow," barked a little dog belonging to the giant's wife.

Jack felt rooted to the spot: he could move neither hand nor foot. Still the giant continued snoring. Jack took courage, and putting the bags of money under his arm, opened the door, and ran as fast as he could; he descended the Beanstalk and was soon at his mother's door.

His mother was delighted to see him with the bags of money, which she also knew to be her husband's; but she said, "Ah, my dear Jack, in

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what terror I have been all day, for fear I should never see you more!"

They were now quite rich, and could buy whatever they desired; but Jack again became fidgetty and restless, and again he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk. His mother's tears and entreaties had no effect, and Jack, having first stained his face and hands with walnut juice until they were quite brown, and put on another coloured jacket, climbed up the Beanstalk a third time.

He knocked at the giant's door, but had still more trouble than before to persuade the woman to let him in; she said that the giant had had his money and a favourite hen stolen by some boys whom she had taken compassion on, and that he was so cross and ill-tempered, that she was sure

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he would kill her if he found her out again. However, Jack begged and prayed so much that she at last let him go in, and hid him this time in the copper. The giant came stalking in as before, and directly he set his foot in the kitchen he sniffed up the air, and looked cunningly about the room, saying very slowly,

“Snouk but—Snouk ben—Snouk-be-e-en,
I smell—I smell the smell of earthly men.”

but his wife said, “It is the young kid which I have been skinning for to-morrow’s breakfast.” The giant growled fiercely, and taunting her for the loss of his hen and his money, said, “If I lose anything more, thy life shall pay for it.”

When he had finished his dinner he said, “Wife, bring me my harp, that it may play me to sleep.” His wife brought a very beautiful harp,

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which she placed on the table, and to Jack's great astonishment, when the giant said, "Play," the harp began to play of itself the most beautiful music imaginable.

Jack waited until the giant was fast asleep and snoring loudly, and then crept out of the copper, and taking the harp off the table, he opened the door; but just as he was going to shut it again, the harp, which was itself a fairy, called out, "Master! master!"

The giant started up, but was so stupefied with the quantity of dinner which he had eaten, and the ale and mead which he had drunk, that it was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but he could not walk straight, so that Jack, who ran very nimbly, got to the top of the

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Beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great was his horror to see the huge hand of the giant stretched down to seize him by the hair of his head! He was so terrified, that his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head; he slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk hardly knowing how, and seeing the giant just putting his feet over the top as if he were coming down too, he called out, "Quick, mother, dear mother! A hatchet, a hatchet!"

His mother heard his voice and ran out directly with a hatchet. Jack seized it, and began to chop away at the trunk of the Beanstalk: when he had chopped it quite through, down it fell, bringing along with it the enormous giant. He fell so heavily that he was killed in the fall, and

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lay on the ground like some huge mountain. Jack cut off his head.

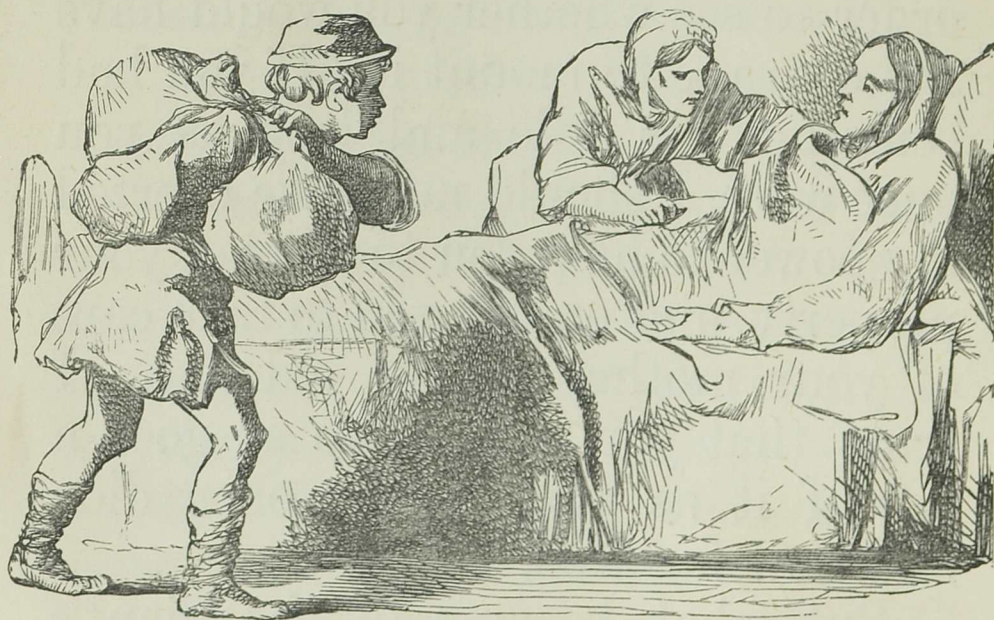
That night, as Jack was asleep in his bed, the fairy appeared again, and said: "Now, my dear Jack, you may take possession of all your father's property again, as I see that you will make a good use of it, and become a useful and good man. It was I who made the Beanstalk grow to such an astonishing height, in order to see whether you would have the courage to mount it. If you had remained as idle and lazy as you once were, I should not have exerted my power to help you to recover your property, and enable you to take care of your mother in her old age. I trust that you will make as good a use of it as your father once did: and now farewell."

But what became of the giant's

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house, or his wife, or the country at the top of the Beanstalk, I have never been able to learn, and so I cannot tell you.

Now their great enemy being dead, mother and son lived together for many years in peace and comfort. Jack's mother died at a good old age, blessing him and thanking him for all his kindness.





Beauty and the Beast.



BEAUTY was the youngest of the three daughters of a merchant. She had been

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called "Beauty" from her birth, on account of her great loveliness. Charming modesty, kindness, and frankness were always beaming in her face. She was beloved by all, and was most dear to her father, who had lost his wife, for she was his chief companion. Her two sisters were also beautiful in their forms, but they were vain, haughty, and untruthful. The merchant was once very rich. He was the owner of a large fleet of ships which used to sail all over the world. His vessels went to India for silk, to South America for gold, to England for iron and tin, and to Russia for tallow. Sometimes his ships would meet in one port to exchange their various cargoes. It so happened, that when they were all assembled for this purpose in the Persian Gulf, a most frightful storm

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arose, and the whole of the merchant's fleet was lost. In the midst of one of his most splendid feasts, a breathless courier rushed among the guests, and announced the disaster of the loss of his ships. The poor merchant was ruined.

Not in a noble palace, but in a small, mean cottage, now lives the merchant. He is not neglected, for Beauty supplies all the wants of her still dearest father. This sweet creature soon forgot her grief at the change of fortune. She found it quite as easy to be happy without jewels and fine clothes as with them. But Beauty's contentment did not overtake her sisters: they pined at their altered state, despised their mean clothing, refused to help in the work of the house, leaving all the drudgery to their kind sister,

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and even reproached their father for his misfortune. They were truly miserable. So their beauty passed away, whilst Beauty's looks were not only preserved by her cheerfulness, but became even more lovely.

Beauty had always doted on flowers. When she came to the cottage, she became her own gardener, and her bouquets were not less fragrant or less brilliant than her rare flowers when she was rich. Her garden was a pattern of tasteful arrangement; all sorts of flowers bloomed there, except roses; and, strange to say though she often planted them, they always disappeared in the night.

After some time, good news was brought to the merchant of the safe arrival in a distant port of one of his most precious cargoes, which had

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been thought to have been lost when the great shipwreck of his vessels happened. It was necessary that the merchant should go to the port, and he resolved to start out the next day. He called his three daughters together to tell them of the news; the two eldest were quite overcome with joy at the prospects of better fortune, but Beauty, though she was glad for her father's sake that he was richer, remained silent. She had become so contented with her present state, that she did not welcome another change.

“Tell me, daughters,” said the merchant, “what presents shall your father bring for you on his return from his journey?”

“Bring me,” said the eldest, “a watch encircled with diamonds, which plays the most seraphic music,

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a girdle of the purest crystals, bracelets studded with precious cameos, and a chaplet of rubies."

"Hold, sister!" said the second; "you will ruin our father before he comes to my turn. I will only ask for a few of the most splendid Persian turbans, two or three dresses of the richest point lace, a variety of Cachmere shawls, and a tortoiseshell cabinet inlaid with gold, to hold them all."

The merchant then turned to Beauty, and said, "Well, Beauty, and what shall your present be?"

"I wish for nothing, father, but your safe return."

"Nay, child, you must make a request."

"Well, then, dearest father, as roses will not grow in my garden, bring me a rose."

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The sisters could not help laughing at her modesty.

On the morrow, the merchant started on his journey. Beauty was in tears at his departure, but her sisters could not suppress their joy at the prospects of their new finery, and cared but little for their father's absence.

The merchant arrived at the port, and found his vessel.

He arranged all his business, and made the purchases, extravagant as they were, which his eldest daughters had requested. He mounted his Arab steed, and commenced his journey homewards. Towards evening he reached a forest of pines and cedars, through which lay his way. The evening was sultry and oppressive. The sun descended below the horizon, leaving his mantle of the

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intensest crimson, fringed with golden brilliancy, behind. The merchant was so wrapt up with his thoughts of home, that he forgot to guide his horse, and left him to take his own way. The animal's noiseless tread, as his hoofs sunk into the fibrous ground, did not awaken the merchant from his trance. The scene grew gloomy. Presently thunder boomed in the distance. Leaden-looking clouds, folded one on another, covered the amber-tinted sky, and large drops of rain fell upon the merchant before he was roused from his own thoughts. He looked about him, and saw that he had lost his road. Should he go on, or turn back? should he turn to the right, or to the left? he asked himself. On all sides the forest seemed equally dark and impenetrable. Up came the distant thunder,

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roaring—crash! crash! as if the heavens were split. Long streams of lightning flooded the forest with lurid light. Then came thick darkness again, and the rain poured down. The horse was stupefied with fear, and the merchant was in despair. During the lull of the storm a sweet sound was heard, as if it said—

“On, merchant, on!

Thy journey’s near done!”

And at the instant a small blue light was seen through the trees. The merchant took courage and clapped his spurs to his steed, urging him in the direction of the light. The light expanded into a large soft flame, and then disappeared. In its place was seen the portal of a palace. A tablet above the entrance was inscribed in glittering letters,—

“Enter without fear,
All are welcome here!”

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The merchant read the inscription and pressed against the golden gates, which opened without noise. As he passed beneath the marble archway a flourish of trumpets saluted his ear, but nobody was to be seen; he found himself in a spacious courtyard, on one side of which were the stables; he then dismounted from his horse, which directly trotted across the court, as though he knew the way. The merchant followed the horse into the stable, where he was greatly surprised to find his steed already groomed, with a fine crimson horse-cloth thrown over him, and feeding out of a trough full of oats and beans. Still no one was to be seen.

The merchant quitted the stable, and proceeded across the court into a long vaulted passage brilliantly lighted. As he passed a door, it

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sprang open into a bath-room, in the centre of which a fountain played. The merchant entered, and before a blazing fire of juniper wood, which sweetly scented the room, dry and fine clothes were airing. He threw himself on a couch, wet and weary as he was, but hesitated to touch anything, until he heard a voice gently saying—

“ You’re a guest for the night.
And all that is right
Will appear to your sight,
To be used without fright.”

The merchant stripped himself and entered the warm bath. Upon quitting it his wet clothes had vanished, and dry garments supplied their place. From the bath-room he proceeded to the supper-room, and there found a delicious repast prepared, at which he made a most hearty meal.

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During its progress, his ears were filled with the most exquisite music. When all was finished, the merchant departed for his sleeping apartment. Having offered up his grateful prayers, and especially for his deliverance during the storm, the merchant retired to his bed, and instantly fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning was bright and peaceful, and the merchant awoke quite refreshed from his fatigue. Everything was ready for his toilet and his breakfast. After breakfast, the merchant walked in the gardens of the palace; their size, variety, plantations, flowers, were such as he had never seen equalled. The flowers made him think of Beauty. He searched for a rose-tree, but could not see one. Strange, thought he, that there should be none in such

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a garden! At last, entering an



arbour, he found some magnificent

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red roses. One of these the merchant plucked: suddenly a monster seized him. "Ungrateful wretch!" said the Beast, "is this the way you repay the kindness you have received? You take refuge in my palace from the storm, you are treated with the best that I can bestow upon you, and in return you steal my roses! Your life is forfeited for your baseness."

The poor old man trembled beneath the grasp of the monster.

"My lord—" he said.

"Call me by no such title!" interrupted the monster. "Call me as I am—call me, Beast!"

"Pardon me, Beast; I knew not I was offending."

"Were the roses yours?"

The merchant gave no reply.

"Why, then, did you pluck them?"

Still no answer was returned.

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“Answer me, instantly!” said the Beast.

“I cannot,” replied the merchant, for he did not wish to involve his daughter in his trouble.

“You cannot? You die, unless you answer.”

“Spare my answer, Beast, but take my life.”

“It was your youngest daughter who asked for the rose! I see your astonishment, but I know all. I will allow you to return home and take leave of your children, but you must return here in a week, or send some one in your stead. Take the rose and be gone.”

The merchant stooped to pick up the rose, which had fallen from his hand, and when he turned to thank the Beast, the monster was no where to be seen.

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The merchant proceeded at once to the stable, where he found his horse already saddled and restive to be gone. He mounted his steed, which dashed out of the stable towards the entrance-gates. They sprang open at his approach. The horse flew through the forest, seeming scarcely to touch the ground with his hoofs, and continued going at the fastest rate. In the evening the merchant, almost broken-hearted, reached his home.

Beauty was seated under the cottage porch, spinning, and anxiously watching the horseman's approach. The instant she saw that it was her father, she sprang from her seat, and in a few seconds the father and child were locked in each other's arms.

Beauty's face was radiant with joy; the father looked very sad. "O

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father!" exclaimed Beauty, with fear and pity, "why that look? tell me what has happened." "My poor child, thou art the innocent cause of my grief! Here, my child, take the rose you asked for, it will cost thy father his life!" The merchant took the withered rose from his bosom, and placed it in Beauty's hand. Beauty took the flower, which began instantly to revive, but she fell fainting to the ground, terrified at her father's words. The merchant carried her into the cottage and related to her all that had occurred. As soon as the merchant had finished his account, Beauty's face brightened, and she said smilingly, "O father, you shall not return; it was for my sake that the misfortune happened, I alone will bear the punishment. Frightful as may be the monster,

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and terrible the death he may have in store, I will go." No entreaties of the father could alter her mind: her resolution was made. "Your life, dearest father, is more valuable than mine. If you were gone, who would support and protect my sisters?"

Whilst Beauty was sacrificing herself for the sake of her sisters, they entered, and only seeing Beauty, and in tears, the eldest exclaimed, "What, crying again, you soft-hearted thing! You have done nothing but cry since our father left: you are miserable because you did not ask for more than a rose." "A rose, indeed!" said the other sister; "why here's a rose! what a magnificent flower! It is the largest rose I have seen! Tell me, minx, where did it come from?" Saying this, the sister seized

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the rose, which immediately withered. The father raised himself from the couch he had thrown himself upon. The two daughters ran to him, and, without greeting him, said eagerly, "Well, father, where's my watch? my shawls? my bracelets? my cabinet?"

"Pray, pray sisters," interposed Beauty, "do not trouble father now: he is full of grief."

"Grief! Has he not brought our jewels or clothes?"

"Oh yes, sisters, brought all: but still full of sorrow." And Beauty in the kindest manner then told them about the disaster of the rose.

"You wicked child," they answered, "to ask for a rose! You might have caused us to lose our jewels and shawls! The Beast would no doubt have taken them, had he known of

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them. What a risk for a trumpery rose !”

The week had nearly passed, and Beauty was full of preparations for her departure. She took leave of all her friends, giving each one some token of her love. She sought to turn away her sisters' unkindness, and offered them the choice of whatsoever she possessed. They, finding that she was really going, pretended to be in great grief; but in their hearts they were glad, for they were full of jealousy at her superiority over them. The morning for departure came: the merchant insisted on accompanying his daughter and seeing her safely to the monster's palace. They mounted their horses and set off; as soon as they arrived at the cedar forest, the merchant's horse darted into the midst of it as though

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he knew the right path, and Beauty's horse followed close to the other. Beauty thought she had never seen a wood so grand and yet so beautiful. The nightingales were singing with the wildest richness. Mournfully streamed through the air their full long plaints, as if in unison with the melancholy of Beauty's forebodings; and then their sadness broke abruptly into laughing, chattering, "Jug, jug," turning their grief into joy, as if presaging happiness to Beauty at last. All kinds of perfume scented the air; first came the rich scent of the cedars, then the freshness of the citrons, then the verbena sent up its fragrance, as the hoofs of the horses crushed its leaves. A procession of innumerable insects formed before their horses' heads; they were all marshalled in order. In the van came

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a troop of dragon-flies ; then bands of thousands of little gnats played the most martial airs on their tiny trumpets ; bees followed, humming the richest harmonies ; afterward came ranks of butterflies, dressed in liveries of all the colours of the rainbow, sailing majestically along. And so this procession kept before their horses' heads until they reached the golden gates of the palace. The inscription,

“ Enter without fear,
All are welcome here ! ”

glittered more brilliantly than at the merchant's first entrance ; the gates instantly flew open. Beauty's horse placed itself at once near some steps of marble with golden rails, in order that Beauty might alight. She sprang down, and her father having dismounted also, both horses rambled

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off to the stable. The merchant and Beauty passed into the arcade; as before, the merchant went to his bath, whilst two humming-birds, bearing little torches of white light, flew before Beauty and lighted her to her rooms. Over the door was inscribed "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." The door sprang open as she touched the enamelled handle. The room contained the choicest sofas, chairs, stools, and ottomans of all shapes. The carpets were of the richest velvet, the hangings of satin, powdered with golden stars, and the finest lace. Adjoining to this apartment were Beauty's dressing and bedrooms. She entered the former, where she found every article for her toilet prepared. Yet she lacked heart and courage to touch anything, and sank down listlessly into a chair.

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She raised her drooping eyes, and beheld a transparency at the end of the room thus inscribed :

“ Welcome, Beauty, banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here !
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.”

Having changed her dress, she went in search of her father. They found a magnificent feast prepared for them. Everything was brought and removed by invisible agency. During the repast, delightful music was performed.

“ Certainly, father,” said Beauty, “ the Beast must possess excellent taste ; and if I am to be killed, he surely intends first to fatten me !”

A magic flute played a few bars of music, then a voice said,

“ The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear.”

“ How very thoughtful for a master in his own house to make such a

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request! I tremble at his coming," thought Beauty,

The merchant spoke: "Appear, Beast, if it be your pleasure."

A door sprung open at the further end of the saloon, and the Beast entered. He wore a large cloak, which concealed his form; his walk was erect and dignified. The room was so long that Beauty could not discover his features, but as he came nearer his hideous appearance began to be seen, and Beauty clung to her father's arm for protection. She could not help hiding her face. He saw and pitied her alarm, and at once spoke to the merchant: "Merchant, you have well redeemed your word. If this be the daughter who has come in your stead, I trust, though absent from those she loves, that we shall find means to soothe

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her regrets, if not to make her time pass agreeably. Of my palace she is the mistress,”

The voice which uttered this speech was most musical, and its kind expression emboldened Beauty to look up. She gave a glance, but the exceeding ugliness of the monster caused her again to close her eyes.

“I am sorry,” said the Beast, “that I am not able to ask you, merchant, to stay here with your daughter; on the morrow you must take leave of each other.”

“Your kindness, Beast,” answered the merchant, “is already much more than we were entitled to expect, and makes us feel most grateful to you. We are prepared to submit to your will in all respects.”

Making a graceful bow the Beast said “Farewell!” As soon as he

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had gone the music recommenced, and a concert was performed, after which the merchant and his daughter retired for the night.

On the morrow the merchant departed with great grief, and returned home.

At first Beauty felt inconsolable at being left alone. But there was no help for it, and as she was too wise to give way to her sorrow, she sought to find means of interesting herself in various occupations. Whatever she wished for, seemed to come at her command. There was the garden, with all its wonderful beauties of flowers. The lake, the fountains, the gold and silver fish, the aviary with the choicest birds for song and plumage. The trees were thronged, too, with birds. If she desired to sail on the water, she had

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only to step into a boat; its sail at once caught the breeze, and it glided noiselessly over the crystal waters. If she desired to ride, her own horse, richly caparisoned, presented himself at the door. If she would drive out, a carriage with cream-coloured ponies attended at the terrace steps. But, long before the first day had passed, she had felt so lonely, that she quite welcomed the magic flute, and the sounds—

“The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear;”

and was really glad to answer, “Appear, Beast!” She shuddered as he approached, but her fear wore off as the Beast stayed. When the clock sounded ten, he bid her a respectful “Good-night.” The next day she got more used to the place, and even looked out for the time when the

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magic flute should sound. When the Beast appeared this evening, she looked calmly at his ugliness. She was more than ever pleased with his conversation. Day after day thus passed, the Beast appearing every evening. His visit became the object of the day, and had he been uglier than he really was, I have no doubt Beauty would have ceased to regard it. Thus the time passed for more than half a year, when one evening, after Beauty and the Beast had been conversing, he took her hand. Beauty thrilled, but not with delight; he had never done so before. Beauty quietly withdrew her hand, at which the Beast sighed deeply, and suddenly bade her adieu! Some days after this, the Beast again took Beauty's hand, and she suffered it to remain. The Beast

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then said, "Beauty, will you marry me?" "Impossible!" replied Beauty. The Beast groaned deeply, and left as if he felt the greatest grief. The next night no Beast appeared. Beauty listened anxiously for the sounds of the flute, but none were heard. The evening seemed to her the dullest which she had passed since her arrival. The next evening came, and still no Beast. "What can this mean?" thought she: "is the Beast never to appear again? I would sooner have his presence with all his ugliness a thousand times more, than this constant absence." She had scarcely acknowledged the thought to herself, before the flute sounded and Beast entered. He looked melancholy and pensive, except when Beauty was talking to him. At the usual hour he departed.

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As he was leaving, Beauty said, "I hope, Beast, you will come to-morrow." "It is a great relief to my unhappiness, Beauty, to hear that my visit is not disagreeable to you." The Beast continued his evening visits as before; but he never again mentioned the subject of marriage, or took Beauty's hand. He was as kind and agreeable as ever, but oft-times Beauty thought he seemed very sad: she feared to ask him the cause. She asked herself over and over again, "Can I marry him?" and then the thoughts of his excessive hideousness rushed into her mind, and she reluctantly answered, "No."

In the midst of all this new life Beauty did not forget her own home, and often longed to hear how her father and her sisters fared. One

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day as she was standing before a large mirror, she exclaimed, "Oh that I could see what my father is about!" At that instant a reflection of her home appeared in the glass. In one room were her sisters trying on some new gowns. In another room lay her father on a bed of sickness, so feeble that he could scarce hold anything. Beauty screamed, and nearly swooned away. At that instant the magic flute sounded, though it was but noon, and the Beast came in. He found Beauty sobbing: he gently took her hand, and said, "Beauty, what ails you? are you ill?" "No, Beast, no; but I have just seen the reflection of my old home, in the mirror, and my father, I fear, is at the point of death."

"Then you wish to visit him?"

"Oh yes, Beast; it would indeed

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be a great joy and comfort to do so : perhaps it may be the last time I shall ever see him alive."

"Take the rose which your father first gathered," said the Beast, "and as long as it is in your possession you have only to wish aloud and your wish will be gratified."

"Oh, Beast ! believe me, I am most grateful for your great kindness."

"There is only one condition I have to make," said the Beast, "which is, that you are not absent more than a week. Even that time will appear like ages to me !"

"You may rely on my return within the proper time. Farewell !" Beauty extended her hand, and even shed tears at leaving the monster.

"Adieu, Beauty ! adieu !" And the Beast took her hand and pressed

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it to his lips. He then left the room sorrowfully.

When the Beast had gone, Beauty took the rose and placed it in her bosom. She then said aloud, "I wish I was at home." And saying this she placed her hand before her eyes to wipe away her tears ; she had scarcely removed her handkerchief when, instead of being in her own apartment, she found herself at the porch of her father's cottage. She knocked gently, and the door was opened by her elder sister, who started at her, and said—

"Well, Beauty, indeed! who would have thought of seeing you? We thought you were dead long ago, and perhaps eaten up by your monster."

Beauty threw herself on her sister's neck, and not heeding her unkind

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greeting, kissed her. "How is my father? is he alive?"

"Alive; yes, and much better! but no thanks to *your* nursing. We thought you had quite forgotten us."

"Never! never! sister. I came the instant I knew of our father's sickness."

"Well, well, go in and see him."

Beauty found her father much better, and both were rejoiced to see each other again. Beauty's presence hastened the recovery of the old man, and she at once took upon herself the office of nurse, which her sisters willingly gave up to her. The merchant became quite well before Beauty had been at home two days. He delighted in hearing all her news: she related to him and her sisters how she passed her time at the palace, and how kind the Beast was to her.

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despair, Beauty bethought herself if it were possible that the affair of the pigsty could have anything to do with the loss of the rose. As Beauty wandered disconsolate over the grounds, she espied upon a heap of rubbish the rose nearly withered. With the greatest joy she seized it; its faded flowers began to revive. She took farewell of all, and wished herself back at the Beast's palace. In an instant she was in her own room. As the evening drew near she anxiously looked for the Beast, but he came not. Weary, she sat up all the long night, believing he certainly would come at last, but no Beast appeared. She passed from one room of the palace to another, from terrace to garden, and from garden to grove, calling for the Beast, but found him not. In her despair

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she seized the rose and wished herself



in the Beast's presence. Oh! horror!

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there he lay in the garden as if dead. Beauty felt his heart still beating. The Beast uttered a groan and looked up. His eyes feebly opened, and seeing Beauty, he said, "Beauty, why did you return only to see me die? I could not have believed you would have deceived me."

"O Beast! do not die! what can I do to save you?"

"Will you marry me?" faintly murmured the Beast.

"Willingly, to save your life!" answered Beauty, eagerly.

The Beast seemed to revive, and said timidly, "But not otherwise, Beauty?"

"Yes! yes!" replied Beauty, covering her face.

Immediately the Beast disappeared, and she saw at her feet one of the loveliest princes that eyes had ever beheld.

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Loud roared the cannon amidst the



sounds of the trumpets and timbrels,
and all the palace seemed suddenly

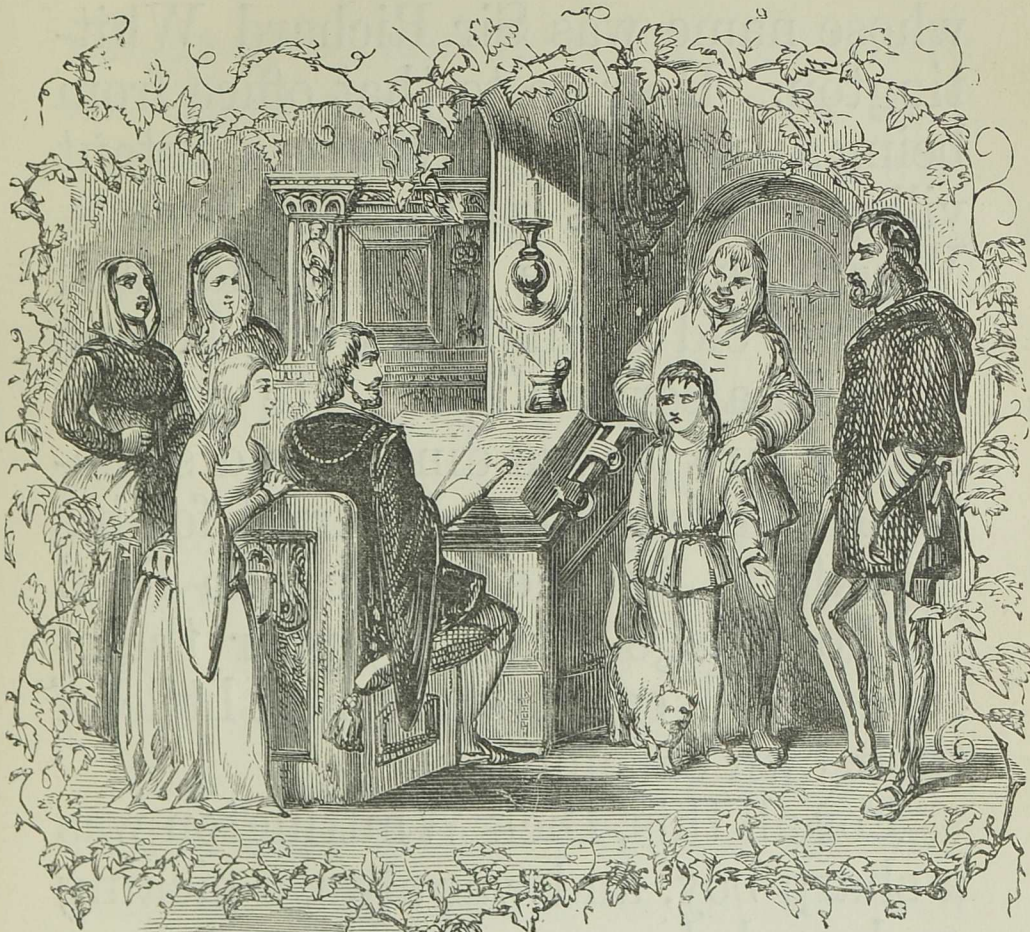
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peopled with bustling crowds engaged in festivity.

The Prince took Beauty's arm and led her into the palace, where, to Beauty's surprise, she found her father but not her sisters. They were changed into stone statues, so to remain until they had reformed themselves.

The Prince and Beauty were married and lived to a good old age in great happiness. The Prince explained to Beauty how he had been changed into a Beast by a spiteful fairy who had ordered him to remain in that state until a beautiful lady would consent to marry him in his frightful form; and how a good fairy had given him a magic rose-tree, telling him it would be the means of releasing him from his enchantment.

Dick Whittington and his Cat.



ABOUT four hundred years ago there was a Lord Mayor of London,

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whose name was Sir Richard Whittington. He rose to that office from being a poor orphan, living in a distant village, without parents or friends. When he was a little child, and scarcely old enough to work, he was often in a sorry plight. He got but scanty fare for his dinner, and sometimes nothing but a dry crust for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could spare him little of their own earnings.

For all this, Dick Whittington was a sharp boy, and was always picking up knowledge.

On Sundays he never failed to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard, before the clergyman was come; and once a week you might be sure to see little Dick leaning against the

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

village cross, and near the well where travellers stopped to drink as they came from the next market-town; and in the barber's shop Dick was suffered to sit by the fire, and there he listened to all the news.

In this manner Dick heard of the great city called London; how the people were always busy, and by industry gained great riches. He often heard it said that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day a wagoner, with his wagon and team of horses, all with bells at their heads, to sound their approach so that the people might bring out their goods to be carried, drove through the village while Dick was lounging near his favourite spot. The thought struck him that this wagon must be going to London; and, taking courage, he asked the

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wagoner to let him walk with him by his side. The man hearing from poor Dick that he had no parents, and seeing, by his ragged state, that he could not be worse off, told him he might go if he would; so off together they set.

Dick got safely to London; and so eager was he to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that he ran as fast as his legs could carry him through street after street, expecting every moment to come to those that were all paved with gold. Poor Dick ran till he was tired: at last it grew dark, and whichever way he turned, he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold: so he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself asleep. He remained all that night in the streets, and next morning was very hungry; so he walked about, begging the passers-

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by to give him a halfpenny to buy himself some bread; in the course of the day two or three gave him a halfpenny, which just kept him from starving. Being almost worn out, he crouched down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great merchant. Here he was soon found by the cook, who was very cross and ill-tempered, then very busy dressing the dinner. She, seeing poor Dick, called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? If you do not take yourself away we will see how you will like some dish-water over you; I have some here that is hot enough to make you caper!"

Just at this moment Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home from the city to dinner, and seeing a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door, said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad?"

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You seem old enough to work; I fear you must be idle." "No, indeed, sir," said Whittington, "that is not true, for I would work with all my heart; but I know nobody, and I am very sick for want of food." "Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "pr'ythee get up, and let us see what ails thee."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had eaten very little for the last three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg in the streets; so the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into his house, and have a good meal directly, and that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this worthy family had it

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not been for the crabbed cook, who was scolding at him from morning till night, and was withal so spiteful that she seemed never easy but when beating his head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him became known to Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter. She was a kind girl, and asked the cook if she was not ashamed to use a little friendless boy so cruelly. This young lady's name was Alice; she was rather younger than Dick.

But though the cook was so ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was not so. He felt compassion for the poor boy, and even took the trouble to teach him to read.

Besides the ill-humour of the cook, Whittington had another hardship. His bed was placed in a garret where

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there were many holes in the floors and walls. Whenever he went to bed, he was awakened out of his sleep by great numbers of rats and mice, which ran over his face and made a great noise.

Dick at last got rich enough to be master of twopence, and these he spent in buying a cat, which was famous for being an excellent mouser.

This cat Dick used to keep in the garret, and in a short time he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, which were either killed or frightened away by his cat. So the cat and Dick became great friends and companions, and puss was delighted when he came to bed, and would purr and sing him to sleep.

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, richly laden, and thinking it but just that all his

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servants should have some chance as well as himself, called them before him and asked them what goods they chose and were able to send abroad. All the servants mentioned something they were willing to venture, but poor Whittington, having no money or goods, could send nothing; for which reason he did not come in with the rest. The merchant's daughter, Alice, guessing what was the cause of his absence, sent for him, and offered to lay down some money for him from her own purse; but this, the merchant observed, would not do, for it must be something of his own. So they asked Dick if he possessed anything at all; Dick said, he had nothing but a cat, which was his companion.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go." Dick

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hesitated, for he grieved to part with his cat; but being persuaded by every one, he at last brought poor puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes.

Everybody laughed at the oddity of Whittington's sending a cat; but Alice, who felt great pity for the poor boy, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This and other kindnesses shown him by Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the poor boy, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever.

At last, the unhappy fellow being unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to leave his place. He accordingly packed up the few things that belonged to him, and set out very early in the morning on All-Hallow's day, before anybody was

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out of bed. He travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a

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stone, which for years and years afterwards used to be called "Whittington's Stone," and now he began to consider what course he should take.

While he was thus musing, Bow-bells began to ring; and it seemed to him that their sounds said:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

Thrice Dick listened again, and still the bells seemed to say the same thing. "Nonsense!" he thought; "it must be a dream." "Ding, ding," the bells went, and still the sounds were the same. "Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would bear something to be the Lord Mayor of London. Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of old Cicely, if I am at

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

last to be Lord Mayor of London." So back went Dick, and got into the house, and set about his business, before Cicely came downstairs.

The ship, with Dick's cat on board, was long beaten about at sea, and at last was driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary inhabited by Moors, who came in great numbers to see the people on board the ship, who being all white, puzzled the Moors, who had black faces. But the Moors treated the sailors with great civility, and as they became better acquainted, showed eagerness to purchase the things with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of the choicest articles he had to the King of the Moors, and the king was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

and his chief mate to his palace. Here they were placed, as was the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver; and the king and queen being seated at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, and was placed on the floor.

No sooner, however, were the dishes set before the company, than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves to every dish, scattering the viands all about the room.

The captain was extremely astonished' and asked if these vermin were not very troublesome.

"Oh, yes," said the Moors, "very troublesome, indeed! And the king would give half his treasure to be free of them; for they not only destroy his dinner, but they disturb

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

him even in his chamber, so that he is obliged to be watched while he sleeps.”

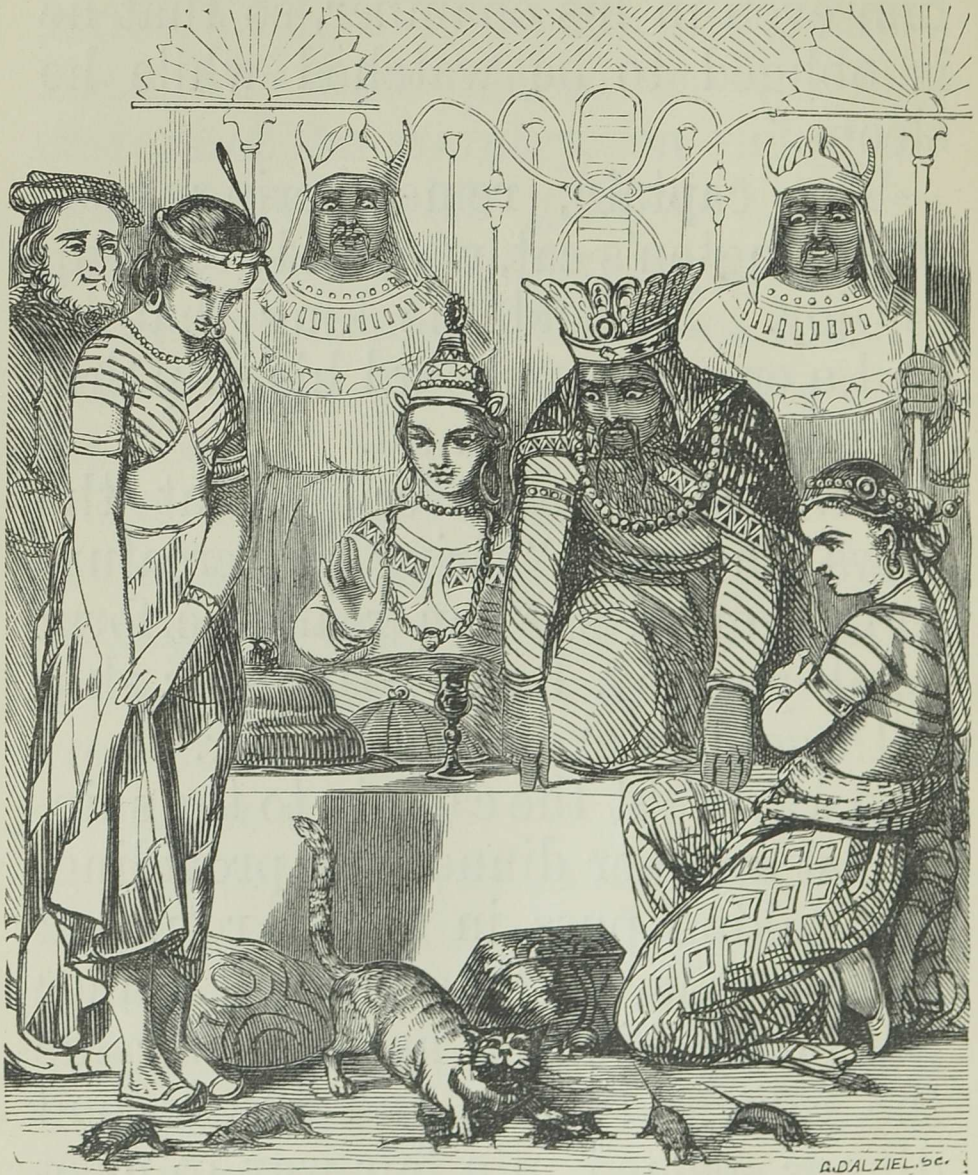
The captain, remembering poor Whittington's cat, was ready to jump for joy. He told the king that he had a creature on board his ship that would destroy them all.

The king was overjoyed at the news, and said, “Bring this creature to me, and if she can really perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold in exchange for her.”

Away went the captain to the ship, whilst another dinner was providing, and taking puss in a bag, returned to the palace. The second dinner was brought in, and, as usual, in came the rats and mice, and the second dinner seemed in a fair way to meet with the same fate as the first.

Then the captain unloosed the bag,

Dick Whittington and his Cat.



and pussy, at sight of the rats and mice, did not wait for bidding, but

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

sprang from the bag, and in a trice killed numbers of the rats and mice, while the others scampered away to their hiding-places.

The king was greatly delighted with the wonderful exploits of Mrs. Puss. He had never seen a cat before ; and quickly bargained with the captain for his whole ship's cargo, and afterwards agreed to give a prodigious quantity of gold for the cat. Then the captain, after taking leave of their majesties, with all his ship's company set sail, and with a fair wind, after a happy voyage for England, safely arrived in the port of London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, and was going to seat himself at the desk, when who should arrive but the captain and mate of the merchant-ship from the coast of Barbary, followed

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

by several men bringing with them great bags of gold that had been paid by the King of Barbary in exchange for the merchandise and also in exchange for Mrs. Puss. Mr. Fitzwarren, the instant he heard the news, ordered Dick Whittington to be called. When Dick came, he said, "My boy, I rejoice in the good news these gentlemen have brought you; the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return all these riches."

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the immense treasures they had brought.

Poor Dick's joy was very great indeed; he begged his master to take what he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole. "No, no, this wealth is all your own, and justly so," answered

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

Mr. Fitzwarren, "and I have no doubt you will use it generously." Dick, however, was too kind-hearted to keep all himself; and accordingly made a handsome gift to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his excellent friend the footman, and all the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting the crabbed old cook Cicely.

These riches soon altered Dick's state of life. Instead of being a scullion to a cook, he became a clerk in Mr. Fitzwarren's office, and in a year or two a merchant, and was made the partner of his old master.

Alice, like Dick Whittington, had grown up, and the young people became fond of each other. Mr. Fitzwarren, finding out the goodness of

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

Dick, consented that they should be married, and married they were at Bow church, the very church whose bells had been the means of calling Dick back.

Dick became richer and richer; at last he was chosen sheriff of London, and in a year or two afterwards made the Lord Mayor, and then he heard again the old Bow bells chiming, and seeming to say more clearly than ever,

“Here is Dick Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London town.”

And such an excellent mayor he was, that the citizens chose him to be their Lord Mayor three times. When King Henry the Fifth returned from the battle of Agincourt, he was feasted by Dick Whittington, and the king created him a knight, and then he became Sir Richard Whittington. He lived many years much respected.

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

The effigy of Sir Richard Whittington used to be seen, until it was taken down, with his cat in his arms, over the archway of the late prison of Newgate, that went across Newgate St.





The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

HERE were once a king and queen who had no children, and they were, on this account

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

very unhappy. They consulted all the fairies they could hear of, but could get no help. One day, however, as the queen was walking moodily by the bank of a clear stream, and exclaiming, "Oh, that I had a little daughter!" a golden fish peeped its head out of the water, and said, "Your wish shall be gratified, and you shall soon have a daughter, and her name shall be Rosebud." The queen returned to the palace in good spirits, and told the king, her husband, and they both rejoiced at the little fish's prophecy. As the fish had said, so it happened, and the queen soon had a little girl, very beautiful indeed to behold. And the king held a great feast at the princess's christening, which was the grandest that could be. Seven fairies dwelt in the king's country, and all these

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

were invited to be the princess's god-mothers; so that each of them might make her a gift, as was the custom in those days. When the christening was over, the company went back to the king's palace, where a noble feast was ready for them. Each fairy had a golden dish, with a knife, a fork, and a spoon, set with diamonds, and all of the finest and most curious patterns. As the company were sitting down to the table, an old fairy came into the room. This fairy lived in a tower which she had not quitted for fifty years, so that everybody thought she was dead long ago; and the king had quite forgotten to ask her to the christening. But he welcomed her, and ordered a seat to be brought for her, and also a plate; but it could not be a golden one, because only

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

seven of that sort had been made for the other seven fairies.

As soon as the old fairy saw that her plate was not so fine as the plates set before the rest of the fairies, her face grew quite red, and became swollen with rage. Her eyes flashed with fire, and she muttered that she would have her revenge.

One of the young fairies who sat next to her heard what she said, and was afraid that she would give the little princess some unlucky gift. So this young fairy left the table, and went and hid herself behind the tapestry, that it might come to her turn to be the last of the fairies to speak; for she thought she should perhaps be able partly to undo the mischief the old fairy might be meditating.

When the feast had ended, the fairies began to make their gifts to

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

the young princess. The first said, she should be most virtuous: the next said, she should have the greatest wit: the third said, she should do everything with the utmost grace: the fourth said, her beauty should delight all who saw her: the fifth said, her voice should be as sweet and liquid in its tone as a silver bell: the sixth said, she should be most skilful in playing on all musical instruments.

It was now the old fairy's turn to speak; she came forward, with her head shaking all the while with spite, and said in a croaking hoarse voice, "The gift I bestow on the princess shall be, that when she is fifteen years of age she shall hurt her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound."

This cruel sentence filled all the

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.



company with sorrow, and everybody
but the old fairy began to weep and

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

lament. But at this moment the young fairy came out from behind the tapestry, and in a kind voice gave them some comfort by saying, "Do not, O king and queen, be in so much grief for your daughter; she shall *not* die of the wound she is to receive; for though I am not able to prevent what an older fairy than myself has ordered, yet I can lessen the evil she has sentenced the princess to. Your daughter indeed must hurt her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying of the wound, she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last for a hundred years, at the end of which she shall be awakened by a young prince."

The king hoped to save his darling child from the accident, and he commanded it to be made known everywhere, that every spindle should

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

be bought up and burnt. Nobody was allowed to have one.

All the promises of the six good fairies were fulfilled; the Princess Rosebud was virtuous, witty, graceful, beautiful, and every one loved her. Her fifteenth birthday had passed, and the king and queen hoped the danger was over. About this time, it happened that the young princess was one day roving through the old rooms of the castle to amuse herself; and at last found her way to a small chamber at the top of a tower. The door was closed, but there was a little golden key in the keyhole. The princess turned it, the door flew open, and there she saw an old woman spinning with a spindle very busily.

“What are you doing, Goody?” said the princess. “I am spinning,

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

my pretty lady," answered the old woman. "Ah! how I should like to do such pretty work!" said the princess: "pray let me try." She then took the spindle into her hand; but as soon as ever she did so, being very lively and giddy, she ran the point of it into her hand, and instantly she fell into a sound sleep.

The good fairy, who had saved the princess's life, was in the kingdom of Matakín, at the distance of twelve thousand leagues, when the princess ran the spindle into her hand. But the news reached her by an elfin telegraph; and she set off in a fiery chariot, which smoked and steamed like a railway engine, and in a few minutes she was in the yard of the king's palace. Then the fairy caused the princess to be carried to the finest room in the palace, and laid

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

on a bed made of rich silk and velvet, and adorned with gold and silver.

When the princess was laid in this place, she looked so charming, that she might almost have been taken for an angel; for the deep sleep that she had fallen into did not hurt her beauty at all. The colour of her cheeks was still like the finest roses, and her lips the reddest coral that ever was seen; and the only change was, that her eyes, which used before to sparkle like diamonds, were now shut, and could not be seen. You might have heard her breathe softly, and have been quite sure that she was not dead, but only asleep.

When the princess fell down asleep, a deep sleep also seized everybody and everything in the palace. The

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

king and queen, the maids of honour, governesses, waiting-women, gentlemen of the court, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen, all were thrown into as sound a sleep as the princess's.

If you could have seen them you would have laughed. They did not go to bed; but every one fell asleep, just in the act in which he happened to be engaged. The butler was pouring out some wine, and he went to sleep with one arm holding the bottle and the other holding a glass; even the wine went to sleep, and stopped pouring. A little page was singing to one of the ladies of the court, and he went off fast asleep with his mouth wide open, just as he was uttering a beautiful note. Another page was stealing a little kiss,

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

and he fell off fast in the very act, with his pouting lips all ready; the cook was boxing the kitchen-boy's ears, and went to sleep holding the boy's collar; the horses slept in the stables; the dogs in the court-yard; and the princess's favourite, a little lapdog, which was lying on the bed by her side: the cocks looked as if crowing, but were quite still; the pigeons were all asleep on the house-top; even the spider was stopped as he was pursuing a little fly; the very spits in the kitchen, and the partridges and pheasants that were roasting on them, as well as the fire, were laid asleep; and all this was done in a moment. All, all fell fast asleep, till the time should come for the princess to awake.

Then the fairy waved her wand, and you might have seen growing

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

and springing up all round the palace a vast number of trees of all sorts and sizes, bushes and brambles, all twisting one in the other, so that neither man nor beast could have made a way through them. In less than a quarter of an hour nothing but the spires and towers of the palace were to be seen over the thick wood formed by the trees, and even these only at a great distance. The fairy, in doing this, no doubt employed the whole skill of her art, to keep the princess from the view of all the world while her long sleep lasted.

There went about the world in the newspapers of the time wonderful reports of this palace; and many adventurous princes and knights came to see it, and to try and make their way through the wood, but

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

without success. They only stuck fast in the thorns and brambles, and were glad to escape with scratches and torn clothes.

At the end of the hundred years, the son of the king who then ruled over the country happened to pass near the palace as he was hunting, and asked the people that were along with him who was the owner of this wood, and of the building that he saw there was inside it. They all told him what they had heard about the place. Some of them said it was an old castle that was haunted by ghosts; others said, that all the witches in the country met in it to hold their nightly councils; but the most common opinion was, that an ogre lived in it, who hid himself there, to eat up all the children he ran away with; because he could eat

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

them without fear there, for no one but himself could get through the wood.

The prince did not know which of these stories he should believe, when an old man came up to him, and said, "May it please your Royal Highness, I was told more than fifty years ago by my father, who heard it from my grandfather, that there was hidden in this palace a princess of very great beauty, who was condemned by a fairy to sleep a hundred years, and was then to be awakened by a king's son, who was to be her husband."

The young prince listened to this account with surprise, and then bethought him that he must be the king's son who was to wake the princess as the fairy had said; and so, impelled by his courage and love, he

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

resolved to make his way to the palace.

As soon as he had reached the wood, he found the trees, the bushes, and the brambles, move aside of themselves, and let him pass. He went on towards the palace, which he saw at the end of a long walk, and soon entered it. But he thought it very strange that none of the lords or people that were along with him had been able to follow him; for the trees, bushes, and brambles, twisted with each other again as soon as ever he had passed through them. He did not care for this, but made the best of his way to the palace.

He came first into a large court, where everything he saw was enough to startle the stoutest heart in the world. All the men and creatures that the fairy had laid asleep were

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING'S SON.

stretched along on the ground, and

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

seemed as if they were dead. There were the cocks and the pigeons, with their heads under their wings, and the dogs, all asleep. A dreadful silence reigned throughout all the place. But after a little time he saw, by the rosy faces of the men-servants, that they were only asleep; and there was still some beer left in the bottom of their cups, so he knew that they must have fallen asleep while drinking.

The prince next went through a large court paved with marble, which led to a flight of stairs. He walked up these, and came to the room of the guards, who were all standing in ranks with their halberds on their shoulders, and snoring quite loud. The snoring was like the roll of distant thunder, or the murmur of the waves on the sea-shore. He went on through many other chambers, full

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting at tables, some standing. He saw the one page ready to sing, and the other ready to steal the kiss, and the maiden half turned away, in sleep.

At last he came to a room the walls of which were powdered with golden stars, in which was a very grand bed, with the silken curtains drawn back. In this bed he saw a young lady about sixteen years of age, more beautiful than anything he had ever beheld, lying in a sound sleep; indeed he almost thought it was an angel. The prince went up close to the bed, but trembled at every step he took; he could not take his eyes off. His delight and wonder were so great that he could not help giving her a kiss.

This at once broke the charm that the fairy had put upon the princess;

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.



THE PRINCE BREAKS THE CHARM.

and she opened her eyes, and cast

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

them on the prince with a tender look, as if she had known him before, or had seen him in her sleep. "Is it you, my prince?" she said; "what a long time you have made me wait for you!"

The prince was in rapture at these words, and still more at the sweet tone of voice that she spoke them in; and was at a loss how to express his joy.

The princess on her part was quite as much pleased as he was; for though this history does not speak of any such thing, yet we may very well suppose that her good friend the fairy had given her the most pleasant dreams in all her long sleep.

"What a joy, beautiful princess!" said the prince, looking at her all the time with the utmost tenderness; "what a joy it is to be able to

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

do you such a service, to see you smile so sweetly, and to be thus made happy by your love! To think that the greatest princes in the world could not have done what I have, when I broke the cruel charm that laid you in such a long sleep!”

“Ah, dear prince!” answered she, “I feel that we were made for each other. I have been dreaming of you for a long time, and in all my long sleep I thought of nobody but yourself.”

Then there was such a stir all about them, such yawning and sneezing and shouts of laughter. The butler finished pouring out the wine, the cook boxed the kitchen-boy's ears, the horses neighed, the dogs jumped about and barked, the cocks crowed, the pigeons cooed, the fly awoke and escaped from the

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

spider, the fire in the kitchen blazed up, the spit went on roasting the meat; all the lords and ladies, who had been laid asleep at the same time as the princess, awoke, and set about their business. As they were not in love as the princess was, they found themselves very hungry, for it was a hundred years since they had had a breakfast. The first maid of honour, who was quite famished, even made bold to tell the princess, without being asked, that dinner was ready for her.

Her maids then helped the princess to rise. She was soon dressed, and in the finest clothes that could be, though they looked as old as a great-grandmother's; she had even a ruff round her neck, but this did not in the least conceal her beauty.

The old king and queen came for-

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

ward and welcomed the prince very heartily, when the princess introduced him to them, and blushing told them how he had broken the charm. The trumpets sounded and the dinner-bell rang. The prince then took the hand of the princess and led her to the banquet-room. As soon as they had seated themselves, the music, which was all placed ready in the gallery at the upper end of the room, began to play some tunes, which certainly sounded quite old and out of fashion to the prince's ears.

It was agreed that the chaplain should marry them that very night. The wedding then took place in the presence of all the court; and the good fairy came and gave her blessing to the bride, who with her prince lived most happily for very many

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

years, and when the prince's father and mother died they became king and queen in their stead, and were much beloved and respected by all their subjects. The princess never slept afterwards any the worse for her long nap of one hundred years.





Puss in Boots.



ONCE upon a time there was a miller, who at his death had no other legacy to be-

Puss in Boots.

queath to his three children than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The property was soon divided, without the interference of a lawyer. The eldest son took possession of the mill; the second brother considered himself entitled to the ass; while the share allotted to the youngest consisted of nothing but the cat, who seemed more likely to prove a burden than a boon to his new master. The latter could not, therefore, refrain from thinking himself rather unfairly treated, and he said, naturally enough, "My brothers will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going into partnership; but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat, and sold his skin, I must inevitably be reduced to die of hunger."

The cat, who had overheard these words without seeming to do so, now

Puss in Boots.



PUSS COMFORTS HIS MASTER.

came up to his master, and said to him, with a very serious, sober air,

Puss in Boots.

“Nay, dear master, do not be down-cast at your future prospects. Give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for.”

Although the cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, yet he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, such as hanging by his hind-legs, and concealing himself in the meal-tub, to make believe he was dead, that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes.

As soon as the cat was provided with what he asked for, he drew on his boots, and slinging the bag round his neck, he took hold of the two strings with his fore-paws, and set

Puss in Boots.

off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. Having filled his bag with bran and sow-thistles, he stretched himself out as stiff as though he had been dead, and waited patiently till some young rabbit, unused to worldly snares and wiles, should be lured into the bag by the prospect of a feast. He had scarcely lain a few moments in ambush before a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait, and went head-long into the bag; whereupon the cat drew the strings, and immediately strangled the imprudent creature. The cat was vastly proud of his victory, and immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty and said, "Sire, this is a rabbit from the warren of the

Puss in Boots.



PUSS PRESENTS THE RABBIT TO THE KING.

Marquis of Carabas (such was the title the cat took it into his head

Puss in Boots.

to bestow on his master), which he desired me to present to your majesty.”

“Tell your master that I am obliged by his attention, and that I accept his present with much pleasure,” replied the king.

Another time the cat went and concealed himself in a corn-field, and held his bag open as before; and very shortly after two partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king, as he had the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously, and ordered the messenger to be rewarded for his trouble.

During two or three months the cat continued to carry game every now and then to the king, which was

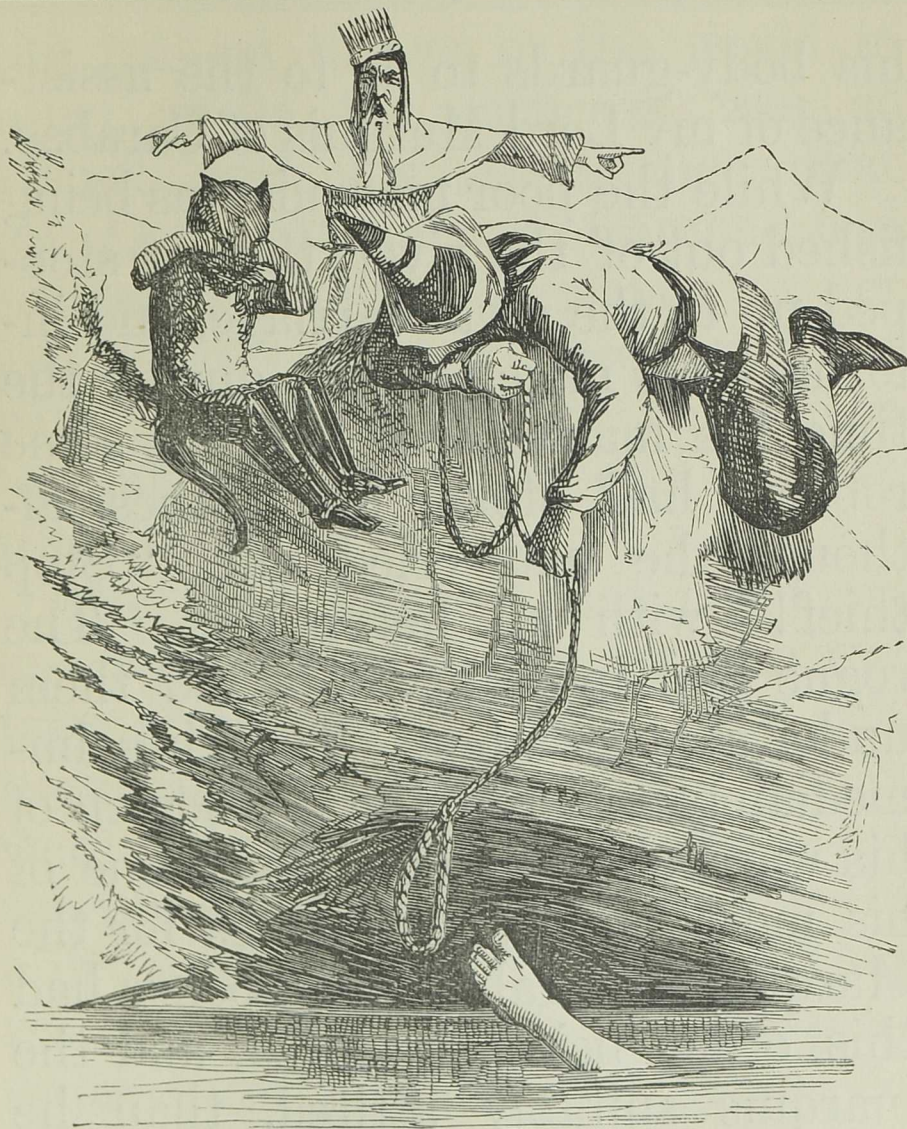
Puss in Boots.

supposed to be the produce of his master's sport. One day, when he happened to hear the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, puss said to his master, "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is as good as made. You need only go and bathe in the river at the spot that I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him, though without understanding of what use it was likely to prove. Just as he was bathing the king came past, when the cat began to bawl out as loud as he could, "Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!"

On hearing this, the king looked out of the carriage-window, and re-

Puss in Boots.



THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS IS SAVED BY THE KING.

cognising the cat who had so frequently brought him game, ordered

Puss in Boots.

his body-guards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While the poor marquis was being fished out of the river, the cat stepped up to the royal carriage, and informed his majesty that, during the time his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out, "Stop thief!" with all his might. The rogue had in reality only hid them under a large stone. The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses for the Marquis of Carabas. No sooner had this order being executed, and the marquis suitably attired, than he looked to such advantage, being naturally a well-grown, handsome young man, that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and said

Puss in Boots.

the politest things in the world to him; while the princess was so struck with his appearance, that my Lord Marquis of Carabas had scarcely made his obeisance to her and looked at her once or twice with a very tender air, before she became over head and ears in love with him.

The king insisted that the marquis should get into the carriage and take a drive with them. The cat, highly delighted at the turn things were taking, and the success his scheme seemed likely to meet with, now ran on before, and having reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass, he thus accosted them: "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the

Puss in Boots.

Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat."

The king did not fail to inquire of the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath, for the cat's threats had frightened them mightily.

"Upon my word, marquis," observed the king, "that is a fine estate of yours."

"Yes, sire," replied the marquis, with an easy air, "it yields me a tolerable income every year."

The cat, who continued to run on before the carriage, presently came up to some reapers. "I say, you reapers," cried he, "mind you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or else you shall every one of you be chopped into mince-meat."

Puss in Boots.



THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS RIDES WITH THE KING.

The king passed by a moment

Puss in Boots.

after, and inquired to whom those corn-fields belonged.

“To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty,” replied the reapers.

“Faith, it pleases our majesty right well to see our beloved marquis is so wealthy!” quoth the king.

And the cat kept still running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the labourers he met with, so that the king was astounded at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas, and kept congratulating him, while the new-made nobleman received each fresh compliment with so great a degree of fashionable indifference, that nobody could have believed his title was of such recent creation.

At length the cat reached a magnificent castle belonging to an ogre,

Puss in Boots.

who was immensely rich, since all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. The cat having inquired what sort of a person the ogre might be, and what he was able to do, sent in a message to request leave to speak with him, adding that he would have felt loth to pass so near his castle without paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as it is in the nature of an ogre to do, and bid him rest himself. "I have been told," said the cat, "that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals; such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant." "So I have," replied the ogre, rather abruptly; "and to prove the truth of what I say, you shall see me become a lion."

Puss in Boots.

When the cat beheld a lion standing before him, and saw the monster quietly light his pipe, he was seized with such a panic that he clambered up to the roof, although it was no easy job, owing to his boots, which were little calculated for walking over pantiles.

After a time, the cat perceiving that the ogre had returned to his natural shape, came down again, and confessed he had been very much frightened.

“I have also been told,” said the cat, “only I really cannot believe it, that you likewise possess the power of assuming the shape of the smallest animals, and that, for instance, you could change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but this I take to be quite impossible.”

“Impossible, indeed!” quoth the

Puss in Boots.



THE OGRE TRANSFORMED INTO A LION.

ogre, now put upon his mettle ; “you shall see.”

Puss in Boots.

So saying, he immediately assumed the shape of a mouse, and began frisking about on the floor, when the cat pounced upon him, and ate him up in a moment.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. The cat hearing the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, now ran out to meet the king, saying, "Your majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

"What! my lord marquis!" exclaimed the king, "does this castle likewise belong to you? Really, I never saw anything more splendid than the courtyard and the surrounding buildings; pray let us see if the inside be equal to the outside."

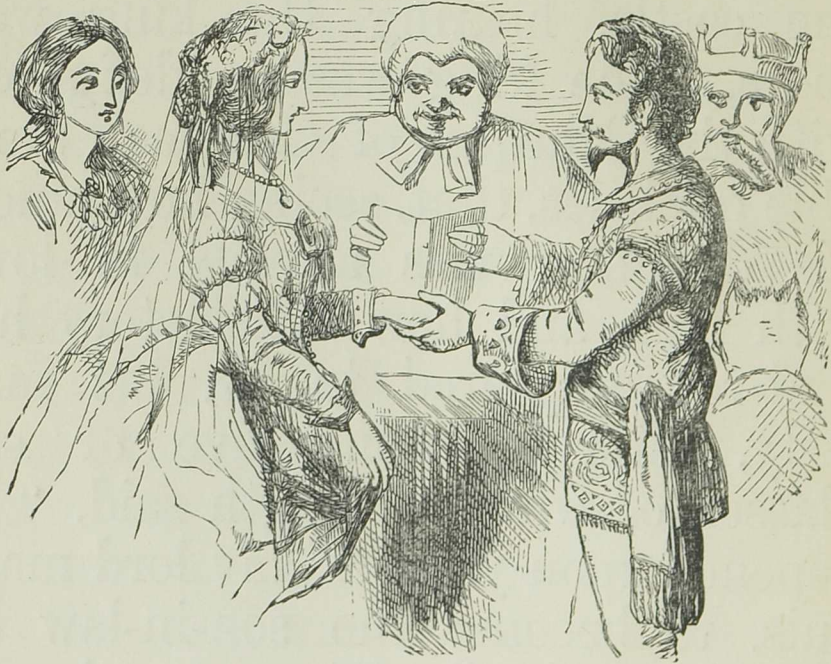
Puss in Boots.

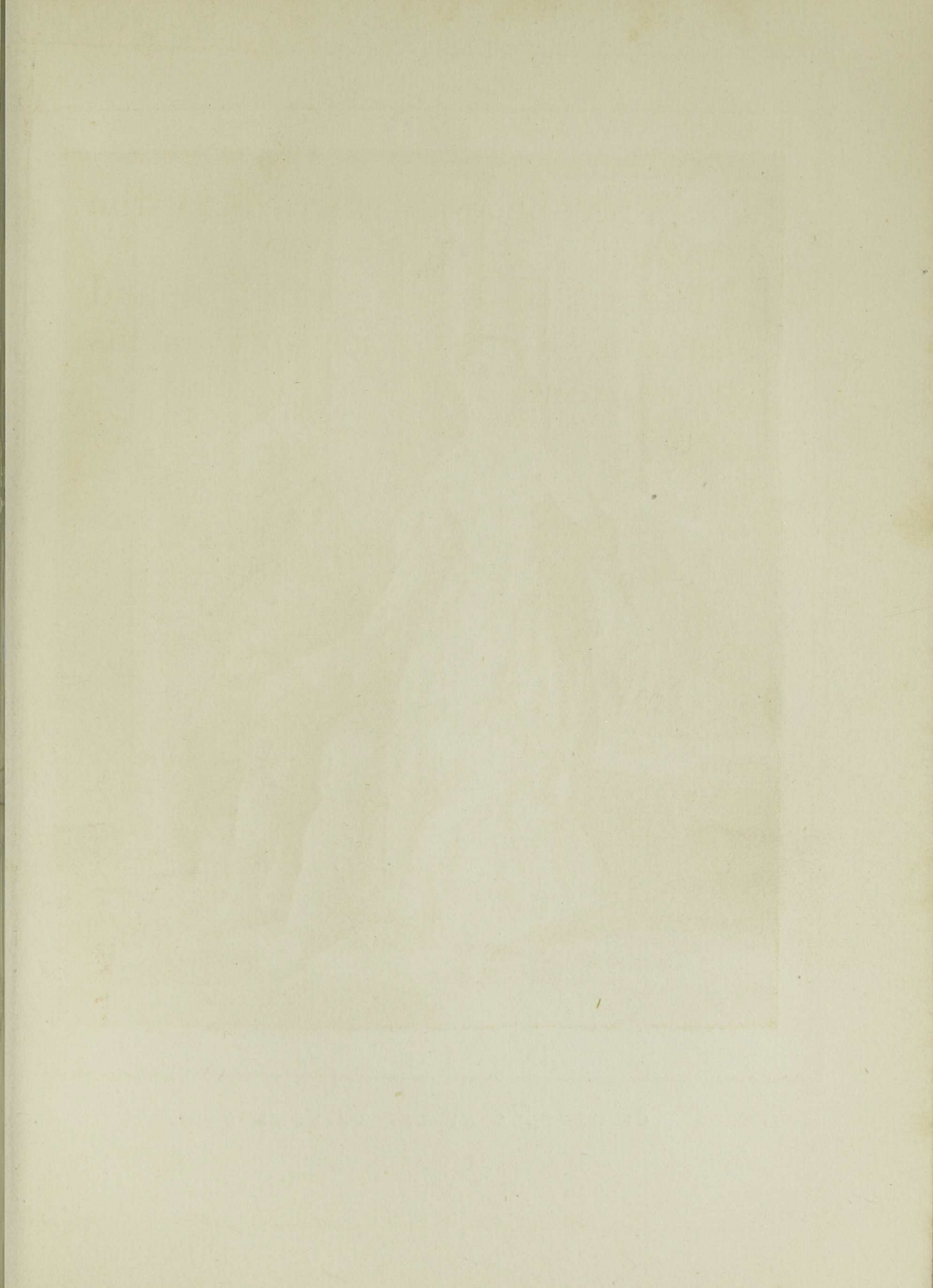
The marquis then handed out the princess, and following the king, who mounted a flight of steps, they entered a vast hall, where they found an elegant collation, which was spread ready for some of the ogre's friends who were to visit him that day, but who had not dared to enter the castle, hearing the king was there. The king was so delighted with the Marquis of Carabas's amiable qualities, that, seeing how much his daughter was already in love with him, and how satisfactory his rent-roll appeared to be, his majesty, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, at length said, "It depends upon yourself, my lord marquis, to become the son-in-law of your sovereign." The marquis accepted the proffered honour with many a low bow; and that very

Puss in Boots.

same day he was married to the princess.

The cat became a great lord, and ever after hunted mice only for his own amusement.







CINDERELLA AT THE PRINCE'S BALL.



Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

MANY ages since, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely little daughter. When this child was only nine years of age, her mother fell sick.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

Finding her death coming on, she called her child to her and said to her, "My child, always be good; bear everything that happens to you with patience, and whatever evil and troubles you may suffer, you will be happy in the end." Then the poor lady died, and her daughter was full of great grief at the loss of a mother so good and kind.

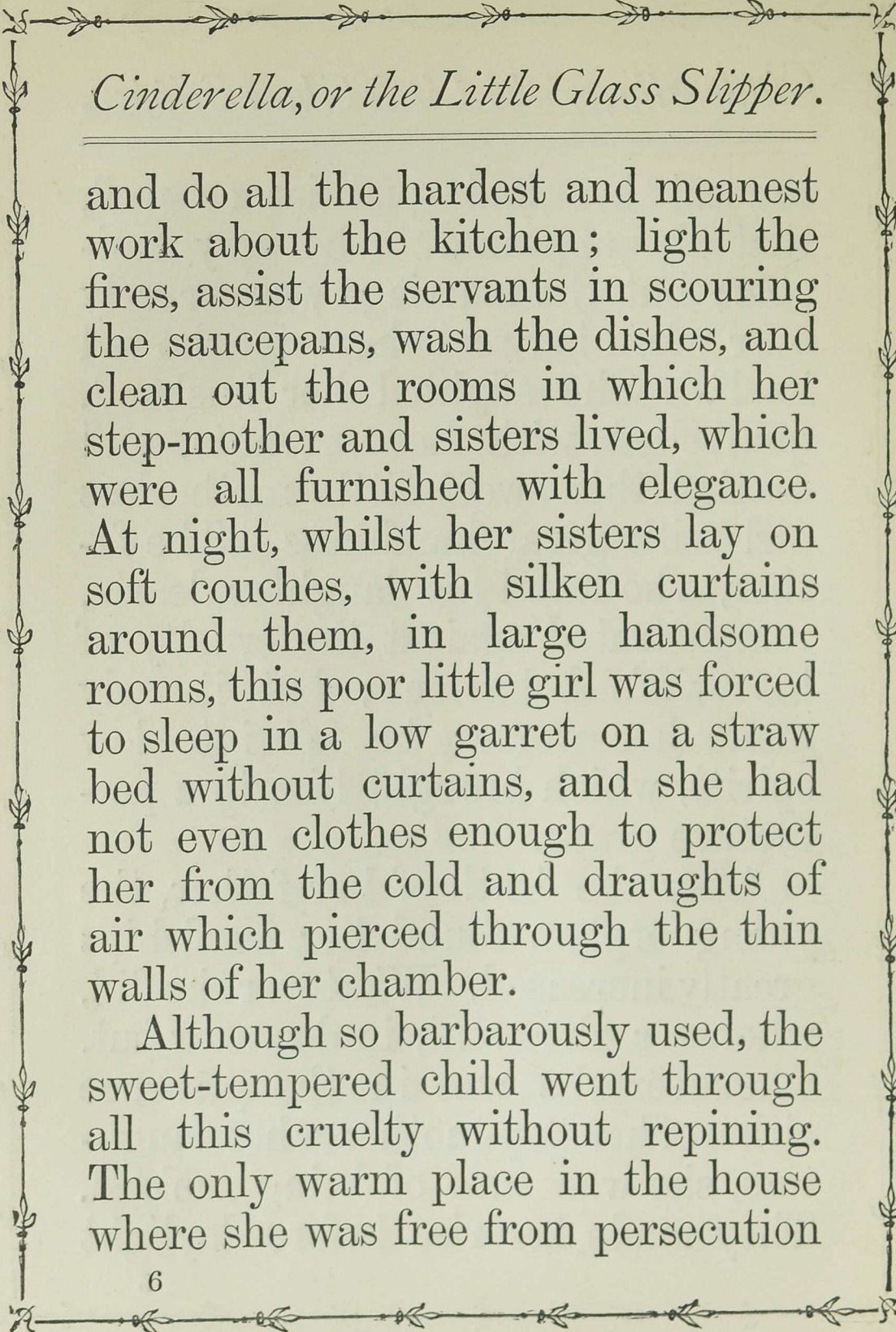
The father too was unhappy, but he sought to get rid of his sorrow by marrying another wife, and he looked out for some prudent lady who might be a second mother to his child, and a companion to himself. His choice fell on a widow lady, of a very tyrannical temper, who had two daughters by a former marriage, both as haughty and bad-tempered as their mother.

This woman had the cunning to

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

conceal her bad qualities so well, that she appeared to be very amiable; but the marriage was scarcely over when her real character showed itself. She slighted her husband, quarrelled with her servants, and treated this sweet little motherless girl with great harshness. The father, who loved his daughter dearly, remonstrated against the cruelty of his wife's behaviour; but it only made her worse; he fell into low spirits, which brought him to a premature grave.

After the death of her father, the young orphan found her hardships greatly increased. Whatever she did, wherever she went, in-doors or out, whenever she was in the presence either of her step-mother or her daughters, she was sure of being scolded. They made her rise before daylight

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Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

and do all the hardest and meanest work about the kitchen; light the fires, assist the servants in scouring the saucepans, wash the dishes, and clean out the rooms in which her step-mother and sisters lived, which were all furnished with elegance. At night, whilst her sisters lay on soft couches, with silken curtains around them, in large handsome rooms, this poor little girl was forced to sleep in a low garret on a straw bed without curtains, and she had not even clothes enough to protect her from the cold and draughts of air which pierced through the thin walls of her chamber.

Although so barbarously used, the sweet-tempered child went through all this cruelty without repining. The only warm place in the house where she was free from persecution

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.



CINDERELLA IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

was in the roomy chimney-corner;
and there, when her work was done,

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

she would sit down among the cinders, which made the family call her Cinder-wench. However, the younger of the two sisters, thinking this name vulgar, gave her that of Cinderella, as sounding finer; and this continued always to be her name. Notwithstanding all the hardships she endured, Cinderella grew up every day more beautiful, and beloved by every one except her step-mother and sisters; whilst they, owing to their temper and cruelty, were disliked, and their characters marked their features with ugliness.

About this time the king of the land held a feast, which was to last two days, and from among those who came to it the king's son was to choose a bride for himself. All the nobility and gentry of the kingdom were invited, and, among others,

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

Cinderella's two sisters; but poor Cinderella, whom no one knew anything of, was not invited.

The two haughty creatures, full of delight with the thoughts of being at a ball given by the king's son, began to prepare their dresses for the grand occasion. They would often call up Cinderella, and say to her, "You shall comb our hair, then wash, plait, and iron all our fineries." They would do nothing but talk of the fine ball, and how they were to be dressed. "I," said the eldest, "will put on my scarlet velvet, with the rich French lace." "And I," said the youngest, "will wear a green velvet dress, with my gold muslin train. This, with diamonds in my hair, will certainly look quite enchanting."

These young ladies were so taken up with the looking-glasses and the

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

ball, that they hardly ate anything for two days, and they broke more than a dozen stay-laces in trying to give themselves a slender shape.

On the morning of the ball the court hair-dresser was sent for, and the most becoming and fanciful ornaments were sought from almost every fashionable shop in the city. But no one had so much good taste in dressing as Cinderella, and her sisters did not scruple to beg her to assist them.

With the greatest kindness and sweetness of manner Cinderella forgot all the harsh treatment, and did her best to make her sisters look as well and as beautiful as she was able. Yet, in the midst of all this good-nature, the ungrateful creatures could not refrain from taunting Cinderella, and asking her if she would like to

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

go to the ball. "Ah!" said Cinderella, "you are making game of me; I have no clothes." "You are right," said they; "the folks would laugh, indeed, were they to see a cinder-wench like you in the ball room!"

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and these proud misses stepped into the carriage, and drove away to the palace.

Cinderella looked after the coach as far as she could see, and then returned to the kitchen in tears, where, for the first time, she bewailed her hard and cruel degradation. She continued sobbing in the corner of the chimney until a rapping at the kitchen-door roused her, and she got up to see what had occasioned it. She found a little old beggar-woman hobbling on crutches, who besought her to give her some food. "I have

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

only part of my own supper for you, Goody, which is no better than a dry crust. But if you like to step in and warm yourself, you can do so, and welcome.” “Thank you, my dear,” said the old woman, in a feeble voice. She then hobbled in and took her seat by the fire.

“Hey! dearee me! what are all these tears, my child?” said the old woman. And then Cinderella told the old woman all her griefs; how her sisters had gone to the ball, and how she wished to go too, but had no clothes.

“But you *shall* go, my darling,” said the old woman, “or I am not queen of the fairies or your god-mother. Dry up your tears like a good god-daughter, and do as I bid you, and you shall have clothes and horses finer than any one.”

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

Cinderella had often heard her father talk of her godmother, and that she was one of those good fairies who protect children. Her spirits revived, and she wiped away her tears.

The fairy took Cinderella by the hand, and said, "Now, my dear, go into the garden and fetch me a pumpkin." Cinderella bounded lightly to execute her commands, and returned with one of the finest and largest pumpkins she could meet with. It was as big as a barrel, and Cinderella trundled it into the kitchen, wondering what her godmother would do with it. Her godmother took the pumpkin, and scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but rind; she then struck it with her wand, and it instantly became one of the most elegant gilt carriages eyes ever beheld.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

She next sent Cinderella into the pantry for the mouse-trap, bidding her bring six little mice alive which she would find in the trap. Cinderella hastened to the pantry, and there found the mice as the fairy had said, which she brought to the old lady, who told her to lift up the door of the trap but a little way and very gently, so that only one of the mice might go out at a time.

Cinderella raised the mouse-trap door, and as the mice came out one by one, the old woman touched them with her wand, and transformed them into fine prancing black carriage-horses with long manes and tails, which were tied up with light blue ribbons.

“Now, my dear, good child,” said the fairy, “here you have a coach and horses, much handsomer than

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

your sisters', to say the least of them; but as we have neither a postilion nor a coachman to take care of them, run quickly to the stable, where the rat-trap is placed, and bring it to me."

Cinderella was full of joy, and did not lose a moment; and soon returned with a trap, in which there were two fine large rats. These two were touched with the wand, and immediately the one was changed into a smart postilion, and the other into a jolly-looking coachman in full finery.

Her godmother then said, "My dear Cinderella, you must go to the garden again, before I can complete your equipage; when you get there, keep to the right side, and close to the wall you will see the watering-pot standing; and behind it you will

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

find six lizards, which you must bring to me immediately.”

Cinderella hastened to the garden as she was desired, and found the six lizards, which she put into her apron and brought to the fairy. Another touch of the wonderful wand soon converted them into six spruce footmen, in dashing liveries, with powdered hair and pigtails, three-cornered cocked hats, and gold-headed canes, who immediately jumped up behind the carriage as nimbly as if they had been footmen and nothing else all their lives.

The coachman and postilion having likewise taken their places, the fairy said to Cinderella, “Well, my dear girl, is not this as fine an equipage as you could desire to go to the ball with? Tell me, now, are you pleased with it?”

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

“Oh, yes, dear godmother,” replied Cinderella; and then, with a good deal of hesitation, added, “but how can I make my appearance among so many finely dressed people in these mean-looking clothes?”

“Give yourself no uneasiness about that, my dear; the most laborious part of our task is already accomplished, and it will be hard if I cannot make your dress correspond with your coach and servants.”

On saying this, the old woman touched Cinderella with the magic wand, and her clothes were instantly changed into a most magnificent ball dress, ornamented with the most costly jewels. The fairy took from her pocket a beautiful pair of elastic glass slippers, which she caused Cinderella to put on, and then desired her to get into the carriage with all

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

expedition, as the ball had already commenced.

Two footmen opened the carriage-door, and assisted the now beautifully dressed Cinderella into it. Her godmother, before she took leave, strictly charged her, on no account whatever, to stay at the ball after the clock had struck twelve; and then added, that if she stopped but a single moment beyond that time, her fine coach, horses, coachman, postilion, and footmen, and fine apparel, would all return to their original shapes of pumpkin, mice, rats, lizards, and mean-looking clothes.

Cinderella promised faithfully to attend to everything that the fairy had mentioned; and then, quite overjoyed, gave the direction to the footman, who bawled out in a loud and commanding tone to the coach-

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

man, "To the Royal Palace." The coachman touched his prancing horses lightly with his whip, and swiftly the carriage started off, and in a short time reached the palace.

The arrival of so splendid an equipage as Cinderella's could not fail to attract general notice at the palace gates, and as it drove up to the marble portico the servants in great numbers came out to see it. Information was quickly taken to the king's son that a beautiful young lady, evidently some princess, was waiting. His Royal Highness hastened to the door, welcomed Cinderella, and handed her out of the carriage. He then led her gracefully into the ball-room.

When Cinderella made her appearance the music was hushed, and the dancing suspended for a few

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

minutes—the company seemed to be struck dumb with admiration, and every one gazed in silence at the beauty and magnificence of this elegant stranger.

Then they began in whispers to express their admiration. “What a lovely creature!—so fair!—so beautiful!—what a handsome figure!—how elegantly she is dressed!” Even the prince’s father, old as he was, could not behold her with indifference, but wiped his eyeglass and used it very much, and said very often to the queen, that he had never seen so sweet a being. The ladies even forgot their partners to observe how her clothes were made, that they might be able to describe them to their dress-makers, and if possible, to order something similar to be got ready for the next evening’s ball.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

The king's son handed Cinderella to one of the most distinguished seats on the dais at the top of the hall, and begged she would allow him to hand her some refreshments. Cinderella received them with great grace. When this was over, the prince requested to have the honour of dancing with her. Cinderella smiled consent; and the delighted prince immediately led her out to the head of the dance, just about to commence. The eyes of the whole company were fixed upon the beautiful pair.

The trumpets sounded and the music struck up, and the dance commenced; but if Cinderella's beauty, elegant figure, and the splendour of her dress, had before drawn the attention of the whole room, the astonishment at her dancing was

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

still greater. Gracefulness seemed to play in all her motions, the airy lightness with which she floated along—as buoyant as thistle-down—drew forth a general murmur of admiration. The hall rang with the loudest acclamations of applause, and the company, all in one voice, pronounced her the most elegant creature that had ever been seen. And this was the little girl who had passed a great part of her life in the kitchen, and had always been called a “Cinder-wench.”

When the dance was ended, a magnificent feast was served up, consisting of all delicacies : so much was the young prince engaged with Cinderella, that he did not eat one morsel of the supper.

Cinderella drew near her sisters, and frequently spoke to them ; and

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in her goodness of heart she offered them the delicacies which she had received from the prince: but they did not know she was their sister.

As soon as Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, she immediately arose, took a hurried leave, and returned safely home in her carriage.

On entering the house, she found her godmother waiting, and she related to her all that had taken place at the ball, thanking her a thousand times for the pleasure she had enjoyed. She then told the fairy that there was to be another ball on the following evening, to which the prince had given her a very pressing invitation; and she modestly asked to be present again.

Her godmother promised to gratify her wishes. She then passed

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her wand over the coach, horses, and the servants, and they all disappeared. It was scarcely done when a loud knocking announced the arrival of her sisters.

Cinderella opened the door for them, and rubbing her eyes and yawning, said, "Oh dear, how late you have stopped! I thought you would never have come home."

"Had you been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not have been so sleepy, for the most beautiful princess ever beheld came there: she paid us more attention than any one else in the company, and gave us a part of the nice things the prince presented to her."

It was with difficulty that Cinderella could refrain from laughing; but she concealed her mirth, and asked what was the name of the

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

princess. The sisters replied that nobody knew her, and that the young prince had offered a large reward to any person who would satisfy his curiosity.

Cinderella said with a smile, "How very beautiful she must be, and how fortunate you were in seeing her! Oh, if I could only get one peep at her! Dear Miss Charlotte, will you lend me one of your gowns, that I may go to the next ball and get a sight of this beautiful lady?"

"Do you really think I am so mad as to lend my gowns to a cinder-wench? No, I am not such a goose! so mind your own business, and leave balls to your betters."

Next evening the two sisters went again to the ball. After their departure the good old godmother

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

appeared, and presently afterwards came the carriage. Cinderella soon followed to the palace, but dressed in a far more magnificent style than before. The prince was quite delighted to see her again ; he did not leave her, but either danced with her or sat by her side the whole evening.

Cinderella was so much taken up with the dancing and with the young prince, that the time passed away before she was aware. In the midst of the dance the clock struck. Cinderella counted the sounds, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,—she thought it could only be eleven — eleven struck — then *twelve*. The order of her godmother came instantly to her mind. Alarmed, she sprang from her seat and almost flew out of the ball-room.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

The prince, wondering, followed, but could not overtake her. Cinderella, in the hurry, dropped one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up.

Fatigued and breathless, Cinderella reached home in her old clothing, without coach, attendants, or any of her grandeur, except the remaining glass slipper.

The prince, who lost sight of Cinderella when he stopped to pick up the slipper, inquired of all the guards if they had seen a magnificent princess pass through the palace gate ; but they said, that no person whatever had gone out, except a poor beggar-girl.

When her sisters came home, Cinderella inquired if they had been as well amused as at the former ball, and if the beautiful princess had

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

been there. They said she had ; but as soon as the clock had struck twelve she rushed out of the ball-room, and in her haste had dropped one of her glass slippers. Then they related to Cinderella, that the king's son having found the slipper, did nothing but admire it during the remainder of the ball ; and every one in the ball-room said that he was violently in love with the beautiful princess.

Then, next day, the prince became very anxious to know where the princess was who owned the glass slipper. He sent his heralds and criers to make proclamation throughout the city, that he would marry the lady whom the slipper fitted.

You could not pass anywhere without reading the proclamation. It was the talk of the town. The prince next sent one of the principal

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

officers of the household to all the ladies of his court. The slipper was first carried to the princesses and duchesses, and then to the ladies of inferior rank; but no one whose foot it would fit could be found. Then the prince ordered the slipper to be carried round to the other ladies of his dominions, and it was at last brought to the two sisters. First, the eldest tried to get it on her foot, but her toes were much too large and clumsy. She pulled and pushed, but to no purpose. Hot and angry, she was obliged to give it up. Then the second took it; she got her toes in, but her foot was much too long, and her heel would not go in by at least two inches. Every shoe-horn in the house was tried. She stamped, and at last lost all her patience and her temper.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.



CINDERELLA TRYING ON THE GLASS SLIPPER.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

Cinderella, who was present during the trial, knowing her slipper, said with a smile, "Pray, sir, may I be allowed to try it on?" The two sisters burst out in laughter, and said rudely, "Very likely, indeed, that it will fit your clumsy foot!" and they turned up their noses with great disdain and contempt. But the herald, who had orders to try it on every one who pleased, gave it to Cinderella. She, sitting down on a chair, put it on her foot with the greatest ease. The two sisters were astonished at seeing it fit so very exactly; but they were much more astonished when she pulled the fellow glass slipper from her pocket, and put it on likewise. At that moment the fairy entered, and, touching Cinderella with her wand, changed her poor clothes into a more magni-

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.

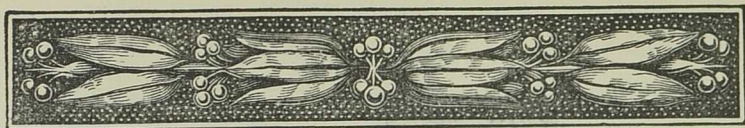
ficent dress than she had yet appeared in.

When the sisters found that poor Cinderella was the beautiful princess, they fell on their knees, and besought pardon for their cruelty and unkindness. Cinderella freely forgave them. Then the officer conducted her to the prince, who at once asked her to marry him.

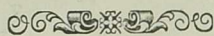
Cinderella gave her consent, and the ceremony took place a few days afterwards, with great pomp and rejoicing. The amiable qualities of Cinderella were as conspicuous after as they had been before marriage. She was most happy in the love of her husband, the esteem of the court, and the good will of all who knew her.



PETER'S FLOCK OF GOATS.



Peter the Goatherd.



IN the village of Sittendorf there once lived a goatherd named Peter Klaus, who used to pasture his flock of goats on the Kyffhauser, a high mountain close by.

Even in his early manhood Peter was of a vagrant disposition, loving idleness much better than work, and never happier than when roaming about with his dog, and half a dozen young urchins at his heels.

Peter got married, and knew little of happiness ever after. His wife put up with his wandering, dissolute habits for a time: but her temper was at last so soured, that she would scold for hours together, till neither

Peter the Goatherd.

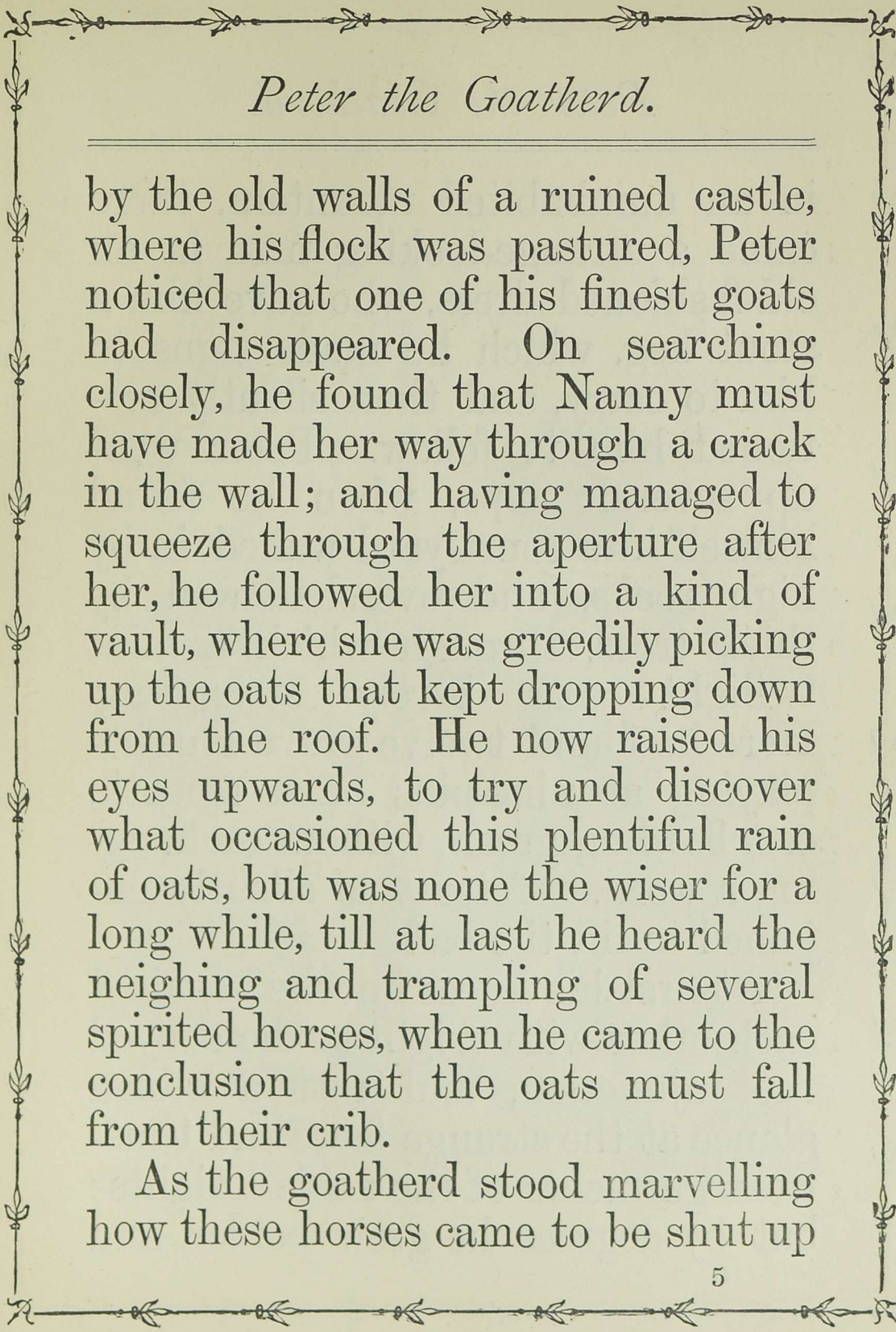


PETER PLAYING WITH THE CHILDREN.

Peter the Goatherd.

poor Peter nor his dog dare show himself inside the door-step. On these occasions they would both lie outside, basking in the sunshine, a whole morning long. But even here they were not always safe from the eternal lecturing; for if the good dame found them within reach of her tongue, so sure were they to receive a full measure of abuse.

At last, human nature could bear such a life no longer. Peter kissed his children, took his gun and his wallet, and with his faithful dog set out for a ramble through the wide world, neither knowing nor caring where. But Peter remembered his flock on the Kyffhauser: and, out of love for the poor dumb creatures, the goatherd once more bent his sad steps up the steep mountain. When at length he reached the spot, enclosed

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Peter the Goatherd.

by the old walls of a ruined castle, where his flock was pastured, Peter noticed that one of his finest goats had disappeared. On searching closely, he found that Nanny must have made her way through a crack in the wall; and having managed to squeeze through the aperture after her, he followed her into a kind of vault, where she was greedily picking up the oats that kept dropping down from the roof. He now raised his eyes upwards, to try and discover what occasioned this plentiful rain of oats, but was none the wiser for a long while, till at last he heard the neighing and trampling of several spirited horses, when he came to the conclusion that the oats must fall from their crib.

As the goatherd stood marvelling how these horses came to be shut up

Peter the Goatherd.

in an uninhabited mountain, there came a strange-looking man in an old-fashioned dress, who gave him a stout keg, which he made signs to him to carry, and then silently motioned him to follow. Peter went up several steps, when he found himself in a court-yard walled in by high rocks, and overshadowed by thick trees, through which a faint twilight was barely struggling. Here he found twelve grave knights playing at nine-pins on a smooth, cool bowling-green, without exchanging a word. Peter was silently enjoined to lift the ball.

At first his knees knocked against each other with fright as he obeyed the injunction, and cast a stolen glance at the strange faces and time-worn garments of the noble knights: but by degrees he grew bolder, and

Peter the Goatherd.



PETER SEES THE TWELVE KNIGHTS PLAYING AT NINE-PINS.

Peter the Goatherd.

looked about him with a more confident air, and at length ventured to drink out of a can that was set down beside him, containing the most fragrant wine. He now felt quite revived; and as often as he grew tired again, he sought fresh strength from the never-failing contents of the can. At last, however, he was overpowered by sleep.

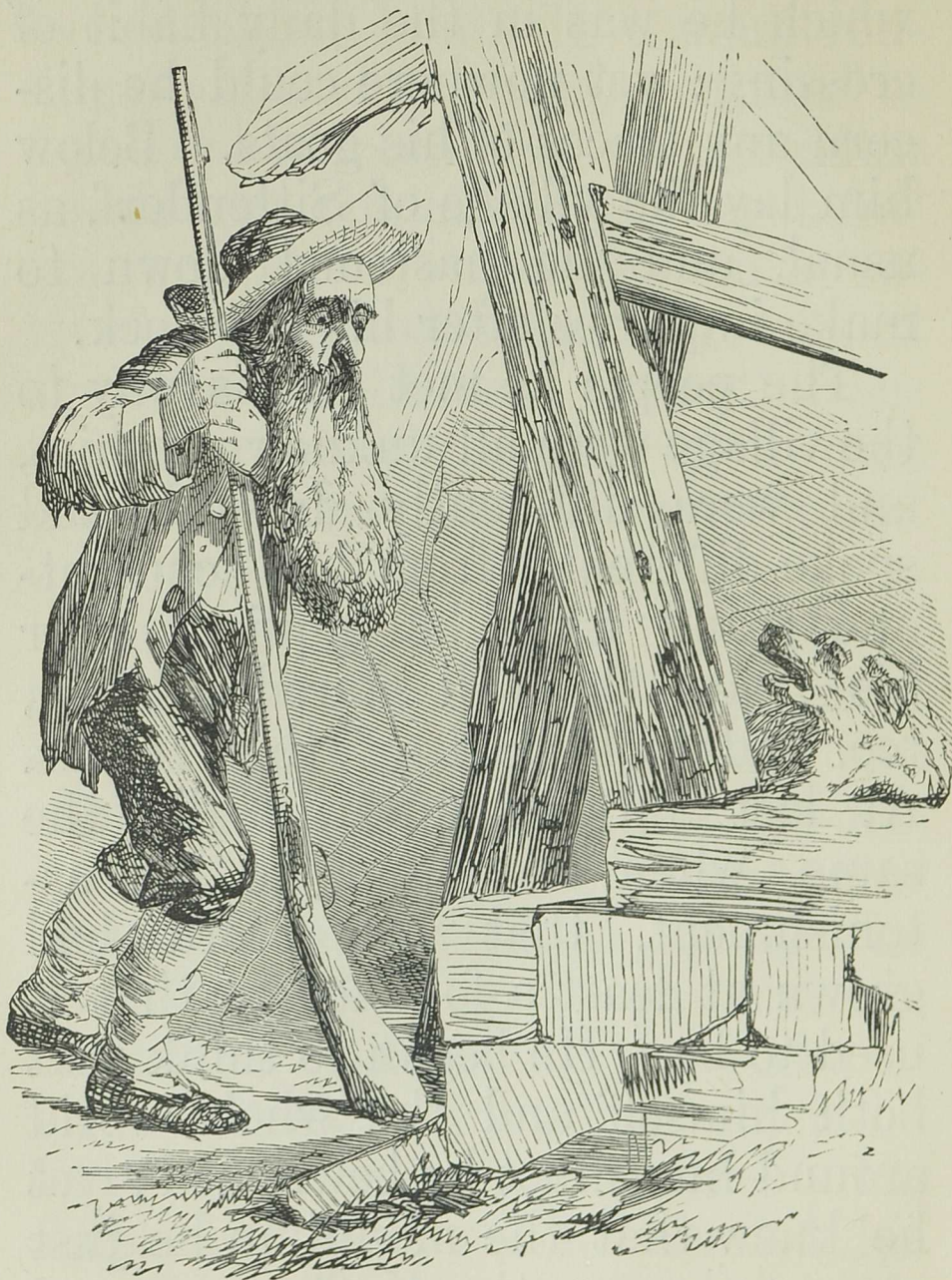
On waking, he found himself in the green enclosure where he used to fold his goats at nightfall. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goats could he perceive; and he was somewhat surprised at seeing the grass had shot up to an amazing height, as well as at the sight of several trees and bushes, which he had never remarked before. He shook his head as he wended his way through the paths and uplands

Peter the Goatherd.

which he was in the daily habit of crossing; yet nowhere could he discern any traces of his goats. Below him lay the village of Sittendorf, as usual, and he hastened down to make inquiries after his lost flock.

The people he met on his way to the village were all unknown to him, and were differently dressed, and spoke differently from his acquaintance; and when he inquired after his goats, they all stared at him, too, and took hold of their chins. At last he involuntarily did the same, when he found, to his astonishment, that his beard had grown at least a foot longer than it used to be. He began to think that both himself and the whole world around him must be bewitched; yet he knew that the mountain he just came from was the Kyffhauser, and

Peter the Goatherd.



PETER'S RETURN TO SITTENDORF.

Peter the Goatherd.

he likewise recognised the houses, with their gardens, and the village green, and he heard several boys say, in answer to the question of a way-farer, that the place was named Sittendorf.

His mind half misgave him as he entered the village and made his way to his cottage, which he found almost in ruins. An old and ill-conditioned dog lay in front of it, who growled and showed his teeth when Peter called to him. He went through the opening that was once closed by a door, and found all within so desolate and empty, that he staggered like a drunken man, as he went out by the back-door, calling on his wife and children by their names: but no one heard him, still less did any familiar voice answer him.

Peter the Goatherd.

Presently, a crowd of women and children gathered round the strange old man with a grey beard, and all inquired what he was seeking. It seemed so monstrous to ask after his own house, and what had become of his wife and children, that, in order to rid himself of their importunity, he inquired for Kurt Steffen, which was the first name that happened to occur to him. The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at length a woman well-stricken in years said:

“It is now twelve years since he went to live in Sachsenburg, which you won’t be able to reach to-day.”

“And where’s Velten Meier?” inquired Peter.

“May the lord help him!” answered an old crone, who was leaning on her crutch, “he has been bed-ridden for the last fifteen years.”

Peter the Goatherd.

The bewildered Peter shuddered as he now recollected his former neighbours thus suddenly transformed into so many old men and women, but he felt no inclination to ask any more questions. At this moment, a spruce young woman, carrying an infant on one arm, and leading a little girl four years of age with the other hand, made her way through the crowd of gaping idlers. They were all three as like his wife as two peas.

“What is your name?” cried he, in great astonishment.

“Marie,” replied the young woman.

“And what was your father’s name?”

“Bless you! his name was Peter Klaus. It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhauser, because his flock

Peter the Goatherd.

came home without him. I was then seven years old."

The goatherd could restrain his feelings no longer.

"I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and none other!" And he took his daughter and her baby-boy in his arms.

All present stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and then another, called out, "Yes, that is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour—welcome home, after your twenty years' absence."

Peter Klaus now lived very happily in his native village. The only drawback to his complete satisfaction was, that he missed the good wine he used to drink while he was with the solemn nine-pin players. At times, too, he declared everything seemed so dreamy, that he was not

Peter the Goatherd.



PETER PLAYING WITH HIS GRANDCHILD.

Peter the Goatherd.

sure whether he were awake or not ; and the short and the long of it was, that Peter Klaus felt a great longing to make another expedition to the Kyffhauser. So, in spite of all his friends and neighbours could urge, he sallied forth one Easter Tuesday towards his old quarters, where he found a monk, with a long white beard, seated near one of the ruined walls, reading from a book, which he closed at Peter's approach. "Come with me," said he, "to the Emperor Barbarossa, who has been waiting an hour for us." Peter, expecting some such adventure as before, made no objection ; and the monk led the way to a spot surrounded by walls, where he drew a large circle with his crooked stick, and wrote curious signs in the sand.

They now heard a noise like dis-

Peter the Goatherd.

tant thunder, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the ground within the magic circle sank gently down with Peter and the monk, and after depositing them in the vault below slowly rose to its former level.

The monk then led Peter through a number of passages, till they came to a kind of cloister, where a lamp was burning eternally, and here he lighted a couple of torches for himself and his companion. They then went onwards till they reached a iron door, which the monk touched with his staff, saying, "Open!" And, behold! the bolts were withdrawn, and the locks opened of themselves, and discovered a round chapel. The floor was as smooth as ice, and the walls and ceiling, that were richly fretted with gold and diamonds,

Peter the Goatherd.

shone like flames by the light of the torches. In one corner stood an altar of massive gold, and in another a golden font on a silver pedestal.

The monk told his companion to follow him, and then bade him stand in the middle of the chapel, while he advanced towards a silver door, at which he knocked three times, when it flew open. Opposite the door sat the Emperor Barbarossa on a golden throne, just as he lived and breathed, with his crown on his head, which he kept nodding every now and then, while he knit his bushy eyebrows. His long red beard had grown through the stone table before him, and reached to his feet.

The monk now returned, and drew the astonished Peter away. The silver door closed of itself, and the

Peter the Goatherd.

iron door slammed after them with a terrific noise. On reaching the vault they had at first entered, the ground within the magic circle was again lowered to receive them, and brought them back to the light of day, when the monk gave his companion two small ingots of an unknown metal he had brought from the crypt, and which were ever after carefully preserved in Peter Klaus's family, so that his grandchildren and great-grandchildren could prove that the founder of their house had really seen the emperor face to face. This adventure served to shorten many an evening throughout the following winter, for Peter's neighbours and grandchildren were never tired of hearing him tell of the wonderful things he had seen in the chapel. But when spring came round again,

Peter the Goatherd.

Peter's love of the marvellous, which had now become a habit with him would not allow him to rest with merely talking of past events: and he was frequently heard to observe, that the Emperor Barbarossa had not treated him half so well as the knights had done, and that he had a mind to try his luck another time. His daughter, who never liked to hear him talk of going to the Kyffhauser, used to shake her head on these occasions, and say, "Father, it is better to stay at home and drink water in the company of the living, than to drink wine in the company of some people." Now this was very sensible, and showed that Marie knew why her father regretted the bowling-green and the silent knights; and as often as she spoke thus, Peter would laugh, and take one

Peter the Goatherd.

of his grandchildren on his knee, and pretend to think no more about seeking new adventures. It came to pass, however, that there was a christening in the family some time after, on the birth of his daughter's third child; Peter Klaus could keep quiet no longer, but took a pail, and resolved to fetch wine from the cellar of the old castle on the Kyffhauser.

Away he went; and when he had reached half-way up the mountain he perceived an underground passage, nearly choked up with rubbish, on removing which he found his way into a vault. Here he was met by a grey-headed butler, who motioned him to follow. "Now," thought Peter Klaus, "the saints forbid that I should be here for another twenty years;" and a cold shudder ran over

Peter the Goatherd.

him, as he wished himself back in Sittendorf. He, however, dared not refuse to follow his silent conductor, who led him to a roomy cellar where stood a row of casks on each side. The butler then tapped one of the casks, and taking hold of Peter's pail he filled it to the brim, and said, "As often as there is a merry-making in your house you may come and fetch wine. But you must never say where you get it, neither may you attempt to barter or sell that which is freely given. Woe to the man who should fetch wine for such a purpose!"

Peter Klaus returned home much delighted; and the guests thought the wine delicious, and wondered where it came from, for none like it had ever been tasted in that part of the country.

Peter the Goatherd.

But Peter took care not to let out the secret, and continued to enjoy the use of the knights' cellar to the end of his days.





Guy Earl of Warwick.

DURING the blessed time
when Athelstan wore the



GUY SHOWING HIS PRIZES TO THE FAIR FELICE.

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

crown of the English nation, Sir Guy of Warwick was the chief hero of the age; who in prowess surpassed all his predecessors, and the trump of whose fame so loudly sounded, that all Europe became acquainted with his name.

But as Mars, the God of Battle, was inspired with the beauty of Venus, so our Guy, by no arms subdued, was conquered by love for Felice the Fair; whose beauty and virtue were inestimable.

Guy, resolving not to stand doting at a distance, went to Warwick Castle where Felice dwelt, she being daughter and heiress to Roband, Earl of Warwick. The Earl, her father, hearing of Guy's coming, bade him heartily welcome, and prepared to entertain him with a match of hunting, but he to that lent an

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

unwilling ear, and to prevent it, feigned himself sick. The Earl, troubled for his friend, sent his own physician to him. The doctor told Guy his disease was dangerous, and without letting blood there was no remedy. Guy replied, "I know my body is distempered; but you want skill to cure the inward inflammation of my heart."

So the doctor departed, and left Guy to cast his eyes on the heavenly face of his Felice, as she was walking in a garden full of roses and other flowers.

Guy immediately advanced to fair Felice, who was reposing herself in an arbour, and saluted her with bended knees. "All hail, fair Felice, flower of beauty, and jewel of virtue! I know great princes seek to win thy love, whose exquisite perfections

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

might grace the mightiest monarch in the world ; yet may they come short of Guy's real affection, in whom love is pictured with naked truth and honesty."

"Gentle Guy," said she, "I am not at my own disposal ; you know my father's name is great in the nation, and I dare not match without his consent."

"Sweet lady," said Guy, "I make no doubt but quickly to obtain his love and favour. Let me have thy love first, fair Felice, and there is no fear of thy father's wrath preventing us."

"Sir Guy," quoth Felice, "make thy bold achievements and noble actions shine abroad, glorious as the sun, that all opposers may tremble at thy highly applauded name, and then thy suit cannot be denied."

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

“Fair Felice,” said Guy, “I ask no more. Oh that I were at work, my task to prove with some such churlish man as Hercules !”

Our noble Guy now armed himself like a knight of chivalry, and crossing the raging ocean, quickly arrived at the Court of Thrace, where he heard that the Emperor of Almain's fair daughter Blanch was to be made a prize for him that won her in the field ; upon which account the Worthies of the World had assembled there to try their fortunes. The golden trumpets sounded with great joy and triumph, and the stately pampered steeds pranced over the ground, and each hero there thought himself a Cæsar that none could equal. Kings and princes

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

were there, to behold who should be the conqueror, every one thinking that fair Blanch should be his.

After desperate charging with horse and man, much blood was shed; and our noble Guy laid about him like a lion, among the princes: here lay one headless, another without a leg or an arm, and there a horse. Guy still, like Hercules, charged desperately, and killed a German prince and his horse under him. Duke Otto, vowing revenge upon our English champion, gave Guy a fresh assault, but his courage was soon cooled. Then Duke Rayner would engage our favourite knight, but with as little success as the rest; and at length no man would encounter Guy any more: so by his valour in the field he won the lady.

The Emperor, being himself a

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

spectator, sent a messenger for our English knight. Guy immediately came into the Emperor's presence, and made his obeisance, when the Emperor, as a token of his affection, gave him his hand to kiss, and withal resigned to him his daughter, a falcon, and a hound.

Guy thanked his Majesty for his gracious favour; but, for fair Felice's sake, left fair Blanch to her father's tuition, and departed from that graceful court, taking with him only the other tokens of his victory.

Now Guy, beginning to meditate upon his long absence from his fair Felice, and doubting of her prosperity or that she might too much forget him, departed for England; and having at last arrived at the long-wished-for haven of his love, thus greeted his beloved mistress: "Fair

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

foe," said he, "I am now come to challenge your promise, the which was, upon my making my name famous by martial deeds, I should be the master of my beloved mistress. Behold, fair Felice, this stately steed, this falcon, and this hound, part of the prize I have won in the field, before kings and princes."

"Worthy knight," quoth Felice, "I have heard of thy winning the Lady Blanch from royal dukes and princes, and I am glad to find that Guy is so victorious. But thou must seek more adventures, earn yet a nobler name, before I wed thee."

Guy, discomfited at this unlooked-for answer, took leave of fair Felice, clad himself again in Bellona's livery, and set forth on his travels.

While waiting for a fair wind to sail for France, Guy heard of an ex-

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

ceeding great and monstrous cow, four yards in height and six in length, lurking within the woods not many miles from Warwick, and making there most dreadful devastations. This cow was of a dun colour, and from thence named the dun cow; and the place where she lay being on the borders of a great heath, was from thence called Dunsmore Heath, which name it retains to this day.

Guy, arming himself with his sword, a strong battle-axe, and his bow and quiver, rode to the place where this monster used to lurk, which was in a thicket of trees, which grew on the side of a heath near a pool of standing water; and being come within a bow-shot of it the monster espied him, and set up a dreadful roaring, enough to fill any

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

heart with terror. Guy, nothing daunted, bent his bow of steel; but his arrow rebounded as from an adamantine wall, and the dreadful beast rushed at him like the wind. Guy observing this, lifted up his battle-axe and smote her such a blow as made her recoil. Enraged yet more, she again rushed at him, and clapping her horns upon his breast, dented his armour, though of highest proof. Wheeling his warlike steed about, he gave her a desperate wound under the ear, and following this stroke with others no less forcible, at last he brought her to the ground. Then Guy, alighting from his horse, hewed her so long, till with a horrid groan she breathed her last.

The whole country, when they heard of the monster's death, came to behold the dead carcase, and

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

loaded Guy with thanks and presents; and the king, after a splendid entertainment, gave him the order of knighthood.

Guy now set forth in search of further adventures, and performed many acts of valour. Once after a tedious journey, being seated by a spring to refresh himself, he heard a hideous noise, and presently espied a lion and a dragon, fighting, biting, and tearing each other. At length, Guy, perceiving the lion ready to faint, encountered the dragon, and soon brought the ugly Cerberus roaring and yelling to the ground. The lion, in gratitude to Guy, ran by his horse's side like a true-born spaniel, till lack of food made him retire to his wonted abode.

Soon after, Guy met with the Earl

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

of Terry, whose father was confined in his castle by Duke Otto: but he and that lord posted thither, and freed the castle immediately; and Guy in an open field slew Duke Otto, whose dying words of repentance moved Guy to remorse and pity.

After this, as Guy returned through a desert, he met a furious boar that had slain many Christians. Guy manfully drew his sword, and the boar gaping,—intending with his dreadful tusks to devour our noble champion,—Guy thrust it down his throat, and slew the greatest boar that ever man beheld.

On Guy's arrival in England, he immediately repaired to King Athelstan, at York, where the king told Guy of a mighty dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, wo-

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

men, and children. Guy desired a guide, and went immediately to the dragon's cave; when out came the monster, with eyes like flaming fire. Guy charged him courageously; but the monster bit the lance in two like a reed; then Guy drew his sword, and cut such gashes in the dragon's sides, that the blood and life poured out of his venomous carcase. Guy then cut off the head of the monster, and presented it to the king, who in memory of Guy's service caused the picture of the dragon, which was thirty feet in length, to be worked in a cloth of arras, and hung up in Warwick Castle for an everlasting monument. Felice, hearing of Guy's return and success, came as far as Lincoln to meet him, where they were married with much joy and great triumph; King Athelstan, his

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

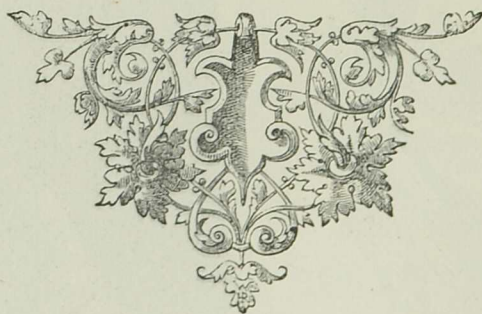


MARRIAGE OF GUY AND FELICE.

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

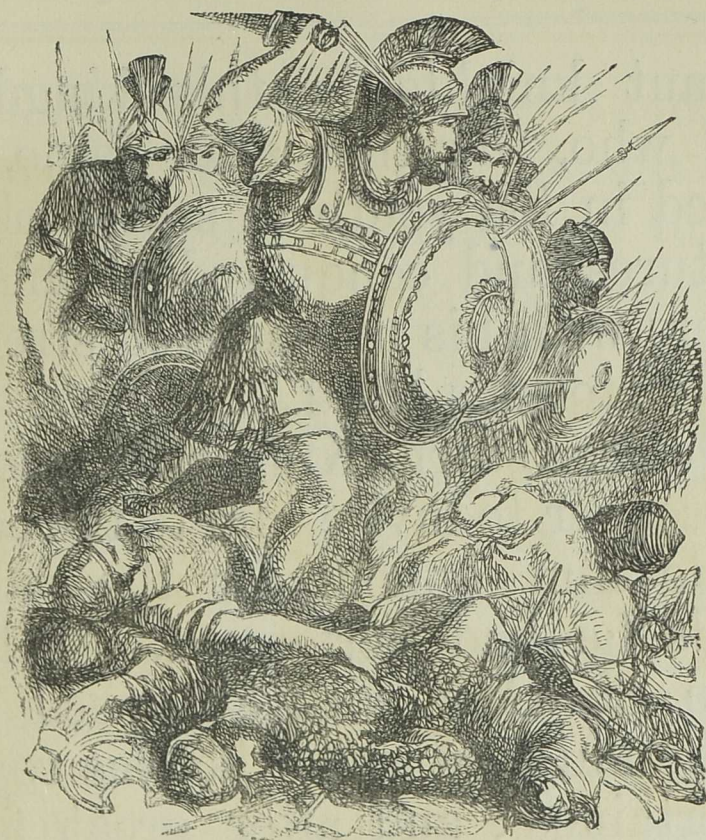
queen, and all the chief nobles and barons of the land, being present.

No sooner were their nuptials celebrated, but Felice's father died, leaving all his estate to Sir Guy, whom the king thereupon created Earl of Warwick. They lived for many years in happiness and contentment, respected and beloved by all that knew them.

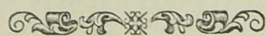




SIR BEVIS AND JOSYAN LEADING ASCAPART.



Sir Hebis, of Southampton.



THERE was a most renowned knight in the reign of Edgar, king of England, named Sir Guy, earl of Southampton, whose deeds exceeded those of all the

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

valiant knights in this kingdom ; and who, thirsting after fame, travelled in his youth in search of adventures, and conquered all his opposers with his unmastered strength and victorious hand.

On his return, King Edgar sent a messenger to invite him to the court, to do him honour for the valiant deeds he had performed. Whereupon Sir Guy with all speed rode to the king, by whom he was royally entertained ; and after great feasting, the king, according to Sir Guy's great desert, made him high steward of England.

Sir Guy now determined to take to himself a wife, and the King of Scotland having a fair daughter, Sir Guy made suit unto her ; but the Emperor of Almain's brother was a suitor unto her likewise, and she

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

loved Sir Murdure better than she loved Sir Guy; and though her father gave her in marriage to Sir Guy, she still loved Sir Murdure best.

Sir Guy, not knowing her hatred of him, returned with great pomp into England with this deceitful lady; and, after some time, had a son by her, whom they named Bevis. Great was the joy and great the triumph of Sir Guy at the birth of his son; his love for his lady waxed greater, for he was confident her heart was more strongly linked to his, with the never-breaking bands of love. But the good knight was much deceived: she continued to love Sir Murdure, and sent a servant, whom she well might trust, to him in Almain, bidding him come to England, with a great company of

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

knights, to slay Sir Guy; which done, she would marry him: and the time he should meet Sir Guy was the first of May. The message being delivered, Sir Murdure was resolved to perform what she had commanded, and arrived in England by the time appointed.

On the first of May the lady feigned herself sick, and longed to eat of the flesh of a wild boar from the forest. Sir Guy, not dreaming of her treachery, took a steed, girt a sword about him, and with a spear in his hand rode to the forest. Here he was soon encompassed by Sir Murdure and his companions; and after unhorsing Sir Murdure, and slaying one hundred of his assailants, he was at last overpowered by numbers. When he was slain, Sir Murdure cut off his head, and sent

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

it to his lady, who received it joyfully, and gave the messenger a great reward. This treachery being thus accomplished, Sir Murdure made haste to the castle, and was loyally received by Sir Guy's wife.

Bevis, hearing how basely his father was killed, ran to his mother, and vowed if ever he came to age he would be revenged on her and on the base traitor Sir Murdure: whereupon his mother gave him a box on the ear, which felled him to the ground. Sir Saber, the brother of Sir Guy, being sorrowful for the death of his brother, and seeing his nephew so misused, caught him up in his arms, and carried him away; and when his mother privately besought him to murder Bevis, feigned consent. Instead of doing so, he clothed him in mean attire, and sent

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

him to keep his sheep. So Bevis went to the top of a hill near his father's castle where his uncle's sheep were.

In the meantime, Sir Saber killed a pig, and dipped the garments of the child in the blood thereof. Poor Bevis, all this while, sat weeping upon the hill. At length hearing trumpets sounding at his father's castle, for joy that his mother had obtained her desire, he cast off all care of his sheep, and ran, with his shepherd's crook on his shoulder, to the castle. He knocked at the gate, and the porter denying him entrance, Bevis with his crook gave him a blow which felled him to the earth. Then into the hall he went, where Sir Murdure sat at table with his mother, and many knights and ladies; and though all in rags, he

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

showed what blood ran in his veins, for, with a violent blow, he struck Sir Murdure under the table, and vowed, but that it was against nature, he would send his mother after his own father. With that all the knights sought to lay hands on Bevis; but he forced his way through the midst of them, and got clear off.

When Bevis returned to his uncle Saber, and related to him what he had done, Saber was greatly grieved, and said, "Alas, thou hast betrayed us both! Yet once more will I save thee." He had scarcely said so, when the mother of Bevis (like a woman distracted of her wits) came in great haste to Saber, and reproached him with having disobeyed her orders to put Bevis to death. "Madam," said Saber, "he is dead."

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

She replied, "It is false; and if you do not speedily slay him, it shall cost you your life as well as his." Bevis hearing this, stept out from the closet in which Saber had concealed him, and was ready to tear her in pieces; but she escaped by the assistance of Sir Saber and another knight, whom she straightway ordered to cast Bevis into the sea and drown him: and, to pacify her anger, they promised to do so.

On their arrival at the sea-shore, Sir Saber and the knight sold Bevis to some Saracen merchants whom they there met with. The merchants, on their arrival in their own country, presented Bevis to their King, Ermyrn, who swore by Mahound he had never seen such a sweet-faced boy in all his life.

Then the king asked him, where

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

he was born. "In England," replied Bevis. "Whose son wast thou there?" said the king. And when he told him, "I am the son of Sir Guy of Southampton," Ermyn said, "I have heard much talk of thy father. He was, by report, as valiant a knight as ever yet drew sword. I have but one fair daughter," continued Ermyn, "and if thou wilt renounce Christianity, and worship Apoline, thou shalt have my daughter to wife, and enjoy my kingdom after me." Bevis rejected this offer: whereupon Ermyn said:

"Whiles that thou art but a swain,
Thou shalt be my chamberlain;
But when thou art dubbed a knight,
My banner shalt thou bear in fight."

Bevis gratefully accepted this offer, and continued during seven years to make progress in the affections of the

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

Saracen monarch, as well as in those of his daughter, the beautiful Josyan.

Shortly after this, Bevis succeeded in destroying a mighty wild boar, which had long ravaged the country, destroying, man, woman, and child. And about this time, Bradmond, king of Damascus, sent ambassadors to Ermyn, demanding to have fair Josyan to his wife; and threatening, in the event of his being refused, that he would waste with fire and sword the whole territory of Ermyn.

Upon this, Ermyn assembled all his lords and barons together, to take counsel what to do. Some said it was better he should let Josyan go, than hazard the loss of his crown and kingdom. But Josyan said to her father, "If thou wilt make Bevis general over a host of men, he will conquer your foes." This advice

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

pleased Ermyn, and sending for Bevis, he dubbed him a knight, and placed twenty thousand men under his command.

Then Josyan fitted on his armour, gave him a trusty sword called Morglay, and a steed called Arundel; and Bevis being mounted, Josyan viewed him well, and smiled at him, and Bevis smiled at her again; then saluting her, away he rode with his host against Bradmond and his host.

Bevis, having obtained a glorious victory over Bradmond, destroyed his army, and taken the king himself, and two of his knights prisoners, returned to Ermyn, by whom he was royally entertained.

Ermyn, to show his gratitude, commanded his fair daughter, Josyan, to disarm Sir Bevis, to clothe him in a magnificent robe, and to

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

serve him at table. The princess, who was enamoured of Sir Bevis, not only readily obeyed her father's injunctions, but took the opportunity of avowing her affection to him ; and on his declaring that he would never wed an idolater, expressed her willingness to forsake her gods and become a Christian for his sake.

At these words Sir Bevis's heart began to melt, and taking her to his arms, he kissed her, and acknowledged how long he had admired her ; an acknowledgment which he had determined never to make while she remained a worshipper of Apoline.

In the meanwhile, the two knights whom Bevis had taken prisoners, hearing what had passed between Bevis and Josyan, discovered all to the king ; who being enraged, wrote a letter to Bradmond, enjoining him

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

to put the bearer of it to death ; and this letter he charged Bevis to convey to that king.

When Bevis arrived at the capital of King Bradmond, his anger being aroused at seeing the inhabitants sacrificing to Mahound, he pulled down the idol, and trampled it in the dust. The Saracens, enraged at this conduct, attacked Bevis, who, although he had not his own sword, Morglay, slew two hundred of them in that bout. Then riding forward to the palace of King Bradmond, he delivered the letter to him ; which he had no sooner read than he commanded Bevis to be cast into a dungeon to be devoured by two fierce dragons. By good fortune his hands had been left untied ; and having found in the dungeon the truncheon of a spear, he soon destroyed the dra-

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

gons, and so he was at rest for a time. In the meanwhile, Josyan inquiring of her father what had become of Sir Bevis, he told her that he had returned to his own country; and King Inor coming to woo Josyan, Ermyn gave him Morglay and Arundel, which added to the great grief of Josyan.

All this time Bevis lay in prison; and at the end of seven years, during which he had been fed upon nothing but bran and water, his keepers thinking he must be wondrous feeble, entered his dungeon to slay him, but he was so strong that he killed them both; and, it being night-time, he escaped out of the dungeon, and mounting a steed rode away.

He was now determined to find out fair Josyan, whom he dearly loved. On his way he met a palmer,

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

and inquiring of him who dwelt in yonder castle, "Marry," quoth the palmer, "there dwelleth King Inor, who is about to marry the Lady Josyan." Upon hearing this, Bevis exchanged his horse for the palmer's suit, and took his way to the castle, where he found abundance of joys more than he looked for.

At first, Josyan, who was there, did not know him, but when, having given him leave to see Arundel, and Arundel broke seven chains on hearing him speak, she recognised him, she took him aside into her garden, where, after awhile, they determined to escape together.

This they soon did; and as they rode onward on their journey, there met them Ascapart, an ugly giant, who was thirty feet in length, and bristled like a swine. Ascapart com-

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

manded Bevis and Josyan to follow him. "Not so," said Bevis; so Josyan held Arundel whilst Bevis fought with Ascapart.

The fight continued a long time: till at length the giant falling, Bevis would have struck off his head, but Josyan being pitiful, said, "Do not so; let him go with us." "Lady," said Bevis, "he may betray us." "By Mahound," said Ascapart, "if thou wilt save my life I will be true to thee." "Then rise and live," said Bevis. So Bevis and Josyan mounted Arundel, and away they rode, with Ascapart by their side, till they came to the sea, where they found many Saracens, and a ship bound for Christendom.

Now the Saracens would not ferry them to the ship, so Bevis and Ascapart attacked and made great

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

slaughter among them. Then said Ascapart, "Let me alone; I will carry you to the ship, horse and all." So he took the horse under his arm, with Bevis and Josyan, and waded with them to the ship.

They were welcomed on board: and so sailed to Cologne, where dwelled a bishop who was uncle to Bevis.

Now Bevis being anxious to recover his inheritance, got a hundred valiant soldiers from his uncle, and sailed for England, and landed near Southampton: and calling himself Sir Gerard, proffered his services to Sir Murdure, to assist him against Sir Saber, on condition of his supplying them with horse and arms. "Ay! and of the best too," said Sir Murdure, "for every man shall choose his own steed and arms." Accordingly Sir Bevis and his men were

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

furnished with all things for service ; and then, ships being prepared for the purpose, they sailed for the Isle of Wight, where Sir Saber dwelt.

On his arrival in that island, Bevis sent to Sir Murdure, to thank him for his arms, and bid him prepare for battle.

So Sir Murdure and his host came to the Isle of Wight, and gave battle to Sir Saber, Bevis, and Ascapart ; who, however, made such havoc among them, that they slew all that came near them.

Ascapart took Sir Murdure, and carrying him to a stronghold, cast him into a cauldron of boiling pitch and brimstone ; and his wife, hearing of this, threw herself from the walls of her castle, and broke her neck.

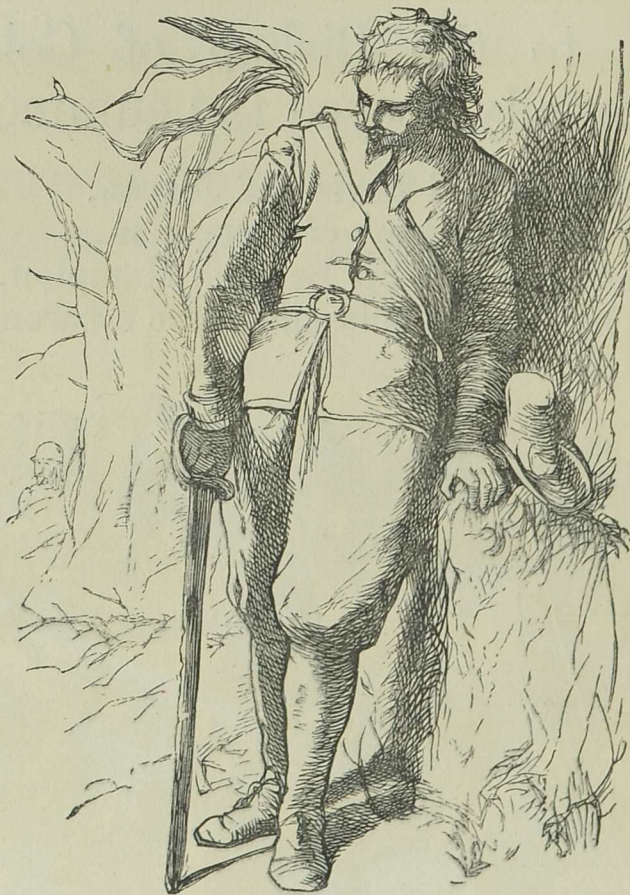
Then Sir Bevis despatched a mes-

Sir Bevis, of Southampton.

senger to the Bishop of Cologne,
who joyfully obeyed the summons,

And wedded Bevis and Josyan,
To the great joy of every man.
Thus endeth Sir Bevis of Hampton,
That was so bold and brave a baron.



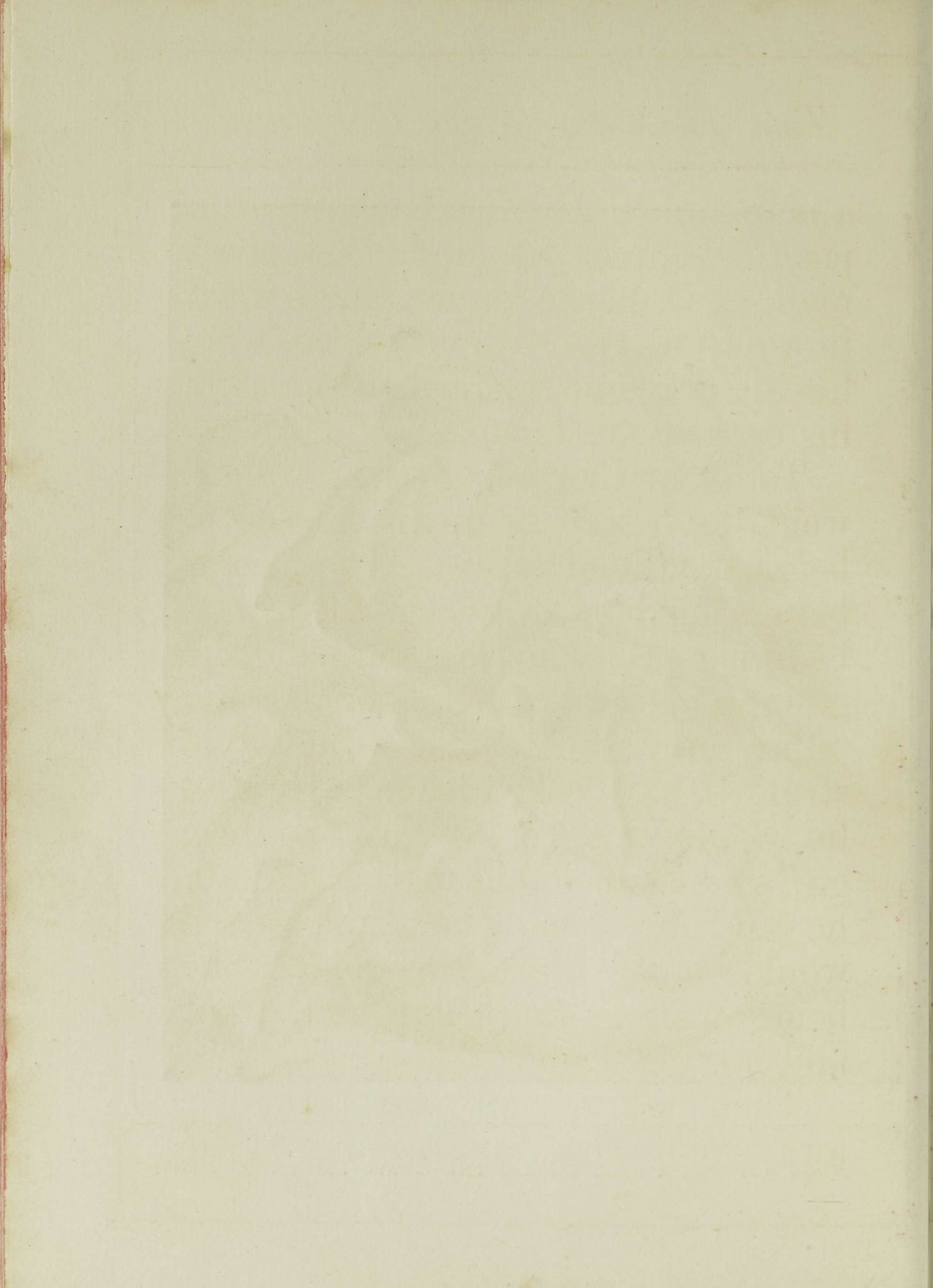


Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

IN the reign of William the Conqueror there lived in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire,



TOM AND THE TINKER KILLING THE BEARS AND LIONS.



Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

a man named Thomas Hickathrift, a poor labourer, yet an honest stout man, and able to do as much work in a day as two ordinary men, who, having only one son, called him after his own name, Thomas.

Tom's mother being a poor widow, went to a rich farmer's house to beg a bundle of straw. The farmer being an honest, charitable man, bade her take what she wanted. She going home to her son Thomas, said, "Pray go and fetch me a bundle of straw; I have asked leave." He said he would not go. "Nay, prithee, go," said his poor old mother. Again he said he would not, unless she would borrow him a cart-rope. She being willing to please him, went and borrowed one.

Then taking up the cart-rope, away went Tom, and coming to the

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

farmer's house, found him in the barn, and two men threshing. Said he, "I am come for a bundle of straw." "Tom," said the farmer, "take as much as thou canst carry." So he laid down his cart-rope, and began to make up his bundle.

"Your rope, Tom," said they, "is too short;" and jeered him. But he fitted the farmer well for his joke, and when he had made up his burden, it was supposed to be near a thousand pounds weight. But though they said, "What a fool thou art! for thou canst not carry the tenth part of it," he took up his burden, and made no more of it than we do of a hundred pounds weight, to the great astonishment of both master and men.

Now Tom's strength beginning to be known in the town, they would

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

not let him lie basking in the chimney-corner; every one hiring him to work, seeing he had so much strength, and telling him it was a shame to lie idle, as he did, from day to day; so that Tom, finding them bait at him as they did, went first to one work and then to another.

Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last, a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him; but he would not be hired till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last, Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go; for there was a monstrous

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them he would either kill or make them his servants.

But to come to Tom and his master.—Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed no help. Thus he went each day to Wisbeach, a journey of near twenty miles.

But going this journey so often, and finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying

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anything to his master or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life.

Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer: but Tom cared not a fig for him; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

“Sirrah,” said he, “who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know that I make all stand in fear of me? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure!”

“None of your prating,” said Tom. “Why,” said the giant, “you are but a fool if you come to fight me, and

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bring no weapon to defend yourself!" Cries Tom, "I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master." "Say you so, sirrah?" said the giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axletree and wheel for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were on such an emergency.

The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands and the axletree in the other. "Oh! oh!" said the giant, "you are like to do great things with those instruments! I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axletree and wheel, to the ground."

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Now, that which the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill-post, and with this the giant made a blow at him, with such force as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again. "What!" said Tom, "have you got drunk with my small beer already?" But the giant recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel; so that he received very little hurt.

In the meantime, Tom plied the giant so well with blows, that the sweat and blood ran down his face; who being almost spent with fighting, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

"No, no," said he, "my mother did not teach me such wit;" and finding the giant grow weak, he

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redoubled his blows till he brought him to the ground.

The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform anything he should desire; even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy.

News was soon spread that Tom had killed the giant, and happy was he that could come to see the giant's cave; and bonfires were made all round the country for Tom's success.

Tom, by the general consent of

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

the country, took possession of the giant's cave and riches, and built himself a handsome house on the spot. He gave part of the giant's lands to the poor for their common, and the rest he divided and inclosed for an estate to maintain him and his mother.

Now his fame was spread more and more through the country, and he was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift.

Tom now finding himself very rich, resolved that his neighbours should be the better for it: he therefore inclosed a park and kept deer; and just by his house he built a church which he dedicated to St. James, because on that saint's day he killed the giant.

Some time after this, as Tom was walking about his estate to see how

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

his workmen went on, he met upon the skirts of the forest a very sturdy tinker, having a good staff on his shoulder, and a great dog to carry his budget of tools.

So he asked the tinker from whence he came, and whither he was going, as that was no highway. Now, the tinker being a sturdy fellow, bid him go look; what was that to him? But fools must be always meddling. "Hold!" said Tom; "before you and I part I will make you know who I am."

"Ay," said the tinker, "it is three years since I had a combat with any man. I have challenged many a one, but none dare face me: so I think they are all cowards in this part of the country; but I hear there is a man lives hereabouts, named Thomas Hickathrift, who has

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

killed a giant; him I'd willingly have a bout with."

"Ay," said Tom, "I am the man; what have you to say to me?"

"Truly," said the tinker, "I am glad we are so happily met, that we may have one touch." "Surely," said

Tom, "you are but in jest?" "Marry," said the tinker, "but I am in earnest." "A match," said Tom.

"It is done," said the tinker. "But," said Tom, "will you give me leave to get a twig?" "Ay," said the tinker, "I hate him that fights with a man unarmed."

So Tom stepped to the gate and took a rail for a staff, and to it they fell like two giants. The tinker had a leather coat on, so that every blow Tom gave him made it twang again; yet the tinker did not give way an inch, till Tom gave him

Tom Hickathrift, the Conqueror.

a bang on the side of the head that felled him to the ground.

“Now, Tinker, where art thou?” said Tom. But the tinker being a nimble fellow, leaped up again, and gave Tom a bang which made him reel, and following his blows, took Tom on the other side, which made Tom throw down his weapon and yield the mastery to the brave tinker. After this Tom took the tinker home to his house, where they improved their acquaintance.

After a few days’ pleasure, Tom told the tinker he must go in search of some bears and lions. “Well,” said the tinker, “I’ll go with you.” “With all my heart;” said Tom, “for I must own I shall be glad of your company.” On this they went forward, Tom with his giant’s iron club, and the tinker with his pikestaff.

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After they had travelled four or five hours, it was their fortune to meet with all the wild beasts together, being in number fourteen; six of which were bears, the other eight young lions. When these creatures had set their eyes on them they ran furiously, as if they would have devoured them at a mouthful; but Tom and the tinker stood side by side, with their backs against an oak, until the lions and bears came within their reach. Tom with his club so belaboured their heads, that they were all destroyed, except one young lion, who, seeing the rest of his fellow-creatures dead, was making his escape; but the tinker, being too venturous, ran hastily after him, and gave the lion a blow. The beast turned upon him, and seized him with such violence by the throat,

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that it ended his life. Tom's joy was now mingled with sorrow, for though he had cleared the island of these ferocious beasts, his grief was intolerable for the loss of his friend.

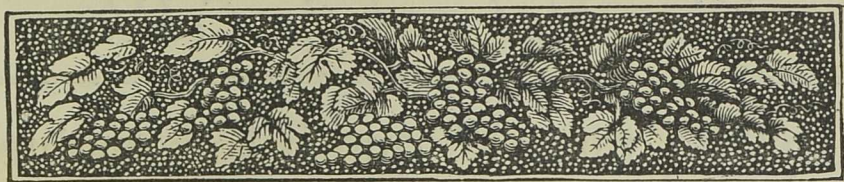
He returned home to his friends, who in token of joy for the success he had made in his dangerous enterprises, made a very noble and splendid feast; to which were invited all his acquaintances, and then Tom made them the following promise :—

“ My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers, till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers, too.”





KING HENRY DRINKING WITH THE COBBLER.



King Hal and the Cobbler.

KING Hal was a-hunting the
swift fallow-deer;
He dropped all his nobles,
and when he got clear,
In hope of some pastime
away he did ride,
Till he came to an alehouse hard by
the wood side.
And there was a cobbler he happened
to meet,
And him in kind sort he so freely
did greet :
“ Pray thee, good fellow, what hast
in thy jug
Which under thy arm thou dost
lovingly hug ? ”

King Hal and the Cobbler.

“By the mass!” quoth the cobbler,
“it’s nappy brown ale,
And for to drink to thee, friend, I
will not fail;
For although thy jacket looks gallant
and fine,
I think that my twopence as good is
as thine.”

“By my soul! honest fellow, the truth
thou hast spoke,”
And straight he sat down with the
cobbler to joke;
They drank to the king, and they
pledged to each other;
Who’d seen ’em had thought they
were brother and brother.

As they were a-drinking the king
pleased to say,
“What news, honest fellow? come
tell me, I pray?”

King Hal and the Cobbler.

“There’s nothing of news, beyond
that I hear
The king’s on the border a-chasing
the deer.

“And truly I wish I so happy may
be
Whilst he is a-hunting the king I
might see ;
For although I’ve travelled the land
many ways,
I never have yet seen a king in my
days.”

The king, with a hearty brisk laugh-
ter, replied,
“I tell thee, good fellow, if thou
canst but ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I
will thee bring
To the presence of Harry, thy sove-
reign king.”

King Hal and the Cobbler.

“ But he'll be surrounded with nobles
so gay,
And how shall we tell him from
them, sir, I pray ? ”
“ Thou'lt easily ken him when once
thou art there :
The king will be covered, his nobles
all bare.”

He got up behind him, and likewise
his sack,
His budget of leather and tools at
his back ;
They rode till they came to the merry
greenwood ;
His nobles came round him, bare-
headed they stood.

The cobbler then seeing so many
appear,
He silyly did whisper the king in his
ear,

King Hal and the Cobbler.

Saying, "They're all clothed so gloriously gay,
But which amongst them is the king,
sir, I pray?"

The king did with hearty good laughter reply,

"By my soul! my good fellow, it's thou or it's I!

The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round."

With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground,—

Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits;

Then on his knees he instantly gets,
Beseeching for mercy; the king to him said, [afraid.

"Thou art a good fellow, so be not

"Come, tell me thy name." "I am John of the Dale, [ale."

A cobbler of shoes, and a lover of

King Hal and the Cobbler.

“ Rise up, Sir John, I will honour
thee here,
I make thee a knight of three thou-
sand a year ! ”

This was a good thing for the cob-
bler indeed ;
Then unto the court he was sent for
with speed,
Where great store of pleasure and
pastime was seen,
In the royal presence of king and of
queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he
has fee,
At the court of the king who so
happy as he,
Yet still in his hall hangs the cob-
bler's old sack
And the budget of tools which he
bore at his back.



PATIENT GRISSEL CONSENTS TO GIVE UP HER CHILD.



Patient Grissel.

BETWEEN the mountains of Italy and France, towards the south, lived, long since, a nobleman of great reputation and honour, by name Gualter, Marquis of Salus. He was young, and never thought of marriage, until pressed to it by the desires and petitions of his people. At last he consented; and each princess was filled with hopes of being the marquis's happy partner.

Not far from Salus, there lived a poor countryman named Janicola, having nothing to make his life comfortable but an only daughter, who

Patient Grissel.

was exceedingly beautiful, modest, and virtuous; the report of her reached the marquis, and he finding her suitable, resolved to make her his wife. In the meantime the court was furnished, and all prepared for the queen.

When all things were prepared, the noble marquis took with him a great company, and went into the country, towards Janicola's house; where Grissel, the fair maid, ignorant of what was to come, had made herself and house clean, determined to see the solemnity. The marquis arrived; and meeting Grissel, asked her where her father was. She answered, "In the house." "Tell him," replied he, "I would speak with him." The poor man came to him somewhat abashed, but the marquis taking him aside, said:—

Patient Grissel.

“Janicola, I know thou always lovedst me, and am satisfied thou dost not hate me now. I come with the intention of begging your daughter to be my wife: will you take me for your son-in-law, as I have chosen you for my father?”

The poor old man was so astonished, that he could scarcely speak for joy: but faintly replied:—“Most gracious sovereign, you are my lord, and therefore I must agree to your will; you are generous, therefore take her and make me a glad father.”

“Why, then,” quoth the marquis, “let us enter your house, for I must ask her a question before you.” So he went in; the company tarrying without, in vast astonishment.

The fair maid was busied in making it as handsome as she could: but the marquis taking her by the

Patient Grissel.

hand, said : “ To tell you this blush becomes you were but a folly, or that your modesty graces your comeliness, would be unbecoming my greatness; but your father and I have agreed to make you my wife, therefore delays shall not entangle you with suspicion, nor protract our happiness. Only, I must be satisfied in this; that you will not repine at my pleasure in anything, nor presume on contradiction when I command.” Grissel wondered at these words; but thinking nothing impossible, replied :—

“ My gracious lord, I am not ignorant of your greatness, and know my own weakness. There is nothing worthy in me to be your servant; and I have no dessert to be your wife. Yet I yield to your pleasure, and praise God for the

Patient Grissel.

fortune. Only this I will be bold to say, that your will shall be my delight, and death shall be more welcome to me than a word of displeasure from you."

After this, the ladies adorned Grissel with robes befitting her state; the marquis and all the company returned back to Salus; where, in the cathedral, in the sight of the people, they were by the priest joined together.

In process of time, the birth of a daughter rejoiced the mother and gladdened the father. It fell out that the marquis determined to prove his wife, so one day he repaired secretly to her chamber, and seeming angry, told her, that to preserve amity between himself and his people, he must needs take away her daughter. The lady sorrowfully ap-

Patient Grissel.

prehended the marquis's resolution, questioning to herself to what end the virtues of patience, modesty, and forbearance were ordained, if they had not proper subjects to work upon.

Soon after this conference the marquis called a faithful servant, to whom he imparted his intentions, and then sent him to his wife with an angry message. When Grissel had heard him out, apprehending that the child was ordained to die, she took it up in her arms, and, with a mother's blessing kissed it; being not once amazed or troubled since her lord would have it so. Only she said, "I must, friend, entreat one thing at your hand,—that, out of humanity and Christian love, you leave not the body to be devoured by beasts and birds,

Patient Grissel.

for she is worthy of a grave." The man, having got the child, durst not tarry, but returned to his master, repeating every circumstance of the answer.

The marquis began to entertain some compassion : but having, as he thought well begun, he would not soon give over, so, sent the child away to his sister, the Duchess of Bologna.

As the Lady Grissel was one day sporting with her second infant, the marquis, sent again his former messenger to demand that child too. She presently blessed, kissed, and gave him this child also : only she pleaded with the same enforcement as she had spoken on behalf of the former one, that he would not see it devoured for lack of a grave. The messenger returned to the marquis,

Patient Grissel.

who had still more cause for astonishment, and less reason to abuse so obedient a wife. Nevertheless, for a time he sent this child also to his sister.

After this, the marquis was resolved to put her to another trial; so commanded her to go home again to her father's, disrobed of everything. Accordingly, she disrobed herself and returned to her father's cottage. The nobles who accompanied her all exclaimed against the cruelty of her lord. They wondered at her so great patience and virtue; the reply being "They were befitting a modest woman."

As they approached the house old Janicola seeing his daughter so pitifully arrayed amidst such honourable company, ran into the house, and brought her the robes she formerly

Patient Grissel.

wore; and putting them on her said, "Now thou art in thy element;" and kissing her bade her welcome.

Some time after came the Duchess of Bologna, she sending word beforehand she should be at Salus on such a day. Whereupon the marquis sent a troop to welcome her. While some of his courtiers condemned the marquis, whilst others deplored his wife's misfortunes, all were transported with the gallant youth and comely maiden that came along with the duchess; the latter of whom it was reported, the marquis was going to marry.

The next morning after their arrival the marquis sent a messenger for Grissel, bidding her come and speak with him just in the dress she then was. At her approach he was somewhat abashed; but recovering

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his spirits he thus addressed her:—

“Grissel, the lady with whom I must marry will be here to-morrow by this time; and the feast is prepared accordingly. Now, I would have you, for all this base attire, address your wisdom to the ordering of the business, appointing such officers as are befitting, and disposing of the rooms according to the degrees and estates of the persons. Let nothing be wanting which may set forth my honour and delight the people.”

“My lord,” said she, “I ever told you that I took pleasure in nothing but your contentment and in whatsoever might conform to your delight. Herein consists happiness; therefore make no question of my diligence and duty in this, or anything you shall please to impose upon me.”

Patient Grissel.

The day of entertainment being come, and all things being prepared, the marquis sent for his Grissel, and standing up, took her by the hand, and thus addressed her:—"You see the lady is here I mean to marry, and the company assembled to witness it. Are you contented I should thus dispose of myself, and do you most quietly submit to the alteration?" "My lord," replied she, "before you all, in what as a woman I might be found faulty I will not now dispute, but because I am your wife, and have devoted myself to obedience, I am resolved to delight myself in your pleasure; so if this match be designed for your good I am satisfied. Only, great lord, take care of one thing, that you try not your new bride as you did your old wife, for she is young, and perhaps

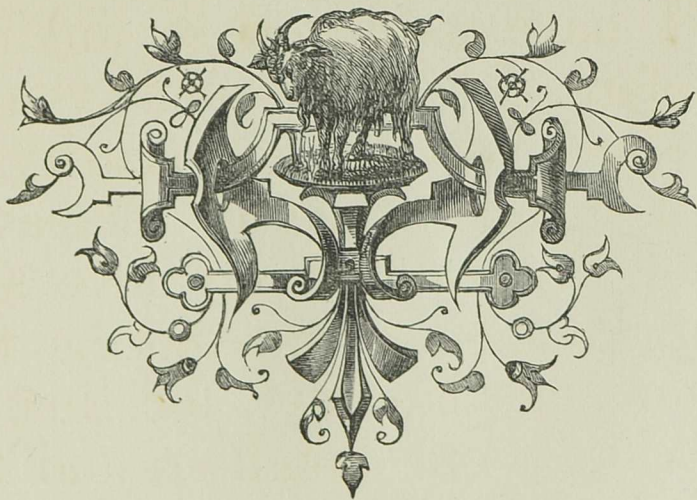
Patient Grissel.

wants that patience which poor I have possessed.”

Till this the marquis had held out bravely, but now he could not forbear bursting into tears. He thus addressed his patient wife, Grissel. “Thou wonder of women—the champion of true virtue! I am ashamed of my imperfections, and tired with abusing thee; I have tried thee beyond all modesty. Believe me, I will have no wife but thyself, and, seeing that I have used you so unkindly heretofore, I will disquiet you no more; and wherein my cruelty extended against thee in bereaving thee of thy children, my love shall now make amends in restoring thee thy son and daughter, for this, my new bride, is our daughter, and this young lord her brother. Sit down till the dinner is come, and then bid

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the company welcome even in this poor array." The marquis thus tenderly treating her, and discovering who the young lord and lady were, gave the nobility a fresh opportunity to show their obedience, which they immediately did. In length of time the marquis died, and Grissel lived thirty-three years after him, and died in a good old age, being a pattern for all women.



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