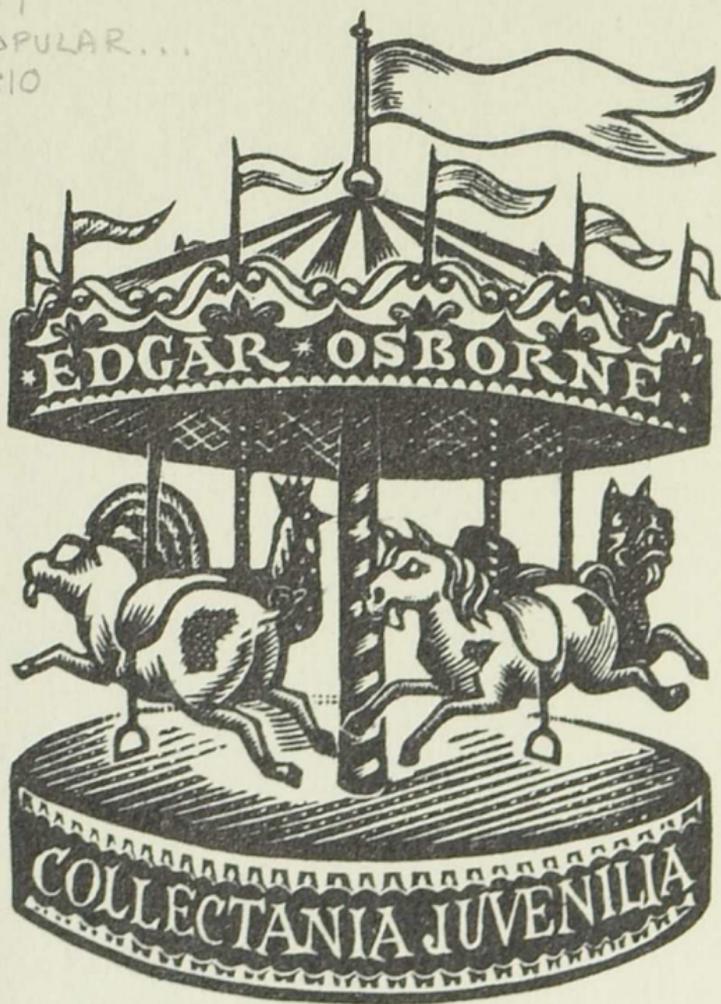




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# POPULAR TALES.

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CONSISTING OF

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER,  
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,

TOM THUMB,

ROBIN HOOD,

AND

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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LONDON:

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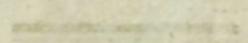
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1810.

POPULAR TABLE



THE HISTORY OF THE  
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON  
AND THE  
ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH  
FROM THE YEAR 1660 TO 1700



BY JOHN WALLIS, ESQ.



LONDON

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E. Hemsted, Printer, Great New-street, Gough-square, London.



THE ADVENTURES

OF

*JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.*

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**JOHN** Fearnought was the only son of a very rich farmer in Cornwall, and in consequence of his performing many

brave exploits he was commonly called Jack the Giant-killer. He was a remarkably clever youth, and possessed such ready wit, that what he could not perform by mere strength he was sure to accomplish by some cunning artifice. As he advanced to years of maturity he became extremely strong and muscular, and his mind was so undaunted that he was always ready to undertake the most desperate and dangerous enterprize.

About the time that John attained his twentieth year, the people of Cornwall were sadly distressed by an enormous giant, who lived in a cave on the side of a mountain, and there feasted on the sheep and oxen of the neighbouring peasants; for he would frequently seize upon the finest animals and drag them to his den, none of the country people daring to follow, or even to speak to him. He

was ten feet in height and of a prodigious circumference ; his countenance was extremely fierce, and his voice so tremendous that he was an object of universal terror ; and he was consequently enabled to ravage the country with impunity.

Several years passed before any one formed the thought of subduing this formidable monster. At length, however, the magistrates assembled, and resolved to ask the assistance of John, promising that if he succeeded he should possess all the giant's treasure, and receive some peculiar mark of honour from the hands of his countrymen. John readily accepted their proposal, and promised to destroy the giant in the course of a week. Accordingly when it began to grow dark, he furnished himself with a pick-axe and shovel, and began to dig a pit on that side of the mountain where the giant sel-

dom came. This he continued for three or four nights, till he had dug to the depth of fourteen feet, and then covered the pit over with turf and branches of trees, so as to resemble the plain ground. He then stationed himself at a short distance, and as soon as the morning began to dawn, he blew a horn so loud that it awakened the giant out of his sleep, and induced him to get up, as he supposed some danger was at hand. When he came out of his cave and discovered valiant John blowing his horn, he was violently enraged, and declared that he would murder him for his impudence. John, however, laughed at his threats, and dared him to put them in execution, assuring him that if he did not fulfil his promise no one would believe him in future. Hereupon the giant rushed forward to revenge this gross insult, but he had

not taken many steps before he fell into the pit. John laughed heartily at his enemy's distress, and reminded him that he had threatened much more than he seemed likely to perform. He then dispatched him by a blow on the head with his pick-axe, and shovelled the earth upon him, so that the pit which had been dug to entrap him served for his grave.

After searching the giant's cave, and securing all the treasure, valiant John returned to the magistrates, and gave them an account of his complete success; in consequence of which they presented him with an elegant sword, and an embroidered belt, bearing the following lines :

“ This is the valiant Cornish man,  
Who slew the giant Morligan.”

About six months afterwards John set out on a journey to Wales, but when he

had proceeded several miles, he found himself so weary that he was obliged to lie down by the road side. The heat of the day had made him heavy, and the warbling of the birds soon lulled him to sleep; but whilst he was enjoying a tranquil slumber, the giant Redboar approached the place, and perceived, by John's girdle, that this was the person who had destroyed the Cornish giant. He therefore resolved to put him to death, and, taking him under his arm, carried him off toward a neighbouring castle. As they passed through a wood, John was awakened by the rustling of the branches, and was violently alarmed to find himself in the power of such a monster: but his terror was greatly increased on entering the castle, to see the ground sprinkled with blood, and covered with human bones. The giant told John that

he should soon repent of having killed Morligan, and then locked him up in an upper room, while he went to invite a neighbouring giant to supper.

Poor John was almost in despair at this dreadful misfortune; but after walking about the room some time, he found two remarkably strong cords, and immediately resolved to venture a bold experiment for the preservation of his life. Accordingly on going to the window and perceiving the giants standing at a little distance, he made a large noose at the end of each cord, and flung them over their heads. He then drew the other end of the cords across a beam till the giants were strangled, and then sliding down from the window, he delivered himself from his expected fate.

On perceiving that his enemies were really dead, John took a bunch of keys

from Giant Redboar's girdle, and unlocked all the doors of the castle, where he found some beautiful ladies, almost starved to death. These he kindly set at liberty, and then pursued his journey towards Wales.

Valiant John travelled a considerable way by the next afternoon, but at the approach of night, he unfortunately missed his way, and found himself under the necessity of asking for shelter till the morning. Accordingly he knocked at the gate of a large house, which stood in a lonesome valley, but he was seriously alarmed to see a huge giant come out, with an enormous club in his hand. However, on relating his distressed condition, the giant took him in, and gave him some refreshment, telling him at the same time that he should be heartily welcome to a night's lodging.

John began to feel happy in thinking that he had met with a giant of so hospitable a disposition ; but he had no sooner retired to bed than he overheard his treacherous host determining on his destruction. He therefore laid a log of wood in the bed, and hid himself in one corner of the room, resolving to watch the event. About midnight the giant came softly into the chamber, and beat the log of wood with such violence, that if it had been John he must certainly have been crushed to pieces. He then retired to rest, and valiant John got into bed, where he enjoyed a sound slumber.

Next morning our hero went down stairs to return thanks for his entertainment. The giant was astonished at seeing him alive, but he thought proper to dissemble, and asked how he had rested. John replied, he had slept soundly, and

without any disturbance, except that a rat, or some other animal, had given him two or three slight blows with its tail. The giant stared with astonishment at this relation, and his surprise was increased at breakfast time to see John dispatch as much hasty-pudding as himself. The fact, however, was, that John had a large leathern bag under his waistcoat, and in this he contrived to deposit the pudding when his enemy's eyes were turned another way.

When breakfast was ended, John asked the giant what he would give to learn a certain clever trick? He desired that he might see the trick before he made any promise, but John seemed unwilling to comply. At length, however, he agreed to show him, on condition of receiving a handsome reward, and accordingly cut open his waistcoat, and let out

all the hasty-pudding. The giant, supposing that valiant John had ripped open his bowels, and seeing that he received no injury, cried, "Cot splutter a nails, hur can do that trick hursel." He then ripped up his belly with a long knife, and died upon the spot.

Being thus freed from his powerful foe, John pursued his journey till he met with one of the king's soas, who having given away all his money in acts of charity, and having likewise wandered from his attendants, was now hungry and melancholy. Valiant John entered into conversation, and told him to set his heart at rest, for that he would undertake to procure him a good lodging, and to replenish his purse. "I have an uncle," said he, "a powerful giant, who lives about a mile distant, and although he is the terror of all the surrounding country,

you shall find that I will oblige him to administer to your necessities."

Having given the prince this assurance, John hastened forward to the castle and knocked violently at the gate. The giant demanded who was there? and John replied that he came to apprise him of his danger, for that the king's son was coming with a great army, to plunder his castle and put him to death. The giant was much alarmed at this intelligence, and after some time he told valiant John that he would hide himself in a large vault under ground till the prince should draw off his army. "Thou shalt lock and bar me in," said he, "till all danger is past, and I will then reward thee for thy trouble." This was accordingly done, and the giant was left to pass a miserable night under-ground, while John conducted the prince to the castle, gave

him plentiful refreshments, and desired him to take as much silver and gold from the giant's treasures as he thought proper.

Next morning the prince set forward on his journey, and valiant John let the giant out of the vault, reminding him of his promise to reward him for his kindness. The giant assured him of his gratitude, and at the same time presented him with a coat, a sword and a pair of shoes, observing, that the first would render him invisible, the second would cut asunder whatever he should strike, and the third would enable him to outstrip every being in swiftness. John returned thanks for the valuable presents, and quitted the castle, secretly laughing at the oddity of his adventure.

After travelling over some black mountains, John came into a thick forest, where his attention was excited by sever-

ral loud shrieks, and on looking round, he perceived an enormous giant dragging a knight and a beautiful young lady through the thickest part of the wood. John immediately put on his invisible coat, and attacked the giant so vigorously with his sword of sharpness that he soon cut off his legs, and consequently brought him to the ground. The monster bellowed like a wild beast with pain and fury, and declared that he was attacked by some wicked fiend; but John convinced him of his error, and reminded him that his own wickedness had brought vengeance upon him. He then cut off the tyrant's head, and pulling off his invisible coat, received the thanks of the knight and the lady, whom he had so fortunately rescued from destruction.

Being informed that the deceased giant had a brother, who lived about two miles

distant, valiant John resolved to go in search of him and put an end to his cruelties; nor could the knight dissuade him from this enterprize, though he repeatedly told him the danger was very great and he would assuredly hazard his life. John walked forward, and soon discovered a large cave, at the mouth of which sat the giant's brother with a huge bar of iron in his hand. He looked extremely fierce and seemed impatient at his brother's delay, but what was his astonishment on receiving a blow from an invisible sword, which cut off his nose. The giant roared hideously with the pain, and began to lay about him with his iron bar, but valiant John contrived to slip behind him, and plunged the sword of sharpness into his body, so that he immediately fell lifeless to the ground.

The brave conqueror now walked into

the cave, to search for the giant's treasure, and after proceeding through several turnings and windings, he came to a dungeon surrounded with iron gratings, where he found several unhappy captives whom he generously restored to liberty, and then regaled them with the best wines and provisions the cave would afford.

As soon as it was light the next morning, John went to the house of the knight whom he had rescued in the forest, and was received with every possible mark of gratitude and respect. Indeed, a splendid banquet was prepared on the occasion; a great number of persons were invited, and the mansion resounded with music and other sounds of merriment and festivity. In the midst of these rejoicings, however, a messenger brought intelligence that Clunin, a monstrous giant with two heads, was advancing from the

other side of the country, to avenge the death of his relations whom John had lately slain, and that the country people were fleeing before him in all directions. This news cast a sudden damp over the spirits of the whole company, and many of the gentlemen began to think of seeking their safety in a timely flight; but valiant John remained cool and undaunted, and assured them that they should be spectators of the giant's destruction.

It is here necessary to inform our young readers, that the knight's house was situated on a small island, and surrounded with a large moat or ditch of water, twenty feet wide and about thirty feet deep; and over this water there was a drawbridge which led to the house. Valiant John ordered the drawbridge to be cut almost through at each end, and

then dressed himself in his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, to await Clunin's arrival.

After waiting a few hours he saw the giant approach, and walked forth to meet him, upon which the latter exclaimed in a tremendous voice,

“ Fee, fau, fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman :

But let him be living or let him be dead,

I'll grind all his bones to serve me for bread.”

“ Truly,” said John, “ if you keep your word you will not allow me one crumb of comfort, but it is first necessary that you should catch me, and even then you may possibly share the fate of those other giants whom I lately sent out of the world.” John then rendered himself visible, by taking off his wonderful coat, and ran from the giant, as if apprehensive of being killed. Clunin followed

him as fast as possible, but the shoes of swiftness were not to be overtaken. At length our hero ran over the drawbridge, and the giant pursued him, brandishing a tremendous club in his hand: he had no sooner come to the middle of the drawbridge, however, than the weight of his body broke it down, and he plunged into the water, where he rolled about, and bellowed with fear and vexation.—“Well,” said John, “you threatened to grind my bones to powder, and as you have now such plenty of water, I would advise you to erect a mill for that purpose.” The giant was violently exasperated at this language; but it was impossible to get out of the water. John therefore threw a cart rope over his heads, and fastening the other end to a team of horses, dragged him out completely strangled. His heads were then smitten off by the

sword of sharpness, and the company commenced fresh rejoicings on account of his destruction.

After he had spent several days with the knight and his numerous acquaintances, valiant John resumed his journey, in hopes of meeting with some new adventures. Accordingly he travelled through several extensive forests, and over many high mountains, till at length he found himself benighted in a very lonesome place. He discovered a little cottage, however, at a short distance, and immediately went thither to ask for a night's lodging. The door was opened by a venerable hermit, whose white beard descended to his breast, and whose countenance might be said to beam with piety and benevolence. This old man welcomed John to his cottage, and brought him the best refreshments the place would af-

ford. They then entered into conversation, and on the hermit's perceiving that his guest was the renowned giant-killer, he told him that an opportunity now presented itself, by which he might free the neighbouring country from a most cruel and oppressive enemy. "On the summit of a high mountain," said he, "stands an enchanted castle, inhabited by a monstrous giant, called Sutilag, who, by the assistance of a wicked conjuror, betrays many knights and ladies into his power, and transforms them into a variety of shapes; and though several valiant knights have attempted to dissolve the enchantment, none of them have proved successful. Indeed it is said that the entrance of the castle is guarded by two frightful griffins, which destroy every one who attempts to pass them: but as I understand that you have an invisible coat, you may

pass them unperceived, and when you have got within the castle you may possibly think of some means to break the magician's enchantment." John was highly gratified with this account, and assured the hermit that he would cheerfully hazard his life to destroy the castle, and set the unhappy captives at liberty.

Valiant John rose early the next morning, and having equipped himself in his invisible coat and his shoes of swiftness, he brandished the sword of sharpness in his hand, and boldly set forward on his new enterprize.—Having travelled for some time, he ascended the mountain, and soon discovered the giant's castle guarded by two fiery griffins; but as these creatures could not see him, he passed by them without danger. He then walked into the edifice, and soon perceived a pair

of gates, to which hung a golden trumpet inscribed with the following lines,

“ Whene'er this trumpet shall be blown,  
The giant shall be overthrown :  
Th' enchantment then dissolv'd shall be,  
And ev'ry captive shall be free.”

Valiant John read this inscription with great attention, and then putting the trumpet to his mouth, he blew it so loud that the foundation of the castle seemed to tremble, and the giant and the conjuror were thrown into the utmost confusion, as knowing their wicked reign to be at an end. The giant, however, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and accordingly came into the great hall for his club, but whilst he was stooping to take it up, John cut off his head with the sword of sharpness, and the magician was immediately carried away in a whirl-

wind. The castle then suddenly disappeared, and all the unhappy prisoners who had been transformed into birds and beasts, resumed their proper shapes, and returned thanks to the brave hero who had effected their deliverance.—After this exploit John returned to Cornwall, where he married a rich and virtuous lady, and spent the remainder of his life in peace and happiness.



THE ADVENTURES

OF

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON  
AND HIS CAT.

---

**DICK** Whittington, the hero of this little history, was born in a distant part of the country, and had the misfortune to lose his father and mother when he was

very young. A few of the villagers pitied his situation, and occasionally gave him some victuals, but he had no place that could properly be called his home, and he wandered about as ragged as a little colt. When he was about ten years old, however, he had a strong desire to go to London, as he had often heard the streets were paved with gold, and naturally thought he might soon get plenty of money in such a fine place. Accordingly he consulted with a waggoner, and obtained permission to walk by the side of the waggon, without paying any thing for his journey. This pleased little Whittington very much, and as the waggoner kindly gave him some bread and cheese when he had occasion to stop on the road, he arrived in London without being much fatigued.

Poor Dick was sadly disappointed when

he came to examine the pavement, and after wandering about the town till evening, he became very faint and sick for want of food. He then asked charity of several passengers, but some of them called him an idle rogue, others told him to apply to the workhouse, and one, more brutal than the rest, gave him a violent blow on the head with his walking stick.

In this miserable condition the poor boy lay down at the door of a rich merchant named Fitzwarren, and fully expected that he should soon die. The merchant, however, happened to come home, and on hearing Dick's lamentable story, and finding that he was really fainting with hunger, he ordered him to be taken into the kitchen, and supplied with victuals; observing that he might assist the cook in any employment she thought proper to give him,

Whittington was truly grateful for this kindness, and would have been perfectly happy in his new situation, had it not been for the ill usage of the old cook, who was very ill tempered, and frequently beat him with the basting ladle, or with any thing else that happened to come to hand. She also put his bed in a back garret, which was terribly infested with rats and mice, so that it was almost impossible to sleep among them. After some time, however, a gentleman gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, and this money he carefully laid by, in order to purchase a cat. Soon afterwards he met with a poor woman who had a cat to sell, and after much bargaining, he persuaded her to sell it for his penny. He then ran with his bargain into the garret, where she soon destroyed all the vermin, and enabled poor Dick to sleep in peace.

In the course of a few months Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail, and, according to his usual custom, he called all his servants together, and proposed that each should send something as a venture, to try their fortune. Every servant, except Dick, eagerly embraced their master's kind proposal, but he frankly declared that he had neither money nor goods of any description. At length, however, somebody mentioned the cat, and Mr. Fitzwarren desired that she might be sent. Poor Dick was very unwilling to part with puss, and when he gave her to the captain, he burst into tears, observing that he should now be devoured by the rats and mice. His sorrow was laughed at by most of the company; but Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, a most amiable young lady, pitied his distress, and kindly gave him money to buy another cat.

While puss was conveying across the wide ocean, Whittington was cruelly treated by the ill-natured cook, and at length her severity induced him to run away. Accordingly, having put his few clothes in a bundle, he set out early on the morning of Allhallows day, and proceeded as far as Holloway, where he sat down to rest on a stone, which is still called "Whittington's Stone." Whilst he was sitting and musing on his past adventures, Bow bells began ringing, and he fancied they expressed the two following lines :

" Turn again, Whittington,  
Thrice lord-mayor of London."

" What," said he to himself, " shall I ever be lord-mayor, and ride in that fine gilded coach drawn by six horses? Surely my harsh treatment will have an

end some day; and who knows but I may really become lord-mayor?"—A sudden gust of wind at this moment happened to bring the sound of the bells still nearer, and Whittington immediately resolved on returning home. Accordingly, he hastened back as fast as he could, and luckily got home without being missed by the cross cook, who would otherwise have beaten him severely for his absence.

Meanwhile the vessel which carried out Whittington's cat was driven about by adverse winds, till all the provisions were exhausted, and the unfortunate seamen began to think of casting lots that some might be killed to feed the remainder; but in the depth of their distress they happily discovered land, and were hospitably received on the coast of Barbary. Patterns of the cargo were then sent to court, and the king of the country sent for

the captain to dine at the palace. Here he was seated on rich carpets and entertained with music and dancing, and when dinner was served up, his majesty made him sit with himself and the queen at table; but the covers were no sooner taken off the dishes than a prodigious number of rats and mice made their appearance and devoured the greatest part of the dinner. The captain was equally disgusted and astonished at this singular circumstance, and turning to one of the Moorish chiefs who acted as interpreter, he asked whether these vermin were not very offensive? The chief replied, they were so troublesome that the king would give any sum to be rid of them, as they not only devoured his food, but also infested his bed-chamber, so that it was impossible for him to sleep without a guard. The captain immediately recollected

poor Whittington's cat, and, having asked leave to withdraw for a few minutes, he fetched her from the vessel. On his return the animal sprung out of his arms, and made such havoc among the rats and mice that not a single one was left alive in the apartment. The king was so delighted with this unexpected clearance, that he immediately agreed to buy the whole of the captain's merchandise, and to give him in return for the cat a ship load of gold-dust. The queen was, also, charmed with the acquisition of such an useful animal, and on being assured of her tameness, she ventured to take her into her lap, and stroked her till she purred herself to sleep.

About twelve months after Dick Whittington fancied that Bow bells predicted his rising to the mayoralty, Mr. Fitzwarren, who was a very early riser, was sur-

prised by a tap at the door of his counting-house; but on his asking who was there? he had the pleasure to find it was the captain safely returned from Barbary. They entered into conversation on the subject of the voyage, and the captain gave a particular account of all the sufferings that had been endured by his crew: but when he came to mention the interview with the Moorish prince, and the magnificent present sent in exchange for the cat, Mr. Fitzwarren was deeply affected, and ringing for his servant, he exclaimed,

“ Send up poor Dick, that he may hear the same,  
And call him Mr. Whittington by name.”

Our readers may probably think the merchant a very indifferent poet, but it is certain he was a most amiable man, for on some persons observing that the treasure was too much for such a boy as

Dick, he replied with great warmth, " God forbid that I should wrong the poor lad of a penny ; it is all his own, and he shall certainly receive the whole.

When Dick was ordered to go into the parlour, he observed that the hob nails in his shoes would spoil the bright floor, and when Mr. Fitzwarren insisted on his taking a chair, the poor fellow conceived that his master was merely making sport with him. The good merchant, however, assured him that he was perfectly serious, and congratulated him on the astonishing success of his cat.—Poor Dick was totally unable to comprehend this great intelligence, and muttered to himself, " What have they brought me ? A ship load of cats ? A cat load of ships ? A cat of gold ?—The captain laughed heartily at Whittington's confusion, but at length brought forward a box of the

gold dust, and made the lad understand it's nature and value.—Dick then returned thanks to Heaven for it's care of so poor a creature, and earnestly begged his master to accept half the treasure; but that worthy man positively refused taking any part of it, and told him, he heartily wished him life and health to enjoy it. Whittington then made a handsome present to the captain and the ship's company, and distributed his favours with a liberal hand among his fellow servants, not even forgetting the ill-tempered cook, who was now sincerely ashamed of her past cruelty towards so affectionate a creature.

Mr. Whittington was then advised to send for some tradesmen to supply him with clothes suitable to his fortune, and when dressed as a gentlemen he appeared so handsome and agreeable, that Miss Fitzwarren, who had hitherto viewed him

with compassion, now regarded him in another light, and when her father proposed the fortunate youth as a husband, she readily gave him her hand, assuring him that her heart had been won by his virtue and exemplary conduct.

After his union with this amiable lady, Mr. Whittington served the office of sheriff of London, and was three times elected lord-mayor, according to the supposed intimation of Bow bells. In his last mayoralty he entertained king Henry V. at a banquet, when his majesty was heard to say, "Never king had such a subject!" to which Mr. Whittington gallantly replied, "Never subject had such a king." His majesty was so highly pleased with his loyalty and excellent character, that he conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, and gave him many other proofs of his royal favour.—

Sir Richard Whittington lived happy and respected to a good old age, and laid out a great deal of his money, even before his death, in building a church, a college and an hospital, and in supporting a number of decayed citizens; and when he died he was universally regretted, on account of his exemplary piety, and unparalleled benevolence.



THE  
SURPRISING ADVENTURES  
OF  
**TOM THUMB.**

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A Certain farmer and his wife who lived during the reign of King Arthur, were extremely unhappy at the idea of having no children, and after several years had been

spent in fruitless complainings, they agreed to go to the famous conjuror Merlin, and implore his assistance. Accordingly they went to the magician's house, and, finding him at home, begged him to exert his art that they might have a son, even though he should be no bigger than an ordinary man's thumb. Merlin promised to comply with their request, and the simple couple retired, highly delighted with the thoughts of their approaching happiness.

Next day a son was born, and in a few hours he grew as tall as the ploughman's thumb, on which account the queen of the fairies, who presided at his birth, gave him the name of Tom Thumb. She also ordered her tiny attendants to provide him with a dress suitable to his size, and they accordingly clothed him in a shirt made of a spider's web, a coat and waist-

coat of thistle down finely wove, a pair of breeches cut out of the wings of a butterfly, stockings of the most delicate silk, and a pair of shoes made of a chicken's skin curiously tanned.

Tom though so extremely small would amuse himself with the boys of the village, and frequently played with them for cherry stones, but when he had lost all his stock he would silyly creep into the bag, and get them back again. This trick, however, was at length found out, and poor Tom narrowly escaped a severe beating.

Some time afterwards when Tom's mother was making a large Christmas pudding, the little urchin accidentally tumbled into the batter, and was tied up and put in the pot without any one perceiving him. As soon as he felt the heat of the water he began to kick violently, so

that the pudding jumped about in the pot, till his mother thought it was bewitched, and under that idea gave it to a travelling tinker, who happened to call at the door. The old man put the pudding in his budget, and walked merrily off, but after he had walked a little way, Tom cried out so loudly that the tinker in his fright threw down the budget and took to his heels. By this means the pudding was broke to pieces, and little Tom returned in safety to his mother.

Some time after this adventure, the farmer's wife went to milking, and took Tom with her, but as the wind blew very strong, she thought he might be blown away, and therefore tied him to a strong thistle. He had not been long in this situation, however, before one of the cows came up to the spot, and ate up the thistle together with little Thumb. The poor

woman was surprised at missing her son, and began to call him, upon which he answered, "I am in the red cow's belly." His mother naturally gave him over for lost, but Tom played such comical tricks, that the cow soon contrived to get rid of him, and he again went home without any injury.

Upon another occasion Tom's father took him into a ploughed field, and made him a whip of barley straw to frighten the little birds, but he accidentally fell into a deep furrow, and was soon afterwards picked up by a large raven, which flew to a considerable distance with him, and then dropped him into the sea. A large fish caught him as he fell, and Tom consequently imagined that he must now perish; but in the course of a few minutes the fish was taken by some fishermen and sent as a present to king Arthur, where Tom was

released by the cook, and brought before his sovereign. The king was greatly astonished at Tom's diminutive size, but he found him so witty and agreeable that he immediately took him into his royal favour, and kept him for the express purpose of amusing the queen and the courtiers.

After little Thumb had remained several months at court he requested permission to visit his parents, and besought the king to send them some money as they were then grown old. His majesty complied with this request, and sent Tom home to his mother, who was highly gratified at seeing him, and feasted him for three days upon the wing of a lark; but this made him unwell, as he seldom ate so much in a week.

On his return to court he entertained the king and queen with an humorous

account of his journey, and he was so extremely grateful for their goodness in sending him home, that he danced, sung, and played a variety of antics for their diversion. These exertions, however, threw him into a dangerous illness, so that the queen of the fairies thought proper to summon her attendants and carry this little favourite to Fairy land. This was accordingly done, and Tom remained in those delightful regions for several years, but at length he was sent to visit the earth, and he was ordered to descend into king Arthur's palace; but as the king's cook was unfortunately passing with a bowl of hot firmity, Tom fell into the midst of it, and terrified the cook in such a manner, that he dropped the bowl and spilled all the firmity. The cook immediately vowed vengeance against the little offender, and took him into the

kitchen to put him to death, but whilst he was looking for a knife, a miller who was sitting at the table happened to gape, and Tom jumped down his throat unperceived.

Tom soon began to torment the miller, by pinching him in the belly, and tumbling about, so that the poor man thought himself bewitched, and ran to relate his case to a doctor. The doctor listened to him with a very grave face, but on Tom's beginning to sing and shout, he thought proper to call in some other learned men, and after much consultation they agreed that the miller must have been a very wicked man, and that this was a punishment for some unfair dealing. The poor fellow confessed all his cheating tricks, but he could obtain no relief, till at length he went into the garden and threw him up. Tom immediately ran to the palace, and

related his adventures to the king, who treated him with great kindness, and gave him a pair of boots made of a mouse's skin, and a taylor's needle for a sword. He also declared that he should go a hunting, and accordingly procured him a tame white mouse instead of a horse.

The first time that king Arthur went out to the chase he took Tom with him, and all the nobles laughed heartily at the droll appearance of his little nag. They had not proceeded far, when a large cat sprang out of a farm house, and seizing the white mouse and it's rider, scrambled up a tree, by which means Tom was sadly scratched; but he valiantly drew his sword and thrust it in puss's belly, so that she let him fall out of her paws, and one of the nobles fortunately caught him in his hat.

After this accident little Thumb grew in such favour with the king, that he knighted him, and caused a beautiful palace of ivory inlaid with silver to be made for his accommodation. Here Sir Thomas feasted on the choicest dainties, and slept on a little bed of cotton-wool, and when he was disposed to take the air, he always rode in an elegant little coach drawn by six beautiful mice.

These pleasures, however, did not continue long, for poor Tom having unfortunately offended the queen, was represented to his majesty as a wicked and ungrateful person, and was ordered to take his trial for the offence. Little Thumb trembled at the idea of the king's anger, and after much consideration he crept under a large scollop shell, and there lay concealed till the search was over. At length being almost starved for want of food he came out

of his hiding place, and leaped on the back of a young pigeon which was feeding in the court yard. The bird immediately mounted into the air, and as Tom held fast to its feathers, he rode about pretty securely ; but being discovered by the king's servants, they all joined to frighten the pigeon, and Tom at length was shaken off into a little pond, whence he was taken and shut up in a mouse-trap.

Tom's condition was now truly pitiable, as he had no hope of escaping capital punishment. While he was musing on his hard fate a cat approached his prison, and shook the trap about till she broke it open, but on finding Tom instead of a mouse, she turned tail and ran away. Poor Tom thought this a good opportunity to escape, and accordingly crept out of his place of confinement ;

but as the trap had been placed on a shelf, he unfortunately fell into a large pan of milk, and was drowned before any one could come to his assistance.

Thus have we related the various adventures of little Tom Thumb, and although our young readers must perceive the whole to be a *fable*, it may convey this useful moral, that the accomplishment of an improper wish will always be productive of trouble and vexation. The farmer and his wife had no right to wish for a son, unless *Providence* had given them one; and when they obtained their wish by applying to the conjuror, this little heir proved equally troublesome in his life, and unfortunate in his death. It is therefore the duty of all persons, whether parents or children, to *be content with such things as they have.*



THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
*ROBIN HOOD.*

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WHEN the mistaken zeal of king Richard the First led him to carry on a ruinous and expensive war against the infidels in Palestine, the intestine troubles of England were very great, the king's brother caballing to dethrone the absent sovereign, and many of the nobles

arming against each other. This was an opportunity which outlaws and banditti would by no means neglect, and the country was overrun with desperadoes of this description. Among these one of the most noted was Robin Hood, who is said to have been of noble extraction, and afterwards created an earl, for some important service which he rendered to the state; but having exhausted all his fortune, he could not bear the idea of being a dependant, and therefore he retired to Sherwood forest, where he soon collected an hundred expert bowmen, besides his favourite Little John; and such was the valour of himself and his companions that he soon became the terror of the surrounding country. His depredations however were only committed on the rich, as he constantly assisted and relieved the poor, and was never known to stop or rifle any woman.

One day as bold Robin was hunting in the forest, he met with Clorinda, an amiable and beautiful maid, who was universally called the queen of the shepherds. She was dressed in a green velvet gown, and held a bow in her hand, while a quiver of arrows hung gracefully by her side, and her fine auburn locks floated in the wind. Her cheeks were animated with the glow of health, and she might have been easily mistaken for the goddess Diana, of whom the ancient poets have related so many wonderful stories. Robin Hood was charmed with her appearance, and eagerly demanded whither she was going? She replied, "to kill a fat buck for Titbury feast," and at the same moment, espying a large herd of deer, she singled out the finest buck, and with unerring aim shot him through the heart. Robin was enraptured at this proof of uncommon skill, and begged permission

to accompany the nymph to Titbury feast. This was granted, and the brave forester used such persuasive arguments, that Clorinda consented to become his bride, and went home to his bower in Sherwood forest, where a priest united them in the bands of matrimony, and Robin Hood gave a magnificent feast on the occasion.

Some time after his marriage, Robin Hood was wandering about the forest, when he overtook a young man, of a remarkably comely aspect, and genteelly dressed, who stood gazing at a herd of deer, and vowed that one of them should furnish him with a dinner. Accordingly he drew his bow, and slew the best of the herd at the distance of forty yards. Robin admired his dexterity, and asked him whether he would consent to become one of his brave yeomen? but the other answered rather roughly, and after much

dispute they came to blows with their swords. Robin had the advantage at first, but the stranger fought with such fury and resolution that the brave forester was soon covered with blood, and demanded a parley that he might learn the name of so brave a combatant. The stranger readily answered, "My name is Gamwell, and my father resides at Gamwell Hall, but having accidentally slain one of the servants, I have been compelled to quit the place of my nativity, and am now seeking an uncle who has taken up his residence in this forest, and is called Robin Hood."—Gamwell had no sooner uttered these words than Robin folded him in his arms in the most affectionate manner, and conducted him to the green bower, where he was introduced to Little John and Clorinda, as a firm friend and a valuable acquisition.

○ A few days afterward, Robin Hood

met with a sturdy looking fellow with a long oak staff upon his shoulder, who wandered about the forest, and seemed contemplating the deer. Bold Robin, thinking to have some sport, commanded him to stand and give an account of himself, observing that the king had put him to guard the forest, and therefore he had an undisputed right to question strangers. The man, however, gave him a saucy answer, telling him that he neither regarded him nor his weapons, and that he was ready to fight him with the staff he carried on his shoulder. Robin accepted the challenge, and laying aside his bow and his sword, he fell upon the other with an oaken staff; but the stranger fought as furiously as himself, and they continued beating each other for upwards of an hour, so that the very wood seemed to ring with the dreadful strokes. At length finding that neither was likely to

conquer, they agreed to give over, and the stranger informed his opponent that he was Arthur a Bland, the famous Nottingham tanner, whose strength and courage were well known in the neighbouring country. Robin Hood was highly gratified at this unexpected meeting, and immediately gave his hand to Arthur, who promised to spend the remainder of his life with him. At the same instant Little John came up, and was anxious to revenge his master; but on hearing the name of the brave tanner, he recognized him as a relation, and almost stifled him with embraces, and vowed that nothing should separate such valiant men from each other.—A similar circumstance took place soon afterwards between Robin and a tinker, and when the forester found it impossible to overcome this man of metal, he adopted his usual expedient of uniting him with his valiant archers.

Some time after these adventures Robin Hood met with a butcher, who was riding to market to dispose of his meat. The bold outlaw immediately purchased the horse and its burden, and set off to Nottingham in the character of a butcher. On his arrival he went to the sheriff's house, according to the custom of those times, and took up his lodging till it was time to expose his meat to sale. At length he went into the market, and soon got prodigious custom, as he sold better weight and at a much lower price than any of the other butchers. He then returned to the sheriff's to dinner, and begged all the other butchers to drink plentifully, as he would pay all the reckoning. This conduct induced the company to suppose him some wild prodigal who had sold all his land, and was willing to get rid of his money as fast as possible. The sheriff was of the same

opinion, and hoped to make some advantage by Robin's generous disposition. He therefore asked whether he had any horned cattle to dispose of, and on Robin's assuring him that he had a great number, he immediately saddled his horse, and taking a quantity of gold, accompanied Robin to Sherwood; but they were no sooner in the middle of the forest, than Robin sounded his horn, and Little John and the archers came to demand their master's pleasure. "I have brought the sheriff of Nottingham, (said the forrester) to dine with us, as he has abundance of gold to pay for his entertainment." The archers welcomed him to their retreat, and Robin took out of the sheriff's portmanteau three hundred pieces of gold, which were safely deposited in the green bower: but as the sheriff seemed almost dead with fear, Robin led him to the edge of the wood, and there left him,

begging to be remembered to the ladies at home.

Upon another time Robin discovered a certain bishop, who was his inveterate enemy, accompanied by some stout fellows, and looking for him on the skirts of the forest. Robin being alone, durst not venture to approach these men, and therefore persuaded a poor old woman to change clothes with him, by which means he got clear off without suspicion, and joined his company. The bishop, in the mean time, fancied he had seen the outlaw enter the cottage, and accordingly went thither, demanding him to be delivered up on pain of the king's displeasure. A little girl opened a closet door, and discovered the old woman habited as the forrester, so the bishop bound her hands behind her, and carried her on his own horse, exulting in the idea of having secured Robin Hood. They had not pro-

ceeded far, however, before the bishop perceived a hundred bowmen standing in close conversation, and the reins of his horse were immediately seized by bold Robin, while the prelate had the mortification to find that he had mistaken an old woman for an outlaw, and that he was now at the mercy of the very man whom he came to apprehend. The unfortunate bishop was then tied to a tree, and robbed of all his money, amounting to five hundred pounds, after which he was permitted to depart, amidst the triumphant shouts of Robin's yeomanry.

A few weeks afterwards a young man well drest and of a comely appearance was seized by two of the archers, and brought before brave Robin, who asked him if he had any money to spare for the valiant yeomen of the forest. The stranger replied, he had nothing about him but a few shillings, and a ring,

which he had kept many years for his intended bride ; “ but alas,” said he, “ although yesterday was appointed for our union, she has been cruelly taken from me, and is this day to be married to a wealthy old knight ; so that I am now careless of my life, and you may do with me as you please.”—Bold Robin was much affected at the stranger’s distress, and finding that his name was Allen a Dale, he said, “ If thou wilt join my yeomen, Allen, and espouse my cause with sincerity, I will rescue thy love from the old knight and give her to thee.” Allen protested that he would be grateful for so important a service, and Robin Hood immediately hastened to the church where the young lass was to be married against her will. On entering the sacred edifice, Robin took his station near the altar, and at the approach of the bride and bridegroom he gave a loud blast with his

horn, upon which twenty-four bold archers entered the church, and Allen a Dale, who marched foremost, gave Robin his weapons. The bold forester then declared that the maiden should be immediately united to her true lover, but the priest declared that the ceremony could not be performed till the banns had been published three times. Robin however was positive, and pulling off the priest's surplice he put it upon Little John, who assumed an air of unusual solemnity, and asked the couple *seven* times in the church lest three times should not be enough. Bold Robin gave away the bride, the bowmen stood ready to chastise any who should oppose the ceremony, and Allen a Dale returned in triumph with his spouse to Sherwood forest.

In the midst of the nuptial rejoicings, however, Robin Hood received the disagreeable intelligence that Will Stutely,

one of his bravest men, had been taken to prison, and condemned to the gallows. He immediately took an oath of his brave archers that they would hazard their lives to rescue their unfortunate comrade, and accordingly they all issued out of the forest, armed with their very best weapons. When they came opposite to the castle where Stutely was confined, they formed an ambush, and then dispatched one of their number to enquire of an old beggar what time the execution would take place. The beggar replied it would be in a few hours, and at the same time regretted the fate of the prisoner, observing that if valiant Robin Hood were acquainted with the matter he would certainly have sent some assistance. The archer thanked him for his information, and retired to Robin and his companions.

At the appointed time the castle gates were thrown open, and Will Stutely,

bound with cords, was led to the scaffold. His countenance was bold and furious, and he begged the sheriff to let him die as a man with a sword in his hand, or even to let him have his hands at liberty, that he might not expire as a coward. The sheriff however turned a deaf ear to his petitions, and assured him that he should be hanged like a dog, and that his master should share the same fate, if he ever happened to be caught. At this moment Little John mounted the scaffold, and humbly begged leave to speak with his friend. He had no sooner reached him than he cut his bands asunder, and put a sword in his hand, with which he soon put the executioner to flight. Robin Hood and his intrepid yeomen then came forward, and discharged such a flight of arrows, that the ground was soon cleared, and they con-

ducted Will Stutely home, with shouts and songs of rejoicing.

Another time Robin having heard that the bishop of Hereford was coming thro' the forest, dressed himself and three of his men in shepherds' apparel, and having killed a fat buck, sat down by the way side, and began to cut it up. Presently the bishop rode up to the spot, and demanded who they were, and how they durst kill the king's venison? They replied, they were shepherds who had met together, and had taken the liberty to kill a deer, by way of making a feast. The proud prelate told them it was very well, but they must go with him before the king. They humbly besought his lordship's pardon, and represented that it would not be consistent with his profession to take away the lives of three poor men. He laughed at their intreaties, however, and was preparing to order

his servants to secure them, when Robin blew his horn, and the bishop was instantly surrounded by upwards of eighty brave archers, headed by Little John. On hearing how the bishop had behaved, they begged that he might be hanged on the next tree; but although he had shewn himself so hard-hearted, Robin Hood resolved to spare his life, and contented himself with taking all his gold, amounting to nearly four hundred pounds. He then took him to the town and entertained him with music and singing, obliging him to join in the noisy chorus, and to dance in his boots, after which he was permitted to go home without any farther molestation.

Whilst brave Robin was performing these exploits in Sherwood Forest and the adjacent country, Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, promised a very considerable reward to any person who would appre-

hend or kill him. Several stratagems were accordingly devised, and many persons undertook the perilous enterprize, but all their attempts proved fruitless, as the bold forester repelled force by force, and art by cunning. At length, however, he was seized with a dangerous illness, and went to a certain nunnery in Yorkshire, where he might be blooded, but some of the friars knowing him, they resolved to obtain the bishop's reward, and accordingly bled him to death about the latter end of the year 1395.—On receiving intelligence of this circumstance, Little John and his companions thought proper to abscond, and accordingly crossed the seas as soon as possible; while poor Clorinda returned to her friends, and wept over the loss of her husband till she at length died of a broken heart.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;

AN

*ENTERTAINING MORAL TALE.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

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**T**HERE was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three sons and three daughters; being a man of sense, he spared no cost for their education, but

gave them all kinds of masters. His daughters were extremely handsome, especially the youngest; when she was little every body admired her, and called her '*The Little Beauty*'; so that, as she grew up, she still went by the name of *Beauty*, which made her sisters very jealous. The youngest, as she was handsomer, was also better than her sisters. The two eldest had a great deal of pride, because they were rich. They gave themselves ridiculous airs, and would not visit other merchant's daughters, nor keep company with any but persons of quality. They went out every day upon parties of pleasure, balls, plays, or concerts; and laughed at their youngest sister, because she spent the greatest part of her time in reading good books. As it was known that they were great fortunes, several eminent merchants made their addresses to them; but the two eldest said, they

would never marry, unless they could meet with a duke or an earl at least. Beauty very civilly thanked them that courted her, but told them she was too young yet to marry, and chose to stay with her father a few years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country-house at a great distance from town, and told his children weeping, they must go there and work for their living. The two eldest answered, that indeed they would not leave the town, for they had several lovers who they were sure would be glad to have them though they had no fortune; but the ladies were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved on account of their haughtiness, every body said, "They do not deserve to be pitied, we are very glad to see their pride humbled, let them go and give themselves

quality airs in milking their cows, and minding their dairy. But, added they, we are extremely concerned for Beauty, she was such a charming sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kind to people, and was of such an affable, obliging behaviour." Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country, to comfort and attend him.

When they came to their country-house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage; and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and dinner ready for the family. In the beginning, she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant, but in less than two months she

grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read, played on the harpsicord, or else sung while she spun. On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance. “Do but see our youngest sister,” said they one to the other, “what a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy, dismal situation.” The good merchant however was of quite a different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty outshone her sisters in her person as well as her mind, and admired her humility and industry, but above all her meekness and patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment.

The family had lived about a year in

this retirement, when the merchant received a letter, with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, was safely arrived. This news had like to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hopes of returning to town, for they were quite weary of a country life; and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged him to buy them new gowns, head dresses, ribands, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing, as she thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive, would scarcely be sufficient to purchase every thing her sisters wanted. “What will you have, Beauty?” said her father. “Since you have the goodness to think of me,” answered she, “be so kind as to bring me a rose, for as none grow hereabouts, they are a kind of rarity.” Not that Beauty

cared for a rose, but she asked for something; lest she should seem by her example to condemn her sister's conduct, who would have said she did it only to look particular. The good man went on his journey, but when he came there, they went to law with him about the merchandise, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose, he came back as poor as before.

He was within thirty miles of his own house thinking on the pleasure he should have in seeing his children again, when going through a large forest he lost himself. It rained and snowed terribly; besides, the wind was so high, that it blew him twice off his horse, and night coming on, he began to apprehend being either starved to death with cold and hunger, or else devoured by the wolves, which he heard howling all around him; but, on a sudden, looking through a long walk

of trees, he saw a light, and going on a little farther, perceived it came from a palace illuminated from top to bottom. The merchant was overjoyed at this happy discovery, and hastened to the place, but was greatly surprised at not meeting with any one in the out-courts. His horse followed him, and seeing a large stable open, went in and finding both hay and oats, the poor beast fell to eating very heartily; the merchant tied him up to the manger, and walked towards the house, where he saw no one; but entering into a large hall, he found a good fire, and a table plentifully set out, with but one cover laid. As he was wet through with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take; I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, till it struck eleven, and still nobody came; at last he was so hungry, that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken and ate it at a few mouthfuls, trembling all the while. After this he drank a few glasses of wine, and growing more courageous, he went out of the hall, and crossed through several grand apartments with magnificent furniture, till he came into a chamber, which had an exceeding good bed in it; and as he was very much fatigued, and it was past midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door and go to bed.

It was ten the next morning before the merchant awaked, and as he was going to rise, he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes instead of his own, which were quite spoiled: "Certainly," said he, "this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has pitied my distress." He

looked through a window, but instead of snow saw some delightful arbours, interwoven with the most beautiful flowers that were ever beheld. He then returned into the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good madam fairy," said he aloud, "for having provided me a breakfast, I am extremely obliged to you for all your favours."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look after his horse; but passing through an arbour of roses, he remembered Beauty's request, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him, that he was ready to faint away. "You are very ungrateful," said the Beast to him, in a terrible voice; "I have saved your life by receiving you into

my castle, and in return, you steal my roses, which I value beyond any thing in the universe, but you shall die for it; I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself, and say your prayers." The merchant fell on his knees, and lifting up both his hands,—“ My lord,” said he, “ I beseech you to forgive me; indeed I had no intention of offending you in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one.” “ My name is not my Lord,” replied the monster, “ but Beast; I don't love compliments, not I; I like people should speak as they think; therefore do not imagine I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches: But you say you have got daughters; I will forgive you, on condition that one of them comes voluntarily and suffers for you. Let me have no hesitation, but go about your business, and swear, that if your daughter refuses

to die in your stead, you will return within three months. The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once more, so he promised, upon oath, he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased, "but," added he, "you shall not depart empty handed; go back into the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest, fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and at the same time the Beast withdrew. "Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bed-chamber, and finding a great quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled the great chest, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of

the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest, and in a few hours the good man was at home. His children came round him, but instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and holding up the branch he had in his hand, he burst into tears. "Here, Beauty," said he, "take these roses, but little do you think how dear they had like to cost your unhappy father;" and then related his fatal adventure. Immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty, who did not cry at all. "Do but see the pride of that little wretch," said they, "she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no, truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself, so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so

much as shed a tear." "Why should I?" answered Beauty, "it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account; since the monster will accept of one of his daughters, I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender affection." "No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be, we will go find the monster, and either kill him, or perish in the attempt." "Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant, "the Beast's power is so great, that I have no hopes of your overcoming him: I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it; I am old, and have not long to live, therefore shall only lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes alone, my dear children." "Indeed father," said Beauty, "you shall not go

to the palace without me, you cannot hinder me from following you." It was to no purpose all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the palace, and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtues made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so affected at the thoughts of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest-full of gold; but at night when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber-door, than to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside: he was determined, however, not to tell his children that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who informed him that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters: she begged her father to consent to their mar-

riage, and give them fortunes ; for she was so good, that she loved them, and forgave them from her heart all the injuries they had ever done her ; yet, when Beauty went with her father, these two wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears, but her brothers were really concerned : Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness.

The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they perceived it illuminated as at first. The horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no appetite, but Beauty, endeavouring to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. Afterwards, thought she to herself, the Beast

surely, has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such plentiful entertainment. When they had supped, they heard a great noise, and the merchant, all in tears, bid his poor child farewell, for he thought it was the Beast. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly, “ye—e—s,” said she trembling; “You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you; honest man, go your ways to-morrow morning, but never think of coming here again. Farewel, Beauty.” “Farewel, Beast,” answered she; and immediately the monster withdrew.

“O daughter,” said the merchant, embracing Beauty, “I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here:” “No, father,” said Beauty, in a resolute tone,

“ you shall set out to-morrow morning, and leave me to the protection of Providence.” They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarcely were they laid down when they fell fast asleep, and Beauty dreamed, a fine lady came, and said to her, I am pleased, Beauty, with your piety for your father; the good action you have performed, in giving up your own life to save his, shall not go unrewarded.” Beauty waked, and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly, when he took leave of his dear child.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she recommended herself to Providence, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live,

for she firmly believed the Beast would eat her up that night.

However, she thought she might as well walk about till then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring. It was a delightful pleasant palace, and she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was wrote "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly excited her attention, was a large library, a harpsicord, and several music books.—"Well," said she to herself, "I see they will not let my time hang heavy upon my hands for want of amusement. Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a day, there "would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh courage; opening the li-

brary, she took up a book, and read these words in letters of gold:

“ Welcome, Beauty, banish fear;

“ You are queen and mistress here:

“ Speak your wishes, speak your will,

“ Swift obedience meets them still.”

“ Alas!” said she, with a sigh, “ there is nothing I desire so much as to see my father, and know what he is doing.” She had no sooner said this, than casting her eyes on a looking-glass, to her great amazement, she saw her own home, where her father arrived with a very dejected countenance; her sisters went to meet him, and notwithstanding their endeavours to appear sorrowful, their joy for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature: A moment after, every thing disappeared, and Beauty’s apprehensions of fear, at this proof of the Beast’s complaisance, were greatly abated.

At noon she found her dinner ready, and while at table, was entertained with an excellent concert of music, though without seeing any body: but at night, as she was going to sit down to supper, she heard the noise the Beast made, and could not help being sadly terrified. “Beauty,” said the monster, “will you give me leave to see you sup?” “That is as you please,” answered Beauty, trembling. “No,” replied the Beast, “you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me be gone, if my presence is troublesome, and I will immediately withdraw: But, tell me, do you not think me very ugly?” “That is true,” said Beauty, “for I cannot tell a lie, but I believe you are very good-natured.” “So I am,” said the monster, “but then, besides my ugliness, I have no sense; I know very well, that I am a poor, silly, stupid creature.” “’Tis no sign of folly

to think so," replied Beauty, "for never did a fool know this, or had so hurable a conceit of his own understanding." "Eat, then, Beauty," said the monster, "and endeavour to amuse yourself in your palace, for every thing here is yours, and I should be very uneasy, if you were not happy." "You are very obliging," answered Beauty; "I own I am pleased with your kindness, and when I consider that, your deformity scarcely appears." "Yes, yes," said the Beast, "my heart is good, but still I am a monster." "Among mankind," said Beauty, "there are many that deserve that name more than you, and I prefer you, just as you are, to those, who, under a human form, hide a treacherous, corrupt, and ungrateful mind." "If I had sense enough," replied the Beast, "I would make a fine compliment to thank you, but I am so

dull, that I can only say, I am greatly obliged to you."

Beauty ate a hearty supper, and had almost conquered her dread of the monster; but she had almost fainted away, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?" It was some time before she durst answer, for she was afraid of making him angry, if she refused. At last, however, she said, trembling, "No, Beast." Immediately the poor monster began sighing, and made such a horrid hissing, that the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for the Beast having said, in a mournful voice, 'Farewel, Beauty,' he left the room; only turning back now and then, to look at her as he went out.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for the poor Beast.—"Alas!" said she, "'tis a thou-

sand pities any thing so good-natured should be so extremely ugly.

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the palace: Every evening the Beast paid her a visit, and talked to her during supper, very rationally, with good common sense, but never with what the world calls wit; and Beauty daily discovered some valuable qualifications in the monster; and seeing him often, had so accustomed her to his deformity, that far from dreading the time of his visit, she would often look on her watch to see when it would be nine, for the Beast never missed coming at that hour. There was but one thing which gave Beauty any concern, which was, that every night before she went to bed, the monster always asked her, if she would be his wife. One day she said to him, "Beast, you make me very uneasy; I wish I could consent to marry you, but I am too sin-

ere to make you believe that will ever happen; I shall always esteem you as a friend; endeavour to be satisfied with this." "I must," said the Beast, "for, alas! I know too well my own misfortune, but then I love you with the tenderest affection: However, I ought to think myself happy, that you will stay here; promise me never to leave me."

Beauty blushed at these words; she had seen in her glass, that her father had pined himself sick for her loss, and she longed to see him again. "I could," answered she, "indeed promise never to leave you entirely, but I have so great a desire to see my father, that I shall fret myself to death if you refuse me that satisfaction." "I had rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you the least uneasiness: I will send you to your father; you shall remain with him, and your poor Beast will die with grief."

“ No,” said Beauty, weeping, “ I love you too well to be the cause of your death : I give you my promise to return in a week : You have shewn me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army ; only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone.” “ You shall be there to-morrow morning,” said the Beast, “ but remember your promise ; you need only lay your ring on a table when you go to bed when you have a mind to come back. Farewel, Beauty.” The Beast, as usual, sighed, bidding her good night, and Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she waked the next morning, she found herself at her father’s, and having rang a little bell, that was by her bedside, she saw the maid come, who, the moment she saw her, gave a loud shriek ; at which the good man ran up stairs, and was overwhelmed with joy to see his dear

daughter again. He held her fast locked in his arms above a quarter of an hour. As soon as the first transports were over, Beauty began to think of rising, and was afraid she had no clothes to put on; but the maid told her, that she had just found, in the next room, a large trunk full of gowns, covered with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked the good Beast for his great care, and taking one of the plainest of them, she intended to make a present of the rest to her sisters. She scarcely had said so, when the trunk disappeared. Her father told her that the Beast insisted on her keeping them for herself, and immediately both gowns and trunk came back again.

Beauty dressed herself, and in the mean time they sent to her sisters, who hastened thither with their husbands. They were both of them very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman extremely

handsome indeed, but so fond of his own person, that he was full of nothing else, and totally neglected his wife. The second had married a man of wit, but he only made use of it to plague and torment every body, and his wife most of all. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy, when they saw her dressed like a princess, and more beautiful than ever, nor could all her obliging affectionate behaviour stifle their jealousy, which was ready to burst when she told them how happy she was. They went down into the garden to vent it by tears, and said one to the other, "In what is this little creature better than us, that she should be so much happier? Sister, said the eldest, a thought just strikes into my mind; let us endeavour to detain her above a week, and perhaps the silly monster would be so enraged at her for breaking her word, that he will devour her." "Right, sister,"

answered the other, therefore we must shew her as much kindness as possible." After they had taken this resolution, they went up and behaved so affectionately to their sister, that poor Beauty wept for joy. When the week was expired, they cried and tore their hair, and seemed so sorry to part with her, that she promised to stay a week longer.

In the mean time Beauty could not help reflecting on herself for the uneasiness she was likely to give the poor Beast, whom she sincerely loved, and really longed to see again. The tenth night she spent at her father's, she dreamed she was in the palace garden, and that she saw the Beast extended on the grass plot, seemingly just expiring, and in a dying voice reproaching her with ingratitude. Beauty started out of her sleep, and bursting into tears,—“Am not I very wicked,” said she, “to act so unkindly to a Beast, that

has studied so much in every thing to give me pleasure? Is it his fault if he is so ugly, and has so little sense? He is kind and good, and that is sufficient. Why could not I consent to marry him? I should be happier with this monster than my sisters are with their husbands, since it is neither wit, nor a fine person, in a husband that makes a woman happy; but virtue, sweetness of temper, and complaisance; and the Beast has all these valuable qualifications. It is true, I do not feel the tenderness of affection for him; but I find I have the highest gratitude, esteem and friendship, and I will not make him miserable; were I to be so ungrateful, I should never forgive myself." Beauty having said this, rose, put her ring on the table, and then laid down again; scarce was she in bed before she fell asleep, and when she waked the

next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast's palace.

She put on one of the richest suits to please him, and waited for evening with the utmost impatience; at last the wished for hour came, the clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. Beauty then feared she had been the cause of his death; she ran crying and wringing her hands all about the palace, like one in despair; after having sought for him every where, she recollected her dream, and flew to the canal in the garden, where she dreamed she saw him. There she found the poor Beast stretched out, quite senseless, and as she imagined dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread, and finding his heart beat, she fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head. The Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise, and I was so afflict-

ed for having lost you, that I resolved to starve myself; but since I have the happiness of seeing you once more, I die satisfied." "No, my dear Beast," said Beauty, "you must not die! live to be my husband; from this moment I give you my hand, and swear to be none but yours. Alas! I thought I had only a friendship for you, but the grief I now feel convinces me, that I cannot live without you." Beauty had scarce pronounced these words, when she saw the palace sparkle with light, and fire-works, instruments of music, and every thing seemed to give notice of some great event, but nothing could fix her attention; she turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear; but how great was her surprise! The Beast had disappeared, and she saw at her feet, one of the loveliest princes that eye ever beheld; who returned her thanks for having put an end

to the charm, under which he had so long resembled a monster. Though this prince was worthy of all her attention, she could not forbear asking where the Beast was. "You see him at your feet," said the prince; "a wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape, till a beautiful virgin should consent to marry me: The fairy likewise enjoined me to conceal my understanding; thus there was only you in the world generous enough to be won by the goodness of my temper; and in offering you my crown, I cannot discharge the obligations I have to you." Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming Prince her hand to rise; they went together into the castle, and Beauty was overjoyed to find in the great hall, her father and his whole family, whom the beautiful lady, that appeared to her in a dream, had conveyed thither.

“Beauty,” said this lady, “come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty, and deserve to find a person in whom all these qualifications are united: You are going to be a great queen; I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, or make you forget yourself. As to you, ladies,” said the fairy to Beauty’s sisters, “I know your hearts, and all the malice they contain: Become two statues, yet, under this transformation still retain your reason. You shall stand before your sister’s palace gate, and be it your punishment to behold her happiness; and it will not be in your power to return to your former state, till you own your faults; but I am very much afraid you will always remain statues; pride, anger, gluttony, and idleness, are sometimes conquered, but the conversion of a malicious and envious mind is a kind of

miracle." Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand, and in a moment all that were in the hall were transported into the prince's dominions; his subjects received him with joy; he married Beauty, and lived with her many years in perfect happiness, because it was founded on virtue.

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