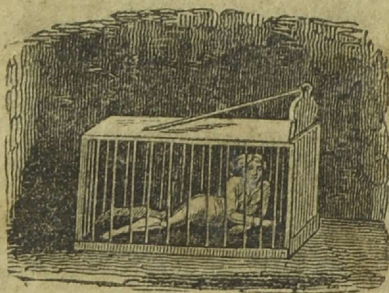


THE HISTORIES  
OF  
TOM THUMB,  
AND  
LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

Embellished with neat Wood-Engravings.



EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED FOR  
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PRICE TWOPENCE.



Poor Tom fell plump into the middle of the bowl of hot furmenty,  
and splashed it about the cook's face.—Page 12.



# HISTORY

OF

## TOM THUMB.

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THIS is an amusing little history, abounding with so many ludicrous incidents, that it almost never fails to excite the merriment of the young reader. Tales of enchantments and transformations by fairies and magicians, being mere fancies of the brain, are believed by no one; and although the wonderful achievements of the renowned Tom Thumb are of this description, yet the many laughable adventures which our hero goes through, makes the story be eagerly sought after by juvenile readers of both sexes.

It is said, that in the days of the celebrated Prince Arthur, who was king of Britain in the year 516, there lived a great magician, called Merlin, the most learned and skilful enchanter in the world at that time.

This great magician, who could assume any form he pleased, was travelling in the disguise of a beggar, and being much fatigued, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to rest himself, and asked for some refreshment.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome; and his wife, who was a very goodhearted, hospitable woman, soon brought him some milk in

a wooden bowl and some coarse brown bread on a platter.



Merlin was much pleased with this homely repast, and the kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help observing, that, though every thing was neat and comfortable in the cottage, they seemed both to be very dispirited and unhappy. He therefore questioned them on the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she would be the happiest creature in the world, if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be quite satisfied.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of



a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to pay a visit to the queen of the fairies, and request her to gratify the wishes of the poor woman. When he had accomplished his journey, Merlin thought on the kind treatment he had received at the cottage, and the comical whim of the little man again suggested itself; and, being on an intimate footing with Queen Mab, he told her the purpose of his visit, and requested her to grant the desire of the countryman's wife.

The droll fancy of such a little personage among the human race pleased the queen of the fairies exceedingly, and she told Merlin that the wish of the poor woman should be granted. Accordingly, in a short time after, the ploughman's wife was safely delivered of a son, who, wonderful to relate! was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy queen, who had taken an interest in the little fellow, came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in the bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and giving it the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favourite according to the instructions she gave them:

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;  
His shirt of web by spiders spun,  
With jacket wove of thistle's down;  
His trousers were of feathers done.  
His stockings, of apple rind, they tie  
With eyelash from his mother's eye;  
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,  
Tann'd with the downy hair within.

It is remarkable that Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was only

of an ordinary size ; but, as he got older, he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and getting out unobserved, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones where he had been pilfering as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. " Ah, ha ! my little Tommy," said the boy, " so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake, that poor little Tom's legs, thighs, and body, were very sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to be guilty of such bad practices again.

A short time afterwards, his mother was making a batter pudding, and Tom, being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl ; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying ; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot that his mother thought the pudding was bewitched, and instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it to the door. A poor tinker,



who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker, that he flung down the pudding, and ran away. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered over with the batter, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woful state, put him into a tea-cup, and soon washed off the batter ; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, for fear of his being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon observed the oak-leaf hat, and, liking the appearance of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could —“ Mother, mother !” —“ Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy ?” said his mother.

“ Here, mother,” replied he, “ in the red cow's mouth.”

His mother began to cry and wring her hands ; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth, and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.



Tom's father made him a whip of a barley-straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, he slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the sea-side, and there left him.

Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened; for Old Grumbo the giant came up to walk on the terrace, and observing Tom, he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom, than he began to repent what he had done; for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up again into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom



the moment he fell into the sea, which was soon after caught, and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish, in order to cook it, every one was astonished at finding such



a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted at regaining his liberty. They carried him to the king, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favourite at court; for, by his tricks and gambols, he not only amused the king and queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that, when the king rode out on horseback, he frequently took Tom along with him; and if a shower came on he used to creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day interrogated Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as

small as him, and what circumstances they were in. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as any of the persons about court, but in rather poor circumstances. On hearing this, the king carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a silver threepenny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the burden upon his back ; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had travelled forty-eight hours with a huge silver piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so, as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him ; but the poor little fellow was excessively wearied, having travelled half a mile in forty-eight hours, with a huge silver threepenny-piece on his back. His mother, in order to recover him from the fatigue he had undergone, placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazel-nut, which made him very sick ; for a whole nut used to serve him a month.

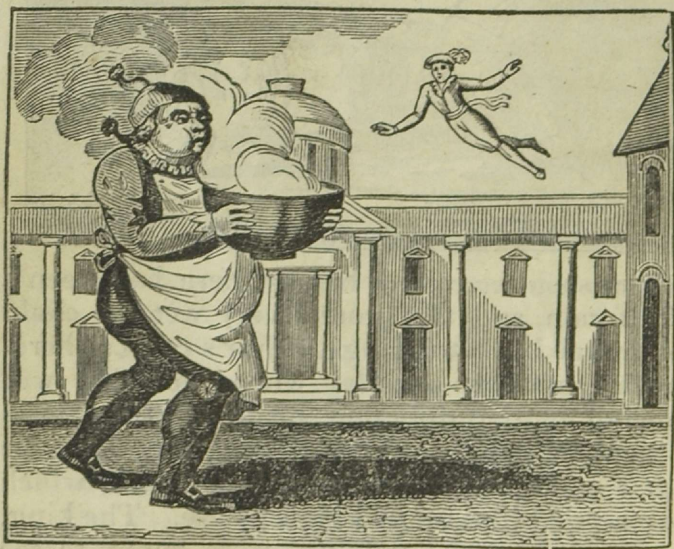




Tom soon recovered, but as there had been a fall of rain, and the ground very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric paper, and tying Tom to it, she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the king's palace. The king, queen, and all the nobility, were happy to see Tom again at court, where he delighted them by his dexterity at tilts and tournaments; but his exertions to please them cost him very dear, and brought on such a severe fit of illness that his life was despaired of. However, the queen of the fairies, hearing of his indisposition, came to court in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, drove through the air

without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairy Land, the queen commanded a strong current of air to arise, on which she placed Tom, who floated upon it like a cork in the water, and sent him instantly to the royal palace of King Arthur.

Just at the time when Tom came flying across the court-yard of the palace, the cook happened



to be passing with the king's great bowl of furmenty, which was a dish his majesty was very fond of; but unfortunately the poor little fellow fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for frightening and scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to



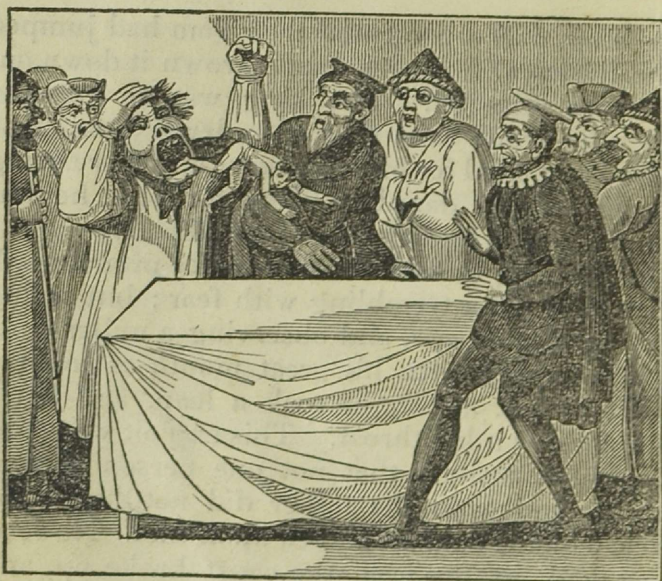
the king, and represented that Tom had jumped into the royal furmenty, and thrown it down out of mere mischief. The king was so enraged when he heard this, that he ordered Tom to be seized and tried for high treason ; and there being no person who dared to plead for him, he was condemned to be beheaded immediately.

On hearing this dreadful sentence pronounced, poor Tom fell a-trembling with fear ; but seeing no means of escape, and observing a miller close to him gaping with his great mouth as country boobies do at a fair, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such activity that not one person present saw it, and even the miller did not know the trick which Tom had played upon him. Now, as Tom had disappeared, the court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work, he knew he was clear of the court, and therefore he began to tumble and roll about, so that the poor miller could get no rest, thinking he was bewitched ; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing ; and the doctor being as much frightened as the miller, sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

While they were debating upon the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, the miller happened to yawn, when Tom, embracing the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table.

The miller, who was very much provoked at being tormented by such a little pigmy creature,



fell into a terrible rage, and laying hold of Tom, he then opened the window, and threw him into the river.

At the moment the miller let Tom drop, a large salmon swimming along at the time, saw him fall, and snapped him up in a minute.

A fisherman caught the salmon, and sold it in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, on seeing the fish, thought it so uncommonly fine, that he made a present of it to King Arthur, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the fish, he found poor Tom, and ran to the king with him; but his majesty ordered him to be taken away and kept in custody till he sent for him.

The cook was determined that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into



a mouse-trap, where he remained a whole week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him, and took him again into favour. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the king, and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb.

As Tom's clothes had suffered much, his majesty ordered him a new suit, and to be mounted as a knight:

Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,  
His boots of chicken's hide ;  
And by a nimble fairy blade,  
Well learned in the tailoring trade,  
His clothing was supplied.—  
A needle dangled by his side ;  
A dapper mouse he used to ride.  
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride !

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress, and mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the king and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farm-house, a large cat, which was lurking about the door, seized both Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse ; but Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat, and laid him on a bed of down.

The queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairy Land, where he remained several years. During his residence there, King Arthur and all the persons who knew Tom had died ; and as he was desirous of being again at court, the fairy queen, after



dressing him in a new suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, the successor of Arthur. Every one flocked round to see him, and being carried to the king, he was asked who he was—whence he came—and where he lived? Tom answered—

My name is Tom Thumb,  
From the fairies I've come :  
When King Arthur shone  
This court was my home ;  
In me he delighted,  
By him I was knighted :

Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb ?

The king was so charmed with this address, that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.



The queen was so enraged at the honours conferred on Sir Thomas, that she resolved to ruin him, and told the king that the little knight had been saucy to her. The king sent for Tom in great haste; but being aware of the danger of royal anger, he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured to peep out, and perceiving a large butterfly on the ground, he approached it cautiously, and placing himself astride on it, was carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree, and



from field to field, and at last returned to the court, where the king and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering-pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the queen saw him, she was in a rage,

and said he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap until the time of his execution. However, a cat observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Sir Thomas at liberty.

The king received Tom again into favour, which he did not live long to enjoy; for a large spider one day attacked him, and although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him;

He fell down on the ground where he stood,  
And the spider suck'd ev'ry drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and his whole court were so sorry at the loss of their little favourite, that they went into mourning, and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:—

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,  
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.  
He was well known in Arthur's court,  
Where he afforded gallant sport;  
He rode at tilt and tournament,  
And on a mouse a-hunting went;  
Alive he fill'd the court with mirth;  
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.  
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,  
And cry,—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!



# THE STORY

## OF THE

### LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

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THERE was in former times at Cashgar, upon the utmost borders of Tartary, a tailor who had a pretty wife, whom he loved entirely, and was reciprocally loved by her. One day, as he sat at work, a little Hunch-back my lord came and sat down at the shop-door, began singing, and at the same time played upon a tabor. The tailor was pleased to hear him, and had a strong mind



to take him to his house to make his wife merry. "This little fellow," said he to his wife, "will divert us both very agreeably." In fine, he in-

vited my lord, who accepted of the invitation. The little gentleman being arrived at the tailor's house, his wife covered the table, and they sat down to supper on a dish of fish; but unluckily the little crooked gentleman swallowed a large bone, of which he died in a few minutes. They were mightily frightened at the accident, especially since it happened in their house; and there was reason to fear, that if the magistrates should hear of it, they would be punished as assassins. However, the husband found an expedient to get rid of the corpse: recollecting that there was a Jewish doctor who lived just by, he formed a project, to execute which his wife and he took the corpse, and carried it to the physician's house.

They knocked at the door, from which ascended a steep pair of stairs to his chamber. As soon as they had knocked, the servant-maid came down without any light; and opening the door, asked what they wanted. "Pr'ythee, go up again," said the tailor, "and tell your master we have brought him a man that is very sick, and wants his advice. Here," putting a piece of money into her hand, "give him that before-hand, to convince him that we have no mind to make him lose his labour." While the servant was gone up to acquaint her master with the welcome news, the tailor and his wife nimbly conveyed the hunch-backed corpse to the head of the stairs, and, leaving it there, ran off.

In the mean time, the maid, having delivered her message to the doctor, and placed the money she had received into his hand, he was transported with joy. "Light, light!" cried he to the maid,



"follow me nimbly." However, without staying for the light, he got to the stair-head in such haste that stumbling against the corpse, he gave it such a kick as made it tumble down quite to the stair-foot, and with difficulty saved himself.



"A light, a light!" cried he to the maid, "quick, quick, quick!" At last the maid came with a light; but when he saw that the stumbling-block he had kicked down was a dead man, he invoked Moses, Aaron, Joshua, and Esdras, and all the other prophets of his law. "Unhappy man that I am!" said he, "what induced me to come down without a light! I have e'en made an end of this fellow who was brought to me to be cured! questionless I am the cause of his death, and unless Esdras's ass comes to assist me, I am ruined: mercy on me, they will be here instantly, and lug me out of my house for a murderer!"

But, notwithstanding the perplexity he was in, he had the precaution to shut his door, for fear any one passing by should observe the mischance. He then took the corpse into his wife's chamber, upon which she swooned away. "Alas!" cried she, "we are utterly ruined! undone! undone! unless we fall upon some expedient to turn the corpse out of our house this night! Beyond all question, if we harbour it here till morning, our lives must pay for it. What a sad mischance is this! Why, how did you kill this man?"—"That is not the question," replied the Jew; "our business now is to find out a remedy for the accident."

The doctor racked his brain how to get quit of the corpse; he could not think of any stratagem to get clear; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said, "Let us carry the corpse to the leads of our house, and tumble it down the chimney into the house of the Mussulman, our next neighbour."

This Mussulman, or Turk, was one of the sultan's purveyors for furnishing oil, butter, and all sorts of fat, tallow, &c., and had a magazine in his house, where the rats and mice made prodigious havock.

The Jewish doctor approving of this expedient, they took the little Hunch-back up to the roof of the house; and, clapping ropes under his arm-pits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber so dexterously that he stood upright against the wall as if he had been alive.

When they found he stood firm they pulled up the ropes, and left the gentleman in that posture.



They were scarce got down into their chamber, when the purveyor went into his, being just come from a wedding-feast, with a lantern in his hand. He was mightily surprised, when he descried a man standing upright in his chimney; but, apprehending it was a thief or a robber, he took up a large cane, and, making straight up to the



Hunch-back, "Ah," said he, "I thought it was the rats and mice that ate my butter and tallow! And it is you who come down the chimney to rob me, is it?" This said, he fell foul of the man, and gave him a good many swingeing thwacks with his cane! upon which the corpse fell down, running its nose against the ground, and the purveyor redoubled his blows: but, observing the body did not move, he stood to consider a little; and then perceiving it was a dead corpse, fear succeeded his anger. "Wretched man that I am!"

said he; "what have I done? I have killed a man! alas, I have carried my revenge too far! Good God, unless thou pitiest me, my life is gone! Cursed, ten thousand times accursed, be the fat and oil that gave occasion to the commission of so criminal an action."

In fine, he stood pale and thunder-struck; he thought he saw the officers already come to drag him to condign punishment, and could not think what resolution to take.

The Sultan of Cashgar's purveyor did not observe the little gentleman's hunch when he was beating him; but as soon as he did, he threw out a thousand imprecations against him. "Ah, you crooked Hunch-back!" cried he, "you provoking scoundrel! would to God you had robbed me of all my fat, and I had not found you here! if it had been so, I had not been so much perplexed as I now am, for the sake of you and your nasty hunch. Oh! the stars that twinkle in the heavens, give light to none but me in this dangerous juncture." As soon as he had uttered these words, he took the little crooked corpse upon his shoulders, and carried it out of doors to the end of the street, where he set it upright against a shop, and then trudged home again without looking behind him.

A few minutes before the break of day a Christian merchant, who was very rich, and furnished the sultan's palace with most things it wanted, having sat up all night debauching, stepped out of his house to go to bathe. Though he was drunk, he was sensible that the night was far spent, and that the people would quickly be called to the morning prayers; he therefore quick-



ened his pace to get in time to the bath, for fear a Turk, meeting him in his way to the mosque, should carry him to prison for a drunkard. However, as he came to the end of the street, he stopped upon some necessary occasion, and leaned against the shop where the sultan's purveyor had put the hunch-backed corpse, and the corpse being jostled, tumbled upon the merchant's back.



The merchant, thinking it was a robber, knocked him down with a swingeing box on the ear, and after redoubling his blows, cried out, "Thieves!"

The outcry alarmed the watch, who came up immediately; and, finding a Christian beating a Turk, (for Crump-back was of the Mahometan religion), "How dare you," said he, "abuse a Mussulman after this rate?"—"He would have robbed me," replied the merchant, "and jumped upon my back, with intent to take me by the

throat!"—"If he did," said the watch, "you have revenged yourself sufficiently: come, get off him." At the same time he stretched out his hand to help little Crump-back up; but, observing that he was dead, "Ah! hey-day!" said he, "is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulman?" So he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the sheriff's house, where he was kept till the judge was ready to examine him. In the mean time the merchant grew sober, and, the more he reflected upon his adventure, the less could he conceive how such single fisty-cuffs could kill the man.

The judge having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the corpse, interrogated the merchant upon it, and he could not deny the crime, though he had not committed it. But the judge, considering that little Crump-back belonged to the sultan (for he was one of his buffoons), would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened; and received from him this answer, "I have no mercy to show to a Christian who kills a Mussulman: go, do your office." Upon this the judge ordered a gibbet to be erected, and sent criers to proclaim that they were about to hang a Christian for killing a Mussulman.

In fine, the merchant was brought out of gaol to the foot of the gallows; and the hangman, having put the rope about his neck, was going to give him a swing, when the sultan's purveyor pushed through the crowd, made up to the gibbet, calling to the hangman to stop, for that the Chris-



tian had not committed the murder, but himself had done it. Upon which the sheriff who attended the execution put interrogatories to the purveyor, who told him every circumstance of his killing the little Crump-back, and conveying his corpse to the place where the Christian merchant found him. "You were about," added he, "to put to death an innocent person; for how can he be guilty of the death of a man who was dead before he came at him? My burden is sufficient in having killed a Turk, without loading my conscience with the additional charge of the death of a Christian who is not guilty."

The Sultan of Cashgar's purveyor having publicly charged himself with the death of the little hunch-backed man, the sheriff could not avoid doing justice to the merchant. "Let the Christian go," said he, "and hang this man in his room, since it appears by his own confession that he is guilty." Whereupon the hangman released the merchant, and clapped the rope round the purveyor's neck; but just as he was going to pull him up, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to throw himself at the foot of the gallows.

When he appeared before the judge, "My lord," said he, "this Mussulman you are going to hang is not guilty: it all rests with me. Last night a man and a woman, unknown to me, came to my house with a sick man they had brought along with them; and knocking at my door, my maid went and opened it without a light, and received from them a piece of money, with a commission

to come and desire me, in their names, to step down, and look upon the sick person. While she was delivering her message to me, they con-



veyed the sick person to the stair-head, and then disappeared. I went down, without staying for my servant to light a candle, and in the dark happened to stumble upon the sick person, and kicked him down stairs. In fine, I saw he was dead, and that it was the crooked Mussulman, whose death you are now about to avenge. So my wife and I took the corpse, and let it down the chimney into the purveyor's house. Who took the little man for a thief; and after beating him, concluded he had killed him; but that it was not so you will be convinced by this my deposition; so that I am the only author of the murder: and though it was committed undesignedly, I have resolved to expiate my crime by



keeping clear of the charge of the death of two Mussulmans, and hinder you from executing the sultan's purveyor, whose innocence I have now revealed. So pray dismiss him, and put me in his place."

The chief-justice, being persuaded that the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave orders to the executioner to seize him, and release the purveyor. Accordingly the doctor was just going to be hung up, when the tailor appeared, crying to the executioner to hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the lord-justice. "My lord," said he to the judge, "you have narrowly escaped taking away the lives of three innocent persons; but if you will have patience to hear me, I will discover to you the real murderer of the crook-backed man. If his death is to be expiated by another, that must be mine. Yesterday, towards the evening, as I was at work in my shop, and pretty merry, the little Hunch-back came to my door half drunk, and sat down before it. He began to sing, so I invited him to pass the evening at my house. Accordingly he accepted of the invitation, and went with me. We sat down to supper, and I gave him a plate of fish; but, in eating, a bone stuck in his throat, and though my wife and I did our utmost to relieve him, he died in a few minutes. His death affected us extremely; and for fear of being charged with it, we carried the corpse to the Jewish doctor's house, and knocked at the door. The maid coming down and opening it, I desired her to go up again forthwith, and ask her master to come down and give

his advice to a sick person that we had brought along with us ; and to encourage him, I charged her to give him a piece of money. When she was gone up again, I carried Hunch-back up stairs, and laid him upon the uppermost step, and then my wife and I made the best of our way home. The doctor, in coming down, kicked the corpse down stairs, and thereupon he took himself to be the author of his death. Now, this being the case," continued he, " release the doctor, and let me die in his room."

The chief-justice and all the spectators could not sufficiently admire the strange emergencies that ensued upon the death of the little crooked gentleman.

" Let the Jewish doctor go," said the judge, " and hang up the tailor, since he confesses the crime. It is certain this history is very uncommon, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold." The executioner, having dismissed the doctor, made every thing ready to tie up the tailor.

While the executioner was making ready to hang up the tailor, the Sultan of Cashgar, wanting the company of his crooked jester, asked where he was. One of his officers answered, " The Hunch-back, sir, whom you inquire after, got drunk last night, and, contrary to his custom, slipped out of the palace, and went a-sauntering in the city, and this morning was found dead. A man was brought before the chief-justice, and charged with the murder of him ; but as he was going to be hanged, up came another man, and and after him another, who took the charge upon themselves, and cleared each other. The exami-



nation has continued a long while, and the judge is now interrogating a third man, who avows himself the real author of the murder."

Upon this intelligence the Sultan of Cashgar sent a hussar to the place of execution. "Go," said he to his messenger, "make all the haste you can, and bring the arraigned persons before me immediately; and withal bring the corpse of poor Crump-back, that I may see him once more." Accordingly the hussar went and happened to arrive at the place of execution at the time that the executioner was going to tie up the tailor. He cried aloud to the executioner to suspend the execution. The hangman, knowing the hussar, did not dare to proceed, but untied the tailor; and then the hussar acquainted the judge with the sultan's pleasure. The judge obeyed, and went straight to the palace, accompanied by the tailor, the Jewish doctor, and the Christian merchant, and made four of his men carry the hunch-corpse along with him.

When they appeared before the sultan, the judge threw himself at the prince's feet; and, after recovering himself, gave him a faithful relation of what he knew of the story of the crump-backed man. The sultan found the story so uncommon, that he ordered his private historians to write it with all its circumstances.

THE END.

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