

WALKER'S EDITION.

TOM THUMB.



M.T.F.

FRONTISPIECE.



The Pretty and Entertaining

HISTORY

OF

TOM THUMB,

WITH

*His wonderful Escape from the
Cow's Belly.*

Adorned with Wood Cuts.



OTLEY :

Printed and Sold by W. WALKER.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Life of Tom Thumb.

IN King Arthur's days, there lived a poor man and his wife who had long prayed for a son,



although he was no bigger than their thumb. To their joy at last one was born, but so small, that

they put him into a walnut shell for a cradle, and christened him Tom Thumb. To make amends, a fairy gave him a charm that nothing should hurt him while it lasted. Tom as he grew older, grew very sly; when he used to play



for cherry stones and had lost all his own, he would creep into other boy's bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play.

His shirt was of a spider's web, his coat spun of thistle down, his stockings made of apple rind,

breeches of a cat's ear, his hat of an oak leaf, his garters an inch of thread, and his shoes of a mouse's skin.

One day his mother was making black puddings, and Tom climbed up the bowl to see how she



mixed them, but his foot slipped and in he fell over head and ears. He was then made up in a pudding, which his mother gave to a tinker, for mending her kettle. Tom screamed out and put the tinker in

a fright, so he threw pudding and Tom over the hedge and ran away. Tom ran home to his mother who kissed him and put him to bed.



Next day she went to milk her cow, and tied Tom to a thistle, for fear the wind should blow him away. The cow saw his oak leaf hat, and swallowed him and thistle at a mouthful. Tom roared out as loud as he could, to tell his mother he was in the cows mouth; but when the cow found such odd

noises in her throat, she opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. His father made him a straw whip to drive cattle, and one day he fell into a furrow. A raven picked him up, and flew to the top of a giant's castle, where he left him. Giant Grumbo took up Tom and swallowed him, clothes and all. But Tom made the giant very ill,



and he threw him up again into the sea, where a fish snapped him up in a minute. The fish was caught, and sent as a present to

the king. When the cook cut the fish open, he found Tom and ran with him to the king, who knighted him, and gave him a new suit of clothes.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
 His boots were made of chicken skins,
 His coat and breeches of mouse's hide,
 A tailor's needle hung by his side,
 A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

When the king rode out, he held Tom in his hand, and if a shower came on, he put him in his pocket. His merry tricks pleased the queen, who taught him to dance a minuet on her thumb nail; and at other times he jumped thro' her ring, rode a cock horse on her nose, run a race with a cricket across the table, and played many other tricks.

Tom one day told the king that his father and mother were very

poor people, so he told him to pay them a visit, and take them as much money as he could carry. He then put a silver threepence in his purse, and after walking two days and nights, he got home, almost tired to death, for he had almost walked a mile with his heavy load; his parents were very glad, they put him in his walnut shell by the fire, and he staid with them a month.

King Arthur used often to order Tom's mouse to be got ready for him to have a race; and Tom



flourished his sword and performed his exercise, while the nobility laughed at his prancing steed.

But once a cat seized the mouse and Tom. He drew his sword



and attacked the cat, who let him fall, and a lord caught him in his hat; he was a little scratched, and his clothes torn, but the charm preserved him. Tom next had a gold chair made for him, and a palace of silver six inches high; he had also a coach drawn by six white mice, which made

the queen angry, and she told the king that Tom had been insolent to her; the king sent for him in a rage, but he jumped on a butterfly, and flew out of the window. But having no bridle, he fell off, and was taken in a garden pot. While the guillotine was preparing, he was pardoned, and was a greater favourite than before. Near two years after the charm expired, and he was left to take his chance.

Soon after a spider attacked him for a large fly; he drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him, and he fell dead on the ground.

Under a rose-bush he was buried in great state; the court went into mourning, and they in-

scribed upon the monument 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 benevolent Indian.

An English Officer being taken prisoner by the French Indians, at a battle in North America, was carried to their town, to be sacrificed in the usual barbarous manner. He was tied to the stake, and on the verge of the most cruel tortures, when an old Indian of authority starting up, re-

prieved him from death, and took him for a slave. His treatment was humane, and his service tolerable.

A year and a half passed in this manner, when an engagement happened between the English and the Indians. The old man taking the Captain to an eminence, addressed him as follows: "My friend, you see that the men of your country are going to attack us. You have lived with me a year and a half; you came to me totally ignorant; but I have made a man of you. I have taught you to build canoes, to kill beaver, to hunt, and to scalp your enemy. Are not you obliged to me?" The Captain expressing his gratitude, the Indian asked him, "Have you a father?" "I believe he is alive," replied the Captain. "Poor man! I pity him. Know I too was once a father—my son fell at my side—fell gloriously, covered with wounds: but I revenged his death; I scalped, and then killed his enemy."—After pausing

here a short while, the Indian thus proceeded! “Behold that sun!—with what brightness it shines to you. Since that day, a cloud has darkened all its radiance in my eyes.—See that tree,” pointing to a mangolio, “which blossoms so fair to you—to me it has lost all its beauty.—Go—return to your father.—Let the sun shine with all its brightness for him, and the tree appear in all its beauty.”

Walker, Printer, Market-place, Otley

