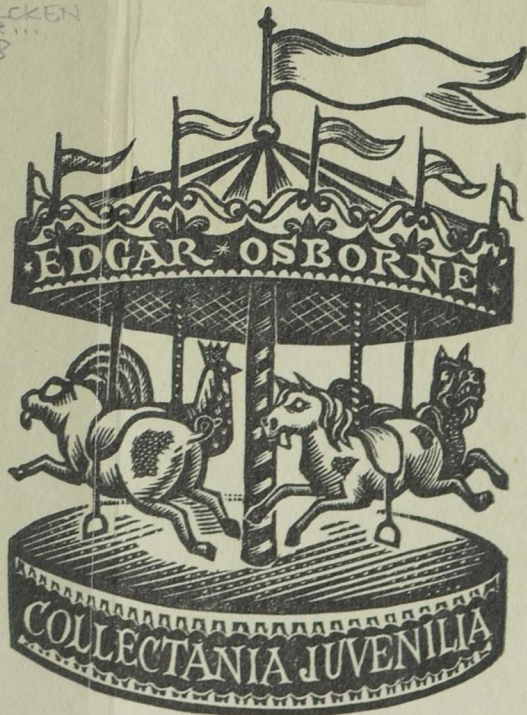




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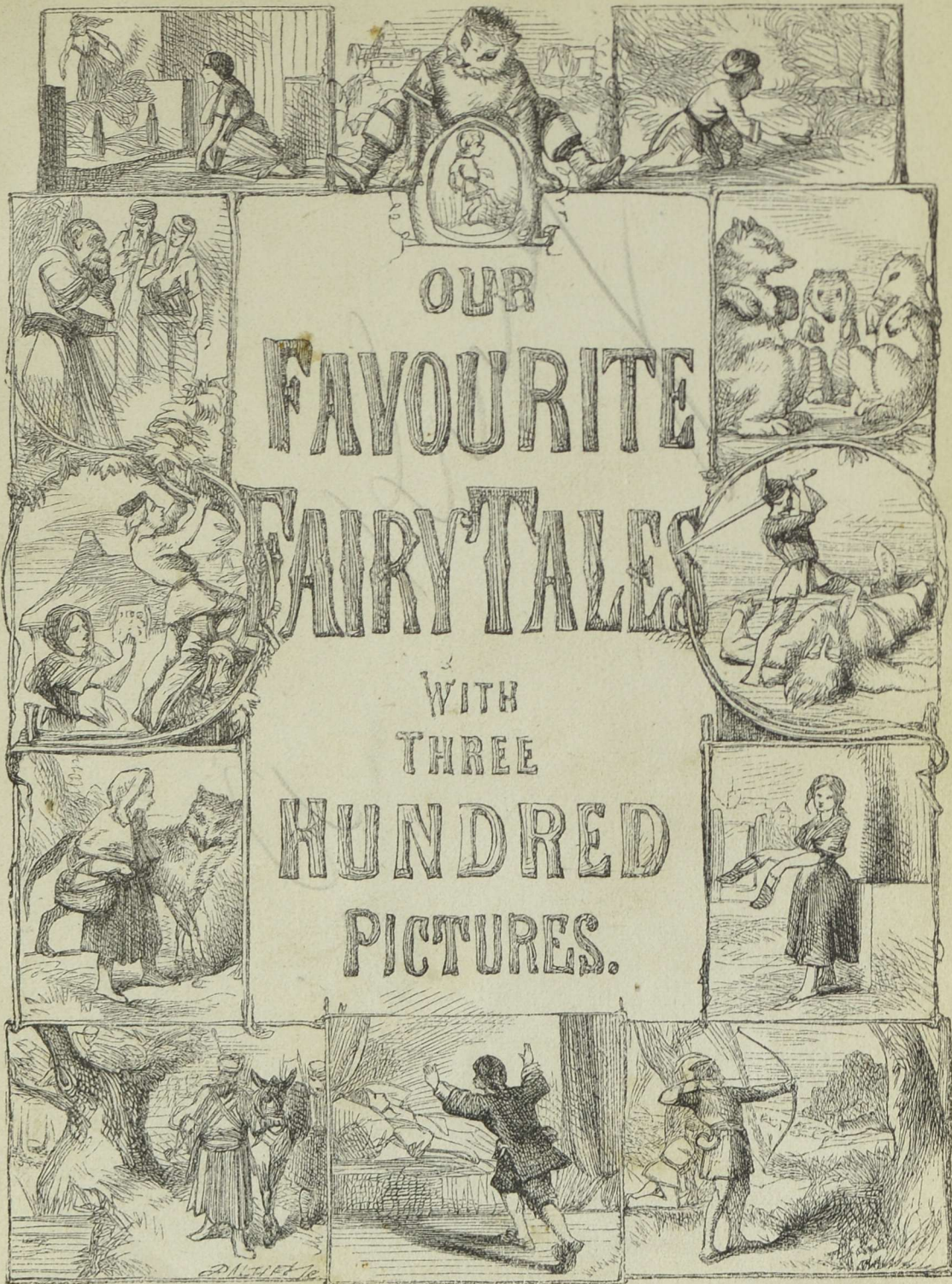
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OUR
FAVOURITE
FAIRY TALES
WITH
THREE
HUNDRED
PICTURES.

OUR
FAVOURITE
FAIRY TALES

AND FAMOUS HISTORIES :

TOLD FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME,

BY

HENRY W. DULCKEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
THREE HUNDRED PICTURES,

ENGRAVED BY

THE BROTHERS DALZIEL,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON :
WARD & LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.
1858.



THIS selection of Fairy Tales has been prepared as a gift book for children, and all who take an interest in this class of literature. The object being to give as much variety as possible, will account for the somewhat unusual appearance of Goody Two-Shoes side by side with the astute Ali Baba and the fortunate Aladdin. The stories are told with that adherence to the original text which the gravity of the subject demanded. On the illustrations great care has been bestowed. They are from original drawings by our best artists, engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL.



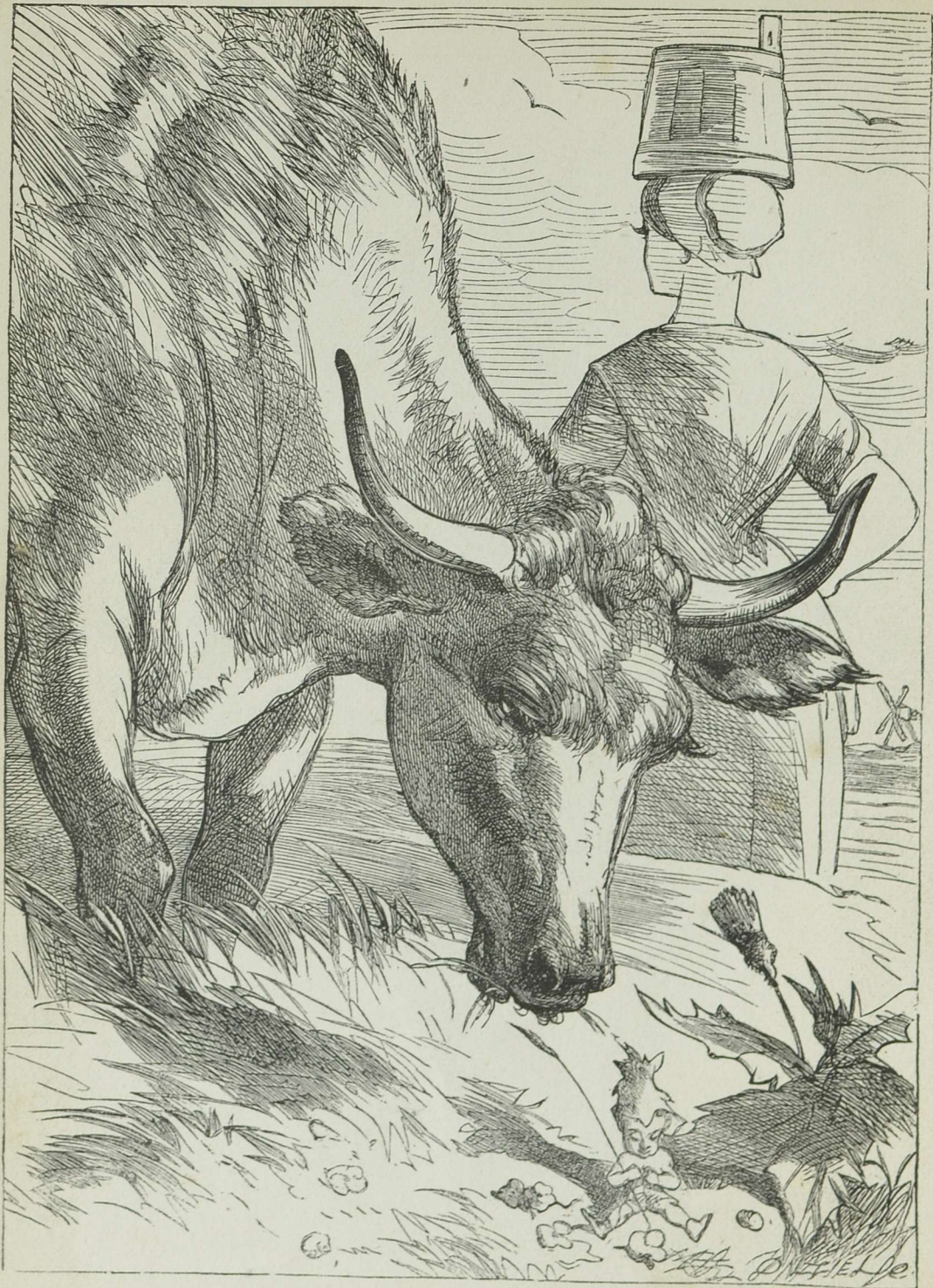


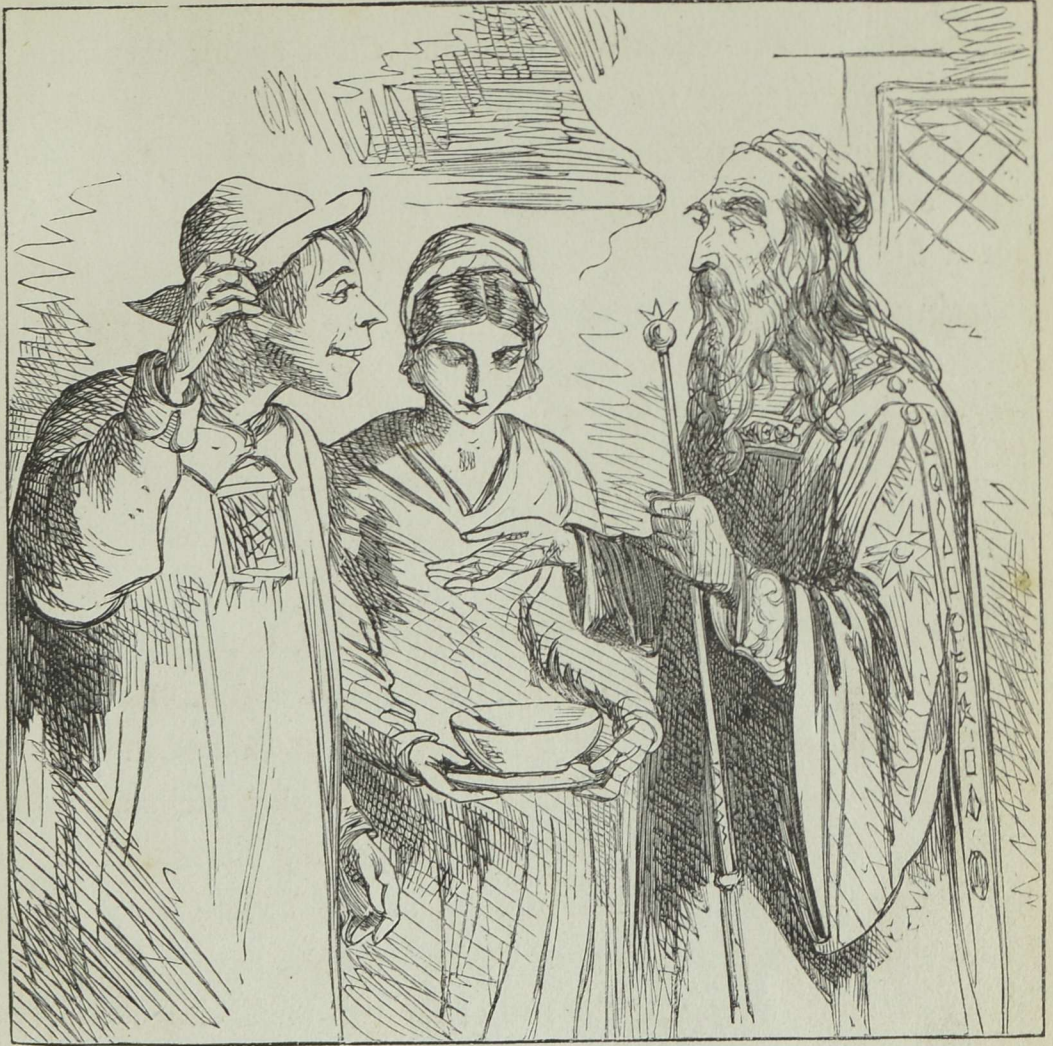
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THREE HUNDRED PICTURES, ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.



THE HISTORY
OF
T O M T H U M B .





T O M T H U M B .

EVERYBODY who reads fairy tales ought to know something about the enchanter Merlin; for this personage was a man of great note in King Arthur's time. He was a mighty magician or conjuror. As to the men who amuse us at Christmas by

making watches go from one box into another, and by tearing up ladies' handkerchiefs and mending them again, they are all not to be compared for a single moment to the great Merlin. He was not a man who would condescend to play funny tricks with cards and balls, and yards of ribbon—not he! He only cared for great big enchantments, such as moving houses, and carrying off men and women through the air, and any other serious business of the same kind. He was something like an enchanter, was Merlin; and the only pity is that he lived so very long ago; for if he were not dead he might make his fortune any winter he choose by conjuring, when the time came for the juvenile parties.

Well, one day this great Merlin was on a journey. He had walked two hundred and ninety-five miles in search of a certain herb he wanted. It was for a most powerful charm, the object being two-fold: firstly, to make a donkey play the pianoforte, and secondly, to cure a school-boy of putting his hands in his pockets and wearing out his trousers at the knees; so you can fancy Merlin had to take a good deal of trouble, having to achieve such a difficult thing. At the end of the two-hundred-and-ninety-fifth mile he found the herb he wanted. It was called "STYCKE," or by others—"CUDD'GELLE," and Merlin had always found it useful both for donkeys and school-boys. In fact, since the time of the great enchanter, schoolmasters have found it so handy that they have been in the habit of keeping a variety of this herb, called "KAYNE," constantly in use in their establishments. Well, Merlin trudged on with the herb in his pocket, but he began



to feel hungry and tired, as it was only natural for even a conjuror to do who had walked two hundred and ninety-five miles. So he looked around for a place to rest and refresh himself, and soon caught sight of a labourer's cottage.

Merlin walked in; and whether it was that his long beard inspired respect, or whether it was that the good people of the

house were nice hospitable folks, it is certain that the enchanter could not have been better received if he had been King Arthur himself. The best bread and the freshest bowl of milk were placed at his service ; and the good woman, in particular, seemed most anxious to do honor to her guest.

Merlin, however, saw that something was weighing heavily on the spirits of his entertainers ; and questioned them concerning the cause of their grief. The wife would not reply ; but her husband, after scratching his head a long time without finding any ideas there, at length answered — “that they were sorry because they had no children.”

“If I’d only a son, yer honor, I’d love ’un—gin he were only as big as my thumb ;” and the honest labourer held up his own thumb, which was certainly a rather big one.

“You shall have your wish, my friend,” said Merlin with a smile ; and he bade them farewell, and departed.

You may fancy that such a clever man as Merlin had good friends among the fairies. This was the case ; and the enchanter was moreover intimately acquainted with the queen of the fairies herself. He told her what the peasant had said ; and they agreed that it would be a fine jest to let the good man have just exactly what he wished for, neither more nor less. The queen of the fairies took the matter in hand—and in due time the peasant’s wife had a son ; but what was that worthy man’s surprise when for the first time he saw his son and heir ! The baby was no bigger than the ploughman’s thumb—though in every respect it was the prettiest little doll baby you could wish



to see. The queen of the fairies herself came in very soon after it was born, and certain of the most skilful of her followers were appointed to the task of clothing the little stranger as a fairy child should be dressed. The following verse, written by one of the fairies at the time will show you how this was performed. The fairy verse tells us:—

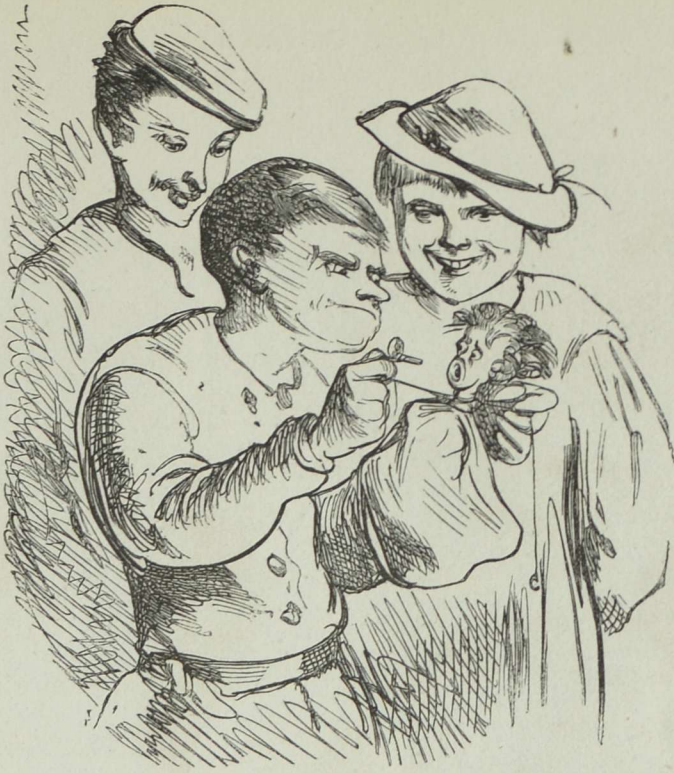
An acorn hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by the spider spun,
His coat was woven of thistle down,
His trowsers with tags were done.

His stockings of apple-rind, they tie,
 With eye-lash pluck'd from his mother's eye;
 His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
 Nicely tanned, with the hair within.

Tom was, as I have told you, as big as his father's thumb; and he never grew any bigger, so that the ploughman sometimes wished he had merely asked for a son without saying anything at all about his thumb; or that Merlin had not granted his wish so exactly to the letter. For he feared such a little fellow as his son would never be able to defend himself against the attacks of the rude boys in the village, who would, he thought, take advantage of their superior size to illtreat and annoy little Tom, or as his father expressed it to "punch 'un." But the ploughman need have been under no fear as to the punching process; for what Tommy lacked in strength he made up for in cunning, and this latter quality made him a match for any urchin in the whole place.

There was a popular sport called cherry-stones, still played at times by English youths, and which was immensely popular among them at the time of which we write.

Now Master Tom used to play at cherry-stones, with the village boys; and when he had lost all his property, he would creep into the bags of the fortunate winners, and steal his losings back again. But at last he was caught in the fact, and the owner of the bag from which he was filling his, an ugly ill-natured boy, cried out "Ah! Master Tom Thumb, I've caught you at last—and now won't I give it you for thieving!" and he



pulled the strings of the bag so tightly round Tom's neck as almost to strangle that unlucky young gentleman. Look at the picture and you will see him with his hair standing on end, and his mouth open, and his eyes starting almost out of his head with fright.

But the boy let him go after giving the bag a shake, which knocked all the cherry-stones against Tom's legs like so many pebbles, and bruising him sadly; and Tom ran home, rubbing his shins ruefully, and promising he would "play fair" next time. But the boys saved him all trouble in the matter, by refusing to play with him any more at all. And so may every little boy be served who cheats at marbles—say I.



The next scrape Tom got into was rather a serious one. His mother was one day making a batter pudding; and Tom, who was like a good many children I know—rather too fond of putting his little nose into what did not concern him—climbed to the edge of the bowl to see if his mother mixed it all right, and to remind her, if necessary, about such little matters as putting



plenty of sugar into it; for Master Tom was rather nice and whimsical about what he ate. This time, however, he put his nose into the pudding a good deal closer than was at all agreeable to him; for his foot slipped as he sat on the edge of the bowl and he went into the batter head foremost. His mother happened to be looking round at the time and did not see Tom's

disaster. He was stirred into the batter, which was put on the fire to boil. But the water soon began to grow hot, and Tom feeling very uncomfortable began to kick and plunge with all his might, and his mother could not think what made her pudding go “bump!—bump!” against the top and sides of the pot in such a strange impatient way; and she popped off the lid to see. Greatly surprised was the good woman, I can tell you, when she beheld the pudding bobbing up and down in the pot, dancing a sort of hornpipe all by itself. She could scarcely believe her eyes, and at last fancied the pudding must be bewitched, and accordingly determined to give it away to the first person who came by, and who cared to take it off her hands. You will think this was not very generous of the good woman to part with what she did not care to keep in the house; but I know a good many boys and girls who want to be thought liberal merely because they give away the plaything they are tired of, or the old broken doll with one eye which has been lying about in the lumber room for months. Here’s a little remark by the wayside:—If you want to be really kind, dear children, give away *something of which you will feel the loss.*

Well, Tom’s mother had not to wait long for an opportunity to show how liberal she was; for a quarter of an hour after, a travelling tinker came by, crying, “Pots and kettles to mend, oh!—Pots and kettles to mend, oh!” Tom’s mother beckoned him in, and gave him the pudding. The tinker was glad enough to have such a fine batter pudding for his dinner; and he thanked the good woman, put it in his wallet, and trudged



merrily onwards. Some say that Tom's mother made him mend a frying-pan for her in return for the bewitched pudding; but I do not believe that, for it would have been mean. The tinker had not gone far before he felt a funny sort of motion—"bump—bump—bump!" in his wallet. At first he thought a rat must have got in there, and opened his bag to see. But, to his horror, he heard a voice from inside the pudding crying out most distinctly "Hullo—I say—you let me ou-u-ut!—You let me o-u-t!" and the pudding began to kick and dance in a most alarming manner.

The tinker was horribly frightened; and he certainly granted the request made, as he thought, by the pudding; he not only "let" it out, but "flung" it out of his wallet right over the

hedge; and took to his heels and ran as hard as he could for more than a mile without once stopping to look behind him.

As for the pudding it fell into a ditch with a great "splodge." It was broken into five or six pieces by the fall; and Tom crept out of the batter pudding in rather a battery—if not a battered—condition. He managed to get home, creeping along as a fly creeps when it has just been rescued out of a cream jug. His mother was only too glad to see him; and she washed the batter off him, with a great deal of trouble, and put him to bed.

A short time after, Tom went with his mother to milk the cow; that is to say, his mother was to milk the cow, and Tom to make remarks and observations upon the subject. As it was a very windy day, his mother very prudently tied her little son to a thistle with a bit of thread, for fear he should be blown over and over. But the cow, in cropping up the thistles, happened to choose the very one to which our little friend was tied, and all at once he found himself in a great red cavern with two rows of white pillars going "champ—champ!" all round him in a very alarming manner. Tom began to cry out with fright when he saw where he was, and roared at the top of his little voice, for his mother.

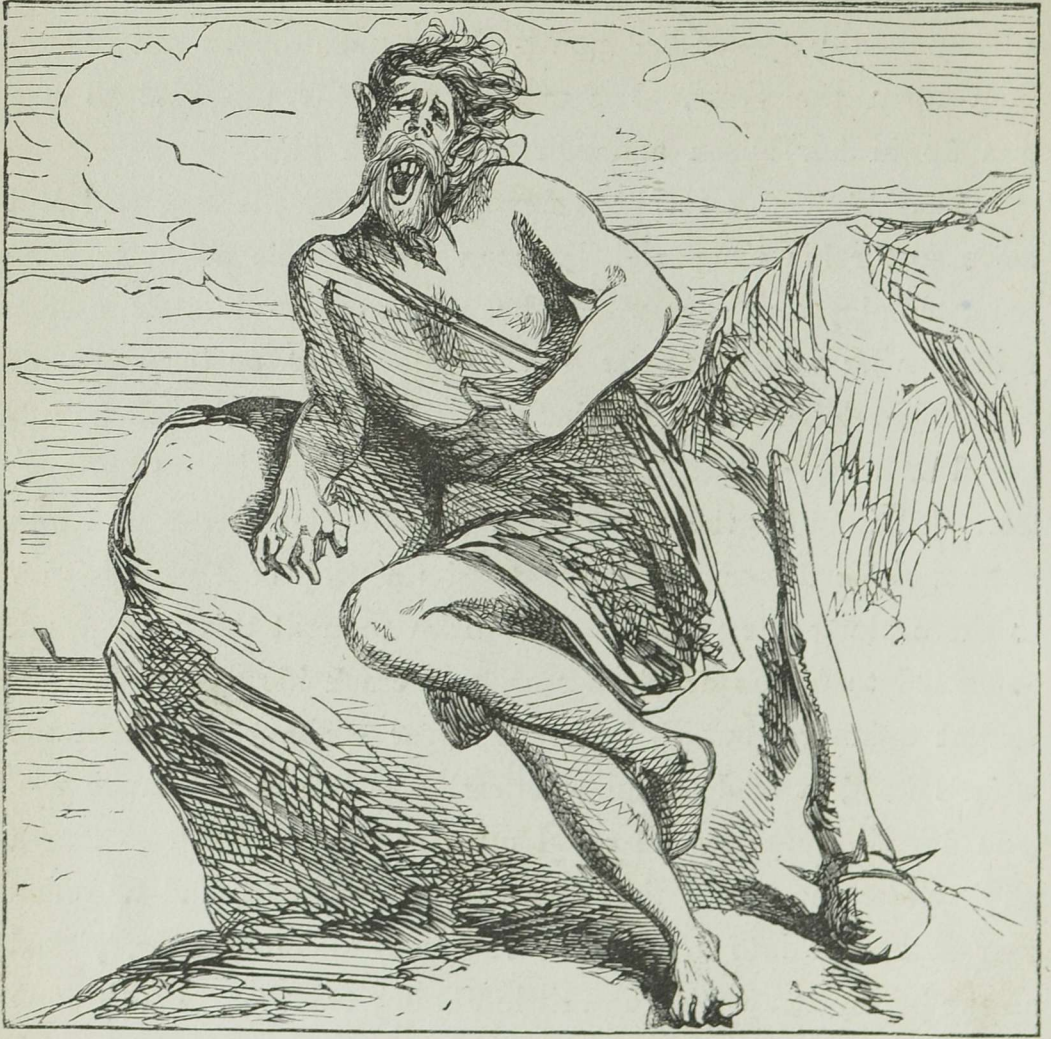
"Where are you, my dear son—my own Tommy?" cried the good woman, in terrible alarm.

"Here, mother!" screamed Tom in reply. "Here, in the red cow's mouth!"

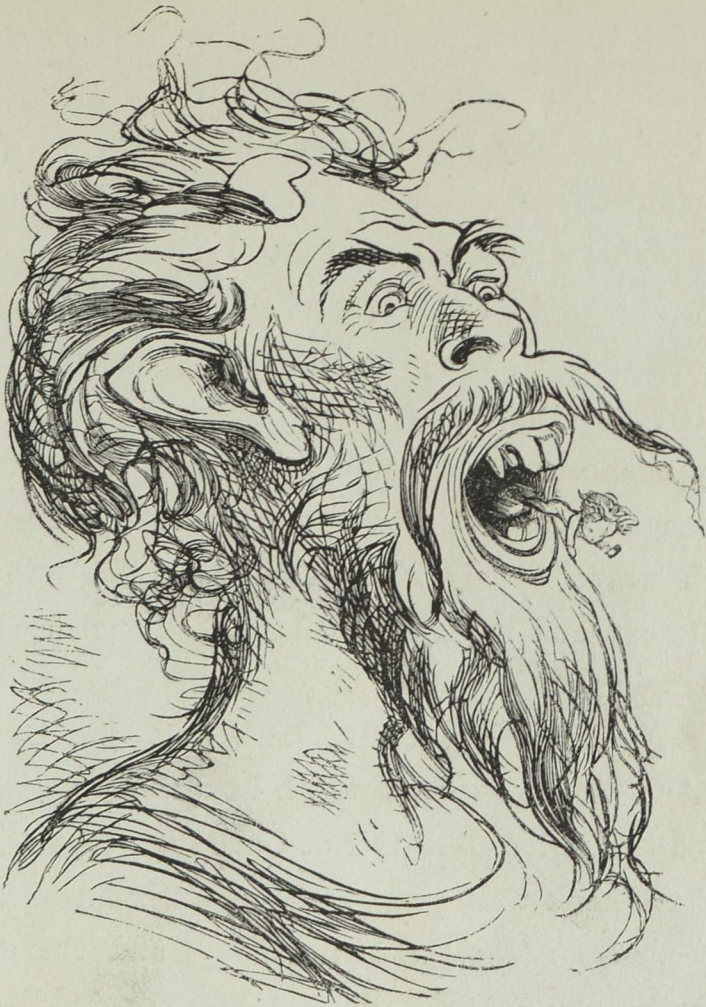
The mother began weeping and wringing her hands, for she thought her dear little boy would be crushed into a shapeless

mass ; but the cow, being very much surprised at having met a noisy thistle, opened her mouth widely and dropped out Master Tom upon the grass. His mother was only too glad to clap him up in her apron and run home with him.

Master Tom was rather a forward boy for his age, and still more so for his size ; and he soon thought he ought to have some employment by which he might make himself useful. I believe he wanted to be put to ploughing or threshing, or some light labour of that kind ; but his father, though he admired the boy's spirit, did not care to bring him on quite so fast. To indulge the little man, however, his father told him he should be driver, and he made him a whip of a barley-straw to drive along the plough horse. Tom thought this very grand, and used to halloo at the horses, and crack his whip in a most valiant manner ; but as he could never strike higher than the horse's hoof, it is doubtful whether he was really of much use. One day, however, as he stood upon a clod of earth to aim a mighty blow at one of the horses, his foot slipped, and he rolled over and over into a furrow. A raven, hovering near, picked up the barley-straw whip and little Tommy together. Up through the air the poor little man was whisked, so swiftly that it took his breath away ; but luckily the raven stopped to rest on the terrace of a castle belonging to the giant Grumbo ; and here the raven dropped Tom, who was, as you may suppose, very glad to be set down, and very much flurried by the speed at which he had been compelled to travel. Presently old Grumbo came upon the terrace for a walk ; and when he spied Master



Tom perched upon a stone and looking contentedly around him, the voracious monster snapped him up and swallowed him, clothes and all, as if he had been a pill. But Grumbo would have done better to have left Tom alone; for Tom, finding himself very uncomfortable in the interior of Grumbo, began to jump about and dance in such a way as to make that greedy giant almost



beside himself with pain. If you wish to judge of the nature of Grumbo's feeling, just look at the picture of him, taken from an old portrait; and you will be able to see for yourselves.

The giant kicked and roared, and rubbed himself just below his chest in a most wonderful manner; but the more he rubbed, the more Tom danced;—until at last the giant became dreadfully unwell; and he opened his mouth, and his inside passenger came flying out, and flew right over the terrace into the sea.

A great fish happened to be swimming by just at the time, and seeing little Tom whirling through the air, took him for a particular kind of May fly, or some big beetle with which he was unacquainted, but which, he had no doubt, tasted very nice. So he opened his mouth and swallowed Tom down. Poor Tom was in a worse plight than ever; for if he had compelled the fish to set him free, as the giant had done, he would only have been shot out into the sea and must have perished by drowning; so his only chance was to wait patiently in hope that the fish might be caught. And it was not long before this happened; for the fish was a greedy kind of fellow, always in search of something to eat, and never satisfied; and so one day he snapped up a bait hanging at the end of a fishing line, though if he had been less eager he might easily have seen the hook peeping through. And that makes me think how many greedy children have enjoyed themselves like this at Christmas parties, and never thought of the hook that peeped through what they ate, in the shape of headache and sickness next day, and the doctor, and rhubarb powders, and the feeling of having acted like a piggy. However, the fish made a snap at the bait, and in another instant was wriggling and writhing with the hook through his gills; he was dragged up, and the fisherman, seeing what a fine fellow he was, thought he would present him to King Arthur, and accordingly set off towards the court to carry his intention into effect.

The fish was much admired in the royal kitchen, and the cook took a knife and proceeded to rip him up. But what



was her surprise when Master Tom popped up his head, and politely hoped cookee was—"quite well!"

You may fancy what amazement this unexpected arrival caused in King Arthur's court. His Majesty was quickly informed that a wee knight, of extraordinary height, had come to his court; and Master Tom met with a very hearty reception. The king



made him his dwarf, and he soon gained the favor of the whole court as the funniest, merriest little fellow who had ever been seen there.

In dancing, Tom greatly excelled; and it became a favourite custom with the king to place his little dwarf on the table and set him dancing for the diversion of the company. There was not a dance that he did not understand—from the cobbler's horn-pipe to the Highland fling or the Irish jig—and I think when any one can dance the two latter dances well, and without feeling giddy, he knows something to boast of.

But his dancing was not the only accomplishment little Tom possessed. He had, at least, as much cleverness in his head as in his heels—if not more. All the people of the court thought him a very good little man. The queen was very fond of him; and as for King Arthur he scarcely ever went out hunting with-



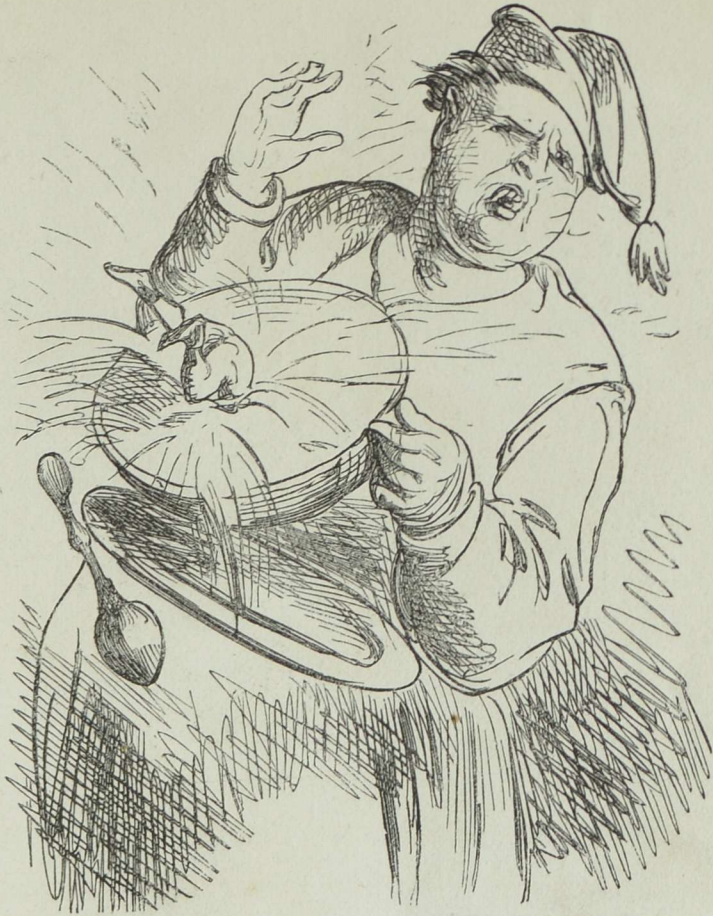
out having Tom Thumb riding astride on his saddle-bow. If it began to rain, the little man would creep into the king's pocket, and lie there snug and warm until the shower was over; and sometimes the king would set him to ride upon his thumb, with a piece of silk cord passed through a ring for a bridle, and a whip made of a tiny stalk of grass.

King Arthur would frequently question Tom about his family; and Tom replied that they were poor people; and added, that he should be very glad of an opportunity to see his parents. This the good king freely permitted him to do; and that he should not go away empty-handed, he gave him an order on the treasury for as much money as he could carry. Tom made choice of a silver three-penny piece; and though this burden considerably retarded his progress, he managed, by dint of great patience and perseverance, to arrive safe home with it.



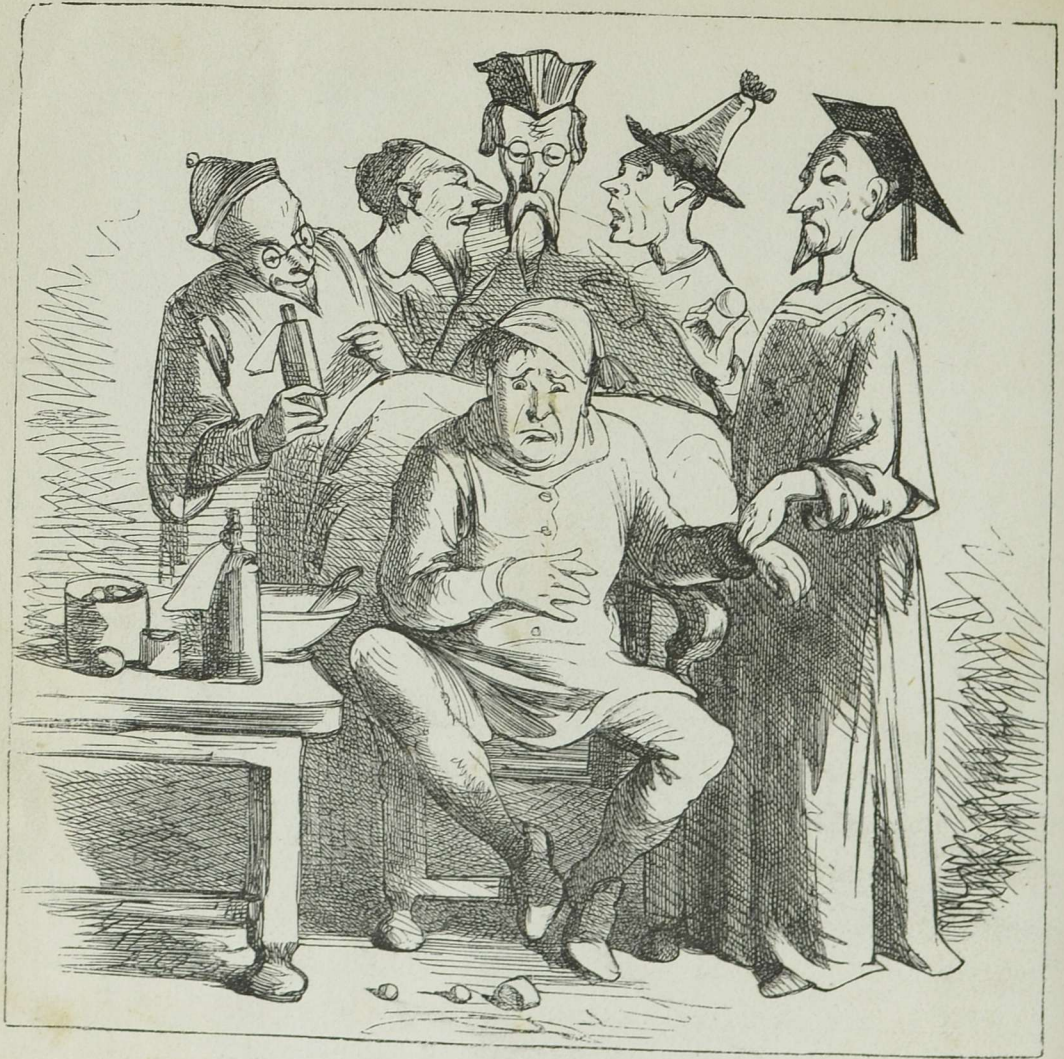
There was great rejoicing on the part of his parents when they saw Tom again, for they had entertained great fears for his safety. They were elated and surprised at the large sum of money he had brought with him, and received him with great honor; a walnut-shell was placed for him by the fire-side, and in this the little man sat as merry as the day was long. But, in one respect, his parents were not so careful as they might have been. They feasted him on an hazel nut in such a manner, that the whole nut was gone in three days. The consequence was, that little Tommy had to lie three days in bed in the walnut-shell.

When he got well he thought it time to return to his duties

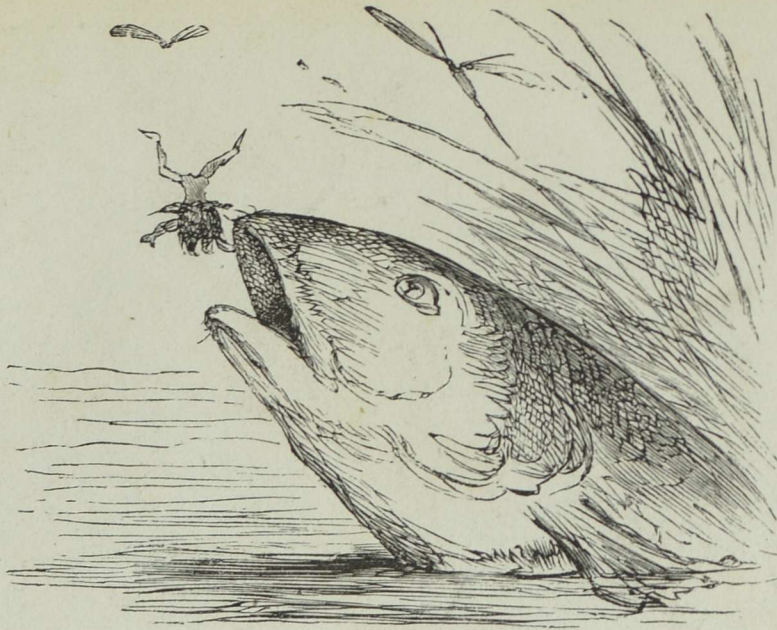


at the palace as King Arthur's dwarf; and his mother, though loth to part with him, took him up in her hand, and with one puff, blew him quite away into King Arthur's court.

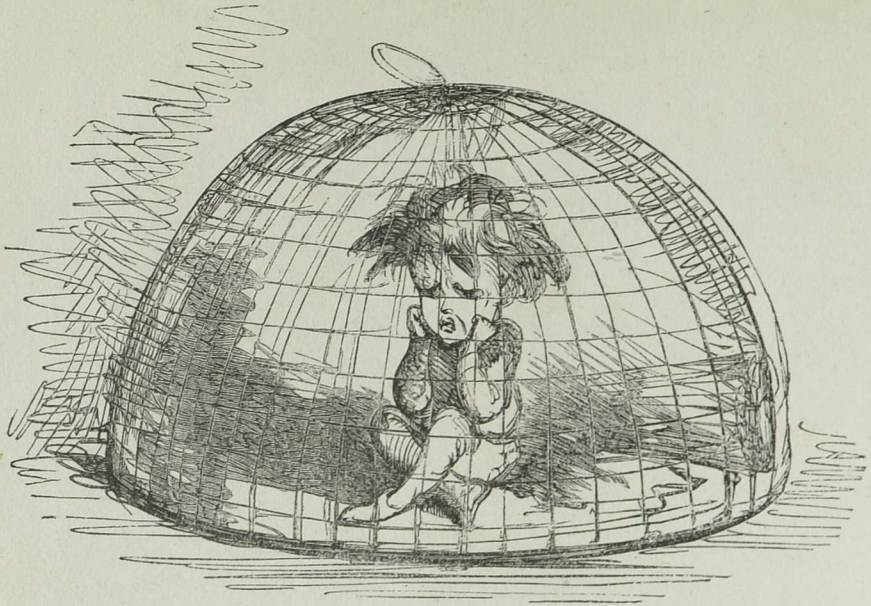
Here a sad disaster was in store for Tom; a greater one than he had as yet met with. His mother had hoped he would have alighted in the vicinity of the court, but instead of doing so the little man came down—splash!—into a bowl of fermenty the royal cook was carrying across the court-yard, and which had been prepared for the king's especial enjoyment.



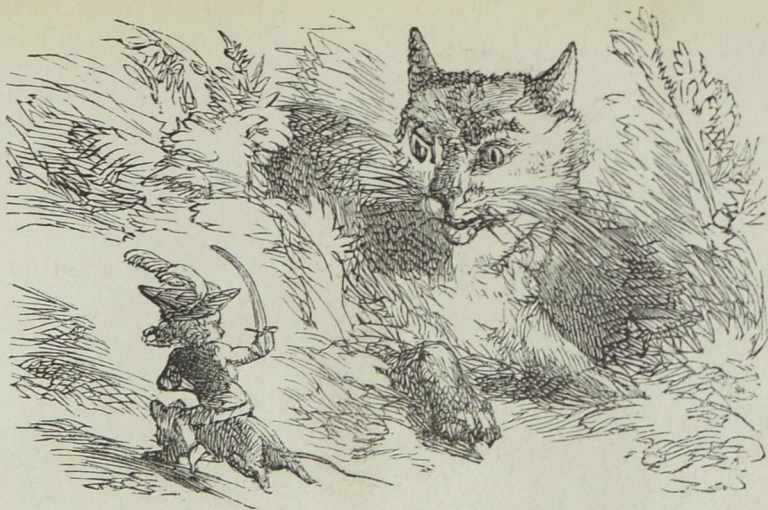
The malicious cook artfully represented the accident to the king, as gross disrespect to his majesty, and poor little Tom was placed upon his trial for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to lose his head. Terribly alarmed at the cruel sentence, Tom looked around for a means of escape; and seeing a miller listening to the proceedings with his mouth wide open, with a sudden bound Tom sprang down the miller's throat, unseen by all.



The prisoner having escaped, the court broke up; and the miller, who had got a touch of the hiccups, hastened home. Now Tom having effected his escape from his stern judges at the court, was equally desirous to do so from the miller's stomach; to this end he danced so many jigs and cut so many capers that the miller, in a state of great consternation and alarm, despatched messengers in every direction for medical aid; and he soon had the satisfaction of being surrounded by five learned men who knew as little about what was the matter with him as the poor miller did himself. A fierce dispute arose amongst the doctors as to the nature of the miller's extraordinary complaint; which dispute lasted so long that the miller, getting tired of it, gave a great yawn; Tom saw his opportunity, and sprang out of the miller's mouth, right through the open window, and fell into the jaws of a large fish which was snapping at flies in the river below.



The salmon which had swallowed up Tom was soon captured, and exposed in the market place for sale. It was bought by the steward of a great lord; but this nobleman, thinking it a right royal fish, did not eat it himself but sent it to King Arthur as a present. The cross old cook had the fish entrusted to him to prepare for dinner; and when he came to cut it open, out jumped his old acquaintance, Tom Thumb. The cook was glad to be able to wreak his spite once more upon little Tommy. He seized him and carried him at once to the king, expecting that Arthur would order the culprit to be executed; but the king had no such idea; and besides, he was fully occupied with state dinners, so he ordered the cook to bring Tommy another day. The cook was obliged to obey, but he was determined to serve Tom out while he could; and so he shut him up in a mouse-trap,



and kept him there in prison for a whole week—and very miserable Tom felt. By the end of the week the king's anger was gone, and he ordered Tom a new suit of clothes, and a good sized mouse to ride on by way of a horse; and some time after he was even admitted to the honor of knighthood, and became known in the land as Sir Thomas Thumb.

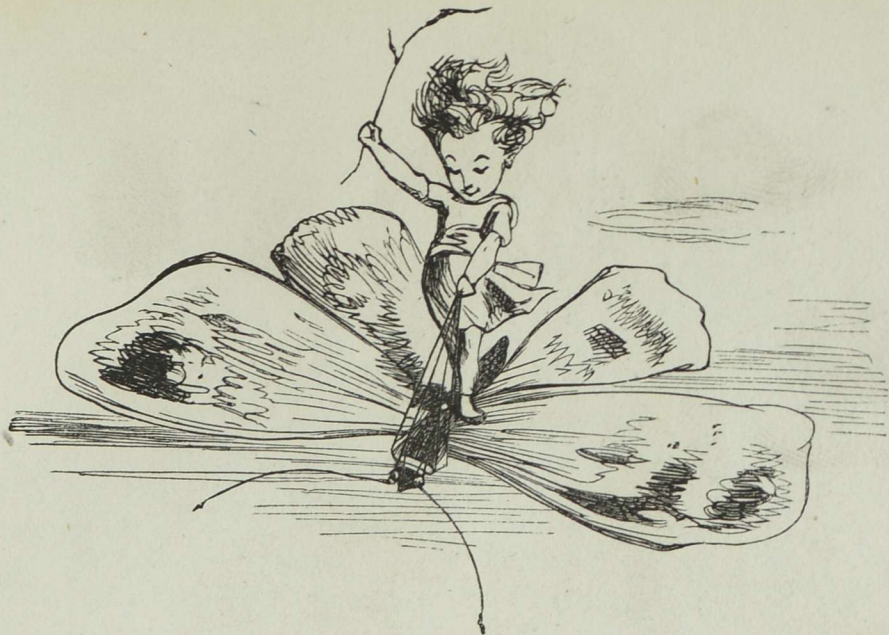
The mouse steed was a very pretty present for our little Tom; and he rode about on it, morning, noon, and night, until at last it was the means of bringing him into very great danger. It happened in this manner:—

One day, when Tom was riding by a farm-house, a large cat, seeing the mouse, rushed out upon it; Tom drew his sword and defended himself in the bravest manner possible, and kept the cat at bay until King Arthur and his followers came up. But little Sir Thomas had not passed through the combat unhurt; some of his wounds were deep and dangerous. They took him home and laid him on an ivory couch; but still, with all possible



care and kindness, he grew worse, and his life was despaired of. But the queen of the fairies appeared and bore him away to fairy land, where he remained several years; and, by the time he returned to King Arthur's court, that good monarch had died, and a king named Thunstone sat on the throne in his stead.

The people flocked together from far and near to see the wonderful little hero. King Thunstone asked who he was, where he lived, and whence he came; and the little man replied in the following verse:—

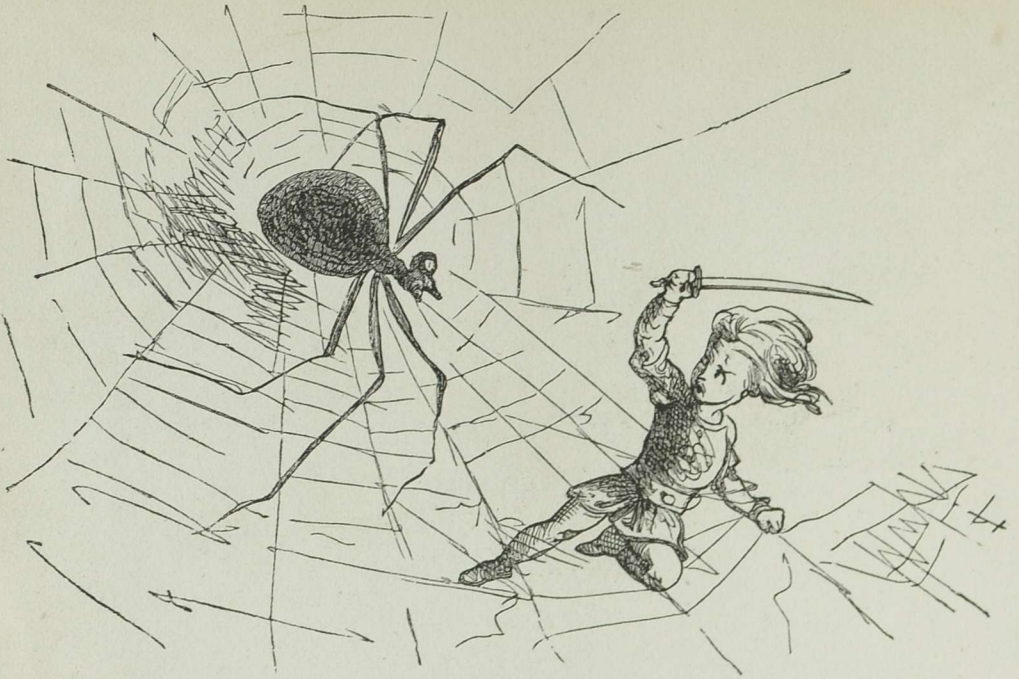


My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.

In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted.
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb ?

King Thunstone welcomed the little man most cordially to his court, and entertained him right royally. But the queen was jealous of the favors bestowed upon him by her husband, and so prejudiced the king against him by falsehoods, that our hero had to fly from the court to hide from the danger he was in. A friendly snail-shell afforded him a secure retreat for a long time, and he did not venture out of it till he was nearly starved.

At last the tiny fellow saw a butterfly approach his hiding-place. He suddenly sprang upon its back, and it bore him, in gallant style, straight into King Thunstone's court; Tom was



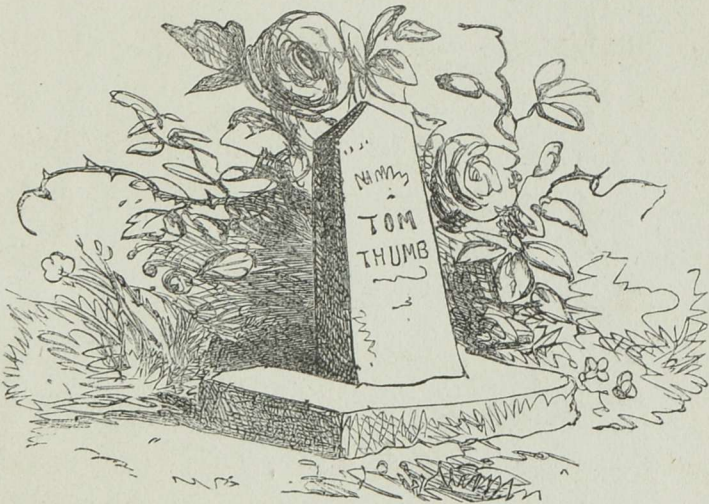
re-instated in the royal favor, and passed many years as a great favorite; he saw many more wonderful adventures which I have not time or space to relate. I must hasten on to the last scene of his life, and tell you how poor little Tom came by his death. It was in this way:—

One day he was walking through the palace garden, in a merry mood, not thinking of any danger, when he felt himself seized from behind by two long skinny arms, and a puff of poisonous breath came in his face; he turned round and drew his sword, and for the next quarter of an hour was employed fighting valiantly against an immense spider. The combat was long and doubtful; at last the spider having had five of his legs cut off, turned on his back, kicked out as well as he could

with the remainder, and—died! Tom was pronounced victor; his victory, however, was dearly bought. The spider's poisonous breath had been too much for our brave little hero; and he fell into a wasting sickness from which he never recovered.

A neat marble slab was raised to his memory by the king, and an epitaph inscribed upon it which ran as follows:—

Here lies Tom Thumb—King Arthur's knight,
 Who died by 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 filled 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!



NOTE.

Tom Thumb is essentially an English story, and all the incidents of the tale are English in their character. The German tales of "Daumling" refer to Hop-o'-my-Thumb; the adventures of the English hero seem to have escaped translation. In the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, in an old black-letter copy of the "Life and Death of Tom Thumb," printed in 1630, which tells us how—

"In Arthur's court, Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the table round,
And else a doughty knight."

Even at that time the tale was considered an old one.

THE THREE BEARS.





THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a thick forest, three bears. The first was a great big bear, with a big head and large paws, and a thick gruff voice. Next came a bear of middle-size, with

a middle-sized head, and a middle-sized body, and a voice that was neither very loud nor very low—for a bear. The third bear was a funny little wee bear, with a strange little head, and a queer little body, and an odd little voice between a whine and a squeak.

Now these three bears had a home of their own; and though it was rather a rough one, they had in it all the things they wanted. There was a great chair for the big bear to sit in, and a large porridge pot from which he could eat his dinner, and a great bed, very strongly made, on which he laid himself to sleep at night. The middle-sized bear had a middle-sized porridge pot, and a chair and bed to match. For the little bear there was such a nice little chair, and a neat little bed, and a little porridge pot that held just enough to fill the little bear's little stomach. So you see they were a very happy company of bears, for they had all they wanted, and what need any bear desire more.

There lived near the house of these three bears, a child whose name was Silverhair. She was a pretty child, with long curls of the lightest flaxen color, that shone and glittered in the sunshine like silver. From this circumstance she took her name. She was round and plump, very merry and light-hearted, always running and jumping about. When she laughed (and she was always laughing), her laugh rang out with a clear silvery sound. It was really pleasant to hear the merry ringing laugh of little Silverhair. One day she ran off into the woods to gather flowers—for this child was fond of flowers, as all children



ought to be. When she had got a good way in the wood, she began to make pretty wreaths and garlands of the wild roses and honeysuckles, and other flowers, and very pretty they looked I can assure you, with their delicate pink bloom, and the bright dew-drops hanging like diamonds upon them. At last the child came to a place where there was a great wild rose bush, with hundreds of blossoms drooping down, and smelling, oh! so sweet in the morning air; and Silverhair began plucking these roses



as fast as she could, and did not stop plucking them till she had quite a lap full of flowers, and till her hands were scratched with the thorns. She did not mind the smart of the thorns, but ran gaily on, singing as she went. All at once she came to such a funny house made of rough wood. There was a hole in the wall, and little Silverhair peeped through to see if any one might be at home. She strained her eyes, and stood on tiptoe till her toes reached, to get a better view; but no one was there, the house seemed quite empty. The hole through which she looked was too small to give her a fair view of the inside



of the house; and the longer she peeped, the greater became the child's wish to know more about the house she had found out. At last the desire to see the house became so strong that she could not resist it any longer; there seemed to be some one pushing her forward, and a voice seemed to be calling out in her ear—"Go in, Silverhair, go in;" so, after a little more



peeping, the door was opened softly, and with a timid look, and yet with a smile on her face, right into the bears' house popped little Silverhair.

But where were the bears all the time? and why did they not welcome their pretty little guest? It was for this reason:—

Every morning the bears used to get up early—like wise bears as they were—and get dressed as quickly as they could. The great bear and the middle-sized bear could dress themselves; and then the middle-sized bear would wash the face of the little bear,

and sometimes rub the soap in his eye ; and then the great bear would seize him and brush his hair with a very hard brush made out of a birch broom ; and sometimes he scrubbed so hard that the poor little bear whined and grumbled, as one might expect a bear with a sore head to do. Then the middle-sized bear would put on the little bear's gloves while the big bear looked on with delight ; and then they would all go out for a walk together. That is how they came to be absent the morning when little Silverhair called in upon them.



Here you have these three bears altogether ; and I think you will agree with me that they are a very fine company of bears indeed. The she bear is particularly worthy of your notice. It is not every she bear, let me tell you, who can put such a bonnet on her head as the one you have before you in the picture, nor are there many she bears either able or willing to pay that particular attention to the comfort and toilet of the smaller class of their species that the lady before us appears to take so much pleasure in. Observe the air with which the big bear is about to put on his three-cornered hat, you can well imagine how grand he will look in it and how well it will match with his elevated shirt collars. The little bear is a picture of simplicity and contentment.



Silverhair wondered much when she came into the bear's room, to see a great porridge pot, a middle-sized porridge pot, and a little porridge pot, all standing by the fire. "Well," thought she, "some of the people who live here must eat a good deal more than the others. I wonder who breakfasts out of that great



pot in the middle! And I wonder how the porridge tastes!" And without stopping to think, she put the great spoon into the large pot and ladled out a big spoonful of the big bear's breakfast.

She drew back with a scream; for the great bear liked to have his porridge terribly warm; and it was heated so much that it burned poor little Silverhair's mouth. So she stuck the

spoon straight up in the big bear's porridge, and wondered who liked to eat such a hot breakfast.

Silverhair tried the middle-sized porridge pot next; and I warrant you she took care to blow upon the spoon before she put it into her mouth. But she need not have been afraid. The porridge was quite cold and sticky; for so the middle-sized bear, who had rather odd notions of her own, loved to take it. The child stuck the second spoon upright in the second porridge pot, and wondered again what strange fellow ate such cold clammy stuff.

There now remained only the little porridge pot; and Silverhair, as hungry as ever, tried that. It was just right. The porridge was neither too hot nor too cold; and the little dainty bear had added plenty of sugar and a little nutmeg, instead of the pepper which the big bear used to scorch his rough throat, or the salt with which the middle-sized bear spoiled her breakfast every day. So Silverhair took one spoonful, then a second, and then a third; and so she went on until she found all the porridge gone, and stood with the empty vessel in her hand wondering what clever person could prepare himself such a nice meal.



All this while the bears were walking along arm-in-arm through the wood, little thinking what a busy guest had come to



their home. They marched gaily on, not fearing wind or weather (for the great bear had an umbrella under his arm, so that he could not get wet or spoil his complexion); until at last they thought it might be time to turn back and think of breakfast.

In the meantime, Silverhair had been looking about for a nice seat in which to finish her breakfast off the little bear's porridge. So first she scrambled up into the big bear's chair. It was cold and hard—much too hard for her. So next she tried the middle-sized bear's chair. This was just as bad the other way; it was so soft and bulging, that Silverhair jumped out of it laughing; and casting her eyes round the room, she found a pretty natty chair looking as if it had been made expressly for her. It was, in fact, the personal property and the favorite seat of the little bear.

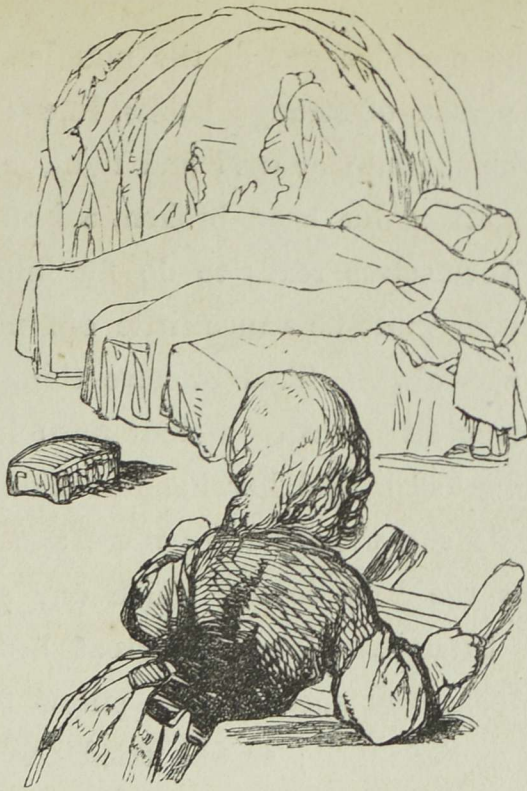


In this chair sat Silverhair, merrily eating the last spoonful of porridge; and there she would have sat much longer, she liked it so much; but the chair had not been made to bear a heavier weight than that of the tiny little bear; it gave a crack, and a groan, and a crash! and down went the bottom of the chair, and down went the little girl upon the floor.

You may fancy that Silverhair, who had so boldly come into a strange house and made herself at home there, was too brave a child to care for a fall. She soon scrambled up again; and laughing at the mishap, danced a jig upon the chair bottom as it lay upon the ground.



Dancing makes people tired; and the more so when they dance after eating a pot of porridge. Silverhair soon felt as if she should like to lie down for a little while; and so she looked round for a bed on which she might rest. A ladder stood



in the middle of the room, and there was a hole in the ceiling at one end of it. Silverhair climbed up the ladder and through the hole; for she thought this must lead to the bed room.

She was right. In the upper room stood three beds side by side. In one respect they were like the porridge pots; there was a large one, a middle-sized one, and a little one.

More and more the child wondered, as she went on. "They must be funny people in this house!" she thought, "to have things of such different sizes!" and at last she settled in her own mind that the one who owned the large bed must be some very grand personage, indeed—perhaps the parish beadle. The

one who ate the porridge out of the middle-sized pot she considered to be a person of strange habits, like Tim O'Raffety, the Irish tinker, who used to quarrel and fight, and say it was for the pleasure of getting his head broken, a kind office his friends always showed themselves ready to do for him. The third person, she concluded, must be a nice little old maid, like her own aunt Rachael, who always liked to have things neat and natty, and would not even sit down on a chair until it had been dusted for her, or till she had spread her handkerchief to sit down upon. But all this while she was growing more and more tired. She looked round at the beds to see which one she should choose to rest upon. Silverhair tried the great bed first. It would not do, the big bear had such a high pillow for his great head that it hurt the little girl; so she tried the next one. This was just as bad. The second bear, who liked always to be different from the big one, had no pillow at all, but a wisp of straw with the sheet drawn tightly over it: so off went Silverhair to the third bed.

It was exactly what she wanted. The dainty little bear had a dainty little bed, very white and very soft, with snowy sheets, and a pillow just the right height. On this bed Silverhair lay down, and thought the little old maid who owned the bed knew at any rate how to make herself comfortable.

The child lay quite still for a time, enjoying the softness of the couch, and the feeling of rest after the exercise she had taken. Every now and then she could not help feeling a little uneasy as to what the owners of the house and the porridge



pots, and the beds would say, when they saw what a free-and-easy person had come to visit them; but at any rate she thought the little old maid would not be very angry, whatever the parish beadle and the Irishman might say. Oh, if she had only known that she was spoiling the property of a fiery little bear, with

little grey twinkling eyes, how terrified she would have been. But now a large bee buzzed about her, singing his drowsy song—hum—hum—hum—and in ten minutes she was fast asleep.

But now footsteps sounded in the room below. A great heavy foot went bump—bump—bump! and a sturdy foot went tramp—tramp! and a little light foot rang pit-pat—pit-pat! The three bears were coming home to breakfast.

Now when the great bear came to where his porridge pot stood, and found the spoon sticking upright in it, he fancied that some one must have meddled with it. So he gave a roar to let the others know he was going to say something, and then he growled in his great hoarse voice:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!”

And he cocked up his hat over one ear, and he swung his umbrella three times round his head, and brought the end of it down on the floor with a great thump; and if he had been the parish beadle himself he could not have looked fiercer.

When the middle-sized bear heard this (she was a lady bear), she ran across the room to look at her own breakfast; and when she found the spoon sticking up in HER porridge pot she also was of opinion that some one had meddled with it. So she agreed with the big bear, and cried out, though not so loudly as the first one had done:—

“Somebody has been at MY porridge!”

And stood looking terribly vexed, and very much puzzled, twiddling the strings of a new bonnet the great bear had bought

her, and which was quite a stylish bonnet, looking very like a coal-scuttle turned upside down, as you will see if you turn to the picture which gives you the portraits of the three bears walking out together.

When the little bear heard this, he ran to his porridge pot in a great fluster; and when he found all his porridge gone and not enough left for the spoon to stand up in, he felt very certain indeed that some one had meddled with his; and he squeaked out in a poor piteous little voice:—

“Somebody *has* been at my porridge *and eaten it all up!*”

And the poor little bear tilted up his porridge pot to shew the others, and stuffed his forepaws into his eyes, and began to cry; for he thought some one had tricked him because he was so little, and the bare idea was more than the little bear could bear.

The big bear felt very angry that any one should take such liberties in his house, and he made use of the occasion to read the two other bears a long lecture, showing how he would punish any one he caught playing him such tricks. And as he spoke very loudly and very angrily, and gave a loud thump on the ground with his umbrella at the end of every sentence; and as he talked a great deal and did nothing at all, he was really more like a parish beadle than anything else.

But everything must come to an end, and even the great bear's speech did not last for ever. He finished his last sentence, gave a last whack with his umbrella on the floor, and went to sit down in his chair. But when Silverhair tried the seat, she had

pushed the hard cushion on one side and had not put it to rights again; there it lay, all awry. So the great bear growled out:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

And sat down in a very bad temper.

The middle-sized bear wanted to sit down, but in the middle of the soft cushion in her chair was a great hollow where Silverhair had sat down. So the second bear said:—

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair!”

But she did not lose her temper, but sat down contentedly with her legs crossed, which I dare say you will think was a much wiser thing to do, because, after all, there was no great harm done, and it is always wrong to make a fuss about trifles.

The little bear began to get very fidgetty. If the visitor has sat down in the other chairs, thought he, I am sure he has not left mine alone, but perhaps has broken it all to pieces, for he treats me worse than the rest because I am little; and the little bear got quite hot all over with anger at the idea.

Up started the little bear, and saw at a glance what had been done to his dainty little chair.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!” he cried dolefully, and sat down on the floor for want of something better to sit on.

But the big bear was too angry to let the matter rest here. He said they must make search to find who had come into their house without leave; and went stumping up the ladder with the middle-sized bear at his heels and the little bear trotting after them.

Silverhair had tumbled the great bear's great bolster in trying to make it low enough for her head. The large bear noticed it at once, and growled:—

“SOMEBODY has been LYING IN MY BED!”

They went to the bed of the middle-sized bear. Little Silverhair had almost destroyed the wispy pillow in trying to double it up and make it high enough for her head, so the second bear said:—

“Somebody has been lying in MY bed!”

Then they passed to the third bed, and the little bear saw something that made all the hair on his head stand on end with wonder.

There was the bed all smooth and white. The coverlet was in its place, and the pillow was there too, but beneath the coverlet was the outline of a slender figure; and on the pillow rested the fair head of little Silverhair, who lay there fast asleep.

“Somebody HAS been lying in my bed!” shrieked the little bear; “and here she's lying still!”

The big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the little bear all stood with their mouths wide open staring in surprise at the pretty child whom they found there. The big bear remembered the long speech he had made, the thumps he had given on the floor with his umbrella, and the revenge he had promised to take on the offender, when he found him out, and he felt rather ashamed of himself. The middle-sized bear was pleased to think how coolly she had borne her share of the misfortune, and she whispered as much to the little bear, who said, “it



was all very well, but no one had hurt her property." No doubt he thought himself very much illused, and took it very ill that the big bear and the middle-sized bear should have got better off under the circumstances than himself; which was both wrong and foolish, for we should never be angry at others because they escape the misfortunes that fall upon ourselves. But the little bear never gave this a thought; he only saw his broken property before him, and again he gave a doleful whine.

Up started the little sleeper, alarmed at the bear's shrill cry; and if she had wondered at seeing the three porridge pots, and the three chairs, and the three beds, you may fancy her surprise was still greater when she saw the big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the little bear, all peering at her in a



very strange and alarming manner. There was no time to lose, so little Silverhair ran towards the window, which the bears had left open, as clean wholesome bears should do; and with a one—two—three—and away! she jumped out into the forest, leaving the bears staring out of window after her.



They lifted up their paws, as well they might, to see little Silverhair go out of window. The great bear gasped for breath and almost fainted; the middle-sized bear leaned so far out of window, that she nearly tumbled on her nose; and as for the poor little wee bear, he got such a fright that he fell backwards off the bed and lay there for nearly three minutes before he dared look out of the window again. But the middle-sized bear tweaked his nose and threw a pail of cold water over him, and the big bear held the pepper box under his little friend's nose instead of a smelling bottle, and poked him in the ribs with the brass point of his umbrella. And these little remedies soon brought the little bear round; and I dare say he was much obliged to his friends for the trouble they had taken with him. But he only

rubbed his sides and shook his head, and sneezed dolefully, which caused the big bear to say that the little bear never was grateful for kindness shown to him ; whereat the little bear gave another doleful whine.

Little Silverhair soon came to the ground ; and there she rolled over and over, as you may see in this picture, until she hardly knew whether she stood on her head or on her heels. At last she got a little better, and sat on the ground to consider what she had best do.

At this moment, the little bear, who had just got up from the ground, poked his queer little head out of the window, and behind him appeared the faces of the middle-sized bear and of the great big huge bear. When Silverhair saw the three hairy faces looking at her, and thought of the piece of work





she had made in the bear's abode, she fancied it best not to wait till the three came down to her, but ran off as fast as ever she could. She never looked behind her till she got clear out of the forest. And I fancy that she did not forget the fall she had had; and the next time she passed a house in the wood, she waited till the owner had asked her to walk in before she walked in and ate porridge, and broke chairs, and went to sleep on beds which did not belong to her.

As for the poor little bear, his breakfast for that morning was spoilt, you may be sure. He had none of his own porridge left, so the big bear gave him some of his; but there was too much pepper in it; and the middle-sized bear gave him some, but there was too much salt in it; and so at last the poor little bear, who was rather greedy, like some children I know, sat down on the ground and cried with vexation, at which the big bear smiled, and the middle-sized bear laughed out aloud. And as the big bear and middle-sized bear ate their porridge, they took occasion to lecture the little bear very severely; telling him how wrong it was to be so angry at a little mishap, and how he ought to learn to bear these things with patience. But as they both had their breakfasts, while the little bear had none, I do not think he gave much heed to their talk, but only went on crying more and more; which makes me think he was rather a foolish little bear, and would have been none the worse for a taste of the big bear's umbrella. If you doubt what I say, turn to the first picture in this story, and you will see the big bear smiling, and the middle-sized bear with her head back, laughing, and the little bear rubbing its eyes with its paws, and crying.

But after awhile, the little bear got over his grief; and when he thought how pretty the child looked when she lay asleep in his bed, and how he and the other bears had frightened her, he felt sorry that she had not stayed longer.

When the big bear had finished his breakfast, and the big porridge bowl stood empty (he was always in a good humour



when he had had his breakfast), he began to talk over the adventures of the morning.

“She was a very pretty child, that little girl,” he began; and the middle-sized bear, his sister, looked lovingly at him, and agreed with what he said, as she always did. “She had very pretty hair,” the big bear went on; “It shone like silver as she lay on the bed,” and again the middle-sized bear nodded, for she fully agreed with her brother, like a good sister as she was, even when he got angry and stirred her up with his um-

rella, which was his way of telling her that he did not approve of something she said or did.

“I’m sure I should be very glad if such a pretty child rested herself on MY bed, or sat in MY chair,” the great bear resumed.

“And so should I,” chimed in the middle-sized bear, with a nod.

The little bear’s face began to brighten, and he thought that after all he could not have given his breakfast to a nicer little visitor; but still he could hardly help laughing to hear the big bear talk so, when he remembered how angry he had been at first, when he found the cushion of his chair pushed a little on one side. But the big bear saw the effect he had produced on the little one, and went on—and I cannot tell you how sly he looked—“Well,” said he, “I cannot help fancying that little girl with the silver hair and bright blue eyes, must have heard what a nice little bear lived here, and so she came to see him, and to spend some little time in his company; and she would have staid longer if she had not been scared away by our great ugly faces—or perhaps it was your bonnet,” he continued, looking at the middle-sized bear. “Why WILL you wear that horrid coal-scuttle bonnet?” and the middle-sized bear looked nervously at his umbrella.

But when the little bear heard this, he was vain enough to believe that Silverhair had come on purpose to see him; and all his anger and sulkiness vanished away. He turned quite red underneath his thick hairy coat, only you could



not see it through his fur, and felt quite delighted to think himself a person of such an attractive kind; and ever since that day he has brushed his hair every morning, and once even asked the middle-sized bear to curl it for him, getting dreadfully burnt with the curling-tongs for his pains.

But if little Silverhair should go to see the bears again, I think she will enjoy her visit, for the very last words the great bear said at the end of his speech, which lasted exactly twenty-five minutes and a quarter, were:—

THE THREE BEARS.

“Well, if she comes again, we will treat her to the best we have; and as for the chair she has broken, we’ll mend it as well as we can, and for the future, like sensible bears, we will endeavour to remember how much wiser it is to learn how
TO BEAR AND FORBEAR.”

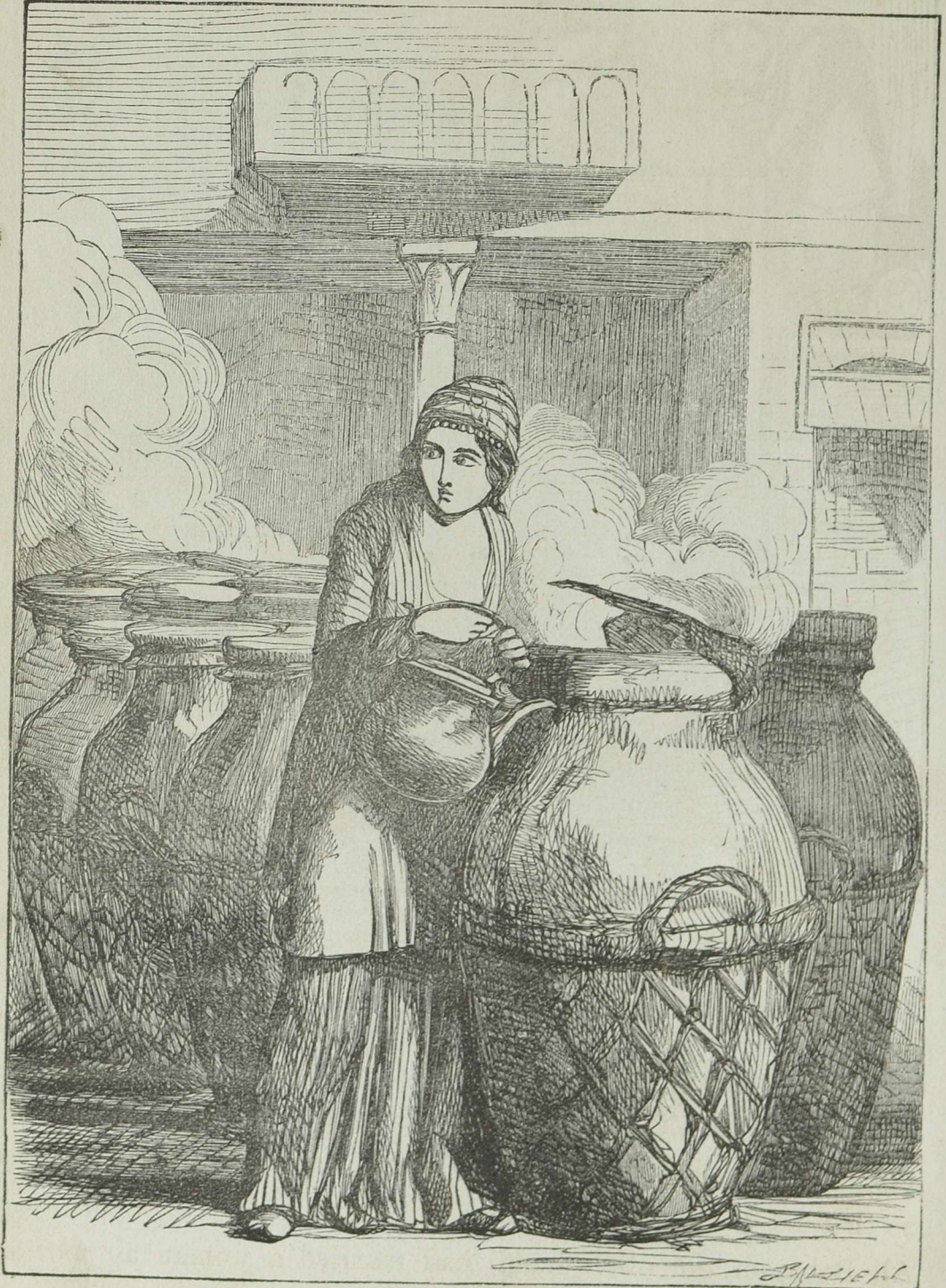
“A capital moral!” cried the little bear. “And not without wit, in our case,” mildly said the middle-sized bear. Now they all felt very happy, so they joined hands and had a good dance, as you may see by this picture.

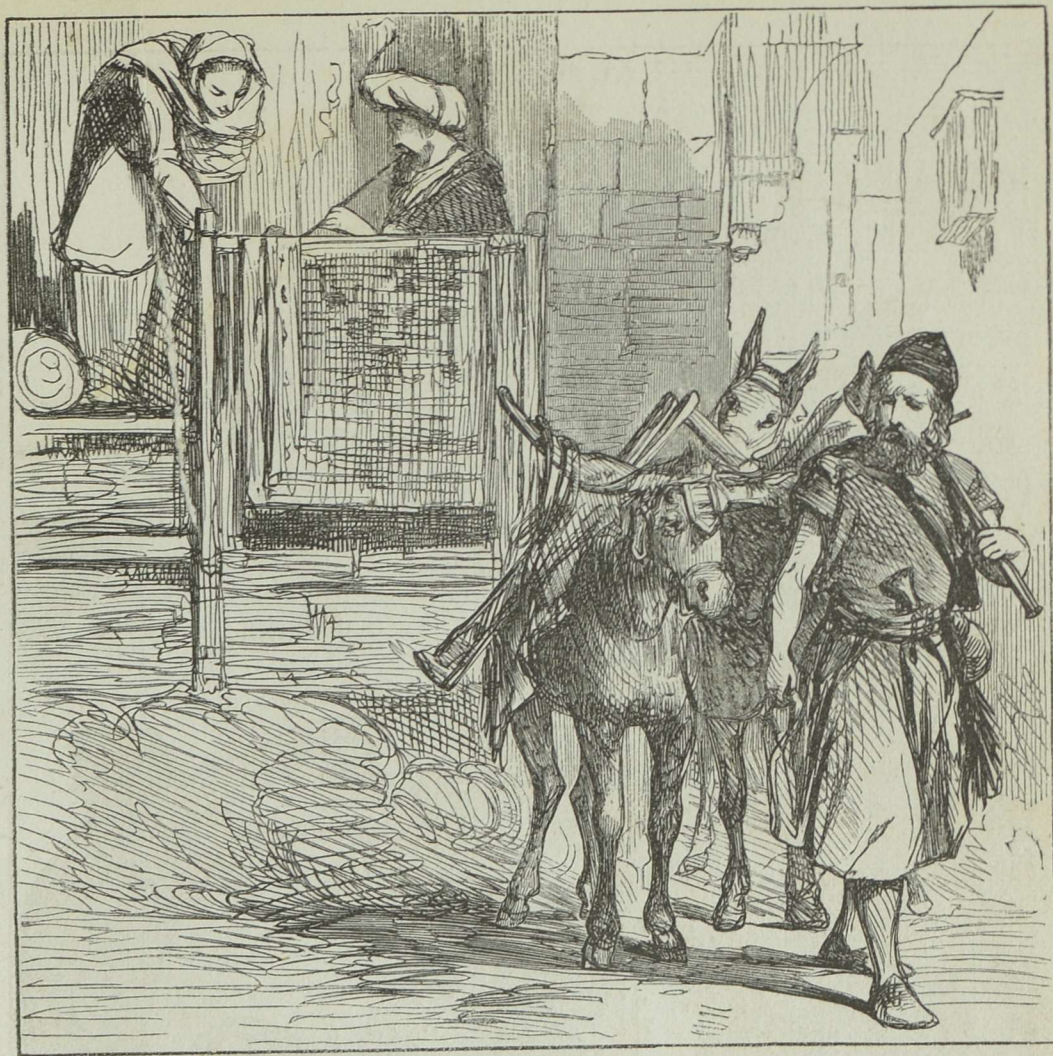


NOTE.

This story cannot boast the high antiquity which invests many of our nursery legends with additional interest. The adventure of Silverhair with the three bears is evidently a tale of modern origin. But though we cannot make a guess at the author's name, we think the source whence he has derived the idea of the child's visit to the bear's domicile is manifest enough. In the old German story "Schneeweisschen," or "Schneewittchen," so pleasingly told in the collection of the Brothers Grimm, and in Bechstein's delightful "Marchenbuch," and translated into our own language under the title of "Snowdrop," the heroine of the tale, persecuted by a wicked queen takes refuge in a little house in the wood, inhabited by seven dwarfs. The owners are absent on her arrival, and she behaves herself somewhat in the style of Silverhair; but she distributes her favors more equally, eating out of all the seven plates, drinking from each of the seven mugs, &c. The dwarfs come home, and one says, "Who has been eating from my plate?" Another, "Who has been picking at my bread?" A third, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" &c.; and finally, the intruder is found asleep on the seventh dwarf's bed, like Silverhair on the couch of the little bear. It is this idea, we doubt not, that has been worked out by the gifted but anonymous author of "The Three Bears," who has merely altered the characters, in deference, perhaps, to English juvenile taste. which delights in the adventurers of animals, while in German nurseries dwarfs, brownies, and cluricaunes, under the general names of "Zwerge" and "Kobolde," are greater favourites than even the brute creation.

ALI BABA,
OR
THE FORTY THIEVES.





ALI BABA.

IN a town in Persia there lived two brothers, called Cassim and Ali Baba. Their substance was but small; yet they were not alike favorites of fortune. Cassim had married a rich wife, so that he became a prosperous merchant and lived at his ease. Ali Baba, on the other hand, had married a woman as poor as

himself. He was forced to maintain his wife and children by his labour in cutting wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon the back of asses for sale to the inhabitants.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust which seemed to approach him. It proved to be a large body of horse; and thinking that they might be thieves, for there had been much talk of a large body of fierce mounted marauders who had been pillaging the country round that neighbourhood, he climbed a large thick tree from whence he could see all that passed without being seen. This tree stood at the foot of a very high rock.

The troop, who were all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them. By their mien and equipment he never doubted but that they were thieves, and in this opinion he was not mistaken, for they were the very thieves of whose daring exploits so much had been said, and who were supposed to possess a stronghold in the forest. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung a bag of corn about his neck. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba by the weight to contain gold and silver, and followed one who appeared to be their captain. This man came under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid; and pronounced distinctly the words—"SESAME, OPEN." Hereupon a door opened in the rock. After the captain had made all his troop go in, he followed them himself, and the door shut again.

Ali Baba sat patiently in the tree; but was nevertheless



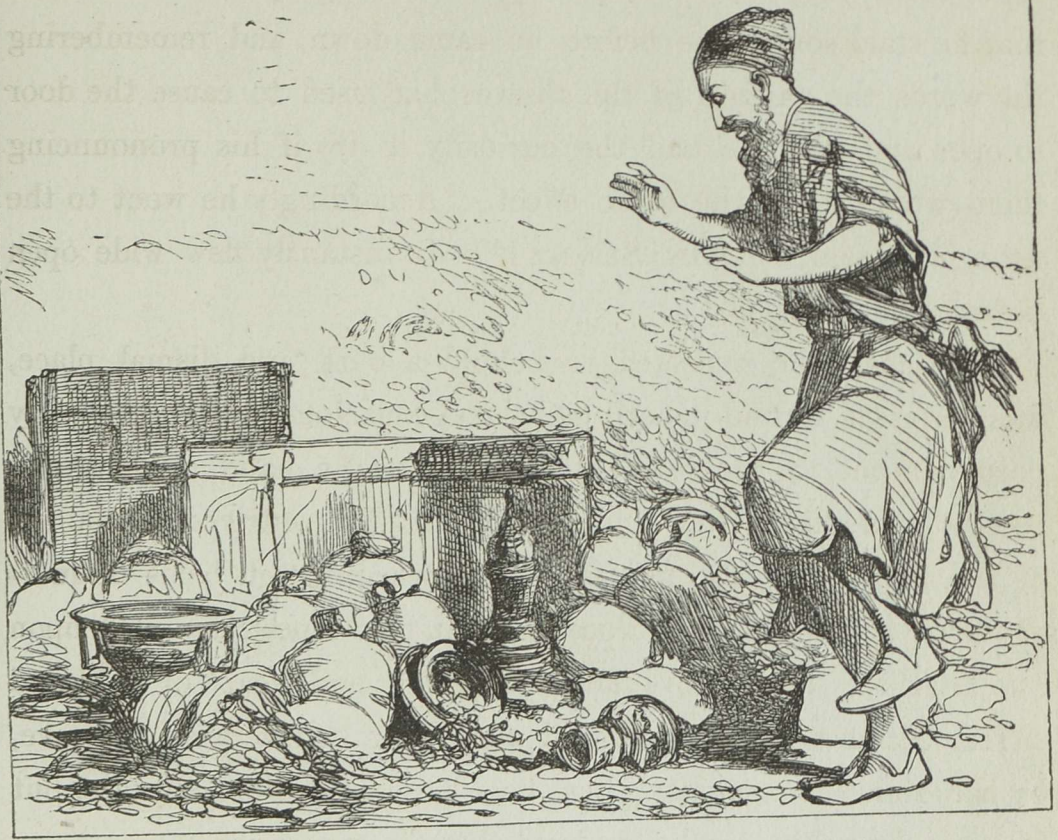
tempted once or twice to get down, mount one of the horses, and make his way to town, but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see that all passed by him. He then pronounced the words—
“SHUT SESAME!” the door closed, and the troop departed.

Ali Baba, all this time, had never stirred out of the tree; for, said he to himself, they may have forgotten something, and return again, and then I shall be discovered. So he watched them until they were completely out of sight, and even after that he staid some time before he came down, and remembering the words the captain of the thieves had used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went to the door, and said, "OPEN SESAME!" It instantly flew wide open before him.

Ali Baba, who expected to behold a dark and dismal place, was surprised to find it both light and capacious; it had evidently been cut out in the form of a vault by the hand of man, and received the light from an opening artfully contrived in the top of the rock. He saw all sorts of provisions, rich bales of merchandise of silks, stuffs, brocades, and fine tapestries, piled upon one another; and, above all, great bags and heaps of gold and silver. Such a sight might well make him believe that this cave, by the riches it contained, had been possessed, not for years, but for ages, by robbers, who resorted there in succession.

Ali Baba did not stand long considering what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he had got in, the door shut again, but this never disturbed him, because he knew the secret to open it. He did not regard the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of that gold which was in large bags, at several times, as he thought his asses could carry. When he had done so, he gathered together



his asses, which were dispersed about, loaded them, covered the bags with green boughs; and pronouncing the words "SHUT SESAME!" the door closed after him, and he made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and showed them to his wife.



His wife was seized with a sudden fear that her husband had been tempted to commit a robbery, and cried—"Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to—"

"Be quiet, wife," interrupted Ali Baba; "do not frighten yourself; I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from thieves." Then he emptied the bags, and told her the whole adventure from beginning to end.

The wife rejoiced with her husband at their good fortune, and wanted to count all the gold, piece by piece. "Wife," said Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you begin



to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole, and bury it; there is no time to be lost." "You are right, husband; I will borrow a small measure to measure it, while you dig the hole." "You had better let it alone," said Ali Baba, "but be sure and keep the secret, and do what you please." Away she ran to the house of her brother-in-law Cassim, who was not at home; so addressing herself to his wife, she asked her for the loan of a small measure. As the sister-in-law knew how poor Ali Baba was, she was very curious to know what sort of grain

his wife, could want to measure, so she slyly rubbed some suet at the bottom of the measure, trusting that some of the grain might adhere thereto.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filling it, and emptying it often, at a small distance, upon the floor. She was very well satisfied to find the number of measures run so high as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished the hole he was digging. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show exactness and respect to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back, but without noticing a piece of gold that stuck at the bottom. "Sister," said she, "you see I have not detained the measure long; I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure and was greatly surprised to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold in such plenty, as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold from?" Cassim, her husband, not being in the habit of coming home until he closed his shop in the evening, she was compelled to restrain her impatience until his return.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, I warrant you think yourself rich, but you are very much mistaken. Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim requested her to explain her meaning, which she did, by telling him the stratagem by which she had made the discovery, and showing him the coin.



Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, could not sleep all that night, but went to him in the morning before sun-rise. Now Cassim, after he married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot that name. "Ali Baba," said he, accosting him, "you are very reserved in your affairs: you pretend to be miserably poor and yet you measure gold!" "How, brother?" replied Ali Baba, "I do not know



what you mean ; explain yourself.” “Do not pretend ignorance,” replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him ; “How many of these pieces have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.”

Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife knew what he had so much reason to keep secret. So he confessed all ; and told him by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and concluded by offering him part of his treasure to keep the secret. “That is not sufficient,” replied Cassim, haughtily ; “I



must know exactly where this is, and the signs and tokens, that I may go to it myself when I have a mind ; otherwise I will inform against you, and then you will lose all you have got, and I shall have half for my information.”

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good nature than fright at his wicked brother’s threat, told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to get in and out of the cave.

Cassim secretly determined to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early next morning, set out with ten mules laden with great chests and large hampers, and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. When he arrived at the rock, he pronounced the words "OPEN SESAME!" and it accordingly opened; and when he was in, it shut again. On examining the cave, he was greatly struck to find its rich contents exceeded Ali Baba's description. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door; and coming at last to open it, his mind was so confused by thoughts of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word, but instead of "SESAME," (which signifies a kind of corn), he said, "OPEN BARLEY!" and was very much amazed and alarmed to find the door did not open, but remained shut.

Cassim never expected such an accident; and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the word "Sesame" was completely forgotten as if he had never heard it before in his life. He walked weeping about the cave amid all the riches; and in this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About midnight the thieves returned to their cave. At some distance from it they found Cassim's mules straggling about with great chests and hampers on their backs, and were very anxious to know to whom they belonged. The captain and others went directly to the door, with their naked sabres in their hands, and on pronouncing the words "OPEN SESAME," it opened.

Cassim was resolved to make one effort to escape from them.

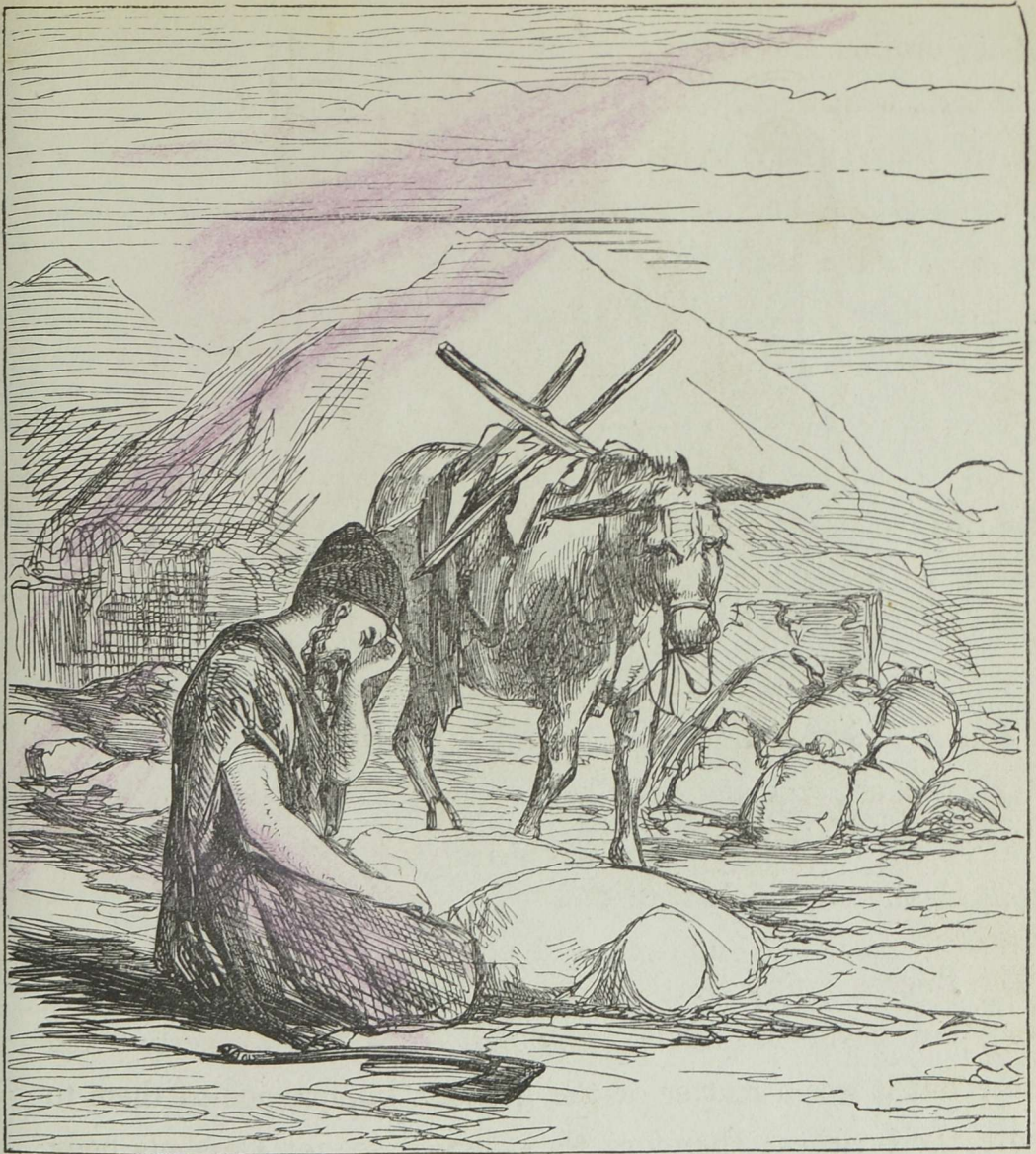


He stood ready at the door; and no sooner heard the word "SESAME," and saw the door open, than he jumped out so briskly that he threw the captain down; but he could not escape the other thieves, who with their drawn sabres and infuriated looks completely blocked up the entrance to the cave; the fall of their captain was followed by the passing of their sabres through the body of the unfortunate Cassim.



The thieves found the bags which Cassim had brought to the door; but never missed the gold Ali Baba had formerly taken away; but it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches; therefore they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang two on one side and two on the other within the door of the cave, to terrify any future intruder.

Cassim's wife was very uneasy, when night came and her husband had not returned; she ran to Ali Baba in a terrible fright, to tell him of it. Ali Baba, who never doubted that his brother had gone to the forest, told her that she need not frighten herself,



for that certainly Cassim would not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled, and she repented of her foolish curiosity, and bewailed her desire of penetrating into the affairs

of her brother and sister. When it was day she went to Ali Baba and told, with tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba never waited to be asked to go and see what was become of Cassim, but went immediately with his asses. When he came to the rock, he pronounced the words "OPEN SESAME!" and the door opened; he was terribly startled at the dismal sight of his brother's quarters. He wrapped them in pieces of cloth, loaded one of his asses with them, and covered the load over with green wood; the other asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with boughs also; and then came away. When he got home, he drove the asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and led the other to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a cunning, artful slave, celebrated for her cleverness and tact. Taking Morgiana aside, he said to her, "the first thing I ask of thee is an inviolable secrecy, which you will find is necessary both for thy mistress's sake and mine. Thy master's body is contained in these two bundles; and our business is to bury him as if he died a natural death. Go tell your mistress I want to speak with her, and mind what I say to you."

Then Ali Baba told his sister the success of his journey, and how he came to find Cassim's body. The grief of the widow was great; but she saw the necessity of keeping the manner of his death a secret; to do this, they had recourse to Morgiana's aid.

Morgiana went out to an apothecary, and asked him for medicine for her good master Cassim, who was sick. Next morning she went again to the same apothecary's, and, with tears in her



eyes, asked for an essence with which they rub sick people at the last extremity. In the meantime, on the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen to go often between Cassim's and their own house all that day with melancholy looks, so nobody was surprised, in the evening, to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told it everywhere that her master was dead.

The next morning, Morgiana, who knew a certain old cobbler who opened his stall early, went to him, and bidding him "Good morrow," put a piece of gold into his hand. "Well," said merry old Baba Mustapha, "this is good pay; what am I to do for it?" "Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana, "you must take your sewing-tackle, and go with me; but you must be blind-folded." After a little hesitation, Baba Mustapha consented, and Morgiana, binding his eyes, led him to Cassim's house and into the room where the mutilated body lay. Here she gave him another piece of gold and bade him sew the quarters of the body together. After Baba Mustapha had done as she wished him, the bandage was again placed over his eyes and he was conducted back to the spot near his stall from whence he was brought. The body of Cassim being now in a condition for the performance of the funeral rites peculiar to Eastern customs, they were proceeded with in a manner least likely to awaken curiosity or suspicion among the neighbours. Morgiana, who took upon herself the chief direction of this affair, acted with such caution, that no one had the slightest suspicion her master had not died a natural death.

To return to the thieves; at the usual hour they came to their retreat, and great was their surprise to find Cassim's body had been taken away, and also some of their gold. A consultation was immediately held, when it was decided to lay aside their ordinary occupations and devote all their skill and attention to the discovery of the person or persons who evidently held possession of their secret. All the thieves approved and agreed that



they must follow this closely, and not desist until they had succeeded. To this end, one of the band volunteered to enter the town in disguise, and so confident was he of success in his mission, that he entered into a compact with the band to forfeit his life if he failed to discover the intruder.

The robber, having disguised himself, set out at once and entered the town just at day-break; no one was stirring at that early hour except Baba Mustapha, the sound of whose hammer attracted the attention of the thief. Coming up to the stall, he accosted Baba Mustapha as follows:—"Good morrow, honest friend; you are an early riser for so aged a man; I should have thought your eyesight was scarcely strong enough to see to work

so early." "Well, stranger," answered Mustapha, "I have most extraordinary eyesight. Why it was but a day or so since that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not half so much light as I have now!" This communication assured the thief that his good fortune had directed him to the very man he wanted. Pretending to doubt Mustapha's story, he learned from him the particulars of his having been blindfolded both on his way to the house where the body lay and on his return. This decided the thief at once; by strong persuasion, and the promise of two gold pieces, Baba Mustapha consented to have his eyes bound and endeavour to remember the road he had formerly traversed under similar circumstances. He rose from his seat, led the thief to the spot where Morgiana had bound his eyes, and where the thief did so likewise; when blindfold, Mustapha said, "This was the way I turned," and followed by the thief he proceeded with great deliberation until he arrived directly opposite Cassim's house; "I went no further than here," said he. The thief gave him the promised reward, marked the door of the house with a piece of chalk, and returned, highly pleased with his success, to the forest. The captain highly commended his diligence, and it was decided that the whole troop should enter the town, two or three at a time, and await the further orders of their captain in the great square.

Ali Baba had removed to Cassim's house soon after the funeral, and Morgiana was now in his service. Just as the thief and Baba Mustapha had parted, she returned from an errand she had been upon for her master, and instantly detected the mysterious chalk mark upon the door. Her suspicions of danger were aroused, but



having no clue by which to direct them, she contented herself by marking two or three of the neighbour's doors on either side in a similar manner.

Meanwhile the robbers had all entered the town, the captain and the spy last; and when they came to the street where Ali Baba lived, he showed the captain one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, and said that was it; but the captain observed that the next doors were chalked as well, and showing it to his guide, demanded to know which was the house. The guide was

so confounded that he knew not what to answer, and the captain seeing five or six houses all similarly marked, ordered his troop to return to their stronghold in the forest. On arriving at the cave, they held a council to discuss the failure of their expedition, and to decide what further steps to take. Exasperated at their present failure, they demanded the forfeited life of their baffled comrade; and he was accordingly executed. Another of the gang came forward and undertook the same task, on the same conditions. He went to Baba Mustapha, bribed him as the other had done, and marked the door with red chalk in a place which, as he imagined, was remote from sight. But Morgiana, whose eyes nothing it appears could escape, saw the red chalk, and marked the neighbour's houses in the same place and manner. On the arrival of the captain and his guide they found the same difficulty; at which the captain was enraged, and his guide in as great confusion as his predecessor was before him. The band, on their return to the forest, awarded the same death to this robber as they had done to the other. Unwilling to sacrifice the lives of his men, the captain himself undertook the task. By the aid of Baba Mustapha he found the house, and took so careful a survey of it that it was impossible he could mistake it. Returning to his band, he procured nineteen mules and eight-and-thirty large jars, filling one of their number with oil. In each of the other jars he placed one of his men, until the whole troop were secreted, leaving them room to breathe by making holes under the places where the jars were tied at the top. Things being thus prepared, the captain drove the mules into town in the dusk of the evening, and passed



in the direction of Ali Baba's house. Finding Ali Baba seated at his door, the pretended oil merchant civilly requested a place for his goods and a lodging for himself until to-morrow's market, as he had travelled far that day, and had arrived in town too late to find accomodation. Ali Baba told him he was welcome to place the merchandize in his court-yard for safety during the night, not having the slightest suspicion of treachery; for though he had seen the robber captain in the forest, and heard his voice when pronouncing the secret words which opened the gates of the cave, he appeared now in so different a character that it would have been next to impossible to have recognized him.

So Ali Baba opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard, and ordered Morgiana to prepare a good supper and a bed for his guest. When the captain had unloaded his mules, Ali Baba went to him and invited him into the hall, telling him he would not permit him to stay in the yard all night. The captain made an apology for the trouble he was giving, and accepted the invitation. Ali Baba not only bore him company, but entertained him with many things to divert him until the hour for retiring to rest had arrived. Morgiana, who had been very busy during the evening, had still some work to do after the household had retired. Finding the oil in her lamp exhausted, and having none handy, she bethought her of the merchant's oil in the court-yard, and ran out with her lamp to fill it from one of the jars; when she came to the first jar, the thief within said softly—"Is it time?" Though very much astonished, she answered, "Not yet," and went in the same manner to the other jars, giving the same answer, until she came to the jar of oil. She was now aware that her master was watched by foes, and determined to save him from them. She placed a great kettle upon the fire, filled it with oil from the full jar, and as soon as it boiled she went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the thief within. As soon as this was accomplished, she heard the captain giving a signal to his band by throwing stones at the jars. Receiving no answer he descended to the court-yard, and looking into the jars discovered what had happened. Enraged, and in despair at being foiled in his design, he forced the lock of the garden door and made his escape.



Knowing that all immediate danger was over, Morgiana did not consider it necessary to inform her master of the occurrences of the night until his return from the bath in the morning. His astonishment at her narrative was great in the extreme; but when, at her request, he inspected the oil jars, he was almost frightened out of his wits. Morgiana then informed him of the mysterious chalk marks which had been placed upon his door, and the means she had adopted to foil the evident evil intentions of his enemies. Ali Baba listened to every word she said



with amazement; and a feeling of gratitude for the faithful services of his devoted slave led him to pour forth a flood of thanks; "You have preserved my life," he added, "and depend upon it your future happiness shall be the study of my life. From this moment you are free! And now we must consider as to the disposal of the robbers bodies." At Morgiana's suggestion, he dug a deep trench at the bottom of the garden, in a spot overshadowed with trees, and buried the bodies there; the jars and mules were removed to a distance and sold.



Meanwhile the robber captain sat alone in his cave. The loneliness of the place seemed frightful to him. His stubborn nature was much moved by the loss of his companions, and he formed a stern resolve to avenge them or perish in the attempt. This resolution being taken, he became more settled in his mind, and slept soundly. The next morning he went to the town, and took a lodging at a khan or inn; he took upon him the name of Cogia Houssain, and opened a shop for the sale of merchandize, directly opposite one kept by the son of Ali Baba.



He next set to work to cultivate the friendship of Ali Baba's son, with the view of getting introduced to his father's house. In this he succeeded. Ali Baba, hearing of the intimacy which had sprung up between his son and the rich merchant, Cogia Houssain, invited the latter to sup with him. The invitation

was very gladly accepted; but no sooner had he arrived, than the quick eye of Morgiana knew him to be the captain of the robbers. She also observed that he had a dagger secreted in his robe. Confident that he sought her master's life, she formed the resolution of baffling him at all hazards. Having armed herself with a sharp dagger, and attired herself as a dancer, she entered the room and solicited her master's permission to display her skill before his guest; this was readily given, and to the accompaniment of a tabor, she executed several dances of so graceful a character as to obtain the applause of all present. But having observed the robber chief's hand beneath his robe, she moved toward him with the tabor as if to solicit a gift; then, with a sudden movement, she started up to her full height and plunged her dagger in his heart.

Once more Ali Baba acknowledged he owed his life to Morgiana, and this time he determined it should not pass without reward. Morgiana and his son had long been attached to each other. They were married the next day; and from the treasures of the robber's cave, Ali Baba gave her a dowry fit for a princess, whilst to her husband he imparted the secret of replenishing it, should it ever become exhausted.



NOTE.

Of this tale of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," it is only necessary to observe, that it has been selected for the present series, as forming, together with "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," the most popular and pleasing among the stories of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments"—a series which could not pass unrepresented in a volume like the present one.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY
OF
ROBIN HOOD.





ROBIN HOOD.

ROBIN HOOD was born in the reign of King Henry the Second, at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, and of good

family; indeed, it is said, that one time of his life he was Earl of Huntingdon. His father was very fond of archery and other field sports, and he taught them all to his son. Robin learned so fast and so well, that at the age of fifteen he was the best archer in the whole country side, and victor at all games of skill or trials of strength, but he was a very wild young fellow, and cared little what he did or what he spent. One day he met some foresters, and they made a bet with him that he could not shoot a deer which was standing at a very great distance; he did it, but they refused to pay their bet, so he was offended and left them, and when he was a little way off they laughed at him, which made him very angry, so in the heat of passion he turned round and shot at them with his arrows until he had killed them all. Almost before he was a man he had spent all his fortune and got deeply in debt by keeping three hundred bowmen to be his companions in his sports, and so many were the pranks he played, and so great were his debts, that the abbot of a monastery close by became his enemy and caused him to be outlawed. He then went and lived in the woods and killed the king's deer for food. Some other young men, who were wild like himself, went with him, others joined them, and in a few years there was about one hundred of them, with Robin for their captain. They were all dressed exactly alike—in coats of Lincoln green and scarlet caps with feathers in them. They were generally armed with bows and arrows, in the use of which they were very expert, not only when shooting the king's fat deer in



the forest of Sherwood when they wanted it for food, or in protecting themselves or others against their enemies—for they had a great many, some of whom often pursued them to take them prisoners or to kill them—but also in shooting for prizes at the fairs or festivals and rejoicings of neighbouring towns and villages, where they sometimes went in disguise. Some wonderful tales are told of their skill; shooting the fleet stag when it was running at its fullest speed being the least of their exploits; shooting the swallows when they were flying, or the topmost leaf off the highest tree when the branch



was blown about by the wind. Any of them could hit the centre of a target a hundred yards off, but Robin, who was the cleverest of them all, could, with his own arrow, split any of theirs whilst they stuck in the target, or split a thin willow wand at an equal distance. They spent most of their time in robbing the rich and proud, and in assisting the poor and needy, for Robin never would let them take anything from anybody who could not well spare it, and always gave what he could to those who needed it; indeed, it is said of him, that although he was a robber, he never missed an opportunity of doing good to the poor.



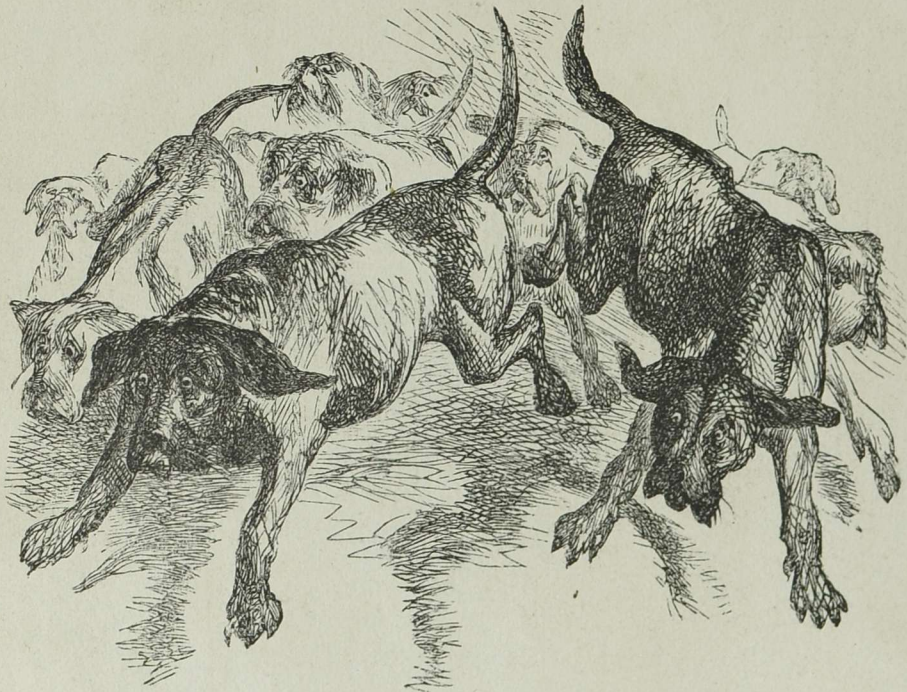
The fame of their actions spread far and near, and they were known every where as Robin Hood and his merry men. One of the chief of them was John Little, whom Robin one day met on a narrow bridge, and as neither would allow the other to pass peaceably, they fought with sticks until they were tired, when Little John knocked Robin over into the water, and when

he had swam ashore they both admired each others courage and skill so much, that they became friends and were scarcely ever parted afterwards. John Little was nearly seven feet high, so the companions of Robin called him Little John, for fun, and he went by that name ever after. There was another named Scarlet, whom Robin met with in much the same way, and after shooting, quarreling, and fighting, he found out that he was his own relation, who had done something very wicked and had run away from home to find Robin and live with him in the forest; and a third called Much, or Midge, a miller's son, these three were the fast friends of Robin for life; they always went with him wherever he went, and always remained near enough to him to be ready at a call to assist, to protect, or to defend him.

Having heard of a friar named Tuck, who lived near, as a merry fellow and a very strong fellow, Robin went to see him. The friar was walking by the waterside, and Robin called out that he must come and carry him over. The friar very patiently took him upon his back and carried him over quite easily, but he then said that Robin in return for being taken across ought to carry him back again; Robin consented, and taking up the friar, went through the stream with him, but he said that the friar was twice as heavy as himself and so he ought to have two rides for the other's one. The friar took him up again, but when they were about half way over, hitched him off into the water and left him to get out how he could. This vexed Robin so much that he shot arrows at the friar until he had



not one left ; but the friar was not hurt, for he had armour under his frock. After that they fought for a long time with swords, but Robin gained no advantage, so he blew his horn for his men to come and help him ; but when they appeared, the friar gave a loud whistle, and a great many large dogs came round him and began to tear Robin Hood's clothes.



Little John shot two or three of them, and the other men shot at them also, and the dogs flew at them and bit them, but the friar and Robin thought it better to agree to be friends than the noble men should be bitten or the fine dogs slain, so they shook hands very heartily, and Robin persuaded the friar to go and live with him as his chaplain. This was just the way with Robin, when he found any one to be as strong, as brave, and as skilful as himself, instead of continuing the fight, he made a bargain to be friends, and it was much better than fighting until one of them was killed.



Some time after this, when Robin, disguised as a peasant, was walking in the forest, he met a young page, and as he liked to try the courage of every one by pretending to quarrel, he soon provoked the page to fight with him, although Robin was much the biggest and strongest man of the two. When they fought until they were weary, the page's cap fell off, and

a lot of fair hair fell from under it, and to Robin's surprise it was no page at all, but a beautiful lady called Maid Marian, whom he had loved and promised to marry before he was made an outlaw; so he threw off his own disguise, and they were both highly delighted to find each other again. Then she told him how miserable she had been when he was banished; that her father had shut her up in a room, locked her in, and set rough fellows to guard her, treating her very ill because she would love Robin; at last he threatened to marry her to an old man, so she bribed the rough guard to let her escape, and had come to the forest that she might find Robin and live with him and love him, and never leave him more. So Friar Tuck married them, and Robin made a great feast, and the men made garlands for the captain's wife, and treated her so kindly she had no need of bridesmaids. They called her their queen, because they were proud of her beauty and loved her gentle manners, and they kept up the merry makings in honor of the wedding for many days.

Robin had many personal quarrels, but although he was one of the strongest of men and one of the most skilful in defending himself, still he sometimes met with one who was too much for him; one of these was a beggar man with whom he fought, and the beggar man beat him until he was sore. Another was only a shepherd and fought with his crook, but he conquered both Robin Hood and Little John one after the other. And a third called the "Pinder of Wakefield," but he was the bravest of all, for he fought Robin Hood, Little John,



and Scarlet for a whole day long, and beat them in the end, so you see they did not always get the best of it.

Robin Hood had a very great dislike to priests, because of the abbot having caused him to be outlawed, so he punished them whenever he had a chance. He once sent Scarlet and Little John to see if one should pass; in a little while two black monks came riding by on mules, so Little John told them "The Master" wanted them to dine with him; they did not know who "The Master" was, but seeing that Scarlet and Little John were armed, and they were not, they had no



choice, and suffered themselves to be led to where Robin was, he treated them very civilly and made them eat a good dinner and drink wine, but when it was over and he asked them to pay, they said they had only a few coins about them; Robin did not believe it, but said that if it were true he would let them go, but if not, he would keep all they had and beat them into the bargain. Little John made a search and found eight hundred pounds in their saddle bags; at this Robin laughed, but when he found it was his enemy, the abbot's, money, he laughed still more; so the monks seeing that their money was



lost, and that they were likely to get knocked about for telling lies, ran away as fast as they could go, Robin Hood and his men laughing at them all the time. The abbot was very angry when he heard of it, and complained to the king. The king offered a reward to any one who would take Robin prisoner; of course a great many tried but none of them could do it, and Robin grew so daring that one day he and his men being in the wood and meeting with several of the king's own servants who were taking home a good deal of money to the king, they fell upon them, beat them very severely till they

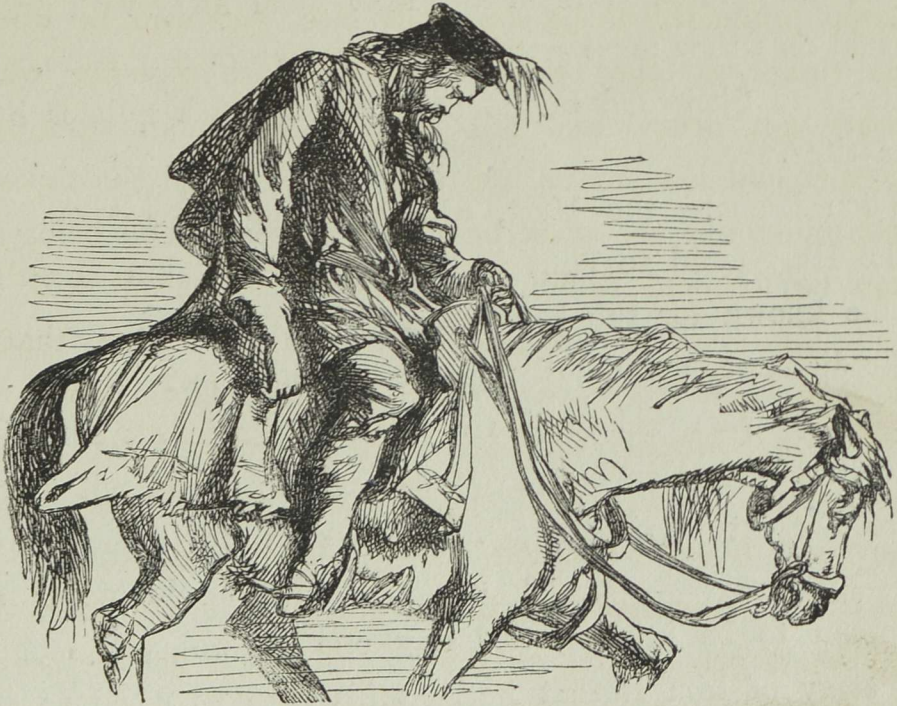


were almost dead, took all the money from them, and told them that when they could crawl home again they might tell the king, THEIR master, that Robin Hood, the Master of Sherwood, had taken the money to pay his men with. At this the king was very angry, and said he would give twice what he offered before to any one who would take Robin Hood.



One Sir Guy of Gisborne, a very valiant knight, and very confident, promised the king he would take him. He soon rode to the Forest of Sherwood, and meeting with Robin called out to him to yield as a prisoner, but Robin said he would not, so the knight drew his sword and attacked him, but Robin fought so well that he soon killed Sir Guy, and cutting off his head he hung it upon a tree. Another brave fellow, a tinker, got a copy of the king's warrant against Robin and

sought him out, but as he did not know him when they met, Robin pretended to be somebody else, and said he would help the tinker, so they went to an alehouse together where the tinker got drunk and fell asleep, and Robin stole both his warrant and his money, and left him, so when the tinker awoke and found out the trick he was very vexed, and being a strong man he followed Robin, and when he came up with him he made him stand and fight, and beat him so severely that he was glad to blow his horn for his men. Little John, Scarlet, and Midge would soon have made short work of it with the tinker, but Robin forbid them, and offered him a share of all they had if he would be one of them, and, strange to say, the tinker consented; so Robin got another man and the king could not get Robin; so the king found it better just to leave Robin alone. It is said that Robin some time after got the king's pardon, and in this manner:—Robin having rendered the queen some slight service on an occasion when she was crossing a flooded stream; she, to reward him, at the first opportunity, when the king was going to give a grand feast, invited Robin and some of his men to be present and display their skill in archery before the king. So they went in disguise, and not only in archery, but in every other game that was played for the amusement of the court, Robin and his men beat every one else; they could always do something more, and something far cleverer than the cleverest of the others, and if anyone said anything to make the king and the company laugh, Robin and his men would say something to make them



laugh far more; so they carried off all the prizes, attracted so much attention, and so pleased the king, that he offered to grant them any request they choose to make. The queen, who heard him, said he had better grant them his pardon, and leave to live as they had done. The king asked where they had lived, and what they had done to require pardon. Then Robin and his men kneeling, confessed who they were and begged mercy, but the king, pretending to be angry, asked about the robbery of the money, when the queen came forward and said that Robin had sent it all to her, requesting her to give it to the poor, and

that it had saved many families from want in the cold winter. So the king pardoned them and sent them away with presents, but said that they must not rob his treasurers any more. They returned to Sherwood Forest and lived a much quieter life for some time.

When Richard the First, who was king after Henry, went to the Holy Land to fight in the Crusades, Robin Hood again became known for the boldness of his deeds and his kindness to the distressed; and although he was a robber he was pious, and had prayers said to him every day; indeed, it is said that he was so sincere in his devotions that he would not leave off before his set service was finished even to defend himself against the attack of his enemies; he would never allow a woman to be injured, nor any one in woman's company. One story of him is that he sent his men as usual to watch for passers by, and they, seeing a knight on horseback riding along weary and dejected, invited him to dine with their master. Robin treated him very kindly, made him eat and drink of the best, trying to cheer him because he looked so sad, and at last asked what made him so uneasy; then the knight said that an abbot had lent four hundred pounds upon his house and land for a year, that it must be paid again the next day or the house and land would be the abbot's, and he, his wife, and children, beggars; that he had been in foreign countries to seek for aid to pay it, and could get none, and was riding home with only ten shillings in his pocket. Robin so pitied him, that he not only gave him enough money to redeem



his land, but a handsome horse, and a great deal of fine stuff for dresses for himself and family besides, and sent him away happy and full of gratitude.

Another story is, that he one day saw a young knight riding by very gay and singing merrily, but the day after saw him returning very sad indeed, so he invited him to take a cup of wine, and to tell him why he was so changed in so short a time. The young knight told him his name was Alan-a-Dale, that the day before he was on his way to marry a sweet young lady, but when he arrived he found her father was



going to marry her to a very old man against her will, and that it was to take place that very day at a church not far off. Robin gathered together some of his men and told the young knight to follow to the church in their company, and he would go before in the disguise of a minstrel. He arrived just as the priest was about to proceed with the

marriage, and in a loud voice forbid him to go on; before the company could recover from their surprise, the young knight arrived with Robin's men, and the young lady said she loved Alan-a-Dale better than either the old man or any one else; so Robin and his men turned the whole party out of the church, Friar Tuck married the young couple, and they went away happy. On another occasion Robin and his men rescued three young men from the officers who were taking them to be hanged: they were a poor widow's sons, and this is how it occurred:—He was walking in the streets of Nottingham disguised, when he saw an old woman sitting on a step rocking herself to and fro, weeping, and looking very much distressed; he went up to her, asked her what was the matter, and offered her some money, but she said it was not money she wanted, and fell to weeping more and more. Then he begged of her to tell him what was the cause of her sorrow and misery; after some little time she answered that HE was the cause of it all, which surprised him very much, and he desired her to tell him how he could be the cause of her distress who was a stranger to her; she said he was no stranger for she knew him well enough by his voice, and as to her grief he alone was to blame for it all; he begged of her again to tell him how; so she told him that her three sons, the only sons she had, were followers of his and had lived with him in the forest, were fine brave fellows and her only support, that they had been taken prisoners by the men belonging to the Sheriff of Nottingham, had been tried and sentenced to be hanged for

killing the king's fallow deer in the wood, and that they were to be hanged that day; that she knew not what she would do when they were dead, but she thought she would die too. Then he told her to take comfort and not to fret, for he would take care that her sons should not be hanged, that they were such noble fellows, so faithful and so true to him, that he would not lose them for anything. Then the old woman fell down on her knees and would have thanked him for his promises, and blessed him too, but he would not allow her lest it should attract the attention of the people in the street, who, if they found out who he was, might collect such a crowd as would bring down the sheriff and his men upon him, and make it difficult for him to escape and impossible to release her sons; so they separated and went different ways, she hoping he would be able to keep his promise, and he determined to do it. Presently he met an old monk; "What news?" says Robin. "Three squires are to be hanged for killing the king's fallow deer," was the reply; so Robin offered the old man a lot of money if he would exchange clothes with him, which he accepted; he then dressed himself in the monk's gown, went his way, and soon met the proud sheriff. "Oh, what will you give to a poor old man that is willing to act as your hangman," said Robin; the sheriff promised him a new suit of clothes and some money if he would act as hangman, so Robin promised to do so, but when the three young brothers were brought out, Robin put his horn to his mouth and a hundred and fifty stout fellows with bows and arrows soon came rushing

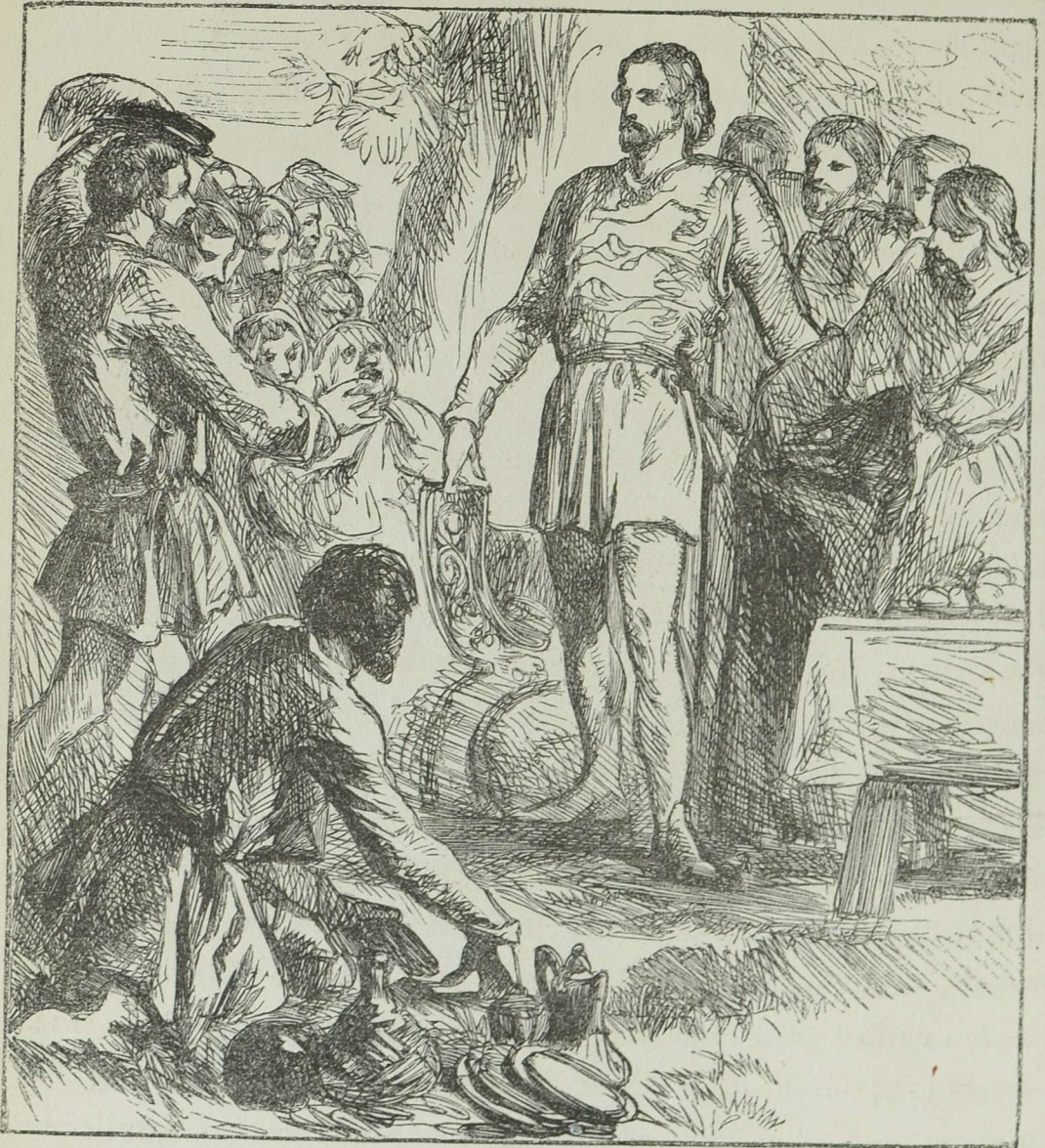


forward. Then he blew a second blast, and sixty more men came rushing over the plain. "Oh, who are these?" says the proud sheriff. "They are my attendants," says Robin, "and they have come to pay you a visit." Now the sheriff was a bad man who never gave anything to the poor, so they bound him and hung him on the gallows, and set their own brave fellows free.

Robin having heard that the Bishop of Hereford was to pass through the wood, he and his men killed a fat deer and dressed it by the way-side to attract his attention; when he came by he, feeling very confident because he had a good many armed servants and some few soldiers with him, and seeing that Robin had but few, and being haughty and arrogant as well, he stopped his horse and abused Robin and his men for killing the deer, and said he would take them to the king, but Robin blew his horn for a hundred of his men who soon put the bishop's followers to flight, and they seized the bishop and led him away to their haunts in the wood, and there they made him eat and drink whether he would or no, and made him pay for it with all the bags of gold he had with him, and then dance in his boots for their amusement as long as he was able. This, and other tricks, caused the Bishop of Ely, who was a great man when the king was away, to go with a number of soldiers to take him, and he attacked Robin Hood in the forest; but Robin and his men won the fight and the bishop was obliged to fly. This reaching the king's ears on his return from the war, he said he would go himself and see if he could subdue this famous Robin Hood, but liking adventures, he went in disguise as a monk, and so did those who went with him. When Robin met them, he thought the king was an abbot and that the others were monks in his company, so he seized the king's horse by the bridle and said he had a spite against all such as abbots, who lived in pomp and pride, and therefore he must away with him into the wood; but the king answered

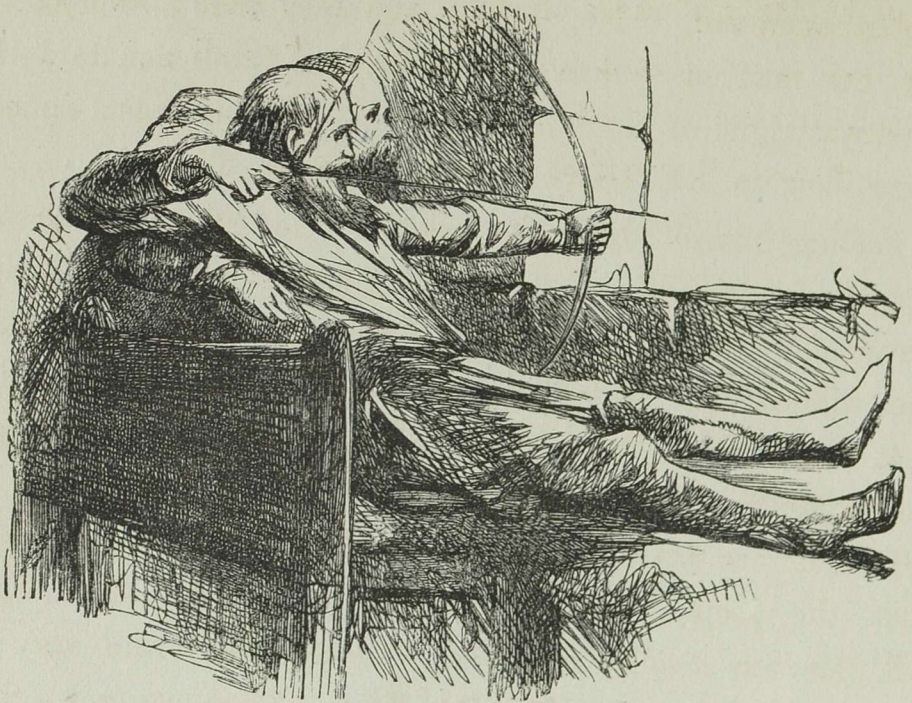


that they were messengers, whom the king, who was not far off, had sent to say that they wished to speak with him, and Robin said he loved the king, and would do anything for him, and as they were the king's messengers they should be well treated; then he took them into the wood, and blowing his horn a hundred and ten of his men came and knelt down before him, which made the king wonder and say to his followers that it was a finer sight than could be seen at court. Robin then told his men to display their skill in the sports of the forest for the amusement of the king's messengers, and to do



it as if it were to please the king himself; they did so many wonderful things, and so many brave things, that the king declared such men could not be found elsewhere. Robin then set his visitors down to a splendid feast of venison, fowls, and

fish, with plenty of ale and wine, and they were all very merry together. Then Robin took a tankard of wine and said they must all drink the health of the king; when they had done so, the king amongst the rest, Robin's men all cheered so loudly that even the king was astonished; so he said to Robin that they all seemed very fond of the king, and would be fine fellows to serve the king if they could but get his pardon: Robin replied that they would, and would serve him truly, for there was no man they loved so much as the king; so the king threw off his disguise, and Robin and his men knelt down before him and asked for pardon. The king said they should be pardoned all they had done if Robin would leave the forest and go and live with him at court. So Robin went and lived with the king for a year, but he grew weary of the court and pined for his merry green wood and his merry companions, so he begged of the king to let him go back, and the king did so. So he went back and lived the same life he did before until he was an old man. One day, being unwell, he said to his old friend Little John, "We have shot many a pound, but I am not able to shoot one shot more, my arrows will not flee." He said that he felt so ill that he must go to his cousin, at Kirkley Hall, that she might bleed him. Now Robin's cousin was not a good woman, yet when he arrived at the Hall she pretended to be very kind, and begged that he would have some wine, but Robin said that he would neither eat nor drink until she bled him; so she led him to a private room, and when she had bled him, she locked him in the room and left him



alone. Now this was a very wicked thing to do. About the middle of the next day, poor Robin, finding that no one came near him, knew that all was not right, so he thought he might escape by the window, but he was so weak and ill that he could not jump down; he then thought of his horn, so he blew three blasts, and although they were very weak, still they were strong enough to be heard by his constant and kind friend Little John, who soon broke the locks open and was quickly at his master's side. "Oh, master, grant me a boon!" said Little John. "What is the boon?" said Robin. "That I may burn this fair Kirkley Hall for the injury that has been done to you, my kind master," said Little John. Then

Robin answered, "No, I have never injured a woman in my life, nor man in woman's company, and I will not do so now." This was right of Robin, who, although he had been an outlaw, knew how to RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

Feeling himself dying, he asked for his bow and arrows, and begged Little John to prop him up that he might shoot one arrow more before he died, and when he had shot it through the window he said they were to bury him where it fell; that they were to lay a green sod under his head, and another under his feet; that his bow and arrows should be laid by his side, and that his grave was to be made of "gravel and green," that the people might say, "Here lies bold Robin Hood." All this was readily promised, which pleased him very much, and "there they buried bold Robin Hood, near to the fair Kirkleys."



NOTE.

“ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZTOOTH, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into ROBIN HOOD. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, EARL of HUNTINGDON; a title to which, in the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire; Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; and, according to some, Plumpton-park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances, who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favorites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were LITTLE JOHN (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor*), WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock, or Scarlet), GEORGE A GREEN, pinder (or pound-keeper), of Wakefield, MUCH, a miller's son, and a certain monk or frier, named TUCK. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was MARIAN.

“Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkleys-nunnery in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present), by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the thirty-first year of King Henry III. and, (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.”—*Ritson*.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.





THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WHEN people have had to wait for a long time for anything they very much want, they are apt to prize it all the more, whenever it does come, than if their wish had been fulfilled directly it was uttered. It is so with the letters we

get at school, written by our friends at home; the longer we have to wait for them, the more we value them; it is the same thing with prizes and rewards of all kinds; and so it was also with the king and queen about whom I am going to tell you, if you will sit down and listen, and not interrupt me.

Well,—once upon a time there lived a king and queen, who loved each other tenderly. They had only one drawback to their happiness, and this consisted in the fact that they had no children; so they were very glad indeed when a fairy came one day to court and announced to the king and queen that their wish was at length to be fulfilled, and that a little daughter would be sent them.

When the baby, came there were great rejoicings. It was a beautiful little chubby baby, with blue eyes, and a fair skin; and it was wonderfully good, and scarcely ever cried. Great preparations were at once made for the christening, and every good fairy in the neighbourhood was invited to act as god-mother to the little princess, that she might be under the especial protection of the fairies in after life, and that they might shower gifts and graces upon her.

But in sending out the list of invitations, a great mistake was made. One old fairy, of great power and a very crabbed temper, was by accident left out. She had been travelling abroad, and the king's chamberlain did not know she had yet returned. That is how it happened.

When the christening was over, the guests all went into a great hall to partake of a splendid banquet. The king and



queen had made every effort to do honor to their company; and each of the seven fairies, who had come to act as god-mothers, was provided with a plate of pure gold to eat from, and a case containing a knife, fork, and spoon, enriched with rubies and emeralds, as a token of the parent's respect and gratitude. They had only just begun their feast, when the old fairy came hobbling in, and in a sulky tone, desired that room should be made for her among the other fairies. This was done at once, and she sat down to table. But when she



saw that her knife and fork were inferior to those used by the other fairies, she was angry indeed, and began muttering between her teeth in a very ill-tempered way.

Luckily, one of the fairies had noticed these black looks, and knowing the old hag's character, she felt sure she would cast some wicked spell over the little innocent baby. So when the banquet was over, she went and hid herself behind the tapestry hangings of the dining room, so that when the other fairies offered their gifts to the princess, she might come last, and try to avert any mischief the old hag, in her malice, might try to do.

The fairies came forward and bestowed their gifts upon the little baby princess. The first promised her splendid and brilliant beauty; the second, cleverness and ability to learn; a third, kindness of heart and gratitude; and so they went on, each giving her some good quality or other, until it came to the turn of the wicked old hag to speak.

That bad fairy came straight into the middle of the floor, and stretching out her hand, exclaimed:—"My gift to the princess is—that she shall pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound!" Then, with a yell of laughter, and a look of the deadliest spite, she vanished.

All present were seized with horror and amazement; from the king who sat on the throne, to the little scullion who peeped at the festivities from behind the door. The king and queen were so much grieved that they wept, and many of the courtiers expressed their sympathy in a similar manner. But at this moment the young fairy stepped from behind the tapestry where she had been concealed, and said, in a gentle voice—"Do not grieve, my good friends, for things are not so bad as you imagine. The old fairy has spoken in hate and malice; but I can partly avert the effect of her anger—though not completely. Your daughter shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle," she continued, turning to the king and queen. "But she shall not die of the wound. She shall only be cast into a deep sleep. For one hundred years she shall slumber, until, at the appointed time, the appointed person comes to wake her." Thus spoke the good fairy, and vanished; and the christening party broke up in sadness.

The king and queen took all possible pains with the education of their little daughter; and, as she grew, the effects of the fairy gifts were clearly visible. She became more beautiful every day; and, what was of more consequence still, she became kind and gentle to every one about her, so that all loved and admired her. Nurses and governesses had no trouble at all with her; and even the domestic animals seemed somehow to know how kind and good she was. The great gruff house dog who lived in the kennel in the castle yard, and who barked at every one else, would snigger, and wag his tail, and tumble with delight, directly the little princess came in view; and he would let her put garlands of flowers round his neck, and play with him by the hour together; and the more she pulled his ears the better he liked it. She was indeed a most lovely and loveable little girl.

One precaution, however, the king was careful to take. He had every spindle in the palace destroyed, and forbade every one, under pain of death, to use one. Nobody was even to utter the word "spindle," and the king actually discharged three of his footmen because they had spindle-shanks, and thus reminded him of the fairy's prediction.

But all these precautions were fruitless. When the princess was just sixteen years old, the king and queen left the palace for a day or two, on a visit to one of the courtiers; and the princess, being in a merry mood, amused herself with running from room to room in the castle, and exploring all the holes and corners where she had never been before. At last, on the top story of all, she found a little room; and running in, she saw an old woman

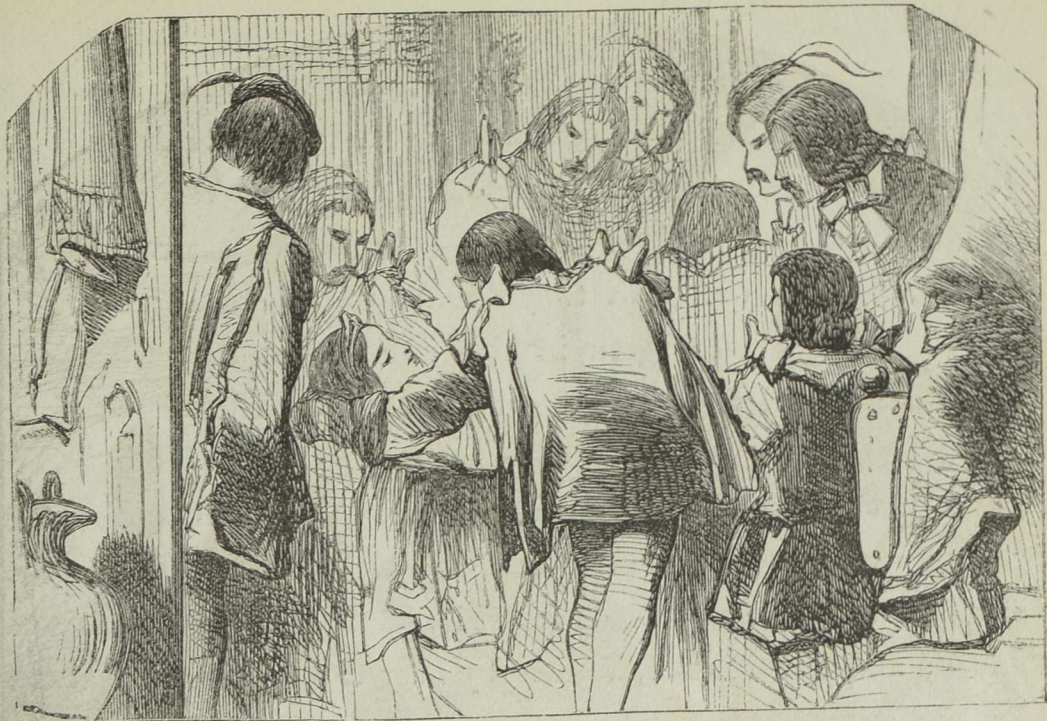


spinning with a distaff and spindle. The poor old creature had been allowed for years to inhabit this turret-room; and as she seldom left her chamber except to go into the kitchen to fetch away the broken victuals that were allowed her, she had never heard of the king's edict, and did not dream, worthy soul, that she was doing wrong.

“What are you doing, goody?” asked the princess. “I am spinning, my pretty lady,” was the reply. The old dame had no idea she was speaking to the princess, or she would have said



“your royal highness.” “Oh, how pretty it looks,” continued the princess; “I wish I could spin, too;—will you let me try?” Of course the old woman consented, and the princess took the distaff in her hand. But a moment after she pricked herself, uttered a little scream, and fell down into a deep sleep.



The old woman was much alarmed, as well she might be. She called out lustily for help, and in a few moments there were all the attendants and inhabitants of the castle offering their assistance. One loosened the princess's girdle; another sprinkled cold water on her face; another tried to revive her by rubbing her hands; and a fourth wetted her temples with Eau-de-Cologne. But it was all in vain; and in the midst of the confusion the king and queen came home.

On being informed of the misfortune that had befallen him, the king saw at once that there was no remedy but patience. He thereupon ordered that his daughter should be laid on a magnificent couch, in a costly apartment of the palace, and that guards should be stationed at the chamber door night and day.

Very lovely the young girl looked as she lay on her splendid bed, in a deep sleep, with her cheeks as blooming, and her breathing as regular, and her lips as red as ever; and very sad the parents felt when all the arrangements had been completed and they thought that they would be dead long before their beautiful daughter awoke—and that they should never see her smile or hear her merry voice again in this world—and that when she awoke she would find herself quite alone and friendless among strangers.

But for this also the good fairy had a remedy. On hearing the news of her godchild's misfortune, she travelled at once to the palace at the rate of nine hundred and fifty-seven miles in a minute; and her chariot, drawn by fiery dragons, arrived at the king's palace the very day after the accident happened.

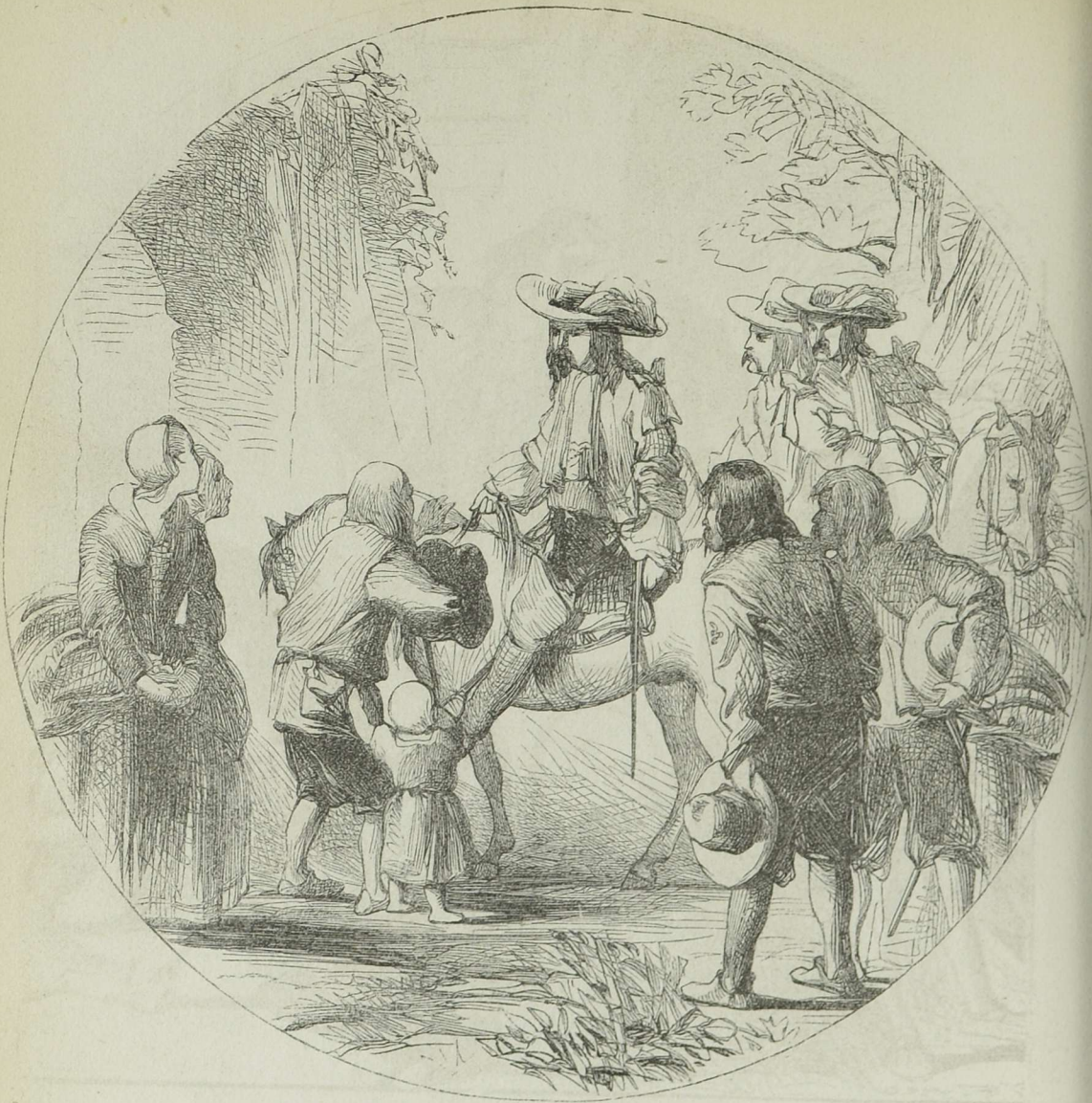
Invisible to all, she passed through the palace, touching every living thing with her wand as she went by; and a deep sleep fell immediately upon all she touched. With the exception of the king and queen, who left the palace when the ceremony was over, all the inhabitants of the palace were served alike—the ladies in waiting, maids of honor, ladies' maids, officers, gentlemen-in-waiting, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, porters—in fact, every one fell asleep—and the strangest circumstance was, that they went to sleep in a moment, without having time to finish what they were about. All the domestic animals were enchanted in the same manner; and the old king and queen quitted the palace accompanied by the fairy.

The king gave strict orders that no one should approach the

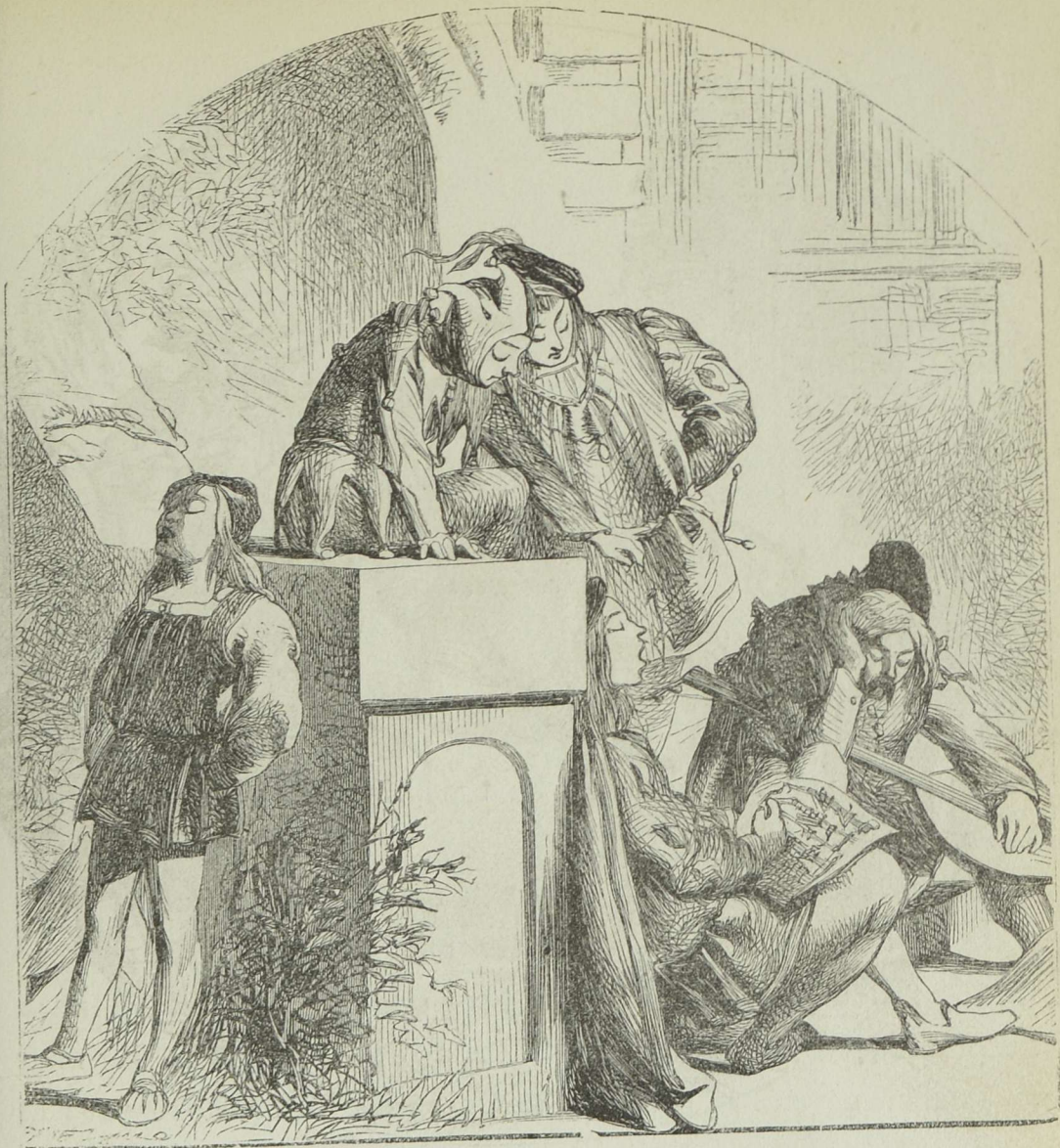


building on any pretext whatever ; but he need not have given himself so much trouble, for in a few days a thick hedge grew up all round the place, and the forest trees seemed to intertwine their branches, and form a kind of wall. This grew thicker and thicker with surprising quickness ; and at last the very existence of the castle was forgotten, except that now and then one peasant would tell another the tale of the wonderful enchanted castle, which was said to be situated somewhere in the wood.

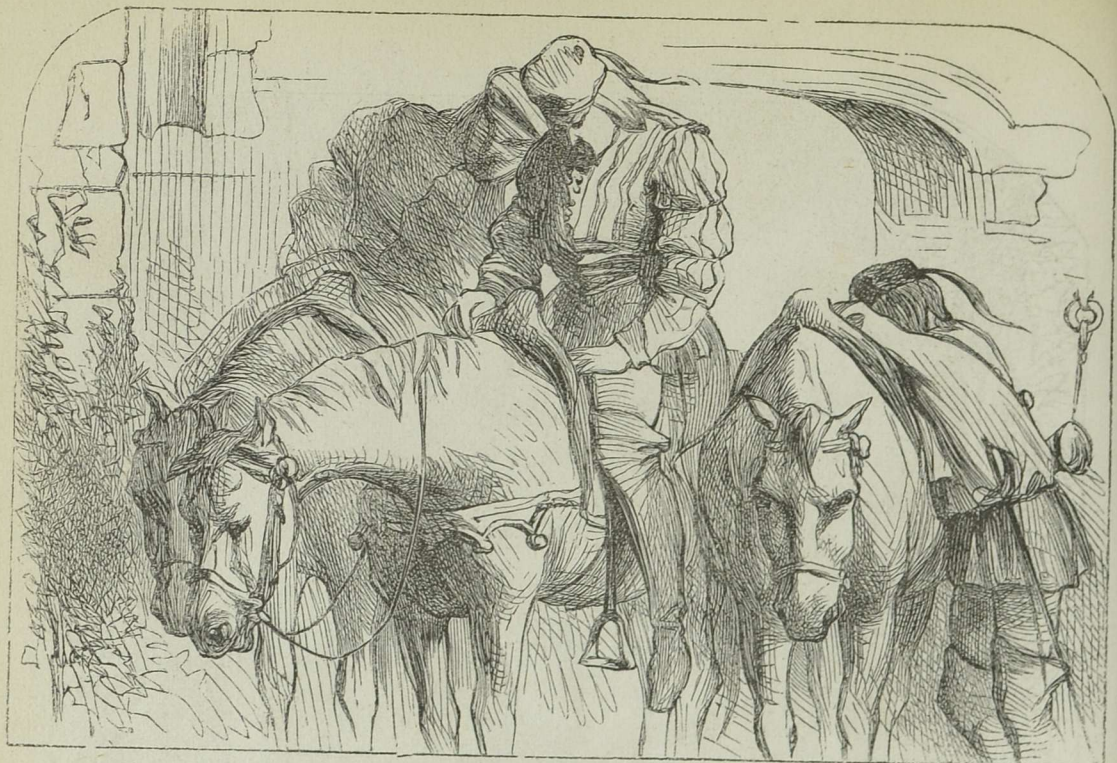
One year after another went by, until at last a century had passed away. Great changes had taken place in this time. The old king and queen had been dead more than eighty years, and another family sat on the throne of the country. One day



the son of the king was hunting in the woods, and went more deeply into the forest than usual. All at once he fancied he saw the turrets of a castle at a distance among the trees. He questioned his attendants on the subject; but they could give him no information. On passing through a neighbouring village, the



prince inquired of the peasants, when a very old man came forward and detailed to the prince the history of the enchanted palace. "My old father," added the aged peasant, "told it to me when I boy—full fifty years ago—he, himself, was young when it occurred, so that, to my thinking, the hundred years have passed



and your royal highness may be the prince destined to awaken the enchanted sleepers.

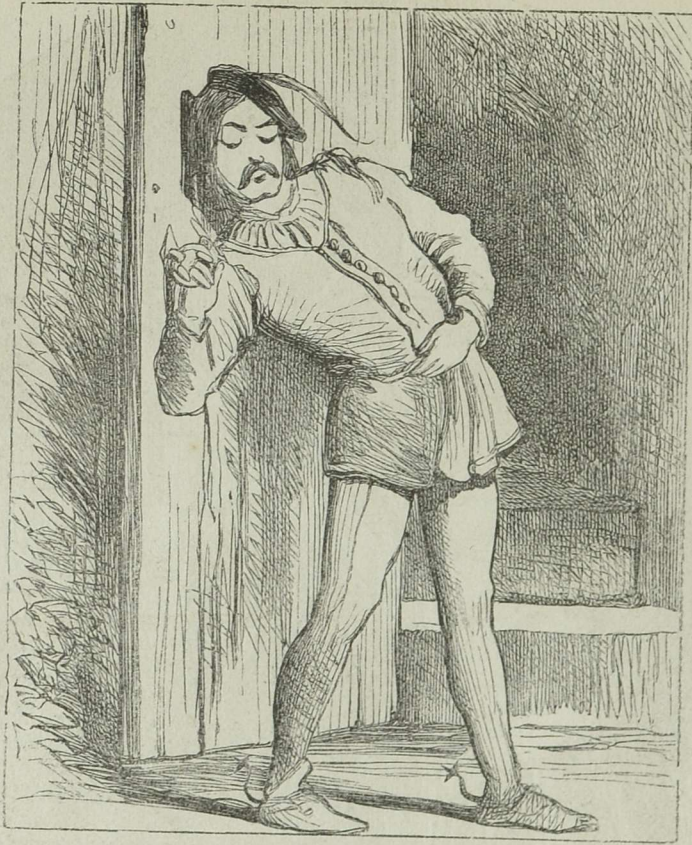
The next day, the prince set forth alone to endeavour to penetrate to the castle. The brambles and thorns which grew so thickly round the place, appeared to open a passage for him as he proceeded, and close behind him as dense as ever. He went on wondering, and reached the castle porch. Here a company of musicians had been playing, and the king's fool, in his suit of motley, had been listening. They were fast asleep, and the man who had been singing had not even had time to shut his mouth.

Just inside the gateway a hunting-party had arrived. One of them had alighted, and the others were still in the saddle. But they were all asleep, men and horses.



A little further on sat a court lady and gentleman. The gentleman had been amusing himself with a tame raven, and the lady had been occupied in doing nothing. A page stood by with refreshments for them when their present amusement should have afforded them leisure to partake of them.

On went the prince through the lower or basement story; he passed by a groom, who stood, fast asleep, with his ear at a key hole, and a very sly look of wisdom in his face. He would not have listened at doors, I fancy, if he could have known that he should have to stand at one for a hundred years, and be caught in the fact at last. Let this prove a lesson, that when we are guilty of a mean action we are seldom prepared for anything that may befall us.



It was a very comfortable room through which the prince next passed. When I say it was the butler's apartment its comfortable appearance will be at once accounted for. If there is one man more than another in a household who knows how to make himself cosy, that man is the butler. He had been arrested by the fairy's touch while in the act of producing from his private cabinet a flask of the choicest vintage the cellars of the castle afforded. From the position in which he was discovered by the prince, which is accurately represented in the next picture, we may infer that he was a good-natured old gentleman, and occasionally shared his comforts with his friends who favored him with



a visit ; in the present instance his visitor appears to have been of the gentler sex ; and butlers have ever been celebrated for their politeness to the ladies.

Whilst the butler was thus pleasantly employed, his assistants in the castle cellars were engaged as you see in the picture,



drinking the wine instead of attending to their business; a fact which proves the truth of the old adage, that "when the cat is away the mice will play." But these men do not seem to have contented themselves with only one glass; particularly the one in the left hand corner of the picture, with the bottle in his hand. Observe the stupid heavy look in his face which stamps him a drunkard. What a degrading position for a man to remain fixed in for one hundred years!

The scullery maid was the next person the prince encountered; she was fast asleep, of course, with a dish she had been wiping a hundred years before, in her hand; and to judge by her fat



and rather lazy appearance, I should think it was not by any means an uncommon occurrence for her to have fallen asleep over her work.

Through the servant's hall the prince went next; and there were all the footmen and grooms as fast asleep as possible. One of them sat behind the door; he had been drawing on his boots when the fairy threw him into the enchanted sleep, and there he sat with one boot off and the other on—like "My man John" in the nursery rhyme.

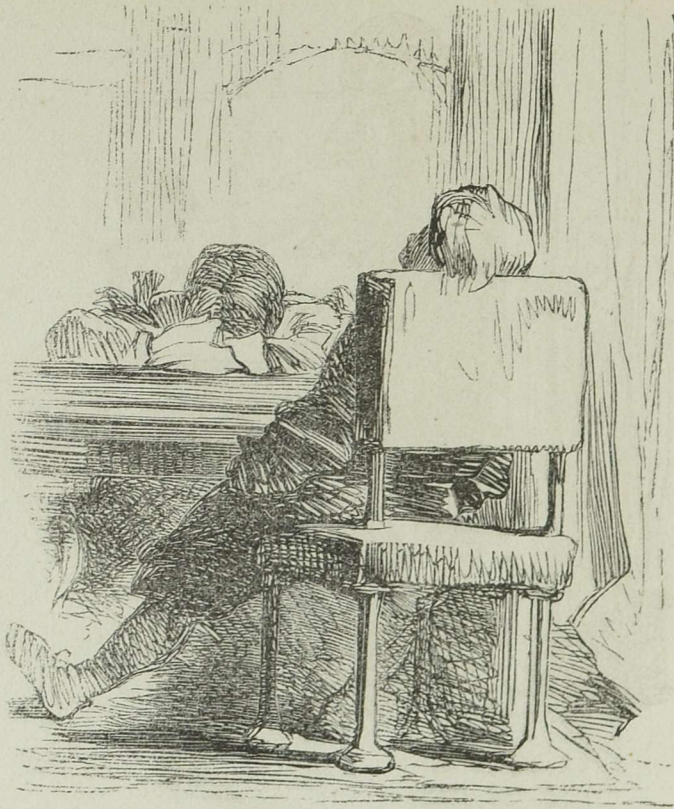
But it was in the great kitchen of the castle that a most impressive sight appeared. The great, large, broad man cook



sat in the chair before the fire, with the dripping ladle in one hand, and a sop in the other. One bite he had taken out of it in the shape of a great half-moon; then the sleep had come upon him, and he sat in his big chair before the fire, the very picture of contentment and repose. The kitchen-maid stood behind him with a bottle and glass in her hand, (they seemed to have been very extravagant with the wine in that castle). She was fast asleep too, and so was also a huntsman, with a horn and pouch by his side, who had come into the kitchen (where he had no business) for a glass of wine, and little thought he



would have to stay there a hundred years. At the servant's tables, the men were asleep with their heads on the table, or hanging over the backs of their chairs. Never was such a sleepy household since first kings kept castles, and servants to attend to them.



In the corridor, on the first floor, some one had rung for refreshment. A spruce man-servant in a handsome livery stood there with a tray, with a flagon and glasses, (what a quantity of wine they did drink there, to be sure). The bottle had fallen half off the tray, when the fairy's spell came upon it; and there it hung, toppling off towards the ground, but not falling completely down. In the apartment at the end of the corridor sat two young ladies, and a gentleman who had been telling them a story. They looked just as if the story had been stupid, (not like this one), and they had gone to sleep over it. The

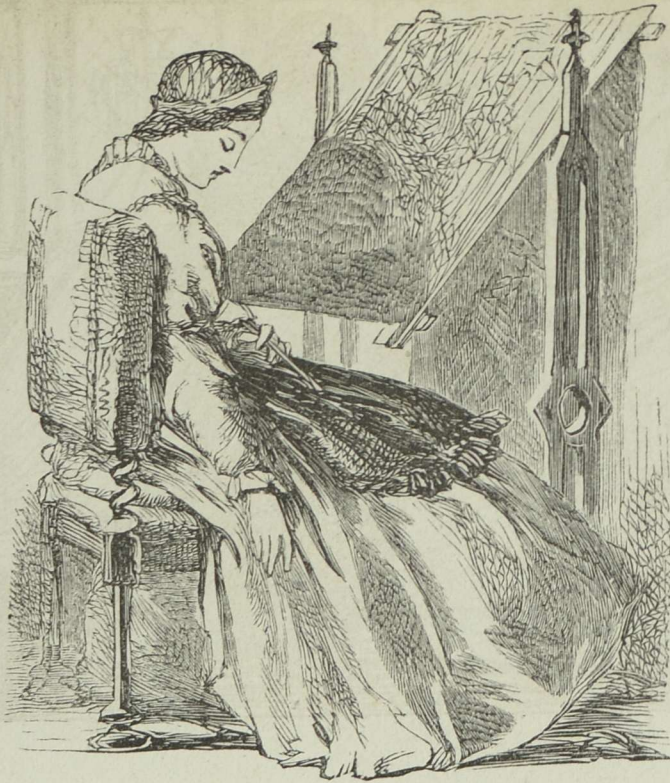


gentleman was asleep too, and so was the great dog that lay on the carpet, with his nose on the floor.

In the next room sat a lady. She had been working at a large tambour frame making a sofa cushion for the old king, to surprise him with on his birthday; for he had been gouty, and loved to have something soft to rest his poor old leg on. Need I say that she was in the same condition as all the other inhabitants of the castle; and now the poor old king had been dead many years, and could never have the birthday present intended for him. But it had been kindly meant, and like many other good actions, brought its own reward.



The next door the prince came to, he only peeped in it for a moment, and immediately retired, for it was a lady's bedroom. There sat a lady before a looking glass. She had been dressing her hair, and beautiful long hair it was. She was fast asleep too, with her hands still upraised adjusting her plaits. On the opposite side of the passage was a man's bed room. The occupant looked comical enough. He had been brushing his hair with two brushes, one in each hand, and was just looking in the glass to see if his whiskers were not beginning to come; so he had stood, leaning forward and staring at his own face for a hundred years. He ought to have known pretty well how he looked, I should think, and would doubtless have done so if he



had not been asleep all the time. And during the hundred years his whiskers had not grown in the least; for his chin and cheeks were still perfectly smooth.

At the end of a long passage appeared the grand staircase of the castle; and at the end of the staircase was a tall arched doorway, with a nice velvet curtain spread before it. A number of soldiers in full armour, with helmets, breast-plates, and tall spears called partisans, kept watch here, and very handsome and martial they looked. But each man's head was sunk upon his breast; and if the old Roman law had been put into force which denounces death against every soldier who falls asleep at

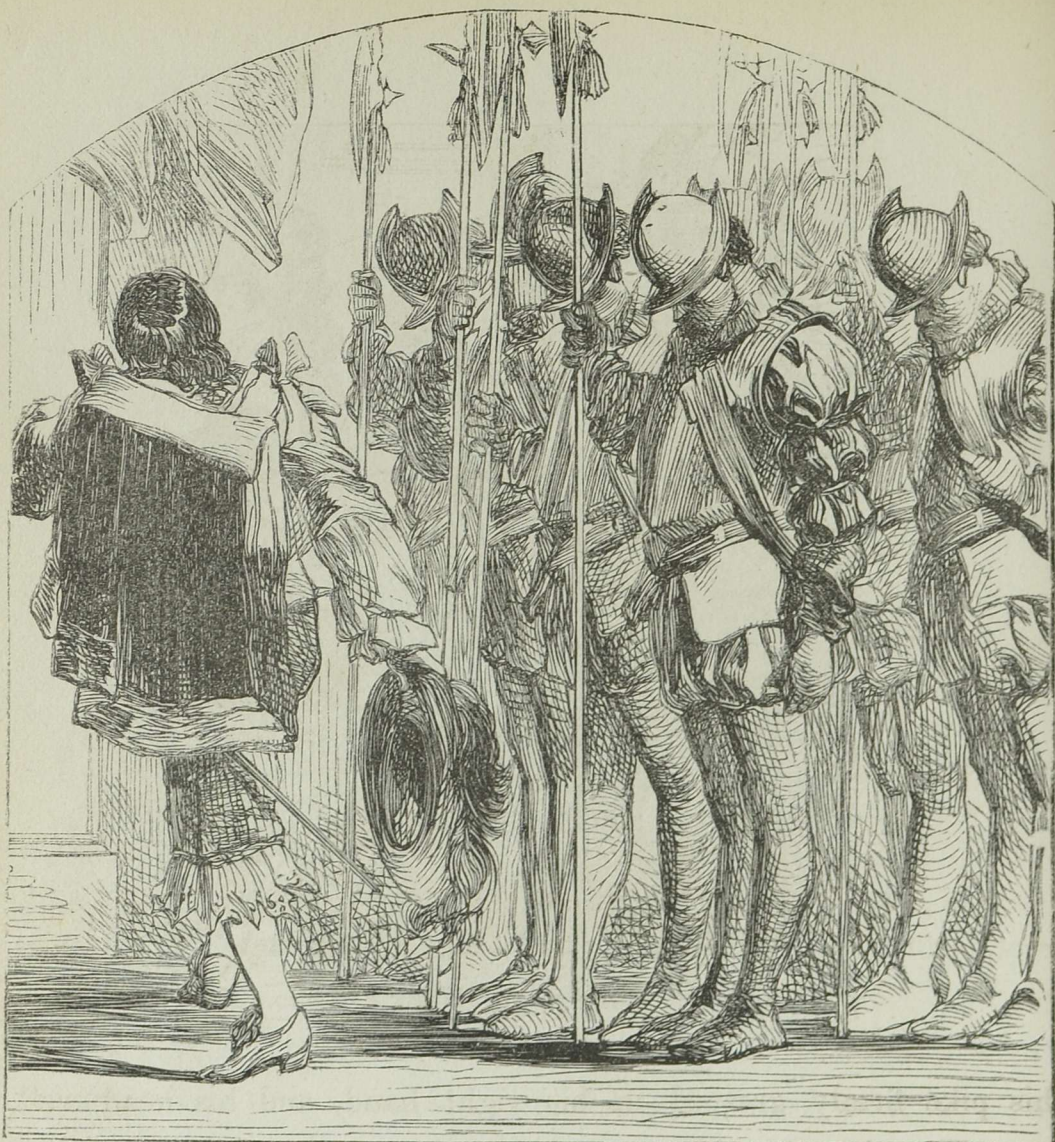


his post, I should not like to have been one of the princess's guards. The prince walked past them and lifted the curtains; there, on a couch in the centre of a splendid apartment lay the princess, as fresh and blooming as if she had gone to sleep but an hour before; and I could not describe, if I tried ever so hard, how beautiful she looked. The prince could not restrain his admiration of her; he bent forward, and did what ninety-nine young men out of a hundred would have done; that is to say—he gave her a kiss!

In a moment there was a stir and a hum all through the



castle; and outside the princess's room a loud clash was heard, as of armed men dressing their ranks and clattering their weapons. The enchantment was broken, and, with a great sigh of relief, the whole castle woke up—men, women, children, and animals. The fat cook in the kitchen finished the sop, from which he had taken but one bite. The butler had his choice glass of wine, and smacked his lips. The scullery maid finished wiping the plate. The gentleman sitting between the two ladies lifted up his head and finished his story. The servant finished pulling on his boot; and the young man



proceeded with his toilet. The animals in the palace seemed glad to wake up once more.

The prince quickly appeared, leading the beautiful princess by the hand; and this time the guards were not asleep I promise you. Every man among them was standing at his post with



his pike firmly grasped in his right hand, and his head well up. The young maidens of the castle strewed flowers in the path of the prince and princess ; and there was a general rejoicing.

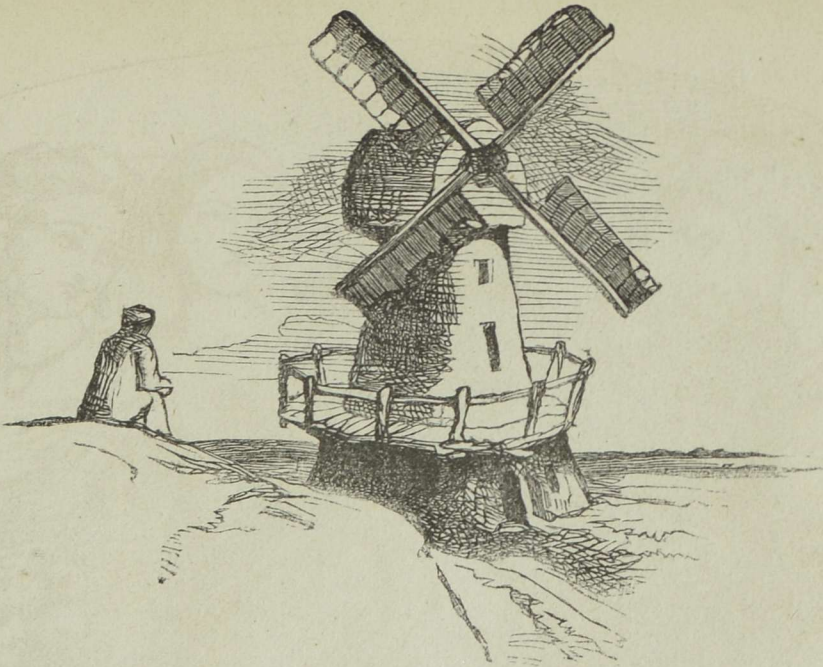
They had a grand wedding, you may be sure, and lived a hundred years afterwards without one quarrel, which is so very satisfactory to think upon, that we had better end the story with it. I think it was a very pretty fairy tale, and I hope my readers think so too.

NOTE.

The incidents of this story are all to be found in the tale of "Rosaline," in Grimm's collection of Hausmarchen—a sufficient guarantee for its antiquity—for nearly all the stories in the valuable work of the brothers Grimm, were communicated by the peasants of the neighbourhood of the Rhine, among whom they had been handed down from one generation to another. In many instances a great similarity is noticed in the traditional tales of various nations; but seldom are the incidents so completely preserved as in this case. The cause of the fairy's jealousy, the sentence upon the princess, and the *denouement* of the story, are exactly the same in "Rosaline" as in our English story of "The Sleeping Beauty." Stories of enchanted sleepers have been popular among the German peasantry from the time of Frederick Barbarossa, downwards.

PUSS IN BOOTS.





PUSS IN BOOTS.

HERE is a story of a wonderful cat! Come and listen to it. Every child who has not heard it before should hear it now, and those who have heard it may hear it again. For of all the clever cats that ever existed, the cat of which I am going to tell you now, was certainly the head and chief; and I think none of you will like to annoy cat or kitten again, from the respect you will feel for the whole race when you have once heard this marvellous, tremendous, and astonishing tale of Puss in Boots!

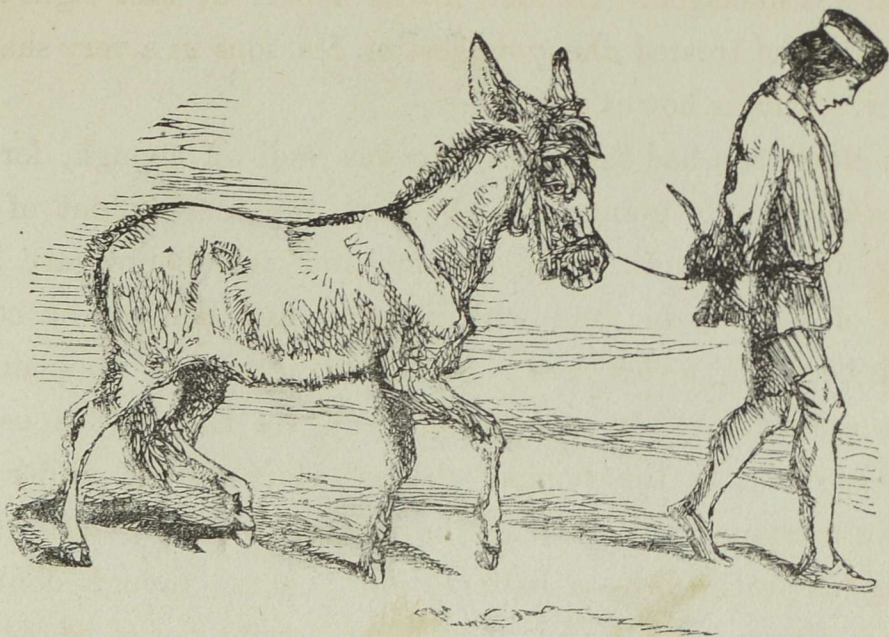
There was once an old miller who had three sons. In course of time he died, and his sons divided the property he left behind him, as is usual in such cases. But you will think the old miller's goods were not quite equally shared when I tell you

how it was managed. In fact, it will appear at first sight as if the miller had treated the youngest of his sons in a very shabby manner. This is how it was:—

The eldest son had the mill. He was well off enough, for he soon set the sails going, and the corn ran merrily out of the hopper into the sacks. The farmers and neighbours gave him plenty of work to do; and with industry and honesty he could look to becoming a rich man. So he had nothing to complain of.

The second son was not so lucky. He had only a useful steady servant, in the shape of the ass which the old miller had used for carrying the sacks; and he walked off rather crest-fallen, leading his property by a halter. For you see though donkey-riding is a very capital amusement, a man ought not to be obliged to depend on an ass for his living. The ass is very well as far as he goes, but the difficulty is to find out how to make him go far enough. And this is how it was in the case of the millers' second son; he had however some hopes of getting employment from his brother, who would require some beast of burden to carry corn sacks to the mill, and the sacks of flour back to the customers; so that there was some hope of the second son being able to earn his living, and his father had left him at any rate a useful legacy, though not a very brilliant one.

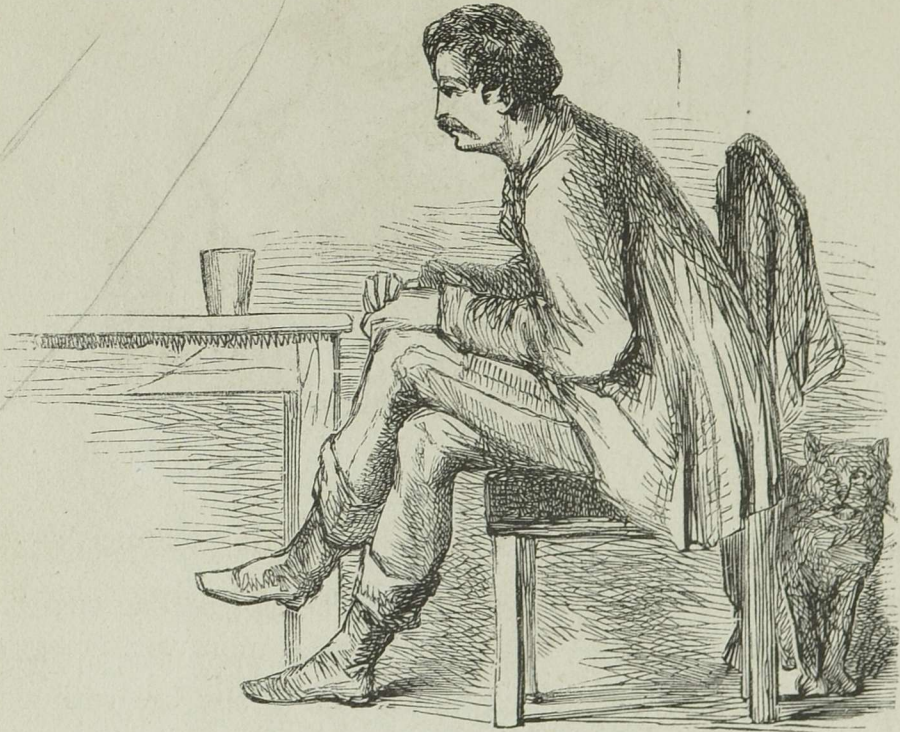
But the third son was in a sorry plight, and my readers will think with me, that the old miller had been unjust towards his youngest boy, when I inform them that this young man's whole property consisted in—a cat—a fine cat certainly, with a thick fur and a handsome tail, but after all, only a



cat! Therefore he sat down and thought what he should do to gain a living; and the more he thought, the less able did he seem to come to any decision.

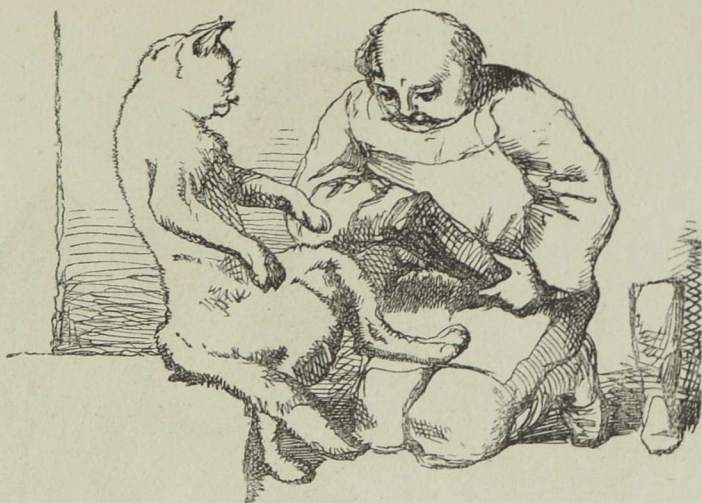
At last he began to bemoan himself aloud:—"My brothers," he said, "may join as partners, and get on very well, if they are industrious and obliging;—but what am I to do? When I have killed my cat, and made a fur cap or a pair of mittens of her skin, I shall have disposed of all my property, and may go and die of hunger."

The cunning cat had been sitting behind her master's chair listening to every word he said; and when he paused for a short time in his complainings, he came forward, and in a clear treble voice, said—"Dear master, don't be so out of spirits. If you will only give me a pair of boots, and a canvas bag, you shall



see you have no cause for complaint." The young man did not quite understand how this would better his condition; but as the cat had always been a very clever puss, and very dexterous in catching mice, he thought it best to humour him.

A bootmaker was sent for to measure puss, and the directions he gave him in reference to the boots were very explicit; he was to be sure and give them a good high heel, the very best of leather, and superior workmanship. The bootmaker obeyed his orders to the letter, and when the new boots came home, great was the triumph of the cat. He sat down on the corner of a box, and after surveying them for some time in silent admiration, he



proceeded to draw them on in an highly scientific manner, as if he had been used to boots all his life. The canvas bag came home at the same time, and this met with pussy's approval; being now equipped for adventures, he sat down before the fire with a very grave face, and was evidently busily employed in thinking over some great project he had to carry out on the morrow.

The next morning he rose with the sun, licked himself carefully all over, pulled on his new boots, hung the bag round his neck, —and very stylish he looked, I can assure you. He cautiously crept to a rabbit warren, taking care to keep out of sight of the bunnies. He opened his canvas bag, into which he had carefully put a little bran and parsley, and, with the long strings of the bag in his hand, he waited patiently for a visit from the rabbits.

Puss had not long to wait. Presently a couple of giddy young bunnies came hopping up, twitching their long ears. They sniffed at the entrance of the bag for a moment or so, and then hopped



gaily in and began munching and nibbling at the bran and parsley as hard as they could, little thinking, poor simple things, of the sad fate that awaited them.

Whisk!—the cat pulled the string, and the bag was shut, while the poor bunnies inside kicked frantically to be let out. Master Puss lost no time in killing them, and slinging the bag over his shoulder, set off to the king's palace. He went up to the guard at the gate, twirling his whiskers with a martial air, and desired to speak with the king.

Puss looked so determined that the sentinels let him pass without any demur. The cat walked straight into the king's



private room, took off his cap, and gracefully waving his tail, said—"My master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas—(this title was out of the cat's own head)—presents his most dutiful respects to your majesty, and has commanded me to offer the accompanying slight present of game for the gracious acceptance of your majesty, as a slight token of the overflowing sensation



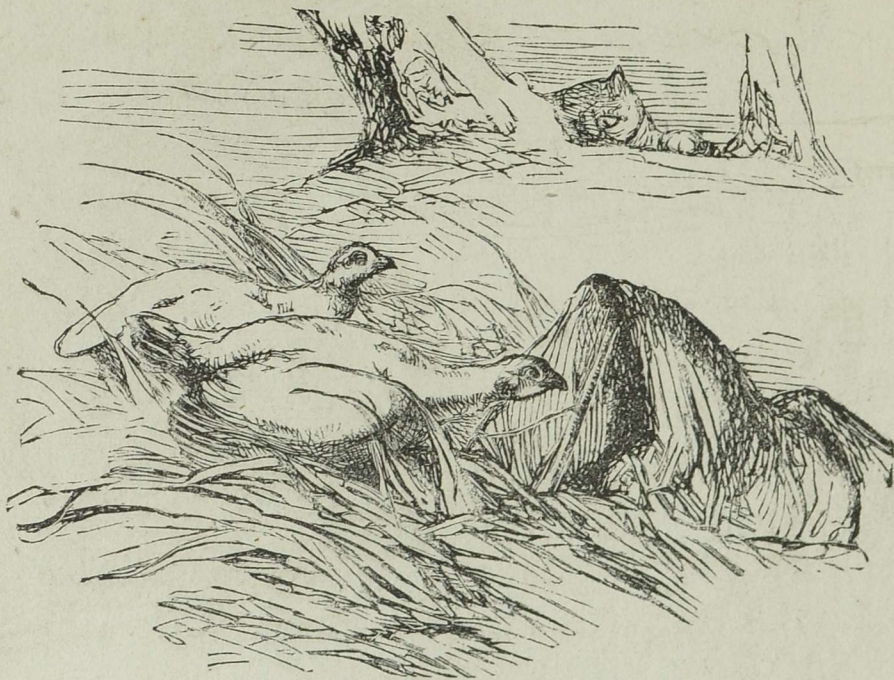
of affectionate veneration, with which your majesty's reputation for kindness and consideration, has inspired my master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas." There was a speech for a cat to make!

The king, who was not so eloquent as his visitor, could not help feeling impressed by the beautiful long words the cat used, and replied, with a kind smile: "Tell, my lord marquis, that I accept his present with great pleasure, and am much obliged to him." And he could not help wondering that he had never heard of the Marquis of Carabas before. But the countenance of Puss wore such a look of unaffected sincerity that not the slightest shadow of suspicion that he was being imposed upon entered his mind; and certainly the aristocratic air, manner, and



speech of the cat appeared to be a sufficient guarantee that he belonged to a master of high rank.

The interview with his majesty having succeeded beyond Master Puss's most sanguine expectations, he very politely waved his cap, flourished his tail, and retired with all the grace and air of a thorough-bred courtier.



A day or two afterwards, he went out again with his boots and his canvas bag, to try his fortune in the chase. This time a couple of young partridges, unused to the world and its deceptions, poked their beaks into the trap, and were quickly bagged and killed. These the cat also presented to the king, as coming from the Lord Marquis of Carabas, and the speech he made upon the occasion was so eloquent, and had so many hard words in it, that I am quite afraid to write it down here lest I should not do justice to its beauty. So I must leave you to imagine how fine it must have been.

For three or four weeks the cat continued to bring a present of game to the king every day or two: and hearing, one day, that the king and his lovely daughter were going to take a ride by



the river side, he concocted a very clever scheme and carried it out in the following way.

He rushed into his master's presence, and said to him—
“Go and bathe in the river, dear master, and I will make your fortune for you. Only bathe in the river, and leave the rest to me.”

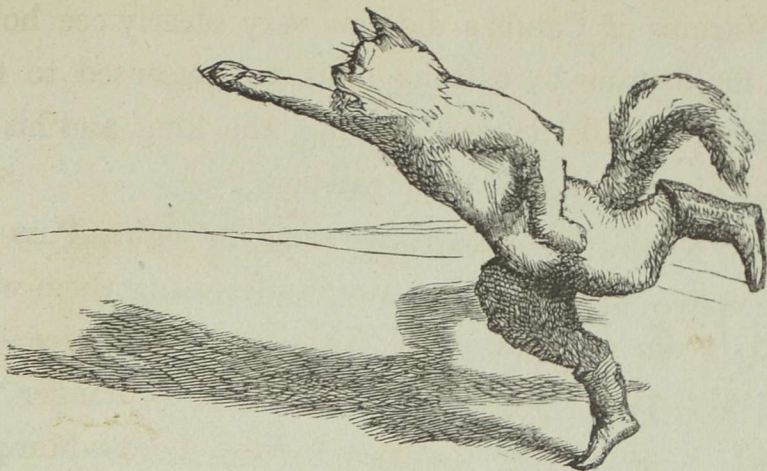
The Marquis of Carabas did not very clearly see how he was to make his fortune by bathing; but he consented to follow the cat's advice. Whilst he was bathing, the king and his daughter were seen approaching in their carriage.

As soon as the royal carriage came in sight, Puss began to run to and fro, wringing his paws, and tossing them wildly over his head, while he bawled at the top of his voice:—"Help! Help! My Lord Marquis of Carabas is in danger of being drowned! Come hither and h-e-l-p my Lord—Marquis—of—Ca-ra-ba-a-as!"

The king looked out of the carriage window, when he heard this pitiful wail; and recognising the cat who brought the presents of game and made the beautiful speeches, he at once ordered several of his guards to go and assist the lord marquis.

But this was only the beginning of the cat's scheme. The rogue knew his master's shabby clothes would never do for a marquis, so he hid them under a big stone, and ran to the carriage window to inform his majesty, "that my lord marquis's clothes had been stolen while that nobleman was bathing; and that the marquis was in the water shivering very much, with nothing to put on." He described to the king how he had pursued the thief at the top of his speed across the country, shouting "Stop thief!" the whole of the way, but had failed in his endeavours to arrest him. The king at once ordered a suit from his own wardrobe to be brought for the Marquis of Carabas.

The young man, who was a handsome fellow, looked very well indeed in his new garments, as he came up to the carriage to



thank the king for his kindness. His majesty was so taken with him, that he insisted my lord marquis should come into the carriage and take a drive with them; and the beautiful daughter looked as if she were not at all displeased at the proposal. In fact she was rather struck with the appearance of the Marquis of Carabas.

My lord marquis felt rather bashful in his new position. But this was perhaps to his advantage; for the old king thought the marquis was so silent out of gratitude at the honour he had received, in being asked to ride in the king's carriage; while the lovely daughter had no doubt the marquis was speechless with admiration of her beauty. The king told a good many long stories as they rode along—and as the marquis said, “yes your majesty”—to everything and seemed to be very much interested, the king was perfectly satisfied and thought him a very well-informed and modest young man. The fact was, the marquis



was thinking all the time of the scrape he had got into, and wondering what the king and his daughter would say to that rogue Puss, if they only knew how he was imposing on them.

But Puss was not the cat to leave his master in the lurch—not he. He knew that people judge by appearances; and so he determined his master should appear to be a wealthy man



As soon as he had seen the young man safely seated in the king's carriage, he struck across the fields by a short cut, and soon got a long way in advance of the royal party. In a wheat field a party of reapers were gathering in the harvest. The cat came running up to them, and doubling up his paw in a most expressive manner, said:—"Now—good people—if you don't say, when the king asks, that this field belongs to the Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as small as minced meat!"

The reapers were rather startled at the appearance of the fierce little booted creature, and promised to do as they were told. Thereupon the cat reminded them once more of his hint about the minced meat, and took his departure.

When the royal carriage passed the field soon afterwards, the king stopped—as the cat had supposed he would do. He beckoned one of the reapers to come to him, and asked to whom



all that fine wheat belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas your majesty," answered all the reapers. "You have a fine crop of wheat my lord marquis," said the king; "I am rather a judge of wheat!" "Yes, your majesty," replied the marquis; and the king thought again, what a nice young man he was.

When the king passed through the fields after the cat, he did not fail to ask to whom they belonged; and was very much sur-



prised at being answered, each time, "To the Marquis Carabas, your majesty." "Really, my lord marquis, your possessions are very extensive!" said the king; whereat the young man blushed and answered, "Yes, your majesty." And the princess thought he looked handsomer than ever. In fact, she was falling in love with him very fast.

But if the marquis had no castle, there was a personage dwelling in those parts who had—and a very fine castle too. This personage was an ogre, a giant, and a magician, all in one. The cat had a slight acquaintance with him, and posted off to his castle, rang a loud peal at the bell, and told the ogre he had come to pay him a friendly visit and inquire after his health, which had been reported as very weak. (The fact was, the ogre had eaten a hunter, top boots and all, a few weeks before; and the spurs had disagreed with him). The ogre was much obliged to the cat for his politeness, and invited him to walk in. This was what the cat wanted. He at once accepted the invitation,

and sitting down on a table, with his boots tucked neatly between his fore-paws, began a conversation with his host in a very polite and urban manner.

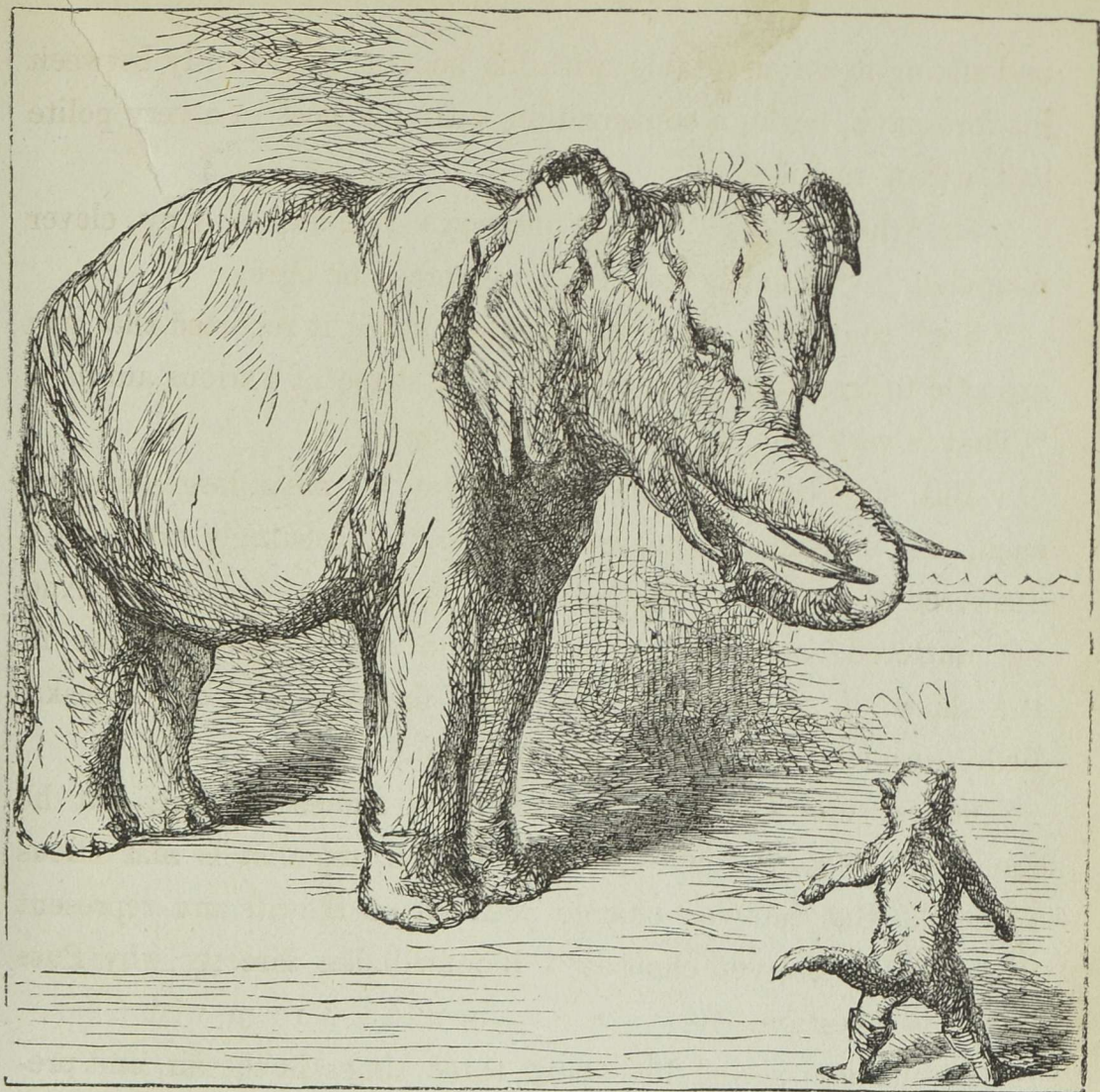
“Sir,” he began; “every one says you are a very clever magician” “That is true, sir,” answered the ogre.

“Sir,” continued the cat, “I have heard it reported that you are able to transform yourself into the shape of various animals. “That is very true, sir,” answered the ogre.

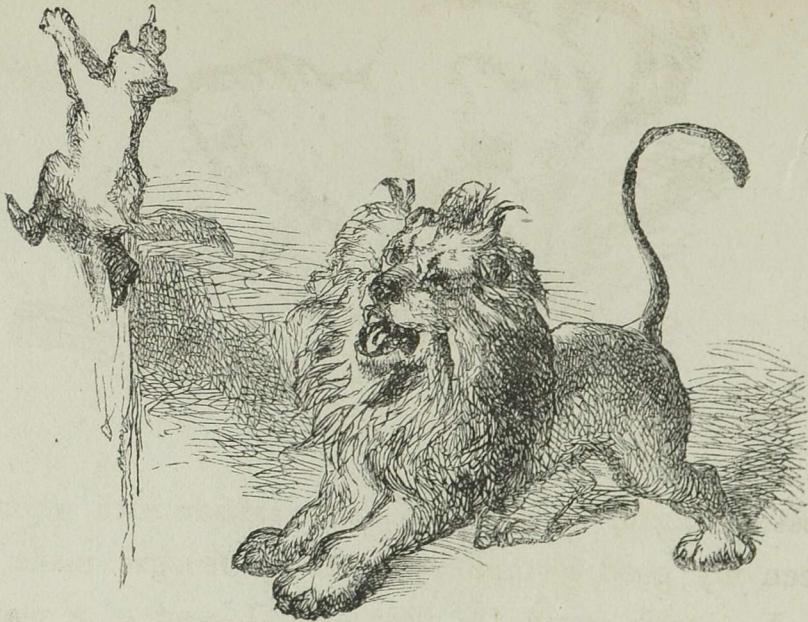
“But, sir,” continued the cunning cat, “I mean large animals, such, for instance, as an elephant.” “Exceedingly true, sir,” answered the ogre. “Judge for yourself—you shall see.” And he muttered some magical words, and stood before the cat in the shape of an elephant, with large flapping ears, sharp tusks, little eyes, and long trunk—all complete.

The cat was a little startled at this sudden change, but he mustered courage, and went on—“Well, sir, that is marvellous indeed! But can you change your shape at will and represent whatever animal you choose?” You will see directly why Puss put this question.

The elephant waved his trunk three times in the air, and presently stood before our astonished friend in the shape of a huge African lion, with waving mane, huge head, and a most formidable set of white teeth. The cat stood gazing at him with astonishment and fear; but when the lion opened his mouth and gave a great roar, the cat was so awe-struck that he climbed straight up the wall, and reaching a friendly window, escaped on to the roof of the castle. His polished boots were a great impediment to



his course, but terror lent him wings, and his boots scarcely received a thought in his upward flight. There he stood on the roof, quaking, and yet spitting and snarling, as it is a cat's nature to do, while every hair on his tail stood on end with horror. He could hear the great ogre laughing to himself in the room below, at the thought of having frightened his guest—which was very



improper, and only worthy of an ogre who had never learned how to behave. I hope my readers never amuse themselves with frightening any of their playmates or companions, and then stand laughing at them after the manner of the great ugly ogre. The cat knew by this laugh that the magician had resumed his natural shape, puss came down again into the room with a very cool and collected air muttering something about the heat of the room, which had compelled him to run out abruptly for a little fresh air. At this explanation the giant laughed louder than ever; and the cat felt very indignant. But he sat down again and resumed the conversation with as much ceremony and politeness as before.

“Sir,” he began, “I should not have believed these wonders possible, if I had not seen them with my own eyes. You are



the most wonderful and tremendous magician with whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet. (The ogre made a deep bow, and seemed gratified.) But once I read of a marvellous conjuror who could not only assume the shape of a large animal like a lion or tiger, but that of the smallest also—for instance, he would appear as a cat or a mouse. But then, you know he was an old magician, who had been practising for a great number of years, and I never expected to find any one who could come up to him.” “Did you not, indeed!” cried the ogre, “and you fancy he was a greater man than I am—ha! ha!—I’ll show you, in less than half a minute, that I can do the same thing.” And within the time he had mentioned, the ogre was capering about the room, in the shape of a little mouse.

It was a most unfortunate thing for him; for in a moment the cunning cat had sprung upon him, and a single nip with her sharp teeth sufficed to put an end to the ogre. He was gobbled up in less than no time; and his fate is a distressing instance of the effects of vanity and a love of display.



But the cat, cunning fellow, had gained his point. There was now a castle for the Marquis of Carabas; a sumptuous mansion in which no king need be ashamed to rest after a long ride; and the cat thought, with immense glee, how surprised the marquis would be on his arrival. And sure enough, - just as Puss sat slyly licking his lips after swallowing down the ogre, the king's carriage came in sight. The cat had only just time to run upstairs and dress himself up in a little pages' doublet out of the giant's wardrobe, with a pointed collar and a hat with a drooping feather, all very neat, and to give his face and paws a hasty wash, when the king's coach appeared in front of the castle.

There, to the great astonishment of the Marquis of Carabas, stood the cat gallantly attired, and looking as much at his ease as if he had done nothing else but superintend the arrangements



in the castle all his life long. Not only did his clothes give him a very dignified air, but he wore them with a kind of natural grace which greatly increased their effect; and nothing could exceed the courtly air with which he welcomed the king and princess to the Marquis of Carabas's castle. I am afraid I shall never be equal to describing the scene, but I will try:—With one paw the cat raised his cap from his head, and laid the other on his heart, as he stood on the steps of the door bowing profoundly. The carriage then stopped; and the cat advancing, made the following neat and appropriate speech.

“Welcome!” he said, “Welcome! your majesty and your royal highness, to the poor castle of my master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas! As the great honor of your majesty's visit is an unexpected one, your majesty will be pleased to excuse

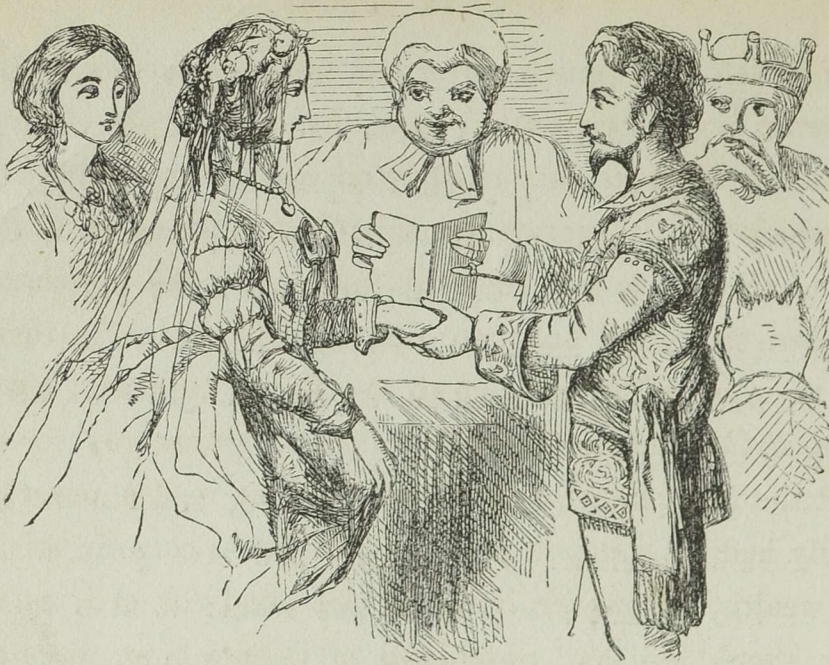
the hasty nature of the arrangements made for your reception. In fact, my Lord Marquis of Carabas has not been long in possession of the castle, (which was quite true, as the cat had only just eaten up the last tenant). But if your majesty and the gracious princess will please to alight and take some refreshment this will indeed be the proudest day of my life, and of my master's, the Lord Marquis of Carabas." And the cat made another deep bow, and waved his cap, and laid his paw upon his heart again.

"Upon our royal word, my lord marquis," cried the king, "you have a splendid castle here; and we shall have great pleasure in alighting that we may view it more closely. We are always happy to visit the houses of our loving subjects; and moreover we shall be glad to stretch our royal legs, which have become benumbed through sitting so long, moreover our ride has given us an appetite. (The king said this as a hint that some luncheon would be acceptable, and the sly cat took the hint as you will see). What say you, daughter, will you be of the party?"

The princess, whose curiosity had been raised by the aspect of the castle, was quite willing; and the king graciously commanded the marquis to give the princess his hand, and lead her into his dwelling. The marquis obeyed more bewildered than ever, and more than ever impressed with the combined genius and impudence of his wonderful cat, who led the way into the interior, walking backwards and bowing with the grace of a perfect lord chamberlain. The castle was splendidly furnished, for the ogre

had been an ogre of taste. Every apartment was hung with costly tapestry; and in the closets and cupboards there was a great store of fine clothes, which the princess especially admired. While they were walking through the upper rooms, the cat slipped away for a moment or two; and when the party returned to the great hall—lo! and behold—that wonderful Puss had spread out a collation for them such as any king might have been glad to sit down to after a long ride.

The marquis invited the king to be seated, and himself handed the princess to a chair. If the king had been good humoured before, he was radiant now; for he was rather fond of his meals, and the luncheon was a superb one. With each glass of wine he drank the king became more jovial; and seemed to conceive a greater affection for the Marquis of Carabas, who seemed as popular with him, as the little boy at school whose mamma has just sent him a cake, frequently is with his companions. At first he treated the marquis with mingled condescension and kindness; then with kindness without condescension; and at last he began to treat him almost as a father might a son. After luncheon he absolutely said to the marquis, “It will be your own fault, my Lord of Carabas, if you do not become our son-in-law, provided of course, our daughter has no objection.” At this plain speech the young lady became scarlet with confusion and modesty—but she made no objection, and did not look displeased—and the Lord Marquis of Carabas made a little speech, (but not so fine a one as the cat’s), in which he thanked the king for the proffered honor, and accepted that honor gratefully. AND



as for the cat, he was obliged to go out into the court-yard to hide his joy, which was so great, that he stood on his head on the flag-stones and kicked up his hind legs in the air.

Little more remains to be told. The marquis returned with the king and the princess to the palace; and the marriage was soon solemnized with great magnificence, the lovely bride appearing to great advantage in a Honiton lace veil and orange blossoms, attended by twelve lovely bridesmaids, all dressed exactly alike. The king, of course, gave away his daughter, and the cat was present at the wedding in an elegant court suit.

The two brothers of the Marquis of Carabas were at the wedding too; they wanted to come into the church, but the cat, who foresaw that the lord marquis's relations would not do him great honor by their manners and appearance, contrived a little

chaff.

scheme which very much surprised those gentlemen. He had six stalwart policemen posted near the door of the church, who took the two brothers into custody on the charge of having snub noses (which was, it appears, considered an offence in that country), and they were not released until after the ceremony was over, when they were only too glad to slink home to their mill, taking their ass with them. And to tell you the truth, I was very glad the cat served out the two brothers in this way, for as they had left the Marquis of Carabas quite alone in his poverty, they decidedly had no right to expect they should come in for a share of his wealth. However, he returned good for evil, as a good brother should do, and gave each of them a large piece of very fine land to cultivate. They established farms, and in due time became wealthy men. But they always regretted that they had not taken a little more notice of their younger brother in the days when he sat disconsolate, without knowing how he should set about getting his living; and the two young men felt that they did not deserve the kindness they received at his hands, which was rather an unpleasant reflection.

The Marquis of Carabas made a good and kind husband, and neither he nor the princess had cause to repent the liberal offer the old king had made over his luncheon. As for the cat, he became a great lord, and never had occasion to hunt rats and mice except for his amusement. He used to go about the court dressed in a handsome doublet of amber satin, which showed off his fine figure to great advantage, a pair of trunk hose, buff boots, and a velvet cap and feather completing his costume. He was

quite a favorite with the ladies, who admired the elegance of his manners, and his soft and insinuating address. He never missed an occasion for making a speech, and was consequently in great request at wedding parties, when he always proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. At Christmas parties too, he was quite invaluable. He could do anything from playing at snapdragon to dancing the polka. So that, at last, no party was considered complete if he did not grace it by his presence and his talents and talons, (for you will perceive this cat had natural talents as well as natural talons). With children he was especially a favorite, and has even been known to allow them to stroke his fur the wrong way to see the electric spark. He was looked upon as the original inventor of the game of puss-in-the-corner. In short, there was not a more noted or popular character about the court than my Lord Cat; who at last was made inspector general of milk-pails.

Judging from the previous conduct of Master Puss, my little readers will expect that he did not fail to avail himself of the opportunity this high appointment afforded him to make a rapid fortune; but I am happy to say such was not altogether the case. A fortune he certainly did acquire, but it was by strictly honest and legal means. He was a zealous servant of the king and government, and was both beloved and respected by all whom his official position brought him in contact with. Full of years and honor, Lord Cat retired from public life to enjoy the ease an active and useful career had entitled him to; and although I cannot say that his early efforts in his master's behalf were

altogether of the honest character that could be desired, still justice to his memory demands it should be made known that in later days he did his best to render atonement for his deceptions. At all events, we may learn from his life the useful lesson never to give way to despondency while energy and hope offer a field for exertion, which, if properly directed and resolutely persevered in, are certain to be crowned with ultimate success.

On the death of Puss, which occurred at a more than ordinary advanced age, his grateful master and the king vied with each other in doing honor to his memory; the Marquis of Carabas employed the first historians of that age to hand down Lord Cat's wondrous deeds to posterity, and the king was compelled to content himself with erecting a handsome monument to his memory and directing that his orphan kittens should be educated in a manner to fit them to emulate the example of their worthy parent. How far the latter experiment proved successful, I leave my little readers to judge for themselves, when I record the fact, that the celebrated Whittington's Cat, (through whose exertions her master became three times Lord Mayor of London), descended in a direct line from the famous PUSS IN BOOTS!



NOTE.

Le maitre chat, ou le chat botté, is an old French story. In Germany, a satirist, writing nearly three centuries ago, has given us the tale in rhyme, under the title *Der gestiefelte Kater*, almost in the form in which it is known to us in England at the present day. In Perrault's collection of Fairy Tales, as given in the *Cabinet des Fées*, published in Paris in 1787, we have two morals in verse added to the story. We give them for the benefit of our readers.

MORAL.

Though the advantage must be great,
To have and hold a rich estate,
That goes from sire to son—
Yet by young people still we see,
Through cleverness and industry,
May better goods be won.

SECOND MORAL.

If a miller's son can so soon ensnare,
The gentle heart of a princess fair,
We safely may judge, I say,
That youthful manners, grace, and dress,
As means to a maiden's tenderness,
Are not to be thrown away.

THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

I AM going to tell you a story about a very wonderful thing that happened a long, long time ago. The thing is indeed so very wonderful that I daresay some of you will doubt at first if it really happened in just the manner I relate. But of one thing I can assure you; namely, that it is just as true as all other fairy tales, and a great deal more marvellous than many.

But to commence:—Once upon a time there stood a quiet village, but a very pretty village, of neat little cottages with gardens before them filled with flowers and vegetables, and beautiful corn-fields all round. In this quiet village there lived a good woman who had a very pretty little daughter. The child had large dark eyes and long hair falling in chesnut curls all over her neck. Her cheeks were as rosy as two ripe peaches,

and her laugh was the merriest you would hear on a summer's day; and what was better than all this was, that this little girl was a kind, good child, with a gentle heart and obliging manners. She would do anything to give pleasure to others. You never heard a cross or an ill-tempered word from her mouth; and as for teasing or ill-treating a dumb creature, Little Red Riding Hood never thought of such a thing. There—now I have told you her name—Little Red Riding Hood. It slipped out quite unawares;—and the next thing I must do is, to tell you how she got this name. You must know that every one who knew her liked her—good children are always liked—but those who loved her most was her mother and an old, old lady, her grandmother. Old people are always ready to make pets of their grandchildren, and this little girl's grandmother, to show how much she loved her, gave her a beautiful little cloak of red cloth, with a hood to draw over her head, such as the ladies wore when they rode along the highway in their grand fine coaches. The little girl looked very nice indeed when she wore this present, and when the neighbours saw her tripping along the village street, with the scarlet cloth covering drawn over her pretty little head, they would say:—"Here comes Little Red Riding Hood."

But the poor old grandmother fell sick and could not come out to see them as usual, but had to lie all alone in bed. And let me tell you it is a very dreary thing to be in bed alone and ill. So the mother, who had been making some nice cheesecakes said to Little Red Riding Hood, "I hear your grandmother is ill; so go my child and see how she does, and carry her some of these cakes,

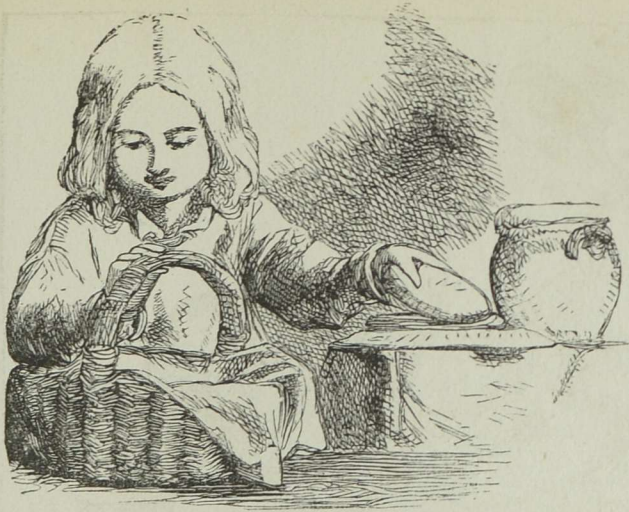


and a little pot of butter." This was right and kind ; for we should always remember our friends when they are absent, and the more so when they are ill.

Little Red Riding Hood was, as I have said, a good hearted child. Nothing pleased her so well as to make herself useful to others, and above all to her kind grandmother. So she went at once and brought a little basket for the cakes and butter ; and I warrant you she did not forget to put on the little scarlet hood which became her so well. And she was very soon ready, and



her mother gave her the butter and the little cakes. They were very nice little cakes, and the way they were packed in Red Riding Hood's basket made them look very good indeed; for Little Red Riding Hood had quite a taste for neatness, and she did not fail to make use of it on the present occasion. You may believe me, there is a great deal more in the way in which things



are arranged than we are apt to consider. Who would like to eat baked apples out of a fire shovel?

Now it was not very far from Little Red Riding Hood's home to the village in which her grandmother lived;

so her mother, who loved her most dearly, thought she might ven-

ture to send the little girl there alone. Still, on parting with her, she told her to be very careful, and not to loiter too long by the way. She also charged her with a great many kind messages for the old grandmother, and bade her to be sure and ask how the old lady's rheumatism was. Old people like these little attentions, and young people would do well to





remember it. Little Red Riding Hood promised not to forget what her mother told her; and she said "Good-bye," and gave her two kisses, and tripped off as gay and light-hearted as any of the little birds that sat singing on the boughs of the forest through which she passed.

Now there were some woodmen at work in the forest cutting down the great fir trees for firewood, and singing as they dealt their strokes with willing hands and heavy axes. There was also something there which threatened danger to the little girl; namely—a great gaunt hungry wolf. This cruel animal was more savage than usual, for he had been without his dinner for two days; on the first he had paid a visit to a sheepfold, thinking he should like lamb for dinner, and the watch-dog had caught him

and beaten him soundly. On the second day he had ventured to look in at the door of a butcher's shop, where some tempting beefsteaks were hanging up. But the butcher caught him, and the wolf shuddered when he thought of the thrashing he had received from the angry man's cudgel. So you know the wolf was all the more ready to take advantage of anything that should come in his way, providing it looked at all like dinner; and he was just in this mood, when whom should he meet but pretty chubby Little Red Riding Hood.

Now the wolf would have been very well pleased to have made one spring at the little girl, and to have begun eating her up at once; but the workmen were near, and he could distinctly hear how their blows resounded through the wood, "thwack, thwack." One of the woodmen saw both the wolf and Little Red Riding Hood, and suspecting that Master Grizzly was bent upon some mischief, he resolved to keep a watch on him without seeming to do so.

The wolf on his part walked daintily up to Little Red Riding Hood; wagging his head to and fro, and nodding and simpering, as I have seen some old gentlemen do when they talk to children. He was trying his best to look amiable and innocent, and on the whole, he succeeded very well; only his eyes were dreadfully green and glared in a hungry and uncomfortable manner, and when he smiled he showed all his great set of white teeth in his upper and under jaw; and he looked at the child with the sort of liking a cat feels for a mouse, when she is hungry. But Little Red Riding Hood felt no fear; she



was thoroughly innocent herself and did not suspect deceit in others.

“Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf, in a soft, oily way. “Good morning, Master Wolf,” answered the child, and she wondered at finding the wolf so civil; his bow, with a scrape of the forefoot, she thought very graceful.

“And pray where may you be going so early?” continued the wolf; and he grinned and fawned, and looked more hungry than ever.

“I am going to my grandmother’s,” replied Red Riding Hood; and she thought the wolf was rather curious, but never dreamed he had any reason for asking her these questions.

“And pray what may you have in this basket, my darling little girl?” asked the wolf. And he sniffed and snuffed at the basket, and thrust his great nose almost into it, while his mouth and eyes both watered together.

“Some cakes and a pot of butter,” answered the child; and she drew back, thinking that for such a soft-spoken gentleman the wolf had rather rude habits.

“Your grandmother?—The dear old lady; how fond I am of her! And pray where does she live?” asked the wolf pretending to take the greatest interest in the matter.

“She lives down beyond the hill,” answered Little Red Riding Hood, “beyond the hill you see yonder, at the first house in the village.”

Well, said the wolf—“I don’t mind if I go to see her as well—She’ll be gratified to see me I know, the dear old soul; for she is very fond of me, and I’m very fond of her, (and you can’t think how hungry he looked just then); so you take this path to the right, and I’ll take that one to the left, and we’ll see which of us gets there first.”

Now the cunning wolf knew very well that he was certain to get first to the old woman’s house. He had chosen the

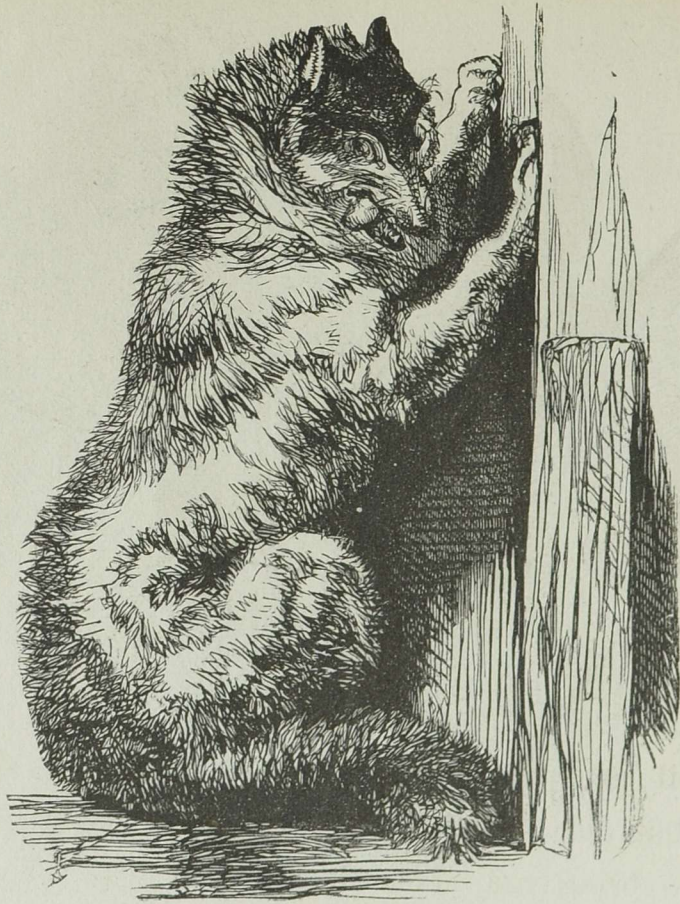


shortest way to go by, you may be sure; and not only that, but as soon as the child was out of sight, he set off galloping as hard as ever he could, with all his legs stretched out, and his head sunk down between his fore-paws, and his mouth grinning. He knew well enough, the rascal, that his cunning and wicked scheme depended upon his travelling faster than Little Red Riding Hood could go; and that is why he made such haste. Little Red Riding Hood had no cause for hurry; she loitered by the way, as she passed along the pleasant forest path, to pick the flowers that grew by the wayside, and make a nosegay of them; "Grandmamma likes flowers," she said to herself; "and she will be all the better pleased to see me, if I bring her a handsome nosegay—and a few wood strawberries



to eat with the cakes, will perhaps please her too." So she went prattling on, stopping every now and then to sing a merry little song, in her cheerful lighthearted way; and for a little while we must leave her to follow the footsteps of the wicked galloping wolf.

The pace at which this bad animal ran, soon brought him to the grandmother's cottage. He never stopped, not he, to gather flowers, or to sing a song; his only thought was of dinner; and, I am sorry to say that he thought of dinner, and of the grandmother together. And he considered eating Little Red



Riding Hood as you might propose eating a delicate partridge or pigeon, after rather a tough piece of beef.

At the grandmother's cottage he stopped just for a moment to get breath after his run. Then he knocked at the door, giving two little taps as Red Riding Hood herself might have done.

"Who's there," cried the feeble voice of the poor old dame from within the house.

"Your grand-daughter, Little Red Riding Hood," replied



the wolf; and he took great pains to imitate the child's high voice, but did not succeed very well in the attempt. "I have come to bring you some cakes and a little pot of fresh butter from my mother.

The old grandmother, as she lay ill in bed, thought that her dear little grandchild must have a very bad cold to make her speak in that strange crushed voice, yet she did not for an instant suspect the true state of the case, but answered: "Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up;" (you see it was an old-fashioned door, with the latch on the inside, and a piece of bobbin that went through a hole to open it by). The wolf did as he was bid, without one moment's delay; he took the bobbin in his teeth and gave it a great jerk, then he set his shoulder



against the door and pushed it open in a minute. In he rushed into the poor old woman's room; and I should be horrified and so would you be, if I were to describe to you the greedy manner in which he ate her up, skin and bone, arms and legs, head and feet. In five minutes afterwards, there was not a bit



of the old grandmother left, except a wig of false curls which she wore under her night cap, (she was rather vain of her hair poor old lady), and yet the wolf was not half satisfied but began to long for the arrival of Little Red Riding Hood!!!

I told you, when I began, that this was to be a wonderful story!

Well, the next thing the wolf did, was to dress himself in the grandmother's clothes, and take his place in her bed. And you may be sure he pulled the night-cap well down, and drew the bed-clothes well up, so as to show as little as possible of his



great hairy face. He remembered the grandmother had been rather a dark-looking old lady, and so he flattered himself he might pass for her well enough. And there he lay, waiting for the child's arrival, with his green eyes glaring, and his mouth watering as before.

He had not very long to wait before Little Red Riding Hood arrived; but to the greedy wicked wolf each minute seemed an hour. At last, however, he heard her light footstep outside the door, and presently the tap of her little fingers upon it—"tap—tap—tap!"

"Who is there?" cried the wolf eagerly; so eagerly, indeed, that he forgot to soften his voice, and set Little Red Riding Hood thinking what a bad cold grandmamma must have to make her so hoarse. But she never suspected the truth, and replied at

once: "I am your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood. Mamma has sent me to you with a basket of nice cakes and a pot of butter."

By this time the wolf had recollected himself so far as to disguise his harsh voice, and softening it as much as ever he could, he cried:—"Pull the bobbin, my dear, and the latch will go up."

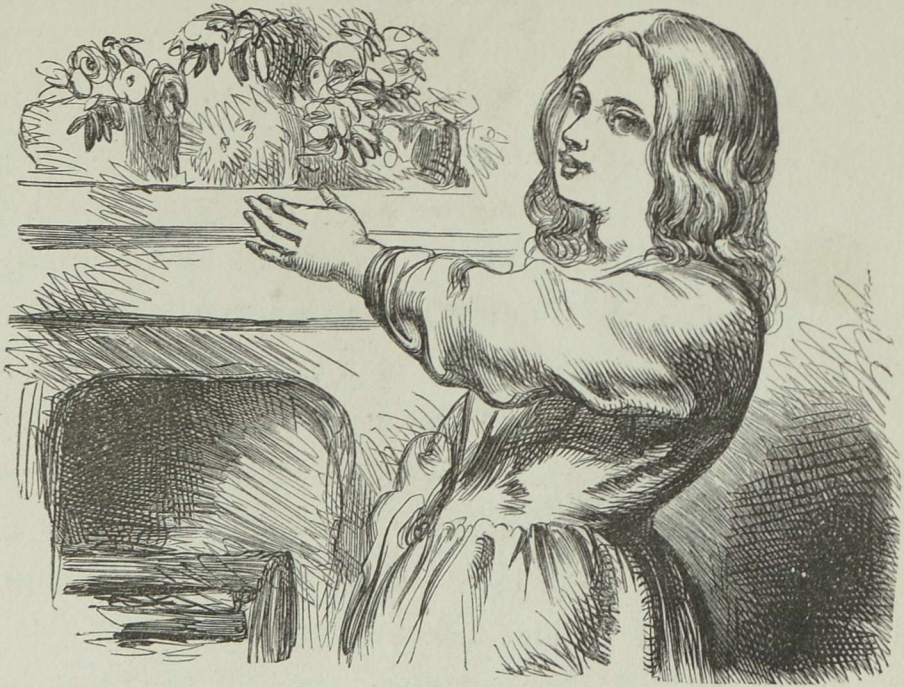
Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told. She pulled the bobbin with a light little pull;—the latch flew up, and the little maiden tripped into the room all fresh and rosy with her walk, and with her natty little basket on one arm, and a great nosegay of wild flowers on the other—honeysuckles, dog-roses, forget-me-nots, and a great many more;—not forgetting even the common purple mallow, which we are apt to overlook when we make up our nosegays, but which looks very pretty, I can tell you, if its purple flowers are cleverly mingled among the other field flowers.

Now Little Red Riding Hood had never seen her grandmother except when up and dressed in her day clothes. She was therefore, not a little surprised when she saw how funny the old lady looked as she lay tucked up in bed. Although her face was more than half hidden under the bed-clothes, the part that peeped forth looked so brown and strange that Little Red Riding Hood thought her grandmother must have been staining herself with walnut juice. But presently she came to the conclusion that it was far more likely that the poor old lady had been too ill and too feeble to wash herself for the last two or three days



“But whatever can have made grandmamma’s eyes so green?” thought she, as she stepped forward, somewhat timidly, to offer the old lady one of the cakes.

Now you can fancy what a little mouthful a small cake must have appeared to a ravenous wolf that had eaten up a grandmother, and then wanted more. But the cunning brute was far too wily to let the child see that; he simply took the cake, and nibbled it slowly, and with the air of a person whose appetite was really very delicate. But who can describe the feelings with which he looked on his visitor, as he lay munching the cake slowly, slowly—bit by bit.

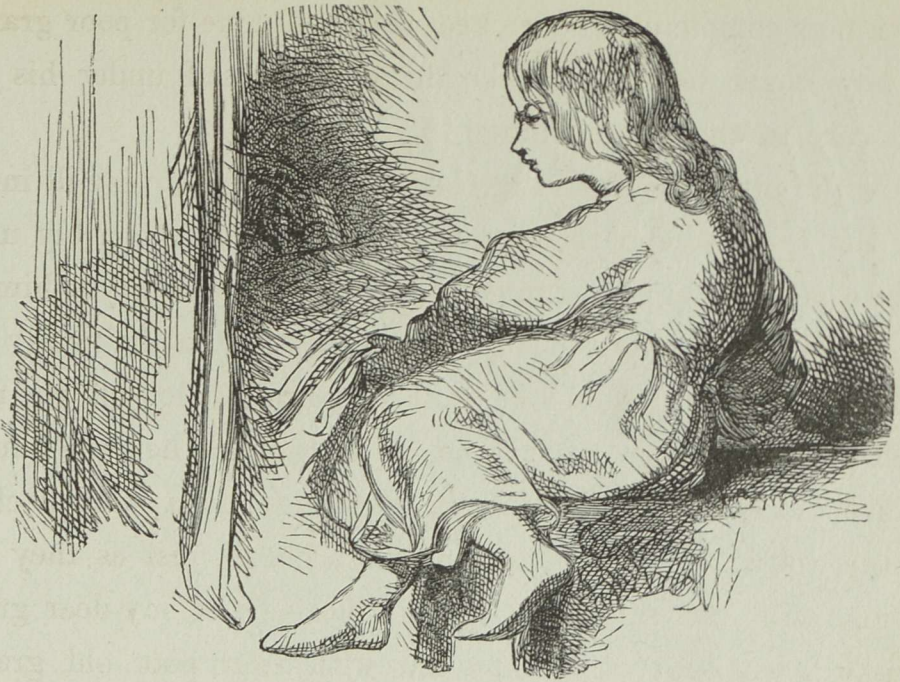


Little Red Riding Hood employed herself in arranging the flowers she had brought with her on the mantelpiece; and as she was a tasty little thing, she soon made the whole place look quite fresh and neat. She had a natural talent for arranging flowers—our little child—and knew that a great deal of their appearance depended upon the manner in which they were put into the vase or glass. So she arranged them carefully, with the honeysuckle drooping down over the sides of the glass, and the dog-roses skilfully placed, with the blue forget-me-nots peering out between them; and when all was ready she turned her bright face to granny with a look of triumph and bade her see how pretty she had made her room. Oh! if she could only have

known how completely the wicked wolf had done for poor granny, and how eager he was to take the child herself under his personal care in the same manner!

Now the pretended grandmother appeared to be very ill indeed with the spasms, and moaned and kicked about terribly under the bed-clothes; and in doing so he had nearly betrayed himself, for he tossed and tumbled to such an extent that he nearly sent all the covering on the floor; if it had quite fallen off, the child would soon have seen what kind of a grandmother was lying in the bed, and how the illness was nothing but a wicked cheat. But the wolf caught the clothes with a clutch just as they were slipping off; and said, in a feeble voice—"Oh, my dear grandchild, will you not come into bed with your poor old granny. I am too ill to get up and talk to you!"

Little Red Riding Hood obeyed. And so tired was she with her long walk, that in a moment she had fallen asleep. She was far too weary to look at her grandmother with any great degree of attention; and this accounts for the fact that the wicked wolf was enabled to carry on his deception for so long. He might now have eaten up the poor child at once, for she lay quite helpless and at his mercy, sleeping peaceably, and never suspecting the danger she was in. But the wolf, considering himself quite sure of his prey, wanted to amuse himself for a little while with it, before he made an end of the matter. I dare say you have sometimes seen a cruel cat playing with a poor little mouse: catching it in its cruel talons, and then letting it loose for a little while, and afterwards catching it again; so as to



lengthen out the pleasure before eating the poor little thing up at last. This was just the feeling the wolf had about our poor Little Red Riding Hood, as he lay glaring at her while she slept so peacefully beside him. Now the wolf was a great deal too sure of his prey ; and, like many wicked people, he thought himself safe with his prize as soon as it was in his power. But like many wicked people he deceived himself, and his punishment came when he least expected it. I will tell you how.

You remember that some wood-cutters had been employed in the forest at the time Little Red Riding Hood met the civil wolf there. From the very first they had suspected that there was some design in what the wolf did, and that he was not so civil and polite without some very good reason. So they watched



for the return of the child, and when she did not come, they at last got so uneasy as to set out in search of her. They went straight through the forest towards the old grandame's house, and at last reached it; and, what was their surprise on looking through the window to see Little Red Riding Hood in bed WITH THE WOLF. At first they could not believe their eyes, but thought there must be some mistake—but it was true—there was no mistake about it. There lay the pretty child, with her red cheeks, pretty little mouth, and blue eyes; and next to her the great wolf with his gaunt hairy face, and his mouth which was by no means little, and his eyes which were not blue, but very green indeed. The wood-cutters were horrified when they saw this. They crept quietly into the room,

and hid themselves near the bed, so as to see what would occur next.

Little Red Riding Hood woke after a short nap; and being refreshed by her sleep, began to take notice of the things around her. Then she observed, for the first time, how very singular granny looked; how her eyes had become green and glaring, how her tongue hung out of her mouth, and how she panted and gasped in a strange uncomfortable manner. She thought that the poor old lady must have been very ill indeed to lose her good looks so entirely, and pitied poor gran from the very depths of her kind little innocent heart. The brown color of her complexion she thought might come from an untidy habit the old lady had of taking snuff.

So she began to tell her all that had occurred in the wood; and how she had met a wolf. "Did you indeed, my dear?" said the false grandmother, and he hid his face under the bed clothes and chuckled to himself. "And, grandmamma, I was afraid at first he would hurt me; but he was very kind and polite." "Was he indeed, my darling?" said the wolf; and he grinned again. "Yes, and he asked where I was going, and where you lived; and when I said I was coming to see you, he said he would come too, and I rather expected to see him here. Do you think I shall see him before I leave, grandma?" "I should'nt at all wonder if you did, my pet!" replied the wolf; and he was obliged to hide his head under the bed clothes again, and stuff the sheet into his great mouth to prevent himself

from screaming with laughter, so much amused was he at the poor child's simplicity. As it was, he remained under the clothes till he was half strangled, shaking his sides with laughter to such a degree that the child was frightened at first, thinking that her grandmother must have a very bad fit of the spasms, and must be very ill indeed; but the treacherous wolf gave two or three deep sighs and groans, and put up his head above the clothes, looking at the child with what he intended to be a smile, but which was after all only a grin, that stretched his mouth wider than ever, which was not at all necessary; and he gave the child a hug in a very loving way, and thought what a nice little girl she was, and how he should like her—when he came to be hungry.

“Grandmother,” cried the child in surprise, “what great rough arms you have got.”

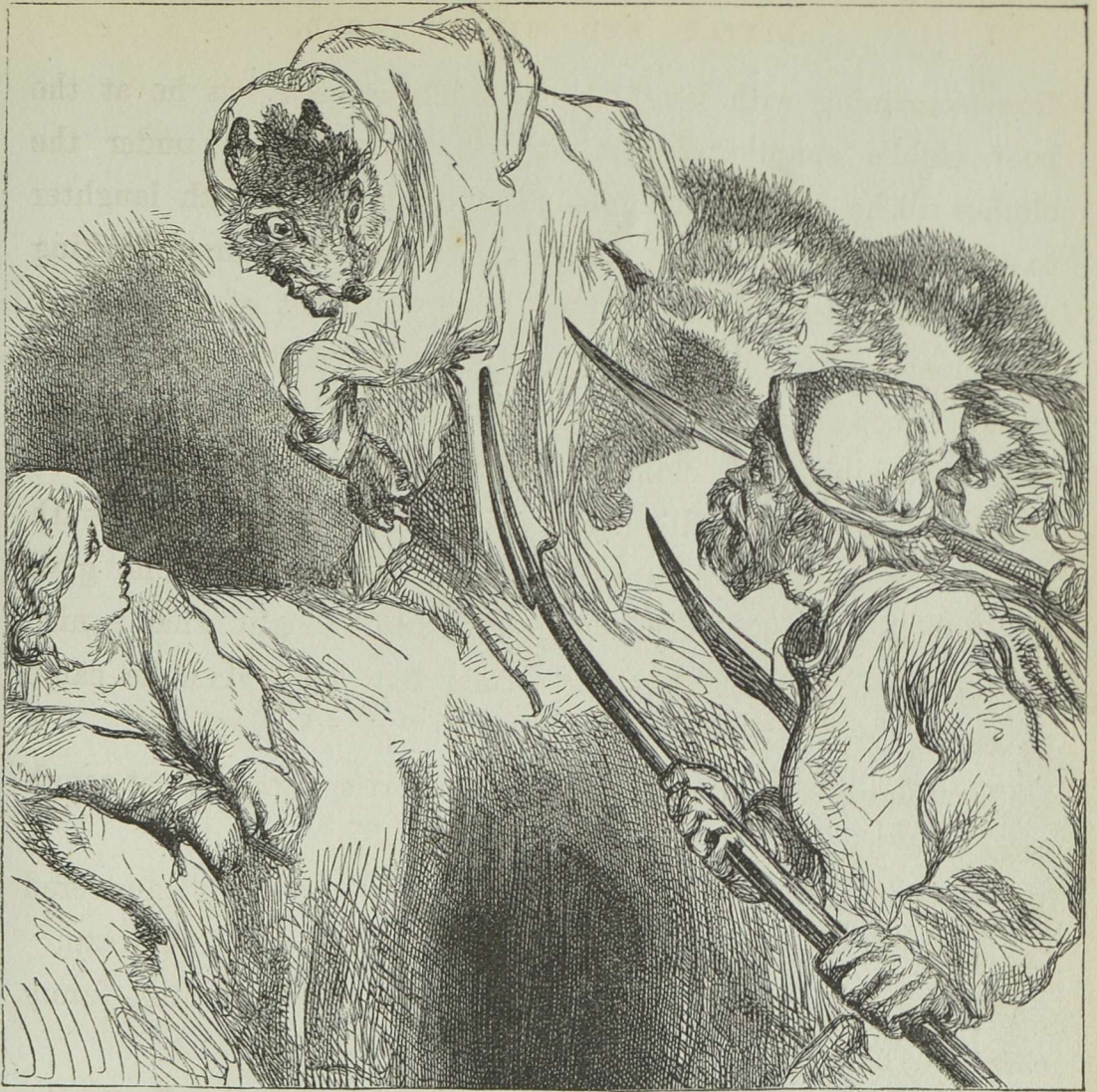
“The better to embrace you, my dear, dear child,” answered the wolf; cocking his ear in a knowing way under his nightcap.

“But granny,” continued the child, “what long, stiff, funny ears you have got.”

“The better to hear what you say, my pretty darling,” was the reply, and the wolf's eyes glared greener than ever, as he thought of the feast he would make presently.

“What great green eyes you have got grandmamma,” said Red Riding Hood, and at last she began to be frightened.

“All the better to see you with my child.” chuckled the wolf, and he grinned until you could see right down his throat, like into a great red cavern.



Little Red Riding Hood, now seriously alarmed, sat up in bed and cried :—

“Grandmamma! what a great mouth you have got! and what large, ugly teeth!”

“Hah! Hah! Hah!” snarled the wolf, throwing off his nightcap and his good nature together and appearing in his true

character at last. Hah! Hah! Hurrah my pretty child! those teeth are to tear you to pieces with! and—"whack! came down a pointed spear upon his head! and the wicked wolf fell off the bed on to the floor, where he rolled over three times and then lay for a moment stunned and motionless.

The woodmen had burst forth from their hiding place armed with long poles with scythe blades at the end. They had been long on the watch; and now they surprised the wolf just as he was about to spring on the poor horrified child, who, too late, discovered the mistake she had made; and one of them with a well aimed blow of his pointed weapon, saved the life of our Little Red Riding Hood.

But it is no easy matter to kill a wolf. In another moment the monster was up again; with flashing eyes, and hide bristling, and tail as thick as that of an angry cat, he sprang on the bed and stood glaring at his enemies. They were obliged to act with caution; for the wolf watched for an opportunity to fasten upon one of them, and he was literally yelling with rage. The woodmen however, were not to be daunted; they came on step by step, with their weapons advanced to drive him into a corner, calling to Little Red Riding Hood to jump off the bed and get behind them; which I am told she did without any loss of time, when she had regained the use of her limbs, of which terror had deprived her for a moment. The wolf snapped and snarled and bit savagely at the knives which came closer and closer to his great hairy throat; and he would have given all he had, if he had anything at all, to be safe in the woods, far away. At last

he gathered himself up for a mighty effort, and gave one tremendous jump forward; and he would no doubt have gone clean over the heads of the woodmen, and been right away into the woods, but the night gown he had put on clung about his heels and sent him down with a great thump upon the floor. So you see, the wicked deceit he had practised in acting the old grandmother ended in his own destruction.

For the woodmen were upon him in an instant with their spears; and they struck the robber with their weapons again and again, for all his fighting and scratching, and snarling. And this was the only respectable thing I know about the wolf; he fought for his life and bravely too.

But two against one is hard work, especially where the two have spears and the one has only fangs and claws. At last the wolf was fairly beaten, and lay panting in the corner of the floor with his eyes rolling and his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

In a moment or two he began slowly to revive, and whined and begged for mercy; but the woodmen hit him again with their spears, and soon made an end of him. And they had a right to do so; for the wicked animal which thus made war upon all other creatures, and was so treacherous and cruel, was not fit to live.

Early the next morning they stripped off his hide as the only part of him that could be of any value; and they threw his carcase to the dogs to be eaten up by them; which served that animal entirely right. The skin was very rough and hairy, but still had some little value, which caused one of the woodmen

to observe, "that the first time the wolf had been useful, in his LIFE, was after his DEATH;" but this woodman was an Irishman.

Then the friendly men who had thus come in just at the right moment to save our poor child, took her by the hand and began their walk home through the wood together; and as they went, one of the woodmen said to the child, not roughly or unkindly, but in a quiet friendly manner: "Don't you think, Little Red Riding Hood, it would have been better if you had kept on your way without stopping to speak to the wolf at all, or loitering in the forest. If you had kept straight on, and had not told him where you were going, you would not have run into such danger and your poor old grandmother might have been alive now."

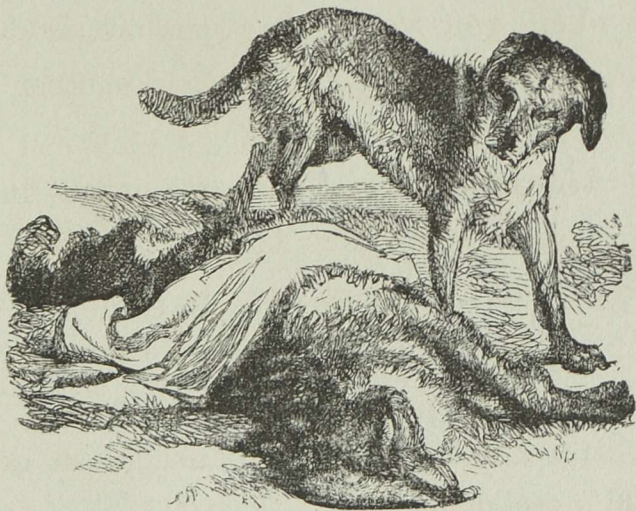
Poor Little Red Riding Hood was too much flurried by all that had happened, and too sorry for her grandmother's death, to make any reply; but she bent over the good woodman's hand and kissed it twice, and then he had to wipe away two bright little tears from the hand she had kissed; and I dare say he thought those little kisses and tears thanked him quite as well as words would have done.

If I had time I might go on to tell you how they got safely home to the house of Little Red Riding Hood's mother; how glad that poor lady was to see them; how she gave the good woodmen a plentiful supper, and so much strong beer that it was considered best for them to stay in the house all night, and not go home till the next morning; how they gave Little Red

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

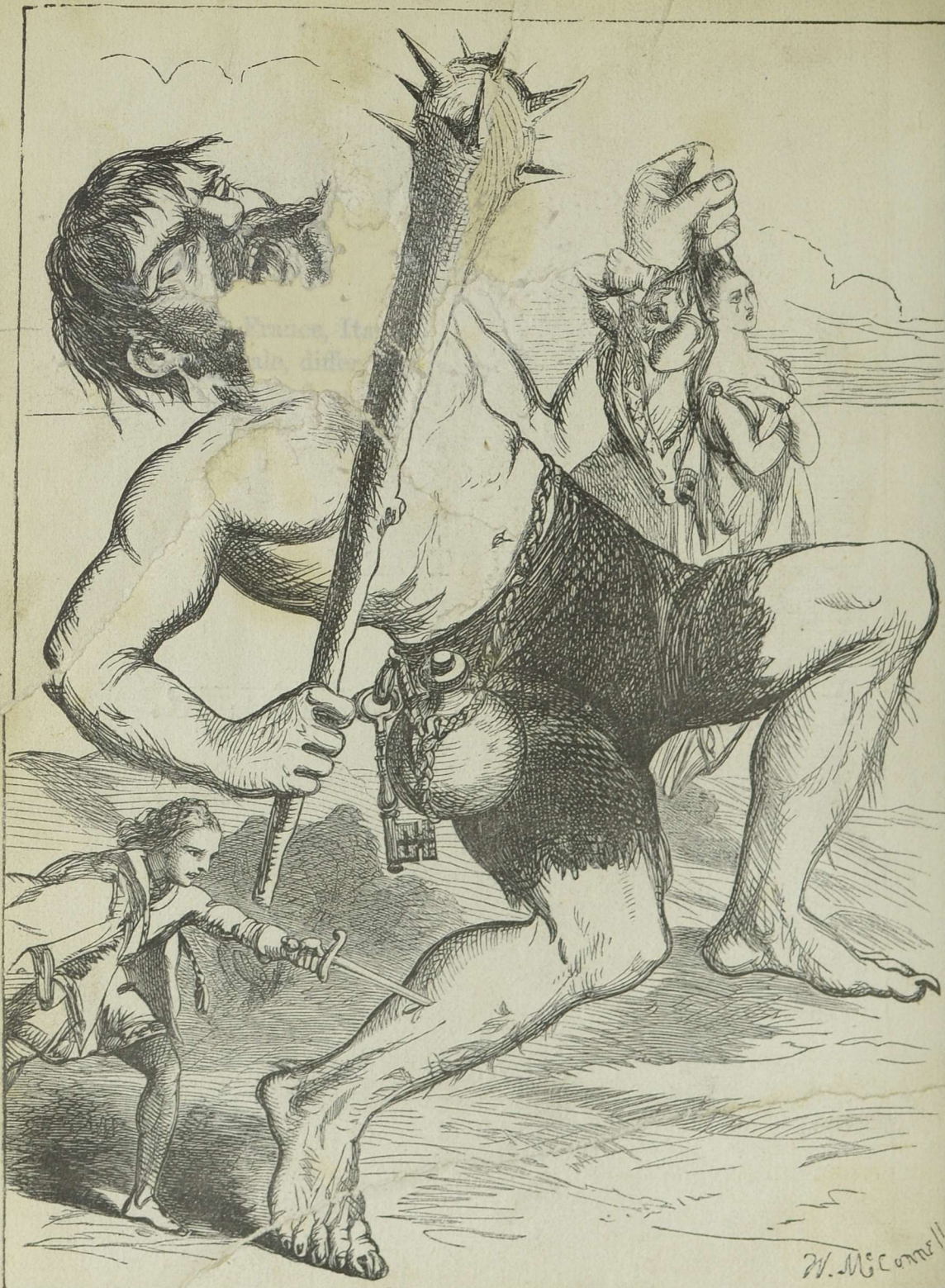
Riding Hood a great deal of good advice, and three kisses each ; and a great many other interesting and valuable matters. But I must leave you to imagine all this, and conclude my story with this little bit of advice, which the woodman gave to Red Riding Hood and which I give to my readers by way of moral :—

If in this world secure you'd be
From danger, and strife, and care,
Take heed with whom you keep company,
And how—and when—and where.



NOTE.

In Germany, France, Italy, and England there are various versions of this popular tale, differing in the catastrophe with which it terminates. In the old and most unsatisfactory version, the chronicle ends at the exciting point where the wolf sprang upon Little Red Riding Hood and ate her up in a moment. In the next version, we arrive at a somewhat more satisfactory result; the wolf is killed, and thus at least the death of the ill-fated heroine of the tale is avenged. But still it seemed a hard thing that the poor little child should suffer death merely for a piece of amiable indiscretion, and accordingly the German tale of "Rothkappcher" seeks to evade this difficulty by making the wolf swallow both grandmother and child *whole*, and thus enabling them to be freed from their unpleasant position on the cutting open of the wolf by the huntsman. The conclusion of the German tale is in the same whimsical strain. The huntsmen finding the wolf asleep, substitute two great stones for the grandmother and grandchild, without disturbing the monster's nap; the wolf goes to drink at the stream, and tumbling in, is borne down by the weight of the stones. This version appeared too extravagant to present to English children even as a fairy tale. It has been therefore thought advisable to retain the old English version of the story, merely altering the conclusion to avoid killing the heroine.



W. McCornell

JACK THE Giant Killer

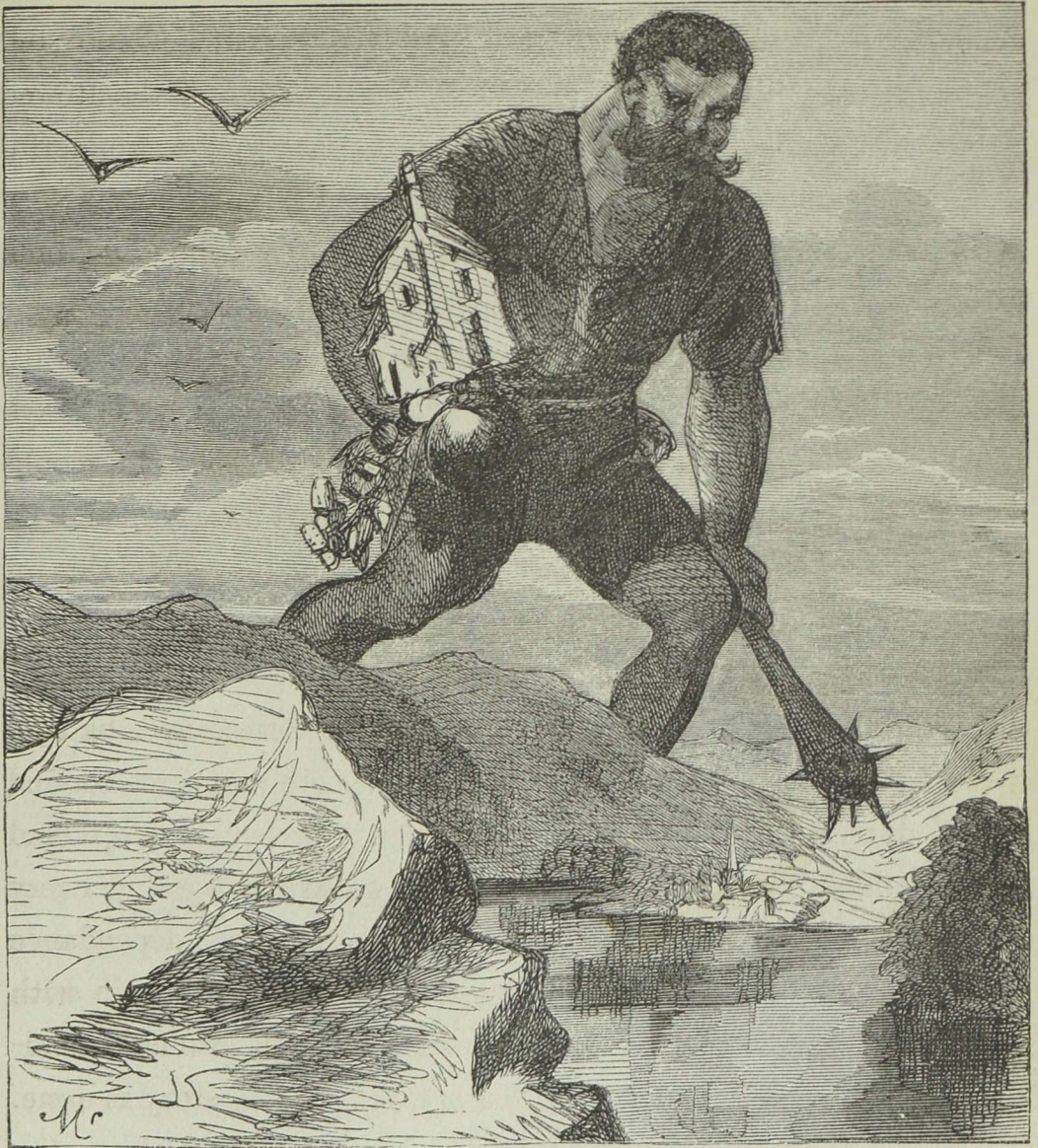


I DARE say you have heard of King Arthur, or, as some call him, Prince Arthur, and his wife Genevra, who reigned in

Britain many hundred years ago—long before the time of the good King Alfred. If not, you must get your friends to tell you something about them, and about the Knights of the Round Table. What I am going to do now is to tell you a wonderful and remarkable story, not about King Arthur, but about a very marvellous person who lived in his time, and who did some very brave actions. His name was Jack.

This Jack was the son of a poor farmer who lived in Cornwall, near the Land's-end, where the tin mines are. Jack was always a bold, fearless boy. He feared neither heat nor cold, could climb a steep mountain, or plunge into a deep stream; and he delighted to hear his father's stories about the brave Knights of the Round Table, and of all their valiant deeds.

From constantly hearing of such things, Jack got to take a great interest in all that related to combats, victories, and battles. And the more he heard, the more anxious did he feel to find some enemy against whom he could fight; for he never doubted that his skill and courage would give him the victory in every encounter. And do you know, I think that this dependance upon himself and his own powers, had a great deal to do with the success that Jack afterwards met with in the wonderful adventures I shall tell you about before this present story is done. If any one firmly makes up his mind to do a certain thing, the chances are that he will succeed in it, unless the thing be very difficult indeed—as in the case of the little boy who made up his mind to bite his own nose off, or of his brother, who tried to tame an oyster.



Now there were several great giants in England and Wales at the time of which I write; and against these giants Jack resolved to try his strength and skill. He could scarcely have chosen more fitting enemies; for the giants were hated and

feared by everybody, with good reason. They were great big bullying fellows, with great arms, great legs, and a great habit of taking what did not belong to them, especially in the way of cattle and sheep. And as one of these gentry could as soon chop up a whole sheep as we should cut up a mutton chop, and would no more stop at eating a whole ox, than we should stick at a steak when we were very hungry, you can fancy that the people whose property they made free with were not glad to see them—quite the reverse. If there was one giant, whose absence all Jack's neighbours particularly desired, and whom they were especially sorry to see when he called in upon them, that giant was the one named Cormoran (also called Cormorant from his great and voracious appetite.)

This cruel monster lived on St. Michael's Mount, a high hill that rises out of the sea near the coast of Cornwall, and is in shape not unlike an immense pound-cake. He was eighteen feet high and nine feet round; so you can fancy the quantity of stuff it would take to make him a pair of trowsers; and perhaps that was the reason why he usually wore none. He had a very ugly face, and a huge mouth with pointed teeth like those of a saw; and the people upon whom he called were not glad when they saw him; for he was not content when he saw them with his eyes, but would pop them in his mouth, and saw them with his saw-like teeth. He used to come out of the cave in which he dwelt on the very top of the mountain, and walk through the sea when the tide was low, right into Cornwall; and the people who lived there used to take care that he did not find them at home



when he called. However, he did not have his walk for nothing, for he carried off their cattle a dozen at a time, slinging them on a pole across his shoulder, as a man might sling a dozen rabbits. How short a time this dozen lasted him, and how soon he came for more, was really wonderful.

When he got tired of eating beef, he would vary his diet by coming and stealing three or four dozen sheep and hogs, that he might have a dish of pork and mutton; and these small animals he would string round his waist and carry them off—the sheep bleating and the pigs squealing—to the great annoyance of the owners, who watched him at a distance and did not dare to interfere. For the giant had a big club which he used as

a walking-stick, and it had spikes at one end. And he had been heard to say—that all those whom he did not knock down dead with the thick end of his club, he would spit, like so many larks, on the spike at the other end; so the people were very shy of coming within reach of either end of the giant's club.

But there was one youngster who declared he would serve out Master Cormoran in one way or another; and this youngster was our friend Jack. This is the way he made good his promise:—

One winter's evening, when it was already growing dark, he swam from the Cornish coast to St. Michael's Mount, pushing before him a kind of raft on which were a pickaxe, a shovel, and a dark lantern. It was quite dark night by the time he got to the mount; but in the giant's cave there was a light, and Jack could see Cormoran, who had just finished his supper, picking his teeth with a hedge-stake. All night long Jack worked busily and silently by the light of his dark lantern, digging a deep pit before the giant's dwelling. By the time the morning dawned, he had made a great hole, twenty feet deep, and twenty feet broad. He covered this pit-hole with sticks and straw, and strewed earth and sand lightly over the top, so that it looked just like solid ground. Then he stepped back a few paces, took a trumpet that hung at the gate, and blew a loud blast as a challenge to the giant to come out and fight him. Cormoran woke up from his sleep with a start; and he was in a great rage, you may be sure, when he saw what a little fellow was standing outside defying him. "You saucy



villain!" he roared out; "wait a moment, and I'll broil you for my breakfast!"

With this agreeable speech he turned back into the cave to get the neat walking-stick I have told you of; and having armed himself with this weapon, he came rushing out, intending to give Jack a taste—first of the thick end, and then of the spike at the other end. But the pit was in his way. The giant came tramping over it with his great heavy feet, and—"crack!—crunch!—cre-e-e-e-ch!"—in he went, right up to his neck, and stood there, roaring with rage, with only his great ugly head above the surface of the ground.

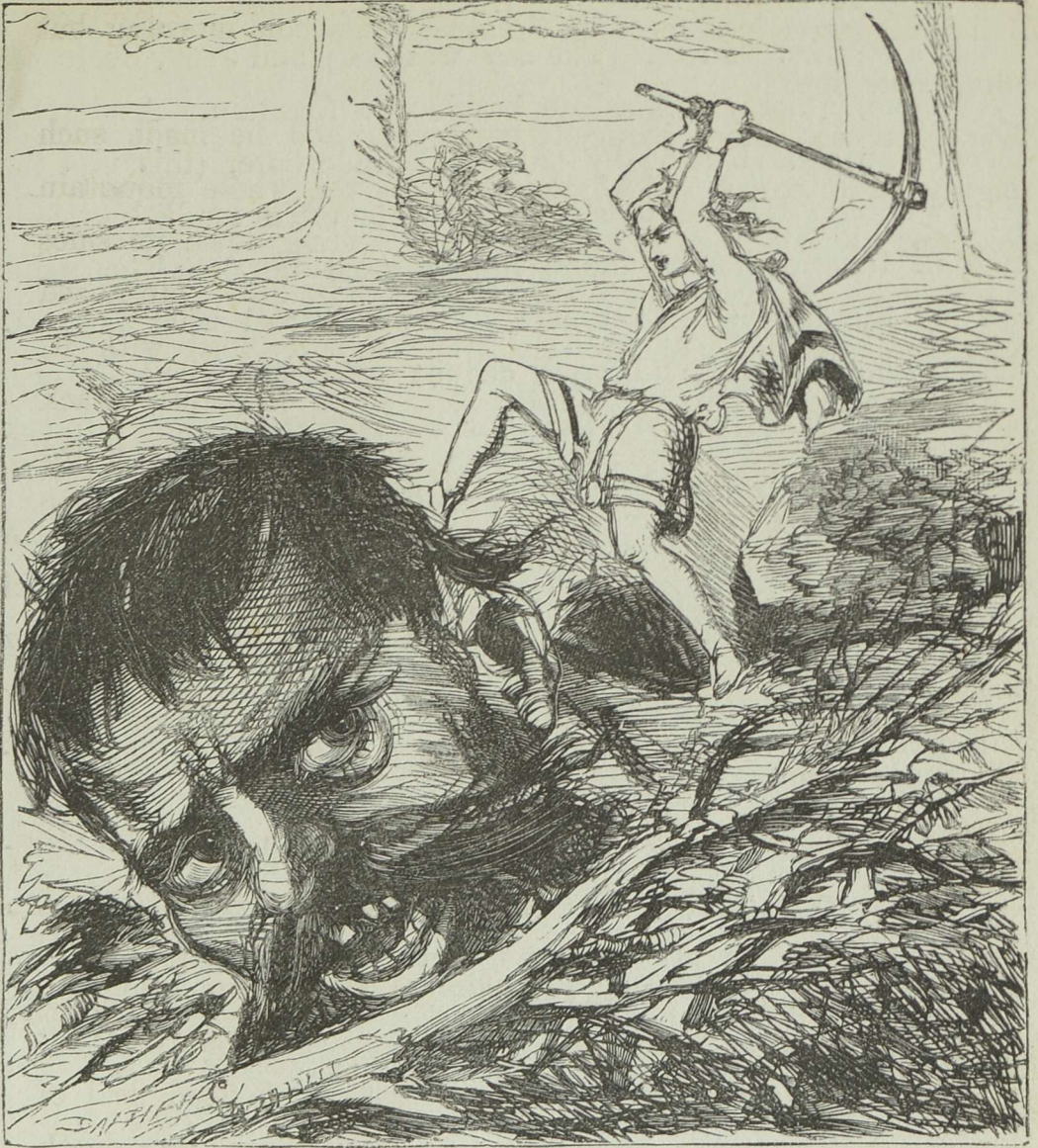
“Aha, Master Cormoran” cried Jack, “what say you now—will nothing serve you for your breakfast this cold morning but broiling poor me?”

The giant was more enraged than ever; and he made such a mighty effort to get out of the pit, that the whole mountain shook, and the stones and rubbish came rolling down its sides into the hole. Jack saw there was no time to be lost. He raised his pickaxe, struck Cormoran one blow on the head with it, and the cruel giant dropped down dead in a moment. Jack returned in triumph to Cornwall; and when the people heard of their enemy’s death, they were not sorry, but quite the reverse; and the justices and great squires of Cornwall, when they heard of Jack’s brave deed, declared, that from henceforth, the valiant youth should be called JACK THE GIANT KILLER; and as a further reward they presented him with a handsome sword, and a belt, on which stood in letters of gold, the words:—

THIS IS THE VALIANT CORNISH MAN
WHO SLEW THE GIANT CORMORAN!

This was all very well; but one piece of work often brings on another. Jack soon found that his title of “Giant-Killer” brought some danger along with it, as well as a good deal of praise and honor; and a very few weeks after Cormoran’s death he found he would have to sustain new combats.

Above all, there was a great hulking giant, who lived among the mountains of Wales. This giant had been a friend of Cormoran’s, and had often been invited by that personage to



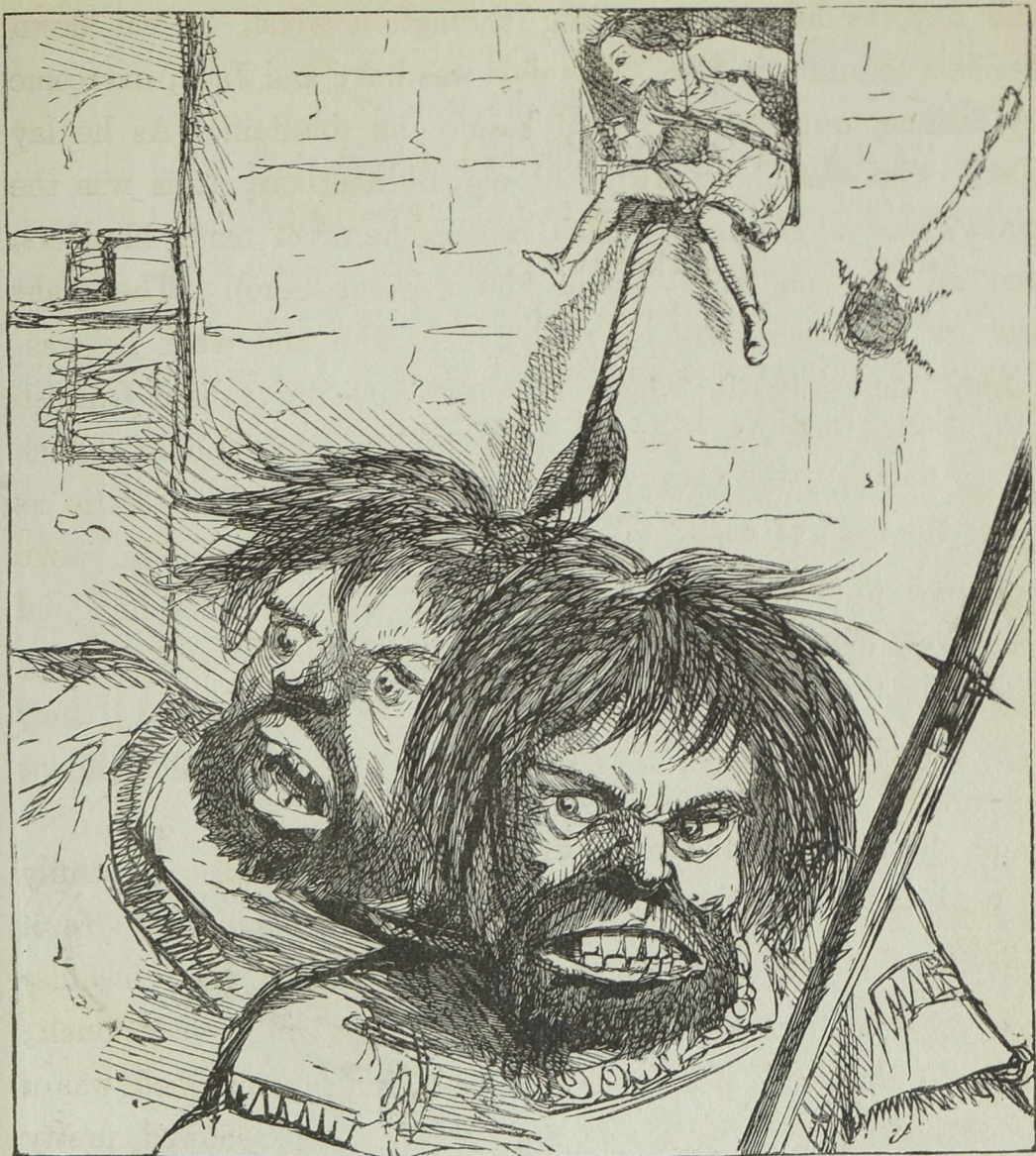
dine with him off a couple of oxen or half-a-dozen sheep. When he heard of Cormoran's death he was very angry, and vowed vengeance against Jack.

Now it happened that Jack took a journey into Wales; and

one day, as he was travelling through a wood, he sat down beside a fountain to rest. The day was hot; and Jack, overcome by fatigue, quickly fell asleep beside the fountain. As he lay there, who should come by but old Blunderbore, (this was the giant's name. He was so called because he often made blunders, and all the neighbours found him a great bore). The giant saw by the inscription on Jack's belt who and what he was. "Aha" he chuckled, "have I caught you my valiant Cornish man? Now you shall pay for your tricks," and he hoisted Jack up on his shoulder and began to stride towards his castle as fast as he could. The jolting walk of the giant soon woke Jack out of his sleep; he was very much alarmed when he found himself in Blunderbore's clutches; and I will undertake to say that all who read this story would have been frightened if they had been in his place, unless they are very brave and valiant people indeed.

Blunderbore soon arrived at his castle. Jack was dreadfully horrified when he looked round; for on the ground were strewn the bones of men and children whom this cruel giant had devoured. Blunderbore seemed to enjoy Jack's fright very much; and told him with a hideous grin that his favorite food was a man's heart eaten with salt and pepper; and showed pretty plainly that he intended heartily to enjoy Jack's heart within a very short time—which must have been an agreeable thing for Jack to reflect upon.

Blunderbore did not care to eat such a nice meal as the Giant-Killer would be, all by himself. He was a companionable sort

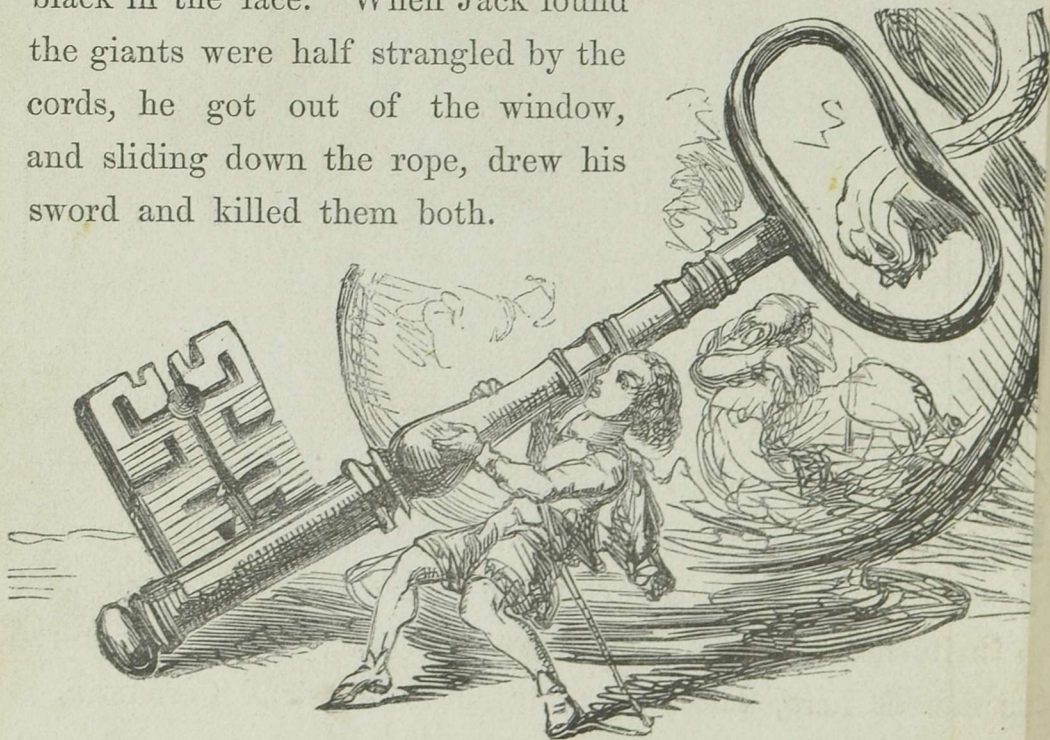


of giant, and had one or two friends who used to come to supper with him. To one of these friends old Blundebore went to invite him to supper; that he might brag of having captured the famous hero, who slew their lamented friend Cormoran.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

Jack paced to and fro for some time, in a great fright and perplexity; and at last ran to the window to see if he could leap out. It was too high for him to think of such a thing; and—oh, horror!—there were the two giants coming along arm-in-arm

In utter despair, Jack cast a glance around the room; in a far-off corner of which he espied two stout cords. To seize them, make a running noose in the end of each, and twist them firmly together, was the work of a moment; and just as the giants were entering the gate of the castle, he cleverly dropped a noose over the head of each. The other end was passed over a beam of the ceiling, and Jack pulled and hauled with all his might; in short, he pulled with such a will that the giants were very soon black in the face. When Jack found the giants were half strangled by the cords, he got out of the window, and sliding down the rope, drew his sword and killed them both.





Jack lost no time in getting the giant's key and setting all the captives free; and he gave them the castle and all it contained as a reward for their sufferings; and bidding them a polite good bye, pursued his journey into Wales.

He walked on sturdily till the night came; by which time he had reached a large and handsome house, which looked very inviting to a weary traveller, who had walked many miles, after killing two giants. He knocked at the door to ask admittance for the night, and was rather startled when the door was answered by a large giant. This monster was indeed a formidable fellow. He was as tall as Cormoran, and a foot or two broader round the waist. He had two heads; and of course he had double the

usual number of mouths, and perhaps that is why he was fat. He was very civil however. He made our hero a bow, and invited him into his house, gave him a good supper, and sent him to bed. But Jack did not entirely trust his host. He thought he had seen him shaking his fist at him slyly once or twice during supper time; so, instead of going to sleep he listened. Presently he heard the giant marching about in the room, singing a duet for two voices all by himself—the treble with one mouth, and the bass with the other. This was the song he sang:—

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

“Indeed,” thought Jack, when he heard this amiable ditty. “Are these the tricks you play upon travellers, Mr. Giant. But I hope I shall prove a match for you yet.” So he began groping about the room to find something to lay in the bed instead of himself, against the time when the giant should bring the club. He found a great log of wood in the fire-place; and this he put into the bed and covered it well up, while he himself lay concealed in a corner of the room.

In the middle of the night he heard a sort of heavy-go-light step, like an elephant walking over egg-shells. It was the two-headed giant who came creeping into the room nodding his two heads at each other with a knowing wink. He sidled up to the bed, and—“Whack!—whack!—whack!”—down came his cruel club upon the log of wood, just where Jack’s head would have been but for his clever trick. The giant, thinking he had killed his



guest, retired in very good humour, and lay down on his own bed to sleep. We may fancy how surprised he was when Jack came next morning to thank him for his night's lodging.

The giant rubbed his eyes and pulled his hair to make sure that he was awake; but Jack stood looking on as cool as a cucumber.

“Why?—ho-ow-w-w did you sle-e-e-p?” stammered the giant at last. “Was there nothing to dist-u-r-r-b you in the night?”

“Oh, I slept exceedingly well,” replied Jack. “I believe a rat came and flapped me with his tail three or four times; but he soon went away again.”

The giant was so surprised that he sat down on a bench, and scratched his heads for three minutes, trying to make it out. Then he rose slowly, and went away to prepare breakfast. Jack now thought he would play the giant another trick; and he managed it in this way. He got a great leathern bag and fastened it to his body, just under a loose kind of blouse he wore, for he thought he would make the giant believe he had an immense appetite. Presently the giant came in with two great bowls of hasty pudding, and began feeding each of his mouths by turns. Jack took the other bowl and pretended to eat the

pudding it contained; but instead of swallowing it, he kept stowing it in the great leathern bag. The giant stared harder than ever, and appeared to seriously doubt the evidence of his own eyes. He was wondering to behold such a little chap as Jack eat such a breakfast. “Now” said Jack, when breakfast was over, “I can show you a trick. I can cut off my

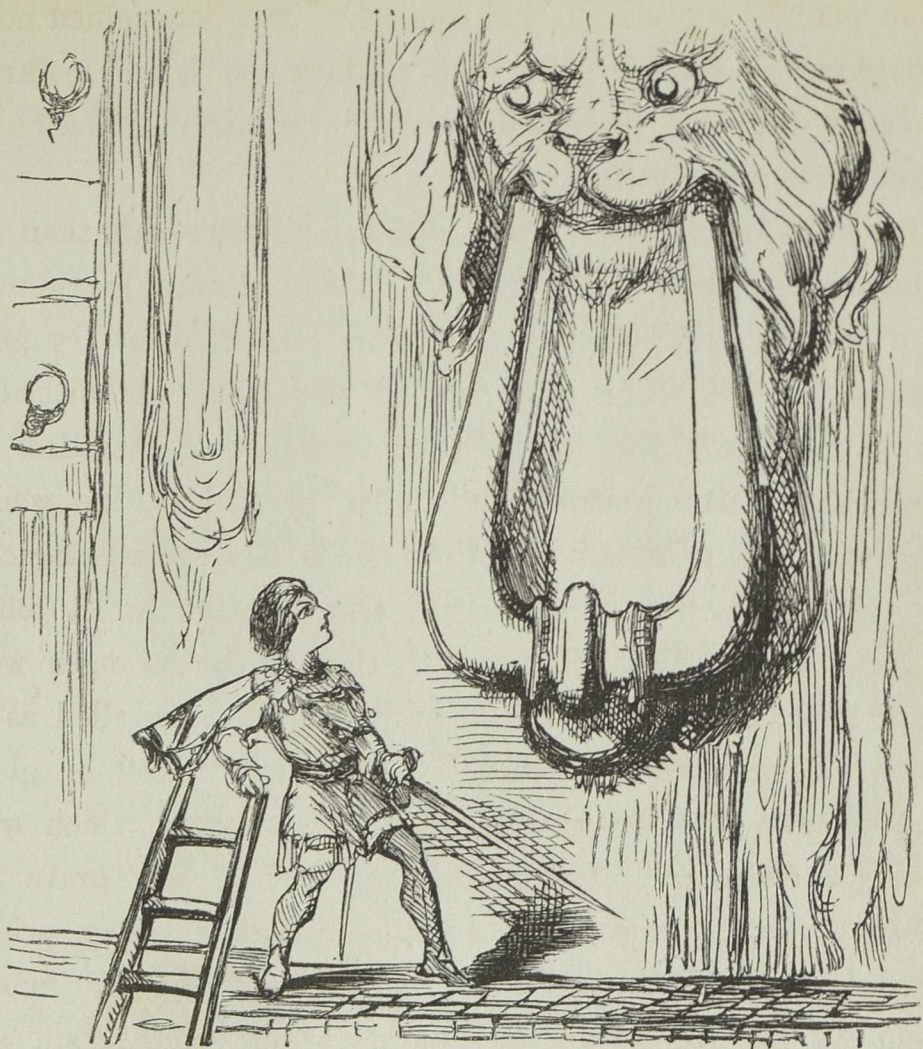




head, arms, or legs, and put them on again, just as I choose; and do a number of strange and wonderful things besides. Look here, I will show you an instance." So saying he took up a knife and ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty pudding came tumbling out on the floor, to the great surprise of the

giant. "Ods! splutter hur nails!" cried the giant, (this is a Welsh joke), "hur can do that hurself." So, determined not to be outdone by such a little chap as Jack, he seized his knife! plunged it into the place where HIS hasty pudding was!! AND DROPPED DOWN DEAD ON THE FLOOR!!!

After this great achievement Jack had a better title than ever to the name of the "Giant-Killer." He continued his journey, and a few days afterwards we find him travelling in very grand company indeed. The only son of the King Arthur, about whom I have told you to ask your friends, had travelled into Wales, on an errand somewhat similar to Jack's. He wanted to deliver a beautiful lady from the hands of a wicked magician, who was keeping her in captivity. One day the prince fell in with a sturdy traveller, and found by the belt the stranger wore, who he was; for Jack's fame had by this time travelled as far even as King Arthur's court. The prince therefore gladly joined company with Jack, who offered his services, which were, of course, accepted. Now the prince was a very brave and handsome young prince; and like many other young princes he had a habit of giving away, and squandering his money, without waiting till he got any more; which some people said was in consequence of his not having to work for what he got, and therefore, not knowing its value. One day the prince had played this generous game with such hearty good will, that when night came, he had not a silver penny left wherewith to pay his lodging; and he told Jack of this circumstance with a long face, at the same time enquiring what they should do.



Jack replied, "that his highness might make himself entirely easy, for they would do the very best they could;" at which the prince felt greatly comforted. A mile or two further on they came to a large castle inhabited by a wonderful giant indeed; a greater personage than even the gentleman who "spluttered his nails;" for this giant had three heads, and could fight five hundred men (at least, he said he could). The prince felt

rather awkward about asking such a personage to entertain him ; but Jack undertook to manage all that. He went on alone, and knocked loudly at the castle gate. "Who's there?" roared the giant. "Only your poor cousin Jack," answered the intruder. The giant, like most great men, had a good many poor relations, and Jack knew this very well. "What news, cousin Jack?" asked the giant. "Bad news! Bad news!—dear uncle," replied Jack. "Pooh!—bah!—nonsense," cried the giant; "what can be bad news for a person like me, who has three heads and can fight five hundred men?" "Oh, my poor dear uncle!" replied the cunning Jack, "the king's son is coming, with two thousand men, to kill you and destroy your castle!" All the giant's three faces turned pale at once; and he said, in a trembling voice, "This is bad news, indeed, cousin Jack; but I'll hide in the cellar and you shall lock me in, and keep the key till the prince has gone." (I don't think this giant COULD have fought five hundred men.)

Jack laughed in his sleeve as he turned the key of the cellar upon the giant; and then he fetched the prince, and they feasted and enjoyed themselves, eating the best of the giant's provisions and drinking his very oldest wine, whilst the poor master of the house sat in the cellar shivering and shaking with fear. Next morning Jack helped the Prince to a good quantity of the giant's treasure, and sent him three miles forward on his journey. He then let out his "uncle," who looked about him in rather a bewildered way, and seemed to think that the two thousand men had not done much damage to his castle after all, and that the



prince's retinue had very small appetites. Jack was asked what reward he would have, and answered—"Good uncle, all I want is the old coat and cap, and the rusty sword and the worn slippers which are at your bed's head." "You shall have them," said the giant. "They will be very useful to you. The coat will make you invisible; the cap will reveal to you hidden things; the sword will cut through anything and everything; and the

slippers will give you swiftness; take them, and welcome, my valiant cousin, Jack."

Here was an equipment for a giant-killer. You can fancy, that with such helps, Jack and the prince soon found out the wicked magician, and in due course killed him and liberated the lady. The prince married her the next day, which perhaps you will think rather a rapid proceeding; but they did all those things very quickly in the old times. The happy pair then proceeded to King Arthur's court, and so pleased was that monarch with what they had done, that Jack was made one of the Knights of the Round Table, which was as good as receiving the Victoria Cross for valour.

But Jack could not be idle. He wanted to be employed on active service, and begged the king to send him forth against all the remaining Welch giants.

He soon had an opportunity to display his prowess; for on the third day of his journey, as he was passing through a thick wood, he heard the most doleful groans and shrieks. Presently he saw a great giant dragging along a handsome knight and a beautiful lady by the hair of their heads, in a very uncomfortable and brutal manner. Jack at once put on his invisible coat, and taking his sword of sharpness, stuck the giant right through the leg, so that the great monster came tumbling down with a crash. A second blow of the sword cut off the giant's head. The knight and his lady thanked their deliverer you may be sure; but Jack would not accept an earnest invitation they gave him to go to their castle and live with them, for he wanted to

see the giant's den. They told him the giant had a brother fiercer than himself, who dwelt there; but Jack was not to be deterred.

Sure enough, at the mouth of a cavern, sat the giant, on a block of timber, with a club by his side. "Here is the other," cried Jack, and he hit the giant a blow with his sword. The giant could see no one, but began to lay about him with his club; Jack, however, slipped behind him, jumped on the log of timber, cut off the giant's head, and sent it to King Arthur with that of the giant's brother; and the two heads just made a good wagon load.

Now, at length, Jack felt entitled to go and see the knight and his lady—and I can tell you there were rare doings at the castle on his arrival. The knight and all his guests drank to the health of the Giant-Killer; and he gave Jack a handsome ring with a picture on it of the giant dragging along the once unhappy couple.

They were in the height of their mirth when a messenger arrived to tell them that Thundel, a fierce giant and a near relation of the two dead giants, was coming, burning with rage, to avenge his kinsmen's death. All was hurry and fright; but Jack bade them be quiet—he would soon settle Master Thundel, he said. Then he sent some men to cut off the drawbridge, just leaving a slight piece on each side. The giant soon came running up, swinging his club, and though he could not see Jack, for our hero, knowing the importance of keeping out of sight on such occasions, had taken the precaution to put on

his coat of darkness, yet his propensity for human flesh had rendered his sense of smelling so acute, that he knew some one was at hand, and thus declared his intentions:—

“Fee!—fie!—foh!—fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Be he alive—or be he dead—

I’ll grind his bones to make my bread!”

“First, catch me,” said Jack, and he flung off his coat of darkness and put on his shoes of swiftness, and began to run, the giant bowling after him like a tall fire escape after a hand-barrow. Jack led him round the moat, and then suddenly ran across the draw-bridge; but the giant, who followed him very closely, no sooner came to the middle where the bridge had been cut, than it snapped with his weight at once, and down he went—splash!—into the moat, which was full of water and of great depth. The giant struggled fiercely to release himself from the unexpected and uncomfortable position in which he was placed; but Jack, who had looked forward to this moment with the greatest anxiety, was quite prepared to counteract all his efforts. A strong rope, with a running noose at the end, had been kept in readiness, and was cleverly thrown over the giant’s head by Master Jack, who had found such a weapon very useful on a former occasion and had since taken great pains to make himself perfect in its use. By this means he was drawn to the castle side of the moat, where, half-drowned and half-strangled he lay at the mercy of the Giant-Killer, who completed his task by cutting off the giant’s head to the evident pleasure of all



the inhabitants of the castle and the surrounding country. As Jack was naturally desirous that the king should be made aware of the good service he was doing the state, the giant's head was sent to King Arthur, who perceived at once the family likeness which it bore to those already in his possession; and a letter of thanks was sent back to Jack written by the king himself.



After spending a short time very pleasantly with the knight and his lady, Jack again set out in search of adventures. And it was not long before he met with a good one. At the foot of a high mountain he lodged, one night, with a good old hermit. This hermit was very glad to see Jack when he heard that his visitor was the far-famed Giant-Killer; he said, "I am rejoiced to see you, for you can do good service here. Know that at the top of this mountain stands an enchanted castle, the dwelling of the giant Galligantus. This wicked monster, by the aid of a magician as bad as himself, is now detaining a number of knights and ladies in captivity; and to do so the more surely, the magician



has changed them into beasts. Amongst the rest there is a duke's daughter who was carried off as she was walking in her father's garden, and borne away to this castle in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons. They have changed her into a deer, which is the more wanton and cruel, as she was a dear girl already. With your coat of darkness you might manage to pass by the fiery griffins which keep guard at the gate, without being seen; and your sword of sharpness would do the rest.

Jack wanted to hear no more. He promised to do his very best, and the next morning early he set off to climb the mountain, dressed in his invisible coat. And it was well he



had put this garment on; for long before he got to the castle he could see the old magician, who was of a very suspicious nature, looking out of the second floor window. He had an owl on his shoulder, which looked very much like himself; and he had a long wand in his hand; and stood poking his red nose out of the window in a most inquisitive manner.

At the castle gate sat the two griffins, likewise on the look out; but thanks to his coat Jack passed between them unharmed. At the gate hung a large trumpet, and below it was written, as a notice travellers:—

“Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant’s overthrow.”

You may fancy what a blast Jack blew; but you can hardly fancy the crash with which the gates flew open; and the bewildered look of the giant and magician, as they stood biting their nails with vexation and fear. The captives were liberated, and the giant and magician killed in a most satisfactory way; and Jack set out for King Arthur’s court with the fair duke’s daughter, whom he soon made his wife, and I am told they lived long and happily.

Now I only hope that all little boys and girls who read this history, will attack the gigantic sums, verbs, and lessons they may have to do as valiantly, and conquer them as completely, as the giants were overthrown by JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.



NOTE.

Stories of giants have always been popular throughout England, but more particularly in Cornwall, and in Wales, the scene of the adventures of Jack the Giant-Killer. Ormerod, in his history of Cheshire, notices that in 1677, the *going* or procession of the giants at Midsummer was put down. Puttenham also, in his "Art of Englishe Poetrie" 1589, (as quoted by Brande in the "Popular Antiquities") tells us how, in the Midsummer pageants in London, "there were set forth great and uglye gyants, marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of brown paper and tow, which the shrewde boys, underpeeping, do guilefully discover, and turne to a greate derision."

It has been ingeniously surmised that the giants of these stories were in some way connected with the Druidical figures of wicker-work, used in the human sacrifices of that barbarous superstition. "Dr. Milner in his 'History of Winchester,'" says Brande, "tells us that in various places on the opposite side of the Channel, among the rest at Dunkirk and Douay, it has been an immemorial custom, on a certain day in the year, to build up an immense figure of basket work or canvas, which, when properly painted and dressed, resembled a huge giant." This was carried about from place to place, and the explanation was, that this figure represented a certain pagan giant who used to devour the inhabitants of these places until he was killed by the patron saint of the same.

The editions of Jack the Giant-Killer are numerous. A very curious one printed in 1711 at Newcastle, is entitled:—

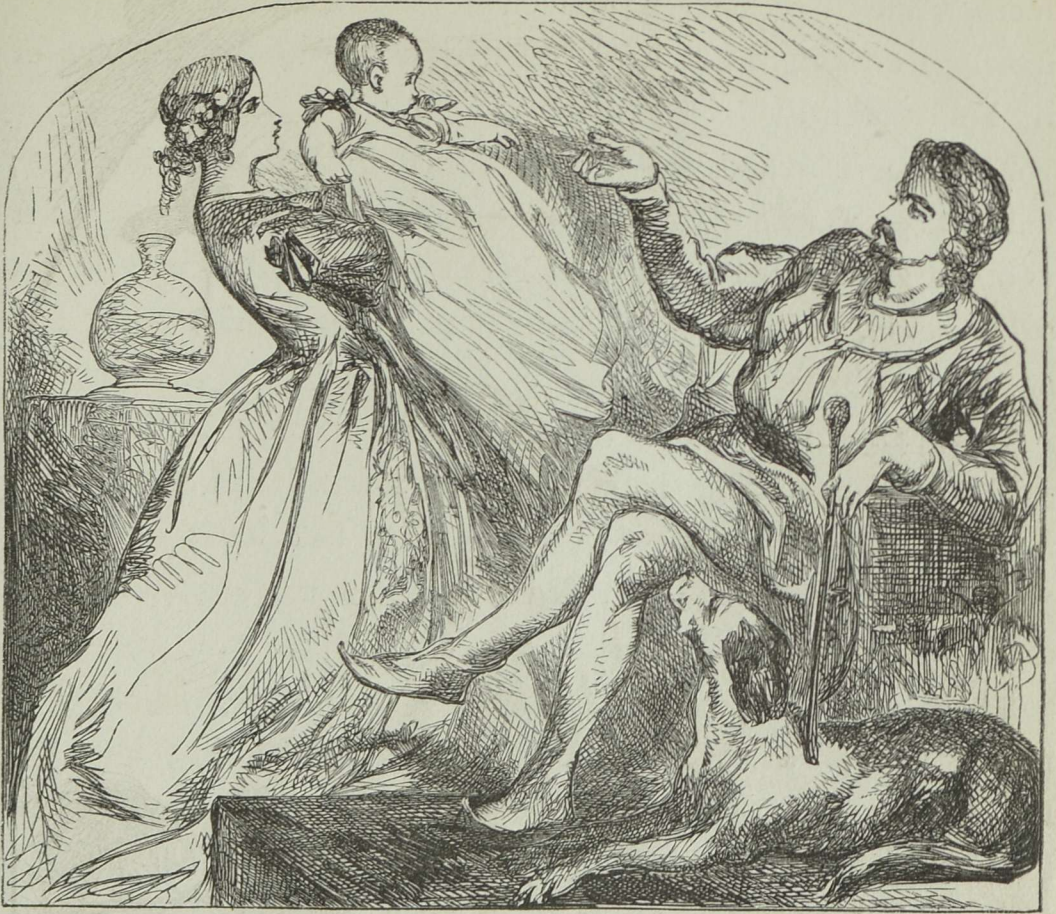
"THE SECOND PART OF JACK AND THE GIANTS

GIVING

A full Account of his Victorious Conquests over the North Country Giants, destroying the Enchanted Castle kept by Galligantus; dispersed the Fiery Griffins; put the Conjuror to Flight; and Released, not only many Knights and Ladies, but likewise a Duke's Daughter, to whom he was honourably married."

CINDERELLA,
OR THE
GLASS SLIPPER.





CINDERELLA.

ONCE on a time, there lived near a great city, a very worthy gentleman, with a handsome amiable young lady—his wife. They loved each other tenderly, as married people should do; and they had not been wedded very long, before there was a pretty little baby girl in the nursery—so both the parents were very happy. But their joy did not last long; the young

mother fell ill of a fever, and died, while her child was still a dancing, crowing little baby, far too young to feel the loss of its kind parent.

The poor husband was at first dreadfully grieved at his loss; but as time wore on, his sorrow became less violent; and when two years had passed away, he began to feel very lonely in his great house. This set him upon thinking of another wife; and at last he made up his mind to marry again.

Unhappily, the choice the gentleman made this time was not a good one. The lady whom he now married was proud haughty, and deceitful. She had a very bad habit of always wanting her own way; and as the husband was a good natured easy kind of man, she usually contrived to get it.

There was another disadvantage about this marriage. The new wife was a widow, and she brought with her into the house, two great rude girls, whom she had wisely kept out of her husband's sight until after he had married her. These girls were nearly ten years older than the gentleman's own pretty little daughter, and the poor child soon began to lead a very dreary life among her new relations. They slighted her, and teased her at first; and when they found the poor child bore it patiently, they went on from bad to worse; from contempt and mocking to downright ill-treatment.

But, you will ask, why did not the gentleman look after his daughter? The fact was, he had not the strength to do so; he was so disappointed in his new wife, and so disgusted with the rude girls, who would not listen to him, and who were



encouraged by their mother in their naughtiness, that he soon fell sick. For six or seven months he lingered on, getting weaker and weaker; and then he died, and his poor little daughter was left, it seemed, without a friend in the world.

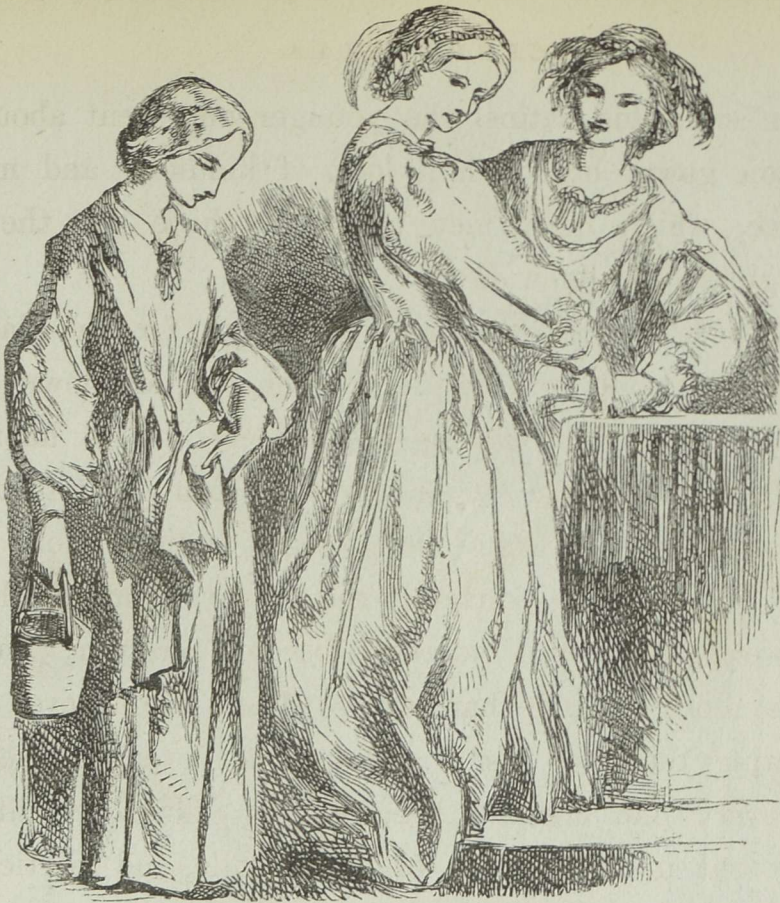
After her father's death, the poor little girl's life was a very hard one. As she grew up, she became very pretty; and the prettier she became, the more the sisters seemed to hate her. She was treated quite like a servant, and made to help in all the drudgery of the house; so while the two elder sisters

flaunted in silks and satins, the younger one went about in a plain cotton gown, but with a look of kindness and modesty in her face, which no money could purchase for the bold, harsh daughters of the widow.

When her household drudgery was over for the day, the poor young girl would go into the kitchen, and sit down quietly in the chimney corner among the cinders. This habit procured for her the name of "Cinder-wench" from that ill-natured girl, her eldest sister; while the younger, a little more polite, called her "Cinderella"—certainly the prettier name of the two.

Years went on, and Cinderella became prettier, and her step-sisters more unkind than ever. They were never weary of tormenting the poor girl; and had not even the sense to see that every one disliked them for it. They would dress themselves out in great state to go to balls and parties, and were not ashamed to ask Cinderella to help them to dress. Then, when she had taken the greatest pains with them, these unkind girls would say some harsh word or other to her, as they went down stairs. And I wish every one who reads this story, (especially every little girl), to reflect what harm is sometimes done by unkind words, hastily uttered. Never allow yourselves to be harsh in your speech, and even give up the last word rather than disregard this piece of good advice.

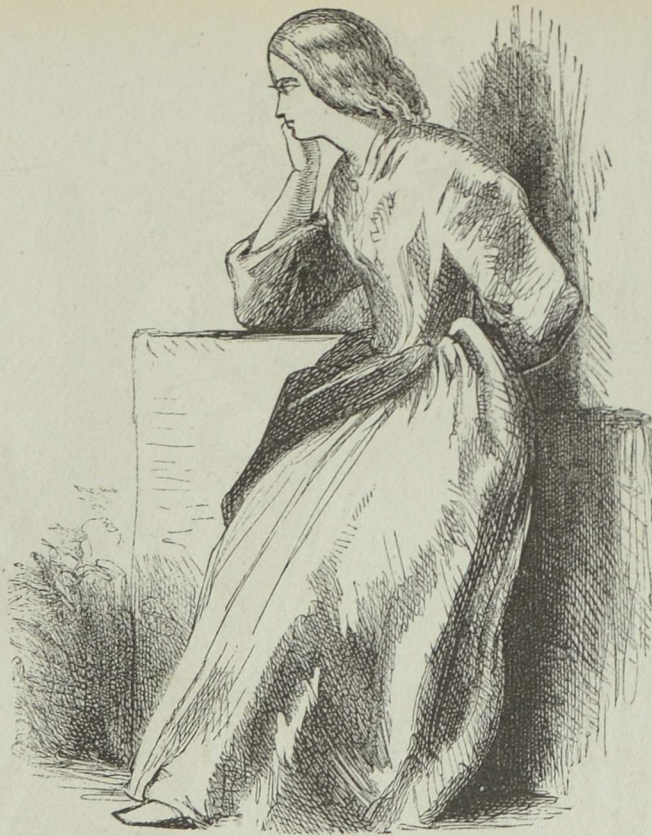
One day the two sisters received a little note on scented rose colored paper, which made them hold their heads up higher than ever, and become more insolent and rude to everybody than they had been before. This note was an invitation to a



grand state dress ball, given by the king's son. You cannot imagine how elated the two sisters were; they began to consult, six weeks before the date of the entertainment, as to what they should wear. And it was wonderful how these girls, who were usually as lazy as ever they could be, became quite busy when their vanity was fairly roused. They found plenty of work for Cinderella, who after her household drudgery was done, had to starch, iron, trim, sew, and cut out for them, in a most remarkable way; and when she had done her very best, they scolded her for her trouble. But when the day of the ball really came, then was indeed a time of hurry-scurry, and hurly-burly.



The sisters, whose usual hour for rising was half past ten, found they could very well get up at six; and at a quarter past, they rang for Cinderella. They continued to dress by easy stages, all day long, excepting a couple of hours in the middle of the day, which they occupied in having their dinner and lying down for a nap; but as they found a nice little piece of work

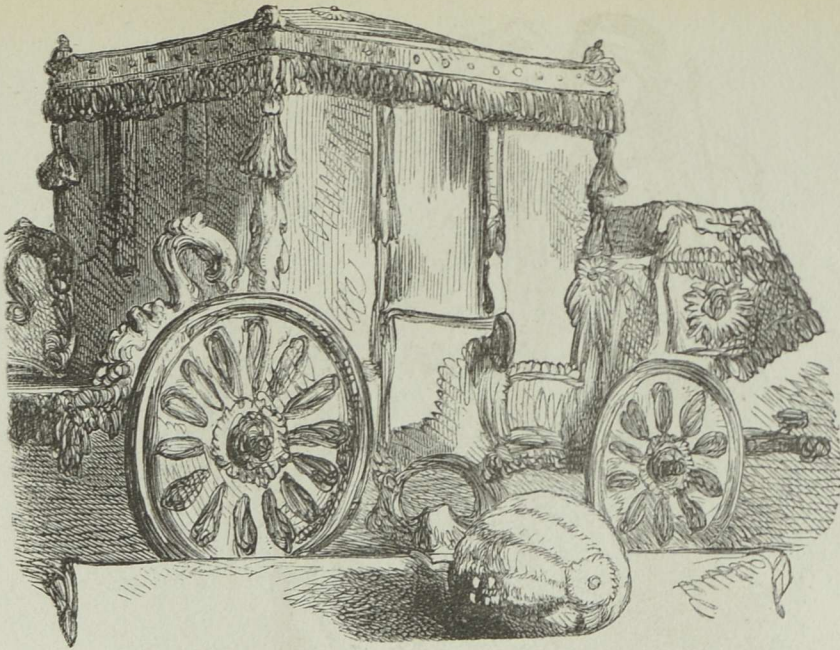


for Cinderella to employ her till they came back, I verily believe that poor girl got no dinner at all that day. But these sisters were not the only selfish people who only thought of their own pleasure that day. As Cinderella was fastening the dress of one of her sisters, the other, who sat by, said:—"Pray Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?" "Nay," replied Cinderella, "you are only mocking me. It is not for such as I to go to parties and balls." "Very true," said the ill-natured girl, "people would stare, I daresay, to see a Cinderella dancing at a ball." This was all the return Cinderella got for her toil since six o'clock in the morning.



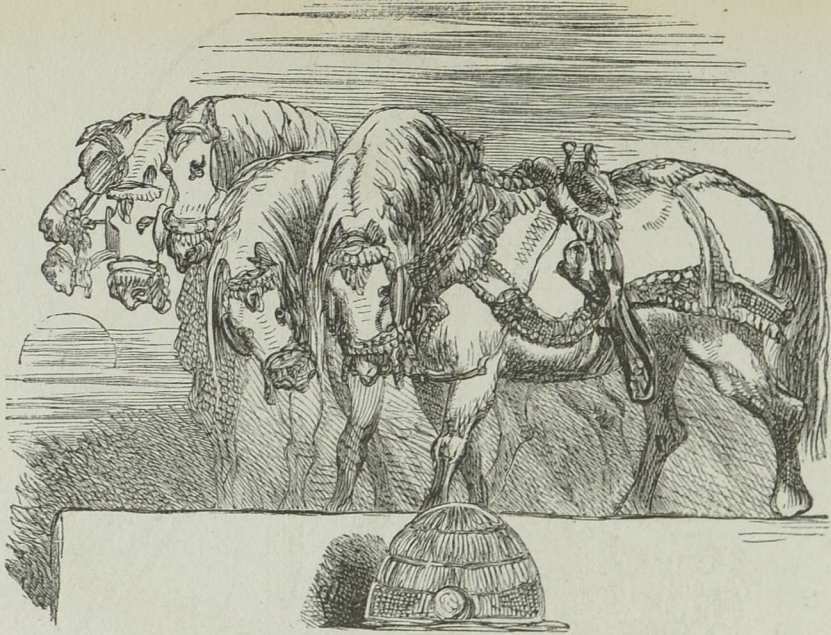
Everything must come to an end; and so did the unpleasant task of dressing the proud sisters. They drove off in a fine carriage, with a coachman and two footmen in handsome liveries; and Cinderella was left to retire to her dark dismal kitchen.

For some time she stood sorrowfully in a corner, thinking a great deal about her sister's unkindness, and a little about the gay merry ball, to which she would gladly have gone. The more she thought about it, the more sorrowful and sad she became; at length she sat down in a corner and fairly began to cry. How long she sat thus she did not know; but she seemed



to have sobbed herself into a doze; and when she woke up, she saw before her a beautiful lady, standing on a small cloud, with a wand in her hand. "My dear Cinderella," said this lady, "I am your god-mother." Cinderella wondered at this, because she had never seen the lady before. "I do not like to see you so unhappy; tell me what you are crying about." Cinderella could only sob out—"Because those great girls are very unkind to me; and because I want—I want—" "You want to go to the ball, Cinderella; is not that the truth? Well, be a good girl and I will send you. But first of all we must get you a coach and horses to take you there, and proper clothes to go in. Go into the garden and fetch me a pumpkin."

Cinderella was very much surprised at this request; but the lady, who looked like what she was—a fairy—seemed so completely in earnest, that the girl at once did as she was told.



And as she carried the pumpkin in, through the garden, she really thought in shape it was not so very much unlike the lord mayor's coach. The fairy cut a hole in the pumpkin and scooped it out, leaving only the rind. Then she touched it once with her wand, and it stood there like the beautiful carriage you see in the picture.

Cinderella stood gazing in surprise at the beautiful coach; but her godmother did not let her wonder long. "What shall we do for horses, my dear?" said she. "Just go and bring me the large mouse-trap out of the pantry."

Cinderella went for the trap. There were six little mice in it poking their little noses up against the bars, and trying to get out. At her godmother's desire, Cinderella lifted up the door of the trap very gently, so that the mice might come hopping out one by one. As they did so, the fairy touched each of them



with her wand, and turned them into handsome coach horses, with arching necks and long tails, and splendid harness all plated with gold!—look at them.

“Well, my dear child,” said the fairy, “here are a carriage and horses, at least as handsome as those of your sisters; but now we want a coachman and a postillion. Go and see if there are no rats in the rat-trap.”

Off tripped Cinderella, and soon returned in triumph, bearing the rat-trap in her hand. There were two rats in it; one a big rat with a fine beard, and the other a dapper fellow with a slim



waist and a short body. The fairy touched these two rats with her wand; and the little one was transformed into a herald, to walk at the horses heads with a trumpet in his hand to give notice of their approach; while the big one appeared as a handsome coachman, with pointed beard, mustachoes to match, and a splendid state livery embroidered with gold. Footmen were now required to complete the equipage, and Cinderella was directed by the fairy to bring in six lizards which she would find behind the garden watering-pot. The lizards were brought, and by the touch of the wonderful wand the four largest were changed into



tall footmen, with gorgeous liveries to match the coachman's; the two smaller lizards became pages to walk beside the carriage doors; and the whole of them sprang at once into their respective positions with the agility of practical servants.

“Well, Cinderella,” said her god-mother, “are you not pleased with your equipage for appearing at the ball?”



“Yes, indeed,” replied Cinderella; “but—” and she glanced down at the shabby dress she had on at the time. Her godmother understood her meaning. “You do not think you can go in those clothes, my dear?—neither shall you,” said the fairy. Once more the wand came into play; in an instant Cinderella’s shabby attire had changed to a beautiful dress of gold brocade, with precious stones here and there. To crown all, the godmother produced a pair of beautiful slippers of spun glass, that glittered like diamonds, and gave them to Cinderella to put on.

“Now,” said the fairy to Cinderella, as she stood admiring her costly attire and equipage in an ecstasy of delight; “I have an injunction to lay upon you. You must be back here by twelve o’clock at night; for if you remain beyond that hour at the ball your coach will return to the form of a pumpkin, your coachman



become a rat, your horses mice, your footmen and pages lizards, and your beautiful dress vanish away.”

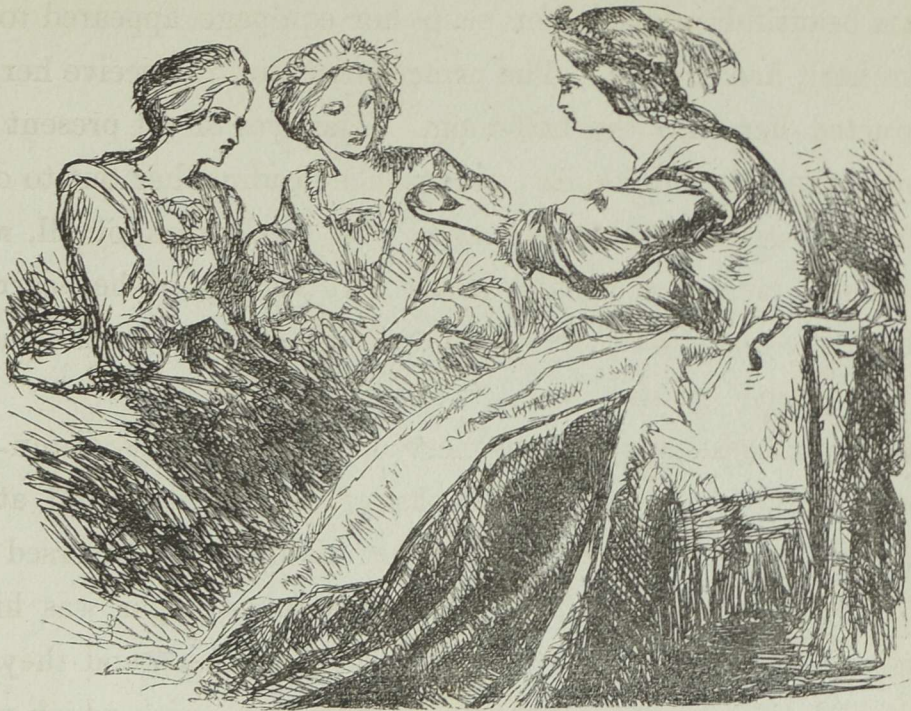
Cinderella promised punctually to obey her god-mother’s directions. Who would not have promised in such a case? The footmen handed her into the coach, the coachman snapped his whip, and off they drove in grand style.

There was no small stir at the palace when the splendid carriage drove up; and great indeed was the interest displayed when Cinderella alighted. The news was quickly carried to the prince,

that a beautiful princess (for such her equipage appeared to proclaim her), had arrived. The prince went out to receive her, and conducted her into the ball-room. The eyes of all present were at once fixed on Cinderella; the prince leading her out to dance with him, displayed her beauty to the admiration of all, which was much increased by the grace and dignity of her carriage. In fact, she made an impression on all present; but far the deepest on the young prince.

A magnificent supper was served, furnished by Gunn-Turr and Swi-Ye, two celebrated cooks of the period; and at the supper Cinderella was seated next her sisters and conversed with them. The condescension of the beautiful stranger was highly pleasing and flattering to the vanity of the sisters, and they partook of the fruits she proffered them with a relish which would have been somewhat embittered had they known the truth.

The warning voice of the clock told eleven and three-quarters when Cinderella, mindful of her god-mother's injunction, arose, and with a graceful curtsy hastened to her carriage. The prince hurried after her, begged of her to renew her visit on the following evening, saw her to her carriage, and returned to the company very dull and evidently disinclined to prolong the festivities. Cinderella arrived home in time to receive the approval of her god-mother and a promise from her of further support; but a loud rap at the door announced the arrival of the sisters, and assuming the appearance of having been awakened out of a sound sleep, she hastened to admit them. The sisters had no sooner entered the house than they commenced an animated conversation



on the subject of the visit of the "beautiful princess" to the palace; they were so pleased and elated with the evident preference she had shown for their company, that having no other listeners at the time, their vanity compelled them to make a confidant of the neglected Cinderella. To her they enlarged upon the beauty, affability, and evident wealth of the unknown princess, and triumphantly displayed some of the fruit they had received from her hands, which they had preserved in remembrance of the great occasion.

On their informing Cinderella that the princess was expected again on the following evening, the sly puss ventured very humbly to solicit her proud sisters for the loan of a cast-off dress



to enable her to satisfy the curiosity they had excited in reference to the beautiful stranger, by accompanying them to the palace on the following evening. "A dress, indeed!" was the rude reply, "you had better mind your pots and pans, Miss Cinderella, and leave balls and parties to your betters." The meekness with which Cinderella bore this stern rebuke was remarkable.



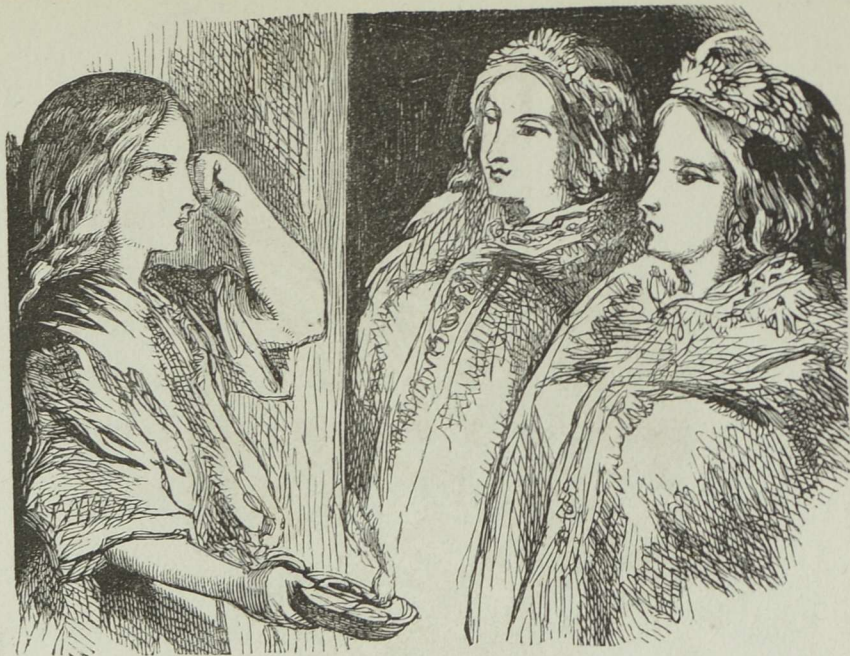
The next evening the two sisters went again to the ball, and Cinderella appeared there shortly afterwards, dressed even more splendidly than on the first night. The prince had been watching for her ever since the first carriage drew up. He never left her side the whole of the evening; would dance with no one else; and paid her such compliments, that Cinderella's cheeks flushed, and she hardly dared lift her eyes from the ground. Not that she felt unhappy, either; oh no!

But what with the dancing, the lights, the supper, and the prince's attentions, she forgot her god-mother's injunction about being home at twelve o'clock. The evening slipped away as if Time indeed had wings; and greatly surprised was Cinderella, when the first stroke of twelve rang upon her ear. Up she started; and never waiting even to curtsy to the guests,



she ran from the ball-room as fast as she could. And it was well she did so, for with the last stroke of twelve, the beautiful dress of gold brocade fell from her, and she found herself clad once more in her old dingy working dress. The prince pursued her, but she was too quick for him; only as she left the ball-room, one of her little glass slippers fell off, and the prince snatched it up and kept it as a great treasure. Cinderella ran home, and reached her house panting and breathless, in very different style to the state in which she had left the first ball.

The prince questioned the sentinels at the gates as to whether they had seen a beautiful princess hurrying out just as the clock struck twelve. The men replied, that the only person who had come away at that time was a dingy little girl, who looked more like a cinder-sifter than a princess.



Cinderella had a very short time to wait before her sisters arrived from the party; for the ball broke up early because the prince was dull and vexed. She again met her sisters, rubbing her eyes with a weary yawn. She asked them how they were entertained, and whether the beautiful princess was there again. "Yes," they replied; and added, that at twelve o'clock she had suddenly started up and left the ball-room; whereupon the prince had seemed to lose all pleasure in the party, and everything flagged, until at last the guests took their leave.

The prince dreamt all night of his beautiful partner, and rose the next morning thinking of her. He seemed to lose his taste for all the sports and amusements in which he had delighted, and astonished and grieved the old king, his father, by refusing to play at cricket, and declining to partake of apple-pie at dinner.



All day long he lay stretched on a sofa, thinking of the fair princess; and when he returned to his pillow at night, it was only to dream of her again. He would have advertised for her in the newspapers, but could not, because newspapers were not yet invented. He had really no way of finding out who she was or where she lived, for she had not shown her card of invitation at the door; indeed, no one had thought of asking her for it, her equipage was so splendid. At last a bright idea struck him, and he thought he had hit upon a plan. It was this:—

A herald was ordered to ride through the city and to proclaim, by sound of trumpet—

“THAT THE KING’S SON WOULD MARRY ANY LADY WHO SHOULD BE FOUND ABLE TO WEAR THE GLASS SLIPPER WHICH HAD BEEN DROPPED AT THE LATE BALL.”

He had noticed that his unknown had a pretty little foot; and in due course thought that if he only got the length of her foot



he could soon make matters right with the fair one. . So the herald went round the city, and made the announcement in due form.

Many a lady tried to make the slipper fit her, but in vain ; for you see it was of glass, and would not bend like an elastic overshoe ; first one lady and then another tried in vain, but they were all obliged to dismiss the herald, and renounce their hopes of obtaining the prince's hand.

Among others, Cinderella's sisters endeavoured to wear the slipper ; but it was too short for them. The one who managed



to get her toe in found her heel stuck out ; and the one who could get her heel in found it too narrow at the toe. So at last they had to give it up. Then Cinderella came forward, and modestly inquired if she might be permitted to try on the slipper. Her sisters received her request with a shout of laughter ; but the herald looked gravely at her sweet face, and said his orders were to let ANY ONE WHO LIKED try on the slipper ; so he made Cinderella sit down, while the sisters looked on with an ugly sneer. In a moment it was slipped on ! The little shoe sat on Cinderella's little foot as if it were a skin of glass ; and the sisters looked on speechless with amazement ! But how much was their

wonder increased, when Cinderella quietly put her hand in her pocket and drew forth the other slipper which she had carried about with her ever since the famous night of the ball!

Now, at last, the sisters began to see in Cinderella's face some resemblance to the beautiful and condescending lady whose notice they were so proud and happy to attract at the ball; but their wonder was not to end here; the fairy god-mother entered the room unperceived, touched Cinderella with her wand, and the humble maiden was transformed into the beautiful princess in the gorgeous dress, who had excited so much admiration and envy at the state ball.

It was now quite plain that Cinderella was, by some mysterious agency, the beautiful princess whom the prince had fallen in love with at the ball; and the herald returned joyfully to the palace to announce his success to the prince.

You may well imagine the sudden revulsion of feeling which took place in the breasts of the hitherto proud and arrogant sisters. Amazement, which for a few moments held their senses in suspense, gave way to remorse, humiliation, and unavailing regret. To say that they truly repented their past conduct at that eventful moment, would be to endow their stubborn and haughty natures with a redeeming virtue they did not possess; their vanity had received a blow, and their arrogance a rebuke, which completely humiliated them, and they were about to retire from their injured step-sister's presence, covered with a confusion which effectually checked the well-turned but hollow excuses and compliments they would fain have uttered; but Cinderella



detained them, and told them to forget the past as readily and willingly as she would ; she also assured them that prosperity would never make her forget the ties of relationship which bound them together, and begged of them to command any interest she might possess in furthering their future welfare and happiness. This last unhopd for and noble act made the



first and deepest impression their worldly natures ever received, and for once in their lives a grateful and sincere tear dimmed their eyes.

A royal escort soon arrived to take Cinderella to the palace, and great was the joy of the prince to behold her again. To him Cinderella appeared more beautiful than ever. That no chance should again separate them, he at once offered her his hand in marriage, with the prospect of being queen when he should succeed to the throne; which, judging from the very advanced age and failing health of the old king, promised to be at no very distant date.

Cinderella consented to become his wife; and their marriage was celebrated with a degree of regal pomp and splendour that furnished the chroniclers of the period with ample materials to

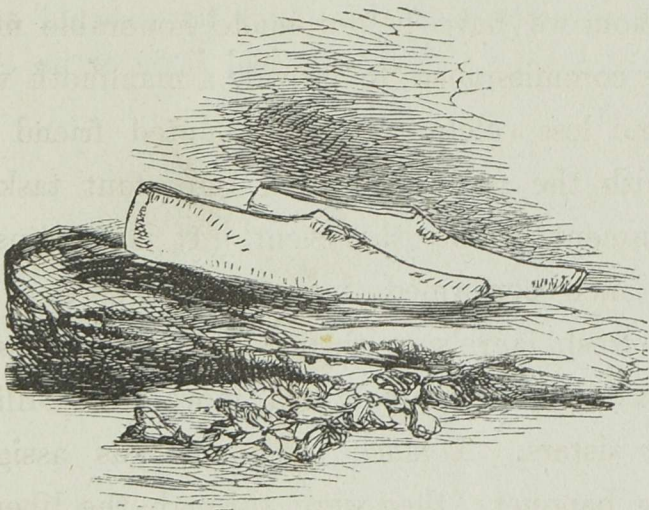


fill the page of history. It is worthy of mention that a dowry proportioned to her station was presented her on the day of her marriage by her kind god-mother. And that nothing might be found wanting upon the happy occasion, the renowned Gunn-Turr, of whom we have before made honorable mention in this history, was commissioned to provide a mammoth wedding-cake; whilst his no less celebrated and talented friend Swy-ye, was entrusted with the responsible and important task of preparing an entertainment worthy the event. It is but just to add, that those great men performed their tasks in such a manner, that they added fresh laurels to their already o'er-crowded brows.

Cinderella, we need scarcely add, more than fulfilled her promise to her sisters. A place of honor was assigned them at the wedding banquet; they were, through the liberality of Cin-

derella, enabled to eclipse the whole of the guests by the richness of their attire. At the conclusion of the festivities, the two sisters, in a fit of gratified vanity or repentance (I am inclined to think it was the former), fell upon their knees before Cinderella and poured forth a flood of thanks mixed with hopes that she would do still more for them. She did more. In less than a month, she found them both husbands in the shape of two proud but poor lords who wanted wives and—money.

As for Cinderella herself—need I say she lived happily. Not only had she every thing she wished for in the way of worldly riches and glory, but she had what was better still—a good husband to protect her and friends who loved her. And any of my little lady readers, who are as amiable as Cinderella, will be sure to get kind friends to love them, even though they may not marry princes, or have fairy god-mothers and pumpkin coaches!



NOTE.

This popular story has been reproduced in several European languages. The French *Cendrillon*, comes nearest to the English version. In the German *Aschenbrodel*, as published in Grimm's and Bechstein's collections, the main incidents are preserved; but the end of the story is less satisfactory than in our English tale—the jealous sisters being smitten with blindness—a piece of retribution very judiciously omitted in the English version. In Mr. Thorpe's charming collection of "Yuletide Stories," we have a version of Cinderella, current in Sweden among the Swaland peasants, and celebrated among them as a very *old* story. It seems indeed strange as Mr. Thorpe observes, that these fairy tales should exist, in almost the same form, among nations who had little or no communication with each other.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.





BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

IN a large city of the East, there once lived a very rich merchant. He had a splendid house and large warehouses full of costly goods; and a hundred guests bowed themselves before him, and sat down at his table every day. As his wealth increased, so did the number of his friends; and at last it was difficult to tell which was the greater—the wealth of the merchant, or the amount of praise and flattery bestowed upon him.

The merchant's family consisted of three sons and three daughters. The sons were tall, well-grown, young men, with honest hearts and open countenances, and the daughters were all handsome, dark-eyed ladies. But, as it frequently happens, the chief gifts of loveliness and grace had been bestowed upon the youngest of them all; and so bright and happy was her

face, and so winning were all her ways, that, as a child, she had been called the "Little Beauty;" and the name still remained when she was a tall grown-up girl.

Happy indeed was it for the merchant that he loved his sons and daughters better than his wealth; for he little thought, as he sat at the head of his plentiful table, with his smiling guests around him, that a terrible misfortune had happened, and that he was, in fact, no better than a ruined man. One of his largest ships, with a very costly cargo, was miserably wrecked on the high seas, and only two of the sailors were saved, after clinging for days to the fragment of a mast. Another equally valuable vessel was taken by pirates; and a third fell into the hands of the enemy's fleet. By land he was equally unfortunate; his largest warehouse was burnt, and the Bedouins attacked and plundered a caravan conveying his goods across the desert. So, within a few months, he sank from the height of wealth and honour to the depths of poverty and want.

Very different from the splendid mansion they inhabited in the days of their prosperity, was the little quiet country house to which the merchant and his family removed when the misfortunes he had met with by sea and land left him a ruined and broken man. All the accessories of wealth had disappeared, There were no extensive pleasure grounds, no fountains, groves of trees, or ornamental waters. The once wealthy merchant whose capital had furnished the means of employing hundreds of servants, was now reduced to labour with his sons in the cultivation of their little garden, for on its produce they mainly



depended for their means of subsistence. Hard as their lot appeared, the three sons manfully met the reverse of fortune which had befallen them, and both by word and deed they did all in their power to reconcile all the members of the family to their sudden change of position.



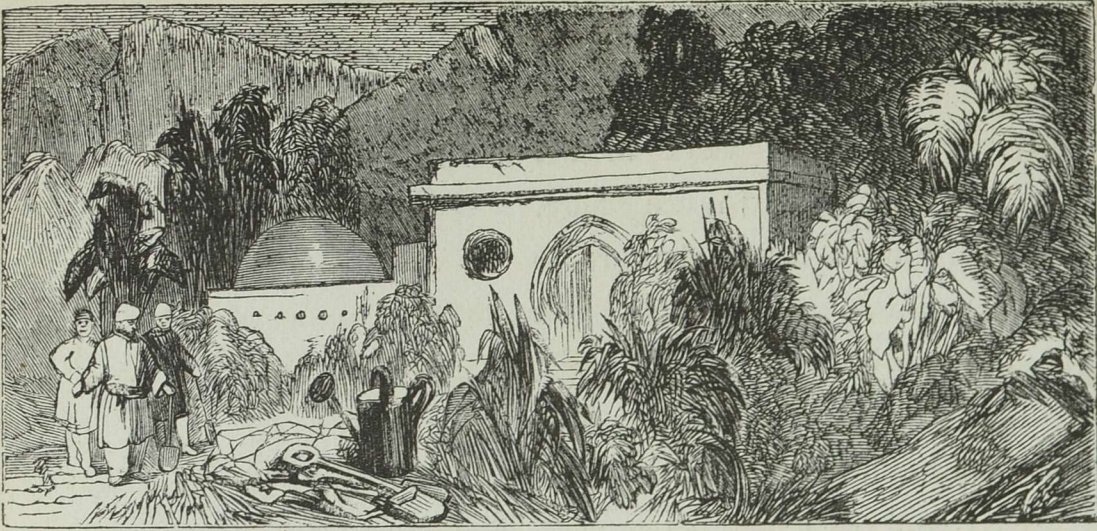
But with the daughters it was far different; and here was seen the benefit and advantage derived from habits of industry. The two elder sisters were always fretting about their losses, and their discontent rendered every privation doubly hard for themselves, and embittered the lot of the merchant and his sons. They could not enjoy the plain fare the others ate with so much relish. They rose late, and spent the day in bewailing their hard lot; and it is a remarkable thing how much people find to bemoan themselves for, when once they begin to complain. The two sisters would sit down, one with her head in the other's lap crying and sobbing; whilst Beauty, the younger sister, would be fully employed spinning, or seeing to the household affairs; and always had a smile for her father when he came home wearied from his

work. You may depend upon it there is nothing like industry.

Labour is the proper lot of man; and whether it be work in the fields, or work in the counting-house, or in the study, it will always bring pleasure to the workman, if it be but well and zealously done.

The merchant and his sons worked hard, morning, noon, and night; and they were so hungry every day when they came home to dinner, that they ate their frugal meal with keen appetites—and so tired were they when they came home from labour at night, that they slept soundly and peacefully till morning; whereas, during the time of the merchant's prosperity, he had often been kept awake at night by anxious thoughts for the safety of his ships, his warehouses, and his stores of gold and silver. This thought often entered the merchant's mind—and a feeling of gratitude for the comforts he still possessed—brought him as near contentment as possible.





Humble as their present residence certainly was, a person, unacquainted with their history, would never have imagined that the contented-looking toilers in the small garden were persons who had held a high position in society. But the merchant was a man who had pursued a strictly honest and honourable course in all his dealings; no stain had been cast upon his character by his loss of fortune, and having nothing upon his mind connected with the past to awaken regret or remorse, he regarded his present position as one still capable of affording happiness.

But a change came upon their quiet life. One day a messenger came to the merchant's gate with a most important letter. It contained great news. A ship, long given up as wrecked and lost, had safely anchored in a distant port; and the merchant was desired to go and take possession without losing a day.

You may fancy what a stir this made in the little household. The merchant's sons looked hopeful, and the two sisters were

radiant with smiles. They quite gave up their cheerful practice of crying in each other's arms, and were full of plans and projects for the future. Beauty was glad too; but she smiled because she loved to see her father look happy. The merchant was happy and pleased at the prospect of regaining a portion of his wealth for his children's sake; and he had a hundred projects for giving his daughters pleasure by the pretty presents he should bring them on his return.

Before he started, he asked each of them in turn what present he should bring her home with him when he had received the money for his cargo. I am sorry to say, the two sisters had quite counted on being asked this question, and were ready with a long list of things they wanted, chiefly fine dresses and jewels; and their requests somewhat astonished the merchant, who promised, however, they should have what they wanted. Beauty had not been thinking about herself all this while, and did not know what to reply, as she had no wish for anything in particular; so, in order not to disappoint her father's kind intention, she begged him to bring her a full-blown rose, as there were none in their garden. The elder sisters laughed at Beauty in secret for what they called her stupid choice; but they did not dare to show their spite openly for fear of their brothers. So the merchant rode off on a horse he had borrowed from a friend, and the daughters stood at the door waving their handkerchiefs and crying "Good-bye!" But it was Beauty who got the last kiss.

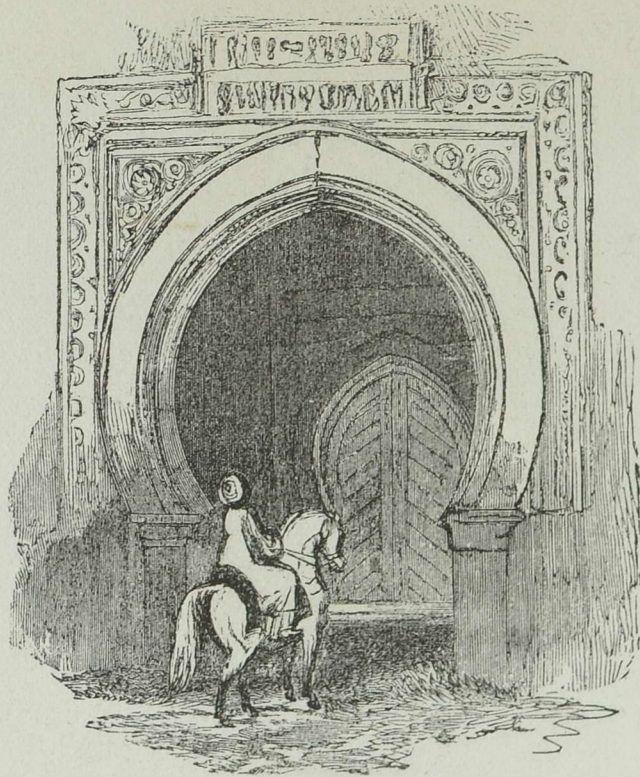
The merchant's journey was not so prosperous as he had hoped. The cargo, indeed, had been saved, and the ship was safe in port;



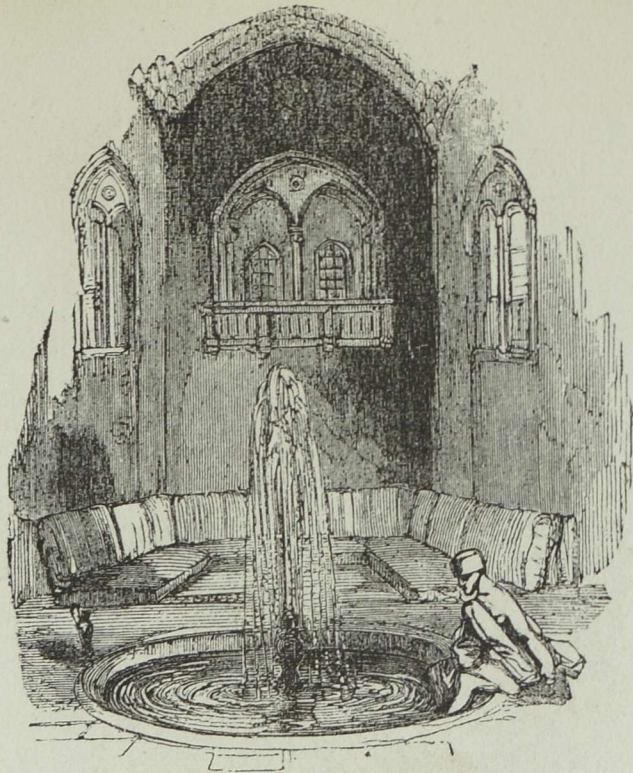
but a law suit had been commenced, and there was so much to pay that the merchant set out for home not much richer than he had left it. And it was on his return that he met with the following tremendous adventure.



He was riding through a thick wood. Night had fallen, and he had lost his way, though he fancied he could not be very far from home. His weary horse still carried him gallantly on, and he looked anxiously round for any building where he could find shelter until the next morning; for the rain was beating down upon him, and the wolves howled in the dreary darkness around.



All at once he saw a light glimmering through the trees. It proved to be a lamp, hung up in the entrance hall of a large castle. "WELCOME, WEARY TRAVELLER!" was written up in Eastern characters over the gate. The merchant rode into the court-yard; and an inner door opening of itself, showed him the way to a large stable with every convenience for fifty horses, but quite empty. The merchant put up his horse, and fed him; and then went to try and find some one in the castle. There was a large vestibule with a fountain in the middle; here he sat and washed his feet. Then he went through many large apartments, all splendidly furnished. There was no one in them;



not even a servant to take care of the house. But there was a very handsome supper laid out in one of the rooms; and the hungry merchant sat down, and after waiting for some time for the host to appear, made a hearty meal, all alone by himself, and drank his own health afterwards.

In the upper floor were several bed rooms, with large beds and handsome wardrobes. In one of these beds the merchant went fast asleep, and never woke till half-past six the next morning. He felt quite refreshed after his nights' rest, and walked out into the garden in hopes of meeting the owner of the castle. Everything here was in first-rate order. The



flower beds were full of beautiful plants, and the walks clean and hard, and the grass plats soft and smooth as a velvet carpet. In one bed stood a splendid rose tree in full bloom. This set the merchant thinking of his daughter Beauty's wish for a red rose; and he selected a very fine one, and plucked it. But the moment after he had done so he heard a tremendous roar, and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder; he turned and saw a monster with the shape of an unwieldy man, and a beast's head. The creature seized him, and swung a great sword in a threatening manner, crying:—"Ungrateful man!—how dare you requite my kindness by stealing the only thing I prize, my beautiful

roses—Now you shall die!” The merchant in utter terror, begged hard for forgiveness, calling the Beast “my lord,” and declaring that he meant no harm, but had only plucked the rose for his youngest daughter whom he loved, and who had wished for one. “I will spare your life on one condition,” replied the Beast. “You must go home, and bring your daughter here in your stead. If she refuses to come, you must promise faithfully to be back yourself within three months; and don’t call me ‘my lord,’ for I hate flattery, and I am not a lord but a Beast! (which was true enough). So promise, or die! and choose quickly!”

The merchant, with a heavy heart, consented to the Beast’s conditions, and turned sorrowfully away. “Go to the room you slept in,” cried the Beast after him, “you may fill a chest you will find there with anything you like, and carry it with you.” The merchant accordingly filled the chest with gold pieces, and sorrowfully departed. When he reached his own house, his daughters came crowding round to welcome him, and were struck with the settled melancholy in his face. In silence he gave the elder sisters the presents he had brought for them, and then sat down disconsolately on the ground. The two sisters sat examining their presents, but Beauty went to her father, and threw her arms round his neck to comfort him. “Ah my dear Beauty, here is your red rose,” said the merchant “but you little know the price your poor father has promised to pay for it.” And he told her every thing just as it had occurred.

The elder sisters came up to listen; and of course began to



throw all the blame on poor Beauty. "If the affected little thing had only asked for presents like ours," they declared, "there would have been no such trouble as this, and our father would not be in danger of his life." "He is not in danger now," answered Beauty quietly, "for I will go to the Beast and bear the punishment of death in his stead." The brothers offered to go, and begged hard; but the merchant knew that the Beast would not be put off, and that he would be satisfied with no one but Beauty, or one of her sisters. He had also secret hopes that her life would be spared; for the Beast's generosity had made him think that, after all, the monster would not like to sacrifice the life of a young and innocent a creature.



I regret to say that the sisters secretly exulted at Beauty's apparently sad fate; but the brothers were really and truly grieved, and kissed their sister heartily, before she set out with her father on their sorrowful journey.

The domain around the Beast's castle was exceedingly beautiful. Birds with splendid plumage flew about, and sang merry songs



as they built their nests in the thick trees. In spite of the sorrowful nature of their errand, the two travellers could not help feeling a little comforted by the beauty of the scene around them, and the nearer they came to the Beast's palace, the fresher became the verdure, and the thicker the throng of chirping birds.

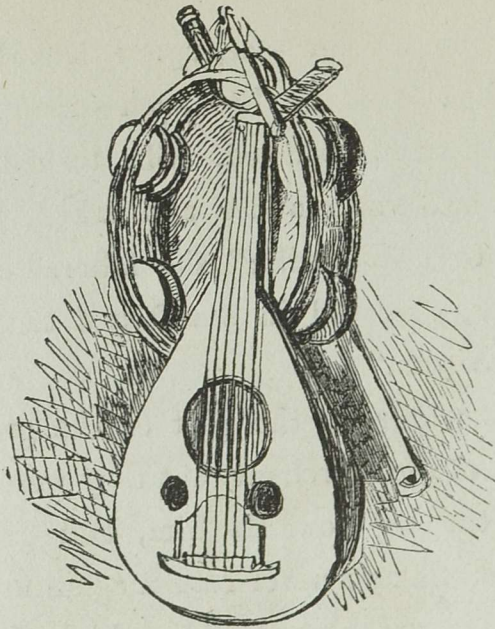
In due time they reached the palace, which they found deserted, as on the merchant's first visit. But in the spacious reception hall a magnificent supper was laid, with covers for two persons. They sat down to table, but Beauty could hardly eat a bit for terror, while her father was overwhelmed with grief, and sighed deeply at each mouthful he took. When supper was over, a heavy tread was heard sounding along the corridor; and the door of the room was roughly opened, and the Beast came stalking

in. And, Oh! he was far—far, uglier than Beauty imagined he could possibly be! And he had such a mouth! like an ourang outang's only not so well shaped. She turned pale at the sight of him as he turned towards her and asked, "If she had come to him of her own free will;" she faltered out—"Yes Beast," and the monster, observed in a softened tone—"Beauty, I am much obliged to you."

This mild behaviour on the part of the proprietor somewhat raised the hopes of the merchant, but they were instantly damped by the Beast's turning towards him, and gruffly commanding him to quit the castle and never return again under pain of death. Having given this order in a tone which showed he intended to be obeyed, the Beast retired, with a bow and a good night to Beauty, and a glance at her father which seemed to say—"Make haste off."

The merchant departed, after kissing his daughter a hundred times, and weeping bitterly; while she, poor girl, tried to raise his spirits by feigning a courage she did not feel. When he was gone she took a candlestick and wandered along the corridor in search of her room; she soon came to a door on which was inscribed in large letters—"BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." This proved to be a large room, elegantly furnished with book-cases, sofas, and pictures; and a guitar and other musical instruments hung against the wall. Beauty retired to rest; and exhausted with her journey and her grief, she quickly fell asleep.

Next morning she examined her apartment more closely. On the first leaf of an album was written her own name:—



“BEAUTY;” and immediately beneath it stood, in letters of the finest gold, the following verse:—

“Beauteous lady—dry your tears,
Here’s no cause for sighs or fears:
Command as freely as you may,
Compliance still attends your way.”

Ah! thought the poor girl—if I might have a wish granted it would be to see how my poor father is. She turned as she said it; and in a mirror opposite, to her great surprise, she saw a picture of her home, as in a dissolving view. The merchant was lying on a couch distracted with grief; and Beauty’s two sisters were at the window, one of them sitting on a stool looking listlessly out, and the other standing by assisting her. At this sad sight poor Beauty sat down on the floor and wept bitterly,



but after a time she regained her fortitude, and proceeded into the spacious dining room, where she found a repast prepared for her as on the preceding day. The Beast too came in, and requested permission "to stay and see her eat." Beauty replied "yes," and all the while she was making her repast the Beast sat by, looking at her with eyes of great admiration. He soon began to talk, and astonished the young lady by the extent of his information on various subjects. At last he asked her suddenly "if she really thought him so very—very ugly."

Beauty was obliged to reply—"Yes, shockingly ugly!" but added—"that he could not help his looks." This reflection did



not seem to console the poor beast much, for he sighed deeply. After sitting for a little time in silence, he seemed to collect all his courage for one grand effort, and asked Beauty—to that lady's great astonishment—"If she would marry him." She, at once, replied, "No, Beast!" in a very decided way; whereupon her suitor gave a great sigh which nearly blew out the candles, and retired, looking very doleful.

For some little time Beauty's life was a very quiet one. She roamed about the palace, and through the gardens, just as she pleased, and invisible attendants brought her what she wanted. Every evening the Beast would come to supper, and try to entertain her as best he might; and he was so well-informed, and talked so sensibly, that Beauty began to like him very much. Still his hideous form shocked her each time she looked at him;

and whenever her host, after exerting himself to be agreeable all the evening, repeated his question, "Beauty, will you marry me?" she always replied, "No, Beast."

But soon Beauty began to be home-sick; the more so, as her glass, which she never failed to consult each day, showed her that the merchant, her father, was pining for her very much. His sons had gone to fight in their country's battles, and his two eldest daughters had got married and were employed with their husbands in domestic quarrels; so you see it was rather dull for the merchant. Therefore Beauty begged the Beast to let her go home and see her father. He was rather alarmed at the proposal, deeming it not impossible that she might forget to come back again; so he exacted a promise from her, that she would only stay away a week, and then return. "To-morrow morning," said the Beast, "you will find yourself at your father's house. But pray—pray—do not forget me in my loneliness. If you want to come back at any time, you have only to lay the ring I here give you, on your dressing table, before you lie down on your bed at night." Beauty took the ring, and the Beast bade her a sorrowful farewell.

Beauty retired to rest; and when she awoke in the morning, she found herself in her old bed at her father's. By the bed side lay a large chest full of beautiful apparel and sets of jewels.

You may fancy how glad her father was to see her. But the envious sisters, who were there on a visit, were not at all pleased at her return. One of these ladies had a scratch on her face, and the other three large bruises on her arm; both arising out of



differences they had had with their husbands. They at first declared that the box with the presents had been intended by the Beast for them; whereupon the box at once disappeared, as a gentle hint that they were mistaken.

On the failure of this selfish scheme, they resolved, as they termed it, "to serve out that conceited Beauty," by making her overstay her time; and they hoped the Beast might be very angry and receive her accordingly. The days passed happily away; and the sisters behaved with such hypocritical kindness that Beauty was prevailed upon to stay—first one week, and then two weeks longer than she had intended.

But what was the Beast doing all this time? He was very



lonely in his castle, waiting vainly for the return of his beloved Beauty ; and every evening, at sunset, he would lie down on the grass in his garden, thinking of her till his very head ached with longing to see her again.

One evening, however, as she sat with her father at their evening meal, a likeness of the Beast stood before her, like a figure in a magic lantern. He was very pale, and looked dreadfully thin and dejected ; his countenance, which was turned towards Beauty, wore a look of reproach. This cut her to the heart, and without saying anything to any one she laid the ring on the table when she went to bed.

When she awoke she was in the Beast's palace ; but no Beast appeared to welcome her. Hour after hour went by, and at last she became dreadfully alarmed. She ran into the garden calling his name, and at length found the poor Beast stretched out on a grass plat, to all appearance dead. His eyes were closed, and he did not seem even to breath.



Beauty had never known till now how fond she was of the poor Beast, but when the prospect of losing him came before her, she felt dreadfully grieved. She tried every effort to bring the Beast back to life, but for a long time her efforts were fruitless. She knelt beside him and moistened his temples with water. She called him by every endearing name she could think of, and at last, in very despair, she fetched the watering pot and emptied it over his prostrate form. Then, at length, he opened his eyes, a gleam of joy shot over his countenance though he looked rather mournfully, and said—"Have you come back at last Beauty? I have been waiting very long for you, and despaired of ever



seeing you again. But now I have looked on you once more, I can die in quiet.”

Beauty was fairly overcome by so much gentleness and kindness. “No! no!” she cried, “my own dear Beast, you shall not die. You have been very kind to me—much kinder than I deserve—and you are so good that I do not care for your looks ;



and indeed—indeed—I—I will be your wife!” And she flung her arms round the Beast’s neck, and kissed his great hairy cheek.

There was a great crash heard. The castle was illuminated in an instant, from basement to roof, with hundreds of beautiful lights, like London on the queen’s birth-day; sweet sounds of music filled the air in every direction. For a moment or two Beauty stood bewildered with amazement at the sudden and splendid change of scene around her, but a gentle and grateful

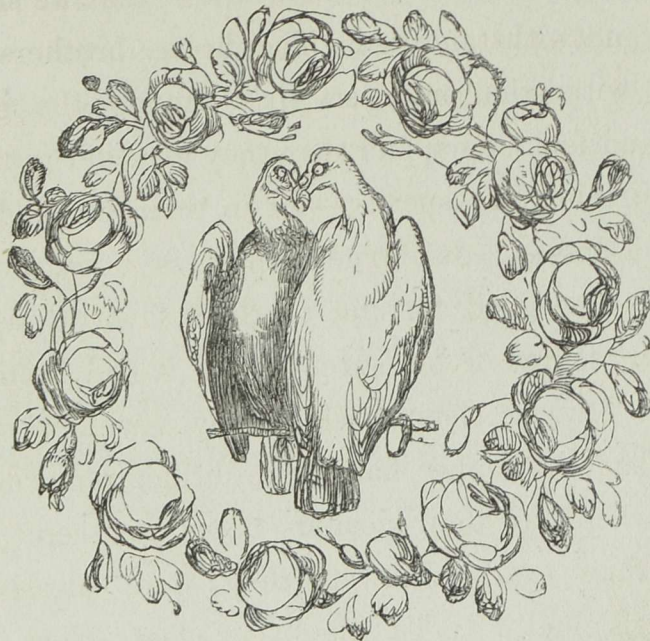
pressure of her hand recalled her to herself, and she beheld, with astonishment, that the Beast had been transformed into a graceful and handsome young prince, who was gazing upon her with a look of mingled love and admiration.

Beauty gazed around her with admiration. The twinkling lights, sweet music, and general joyfulness in everything around, surprised her. Now, for the first time, she began to understand the deeper meaning in the Beast's words, when he had asked her if she would marry him. Now she could understand his wish to have her in his castle; his care of her comfort; his evident desire to make himself agreeable and pleasing to her, so that she might forget the ugliness of his person in her respect and gratitude for his kindness; and lastly, she could understand the Beast's despair when she talked of leaving him, and his ardent desire for her return. All this flashed suddenly upon Beauty, as she stood with the handsome young prince gazing upon her. She could scarcely recover breath enough to falter out a question concerning the meaning of all this.

The prince answered her with eyes beaming with gratitude and affection. "It was *enchantment*, dear Beauty," he cried. "A wicked fairy had laid me under a spell, and transformed me into the shape of a hideous beast; to retain it until a beautiful girl should consent, of her own free will, to marry me. You have done so; your goodness of heart and your gratitude made you overlook my defects of form and feature; and in consenting to become the Beast's wife you have restored an unfortunate prince to his own shape and to happiness."

They were married in a few days, and of course the merchant was present at the ceremony, as joyful now at the good fortune which had befallen his daughter as he had been sorrowful on the dreary evening when he left her alone in the power of the Beast. You will perhaps be surprised to hear that the two sisters were present, after their behaviour to Beauty—but Beauty was far too good and kind a girl to remember how shabbily they had treated her—and she gave them the best welcome she could, though they made themselves anything but agreeable I can assure you; for it is a wonderful thing, that the more you do to please envious people, whether grown up or children, the less they will thank you for it. But it does not follow that we should return evil for evil, notwithstanding! The brave brothers came too, and danced with the prettiest girls among the guests; and both looked and felt far happier than they ever did in the brightest days of their fathers prosperity—for in their case adversity had only proved a lesson, that true happiness does not consist in wealth alone. The good fortune of their favorite sister was to them a greater source of pleasure than if it had been their own case; but the envious sisters, when they saw how splendid the palace was, and how the handsome bridegroom doated upon his bride, turned up their jealous noses in secret, and wondered more than ever, at what they were pleased to term, “that Beauty’s luck!” To the very last, they maintained that it was merely chance that had favoured their younger sister; and in all the trouble into which their violent tempers constantly led them, they would bemoan their hard fate, and try to make

out that by right, they, as the elder sisters, should have had the brilliant fate that had fallen to the lot of their sister Beauty. We know better to what Beauty owed her good fortune, my little readers—do we not? We know that she had earned her success by her own good behaviour, and that the sisters brought their misfortunes on themselves by their selfishness and vanity. And we are happy when we think that our good Beauty and her husband lived long afterwards, and loved each other like two turtle doves in a nest of roses!



NOTE.

In Bechstein's collection of German fairy tales, occurs an amusing version of this popular story under the title *Das Nusz-zweiglein*—the nut-branch. The merchant is here represented as plucking a bunch of nuts, instead of a rose, for his youngest daughter; and he promises the Beast "the first thing that meets him on his return," supposing that the first thing will be his poodle dog. The youngest daughter, however, outstrips the dog, and meets her father, who is consequently compelled to deliver her over to the Beast. The Beauty of the German tale restores her lover to his original form by passing through an ordeal similar to the one laid upon Orpheus—she passes through the horrors of eleven dark caves filled with dragons, snakes, basilisks, and other disgusting and terrifying creatures. Grimm's collection gives two versions of the story: one of these appears to be very old.

Madame de Villeneuve, a friend of the French tragedian Crebillon, with whom she resided till her death in 1755, has given us a good French version of this story under the title *La Bella et la Bete*. It appears to be taken from some early English edition.

THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.





LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

I AM going to tell you the history of a very good and useful little girl, named Margery Meanwell. But as she was better known by the title of Goody Two-shoes, I shall call her by the last name; and I will tell you directly how it was that little Margery Meanwell came to be called by such a funny name.

Farmer Meanwell, the father of little Margery and of her brother Tommy, was for many years a rich man. He had a large farm, and good wheat-fields, and flocks of sheep, and plenty of money. But his good fortune forsook him, and he became poor, and

was obliged to get people to lend him money, to be able to pay the rent of his house, and the wages of the servants who worked on his farm.

Things went on worse and worse with the poor farmer; when the time came at which he should pay back the money lent him, he was not able to do so. He was soon obliged to sell his farm; but this did not bring him money enough, and he found himself in a worse plight than ever. This is how it was:—

Among the men who had lent money to Farmer Meanwell were two very hard-hearted and cruel persons. These were Sir Thomas Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall. Sir Thomas Gripe was known as a very rich man indeed; and Farmer Graspall had more money than he could possibly use. But they were greedy, covetous people, and could not forgive the poor farmer who was not able to pay them. Just as we sometimes see a greedy boy, with a basket full of apples, afraid to give one away, so these men, who had boxes full of money, were afraid of losing a few pounds each. Farmer Graspall was content with abusing Farmer Meanwell, and calling him bad names. But the rich Sir Thomas Gripe was more cruel still, and wanted to throw the poor debtor into prison, because he was not able to pay. So poor Farmer Meanwell was obliged to hasten away from the place where he had lived many years, in order to get out of the power of these bad greedy men.

He went into another village, and took his wife and two little children with him. But though he was thus safe from Gripe and Graspall, the trouble and care he had to bear were



too much for the poor ruined man. He fell ill; and worried himself so much about his wife and children, whom he was unable to supply with food and clothing, that he grew worse and worse, and died in a few days. His wife could not bear the loss of her husband, whom she loved very much. She fell sick too, and in three days she was dead. So Margery and Tommy were left alone in the world, without either father or mother to love them or take care of them. The parents were buried in one grave; and when the funeral was over, there seemed to be no one but the father of the orphans, who dwells beyond the sky, to pity and take care of the desolate homeless children, who were left alone in the wide world.

But though you would have pitied their sorrow, it would



have done your heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about. The poorer they became, the more they seemed to love one another. Poor enough they were, and ragged and forlorn. Tommy, indeed, had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They wandered about houseless and hungry. They had

nothing to eat or drink but the berries they picked from the hedges, or the scraps they got from the poor people; and when night came, they crept into a barn to sleep.

Their relations took no notice of them. No, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a little ragged shoeless girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly-pated boy as Tommy. These relations were selfish people, who loved to gain money and land better than to show kindness. They were bad and wicked for despising the children because they were ragged and poor. But people like these, though they may grow rich, are not happy; for no one loves the hard-hearted, and, indeed, they do not deserve to be loved.

Now Mr. Smith, the clergyman of the village in which the children were born, was not a person of this sort, but a kind good man. He was not rich himself, and could not give them money; so he set his wits to work to devise some plan to assist poor Farmer Meanwell's orphans; and this is how he managed to help them.

The clergyman had a relation staying with him, a kind charitable man. Mr. Smith told this relation all about Tommy and Margery, and the kind gentleman pitied the children, and sent for them to come and see him. He ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, and gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, which indeed she wanted sadly. As for Tommy, he said he would take him and make him a little sailor, and to begin with, he had a jacket and trousers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman said he must go to London,



and would take Tommy with him, so he and Margaret must say good-bye to each other.

The parting between the two children was a very sad one. Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other over and over again. At last Tommy wiped off the tears with the cuff of his jacket and bade her cry no more, for he would come back to her when he returned from sea. Poor Margery was very sorry indeed to lose her brother; and when night came she was so sad and sorrowful that she went crying to bed.

The next day little Margery was still mourning for her brother, and going crying through the village as if in search of him, when the shoemaker came with the new shoes the kind gentleman had ordered to be made for her. Nothing could have supported little Margery under the sorrow she was in but the pleasure she took in her new shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith, (Mr. Smith's wife), as soon as they were put on, and smoothing down her frock, cried out, "Two SHOES, ma'am, Two SHOES!" These words she repeated to all the people she met; and thus it was she got the name of Goody Two-shoes—or Little Goody Two-shoes—or, as some of her playmates called her, "OLD Goody Two-shoes."

Little Margery had seen how good and wise Mr. Smith was; and she judged this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted, above all things, to learn to read. But in those days there were no Sunday schools and ragged schools for children; and, at first, Margery was sorely at a loss how to learn. But at last she made up her mind to ask Mr. Smith to teach her when he had a moment to spare. This he readily agreed to do; and little Margery used to learn of him an hour every evening. This was all the time the good man could spare for her.

She would also stop the children as they came home from school, and borrow their books to learn from until they went back again: and while the village children played at leap frog, and ball, and puss in the corner, little Two-shoes sat, like a busy little puss, in a corner, with a book, reading.



By this means she soon got more learning than her playmates; and as she wished that others should benefit by her knowledge, she laid the following plan for teaching those who were more ignorant than herself.

She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words she could think of; but as some of these letters were large, and some small, she cut out with her knife, from thin pieces of wood, ten sets of each.

She next obtained an old spelling book, and made her playmates set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to put sentences together, such as—"Come to me." "I see you." "You are a good boy," and many others.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this:—suppose the word to be spelt was “Plum-Pudding” (and I am sure that is a very good word), the children were placed in a circle round Goody Two-shoes, and the first brought the first letter in Plum-Pudding, namely, *p*, the next *l*, the next *u*, the next *m*, and so on till the whole word was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he or she was to pay a fine or play no more. This was learning something useful, even at play; and every morning the little Goody used to go round to teach the children with these letters in a basket.

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted on the occasion.

The first house we arrived at was Farmer Wilson’s. Here Margery stopped: she ran up to the door and knocked—tap—tap—tap. “Who’s there?” “Only Little Goody Two-shoes,” answered Margery, “come to teach Billy.” “Oh, little Goody,” says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, “I am glad to see you. Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson.” Then out came the little boy. “How do you do, Goody Two-shoes?” he said—he could not even speak plainly—and then little Goody began to give Billy his lesson. She threw down the letters she had brought all of a heap, and Billy picked them up and sorted them in lines thus:—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H.

a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h.

and so on, till all the letters were in their right places; and then he told all their names. There was a clever little boy.



We left Farmer Wilson's house, and the next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. "Bow—wow—wow!" says the dog at the door. "Sirrah," says his mistress, "why do you bark at little Goody Two-shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly. She has learned all her letters." So little Sally had her lesson, and I have heard she learned almost as quickly as

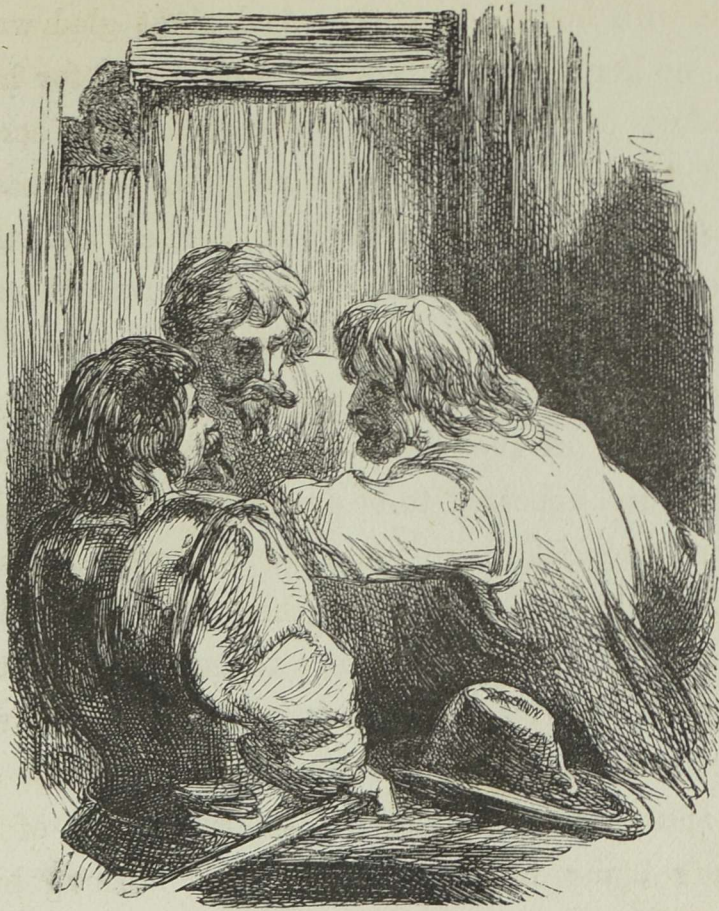
little Billy had done. And then Goody Two-shoes trotted off to another cottage.

This was Gaffer Cook's; and here there was not a single pupil waiting for Goody Two-shoes, but a whole number had met to take part in the lesson. When the little girl came in, they all flocked round her at once. Margery pulled out her letters and turning to the little boy next her, asked him what he had for his dinner? "Bread," answered the little boy. "Well then," says the teacher, "set up the first letter." He put up B, and the next child added R, and the next E, the next A, and the D, and the word stood thus B, R, E, A, D.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a P each, and so on, until the two words, Apple and Pie, were united, and stood thus—"APPLE PIE."

Now it happened, one evening, that Goody Two-shoes was going home very late. She had made a longer round than usual among her pupils, and almost every one seemed to have kept her waiting. Little Billy Wilson had not known his lesson, and would have Goody Two-shoes wait until he had finished learning it; and she had waited with great patience, for she loved the little boy dearly. Then, at Farmer Simpson's house, the farmer's little daughter Sally had not finished her dinner, and Goody must needs stay until the apple-pie was off the table. These delays, and one or two others of the same kind, made her so late, that night had come on before she

got done with her day's work. And right glad was she at last to pack up her bag of letters and to set out for her own home. She walked contentedly along one field and across another; at one time wending her way along the high road, at another taking a short cut along a shady lane, where the tall trees waved on each side, and the scent of the flowering thorn lingered in the quiet evening. But the evening was not so cool as one might have expected. There was a close stifling feeling in the air; and the cattle, as they were driven along the road, tossed up their heads and appeared to be gasping for breath. Little Goody Two-shoes thought there must be a storm coming on; and she was right. For a moment there was a rustle among the trees, as if they were whispering to each other; then it grew darker and darker, and all was quiet. Goody Two-shoes was far too sensible a little girl to be afraid of the dark and of ghosts. She knew that the stories people told of their appearing at night and in lonely places, were nothing but idle tales, and that those who believed such tales were as foolish as those who told them. But she knew that if she did not make haste she should be wetted to the skin. So Goody Two-shoes gathered her skirts closer about her, and took to her heels and ran. Presently she saw an old barn by the way-side; it belonged to a farm which stood empty, for the farmer who owned it had died only a few weeks before; but a few trusses of straw had been left in the barn till the family should have time to remove them; and upon one of these trusses little Goody sat down, quite tired and out of breath with her run, just as the



first peal of thunder rattled over her head, and the first big drops of the thunder shower came splashing down.

She had not been there long before she heard footsteps approaching; and three evil men came into the barn for shelter. Now the trusses of straw were piled up between Goody and these men; so they could not see her although she had got a glimpse of them by peeping through a little opening between two trusses. The men, fancying they were quite alone, began to talk loudly enough for Goody to hear them; and she found



that they were thieves. They were plotting to attack the house of Squire Trueman who lived in the great house in Margery's village; and they settled that they would break in and rob the squire's house that very night. This was quite enough for Goody. She never waited till the storm was over, but ran as fast as she could, through rain and mud, towards the squire's house. Now it would have been rather difficult for any other person to have got to the squire so late in the evening. But the servants all knew Margery, and loved her for her kind heart and ready obliging ways; so the fat butler sent at once to the squire, as he sat at dinner with his friends, and told him that little Two-shoes wanted very much to see him on a matter of great importance. So the squire asked his friends to excuse him for a moment, and came out, and he says, "Well, Goody

Two-shoes, my good girl, what is it?" "Oh, sir," replied she, "if you do not take care you will be robbed and murdered to-night," and she told him all she had heard as she sat in the old barn. The squire saw there was not a moment to lose; he went back and told his friends the news he had heard. They all determined to stay and help him take the thieves. The lights were put out at the usual hour, so that the robbers might fancy all the people of the house were in bed, and several of the servants hid themselves behind trees in front of the house, to pounce upon the thieves when they came. Sure enough, at about one o'clock in the morning, the three men came creeping—creeping—up to the house, with a dark lantern, and a basket of tools to break open doors with. But every one was quite ready for them; and before they were aware, six men sprang upon them and held them fast. The thieves struggled in vain to get away. They were bound tightly and lodged in an outhouse till next morning, when a cart came to take them to gaol. I hear they were afterwards sent out of the country, a long way off across the sea, to a country where they had to work in chains on the roads, and to go through many hardships. One of them, I have heard, reformed his ways, and was so industrious, and behaved himself so well, that he received a pardon, and lived in Australia, where he died a rich man. But the other two went on from bad to worse. At length they escaped from their keepers and got clear away; and even then they might have done well if they would only have been honest. But they took to a robber's life again, and after a few years of great trouble and misery, they came to



a very dreadful end; for sin always finds its punishment sooner or later.

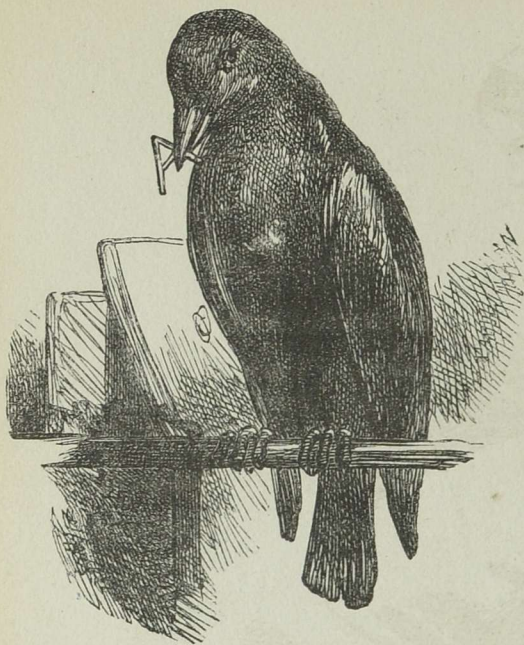
But it is time we should return to Goody Two-shoes. One day, as Margery was walking through the village, she met with some wicked boys who had got a raven, at which they were going to throw stones. To save the poor creature out of their hands, Goody gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She gave him a name—"Ralph"—and a fine bird he was.



A very clever fellow is the raven, and very cunning he looks with his bright eye and his sharp hard beak. He is so sharp that he can learn a good many tricks; and he will even get to pronounce words and sentences. And Margery's raven was very clever indeed—for a raven.

Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read. He was always very fond of playing with the large letters, so the children used to call these "Ralph's alphabet."

Some days after Goody had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys who had

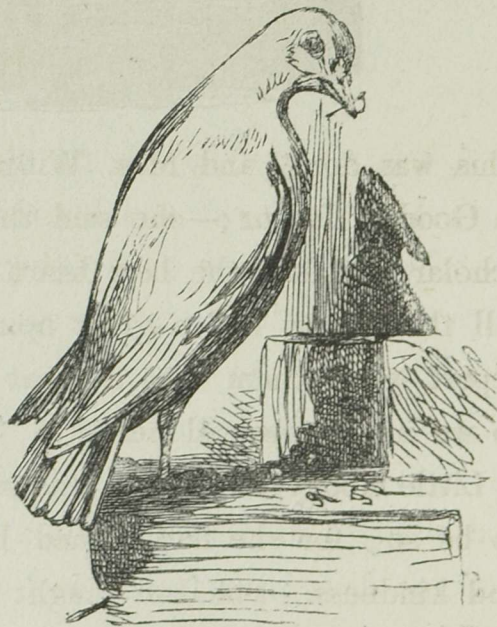


taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated failure.

The pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, but he could not talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom.

And as the raven took the large letters, Tom, the pigeon, took care of the small ones.

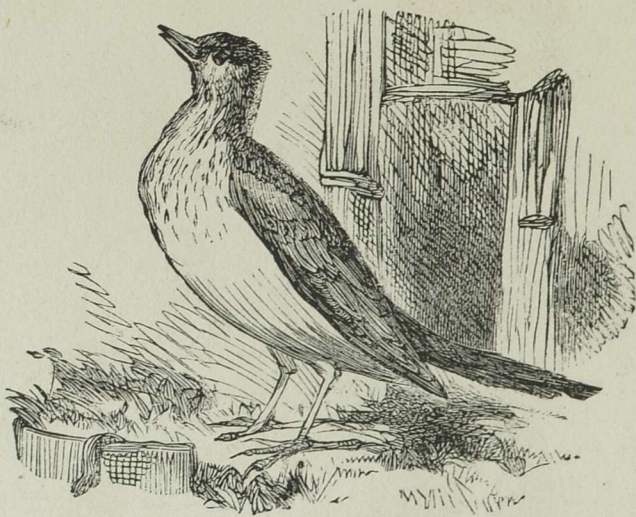
Mrs. Williams, an old lady who lived in Margery's village, kept a school where little people were instructed in the science of A, B, C. She was now old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being mentioned to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams and desired she would examine little Two-shoes, and see if she was clever enough for the office.





This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in Goody's favour:—she said that “little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best heart of any one she had examined.” All the county had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this report gave them also a great opinion of MISS MARGERY, for so we must now call her.

Little Goody Two-shoes was now very happy, and she deserved to be so; for she had earned happiness by her own industry and kindness. She had taught the little children at their own homes; and it was but fair that she should have a home of her own to teach them in.



So Margery Meanwell was now a schoolmistress, and a capital one she made. All her little scholars loved her; for she was never weary of scheming for their improvement and pleasure. The room in which she taught was large and lofty, with plenty of fresh air in it; and as she knew that nature intended children to be always moving about, she placed her different sets of letters all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up to fetch a letter or to spell a word when it came to their turn; which not only kept the children in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

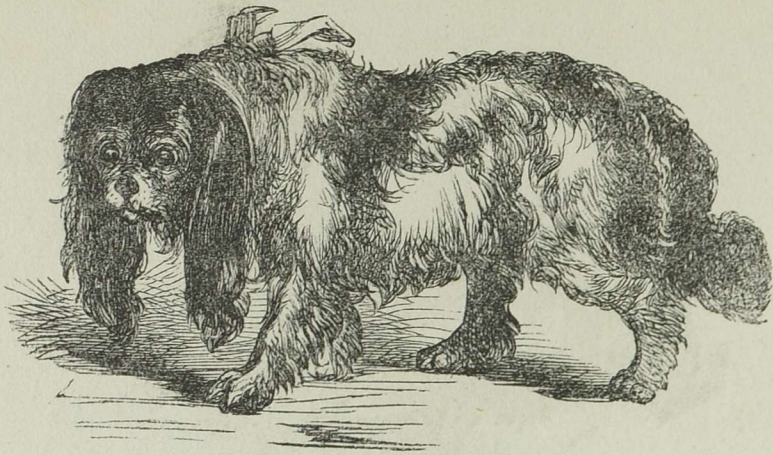
The school had been in a very ruinous state, but it was now rebuilt, and every thing in it was bright and nice.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-shoes was very good (as to be sure, nobody was better), made her a present of a little skylark. Now as many of the boys and girls who came to her had learned to lie in bed long in the morning, she



thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, by telling them when it was time to get up. For he that is fond of his bed and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death.

Some time after this, a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought

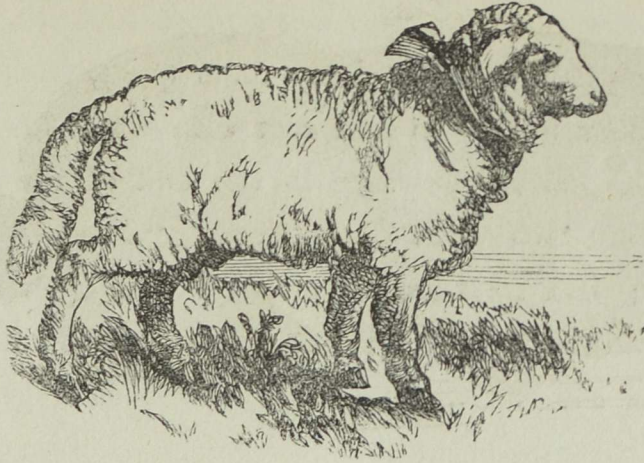


it home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule, and a very good one, with the wise men of that age, “to rise with the lark. and lie down with the lamb.”

No sooner were Tippy, the lark, and Billy, the lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue, Ralph the raven, composed the following verse, which every good little boy and girl ought to get by heart:—

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Soon after this a present was made to Miss Margery of a little dog. He was always in a good humour, as good children ought to be; and always jumping about, as they like to be; and therefore they called him Jumper. It was Jumper’s duty to keep the door, and he stood there boldly and would let nobody go out or any one come in without leave from his mistress.



Billy, the baa-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him ; wherefore Mrs. Two-shoes made it a rule, that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel or basket of books on his back, and bring it back to school in the morning.

It happened, one day, when Miss Two-shoes was diverting the children after school, as she often did, with some merry games and pretty and useful stories, that a man arrived with the sad news that Sally Jones's father had been thrown from his horse, and was thought past hope. Indeed, the messenger said that he seemed to be dying when he came away. All the school wept. The messenger was obliged to return ; but Miss Two-shoes, unknown to the children, sent Tom Pigeon with the man, that he might bring back a letter to inform her how Mr. Jones did.

Soon after the messenger was gone, they missed the pigeon ; and the concern the children were under for Mr. Jones and little

Sally, was in some measure turned away, and part of their attention directed towards Tom, who was a great favorite, and in consequence, much bewailed. To keep them quiet, Goody told them a story of a poor man who had met with many losses and misfortunes; and just as she came to the end of the story, something was heard to flap at the window. "Bow—wow—wow!" says Jumper; and he tried to leap up and open the door, at which the children wondered; but Miss Margery, knowing who it was, opened the casement, and in flew Tom Pigeon with the letter.

When he was put on the table, they untied the letter that was fastened about his neck, and the pigeon kept crying, "coo, coo, coo!" as if he would have said, "read it! read it!" And when they read the letter, it was found to contain the good news, that Farmer Jones was out of danger. Tom the pigeon had flown with this letter about fifty miles in an hour.

Miss Margery was always doing good; and thought she could never reward those enough who had done anything to serve her. These good feelings led her to think of the interests of her neighbours. Most of these were farmers, who had meadow lands, and depended much on their hay, which had, during many years, been greatly damaged by wet weather. Miss Margery procured an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, whilst most of the hay in the next village was spoiled.

This made a very great noise in the country; and so angry



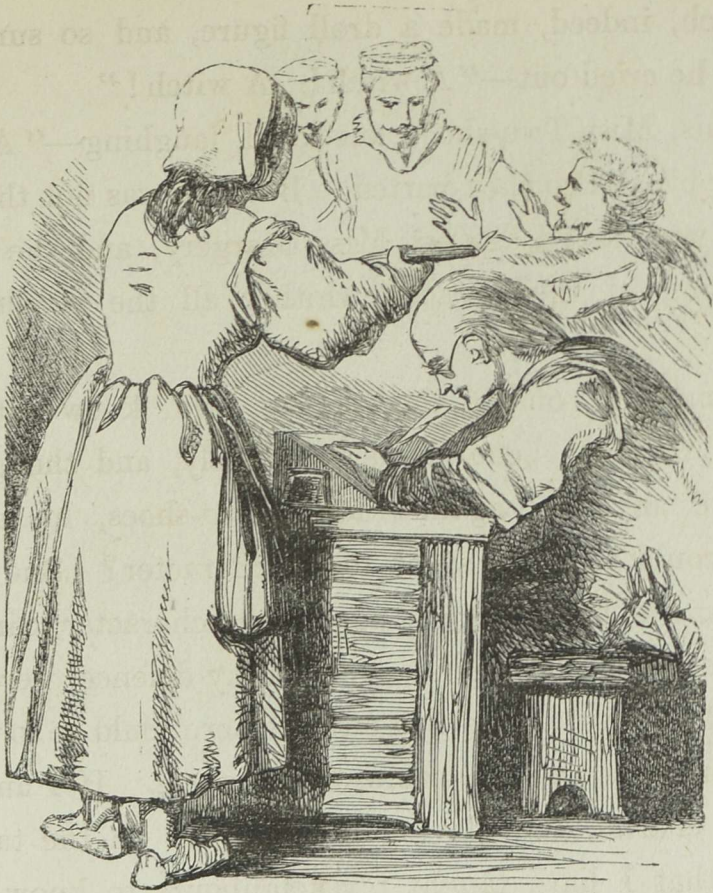
were the people in the parishes where the hay was spoiled, that they accused her of being a witch, and sent Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school, and found her walking about with her raven on one shoulder, her pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and dog by her

side; which, indeed, made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out—"A witch! A witch!"

Upon this, Miss Two-shoes answered, laughing—"A conjuror! A conjuror!" and so they parted. But this was not the end; for a warrant was issued against Miss Margery, and she was taken to a meeting of the justices, whither all the people followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life, and less of the law, behaved very foolishly, and though no one could prove anything against Miss Two-shoes, he asked her whom she could bring to speak to her character? She answered, "Whom can you bring to speak against my character, Sir? There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm; and (laying a barometer on the table), it is with this that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there could be any such thing as a witch. And he told them a tale of a harmless woman in a country village, who was accused of witchcraft only because she was quite poor and defenceless, and where the people were all very unkind to her, till she had the good fortune to get some money, when they all changed very suddenly; and he ended, by saying—"It is plain that a woman must be very poor, very old, and live in a neigh-



bourhood where the people are very stupid, before she can possibly pass for a witch.”

Then the good Sir William gave the court such an account of Miss Margery, and her virtue, good sense, and prudence, that the gentlemen present returned her public thanks for the great services she had done the country. One of them, Sir Charles Jones, had formed such a high opinion of her, that he offered her a large sum to take charge of his family, and educate his daughter. At first she refused, but this gentleman sending for her



afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave the house, and soon after made her proposals of marriage. Margery felt what an honour this was, but would not marry him until he had provided for his daughter.

The neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; and they were all glad that one who had been such a good girl, and had become such a good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman, richly

dressed, ran into the church and cried—"Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed all the people, and more than all; the bride and bridegroom, with whom the gentleman asked to speak apart. Presently Sir Charles stood motionless with surprise, and the bride fainted away in the stranger's arms. This richly dressed gentleman turned out to be no other than little Tommy Meanwell, who had just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune.

Very happily did Sir Charles and Lady Jones live together; but the great lady did not forget the children any more than the little girl had done. She ordered a house in the village to be fitted up as a school, and placed a man and his wife there who taught well, and set a good example of sobriety and honesty. She had all the boys and girls taught to read and write, and then the girls learned needle-work, and the boys were put forward so as to be taught some useful trade. She paid great regard to the poor, and helped many a young couple to marry by her money and good advice. Very often she had the children to her home on Monday evenings to read the Bible; and afterwards gave them a good supper; and her kindness and charity were very great.

In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to all who were in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death was the greatest calamity that was ever felt in the neighbourhood where dwelt and laboured LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

NOTE.

Though the production has never been traced to him by direct evidence, OLIVER GOLDSMITH has long been considered as the author of *Goody Two-shoes*. And the style in which this charming tale is written, combined with the popularity it has achieved, favours the notion. The circumstance too, that "*The History of Goody Two-shoes*" appeared in 1765, at the time when the poet was doing all kinds of "hack work" for NEWBERRY, the publisher, is, in itself, significant; and several of the sentences seem to carry with them an echo of passages in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*." The line, for instance, where the narrator of *Goody Two-shoe's* history tells us—"I once went her rounds with her, and was very much diverted upon the occasion," ends with the same peculiar expression as a sentence placed in the mouth of Dr. PRIMROSE, who, in speaking of his ministry in the prison, is made to say—"I read them a portion of the service, with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion."

"The advertisement and title-page too," as Irving pithily observes in his life of Goldsmith, "bear the stamp of his sly and playful humour." The former runs thus:—

"We are desired to give notice, that there is in the press, and speedily will be published, either by subscription or otherwise, as the public shall please to determine, the *History of Little Goody Two-shoes*, otherwise *Mrs. Margery Two-shoes*; with the means by which she acquired learning and wisdom, and, in consequence thereof, her estate; set forth at large for the benefit of those

Who from a state of rags and care,
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame would fix,
And gallop in a coach and six."

A L A D D I N,
OR
THE WONDERFUL LAMP.





A L A D D I N .

IN the capital of one of the largest and richest provinces of China, lived Mustapha, the tailor. He was a poor man, who had nothing to depend upon but what he earned from his trade; and so poor was he, that he could hardly support his wife and his only son Aladdin.

Aladdin, like many an only child, had been spoiled by his parents; and he became turbulent and disobedient, refusing to stay in doors, and spending nearly all his time in the streets playing with a set of blackguard boys, who were his chosen comrades. Mustapha took him into his shop, and tried to get him to use the needle; but Aladdin would not learn. Mustapha chastised his rebellious son, but Aladdin would not reform; and at last the poor tailor so took his son's conduct to heart, that he fell sick, and fairly fretted himself to death.

The boy's mother, seeing that Aladdin would not work, shut up the shop, sold off the stock, and with a little money she thus raised, and what she could make by spinning cotton, tried hard to support herself and her son.

One day, when Aladdin was playing in the streets as usual, with his choice company of friends, a great African magician passed by. He stopped and asked the boy if he was not the son of Mustapha, the tailor. "Yes, sir," answered Aladdin; "but he has been dead a long time."

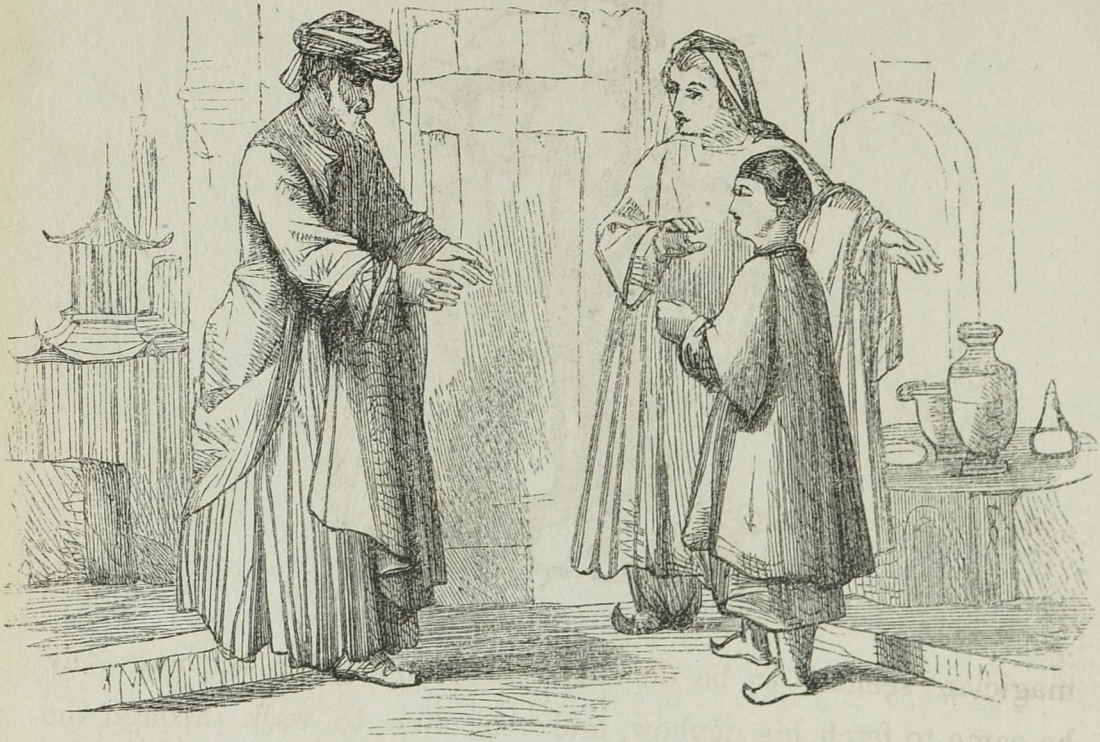
Hereupon the African magician kissed Aladdin over and over again, and began to weep. On being asked the cause of his tears, he cried—"Alas! my boy, your good father was my brother. I have been travelling abroad many years; and now, when I at last return, in hopes of seeing him, you tell me that he is dead." Hereupon he asked Aladdin where his mother lived; and putting a handful of small coins into his palm, bade the boy say, that his uncle would come to see her next day, to hear about poor Mustapha.



The poor widow was not a little surprised when her hopeful son came running home in high glee to tell her of the new relation he had found, and how his uncle was coming to see her the next day. Mustapha had never spoken of any brother. But the sight of the money made her think there was some truth in the assertion; for people are not generally very willing to give away money to strange boys in the street.

Next day the magician came according to promise. He was very polite to Aladdin's mother; bewailed the death of his poor brother; and made himself generally agreeable. During supper he turned to Aladdin and said: "Well, nephew, what business are you learning—what is your trade?"

Now, as Aladdin was learning nothing at all, except how to fight the boys in the street, he was somewhat at a loss for a reply;



but his mother immediately began to answer for him, and gave the magician such an account of her hopeful son's proceedings, that Aladdin felt his ears tingle and his cheeks redden—as well he might.

“This is not well, Aladdin,” said the magician gravely. “You must do something for your living. I will do the best I can to assist you. If you do not like a trade, I will take a shop for you, and buy you goods with which you can traffic, and gain your bread like an honest man.”

Aladdin, who saw a prospect of getting a livelihood without much labour, was very glad of this proposal; and as for his mother, she thanked the generous uncle a thousand times. The



magician seemed to be decidedly in earnest; for the next day he came to fetch his nephew, and took him to walk through the principal streets of the city. First, he called at a tailor's and bought some new garments for Aladdin; whereat that young gentleman rejoiced greatly; and in the afternoon he brought him to the khan or inn where he lodged, and introduced him to several acquaintances as "his dear nephew, Aladdin."

In the evening, the magician took him home to his mother, who was overjoyed that her boy, whom she loved in spite of his faults, should have met with such a friend; and he promised to take Aladdin out for a longer walk the next day.

He came the next morning as promised, and walked with the boy out at one of the city gates. He managed to amuse him with pleasant talk, so that Aladdin did not notice how far they went;

and he was quite surprised when his uncle at last stopped at the foot of a ridge of mountains.

Between two mountains of equal size there was a little valley. Here the magician turned to Aladdin, and said:—"I will show you a most wonderful thing which will greatly astonish you. But while I strike a light, go and gather some dry sticks." Aladdin obeyed, and the magician first kindled a fire, and then threw a strong perfume into the blazing heap. Then he stretched out his hand and pronounced certain magical words; whereupon the earth opened and discovered a square stone with a brass ring to lift it up by.

Aladdin was so frightened that he was going to run away; but the magician suddenly seized him, and dealt him a blow that nearly knocked him down. Poor Aladdin was much astonished at this rough treatment; but the magician soon pacified him, and promised him wealth and honor if he would only yield implicit obedience to his commands.

"Take up this stone by the ring fixed in it," said the magician. Aladdin did so. "Go down this flight of steps," continued his uncle; "you will have to pass through four great halls, but you must touch nothing you see there. Then you will have to pass through a garden full of the choicest fruits and flowers; though you are very strictly forbidden to touch anything you may see in the four great halls, the prohibition does not extend to the fruit in the garden. You may gather a portion of the fruit if its richness should tempt you so to do; but the real object of your mission is to procure me a small lamp which you will find burning



in a niche at the end of the garden terrace. This lamp you must take from the position in which you will find it, and bring it to me here. And I must most particularly impress upon your mind the necessity of using the greatest caution and speed in the performance of this important duty; for I attach the utmost importance to the possession of the lamp.”



Aladdin did as the magician desired him. He passed down the stairs with the greatest caution; having traversed the halls, which he found as the magician had described, he entered the garden. Here the scene was truly enchanting. Trees of the most varied and beautiful foliage were laden with luscious fruits, flowers of the most beautiful description filled the air with fragrant odours, while statues, vases, fountains, and birds of the richest plumage met the eye in every direction. Aladdin did not fail to avail himself of the leave he had obtained to gather fruit; he filled his pockets before he gave a thought to the lamp; but having arrived at the end of the terrace he perceived the lamp in the niche, and taking it down, he threw out the oil it contained, drew out the wick, and placing the lamp in his bosom, hastened back.

Directly the magician saw Aladdin coming back, he was anxious to get the lamp into his own possession. "Give me the lamp, nephew," he sharply cried. "First help me out of the cave," answered Aladdin. "No, no, give me the lamp first," insisted the magician; and as Aladdin was obstinate, the magician flew into such a rage that he threw some perfume into the fire, pronounced a few mystic words, and the stone closed over the cave, leaving Aladdin in darkness and utterly alone.

He was naturally in a terrible fright, expecting nothing less than that he should perish miserably in the cave. For two days he remained cooped up there; and on the third day he began to look upon death as inevitable. Clasp- ing his hands in anguish, he rubbed a ring the magician had given him on entering the cave, and instantly a hideous



genie of gigantic stature, stood before him. "What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who possess the ring on thy finger—I, and the other slaves of the ring!"

For a moment, Aladdin was startled by this apparition. Then he exclaimed—"Deliver me from this place as speedily as possible." The genie disappeared; the earth opened, and Aladdin found himself on the spot where he had parted from the magician, his pretended uncle.

He lost no time in making his way home to his mother, who had given him up as lost, and was greatly comforted to behold him once more. After they had vented their joy, and abused the wicked magician to their heart's content, Aladdin began to remember that he had eaten nothing for two days. His mother, who had been too sorrowful to spin, had no money to buy food; so Aladdin suggested they should sell the lamp he had carried in his bosom ever since he took it from the niche in the garden. Finding the lamp somewhat rusty, he began to rub it; instantly a genie, more hideous than the one in the cave, rose before him, and said:—"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slaves of all those who have that lamp in their hands—I and the other slaves of the lamp.

Aladdin's mother fainted away with fright, but Aladdin already somewhat accustomed to the appearance of genii, answered boldly, "I am hungry—bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, but instantly came again, bearing on his head a sumptuous collation, in a great silver dish with several plates of



the same metal. He set these things down on the table, and vanished.

By throwing water in his mother's face, Aladdin soon brought her back to life; and they both ate heartily of the feast provided by the genie, which was sufficient to supply them for several days. Aladdin sold the silver plates and dishes one by one to a jeweller; and on the produce he and his mother lived for several years, until Aladdin had grown to be a young man.

One day, as Aladdin was walking through the streets, he heard some officers of the sultan's proclaiming aloud that all people were to remain in their houses on the following day, for that the sultan's daughter, the princess Badroulboudour was going to the baths. Aladdin had a great desire to see this beautiful princess, and accordingly hid behind the door of the baths to try and get a view of her face. When the princess was within three



or four paces of the door an attendant pulled off her veil, and Aladdin had a full opportunity of seeing her. He returned home deeply in love with the beautiful lady, and firmly resolved that she should be his wife.

When Aladdin told his mother his intention of marrying the princess Badroulboudour, and requested her to speak to the sultan on the subject, the good woman burst out laughing, and thought her son was mad. But Aladdin persisted, and at length prevailed upon her to undertake the task by a present to the sultan; she took with her the various fruits which Aladdin at first supposed to be colored glass, but which he now knew to be jewels of immense value. For many days the good widow attended regularly at the sultan's divan, and was at last fortunate



enough to attract his notice. Being desired to state the business on which she had come, she began by presenting the jewels, which fairly dazzled the sultan's eyes by their magnificence. He heard her request without any sign of anger and impatience, and was, in fact, so charmed with the jewels that he almost consented to Aladdin's proposal. The grand vizier, however, who had hoped that his own son should marry the princess, prevailed upon the sultan to grant him three months' time that he might buy and prepare a more costly present than Aladdin's; to this the sultan consented, and Aladdin's mother being told to call again in three months, went away very well pleased to report her success to her son. Aladdin was still more pleased than his mother, and they waited patiently till the three months should expire.

The grand vizier did not fail to avail himself of the time granted him to compete with Aladdin in the beauty, richness, and rarity of the presents by which the sultan's favor was to

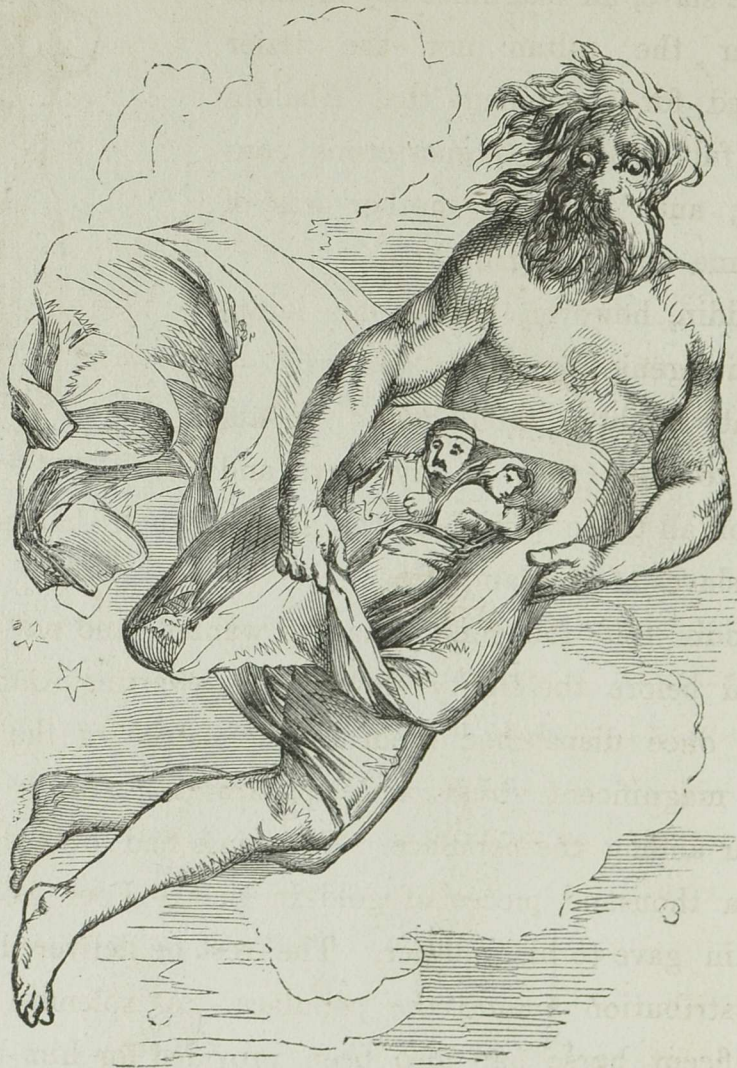
be obtained. It had been the aim and object of his life to bring about an alliance between his son and the princess, and to this end his whole energies had been directed during the long period he had occupied the high position of grand vizier. Under such circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that he felt severely disappointed and chagrined to find his hopes and prospects blighted by one whom he could not but regard as a mere adventurer. The most celebrated merchants were consulted as to the richest markets for gems and costly stuffs; emissaries of acknowledged experience were specially despatched and, furnished with unlimited means, the richest products of the earth were soon obtained by them. Lavishly as the vizier had scattered the wealth he had been a life-time accumulating, no regret was felt by him for the sacrifice when, within the appointed time, his agents returned with the desired presents. Elated with his success, he hastened to present himself before the sultan, and lay his presents at the feet of his royal master; slaves magnificently attired and escorted by a troop of mounted guards, bore the presents to the palace, where the sultan waited with curiosity to behold and learn the success of his favorite minister; the presents exceeded the sultan's expectations, and when he came to hear the account of the energy and perseverance of his vizier, he determined that his efforts should not go unrewarded, and at once gave orders that the marriage should be immediately celebrated. Aladdin's mother seeing a great crowd, and great rejoicing in the streets, asked what it all meant, and was told that the people shouted for joy at the marriage of the princess with the vizier's son.



Aladdin's mother ran home in great consternation, and told her son the news, whereupon Aladdin at once had recourse to his wonderful lamp. He summoned the genie, and commanded him, when night came, to bring the Princess Badroulboudour and her husband in their bed to his house. This was done, to the great fear and terror both of bridegroom and bride, who were greatly astonished at finding themselves flying through the air in such a strange manner. The bridegroom, however, said nothing about it, fearing to be thought mad.

The next night the same thing was done. Again the bed was taken up and transported through the air by the genie; and the vizier's son and the princess were both so mortified at the prospect of being thus subject to enchantment all their lives, that they begged the sultan to annul the marriage; which was done accordingly.

When the appointed three months had expired, Aladdin's mother went again to the sultan's divan to claim the fulfilment



of the promise the sultan had made her. The sultan consulted with the vizier as to how he should get rid of her request; and acting on the minister's advice, declared that before he could give him his daughter, Aladdin must provide forty basins of jewels similar to those he had sent at first. Those forty basins of jewels were to be carried by forty black slaves, each led by

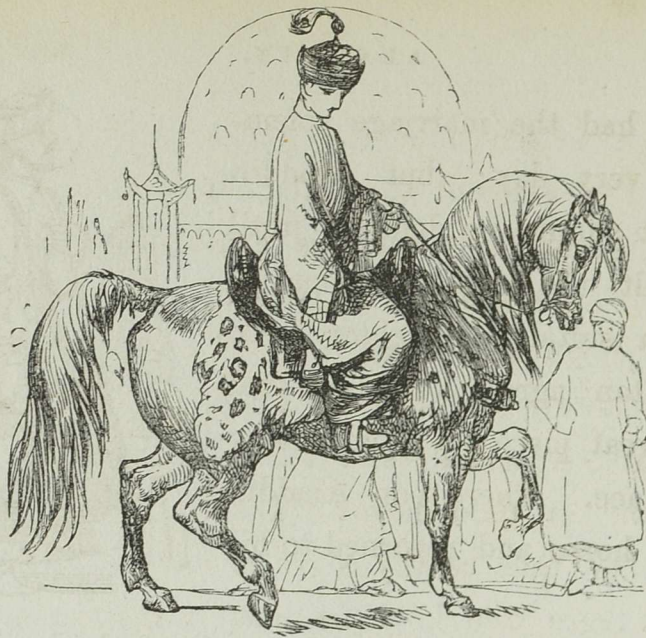
a white slave, all magnificently dressed. Neither the sultan nor the vizier dreamed for a moment that Aladdin could fulfil such a preposterous condition; and Aladdin's mother was of the same opinion with them.

Aladdin, however, rubbed his lamp, and the genie appeared, and said:—“What would'st thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave and slave of all those who hold the lamp in their hands—I, and the other slaves of the lamp.”

Aladdin told the genie what he wanted, and not an hour had elapsed before the eighty slaves were awaiting Aladdin's orders. He at once dispatched them to the palace of the sultan; and their magnificent dress and appearance excited the greatest wonder among the populace. The genie had brought ten purses, with a thousand pieces of gold in each. Four of these purses Aladdin gave to his mother. The rest he delivered to six slaves for distribution among the populace. A splendid dress and a magnificent horse had also been provided for him by the genie; and when all things were ready, Aladdin despatched one of the forty slaves to the palace to ask when Aladdin might have the honour to throw himself at the sultan's feet.

The slave delivered his message, and brought back word that the sultan waited for Aladdin with impatience. Hereupon he set out with his slaves. And as they marched through the city,





no one could have recognized in the handsome, magnificently dressed young man, the little idle vagabond who had played with the street boys only a few years before.

When Aladdin arrived at the palace, all the guards were drawn up in order to receive him. One of the great officers of state met him at the door, and led him into the council chamber. The sultan himself did him the honor to descend three steps from his throne to meet his intended son-in-law, and taking him by the hand, prevented Aladdin from casting himself at his feet, as it had been his intention to do. The sultan was quite charmed with the appearance and manners of Aladdin; and after they had feasted together, he sent for the chief judge of his capital, whom he ordered immediately to draw up a contract of marriage between Aladdin and the Princess Badroulboudour. The sultan

would have had the marriage solemnized that very day; but Aladdin asked that it should be deferred until he had built the princess a palace worthy of a sultan's daughter. To this the sultan agreed, and granted Aladdin a great piece of ground near his own palace. Thereupon Aladdin mounted his horse and returned to his own home.



There was now hard work for the genie of the lamp. Aladdin commanded him to build a palace that should surpass the most sumptuous castles of the earth in beauty; he ordered that the walls were to be made of masses of gold and silver, laid alternately. There was to be a great square hall, with four-and-twenty windows, enriched with precious stones; and in every respect the palace was to be most gorgeous and magnificent, with fine horses in the stables, and handsome male and female slaves to attend on the princess.

By the time Aladdin had done giving instructions to the genie, the sun had set. The next morning at day-break the palace stood there, complete in every particular. The sultan could hardly believe his own eyes when he saw a palace of such vast dimensions and such extraordinary beauty of design and ornament, apparently the work of years, standing where a vacant space had been the evening before. The vizier's astonishment was as great as that of his master.

When Aladdin saw that his palace was ready, he dressed himself very magnificently, and mounting one of the horses the genie had provided for him, he set out in the midst of a large concourse of slaves for the sultan's palace. The sultan received him with the same kindness he had shown the day before, and would have kept him to dine. But Aladdin answered, "I beg your majesty to excuse me from accepting that honor to-day; I come to ask you to partake of a repast in the princess's palace, with the grand vizier and the lords of your court." The sultan, who was burning with curiosity to see the palace, immediately consented; and as Aladdin's palace was so near, the procession set off at once, Aladdin riding at the sultan's right hand, and the grand vizier on the left; the guards and principal officers of the court walking before them, and the courtiers and great lords following their master as it is their custom to do.

The sultan was infinitely astonished at all the splendour he beheld, and passed more than hour in going from one apartment to another. Afterwards he breakfasted with his son-in-law and called a council of the officers of his court who were present to decide upon the necessary arrangements for the solemnization of the marriage on a scale of magnificence suited to the occasion. A somewhat lengthy discussion took place, in which every one present, excepting the grand vizier, appeared highly interested; but Aladdin, confident in the resources at his command, solicited the sultan to leave the arrangements in his hands, and assured him that if he failed in giving satisfaction he was prepared to forfeit the sultan's favor, which he so much valued, and submit to



any degradation or punishment he might think proper to inflict. The sultan was satisfied, and in due time Aladdin sent a numerous train of attendants to fetch home his bride the Princess Badroulboudour. The princess herself was charmed with the manner and appearance of the bridegroom, and everything went off exceedingly well.

The marriage was celebrated with a degree of regal magnificence that astonished every beholder; earth, air, and water appeared to have vied with each other in contributing to the splendour of the scene. Musicians filled the air with dulcet sounds; poets recited odes in praise of the beauty of the princess and the magnificence of Aladdin; slaves bearing open bags filled with gold pieces scattered them to the right and left amongst the assembled crowds; every open space in the city was filled with tables covered with the choicest viands which appeared to be replenished as fast as they were consumed; seven days were the festivities continued without interruption, until every one in the city, from the sultan to the lowest mendicant, declared himself exhausted with pleasure and enjoyment. Inside the palace of Aladdin the genie of the lamp had been furnished with ample employment during this week of enjoyment. His present master appeared to possess a fertility of imagination as regards luxurious enjoyment that no earthly power could satisfy, but the resources of the genie of the lamp appeared inexhaustible.

For some time the Princess Badroulboudour and her husband Aladdin lived very happily in their palace. But the African magician, who had retired in a rage after shutting up Aladdin in the cave, had one day the curiosity to wish to know what had become of the poor tailor's boy, though he had little doubt but that he had perished miserably in the cave. He consulted his magic books, and found to his rage and amazement, that Aladdin was not only alive, and in possession of the lamp, but had married the sultan's daughter.

Rage and malice at once took possession of his heart. He thought how he might be revenged on Aladdin, and was not long in maturing a plan for that purpose. He disguised himself as a pedlar, and came to the city in which Aladdin's palace was built. Here he purchased half-a-dozen lamps, and went from door to door crying out:—"New lamps for old ones! New lamps for old ones!" so that he soon had a crowd of boys at his heels hooting and jeering him.



He persevered, however, until he came in front of Aladdin's palace. The Prince Badroulboudour was there, but Aladdin himself was out hunting. Amused at the apparent stupidity of the lamp merchant, the princess sent out one of her slaves to exchange an old lamp for a new one; little did she suspect that it was Aladdin's wonderful lamp with which she was parting

As soon as the magician had the lamp in his possession, he made the best of his way home. When he got there he rubbed the lamp, and commanded the genie, who instantly appeared, to transport the palace, with the princess in it, to a certain part of Africa. The genie obeyed.

When the sultan rose that morning he was terribly surprised to see a vacant space where Aladdin's palace had stood over-night. He could hardly believe his eyes. The vizier, whom he called to look at the wonders, declared that his belief had all along been



that the enchanted palace would one day vanish as suddenly as it had appeared; and that he had always looked on Aladdin as an impostor. The caliph, hereupon, was in a terrible rage, and sent at once for Aladdin. The messenger found him returning from hunting, and brought him before his enraged father-in-law, who wanted in the first paroxysm of his anger

to have Aladdin's head chopped off. But bethinking himself that he was thus giving up the last chance of recovering his daughter, he altered his mind and allowed Aladdin forty days time in which to bring her back. Poor Aladdin went away very disconsolate, for he had little chance of finding the princess. For some days he wandered about from place to place with despair in his heart. It was sad, indeed, to be plunged from the height of happiness into the depths of despondency; to lose, in one moment, rank, fortune, and a beloved wife; it appeared to Aladdin as though a huge barrier had been suddenly interposed between him and all future hope. The revulsion of feeling consequent upon so sudden a change of position was terrible in the extreme, and Aladdin looked forward to the termination of the forty days as a relief. At last, one day, as he climbed a mountain in the vain hope of discovering the castle, his foot slipped, and as he clung tightly to the rock to prevent himself from falling, he rubbed the magic ring, which he still wore on his finger, violently against a stone.

In a moment the genie of the ring stood before him, and asked him what commands he had. Aladdin was overjoyed; for now at last he saw a prospect of deliverance. "Transport me at once to where my wife is," said he.

The genii at once took him up on his shoulder and flew away rapidly over land and sea at a most incredible rate.

In the meantime, the magician having got the Princess Badroulboudour into his power had fallen violently in love with her, and was trying to persuade her to marry him. He represented to her that her father, the sultan, had sacrificed Aladdin to his rage, and made no secret of the fact that he wanted her to be his wife. But the princess would not listen to him, and passed her time in weeping for her husband and father, and in bewailing her unhappy fate; and this was the state of things when the genie; flew up to the palace with Aladdin, and laid him gently at the foot of a great tree in the garden. As soon as he recovered his breath, Aladdin made his way secretly into the palace, and great was the Princess Badrolboudour's joy at seeing him once again. They laid a plan to rescue the princess out of the hands





of the wicked magician, and effected their object in the following way. The magician was in the habit of paying the Princess Badroulboudour a visit every evening, and on the night of Aladdin's arrival he came as usual. Aladdin had hidden himself behind a curtain in the room; and, to the magician's great surprise and joy, the princess received him with a much more gracious countenance than she had ever shown him before. She even invited him to sup with her, and treated him throughout the meal with great courtesy and distinction. At length she poured out a goblet of wine, into which she secretly put a strong poison. Then, turning with a cheerful countenance to the magician, she desired him to pour her out a

goblet of wine that they might drink each other's health. The magician obeyed, and receiving the poisoned cup from the hand of the Princess Badroulboudour drank off its contents and immediately fell down on the ground with a dreadful groan and expired. Hereupon Aladdin rushed from his place of concealment, and carefully concealed in the folds of the magician's garment he found the wonderful lamp, the source of all his wealth



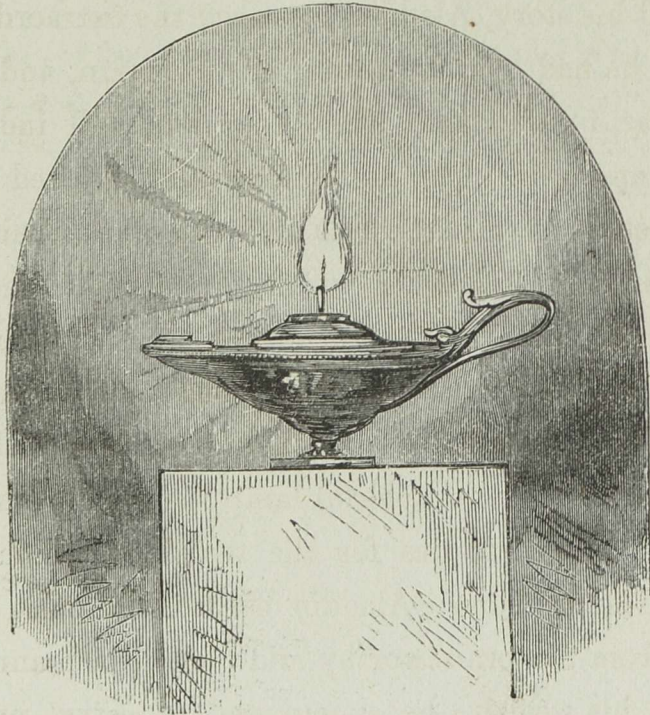
and prosperity; the lamp, whose loss had almost cost him the loss of all he had in the world, and of his life into the bargain.

The joy of both Aladdin and his wife at this happy change in their affairs may be imagined. Aladdin at once made use of the lamp and ordered the genie to transport the palace back to its original position. The sultan was overjoyed to see his daughter

once more. He repented of his harshness towards Aladdin, and expressed a desire to know how all these wonders had happened. Aladdin told him, that by the assistance of a good genie he had been enabled to discover the princess, who, by the arts of a wicked magician, had been transported, with her palace, to Africa; he described his arrival at the palace, the joy of the princess on beholding him once more, and the deserved fate of the magician. The sultan looked incredulous, as well he might, but Aladdin dispelled his doubts by showing him the body of the magician, which had not been removed from the palace. Having thus far confirmed his story, Aladdin described the extraordinary powers of the lamp he had recovered from the magician, and told the sultan that it was to the lamp alone they were all indebted for their present happiness. The sultan was too overjoyed to listen to any further details at present; but he expressed a desire that Aladdin should, at his earliest opportunity, relate the whole story. The sultan then commanded the drums to beat and trumpets to sound, and a feast of ten days to be proclaimed for joy of the return of the Princess Bodroulboudour, Aladdin, and the palace.

The powers of the wonderful lamp were again put in requisition to provide the necessaries for the ten days' rejoicing, and well it performed its mission. Aladdin became the most popular man in the city from the praiseworthy and judicious manner in which he employed his wealth; he encouraged industry, promoted education, extended commerce, and adorned the city with fine buildings and public walks. With the officers of state he was an especial favorite, whilst the sultan, as old age and infirmity came on him,

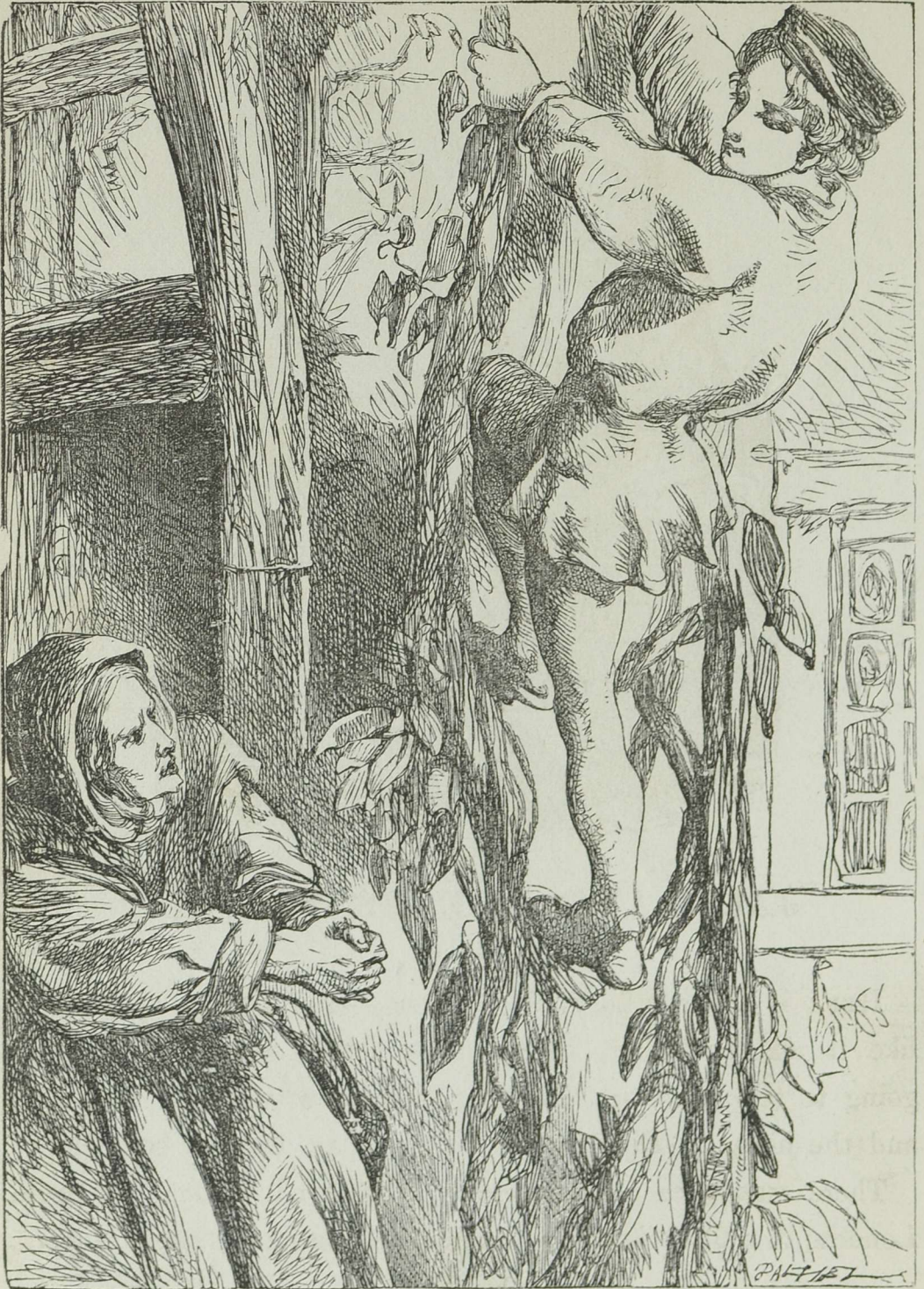
became more and more attached to his son-in-law, and as he had no other children but the Princess Badroulboudour, Aladdin and the princess his wife succeeded the sultan at his death. For many years they lived and governed with justice and discretion; and Aladdin was always famous for his moderation and kindness towards the poor and the widowed. He remembered the time when he himself had been a poor boy dependant on the poor widow, his mother, for his daily bread.



NOTE.

To bring this tale within the limits assigned to each story in this book, it has been necessary to considerably shorten some parts. The incidents have, however, been preserved as they are related in the first French translation, with the exception of the episode of the magician's brother, who, disguised as the holy woman Fatima, is slain by Aladdin. "I have read this book," writes Fonténelle, of the French edition of the Arabian Nights, "and find nothing in it that should hinder its being printed." May our readers, after perusing our book, be of the same opinion.

THE HISTORY
OF
JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.



PAFFET



JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

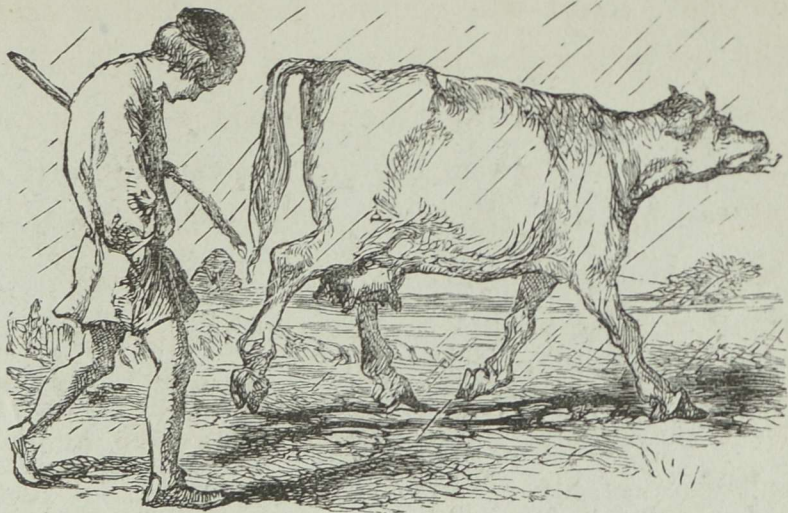
HERE is another fairy tale for you;—and I dare say you will like it all the better, because the people about whom I am going to tell the story, lived in England a very long time ago, and the hero, or chief person in it, is an English boy.

There was once a poor widow who lived a long way from London, in a little way-side village; she was a poor lonely woman,

with only one comfort to take away the dreariness from her life; and this one comfort was her son Jack. And as Jack was the only child the poor widow had, you can fancy how much affection was bestowed upon him; how the poor widow went without many little comforts that Jack might not feel their poverty; how she watched over him day and night; how, in fact, she loved him as only a widowed mother can.

Now Jack was not at all a bad-hearted boy. He was generous, helpful, and brave. He would go any distance on an errand to please a neighbour; he would give away all he had to any one who begged of him; and if he saw a great boy ill-treating a little one, the big coward was pretty certain to receive a sound thrashing at the hands, or rather at the fists of Jack. But he had one fault, which many brave open-hearted lads have, and which spoils all their good qualities. Jack was heedless. He did not know the value of money, and threw it away like an extravagant boy will do. He did not know what it was to be care-worn and sore-hearted, and never stopped to consider how he grieved his poor mother by his carelessness; he never thought before he acted; and consequently he acted so foolishly that his mother became poorer and poorer.

At last the widow's eyes were opened; on going to her money box one night she found there was not a shilling left. The box was empty, excepting for one little fourpenny-piece, which had been clipped all round the rim and had a large hole punched out of the middle. Then at last she began to reproach Jack, as many people do, after the mischief was done. "Oh you



heedless, cruel, wasteful boy!" said she,—“see what you have brought me to with your sinful extravagance—all I have is gone, except the fourpenny-piece which no one will take, and the one cow which must be sold to-morrow, and then what shall we do when the money we get for her is gone—oh dear!—oh dear!” Thus she went on weeping and bemoaning herself.

Now Jack was really sorry when he saw what he had done; and he promised to amend, and really meant what he said. He declared he would be the prop of his mother's old age; and he sallied forth early the next morning to sell the poor widow's only cow.

As he trudged along the road, swinging his stick as he went, and cutting off the head of a thistle every now and then for want of something to do, he met a butcher. This man knew something of our friend, and asked him what he was going to do



with "that thin old cow." "Neither old nor thin," answered Jack; and the cow tossed her head and flourished her tail in an indignant manner. "But if you want to know," continued Jack, "I'm going to sell her." "Well" said the butcher, "see here what I'll give you for her,—all these beautiful beans—red, and blue, and purple—I shoud'nt offer another

man so much; but you, Jack, are a clever fellow and like to drive a hard bargain;" and the butcher held out a handful of colored beans.

Jack was much flattered at being called a clever fellow, and moreover he liked the look of the pretty beans. So like the careless boy he was, he closed at once with the offer made him by the wily butcher, who drove off the cow laughing in his sleeve at our hero's simplicity. Jack, for his part, betook himself home, fancying he had done rather a clever thing, and calling to his mother from afar to come out and admire his skill as a cattle dealer.

When the good woman heard with her own ears, and saw with her own eyes how very stupidly Master Jack had acted, I can tell you she was angry. She had made up her mind, poor woman, what she would buy with the money the cow would fetch. She had settled where she would buy the meal for the bread, and how much she would save out of the price of the potatoes by taking a large quantity at a time, and how she would manage to scrape together enough to buy a comforter for Jack against the time when the cold weather set in; for she was always thinking of her boy, poor woman. And then when she had arranged it all so nicely, to have that stupid great boy standing there with a few beans in his hand and a broad smile on his face! The old woman quite lost patience, scolded Jack for his stupidity, and threw the beans away out of the window into the garden. As for Jack, it was noticed that one of his cheeks looked very red for two

or three hours afterwards; and some of the neighbours afterwards said, that Jack's mother had given him a box on the ear; for she was unable to get him any supper—and being a generous kind of woman, was anxious to give her son something for himself instead of it.

The next morning Master Jack found himself awake two full hours before his usual time for rising;—for you see he had had no supper, and a little sprite inside him seemed to be calling out “Breakfast! breakfast!! breakfast!!!” and pinching him at the same time. So he got up quickly and dressed himself, and looked out of his chamber window—and then he saw—something that made him start back with wonder, and rub his eyes to make sure he was awake, and utter an exclamation of surprise, and run as fast as could down into the garden. I will tell you what he saw.

In the corner of the garden where his mother had flung away the beans in her anger, (and no wonder), there arose a great thick gigantic bean-stalk;—and it was not a single stalk by any means, but a number, twined and twisted together in such a way that they formed a sort of ladder. It was a very



lofty ladder, so high indeed that the top seemed quite lost in the clouds; for Jack could not discern it. The bean-stalk was immensely thick, and when Jack attempted to shake it, it remained quite steady.

Now Jack was just the kind of boy who never saw a ladder without a desire to climb it; and when he saw this great bean-stalk he at once felt inclined to ascend to the top and see, as he expressed it, "where it led to." He ran back and told his mother of his intentions, she tried all she could to dissuade him, threatening and cajoling him by turns; but Jack was not to be moved, having once made up his mind. Up the bean-stalk he had determined to go, and up the bean-stalk he went; his mother standing underneath and calling up after him, "that he would break her heart—that he would—with his tiresome ways; that he would never do any good—that he would'nt; that he had never been of any use to her—that he had'nt; that he never minded her—that he did'nt; and that he was a lazy—idle—careless——"

By this time Jack had mounted so high that he could not hear the rest of his mother's compliments; but I dare say he did not lose much.

Hour after hour Jack climbed on;—and the higher he went the more hungry he seemed to grow. At last he reached the top, and found himself in a strange country.

But it was not a beautiful country by any means. Not a tree or a shrub, not a living creature was to be seen. All around was barren and desolate.



Jack seated himself pensively on a block of stone, and thought of his mother. It is strange, how much inclined a boy is to think of his mother when in difficulty or distress. I suppose it is because he is accustomed to come to her whenever he is in trouble. Poor Jack was now in sore trouble indeed ; he could find nothing to eat ; he was woefully exhausted ; and began to feel much afraid that he should die of hunger.

Still, however, he walked on in the hope of seeing a house where he might beg for some food ; but there was no sign, far or near, of anything of the kind. Suddenly, however, he saw a

kind of cloud rolling towards him; it parted, and there, to his great surprise, stood a beautiful young lady. She was dressed in shining garments of gauze, and held in her hand a slender white wand with a peacock of pure gold at the end. Jack stood still, gazing at the lady with the greatest surprise; but she approached and said:—"Listen to me. I will reveal to you a story of which your mother has never dared to speak. But before I begin, you must give me your solemn promise that you will do exactly as I command; for I am a fairy—and unless you act just as I tell you to do, I shall not be able to assist you in the attempt I wish you to undertake; and there is little doubt that left unaided you will not only fail, but perish!"

Jack looked very grave indeed, at the idea of perishing; and he promised to do whatever the lady directed.

She then continued:—"Your father was a rich man, and, what is more, he had a kind heart. No deserving poor man who applied to him for help was ever turned away. And he would even seek out deserving people who were in distress, without waiting for them to come to him. Not many miles from your father's house lived a giant. He was the dread of the whole country for his cruelty and malice. He was, moreover, very envious; and when he heard your father praised for goodness and benevolence, he hated him in his heart, and vowed to be revenged on him. Like most good men, your father was brave. He injured no one, and suspected no one of wishing to injure him. The giant, therefore, soon had an opportunity of fulfilling his threats. He laid a deep plot to destroy your father. He



came with his wife into the neighbourhood where your father lived. He made a pitiful face, and pretended to have lost all his property by the effects of a great earthquake. Your parents received him kindly, for they were good to all. One day, when the wind was blowing very loudly over the sea, near which your father dwelt, the giant came to him with a telescope in his hand :



‘Look through this glass,’ he said ; ‘ here is something that will grieve your kind heart.’ Your father looked, and saw several ships which seemed in danger of going down, or being driven on shore. The giant, with an appearance of great earnestness, begged him to send his servants to the assistance of these poor people. He knew your father would not refuse such a request. All the servants, excepting your nurse and the porter, were at once despatched ; but hardly were they well out of sight when the cruel giant fell upon your father and slew him !

“Your mother and yourself nearly shared the same fate. The cruel monster designed to kill you also ; but your mother fell at his feet, and begged him so piteously for mercy, that he relented, and spared you both on condition that your mother promised solemnly never to reveal your father’s story. Then he

set about plundering your father's house as fast as he could, and afterwards set fire to it. While he was thus employed, your mother took you, a poor little weak baby, in her arms, and fled away as fast as she could. For miles and miles she wandered on, and never stopped to look behind her. And it was well she did so; for the giant was sorry that he had shewn any mercy, and would certainly have pursued and killed both her and you if he had only known which direction to take. At last your poor mother settled in the village in which you have lived so long; and now you know why she never spoke about these things to you. It is for you to regain the fortune your parents thus lost;—for all this wicked giant has belongs of right to your mother and to you. I have taken you under my protection, and in spite of your heedlessness, I will succour and assist you so long as you are brave and earnest, and do not fear hardship and labour. Go boldly forward. Your enemy's house—or rather your own—lies straight before you; and remember that my protection is extended to you only so long as you work boldly and faithfully to right your mother and yourself.”

The fairy then vanished. Jack sat for a time in utter amazement at the wonderful things he had heard. “Poor mother!” he thought, “what a change it must have been to her, from my father's fine castle to our little smoky cottage! Well, I will do my best to right her, and to punish this wicked giant.” And resolving thus, he got up and pursued his journey.

Further and further yet he wandered on, and the shadows of evening began to fall just as he came to the door of the first



house he had seen all that day. It was a fine spacious mansion, and poor Jack, who by this time was woefully hungry, went straight up to the door, and asked a woman who was standing there for a night's lodging and a crust of bread.

This woman was ugly and haggard. She had a care-worn look in her face, but did not seem ill-natured. She looked sorrowfully at Jack, and said:—"Alas! my poor boy, I dare not take you in. My husband is a mighty and cruel giant. He goes out hunting every day and brings home men to supper—not to sup with him, but to be eaten up—for he feeds almost entirely on human flesh,

and is out of temper when he cannot get it. He has gone out to-day to try and catch a fat alderman; and if he has been unsuccessful he will make you do instead."

Jack was anything but glad when he heard this account of the owner of the house; and the less so when he heard that this agreeable gentleman was expected home directly. But he was very hungry and tired,—and besides, the fairy had told him he must be brave and bold. So he begged the good women to take him in, just for this one night; and she, being a good natured sort of person, for an ogre's wife, consented.

She led him through a fine hall splendidly furnished in a large kind of way, with chairs as big as bedsteads, and tea cups that held a gallon a-piece; and on one table Jack saw a bayonet, which his hostess told him was her husband's toothpick. Through other rooms they went, all well furnished, but cold and gloomy; until, at the end of a long gallery, Jack could manage to see something that looked like a grating or the front of a cage; and behind this grating two or three men were moving to and fro, wringing their hands and weeping. They were, in fact, the giant's prisoners, whom this voracious monster kept, just as any man might keep turkeys and geese, to kill at Christmas. Jack's blood ran cold at these sights and sounds; but he kept up his courage as well as he could and followed his hostess into the kitchen. Here was a roaring fire, and everything looked as warm and comfortable as could be desired. The giant's wife placed a plentiful supper on the table before her



guest; and when my readers remember that Jack had not only eaten nothing all that day, but had gone to bed hungry the night before, they can fancy what a meal he made. Even the giant's wife stared, and began to wonder whether the boy were not some distant relation of her husband's who had lost the giant's taste for human flesh, but retained his appetite.

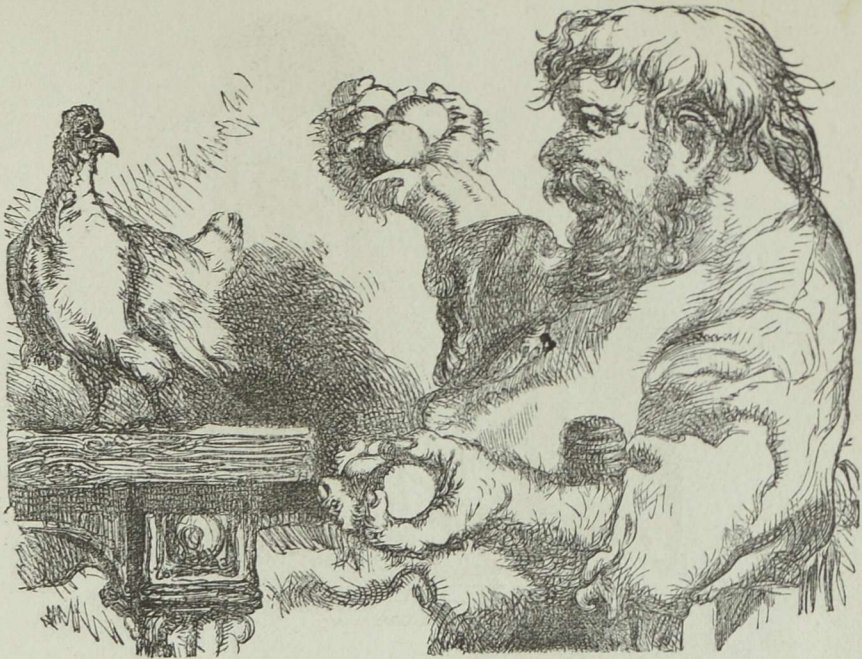
But every thing must come to an end; and so at last did Jack's supper. Just as he had finished they heard a sound like fifteen trumpets, and the hostess started up in a fright exclaiming "Her husband was coming home, for she heard him blowing his nose." Then there came a step, like fifty dray horses all walking together; nearer and nearer it came, "tramp! tramp!! tramp!!!" and then there came a great



knock at the door like a clap of thunder or five thousand throw-down crackers all let off at once; the wife opened it in a great hurry, and the giant came stalking into the kitchen. "I smell fresh meat!" were the first words he uttered.

Now this giant was in a terribly bad humour; for he had had no success in hunting that day. He had met no one at all but a black man whose flesh wasn't tender, and who, had moreover, escaped, and an old man who had lived so long in the workhouse on dry bread and gruel that he was nothing but skin and bone, and the giant in mere disgust had kicked him and let him go; so he was in a very bad humour indeed, and looked very black. "I smell fresh meat!" said the giant.

Now Mrs. Giant had hidden her guest in a cupboard when she heard her amiable husband coming; and what the giant



smelt was neither more nor less than live Jack. His wife therefore hastened to reply "It must be the men in the cage," and she brought out her husband's supper to divert his attention. As the giant had not captured any "fresh meat" that day, and was saving up the men in the cage for a treat, his meal only consisted of three legs of mutton, seven quartern loaves, and a few other trifles of that kind. He soon finished his slight repast and called to his wife to bring him his "hen." Jack looked through a chink in the cupboard door to see whatever the giant was at; and he saw a fine looking fowl brought and placed on the table; and each time the giant said "lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold. Meantime the wife went to bed leaving her husband to amuse himself with the wonderful hen.



In a little while the giant began to nod, with both his arms on the table; then his head sank lower and lower, and at last he went fairly off to sleep before the fire and snored like the blowing of the wind on a stormy day. Now was the time for Master Jack's enterprise. He waited until the giant's snores, which had at first been irregular, like gusts of wind, came in deep regular puffs, like the blowing of a great blacksmith's



bellows; and when he knew by this that the giant really slept soundly, he snatched up the hen from the table, jumped out of the window, which was not a high one, and ran off. Away he went like the wind, mile after mile, and at length found himself at the spot where the bean-stalk reared its head through an opening like a well, in this wonderful country. Down the bean-stalk Jack went like a lamplighter running down his ladder when he is in a hurry; and we can fancy how pleased his poor mother was to see him again. But when she saw what a prize he had brought, she was happy indeed; for now they could be rich, and there was no occasion for them to suffer hunger more.



For some time they lived contentedly enough. The golden hen supplied all their wants; and if it had not have been for the remembrance of what the fairy had said, Jack would not have thought any more about the bean-stalk. But the more he thought of what the beautiful lady had told him, the more it appeared to him that he had only half finished the task the fairy had set him, and that much remained to be done, so long as the wicked giant lived to enjoy the riches he had acquired so unjustly. So one day he told his mother that he must needs mount the bean-stalk a second time. Again the good lady did all she could to dissuade him from the enterprise. She declared that she knew the giant by Jack's description to be the very one who had murdered her poor husband, and asserted that he would most certainly kill Jack for stealing his hen even

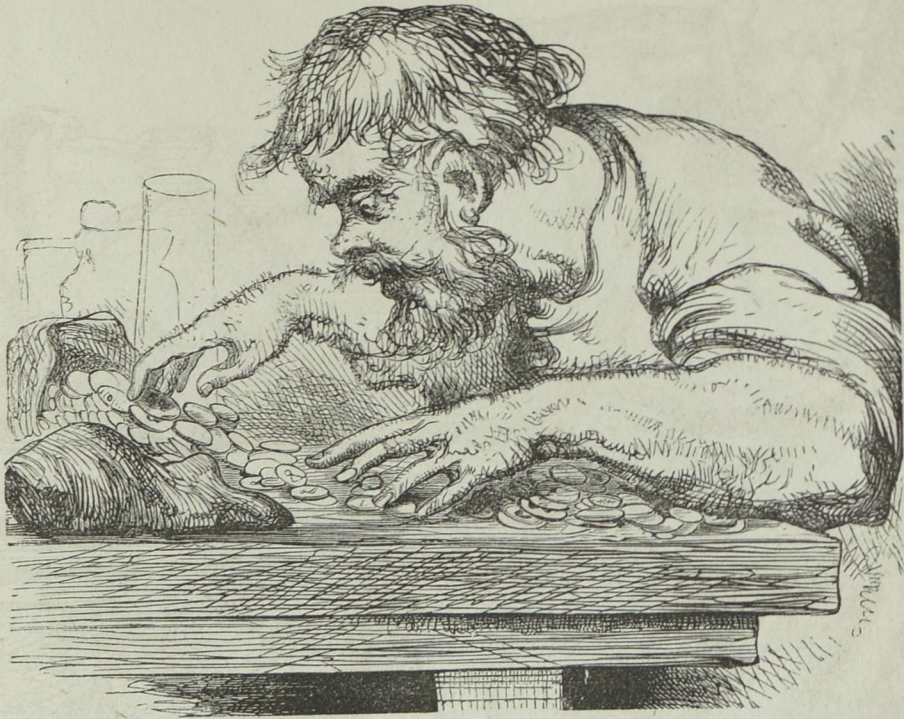
if the wife let him into the castle again, which was not at all likely. But Jack was not to be deterred; and at last his mother was forced, with a heavy heart, to let him go. Again we find him at the giant's mansion begging for admittance.

This time it was not such an easy matter to get in. The old dame Giant declared that once before a poor boy had come for shelter and had stolen her husband's favorite hen; and that the giant, having forced her to confess that she had let some one in on that night, had revenged himself by beating her three times a week ever since—whereas before he had only been in the habit of beating her twice. But Jack was so polite, and at the same time so earnest, that at last he got admitted to the giant's abode for the second time. Again he was plentifully regaled and stowed away in the cupboard before the giant returned, which he did in due time.

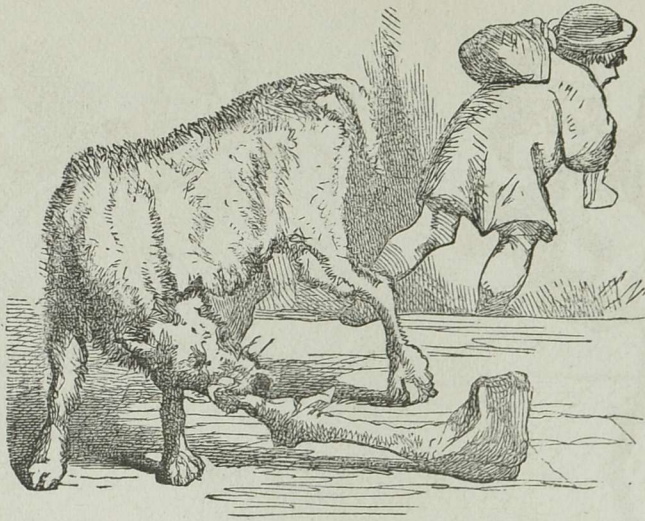
This day the giant was in a very good humour; for he had robbed three travellers of a great deal of money, which he had hidden in a cave by the wayside. The travellers themselves he had bound hand and foot, and left them in the same cave till he should call for them; so that his good luck made him quite light-hearted and cheerful, and he ate his supper with an immense relish, putting his knife in his mouth and sopping up the gravy with his quartern loaf of bread, like a vulgar giant as he was; and as his thoughts kept running on the money he had stolen, and how much richer it would make him, he roared out to his wife to bring him down his money bags that he might count how much he had already. The obedient wife went out and soon returned



dragging two heavy bags, one filled with golden guineas, and the other with bright new shillings. The giant snatched them out of her hands and gave her a box on the ear, telling her that was for her trouble, and desired her to get to bed without delay, which the poor woman was glad enough to do you may be sure. The giant began to count out his money, commencing with the guineas



first,—“One, two, three, four,”—and so on. Presently he got up to the hundreds—“One hundred and one—one hundred and two,” and by the time he got to “Five hundred and eighty one—Five hundred and eighty-two—” his head began to nod. In five minutes more he was fast asleep. Then Jack came out of his hiding place on tiptoe, and clutched both the bags. But just as he was making his way to the window, a little dog that had lain unobserved under the giant’s chair, came jumping towards him with a shrill—“Yow! yow! yow!” Luckily Jack had not quite finished his supper when the giant’s knock came to the door; and he had hidden a bone in his pocket to enliven his solitude in the cupboard. With this bone he appeased the little



yelping cur, and though the giant turned uneasily once or twice on his chair, he did not wake. So a second time Jack made off with the wicked giant's gold, and arrived in safety at the foot of the bean-stalk. But all was not well at home. His poor mother had done nothing but fret about him from the moment he went away till he returned; and so anxious had she been that she was ill—in fact, nearly dying. Children do not often think what their parents suffer on their account.

But the poor woman recovered when she saw her boy had returned safe and sound; for then the cause of her anxiety was taken away. With the bags of gold the cottage was rebuilt, and for three years they lived happily together; but at the end of that time he could stay no longer. He felt compelled, as it were, to try once more to penetrate into the giant's abode. So one morning he started very early on his third expedition.

It cost him unheard of trouble to get admission; the giant's



wife had at last got suspicious, having had her beatings increased to five a week since his last visit ; but at last, however, he got in. The giant too, said, as on the first occasion of Jack's coming, "I smell fresh meat!" and absolutely began to search the room to find out where our hero lay concealed. But he soon got tired of doing so, especially as he happened to be very hungry ; and sat down to take his frugal supper. This time the giant had the whole of a salted hog for his supper, besides three large salted cod-fishes, which he ate as a moderate man might eat herrings. This salt fare made him rather thirsty, so he drank three great casks of strong beer, whereas his usual custom was to wash down his supper with only two. The beer got into the giant's head, and put him in high good humour, and he began to sing in a tremendous voice, and roared out to his wife to get him his harp.



This harp was a most wonderful instrument. Directly it was put on the table it began to play, of itself, the most beautiful music. And the giant got up and began dancing as heavily as the hippopotamus. The harp now played softer and more softly; and the giant, growing sleepy, lay down at full length on the ground and began to snore. "Now," thought Jack, "is my time;" and slipping from his hiding place, he seized the harp. But the harp was enchanted (and that is how it played so enchantingly). When Jack seized it, it cried "Master! master!" Up started the giant with a loud roar, and away ran Jack, carrying the harp, and the giant thundering after him as fast as he could. Jack seemed to fly like the wind, and had got a good start of his pursuer by the time they got to the bean-stalk. Down the bean-stalk he slid, as



fast as ever he could ; and just as he set his foot on the ground the heavy feet of the giant appeared at the top of the ladder. Jack cried out lustily for a hatchet. His mother came running out with a big one in her hand. Not a moment was to be lost. Jack seized the hatchet and began chopping the bean-stalk with all his might. He struck it—

ONCE !

and the giant gave a roar of rage, and redoubled his efforts to get down in time

TWICE!!

and the bean-stalk cracked and shook, and the giant stopped for an instant as it swayed to and fro—

THRICE!!!

and the great stalk snapped like an elder twig; and the giant tottered, lost his hold, and fell crashing down. He came to the ground with a fall that shook the earth, and lay there with a shattered skull—dead!

I need not tell you of the commotion that ensued. Jack's mother came rushing out in horror at the noise and din, and found her son out of breath with the exertion of his labour in cutting down the bean-stalk, and the giant lying dead. She bent over the great body to look at the countenance, and was astonished to find the face was that of the cruel monster who had so barbarously murdered her husband years before, and who had thus reaped the reward of his actions. Now, at length, she could speak on the matter that had occurred; and Jack was surprised to hear her story, and wondered how she could have continued to live after such a great sorrow had fallen upon her. He did not know that while a mother has a child left to care for she will endure almost anything.

But now, at last, their great enemy was dead, and mother and son could live in peace and comfort. They had wealth enough, having recovered a great part of what the giant had stolen; and it was greatly to the poor widow's satisfaction that the bean stalk did not grow up again, but withered away in a few days. You will be glad to hear, moreover, that Jack was cured of his heed.

lessness by what had occurred. When he reflected on what his mother had suffered, he would have been ashamed to make her suffer more. Love for the dear aged parent did what all scolding and precept had failed to do; and cherished by her son, and beyond the reach of want, the widow lived to a good old age.

Dear children; there is a moral in every tale. Learn from Jack and the Bean-stalk that ill gotten wealth will never prosper, and that every deed of cruelty, whether it be great or whether it be trifling brings its own punishment upon the evil doer.



NOTE.

Like "Jack the Giant-Killer," and "Tom Thumb," the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is unquestionably of English origin. The general appearance of the story seems to stamp it as a mutilated version of "Jack the Giant-Killer" itself, or rather an elaboration of one incident in the redoubtable Cornishman's adventures. That these old stories had a historical signification there is no doubt; Jack the Giant-Killer, Tom Thumb, and the hero of the beanstalk, belong to the myth-period of our history, equally with Arthur and Ginevra, the Knights of the Round Table, and the stout Guy of Warwick. These giant stories have no exact parallel among the fairy legends of Germany, and do not even appear to have been translated. It seems strange that just those tales which are among the most popular in England, should be unrepresented in the fairy legends of our neighbours whose delight in the supernatural is said to be greater even than ours.

