

CINDERELLA

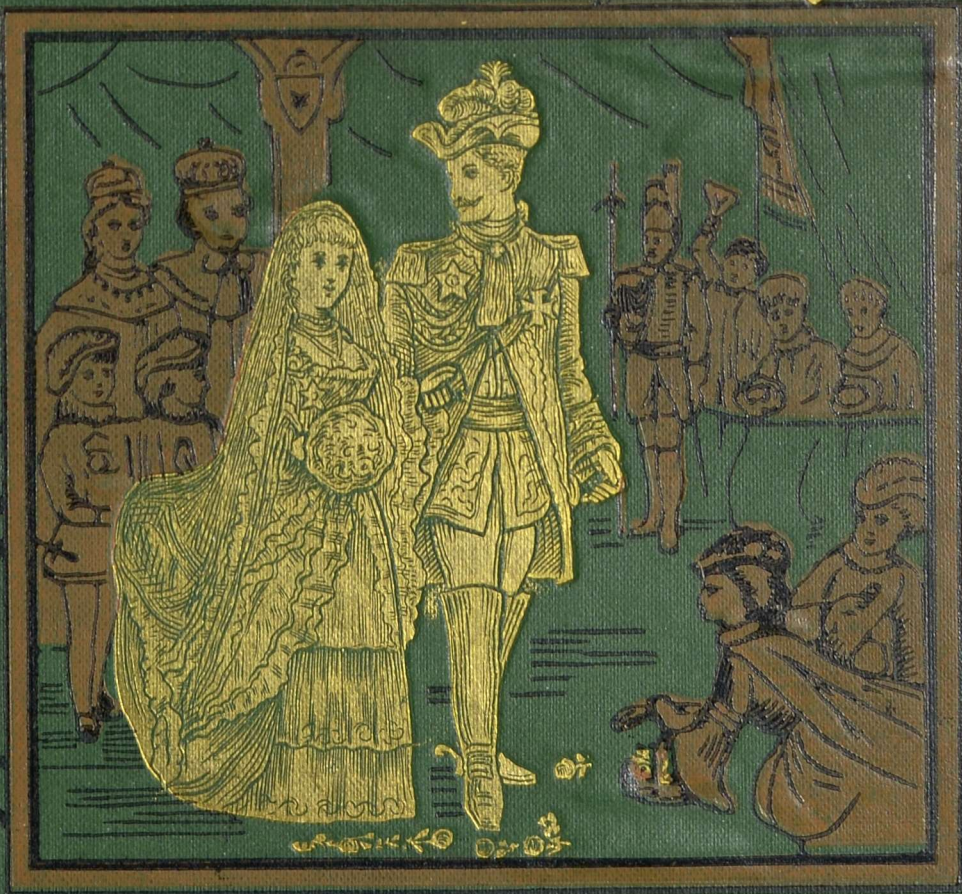
RETOLD IN RHYME



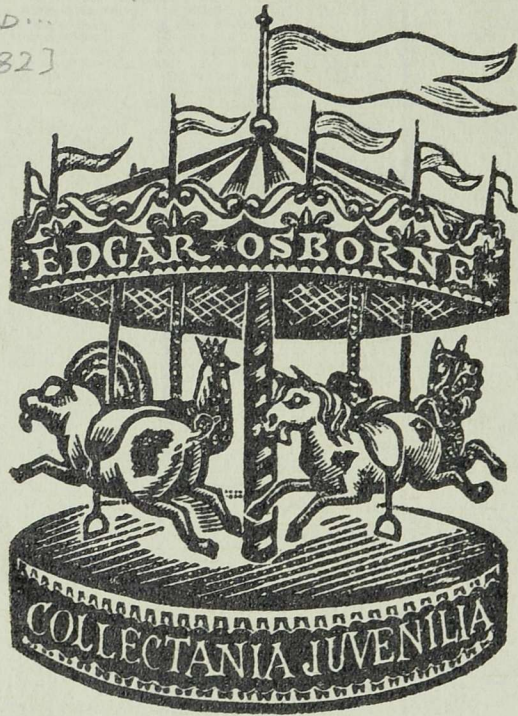
BY
LIEUT COLONEL
SECCOMBE



WITH 70 ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



100 (FT)
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[1882]



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Head Master.

CINDERELLA.



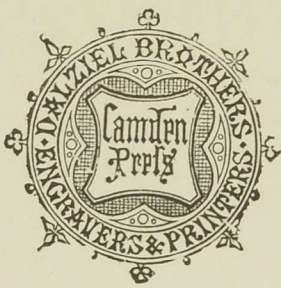
THE GOOD OLD STORY
OF
CINDERELLA

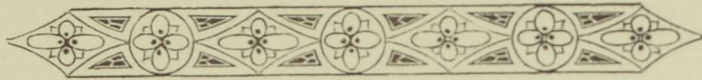
Re-told in Rhyme

BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL SECCOMBE,
Author of "Army and Navy Drolleries."

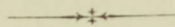
WITH
SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR,
INCLUDING TWELVE FULL-PAGE PLATES PRINTED IN COLOURS
BY
EMRIK AND BINGER.

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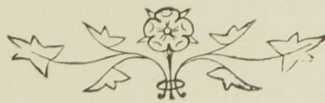




P R E F A C E .



IT is hoped that the oft-told story of sweet Cinderella, submitted once more to the juvenile public with the addition of particulars not previously mentioned, may be read with fresh interest, and receive a hearty welcome from our young readers.





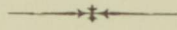
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LIST OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.



- “ Then they’d strum the piano and twang the guitar,
And sing till their squalls could be heard from afar.”*
- “ While poor Cinderella sat lonely and sad
In the cold dreary kitchen—’t was really too bad.”*
- “ Though they fancied that no one their charms could surpass
As they strutted and postured in front of the glass.”*
- “ So be very careful; and now don’t delay,
Get into your carriage and hasten away.”*
- “ Well, the Fairy’s smart carriage drove up with a dash,
The Guard gave a royal salute with a clash.”*
- “ As she passed through the crowd in her beauty so rare,
Looking lovelier far than the loveliest there.”*
- “ And fetched them their suppers, and undid their hair,
And otherwise helped them for bed to prepare.”*
- “ She tore through the crowded saloon like the wind,
Her long satin train, as she ran, streamed behind.”*
- “ Let the slipper be sent through the land, far and wide,
And the girl who can wear it I’ll greet as your bride.”*
- “ The two ugly sisters determined to try;
There was many a smile from the folks who stood by.”*
- “ The sisters were speechless, and trembled with dread,
When thoughts rose in their minds of the life she had led.”*
- “ The wedding was splendid, and chroniclers say
They were happy together for many a day.”*





Then they'd strum the piano, and twang the guitar,
And sing 'till their squalls could be heard from afar.

CINDERELLA.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH INTRODUCES US TO CINDERELLA AND HER UNPLEASANT SISTERS.



THERE lived—so the story books say, long ago,
I can't tell you where, for I really don't know—
A sweet little maiden whose father and mother,
On quitting this troublesome world for another,



Had entrusted their small baby girl to the care
Of her only relations, an ill-tempered pair
Of grown-up step-sisters, whose conduct you'll see
Was not at all what sisters' conduct should be.

CINDERELLA.

When this poor little girl was sufficiently old
To work as a servant, these sisters, we're told,



In spite of their promises, treated her ill,
Compelling her daily to slave at their will,
And all by herself in the kitchen to stay,
With no other company, day after day,

But the mice and blackbeetles
which came in her way.

In the cold winter mornings,
with snow on the ground,
While snug in their beds her
two sisters slept sound,
All cosy and warm,—the poor
girl, you must know,
Had to rise before daylight, and
hasten below ;



Light the fires, and make cups of tea warm and sweet,
And hot buttered toast for these creatures to eat
As soon as they woke ; for I need scarcely state

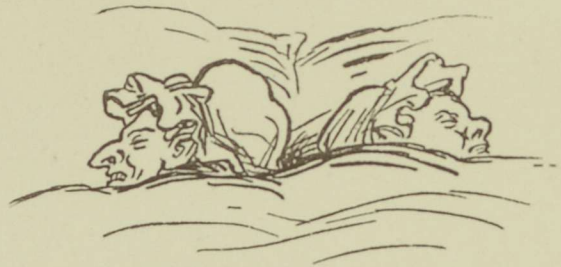


While poor Cinderella sat lonely and sad,
In the cold dreary kitchen, 'twas really too bad.

HER TYRANNICAL SISTERS.

The lazy things never got up until late ;
While the child had to labour from morning till night
Amid blows and harsh words,
 though she strove to do
 right.

She was charmingly pretty,
 with eyes of soft blue,
A sweet winning smile, and
 a nice figure too ;



Her teeth were small pearls, she had lovely fair hair,
But cinders leave marks on a face that is fair ;
And her charms very often could scarcely be seen,
Since a lovely complexion's no use if not clean.
And she'd no time to keep herself neat, nor could you
If you did all the dirty work she had to do ;
Then the grace of her figure was scarce seen a bit,
For the dresses they gave her to wear didn't fit ;
These sisters thought new ones a great deal too good—
She must alter their old ones the best way she could,
Which was no easy task, for one sister was tall
Like a may-pole, the other as round as a ball ;



So whenever she had a few moments to spare
These clothes must be altered and made fit to wear,

CINDERELLA.

The thin sister's garments she had to let out,
And take in the gowns which belonged to the stout,
And alter in parts I know nothing about ;



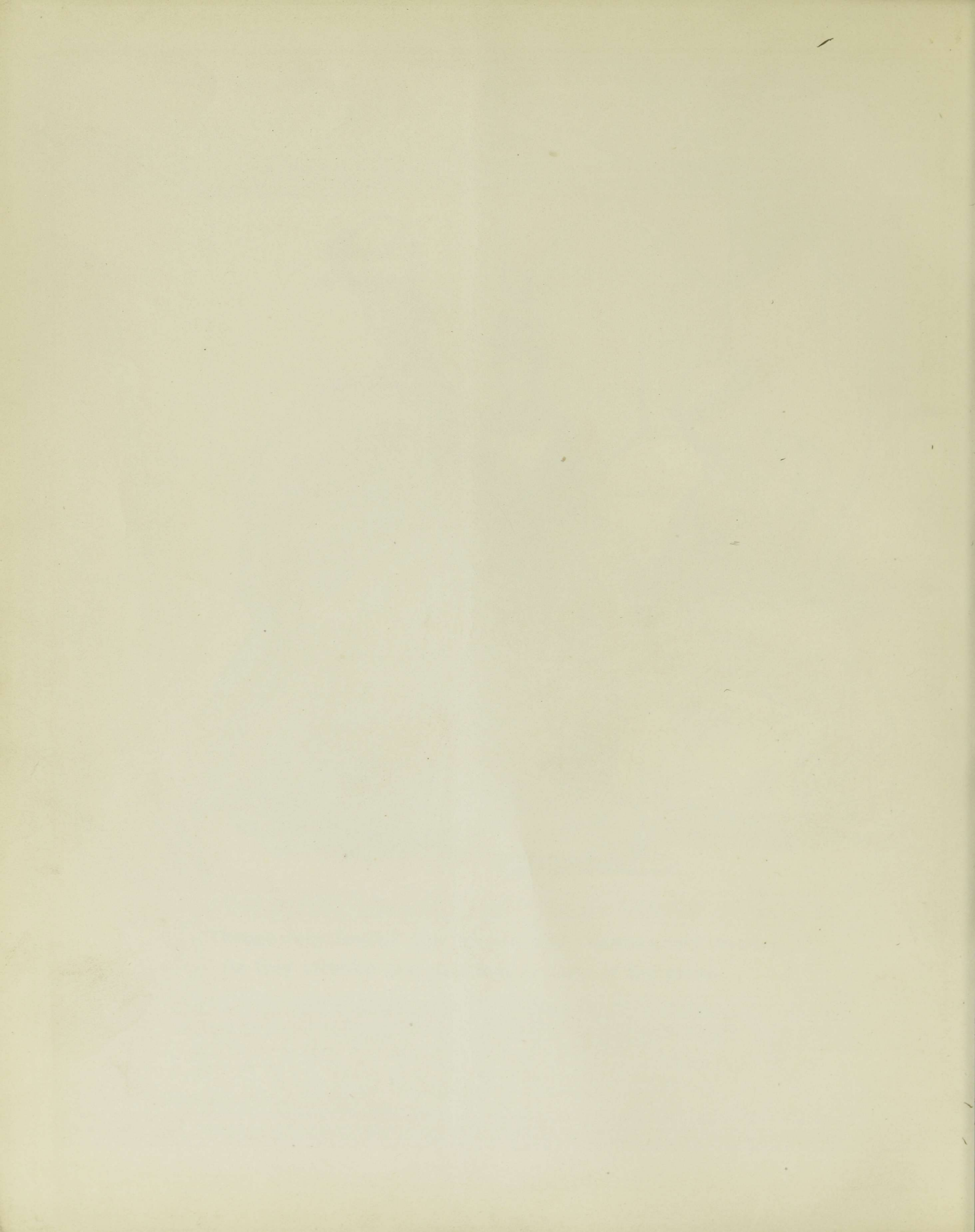
She worked at her best, but it must be confessed,
In spite of her pains, she was shabbily dressed.



I have never been told what her proper name was,
Cinderella her step-sisters called her, because

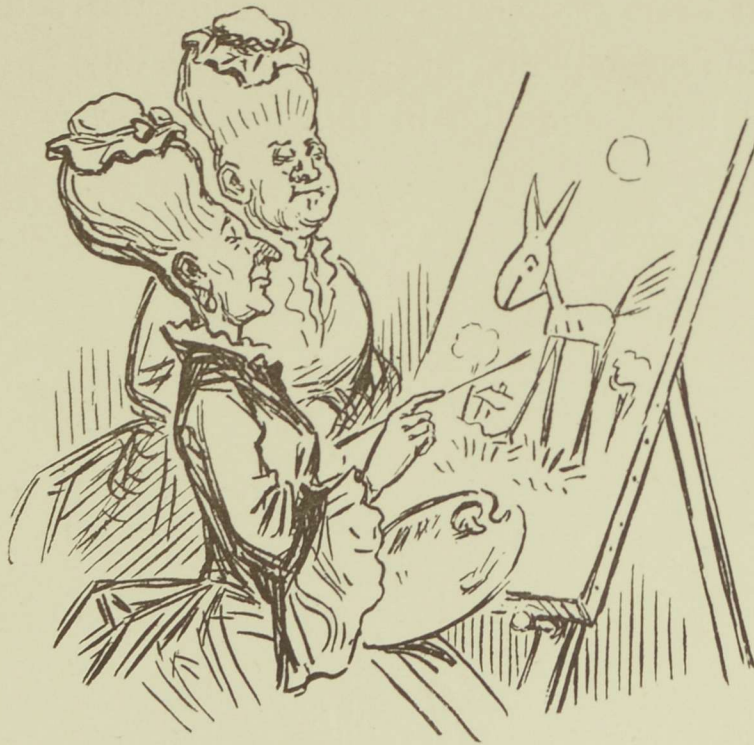


Though they fancied that no one their charms could surpass,
As they strutted and postured in front of the glass.



HOW SHE OBTAINED HER NAME.

She sometimes would rest, after toiling till late,
Near the chimney, and sit with her feet on the grate;
And while Cinderella would wash, scrub, and mend,
Her sisters upstairs many hours would spend
Reading novels, all trash from beginning to end,
Or try to paint pictures,—such daubs that they were,
They really would make a cat laugh, I declare,

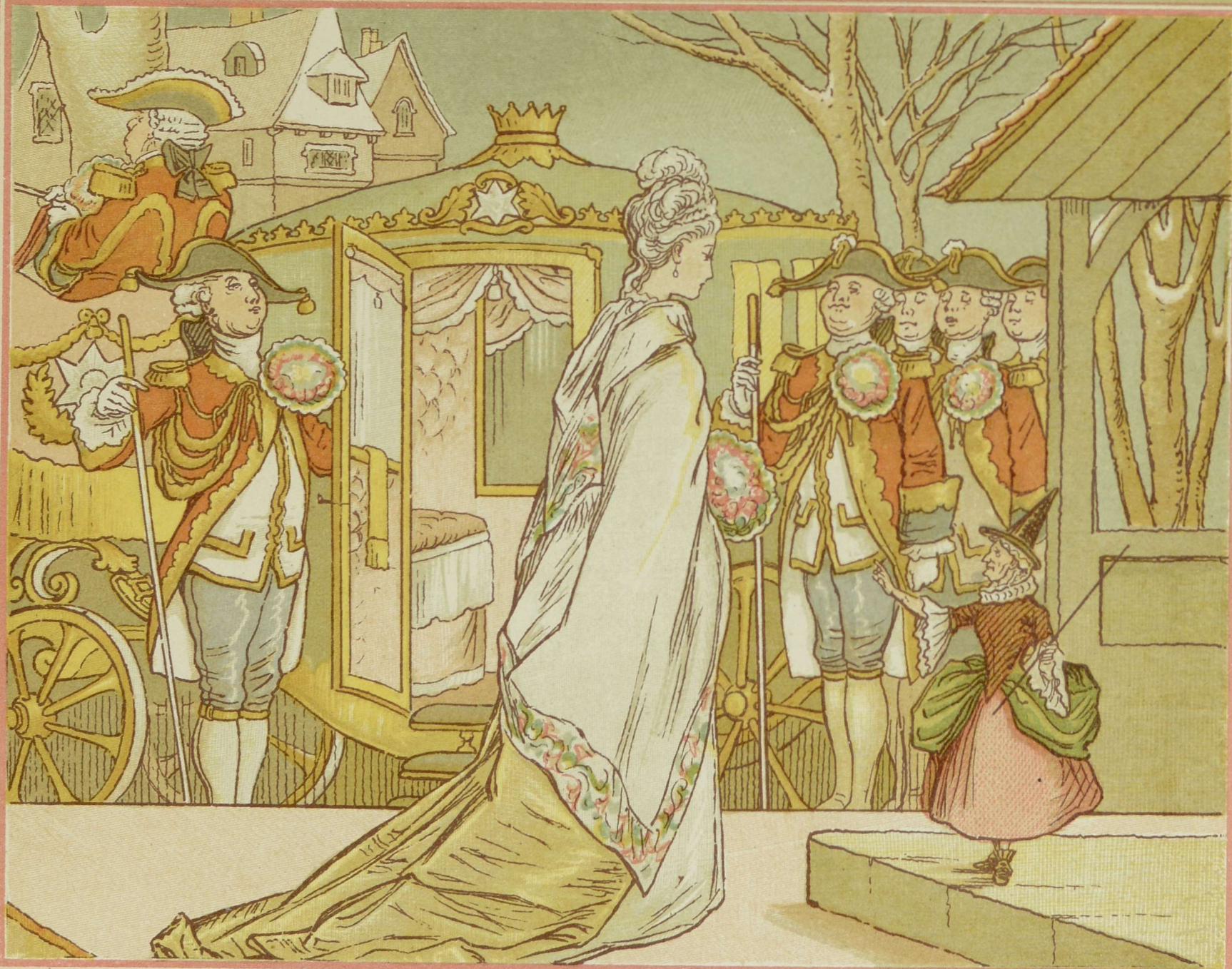


An expression by no means uncommon, 't is true,
But a thing which I can't say I've seen a cat do,
Save in Alice's Wonder-land story, wherein
There's a large Cheshire cat with a wonderful grin;
Then they'd strum the piano and twang the guitar,
And sing till their squalls could be heard from afar,
For they each had a voice sharp and harsh as a crow,
With a screech in the high notes, a grunt in the low,
And their music would give one a colic attack,
Or the creeps from one's toes to the small of one's back.

CINDERELLA.

They wanted rich husbands, and used to invite
Their friends to take tea with them night after night,
Each hoping some gallant who owned a long purse
Would be willing to take her for better or worse,—
I should say not for better, but quite the reverse ;
But none of the men seemed inclined to be caught,
And the sisters displayed their fine graces for naught,
While poor Cinderella sat lonely and sad
In the cold dreary kitchen,—'t was really too bad ;
But she didn't complain, and for many a day
She passed her young life in this unpleasant way.





So be very careful; and, now, don't delay,
Get into your carriage and hasten away.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TELLS HOW THE KING GAVE A BALL AND CINDERELLA WENT TO IT.



Now, when sweet Cinderella had turned seventeen,
The King of the country proposed to his Queen
To give a grand ball for two nights, when their son,
A handsome young Prince, should become twenty-one;



And the sisters were both of them highly delighted,
When amongst other families theirs was invited.

A famous professor of dancing, who taught
The dances in fashion just then at the Court,



Was engaged on the instant, fine dresses were
bought,

And the coming festivity
filled every thought ;
Cinderella, of course, would
have liked to go too ;
She was asked, like themselves, as the sisters
both knew ;

But they treated her wishes
with utter disdain,

And the child was too gentle and sweet to complain,
Though their harshness and selfishness gave her much pain.
And when the night came the young girl did her part
In helping her sisters to make
themselves smart.

Such a couple of guys have not
often been seen—

The tall one was dressed in
bright emerald green,
With low neck and short sleeves
like a girl of sixteen ;
While the fat one was gorgeous
in yellow and red,
With flowers of ev'ry bright hue
on her head.

They both had false teeth and
a heap of false hair,

And each powdered the tip of her nose with much care,
For the colour their cheeks should have shown was all there ;



Then they rouged themselves well, and a comical sight
Were the two disagreeable sisters that night,
Though they fancied that no one their charms could surpass
As they strutted and postured in front of the glass.
Their cab came at nine, and on leaving they said,
“Now, you’ve plenty to do, miss, so don’t go to bed ;



Don't idle your time, and mind what you're about ;
You'll get your ears boxed if the fires go out."
Then away the cab rolled, and the child shut the door
And returned to her desolate kitchen once more.
She would like to have gone, but what use were her wishes ?
So she set to work cleaning the plates and the dishes,

And sighed as she thought of her life of disgrace,
Till the tears at length gently stole down her face,



When she started to hear a small
voice very near,
“Heyday! what’s the matter,
my poor little dear?”
She turned, and there stood a
small lady in red,
With a conical hat. “Don’t be
frightened,” she said,
“I’m your godmother, child, and
I think I can guess
A part of your grief—’t is the
ball—now, confess.”
Cinderella stopped crying, and
softly said, “Yes.”

“Your sisters had no right to leave you behind.
I should just like to give them a piece of my mind,
I flatter myself I should
make them feel small.
But now, my poor child,
with regard to the ball,
I’m a fairy, and you shall
be there after all.
Just get me that pumpkin
and put it down here.”
The fairy then waved her
small wand in the air,
And behold a magnificent
carriage was there.



“Now fetch me the mouse-trap, eight mice, a good team;”
Hey, presto! eight horses, the colour of cream,
In bright silver harness, stood pawing the ground.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

“Very good,” said the Fairy; and then she looked round,
“And now for the coachman,—ah, there’s a fine rat!”



At once a tall coachman in splendour there sat
In scarlet and gold and a three-cornered hat;



Next she told Cinderella six lizards to place
On the ground, and there, blazing in splendid gold lace,

CINDERELLA.

Stood six powdered footmen in scarlet and blue,
With silk stockinged calves most imposing to view.
“But how can I go in this dress, if you please?”
Said the girl. “Oh, my dear, that’s managed with ease:
You shall be the best dressed at the palace to-night!”
Cinderella just then gave a scream of delight,
For the common print dress which she had on before



Had gone, and a robe of white satin she wore,
Trimmed with exquisite lace, while, to add to her charms,
Lustrous diamonds flashed on her fair neck and arms,
And, strange to relate, on her sweet little feet
Were tiny glass slippers, remarkably neat;
A diadem gleamed in her soft powdered hair,
And she carried a bouquet of flowers most fair,
And presented a vision of loveliness rare.



Well, the fairy's smart carriage drove up with a dash,
The guard gave a royal salute with a clash.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S GIFTS.

“Now, child,” said the Fairy, “I think we shall do.
But one thing I wish to impress upon you,—
Don't stop after midnight, pray take my advice ;
If you do so one moment, your dress in a trice
Will become what it was, and your horses be mice ;
So be very careful ; and now don't delay,
Get into your carriage and hasten away.”
Cinderella at once in the coach took her seat,
The eight splendid horses then pranced down the street
Towards the King's castle, and soon at the gate
The gorgeous equipage arrived in great state.

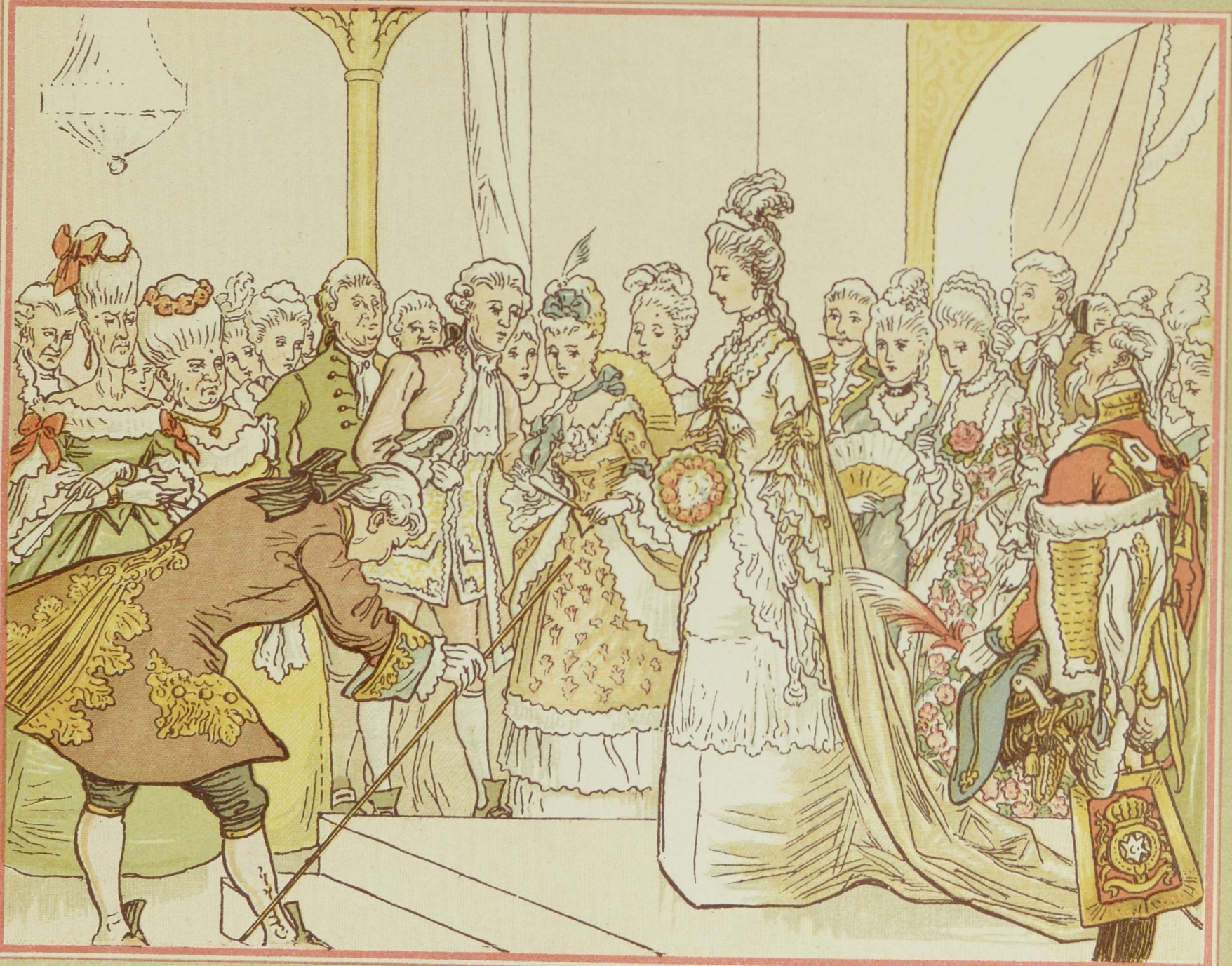


CHAPTER III.

WHICH TREATS OF THE BALL AND HOW CINDERELLA ENJOYED IT.



THE halls of the palace were brilliant that night,
Many thousands of lamps shed their silvery light
In the splendid saloons, upon sweet pretty faces,
On elegant dresses, bright jewels, and laces.
There were Dukes, Lords, and Barons in gorgeous array,
The Army and Navy in uniforms gay,
All with white powdered hair—quite the thing in that day;
The King wore his robes and his very best crown;
The Queen was a wonderful sight in a gown
So stiff with embroidery, jewels, and gold,
It would stand just as well by itself, I've been told.
There were handsome Court ladies in splendid costumes,
With long sweeping trains and magnificent plumes,
And every one dressed in his smartest and best,
As if every guest wished to rival the rest,
Which sometimes, perhaps, is the case with the fair,
When they study for hours what dress they will wear;
But 'tis dangerous ground, so I'd better take care.



As she passed through the crowd, in her beauty so rare,
Looking lovelier far than the loveliest there.

THE COURT BALL.

Well, the beauty and fashion were all of them there,
And presented a sight which was certainly grand
As they galloped and waltzed to the crash of the band,
And whirled round and round in a glittering crowd,
And set to their partners, and *chasséd*, and bowed;



Some chattered and laughed, some made love on the stairs
Or in well-curtained corners just suited for pairs.
And to see how the fat sister danced was a treat,—
She bumped up and down on her great clumsy feet,
And the bounds that she made shook the floor so, that those
Who were near her took very great care of their toes;
While the other one's gambols, I give you my word,
With a stout little partner, were just as absurd.

CINDERELLA.

Well, the Fairy's smart carriage drove up with a dash,



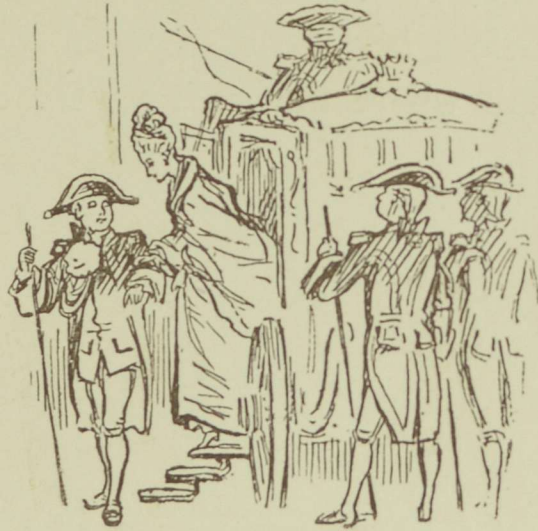
The Guard gave a royal salute with a clash



And a flourish of trumpets; they hadn't a doubt

THE UNKNOWN PRINCESS.

A carriage so splendid and such a turn-out,



And footmen with calves so majestic, must be
Sure sign of some person of Royal degree ;



Then His Majesty's chamberlain hastened to greet
The unknown Princess, bowing down to his feet,

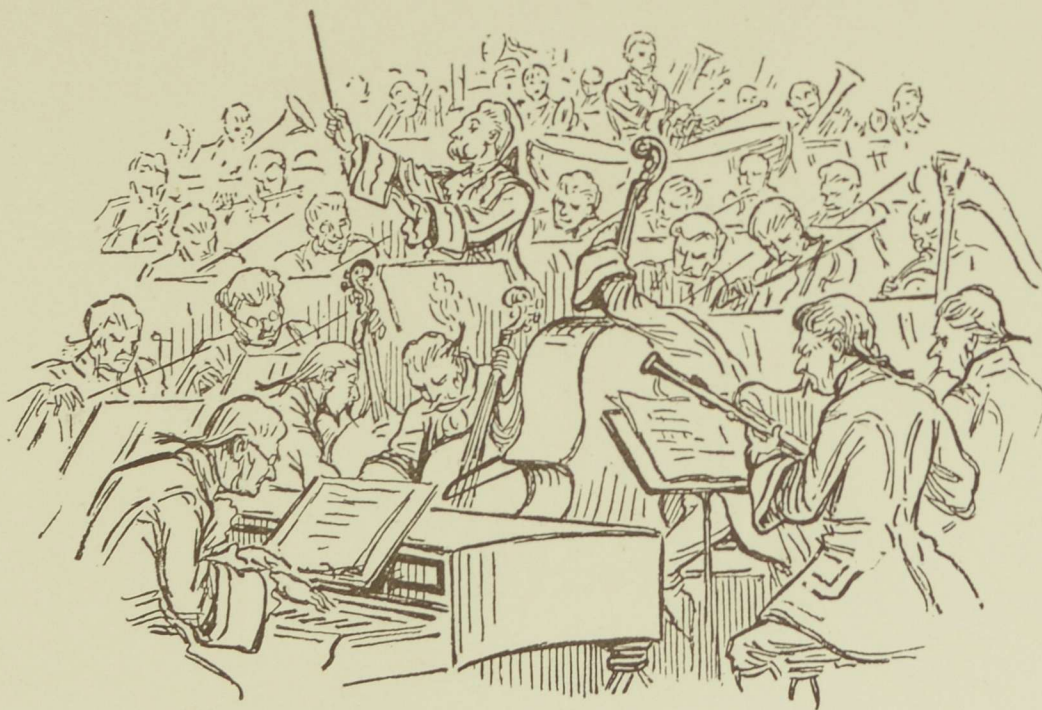
CINDERELLA.

And with dignified airs showed her up the broad stairs
Where the King's Royal Life Guards were standing in pairs,
And backing before her some steps in advance,
Reached the hall where the guests were enjoying the dance.



As she passed through the crowd in her beauty so rare,
Looking lovelier far than the loveliest there,
A buzz of amazement was heard far and near—
“How charming!—who is she?” but no one could say,
And poor Cinderella was filled with dismay
When she saw the sensation her entrance had made:
She stopped, and she blushed, and felt sadly afraid,
She had hoped to have joined the gay party unseen;
But with beauty so striking and robed like a Queen,

With all eyes upon her she stood quite alone,—
For a timid young girl it was trying you'll own ;
But the Queen came to meet her, and held out her hand,
And the King bade her welcome. I don't understand
Why they were not surprised, but no doubt 't was all planned
By the Fairy ; and therefore, no doubt, 't was all right.
And when the child found they were both so polite



She soon gained her courage ; and then the King's son,
The handsome young Prince who was then twenty-one,
Came and asked her to dance, and she gave him her hand,
While the orchestra struck up a gay saraband,
And he led his fair partner to join in the throng,
While the little glass slippers tripped gaily along,
And flew swiftly over the well-polished floor ;
Then the Prince after that dance danced two or three more.
'T was a case most decided of love at first sight—
His Highness scarce took his eyes off her that night.

CINDERELLA.

Her soft winning manner possessed such a charm,
They sat side by side, and they strolled arm-in-arm ;



He took her to supper, and stood by her chair,
And pressed her with all the good things that were there,
And you haven't a notion what goodies there were ;
What jellies and creams, what delicious jam tarts,
What cakes full of plums, which would gladden the hearts
Of my juvenile readers. I fancy I hear
Them exclaim, "Oh! I say, don't I wish I'd been there,
And been able to eat what I liked!" but 't is strange,
As we get on in years, how our sentiments change ;
And when we're grown up, and can do as we please,
And may eat scores of tarts and nice things such as these,



And fetched them their slippers, and undid their hair,
And otherwise helped them for bed to prepare.

THE HOUR FOR DEPARTURE ARRIVES.

We don't find it bliss, or consider it luck,
To be able to revel in what we called tuck.



Well, the hours flew fast until midnight drew near,
When she said, "Pray excuse me, your Highness, I fear
I must now take my leave." Said the Prince, "Don't say so ;



It's not even midnight. You really can't go
At so early an hour. Do, pray, change your mind."
But of course Cinderella most wisely declined.

CINDERELLA.

So the Prince wrapped her up in her cloak with much care,
Led her down to the door, and her carriage was there ;
He pressed her small hand, said it gave him much pain
To find she could not be induced to remain,
But he trusted next evening to see her again.
Then he handed her into the coach, shut the door—
Through the glass of the window their eyes met once more.



The carriage drove off and reached home—just in time—
As midnight began through the city to chime.
The Fairy was there, and remarked, “Well, my dear,
You’re in time ; I was really beginning to fear
Your enjoyment had made you forget my advice.
See, your carriage has vanished—your horses are mice !”
It was just as she said : she was in her old clothes,
But I think that the Prince would have known her in those,
For her lovely blue eyes he could never forget—
He had fallen in love from the moment they met.
“And now,” said the Fairy, “I’ll wish you good night.
I’ve looked to the fires, and everything’s right ;

You've enjoyed yourself greatly this evening 't is plain,
To-morrow, my child, you shall go there again."

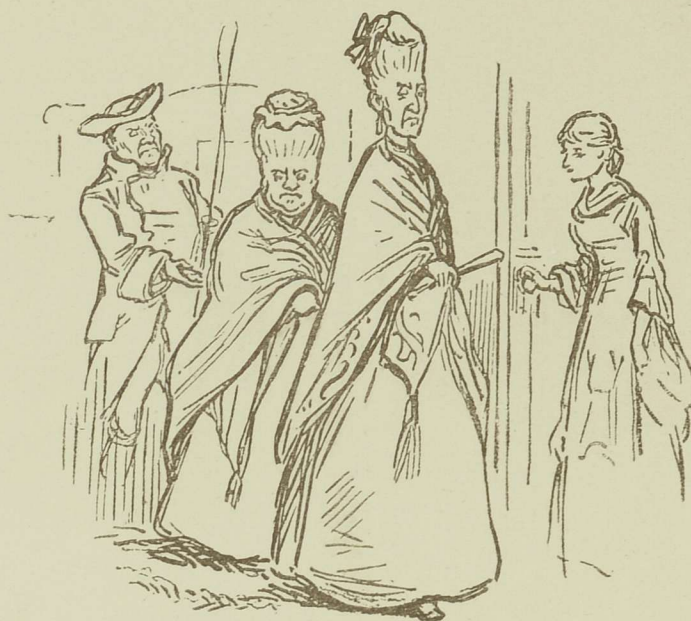


And before the young girl could express her delight,
The godmother nodded and vanished from sight.
When the Fairy was gone, Cinderella sat down
To let out a tuck in her sister's old gown ;
Her fingers flew swiftly their task to complete,
And she gave way meanwhile to a reverie sweet,



As she thought of the ball and of what had occurred,
Recalling with pleasure each look and each word

Of the handsome young Prince. And in this dreamy state
She worked till a carriage rolled up to the gate,



And a sharp angry knock at once made her aware
That her tyrants, the ill-tempered sisters, were there—
She could hear their harsh voices disputing the fare.

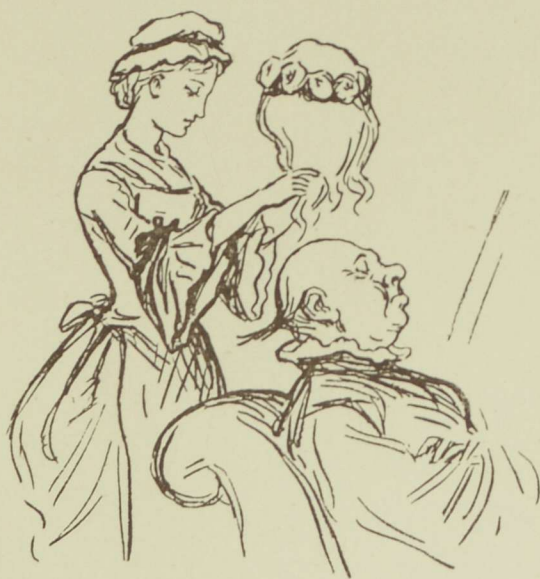


She took off their cloaks, and, in spite of their frowns,
Good-humouredly helped them to take off their gowns
And fetched them their slippers, and undid their hair,



She tore through the crowded saloon like the wind,
Her long satin train, as she ran, streamed behind.

And otherwise helped them for bed to prepare,
While they talked of the ball, and of all the folks there.
They were tired and cross, and conversed with much spite
Of a lady who'd caused a sensation that night ;
And she smiled to herself as her looks they decried,
Little thinking the lady then stood by their side.
For, of course, neither could for one moment suppose
It was poor Cinderella in those splendid clothes.



They pooh-poohed her beauty—considered her plain—
By no means a lady—excessively vain ;
Said she really was dressed in the vulgarest taste—
That her lace was all sham, and her jewels all paste—
They were sure she was painted, and pinched at the waist ;
Then the way she went on with the Prince—'pon their word,
It was really disgraceful—and something absurd—
His Highness's conduct. They wondered the King
Didn't stop his flirtation with such a bold thing.
“Won't you take me to-morrow? I'm longing to go,”
Slyly asked Cinderella. They both shouted, “No!—

CINDERELLA.

The idea, indeed!—a young hussy like you
To think about balls—and besides, who's to do
The work of the house? Come, be off, miss, to bed;
Balls, indeed! You deserve a good smack on the head.
If ever you mention the subject again
You'll get your ears boxed pretty soundly—that's plain."
The girl bit her lips, but she said nothing more,
She wished them good night, and then walked to the door.



CHAPTER IV.

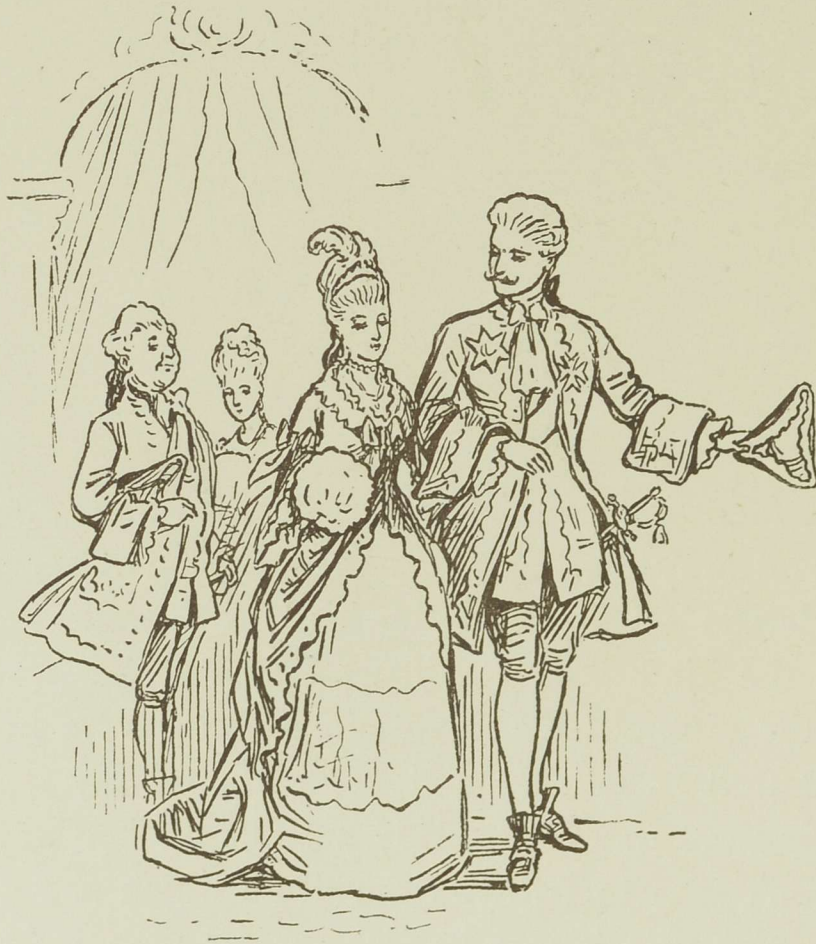
SHOWING HOW CINDERELLA WENT AGAIN TO THE BALL, AND FORGOT THE
FAIRY'S WARNING.



THE following evening the sisters, in state,
Drove away to the ball; and, with eagerness great,
Cinderella sat down in the kitchen to wait
For the kind little Fairy, who, true to her word,
As the nine o'clock chimes in the city were heard,
Appeared as before; and in dazzling array
Once more the young lady set out on her way.
I won't stop to tell you the dress which she wore,
But I'm sure it was handsomer far than before;
She certainly might have been dressed just the same,
But fashion, no doubt, would consider that tame.
The Prince was most anxiously on the look-out:
Now he'd look at his watch, then he'd fidget about
From one room to another, and prick up his ears
Whenever a rustle was heard on the stairs;
And at last, as he eagerly gazed at the door,
With delight he beheld his fair partner once more—

CINDERELLA.

A vision of loveliness, blushing and shy,
And the wonder of all young and old who stood by.
As he met her she raised her bright eyes from the ground
And gave him a glance, and his heart gave a bound.
He offered his arm ; and again her small feet
Kept time in the dance to the melody sweet.



The Court looked and wondered, for all of them saw
The Prince's attentions more marked than before,
And the sisters made nasty remarks by the score,
For which they had no reason under the sun
But that she possessed beauty and they boasted none.
Well, time flew on wings, and indeed sped so fast
That it seemed as if scarcely an hour had passed ;

HER HURRIED DEPARTURE.

The Prince and our heroine sat in a bower,
So wrapt in sweet converse they knew not the hour
Till the palace great clock began slowly to chime,
And the fair Cinderella inquired the time.



Said the Prince, "Why, it's twelve." She grew white as a sheet.
"Oh, my goodness!" cried she, and she sprang to her feet,
Clasped her hands in despair, never uttered adieu,
But rushed from the room—the clock chimed as she flew;
She tore through the crowded saloon like the wind,
Her long satin train, as she ran, streamed behind,
And the dancers all thought she was out of her mind.

CINDERELLA.

At the last stroke of twelve she had reached the great door,
In an instant the elegant robe which she wore



Was her poor cotton frock; and the guard, with surprise,
Saw a shabby young servant-girl dart past their eyes.



The Prince was at first quite struck dumb with dismay
At his lady's departure in this sudden way;



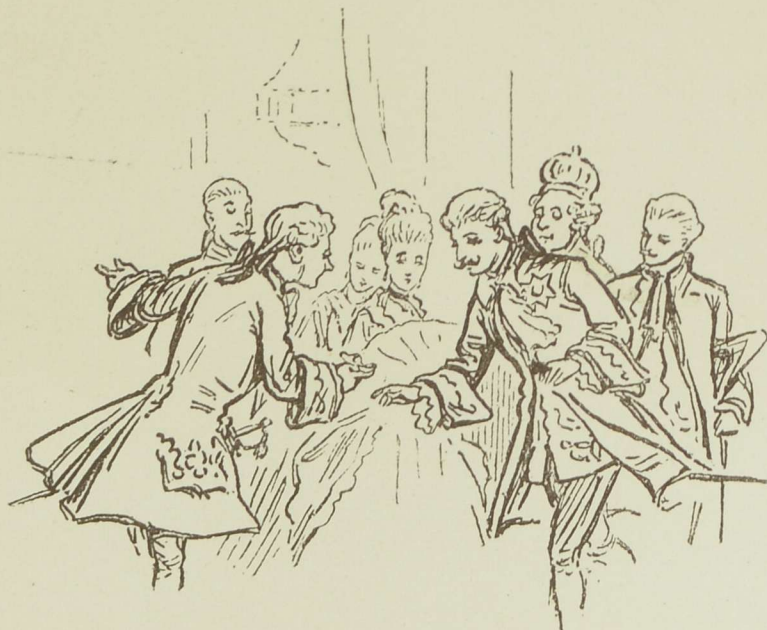
Let the slipper be sent through the land far and wide,
And the girl who can wear it I'll greet as your bride.

A VAIN PURSUIT.

Then he jumped up and followed her steps with all speed
But he saw her no more. All he did see, indeed,



Was a poor little servant run out in hot haste,
In a terrible fright, just as if she were chased.
He searched, and he searched, every corner and nook,—
Not a sign of the Princess—'t was useless to look.

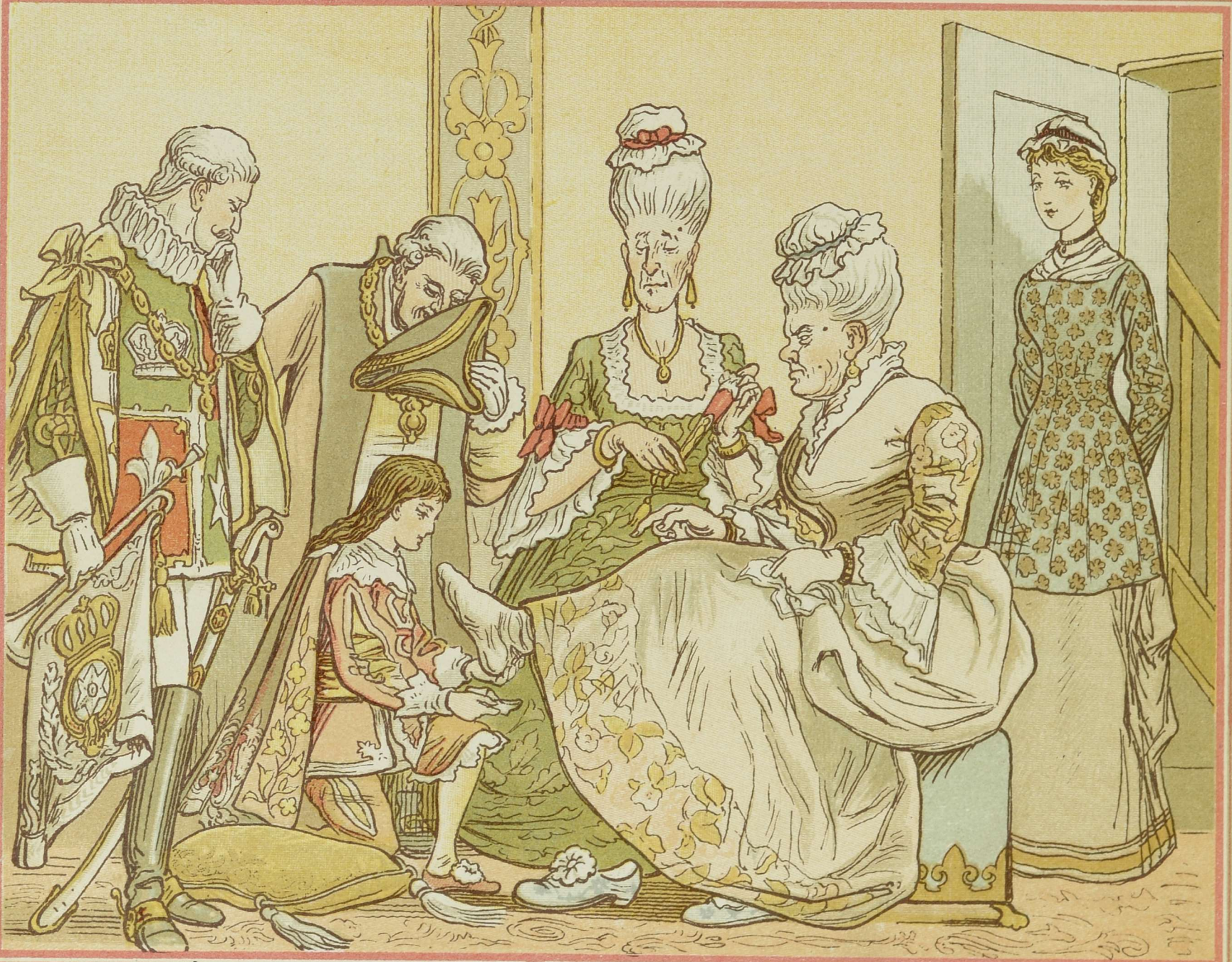


All questioned and wondered, but no one could guess
What could have become of the lovely Princess ;

CINDERELLA.

Not a clue had she left, only this: There was found
In the deep snow outside, a small shoe on the ground—
A tiny glass slipper; the Prince knew it well;
There was no name upon it its owner to tell.
The Prince took the sweet little shoe with a sigh,
And tenderly kissed it when no one was by;
And he made up his mind its wearer to find,
And to make her his wife if her heart was inclined.





The two ugly sisters determined to try ;
There was many a smile from the folks who stood by.

CHAPTER . . .

IN WHICH THE PRINCE DISCOVERS THE OWNER OF THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER, AND THE STORY ENDS HAPPILY.



ON reaching the street, through snow and through sleet
Ran the poor little girl with one shoe on her feet ;



It's a wonder she didn't take cold in the storm,
In her thin cotton dress, without anything warm ;

CINDERELLA.

Perhaps she escaped from her running so fast;—
On she sped through the streets and reached home safe at last :
The house was all dark. On the previous night
When she came home she found all the kitchen set right,
The supper prepared, and the fires all bright ;
Now, the kitchen was dirty, things lying about,
The supper uncooked, and the fires gone out.
She groped for a candle—and then she first knew
That on one of her feet there was still a glass shoe.



Why this one was left, while her costume so grand
Had vanished, she could not at all understand ;
But thinking the shoe might be useful some day,
She wrapped it in paper, and put it away ;
And then set to work to clean up with a will,
To turn down the beds, and the boiler to fill,
To prepare something nice for her sisters to eat,
Set everything right, and make everything neat ;
And while thus employed, the two sisters returned,
And as they talked over the matter she learned
What a fuss had been caused at the ball by her flight,
And she blushed, and her little heart throbbed with delight
As they went on to speak of the Prince's despair,



The sisters were speechless, and trembled with dread,
When thoughts rose in their minds of the life she had led

And how he went rushing about everywhere
In search of the lady, and how some one there
Had seen him quite frantic when no one was near,
Walking backwards and forwards, and tearing his hair,
And kissing a shoe which the vain creature wore,
And which some one picked up lying close to the door.
“The crack-brained young noodle!” the two sisters said—
Cinderella’s eyes flashed, and she turned very red,



When they spoke of her Prince in this insolent strain :
It annoyed her so much she could scarcely refrain
From pulling the wisp of the speaker’s red hair
She was then combing out ; it was too much to bear ;
But she stifled her feelings the best way she could,
And let the two sisters talk on as they would.
Well, for two or three days when the thing became known
From the cottager up to the King on his throne,
All talked of this strange and amazing affair,
And marvelled that none of the lady could hear,
Till the King, who was blessed with a fair share of wit,
Said, “ My son, you’ve a shoe ; well, some foot it must fit ;

CINDERELLA.

Let the slipper be sent though the land, far and wide,
And the girl who can wear it I'll greet as your bride."



For the shoe was so perfectly made, and so small,
They were both quite convinced it would not fit at all



Any foot but its owner's—for whom it was meant.
So the slipper forthwith with a Herald was sent,

WHO OWNED THE GLASS SLIPPER?

And the King's will proclaimed; and some fair ones, we're told,
To try on their feet the glass slipper made bold;



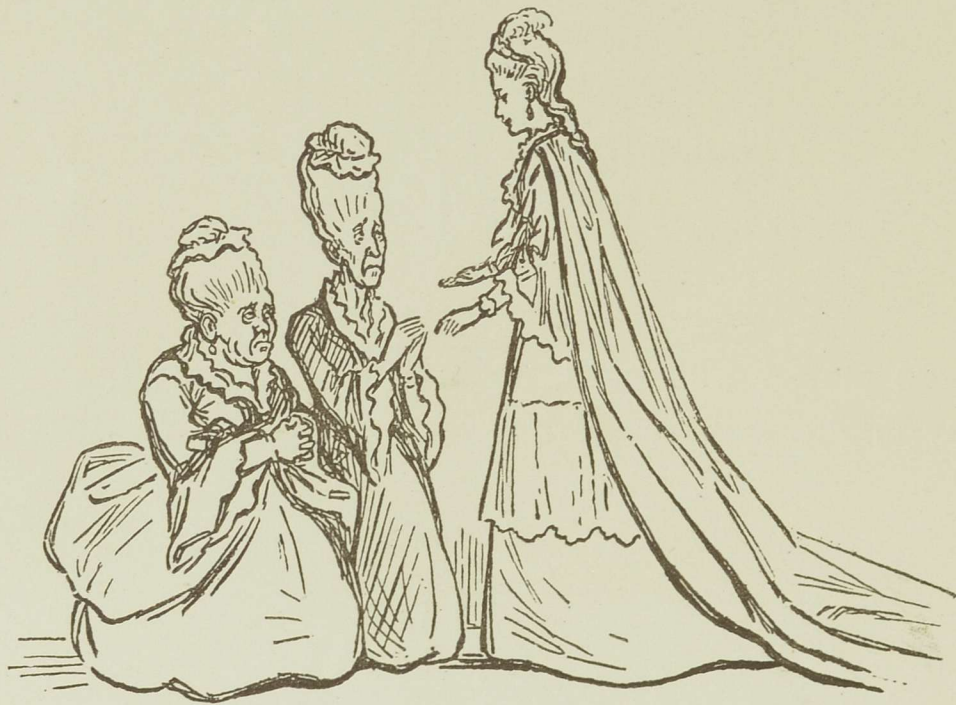
But no matter who tried, not a foot would it fit,—
They might squeeze as they liked, 't was no use, not a bit.



The Herald arrived in due course at the square
Where the three sisters lived, and amongst the folks there
The two ugly sisters determined to try;
There was many a smile from the folks who stood by,

CINDERELLA.

For the sisters had both such big feet, with a glance
You could see that they hadn't the very least chance
Of getting it on ; but they both of them tried—
They squeezed, and they tugged, and with pain they both cried
For the wee little slipper so cramped each great hoof,
And gave them such nips, that it needed small proof
They never had worn it ; while, standing aloof,



Cinderella observed their proceedings meanwhile,
And witnessed their foolish attempts with a smile.
The Herald then rose to continue his way,
When the young girl implored him a moment to stay,
And allow her to try. Her two sisters both stared,
And, bursting with ill-natured laughter, declared
She was out of her mind ; but the Herald was stern,
And determined to give the poor servant her turn ;
So she took the small shoe, and at once they could see
That it fitted her sweet little foot to a T ;

THE PRINCE MARRIES CINDERELLA.

And then, as they stared, from her pocket she drew
And untied a small parcel, and there in their view
Without the least doubt was the other small shoe,
Which she also put on ; and then, strange to relate,
A Princess they saw in her bright robes of state ;
Peerless beauty she stood in the midst of them all
In the dress which she wore the last night of the ball !
The sisters were speechless, and trembled with dread,
When thoughts rose in their minds of the life she had led
Beneath their harsh rule ; so they fell on their knees,
And asked for her pardon. She set them at ease,
Kissed them both, and informed them they'd nothing to fear.



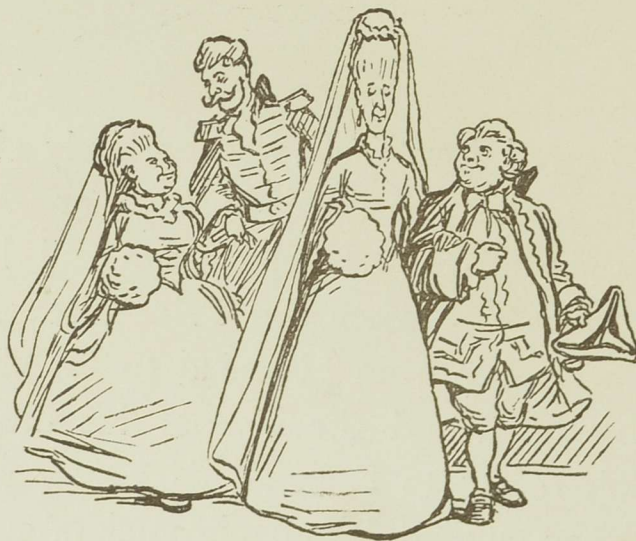
The Herald bowed low, for 't was perfectly clear
The lady before him was destined to wear
A crown, as the wife of the King's son and heir.
You may be very sure when the Prince heard the news
He fluttered with joy from his head to his shoes ;
He offered his hand and the love of his life,
And she didn't refuse to become his young wife.
The wedding was splendid, and chroniclers say
They were happy together for many a day ;
And the sisters, 't is said, in due time were both wed ;
Let us hope they became pleasant creatures instead

CINDERELLA.

Of the ill-natured things they had been all their lives,
Or their husbands, I think, must have found them queer wives.

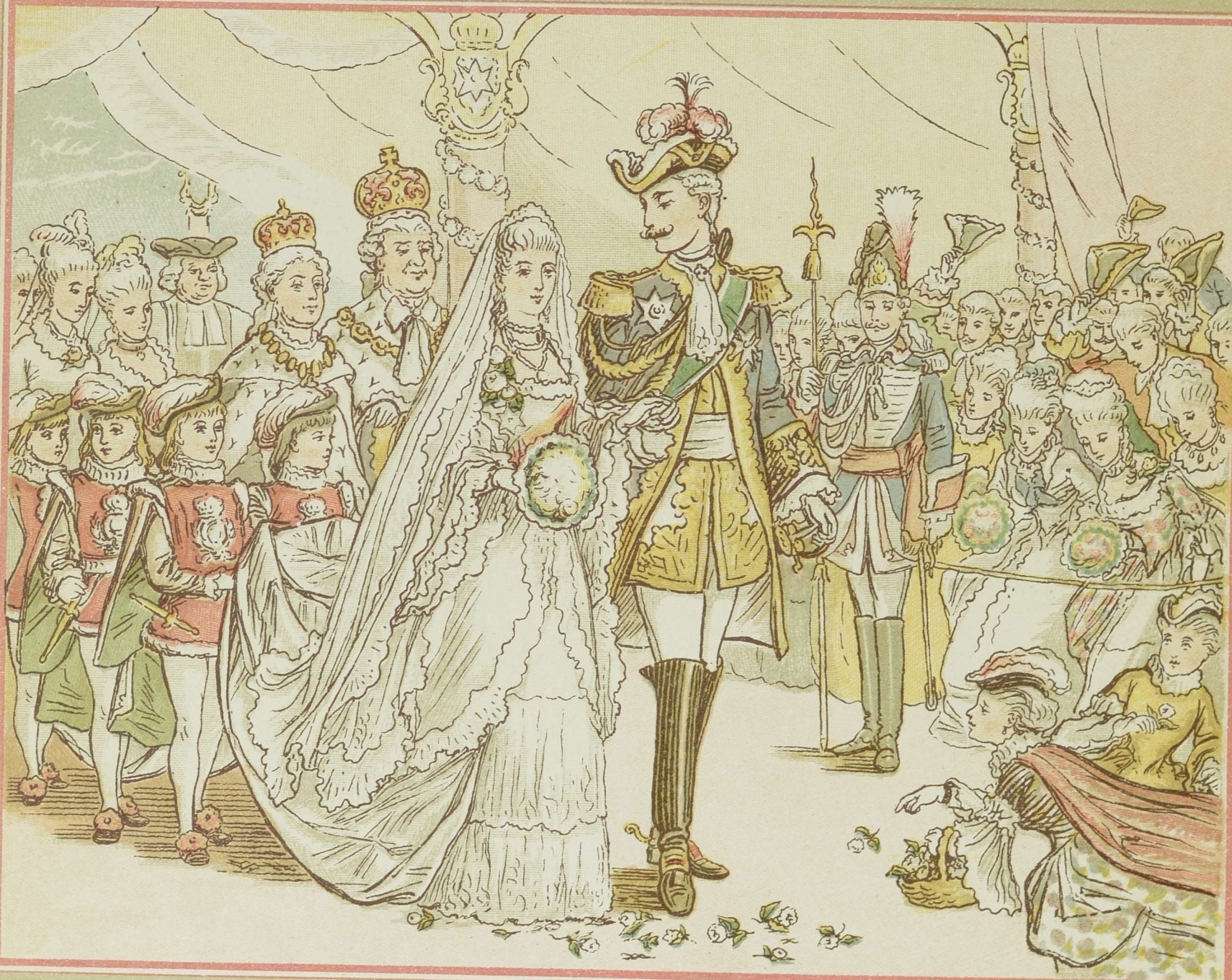


A fat little Alderman, rolling in cash,
Was the tall sister's victim—I think he was rash ;
While the short one became, as a matter of course,
The bride of a long lanky Colonel of Horse.
And now, little folks, a conclusion I'll draw
To this tale, for I really don't know any more.



FINIS.

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The wedding was splendid, and chroniclers say
They were happy together for many a day.





