

AUNT FRIENDS

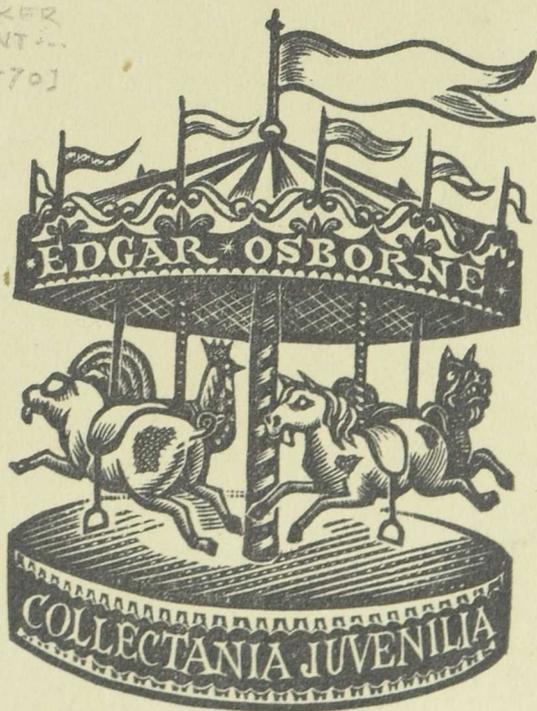
NURSERY

KEPSAKE

WITH

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

ET
BAKER
AUNT
[1870]

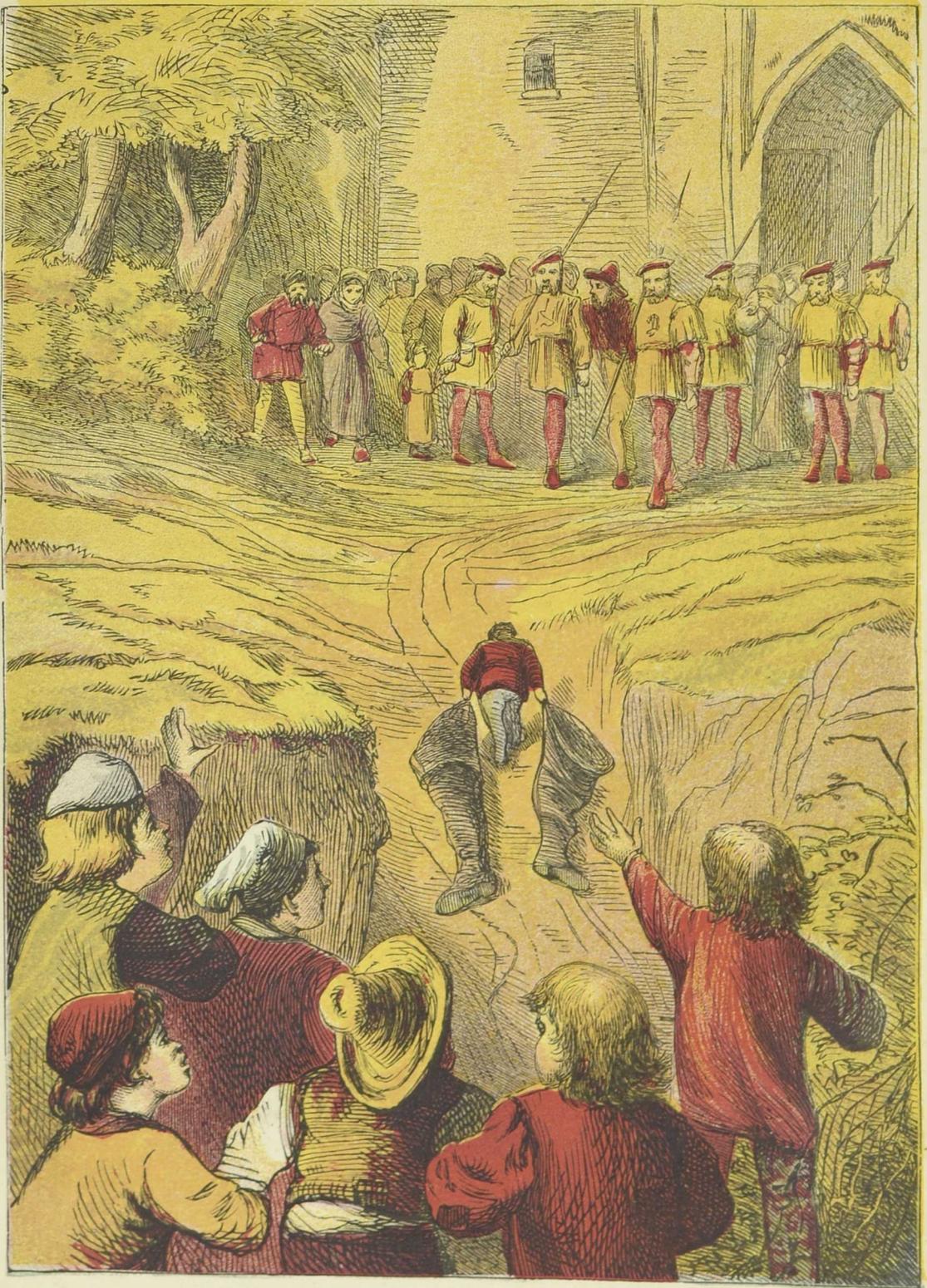


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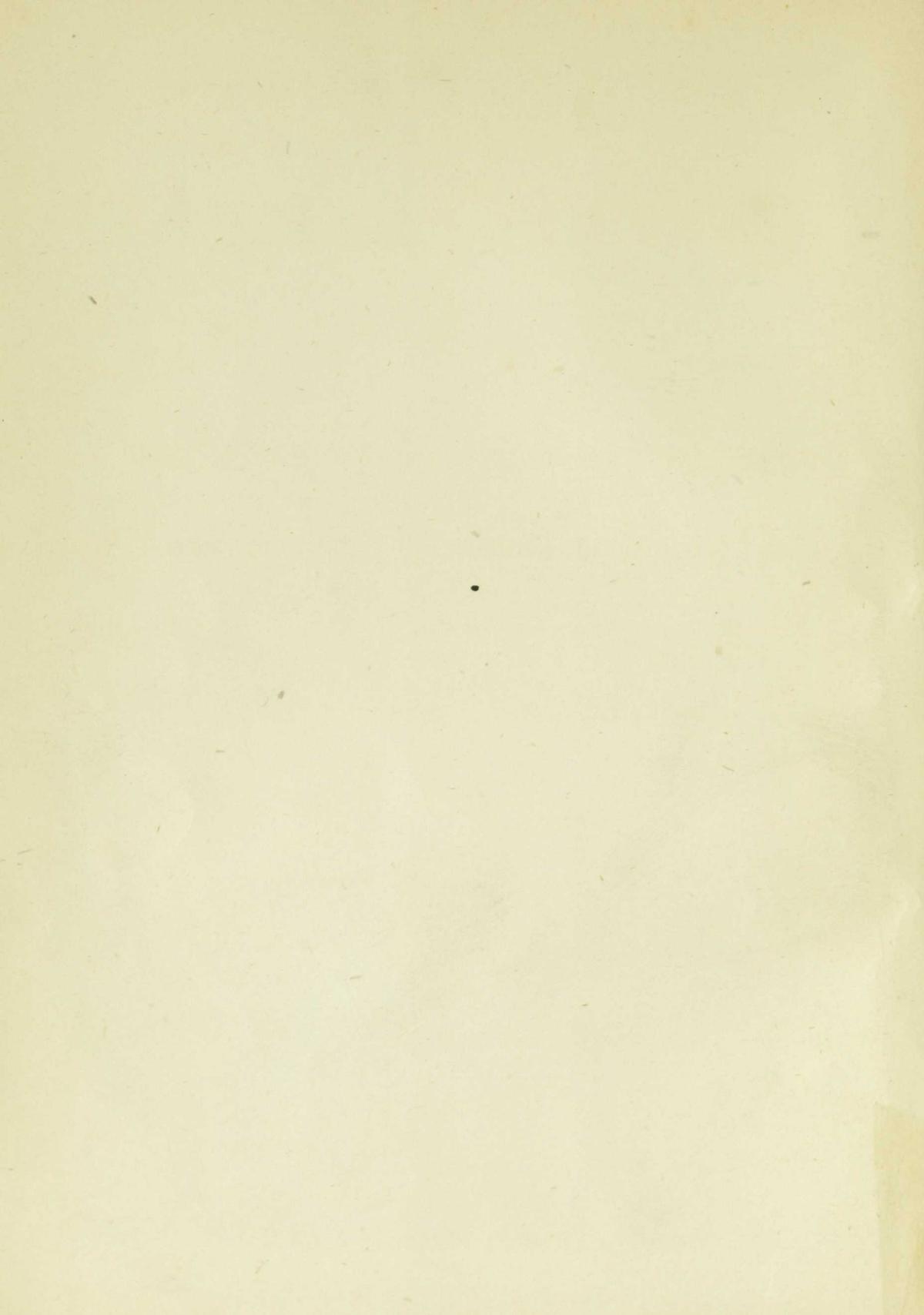
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MABEL OSBORNE

AUNT FRIENDLY'S
NURSERY KEEPSAKE.



HOP O' MY THUMB SAVES HIS PARENTS.



AUNT FRIENDLY'S
NURSERY KEEPSAKE.

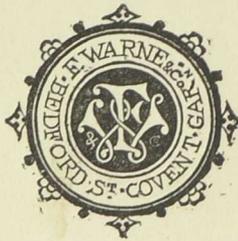
CONTAINING

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WITH

LETTER-PRESS DESCRIPTIONS.



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Preface.

THE great success which has attended the Nursery Literature issued by the Publishers, has induced them to add another volume to the Children's Library. AUNT FRIENDLY'S NURSERY KEEPSAKE will, they are sure, be a welcome gift to all the Little Ones.

LONDON, 1870.

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HOP O' MY THUMB.



SING-A-SONG OF SIXPENCE.





THE OPENING OF THE PIE.

SING-A-SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING-a-song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?



THE KING COUNTING HIS MONEY.

The king was in his counting-house

Counting out his money ;

The queen was in the parlour

Eating bread and honey.



THE QUEEN IN HER PARLOUR.



THE MAID IN THE GARDEN.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes ;
By came a Jackdaw,
And snapt off her nose.

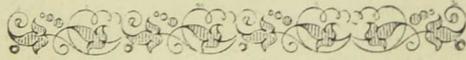


THE JACKDAW'S WICKEDNESS.

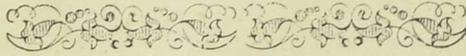
They sent for the king's doctor,
Who sewed it on again ;
The Jackdaw for this naughtiness
Deservedly was slain.



THE MAID AND THE DOCTOR.



THE FROG WHO WOULD A
WOOING GO.

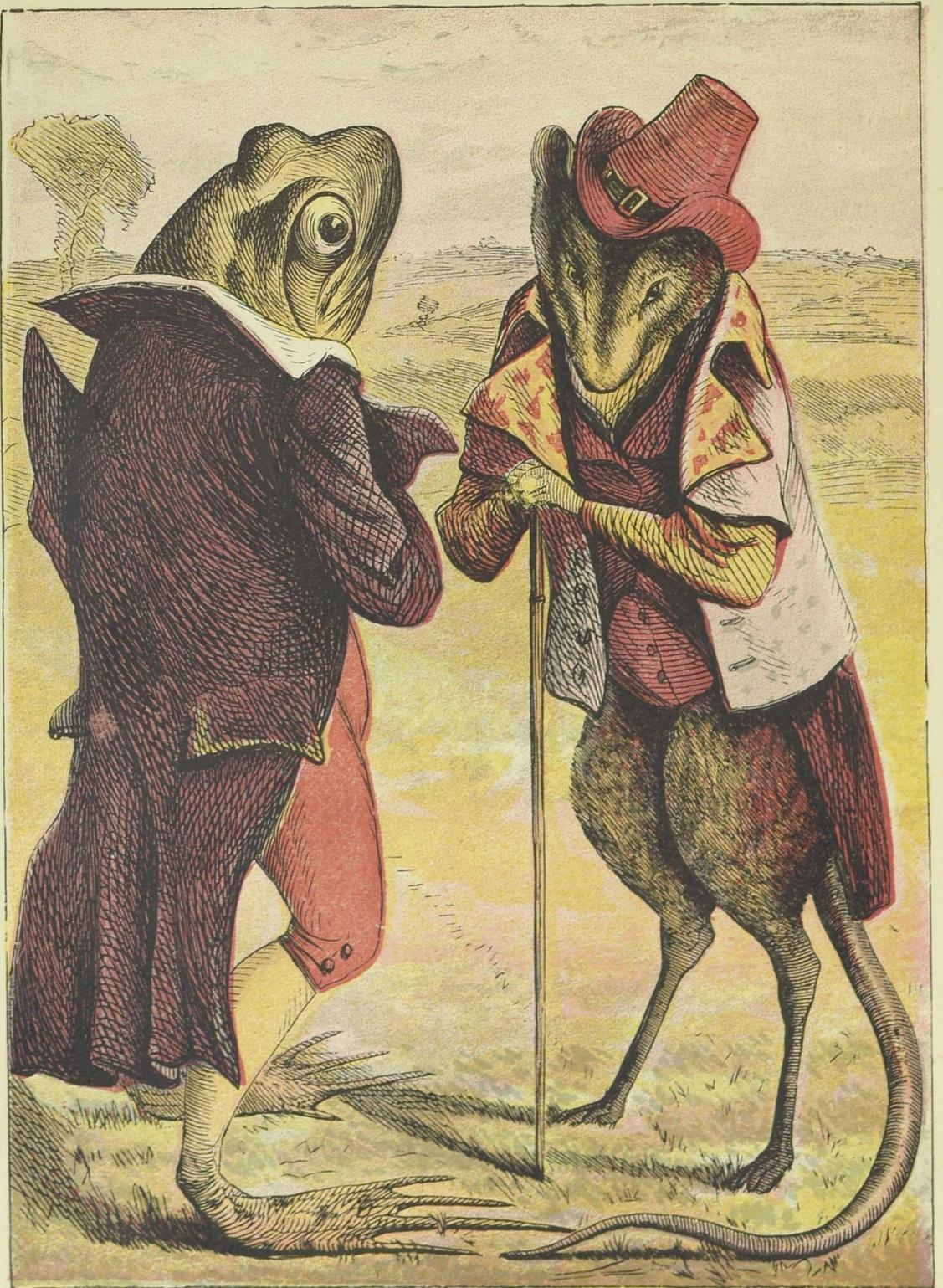




THE FROG IN FULL DRESS.

THE FROG WHO WOULD A WOOING GO.

A FROG he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
So off he marched with his nice new hat,
And on the way he met a rat.



FROGGY MEETS THE RAT.

When they came to the door of the
Mouse's Hall,

They gave a loud knock, and they gave a
loud call.

“ Pray Mrs. Mouse, are you within ? ”

“ Oh yes, Mr. Rat, I am learning to spin. ”

“ Pray Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some
beer ?

For Froggy and I are fond of good
cheer. ”



MRS. MOUSE SPINNING.



THE MERRY-MAKING.

But as they were all a merry-making,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling
in.

The Cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse
down.

This put poor frog in a terrible fright,
So he took up his hat and he wished them
good night.



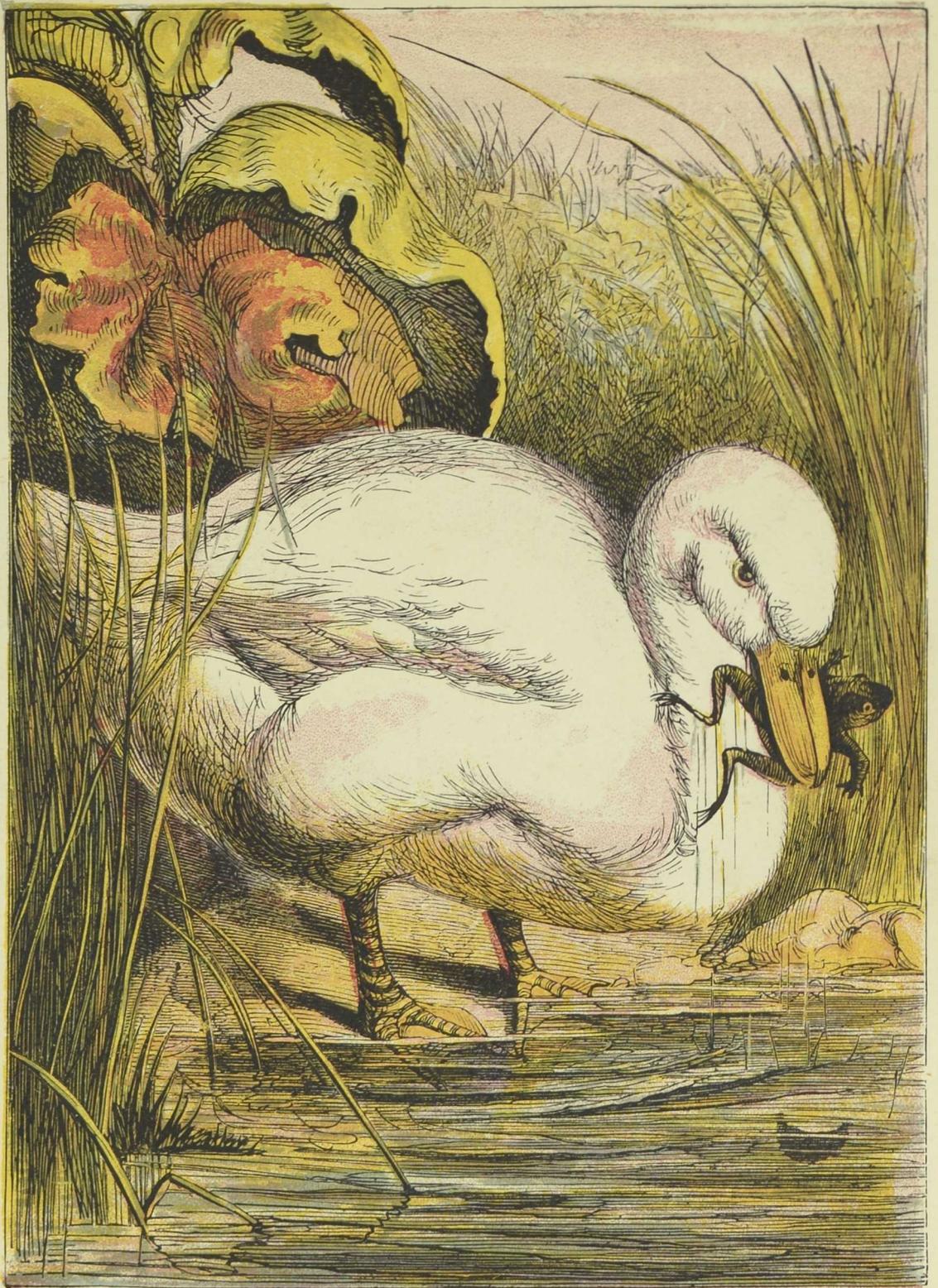
FROGGY FRIGHTENED.

As Froggy was crossing him over a
brook,

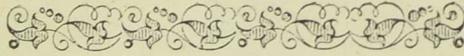
A lilly-white duck came and gobbled him
up.

So there was an end of one, two, and
three,

The Rat, the Mouse, and the little
Froggee?



DEATH OF POOR FROGGY.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.





GOING TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

ONCE upon a time there was an old pig with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house;" which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said,—

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered,—

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that,—

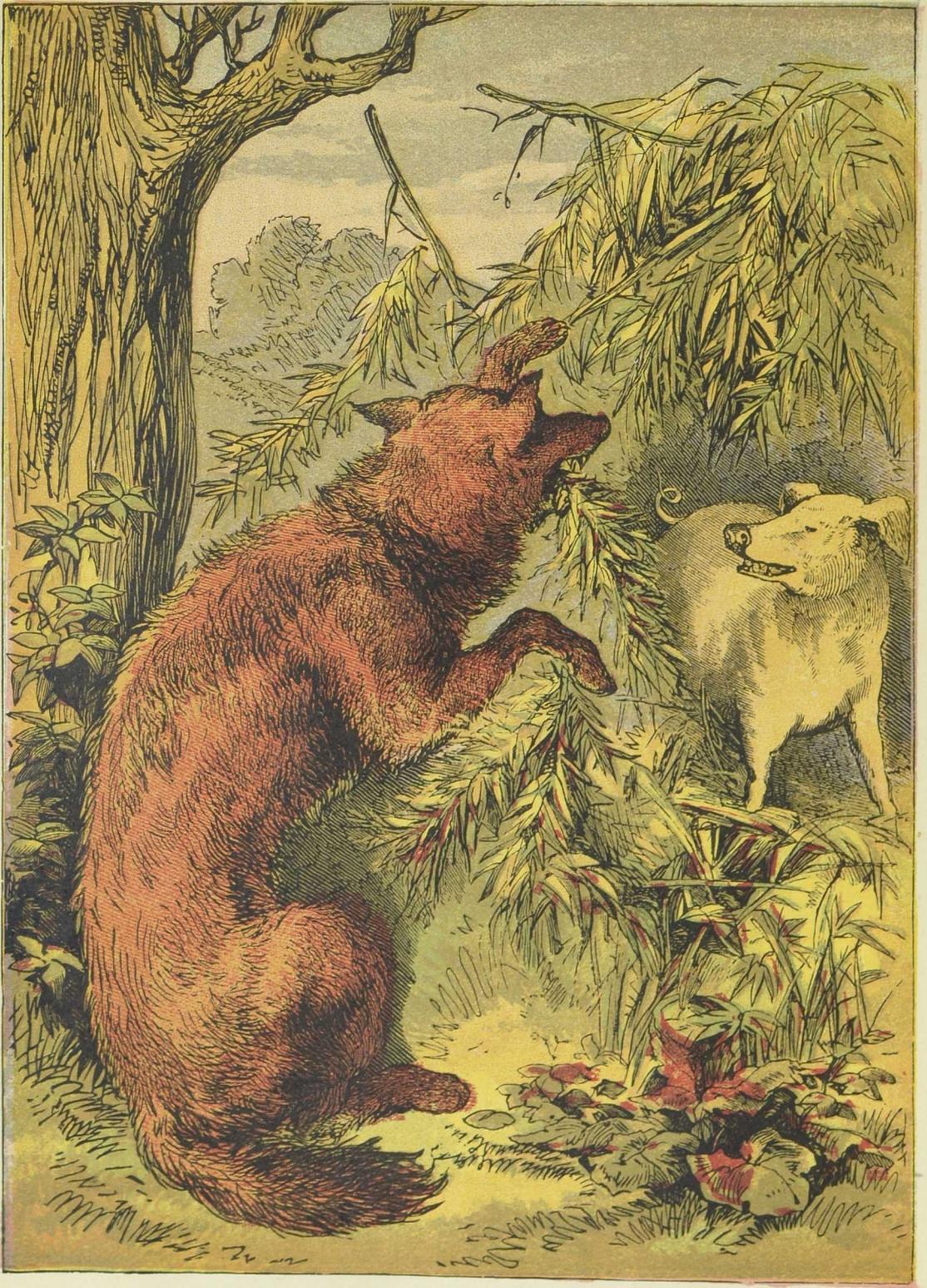
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and eat up the little pig

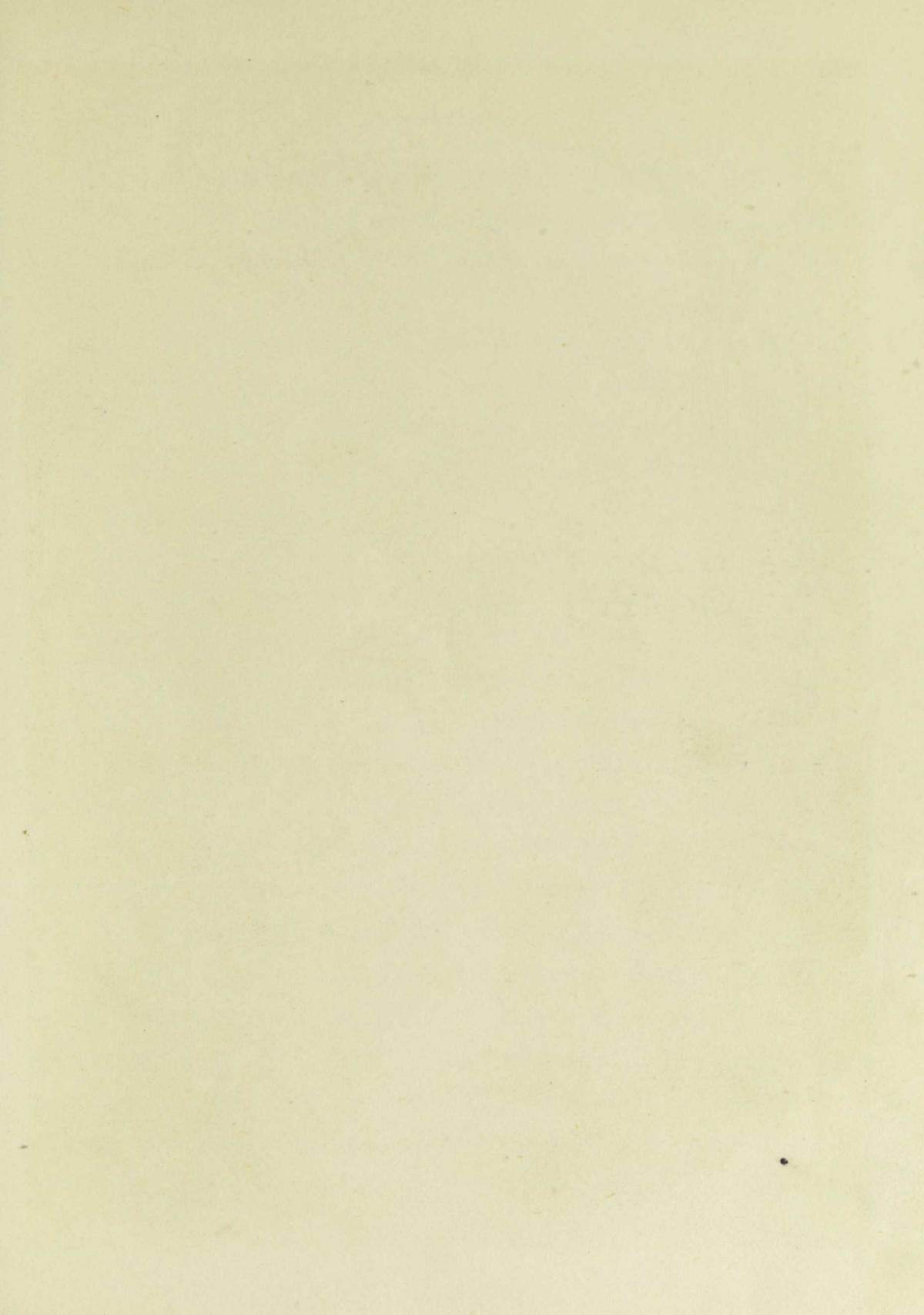
The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said, "Please man give me that furze to build a house;" which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said,—

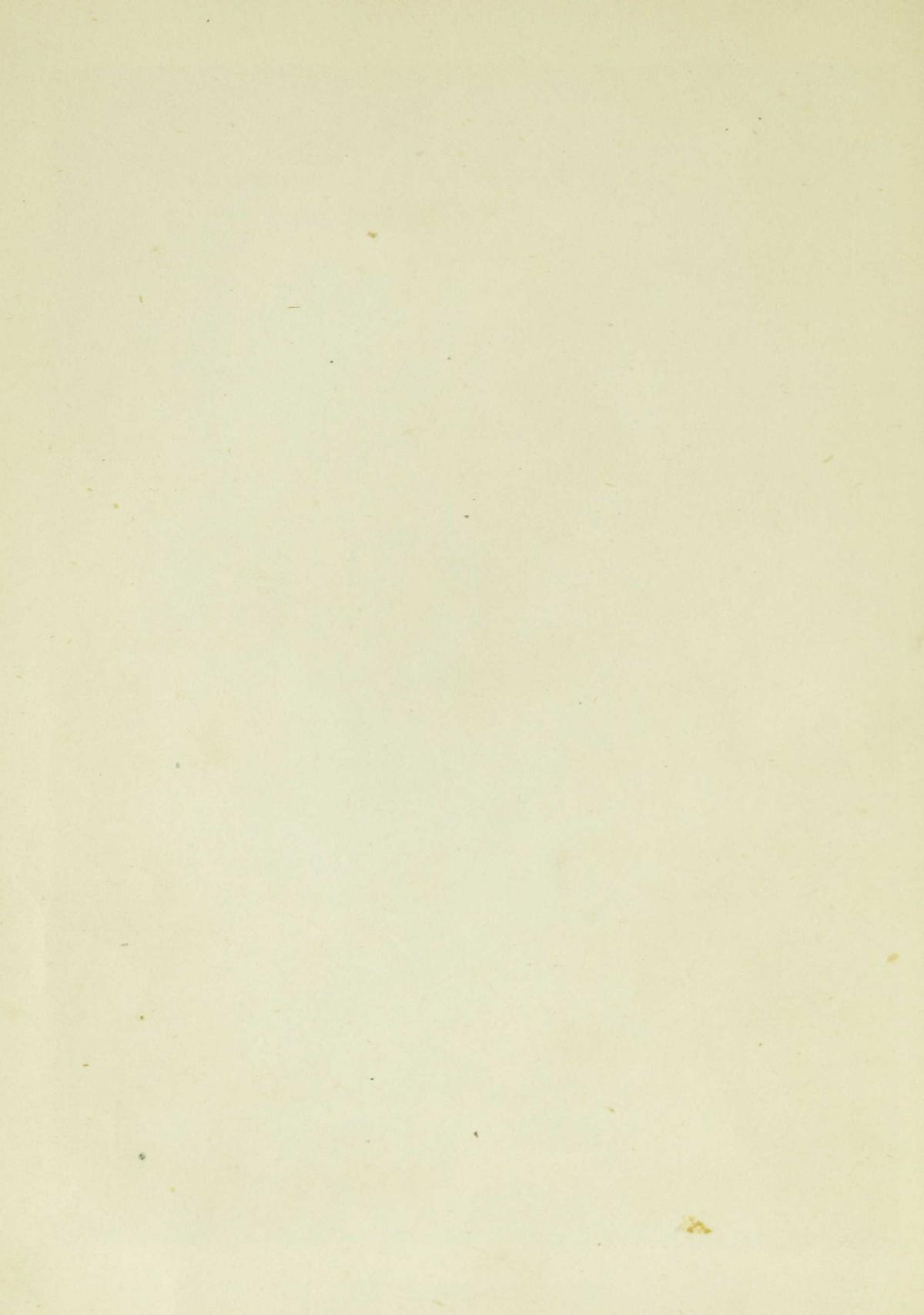
Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."



THE HOUSE OF FURZE.





“Then I’ll puff and I’ll huff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he eat up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, “Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with;” so the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said,—

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said, “Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.” “Where?” said the little pig. “Oh, in Mr. Smith’s Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner.” “Very well,” said the little pig “I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?” “Oh, at six o’clock.” Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came—(which he did about six)—and said, “Little pig, are you ready?” The little pig said, “Ready! I have been,



EARLY RISING.



LITTLE PIG ESCAPING.

and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner." The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree." "Where?" said the pig. "Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples." Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon, will you go?" "Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go; what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and



THE WOLF, THE PIG, AND THE CHURN.

by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said, "Ha! I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it and rolled down the hill." Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and eat him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

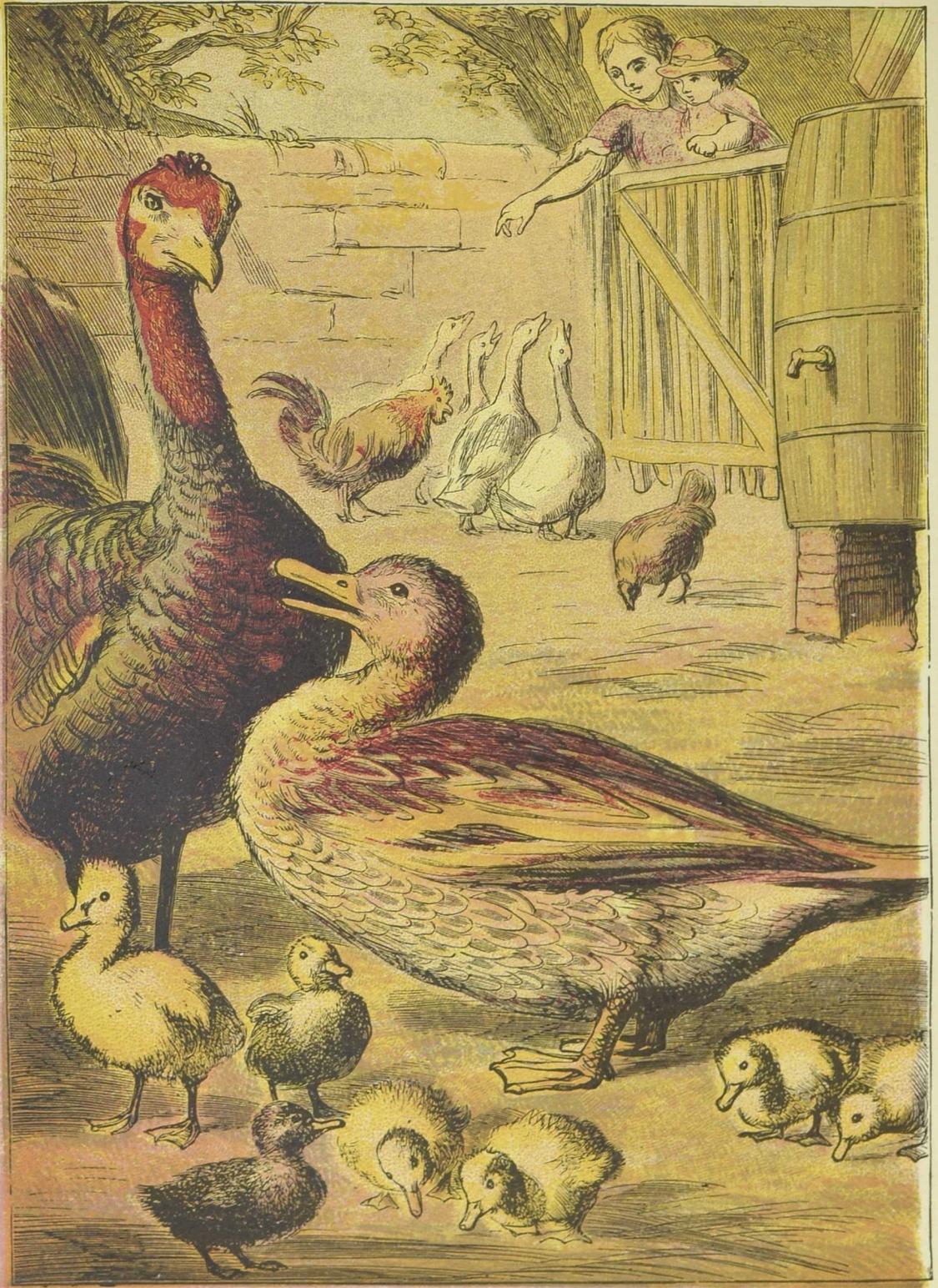


THE FATE OF THE WOLF.



THE UGLY DUCKLING.





IN THE FARM-YARD.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

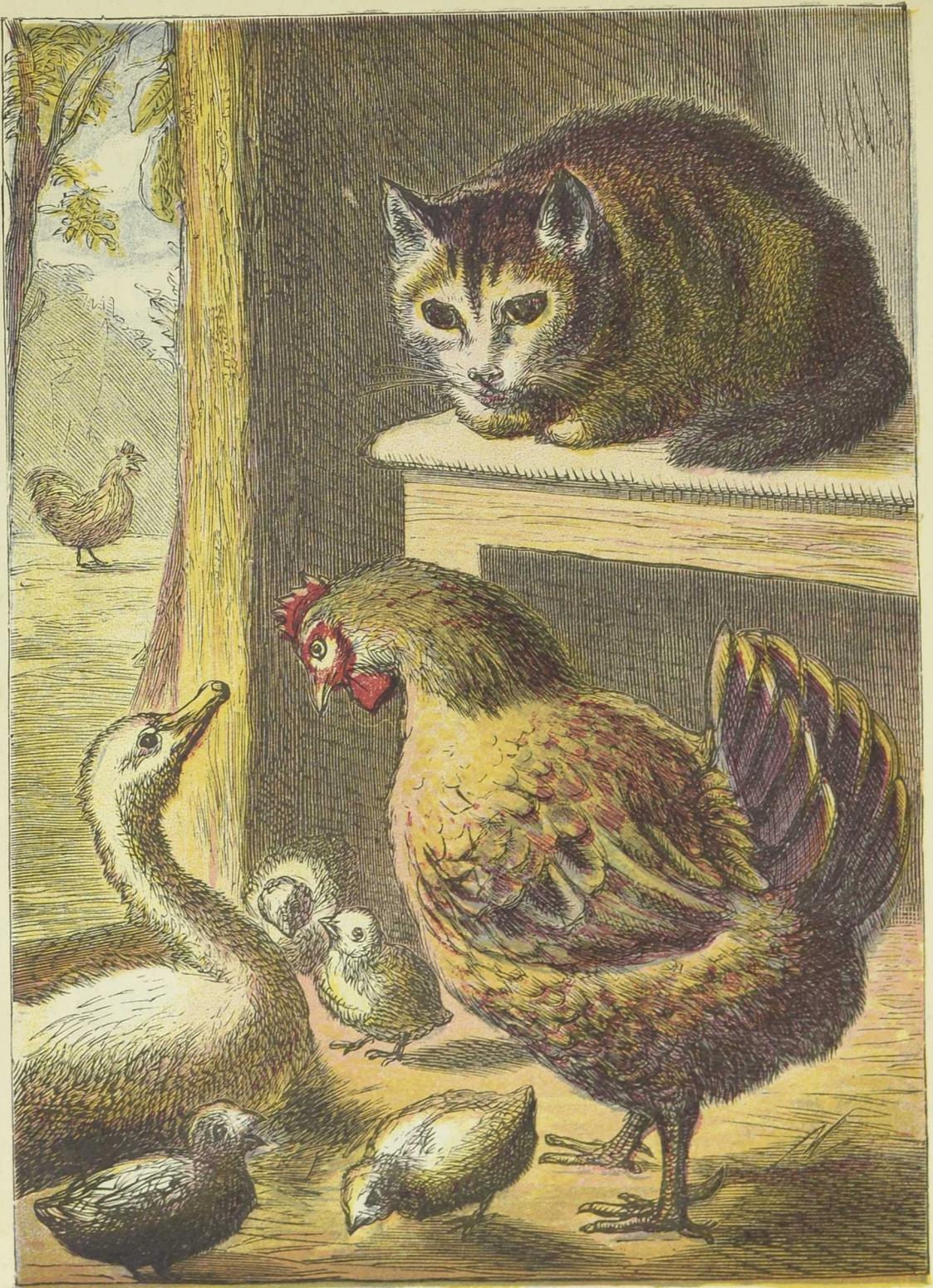
ONCE there was a duck who had just hatched a brood of ducklings; one of them had been longer coming out of the shell than the others, and when it came it was very ugly. But its mother did not love it less on that account; mothers never think their little ones ugly. It could swim very well, so she knew it was not a young turkey, as an old duck had said it might be, and she took it with all the rest of the brood to the farm-yard to introduce it into good society. An old turkey, who was very grand, came up to the duck, and said, "Your children are all pretty except one. There is one ugly duckling. I wish you could improve him a little." "That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother, "he is not pretty; but he has a good disposition, and swims even better than the others." "Well, the other ducklings are graceful enough," said the turkey, "pray make yourselves at home, here."

But how could the ugly duckling do so? The whole farm-yard laughed at him. The ducks pecked him, the fowls beat him, the girl who fed the poultry drove him away with a stick.

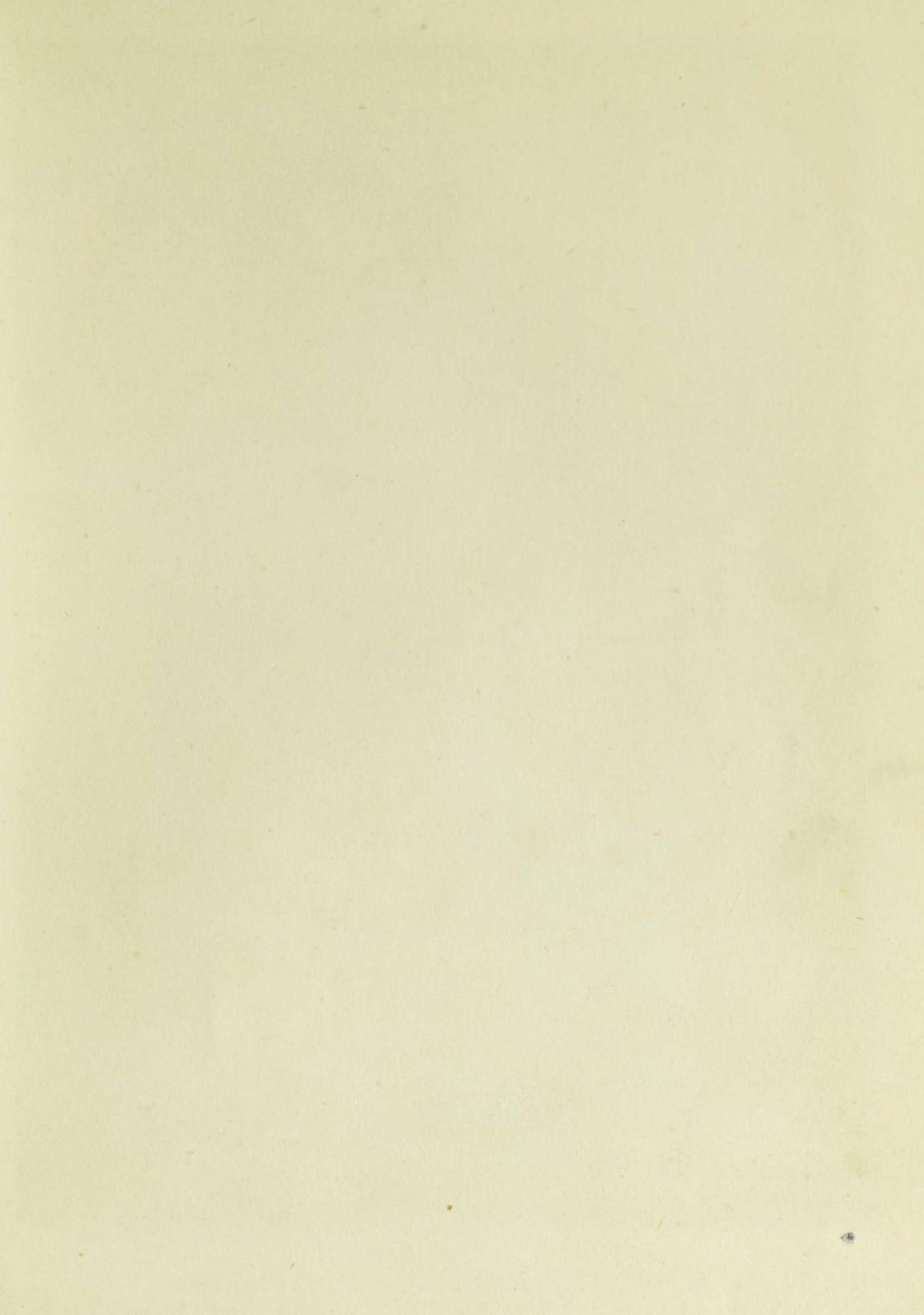


THE DUCKLING DRIVEN AWAY.

The poor duckling flew over the pailings, and joined some wild ducks who lived on the moor. "You are very ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that will not matter if you do not want to marry into our family." After he had been on the moor two days, he made friends with some wild geese, and had nearly consented to fly over the sea with them, when, "pop, pop," went a gun, and the poor gosling fell dead in the water. The poor duckling was so frightened that he hid himself amongst the rushes. When all was quiet again, he came out and ran over the moor till he reached a tumble-down cottage, the door of which was ajar. He crept in, and stayed there all night. A woman, a cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The hen had such short legs that her mistress called her "Chickie short legs." The old woman let the duckling live in her house, hoping that by-and-bye it might lay eggs. Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they always said, "We and the world," because they thought themselves half the world, at least. One day the duckling said sadly, "It is very dull here, how much I should like to swim in the water and to dive. "What a foolish idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have strange fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs they would pass away; ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, if *he* would like to dive in the water; ask our old mistress,



THE CAT, THE HEN, AND THE DUCKLING.





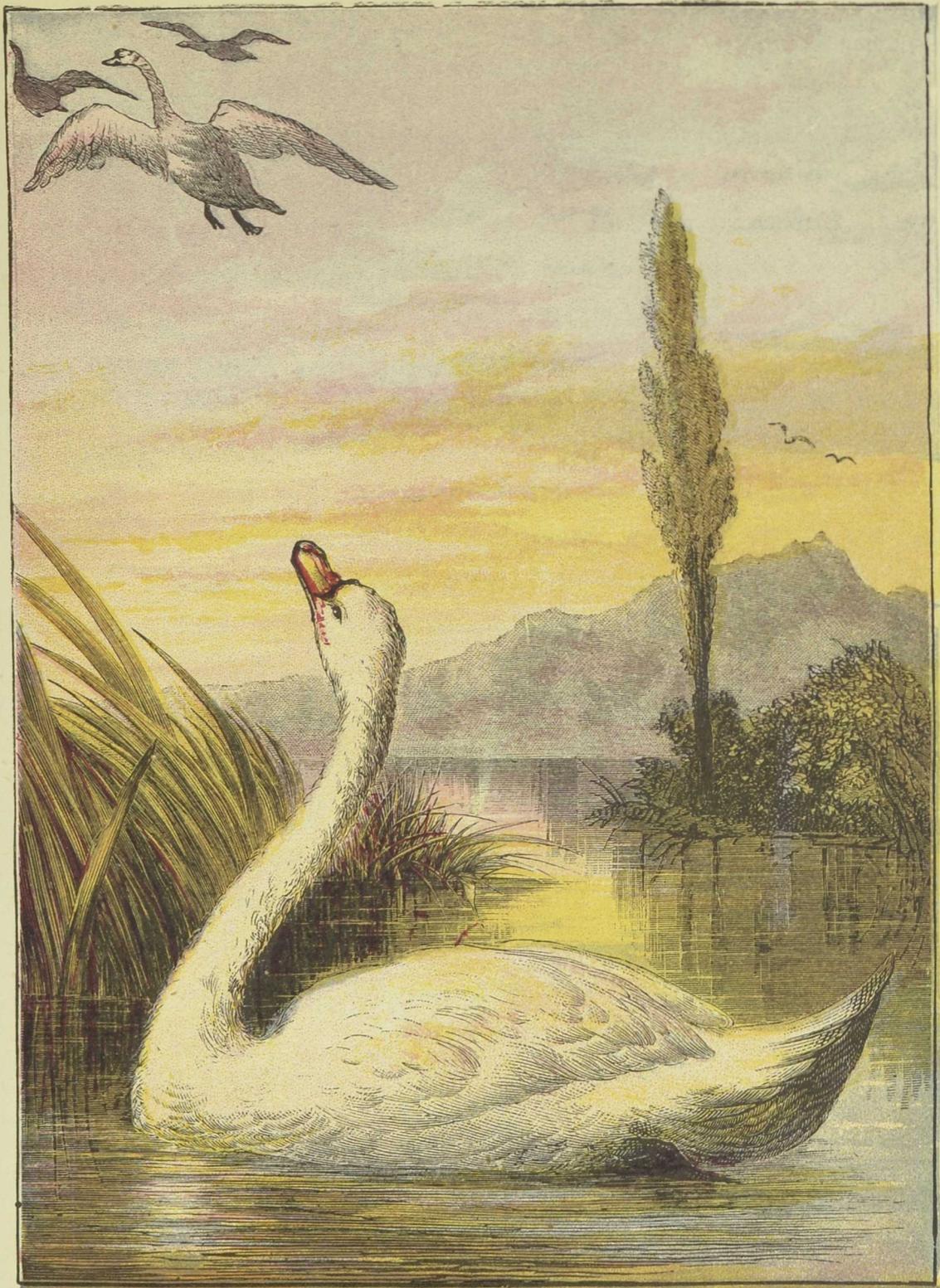
CUTTING THE DUCKLING OUT OF THE ICE.

there is no one in the world more clever than she is ; do you think she would like to let the water close over her head ?” “ You don’t understand me,” said the duckling. “ I think I must go into the world again.” “ Very well, go,” said the hen ; and the duckling went.

Very near the cottage he found some water, where he could swim and dive ; but all creatures avoided him because he was so ugly, therefore he was always alone. One evening there came a beautiful flock of birds out of the bushes. They curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. The duckling felt quite a strange sensation as he watched them fly up in the air. He stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. How he loved the white birds ! how he longed to be with them.

By-and-bye winter came, and froze the water quite hard. The ice crackled round the duckling and at last shut him in, so that he could not get out. Early in the morning a peasant who was passing saw what had happened, broke the ice with his axe, took up the duckling, and carried it home to his wife.

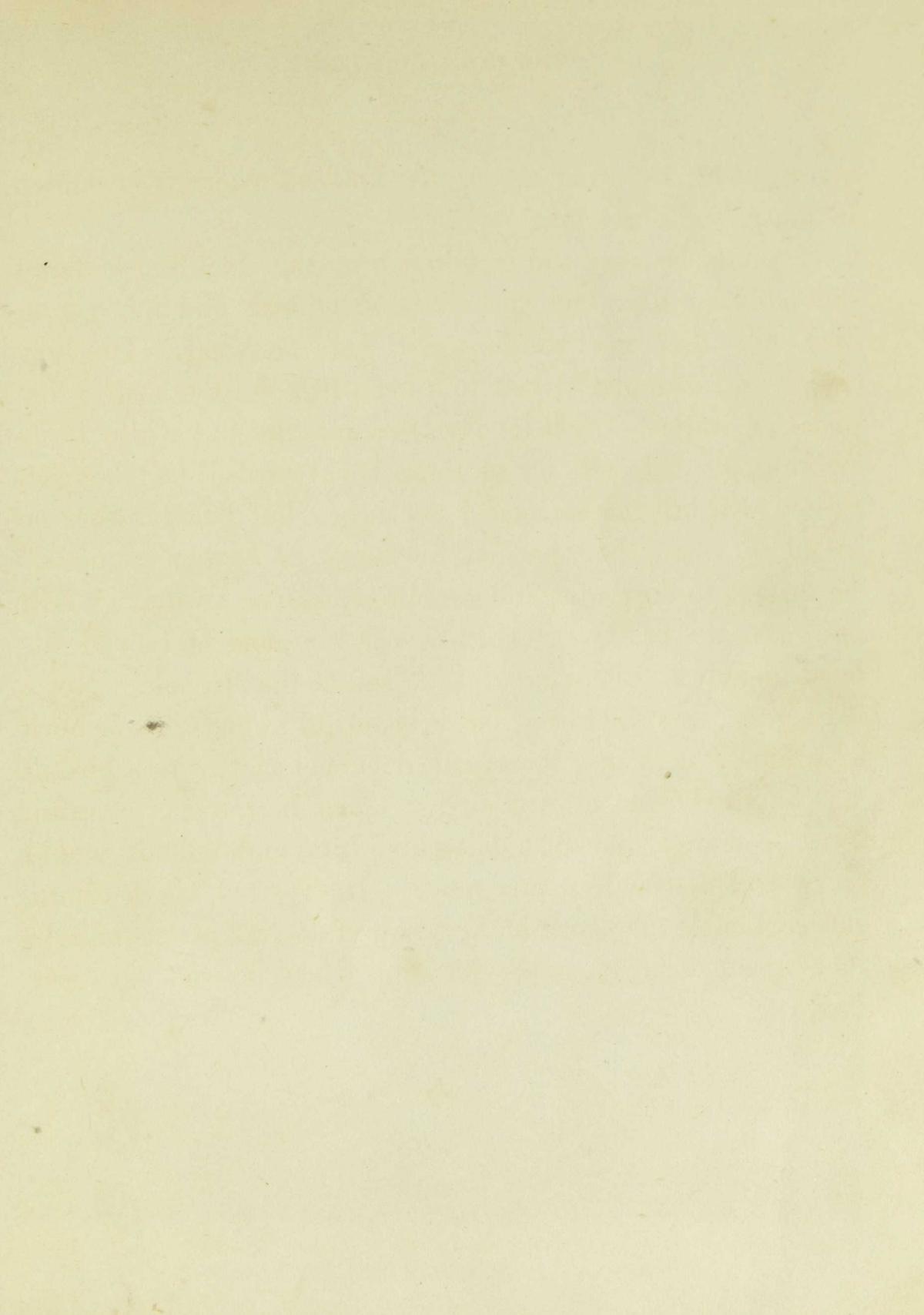
The warmth revived the poor thing and it began to fly about ; the children wanted to play with it, but they only frightened it ; it ran to the door which was open, and



THE BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

managed to slip away among the bushes, where it lay down in the new fallen snow.

It would be very sad to tell you all the duckling suffered that cold winter; but spring came at last, and the young bird felt that his wings were grown strong. He flew away, and stopped at last in a beautiful garden near a fine piece of water. On it he saw two magnificent white birds swimming. "I will fly to those royal birds," he thought, "they will kill me because I am ugly; but I had rather be killed by them than pecked by ducks, or beaten by hens." So he flew to the water and swam towards the swans. "Kill me," he said, as they sailed towards him, and he bowed his head meekly. But what did he see in the stream? Not a dark grey ugly duckling, but a beautiful swan! To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard, does not matter to a bird, if it is hatched from a swan's egg. Yes, he too was a swan. Now he would have friends to love him, and nobody would scorn and ill-use him any more. He rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck and cried joyfully, "I never thought such good was in store for me when I was an ugly duckling."

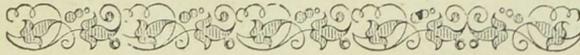




THE DUCKLING FINDS HE IS A SWAN.



PUSS IN BOOTS.





PUSS CONSOLING THE MILLER'S SON.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who had three sons. When he was dying he left each of them a legacy. To his eldest son he left his mill; to the second his ass; and to the youngest his cat. The poor boy was very sad when he found that he had nothing belonging to him but a cat; but to his great surprise, puss jumped on the table, and said in a friendly manner: "Do not be sad my dear master. Only buy me a pair of boots and a bag, and I will provide for you and myself." So the miller's son, who had a shilling or two in his pocket, bought a smart little pair of boots and a bag, and gave them to puss, who put some bran and sow-thistles into his bag, opened the mouth of it, and lay down in a rabbit warren. A foolish young rabbit jumped into it; puss drew the string and soon killed it. He went immediately to the palace with it. He found the king and queen sitting on their throne; and bowing low, he laid the rabbit at the king's feet, saying: "Please your majesty, my master, the Marquis de Carrabas, has sent you a rabbit from his warren, as a mark of respect." "I am much obliged to the Marquis," said the king, and he ordered the rabbit to be taken



PUSS MAKES A PRESENT TO THE KING.

to the cook, and a piece of money to be given to the cat. Puss, much pleased, took a rabbit daily to the king as a gift from his master, till his majesty was well acquainted with the name of the Marquis de Carrabas, and with his wonderful cat. There was a very rich and cruel Ogre living in that country. One day puss went to call on him, and the ogre was quite amazed at hearing a cat talk; it was the first time too he had seen a "Puss in Boots." "Is it true, most wonderful ogre," said Puss, "that you can change yourself into any creature you please?" "Quite true, as you shall see," said the ogre, and he changed himself into a lion, and roared so terribly, that the cat climbed up the wall out of his way. Then the ogre resumed his own ugly shape, and laughed at puss's fear. "It was very surprising," said the cat; "you are of such a grand size that I do not wonder you could become a lion—but could you change yourself into some very small animal?" "You shall see," said the stupid vain ogre, and he turned into a mouse. Directly puss saw him in that shape, he darted at him and eat him up. The ogre quite deserved it, for he had eaten many men himself. Then puss made haste back to his master, and said, "Come and bathe in the river, and when the king comes by, do exactly as I tell you, for I see his carriage." The miller's son obeyed his friend the cat, undressed and jumped into the water, and cunning puss ran away with his clothes and hid



PUSS CALLS ON THE OGRE.



PUSS ASKS HELP FOR HIS MASTER.

them under a large stone. By-and-bye the king drove by with his daughter. Puss began to call very loud "Help, help! or my lord Marquis de Carrabas will be drowned." The king stopped the coach directly, and asked what was the matter. Puss answered, that while his master was bathing, some thieves had stolen his clothes, and that therefore the marquis could not come out of the water. The king luckily had a dress suit with him, so he sent it by a servant to the Marquis, and desired him to accept a seat in the royal coach, and he would drive him home.

The miller's son looked very well in his fine clothes, and the king was pleased with his appearance. Puss directed the coachman to drive to the late ogre's castle, and then he ran on before. Coming to a large field in which reapers were at work, he said, "If the king asks you to whom these fields belong, you must say, to the Marquis de Carrabas, or you shall all be chopped as small as mincemeat." The men were so astonished at hearing a cat talk, that they dared not refuse; so when the king came by and asked, whose fields are these? they said, "they belong to the Marquis de Carrabas." Next puss came to some meadows with shepherds and flocks of sheep, and said the same to them. So when the king asked them, whose flocks are these? they answered, those of the Marquis de Carrabas.

Puss ran on all over the dead ogre's land and said the



PUSS THREATENS THE REAPERS.

same thing to the woodmen and the gamekeepers on the road, who all obeyed him, till the king at last said to the miller's son, "You have a fine property, my lord Marquis de Carrabas." When puss came to the ogre's castle, he stood on the steps and waited till the coach drove up.

"Will your majesty honour my lord by taking some refreshment," he said; and the king who had not so fine a castle belonging to himself, alighted from his carriage and entered the house. Now, the ogre was just going to his dinner when puss had called and killed him, so there was a very fine feast upon the table. Puss told the ogre's servants they should be made into mincemeat if they did not consent to take the Marquis de Carrabas for their master, and they were glad to serve him instead of the ogre. The king took such a fancy to the rich Marquis de Carrabas, that he gave him the princess for his wife. They lived in the ogre's fine castle (which puss presented to his master), and the most faithful and the happiest of their servants was "Puss in Boots."



THE KING AND PRINCESS VISIT THE MARQUIS.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.





DAME TROT BUYS THE CAT.

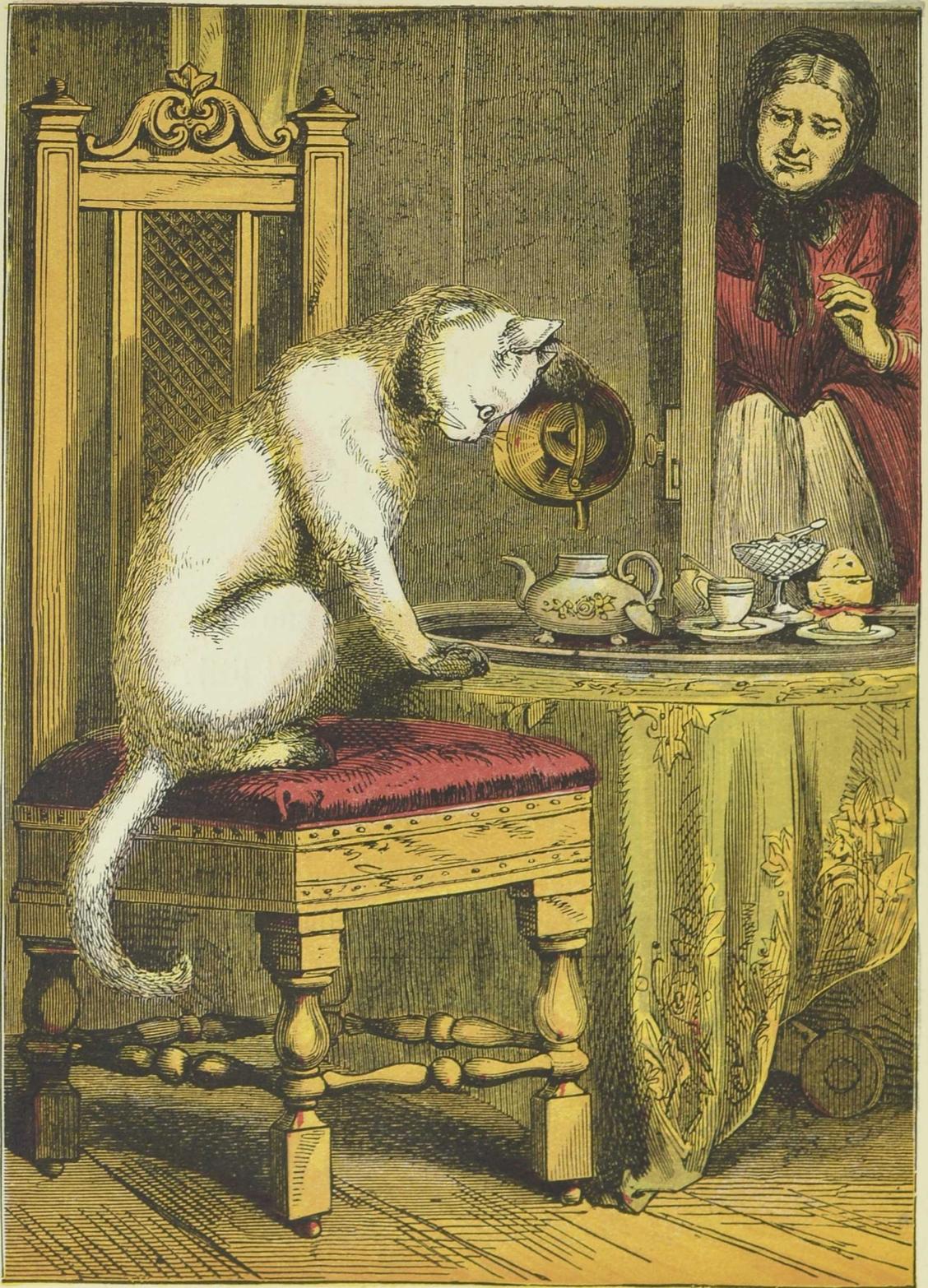
DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

DAME TROT once went down to a neighbouring fair,
And what do you think that she bought herself there?
A Pussy! the prettiest ever was seen;
No cat was so gentle, so clever, and clean.

Each dear little paw was as black as a sloe,
The rest of her fur was as white as the snow;
Her eyes were bright green, and her sweet little face
Was pretty and meek, full of innocent grace.

Dame Trot hurried home with this beautiful cat;
Went up stairs to take off her cloak and her hat;
And when she came down was astonished to see
That Pussy was busy preparing the tea.

“Oh, what a strange cat!” thought poor little Dame Trot,
“She’ll break my best china and upset the pot;”
But no harm befel them, the velvety paws
Were quite sure; the Dame for alarm had no cause.



PUSS MAKING TEA.

Next morning when little Dame Trot came down stairs,
To attend as usual to household affairs ;
She found that the kitchen was swept up as clean,
As if Puss a regular servant had been.

The tea stood to draw, and the toast was done brown,
The Dame very pleased to her breakfast sat down ;
While Puss by her side on an arm chair sat up,
And lapp'd her warm milk from a nice china cup.

Now Spot, the old house-dog, looked on in amaze,
He'd never been used to such queer cattish ways ;
But Puss mew'd so sweetly, and moved with such grace,
That Spot at last liked her, and licked her white face.

The Dame went to market and left them alone,
Puss washing her face, the dog picking a bone ;
But when she came back Spot was learning to dance,
From Pussy, who once had had lessons in France.



THE DANCING LESSON.



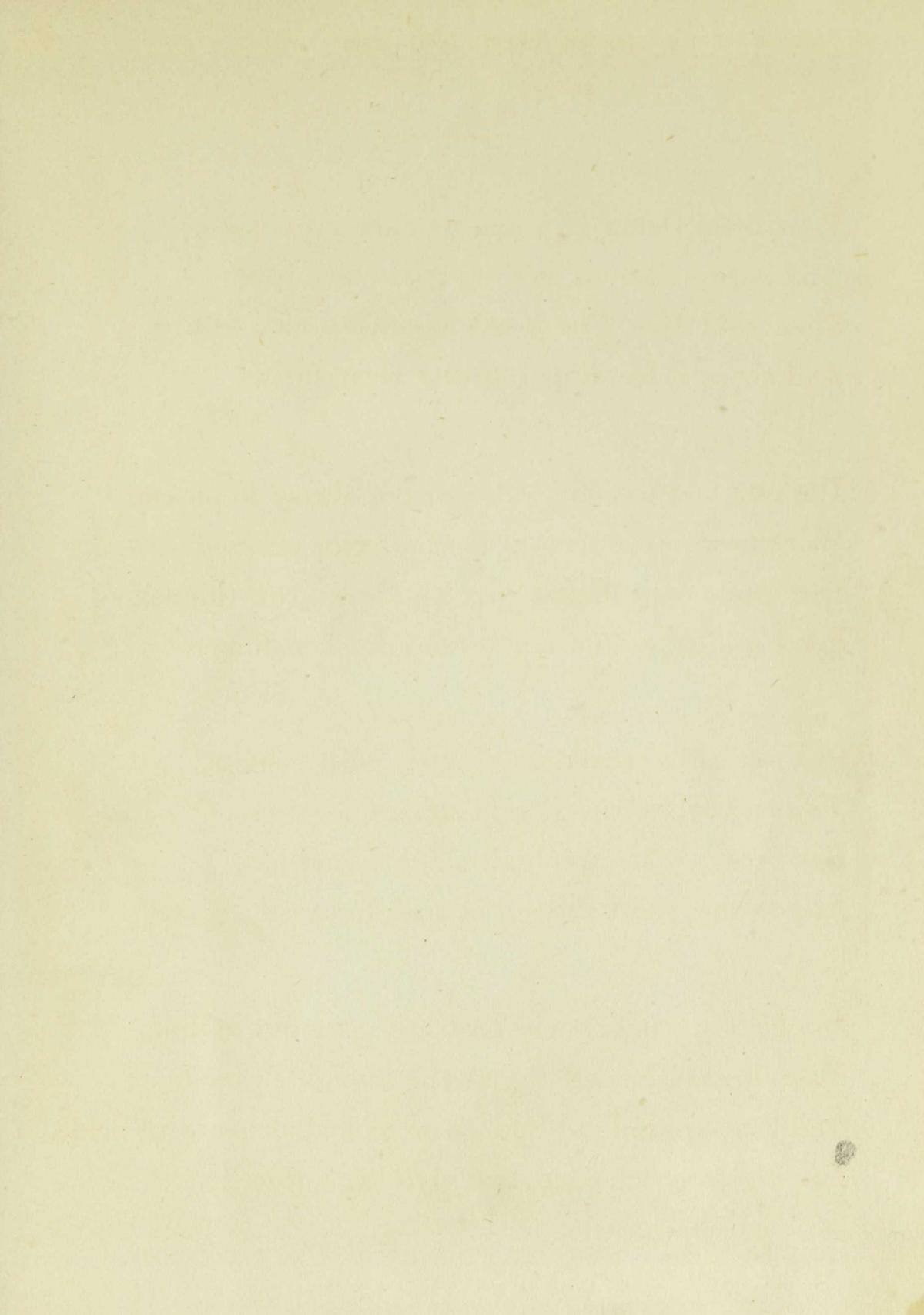
PUSS BRINGS A FISH.

Poor little Dame Trot had no money to spare,
And only too often, her cupboard was bare ;
Then kind Mrs. Pussy would catch a nice fish,
And serve it for dinner upon a clean dish.

The rats and the mice who wish'd Pussy to please,
Were now never seen at the butter or cheese ;
The Dame daily found their numbers grow thinner,
For Puss eat a mouse ev'ry day for her dinner.

If Puss had a weakness, I needs must confess,
'Twas a Girl of the Period's fancy for dress,
Her greatest desire a high chignon and hat,
And a very short dress *à la mode* for a cat.

So one day when Dame Trot had gone out to dine,
Puss dressed herself up, as she thought, very fine ;
And coaxed kind old Spot, who looked at her with pride,
To play pony for once, and give her a ride.





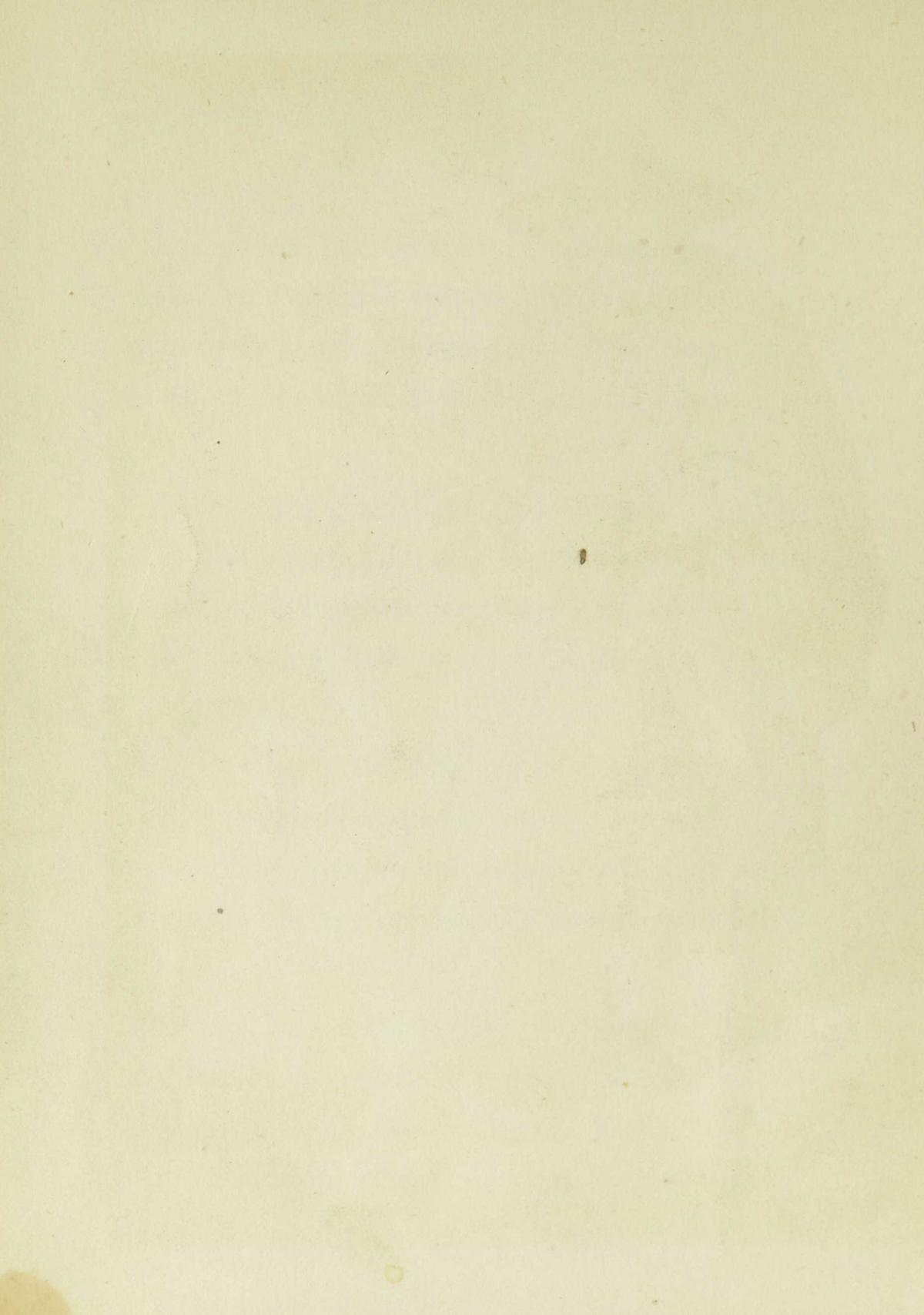
PUSS IN FULL DRESS.

The Dame from her visit returning home late,
Met this funny couple outside her own gate,
And heartily laugh'd, when she saw her dear cat,
Dressed up in a cloak and a chignon and hat.

“ You're quite a grand lady, Miss Pussy,” said she,
And Pussy, affectedly, answered, “ Oui Oui ;”
She thought it beneath her to utter a mew,
While wearing a dress of a fashion so new.

Now Spot who to welcome his mistress desired
And to “ company manners ” never aspired,
Jumped up to fawn on her,—and down came the cat,
And crushed in her tumble, her feather, and hat.

“ Oh, Puss !” said Dame Trot, “ what a very sad mess !
You'd best have remained in your natural dress ;
The graces which nature so kindly bestows,
Are more often hid than improved by fine clothes.”





THE END OF THE RIDE.



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.





THE OLD WOMAN FINDS SIXPENCE.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile: the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, "Dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick! stick! beat



"DOG! DOG! BITE PIG."

dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig." But the fire would not.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick," &c. But the water would not.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire," &c. But the ox would not.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water," &c. But the butcher would not.



“WATER, WATER, QUENCH FIRE.”



“ BUTCHER, BUTCHER, KILL OX.”

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox," &c. But the rope would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher," &c. But the rat would not.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope," &c. But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haystack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So



“CAT! CAT! KILL RAT.”

away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE COW.



TOM THUMB.

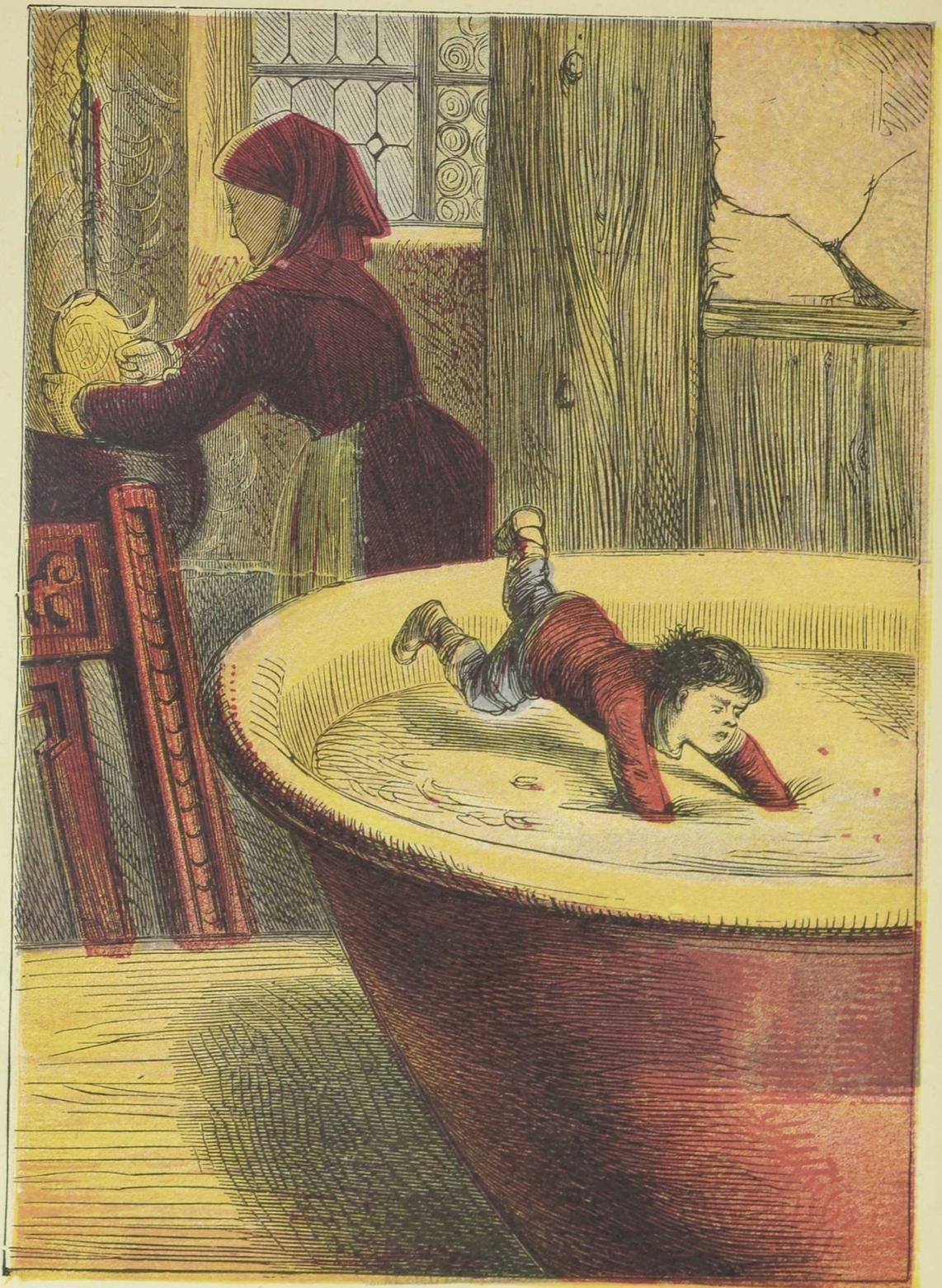




TOM THUMB'S ARRIVAL.

TOM THUMB.

IN the days of good King Arthur, there lived a ploughman and his wife, who wished very much to have a son; so the man went to Merlin the enchanter, and asked him to let him have a child even if it were "*no bigger than his thumb.*" "Go home and you will find one," said Merlin; and when the man came back to his house he found his wife nursing a very, very, wee baby, who in four minutes grew to the size of the ploughman's thumb, and never grew any more. The fairy queen came to his christening, and named him "Tom Thumb." She then dressed him nicely in a shirt of spider's-web, and a doublet and hose of thistle-down.



TOM THUMB AND THE PUDDING.

One day, while Tom's mother was making a plum-pudding, Tom stood on the edge of the bowl with a lighted candle in his hand, that she might see to make it properly. Unfortunately, however, while her back was turned, Tom fell into the bowl, and his mother not missing him, stirred him up in the pudding, and put it and him into the pot. Tom no sooner felt the hot water than he danced about like mad; the woman was nearly frightened out of her wits to see the pudding come out of the pot and jump about, and she was glad to give it to a tinker who was passing that way.

The tinker was delighted with his present; but as he was getting over a stile, he happened to sneeze very hard, and Tom called out from the middle of the pudding, "Hallo, Pickens!" which so terrified the tinker, that he threw the



TOM THUMB AND THE TINKER.



TOM THUMB AND THE COW.

pudding into the field, and scampered away as fast as he could. The pudding tumbled to pieces in the fall, and Tom creeping out, went home to his mother, who was in great affliction because she could not find him. A few days afterwards Tom went with his mother into the fields to milk the cows, and for fear he should be blown away by the wind, she tied him to a thistle with a small piece of thread. Very soon after a cow eat up the thistle and swallowed Tom Thumb. His mother was in sad grief again; but Tom scratched and kicked in the cow's throat till she was glad to throw him out of her mouth again.

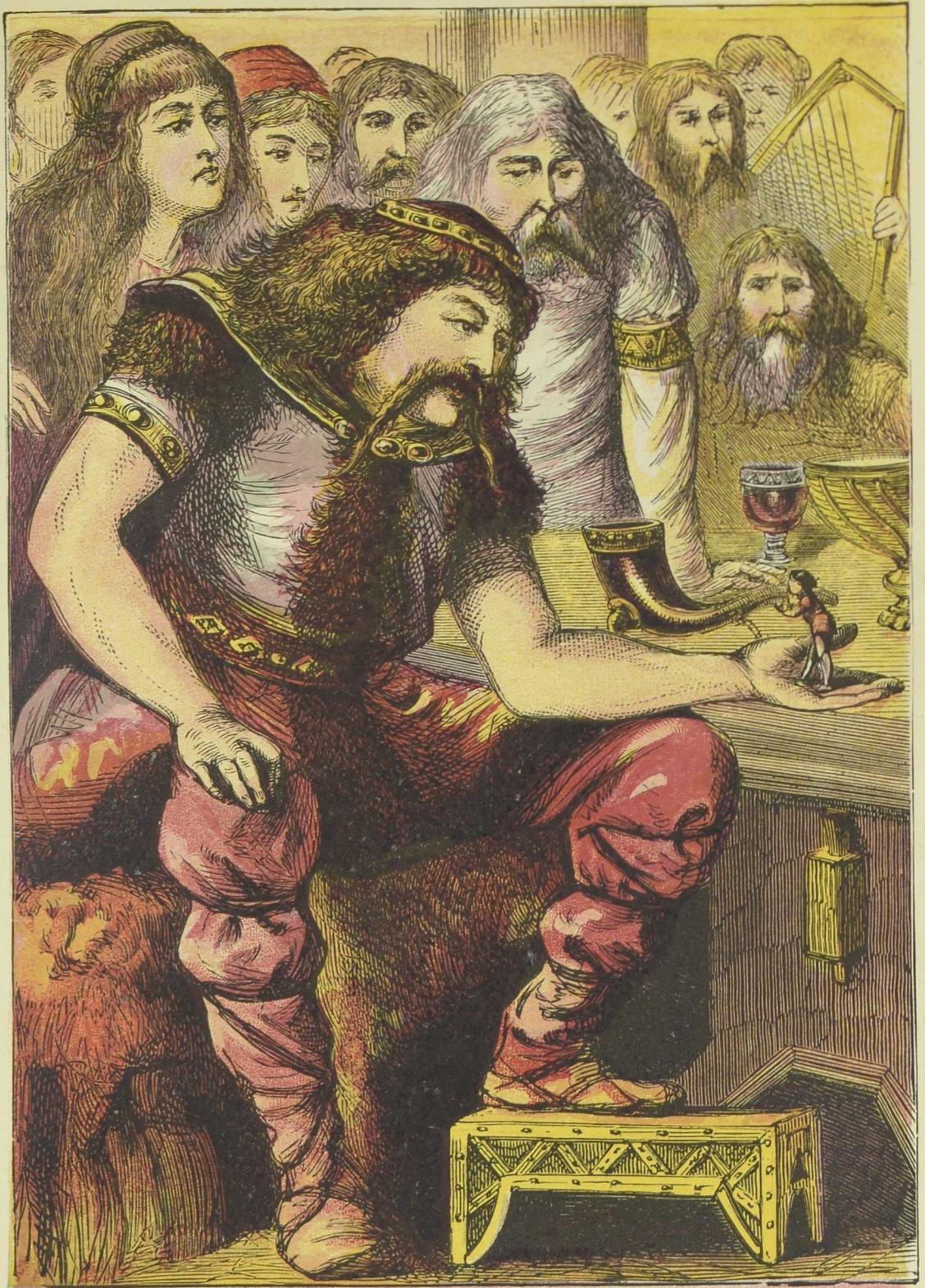
One day Tom went ploughing with his father, who gave him a whip made of a barley straw, to drive the oxen with; but an eagle flying by caught him up in his beak, and carried him to the top of a



TOM THUMB AND THE EAGLE.

great giant's castle. The giant would have eaten Tom up; but the fairy dwarf scratched and bit his tongue and held on by his teeth till the giant in a passion took him out again and threw him into the sea, when a very large fish swallowed him up directly. The fish was caught soon after and sent as a present to King Arthur, and when the cook opened it there was Tom Thumb inside. He was carried to the king, who was delighted with the little man. Tom walked on the king's left hand, and danced on the queen's. He became a great favourite with Arthur, who made him a knight. He was good and kind to his parents, and the old ballad says,—

Such where his deeds and noble acts
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known



TOM THUMB AT ARTHUR'S COURT.



THE THREE BEARS.





THE MORNING WALK.

THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time three bears lived in a nice little house in a great forest.

There was the Father Bear, the Mother Bear, and the Baby Bear.

They had each a bed to sleep in, a chair to sit on, and a basin and spoon for eating milk or honey, which was their favourite food.

One morning the three bears resolved on taking a walk before breakfast; but before they went out, they poured their warm milk into their basins, that it might get cool by the time they came back. Mr. and Mrs. Bear walked arm-in-arm, and Baby Bear ran by their side.

Now there lived in the same forest a sweet little girl who was called Golden Hair. She, also, was walking that morning



LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

in the wood, and happening to pass by the bears' house, and seeing the window open, she peeped in. There was no one to be seen; but three basins of steaming hot milk all ready to be eaten, seemed to say: "Come in and have some breakfast." So Golden Hair went in and tasted the milk in all the basins; then she sat down in Baby Bear's chair, and took up his spoon, and eat up *all* his milk. Now this was very wrong. A tiny bear is only a tiny bear, still he has a right to keep his own things. But Golden Hair did not know any better.

Unluckily, Baby Bear's chair was too small for her, and she broke the seat and fell through, basin and all.

Then Golden Hair went up stairs, and there she saw three beds all in a row. Golden Hair lay down on Father Bear's



EATING BABY BEAR'S BREAKFAST.



“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN HERE.”

bed first, but that was too long for her; then she lay down on Mother Bear's bed, and that was too wide for her; last of all she lay down on Baby Bear's bed, and there she fell asleep, for she was tired.

By-and-bye the bears came home. Baby Bear saw that his chair was broken and thrown down, and he cried in a very squeaky voice, "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN HERE;" and Father Bear growled, "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN HERE;" and Mother Bear growled, more softly, "SOMEBODY HAS BEEN HERE." Then they went to the table and looked at their breakfasts, and Father Bear growled, "WHO HAS TOUCHED MY BASIN?" and Mother Bear growled, "WHO HAS TOUCHED MY BASIN?" and Tiny Bear squeaked, "SOMEBODY HAS BROKEN MINE!"

Then they went up-stairs, and the



GOLDEN HAIR IN DANGER.

Father Bear growled, "WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?" and Mother Bear growled, "WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?" and Tiny Bear squeaked out, "Oh! here is a little girl in my bed; and it must be she who has eaten my breakfast and broken my chair." Then Father Bear growled, "LET US EAT HER UP;" and Mother Bear growled, "LET US EAT HER UP;" and Tiny Bear squeaked, "LET US EAT HER UP."

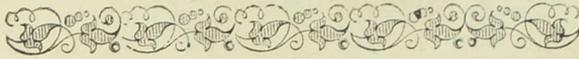
But the noise they made awoke Golden Hair; she started out of bed (on the opposite side) and jumped out of the window. The three bears all jumped out after her, but they fell one on the top of the other and rolled over and over, and while they were picking themselves up, little Golden Hair ran home, and they were not able to catch her.



GOLDEN HAIR ESCAPES.

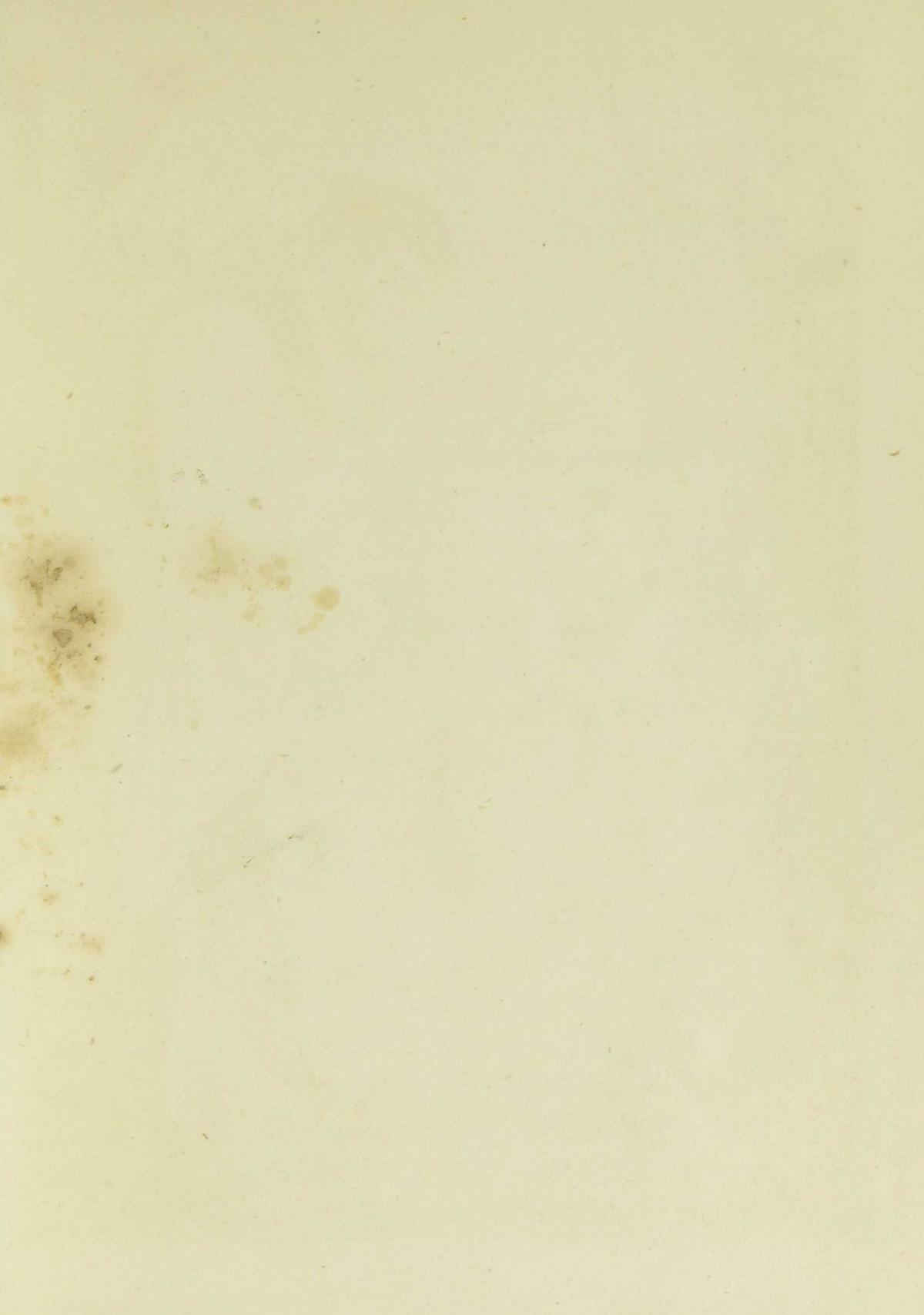


JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.





JACK SELLS THE COW.





JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack.

Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation, but by selling her cow; so one morning she said to her son, "I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her." Jack liked going to market to sell the cow very much; but as he was on the way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value, and persuaded him to sell the cow for them! When Jack brought them home to his mother instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed, and scolded Jack well for his folly. Jack was sorry himself; but he said he might as well make the best of his bargain, so



THE BEAN-STALK.

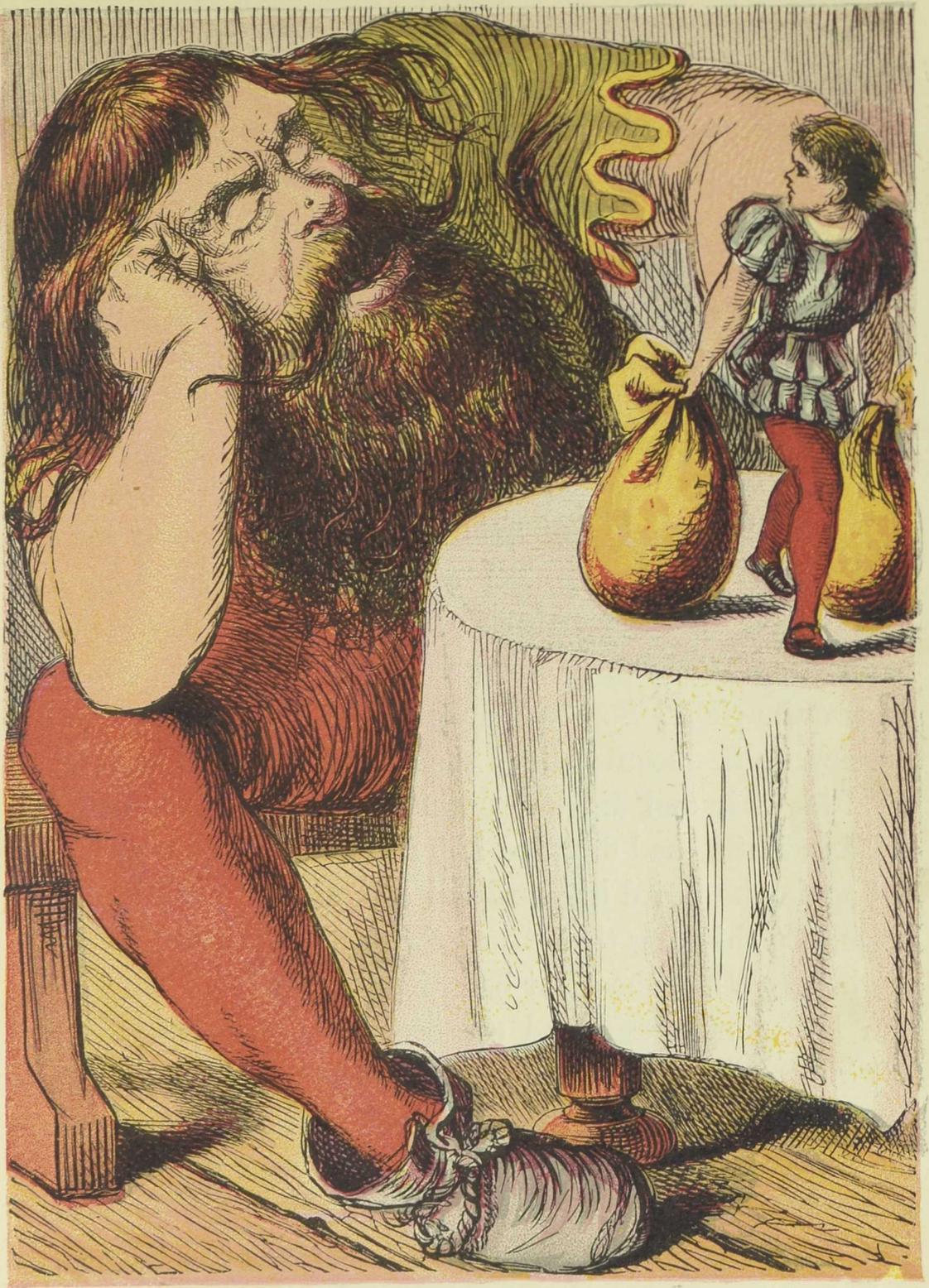
he put the seed beans into the ground close by the side of the steep hill, under shelter of which their cottage was built, and went to bed. The next morning when he got up, he found that the beans had grown, till the bean-stalk reached right over the top of the hill, and was quite out of sight. Jack instantly climbed up it, and came to a great plain, on which stood a stately castle. As he paused to gaze on it, an old woman came up to him, and said, "Jack, that castle belongs to you! A wicked giant killed your father, and took it from your mother; try and get it back." Then she suddenly disappeared. Jack was much surprised; however, he walked up to the castle door and knocked, and an old giantess came out. She did not wait till he spoke, but pulled him in, for she thought he would make a nice supper for her when her husband was asleep. But just at that moment she heard the giant's step approaching, so she put Jack into a press, and told him to hide there, or the giant would eat him. As soon as the ogre came in, he cried in a terrible voice:

"Fee, fa, fie, fo, fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman."

"Oh!" said his wife, "there is nobody here. You only smell a crow that is flying over the chimney." Then the giant sat down to dinner, which was quite ready, and when he had eaten a whole sheep, he said, "Bring me my hen."



THE GOLDEN EGGS.



JACK TAKES THE MONEY-BAGS.

The giantess brought a hen, and put it on the table before him, and then she went away. "Lay," said the giant to the hen, and she laid a golden egg. Jack could see all quite plain through a little hole which he had bored in the door. Three times the giant said "Lay," and each time the hen laid a solid gold egg. Then the ogre, being drowsy, shut his eyes, and soon snored very loudly. Directly Jack found that he was asleep, he stole out of the press, caught up the hen, ran out of the castle, and descended the bean-stalk as fast as he could go. His mother was glad to see him again, and much surprised at recovering the long lost hen, which laid them three gold eggs every day. Jack's mother took them to the next town and sold them, and soon grew quite rich. Some time afterwards Jack made another journey up the bean-stalk to the giant's castle; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him, and dragged him in to eat him by-and-bye; but again she heard her husband coming and hid him in the press, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. When the giant had dined, he bade his wife bring him his money-bags, and she brought two great bags and left him. The giant counted his money, put it back in the bags and fell fast asleep. Then Jack stole softly out, seized the bags, and ran out of the castle, and down the bean-stalk to his home, which he reached safely.

A long time passed away before Jack went to the giant's



JACK SEIZES THE HARP.

castle again; but he did at last venture. He had disguised himself so well that the giantess did not know him at all, and drew him inside the door as before. And once more she heard the giant, and this time she put him on a shelf in her huge cupboard. When the giant had dined, he said, "Bring me my harp," and the old woman brought it, and left him. The giant said, "Play," and the harp played so beautifully that Jack was delighted. It soon lulled the giant to sleep, and then Jack stole out and seized it, and ran away with it. But the harp was a fairy, and as he ran, it cried out, "Master! master!" and woke the giant. Jack ran as fast as he could to save his life, but as he reached the bottom of the bean-stalk he saw the giant's great feet just on it. "Mother, mother, give me the axe!" he cried. The widow brought it quickly, and just as the giant was a little way down the bean-stalk, Jack chopped it in halves, and the monster came tumbling down, and was killed on the spot.

Then Jack called together his neighbours, and they went to the castle and took it, and shut up the giantess, who eat children, for all the rest of her life. Thus, Jack won his castle back again, grew very rich, and became a brave knight; and was kind to his mother, who lived with him very happily always afterwards.



THE GIANT'S FALL.



DIAMONDS AND TOADS.





THE POOR GIRL.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

ONCE upon a time there was an old dame who lived in a cottage close to a large wood. She had only one child, a daughter, whom she spoilt by the most foolish indulgence, allowing her to spend all her time in dressing herself up like a lady, and idling about the village. A niece also lived with her, who had no home, and no father or mother to take care of her and love her. The cruel aunt used to make this poor girl do all the work of the family; never spoke a kind word to her, and scarcely gave her clothes enough to keep her warm. But poor Rose was gentle and sweet-tempered, and bore her hard fate very meekly; while the old woman's daughter was so rude and ill-tempered that people called her "Cross Patch."

One day while Cross Patch was dressing herself up to go to the fair, the aunt told Rose to take the pitcher, and fill it, at the well in the wood: "for," she said, "a poor creature like you, without shoes, cannot go to the fair with my daughter." A tear rolled down Rose's cheeks as she heard these unkind words, but she did not answer. She took the pitcher and went out meekly to do as her aunt had ordered. →



ROSE'S KINDNESS.

When she reached the well, she filled the pitcher, and then she sat down to rest under the trees. She was crying softly, and wishing she had a mother to love her, when she heard a voice say: "My good child, will you be so kind as to give a poor woman a draught of water?" She looked up and saw a very poor old woman standing close by her side. "With pleasure, good mother," said the girl, kindly. "Let me hold the pitcher for you; it is heavy when it is full." So she held the pitcher for the old woman to drink.

"Thank you," said the dame, when she had drunk, "you speak kindly. I will bestow on you a gift. Every time that you speak, you shall drop from your lips diamonds, roses, and pearls." And as the old woman spoke she suddenly disappeared. ✕

Rose was very much astonished at her words, and walked slowly home with her pitcher (which she re-filled) thinking them over. Her aunt met her at the door, and began to scold her for being late. "I beg your pardon aunt," said the girl, meekly, and as she spoke, quite a shower of diamonds fell from her lips. "Oh, what is this! cried the old aunt, picking them up. "Real sparkling diamonds! Where did they come from, Rose?"

"From my lips!" said poor Rose, half-frightened; but dropping more as she spoke. Her aunt was greatly astonished. Then Rose told her about the old woman in the wood, and the gift she had bestowed upon her, dropping diamonds and



PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.



THE RUDE GIRL.

pearls all the time she spoke, till quite a little heap was made, which her aunt greedily gathered up. "I shall send Amy to the well to-morrow," said she, jealous that the poor niece should be more highly gifted than her daughter, "and no doubt the old woman will give her something still better." *

The next day she bade her daughter go and fill the pitcher at the well, warning her to be very civil to any old woman who might ask for some water. But Cross Patch was in one of her bad tempers, and then she always did just the reverse of what she had been told. She said at first that she would not go. But her mother insisted, and at last she went. Just as she had filled the pitcher, a very poor woman came up and begged for a draught of water. Now Cross Patch was generally rude to badly dressed people; and she was very cross now at having been made to go to the well. "If you want some water, you may draw it for yourself," she said sharply. "I did not come here to wait upon beggars." "You are a very rude, unkind girl," said the old woman, "but I will bestow a gift upon you. Every time you speak there shall drop from your lips a viper and a toad." And as she spoke she disappeared. *

Cross Patch did not believe her words; but took up her pitcher, and went sulkily home. Her mother met her in the porch, and exclaimed, "Well, my darling, did you see the old woman?"



TOADS AND VIPERS.

“Yes mother,” said Cross Patch, “a miserable old creature.” As she spoke there dropped from her lips a large toad and a viper. “Oh, what is this! cried the mother.” Cross Patch, now a little frightened and very angry, began to tell her what the old woman had said, and vipers and toads fell fast from her lips as she spoke.



“It is all that wicked Rose’s doings,” cried the angry mother, “I will beat her severely for it.”

And she ran for a stick, and was just going to beat poor Rose, who implored her pity on her knees; when, suddenly, a cloud filled the room, and on it appeared a lady with a diamond star on her head and a sceptre in her hand. It was the queen of the fairies, who had before assumed the form of an old woman.

“Do not strike Rose,” she said, in a commanding tone. “She has done no wrong. Your daughter brought her fate on herself by her ill-temper. I shall take Rose away with me and place her with kind people, whose care of her will be rewarded by the treasures that fall from her lips. When your daughter learns to speak kindly, I will take away the spell that makes her drop toads. But remember, cross and unkind words are as bad, dropped from the lips, as toads and vipers; while kind and gentle words are better than roses and diamonds.”





THE FAIRY'S VISIT.



HOP O' MY THUMB.



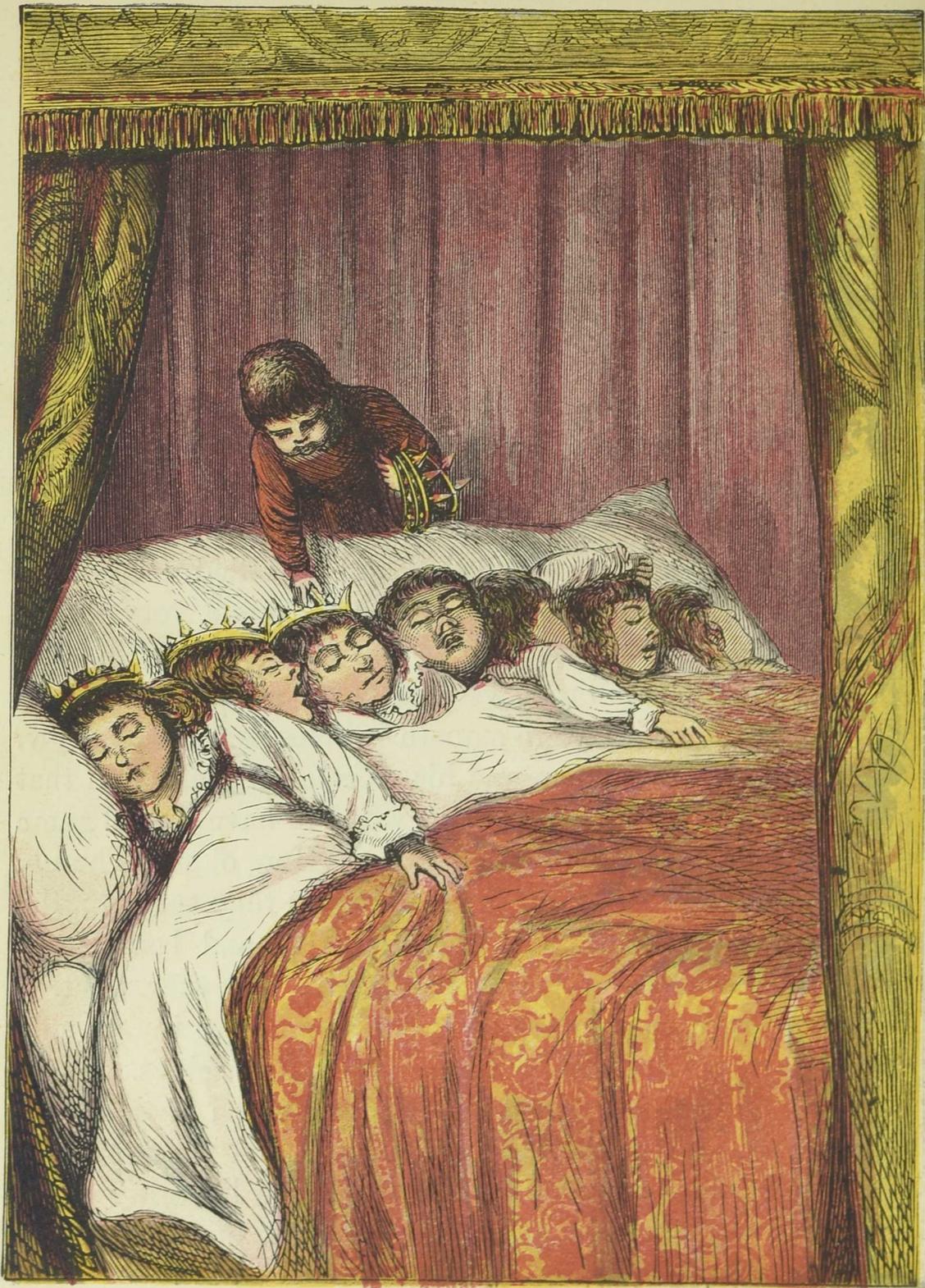


HOP O' MY THUMB STREWING PEBBLES.

HOP O' MY THUMB.

ONCE upon a time, there was a woodman and his wife, who had so many children that they did not know how to find food for them. So one night, when they were all in bed, the father told his wife that he thought they had better take them into the forest and lose them there. The youngest child, who was so very small that he was called Hop o' my Thumb, overheard his father, and as he was a very clever boy, he made up his mind to find his way home again. So he went down to the brook very early the next morning, and filled his pocket with large smooth pebbles as white as snow. By-and-bye the woodman and his wife told the children that they might go with them into the wood to have a good game of play. They were all glad, except Hop o' my Thumb, who knew what his father intended. So they set out; the woodman and his wife first, then the boys, and last Hop o' my Thumb, who sprinkled pebbles all the way they went.

They spent a very merry day; but by-and-bye the parents stole away, and left the children all by themselves. They were very much frightened when they missed their father and mother, and called loudly for them; but when Hop o' my Thumb told them what he had heard, and how they could find their way home by following the track of the pebbles,



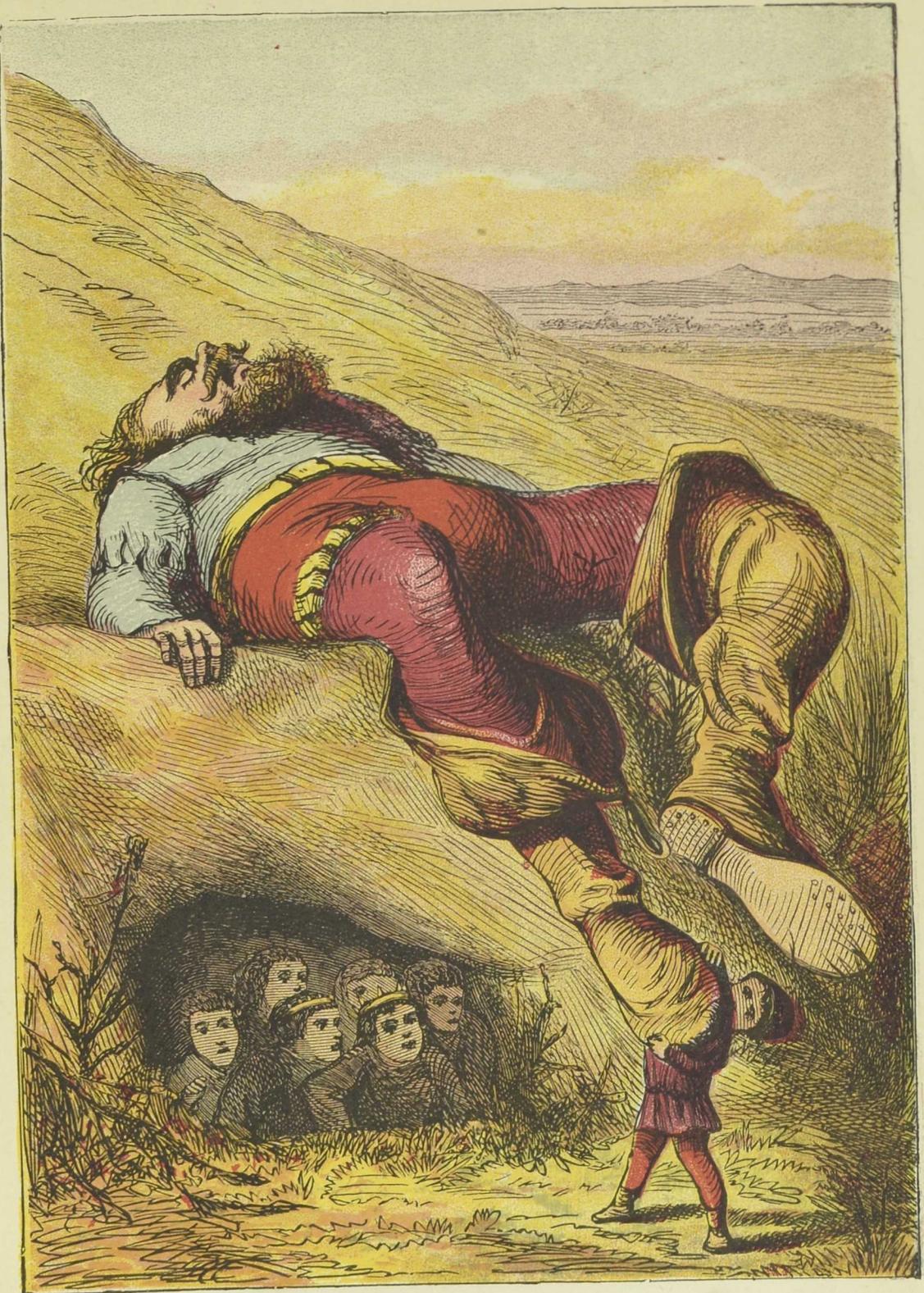
THE GIANT'S SEVEN DAUGHTERS.

which marked the way they had come, they set out, and reached home safely, and their father and mother pretended to be very glad to see them back.

But soon after they again resolved to lose their children, if possible, in the forest. This time all the boys feared that they should be left behind, and the eldest brother said he would take some peas to sprinkle, to mark the pathway that led home. By-and-bye the cruel parents stole away, and left the little ones in the dark wood. At first they did not care, for they thought they could easily find their way home; but, alas! when they looked for the line of peas which they had sprinkled, they found they were all gone—the wood-pigeons had eaten them up, and the children were lost in the wood. Holding each others hands and crying sadly, they walked on, to seek a place to sleep in. By-and-bye they came to a giant's castle, where they were taken in, and told that they might sleep in the nursery with the seven baby daughters of the giant, who were lying all in a row in one bed, with gold crowns on their heads. Hop o' my Thumb thought it strange that the giant should be so kind, as he had been told that ogres eat children. So in the night he got up softly, and took off the little giantesses' crowns, and put them on his brothers' heads and his own, and lay down again. It was lucky for him that he did so, for in the night the giant came up in the dark to kill the boys, that they might be ready for the next day's breakfast. He felt the beds, and finding the crowns on the boys' heads took them for his



THE GIANT IN SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS.



HOP O' MY THUMB TAKING OFF THE BOOTS.

own children, left them, and went to the other bed and cut off the heads of his daughters instead. Then he went back to bed. Directly he was gone, Hop o' my Thumb and his brothers got up, stole down stairs, opened the door and fled away from the castle. But they did not go far. Hop o' my Thumb knew that the giant would come after them in his seven-league boots. So they got into a hole in the side of a hill and hid. Very soon after, they saw the giant coming at a great pace in his wonderful boots; but he took such long steps that he passed right over their heads. They were afraid to move out till they had seen him go home again. So they remained quietly where they were.

By-and-bye the giant who had been miles and miles in an hour or two, came back very tired, and being also stupid with grief (for he had loved his own children), he lay down on the hill-side, and fell fast asleep. As he lay snoring, Hop o' my Thumb stole out of the hole, drew the seven-league boots off, and put them on his own feet. They fitted him exactly, for being fairy boots they would grow large or small just as one liked. The giant did not wake, so the boys all came out of the hole, and hurried on as fast as they could on their way home. Hop o' my Thumb saw a woman sitting weeping by the way-side, and asked her why she grieved. "Alas!" said she, "our good king is gone out to fight, and I have just heard that his enemies are close to him, though he does not know it, and I have no one to send and tell him his danger. "I will go," said Hop o' my Thumb,



HOP O' MY THUMB REACHING THE CAMP.

“in my fast boots.” He started at once, and in two steps he was in the camp. The soldiers were quite frightened, when they saw Hop o' my Thumb step in on his seven-league boots.

The king was very much obliged to him for saving him from this great danger, and kept him with him, that he might send messages by such a swift servant.

When Hop o' my Thumb could be spared he went back to his old home, when he found all his brothers; but his father and mother were not there. Hop o' my Thumb hastened to make inquiries for them, and found that they had been suspected of murdering their children,—who had all disappeared suddenly—that they had owned to leaving them in the wood, and that they were to be put to death for the crime. “We must go and save them,” he said. So he took his brothers into the seven-league boots, and set out to the place where their parents were in prison. They arrived only just in time, for the guards were bringing out the woodman and his wife to put them to death. Hop o' my Thumb took off the boots, and all the children called out, “We are alive! we are alive! Do not kill our mother and father.”

Then there was great joy. The woodman and his wife were set free, and embraced their children. They had repented of their wickedness and were never unkind and cruel any more; and Hop o' my Thumb kept them all in comfort, by going on errands for the king in his seven-league boots.

