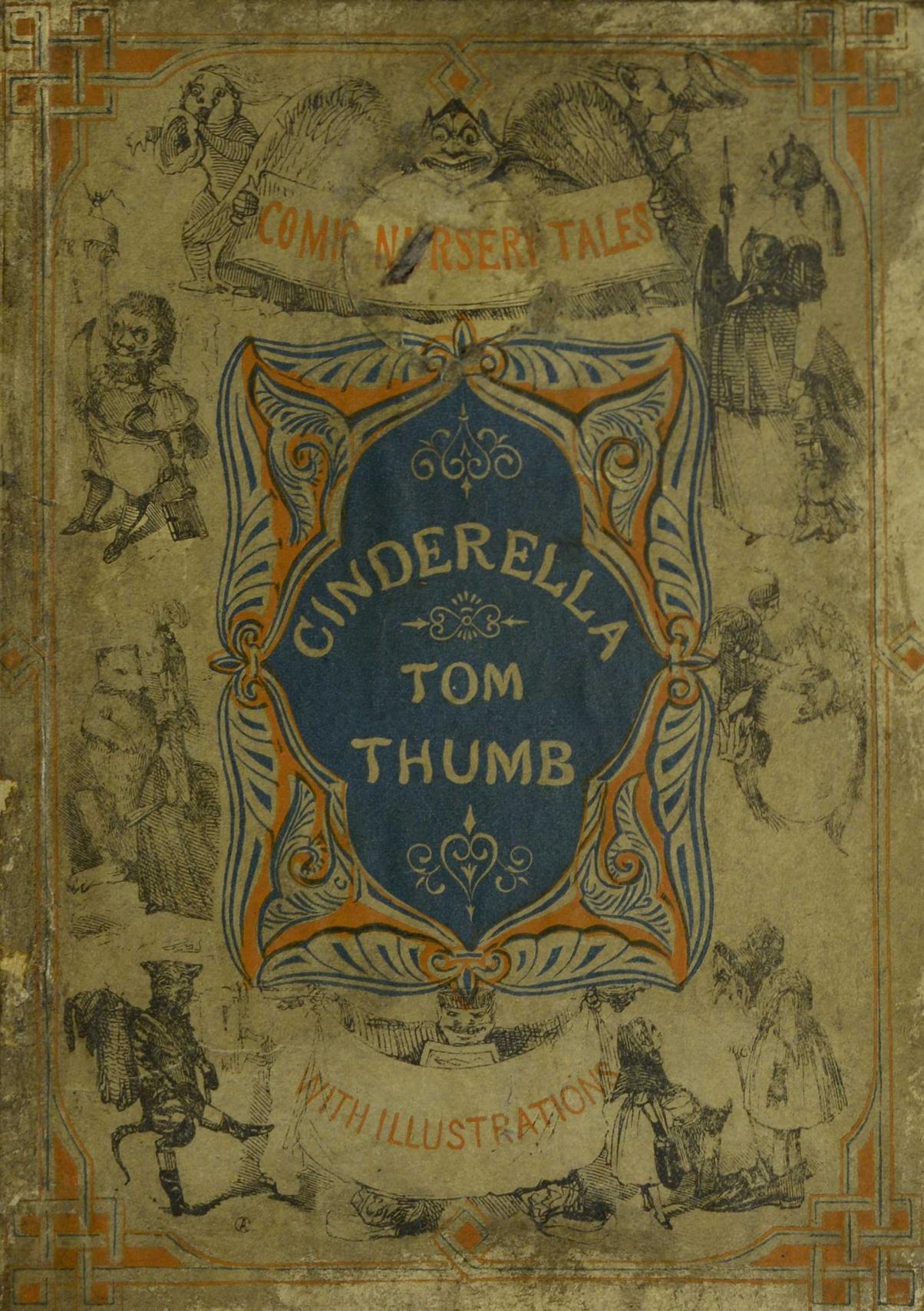


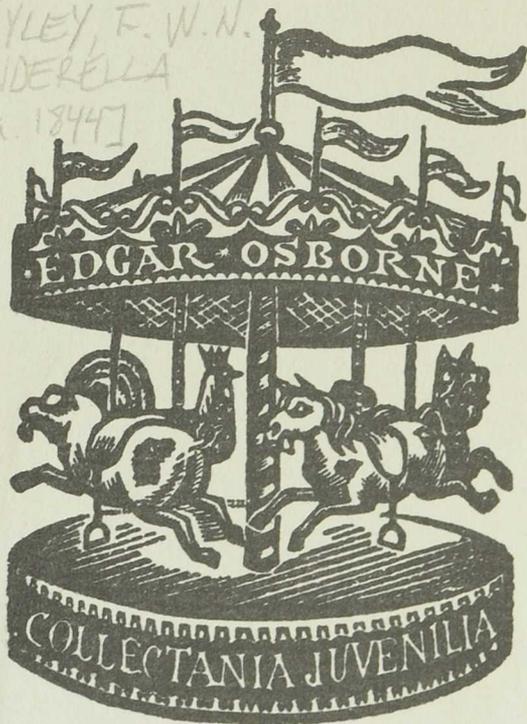
COMIC NURSERY TALES

CINDERELLA  
TOM  
THUMB

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



(FT)  
BAYLEY, F. W. N.  
CINDERELLA  
[ca. 1844]



37131 062 554 746

C.1844

~~4~~ 22/11

Q

4-

36B

10/10

s/- show 60

See Statute p 13, 26

27 Orr

Prout Vigabatilly (bacter)

Comit





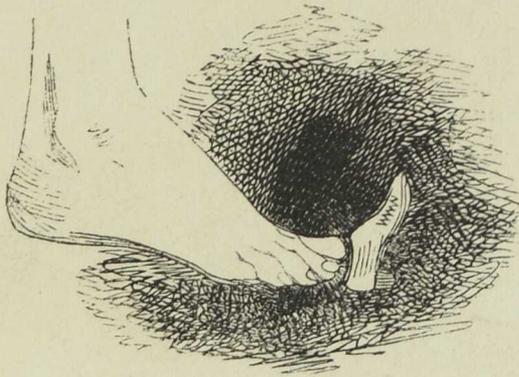
# CINDERELLA

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY,

Author of "BLUE BEARD" and "THE NEW TALE OF A TUB."

WITH NUMEROUS HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY CHAM.



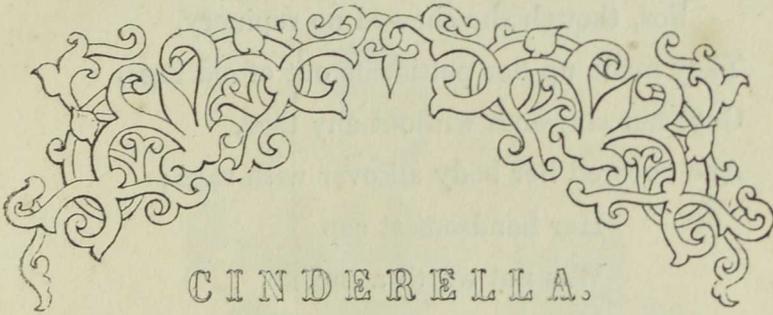
LONDON:

W. M. S. ORR & Co. AMEN CORNER,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.









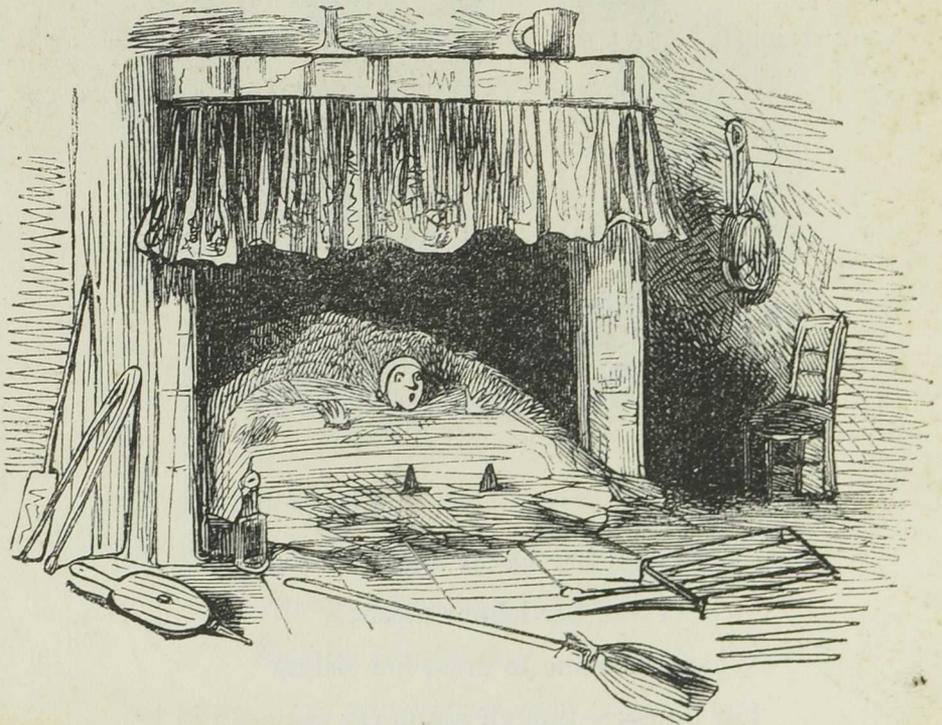
A GENTLEMAN once, a widower wild,  
    Who his wife's death did not rue,  
But even neglected her only child,  
A beautiful girl, with a temper as mild  
    As milk that is specially blue,  
Got punished one day, in the prime of his life,  
With a curse, in the shape of a *second* wife—  
    A very villainous shrew—  
And fate did also on him confer  
A couple of termagent daughters with her,  
    A very terrible *two* ;  
Who with their bad mother liked no better fun  
Than evermore teasing the Beautiful One.  
    In their wicked grudge  
    They made her a drudge,  
And as for dressing her properly—fudge !

For, though she shewed no repinery,  
They made up her petticoats out of old rags,  
Gave her staylaces without any tags,  
And covered her body all over with rags ;  
    Her handsomest cap  
    Was not worth a rap,  
    Her bettermost gown  
    Never cost half-a-crown,  
And so dreadfully bad was the state of her bonnet,  
A pawnbroker would not lend sixpence upon it ;  
    Yet she so went about,  
    While they were togged out  
    To the very full pink of the fashion in finery.  
    I have said, in their grudge,  
    They made her a drudge :  
She willingly worked on her hands and her knees,  
But her cruel sisters she could not please,  
And still, in whatever she did, some flaw  
Was sure to be found by her mother-in-law ;  
    Though when she was beat,  
    By way of a treat,  
She could never exactly tell what it was for !  
    They made her grub,  
    And rub and scrub,  
    Till her fingers ached with blisters,  
Then finish her work in the washing-tub,



That her hands might be clean  
From her labour mean,  
When she came to dress her sisters  
For dinner—though *she* never got a fill in her,  
She acted as lady's maid and milliner.  
Little to eat and lots to do,  
A moment's quiet she never knew.

Always kept, by the voice of a shrew,  
In a most uneasy fidgety stew  
By scolds the most emphatic—  
Scold, scold, scold, scold!—  
Except when told  
To go to her bed in the attic.



Yes, go to a bed  
As hard as lead,  
And half-way up to the sky to soar ;

While, goodness knows,  
Her sisters rose  
To seek luxuriant, soft repose,  
In the feather-beds on the second floor.  
There they lay,  
Except by day,  
And then to their lot did the drawing-room fall,  
While she had the kitchen, and that was all!

Now in that very kitchen, when work was done,  
She 'd of fancies a peculiar one!

A curious (mark my pen!) trick  
Which shews that Nature hinders  
The best from being perfection quite ;  
We all of us sometimes take delight  
In being a bit eccentric.  
So be it. Well, this young lady's fit  
Was, after her work to go and sit  
By the stove among the cinders.  
Nothing her mind seemed more to please  
Than having the cinders up to her knees ;  
Away from soap and water,  
Dust and ashes she had galore ;  
Had she been—she could n't have loved them more—  
Sir Cloudesley Shovel's daughter.

What worked this whim ? It might have been  
     Humility or ambition ;  
 She might have thought it a penance scene,  
 Which harmonised with her lowly, mean,  
     And pleasureless condition !  
 She might have found a kind of charm  
 In feeling the pitying cinders warm,  
     When hearts were cold around her ;  
     On the other hand,  
     A dream more grand,  
 Might in that stove have found her :  
     A thought of "state,"  
     That her future fate  
     Was still to be allied to the *great* ;  
 I mean an alliance pure and tender,  
 And not to a grate with a kitchen fender.  
     I do not wis,  
     If dream like this  
     Were in her breast a dweller ;  
     Be that or no,  
     One thing I know,  
 That because she *did* love cinders so,  
     They called her CINDERELLA !  
  
 Still lovely evermore she grew,  
 A creature exquisite to view,





And though 't was easy to see well,  
Her dressed up sisters were more swell  
    (In cockney phrase "more sweller");  
Yet 'neath her rags you might descry  
An angel beauty with half an eye,  
    In patient Cinderella!

The son of the king he gave a ball,  
And invited people great and small  
To come and dance in his spacious hall,  
    Waltz, gallopade, mazourka ;  
He wanted to marry some lady fair,  
Out of the thousands that would be there,  
    And he did n't wish to Burke her :  
He was n't one of your Bluebeard sort,  
Who marry a woman and kill her for sport ;  
But a very elegant, nice young man,  
As ever flirted a lady's fan.  
Who came there—who came—who came ?—  
Beautiful damsel and beautiful dame !  
It became the chamberlain's task  
All the fair in the land to ask,  
And all the ladies were much delighted,  
That all the ladies were so invited ;  
Not a fair of them answered no,  
Every one was prepared to go ;

And every one, with a feminine zest,  
To put on her jewels and dress in her best,—  
Our heroine's sisters among the rest.  
A fact which poor Cinderella found out  
Long before the grand ball came about ;  
For they made the lone creature their habits prepare,  
Get up their laces, so rich and so rare,  
Trim out their ribbons, and curl up their hair ;  
And, although they were birds that were not very fine,  
Plume them out in false feathers that cut quite a shine.

One was fat and bouncible,  
One was thin and slim ;  
Dress was not renounceable,  
By either in her whim.

Fatty wore a velvet train,  
With a little page behind ;  
Above her, through the air did swoop,  
Of feathers a tremendous group,  
While ringlets on her shoulders droop.

Uncommonly confined  
Was her slimmer sister's slender waist,  
Who yet, with very curious taste,  
More tight would have it still ;  
Oh, she was laced beyond a joke,  
For twice two dozen laces broke,  
Ere she achieved her will !



GEORGE





I vow her waist was not more thick,  
 And will maintain it too,  
 Than any common walking-stick,  
 When she cried, "Hold hard—that's the trick—  
 I think that I shall do."

One fact we may not here forget,  
 Though registered with some regret,  
 Of each ungrateful mam'selle ;  
 That, while poor Cinderella dressed,  
 Both sisters—at her very best—  
 They taunted her with gibe and jest,  
 And teased the pretty damsel.

They asked her, would she like to go ;  
And when she meekly answered, " No,"  
They laughed, " Ha ! ha !—he ! he !—ho ! ho !"

And as, poor girl, she winces  
Beneath such torture, cry, " Pooh ! pooh !  
Pray, what have cinder sluts like you  
To do with balls or princes !"

Then one would hug her ugly nose,  
And sneer at Cinderella's clothes ;

The other try

Her pain to spy,

From eye that turned on swivel ;

And all this while,

With ill-feigned smile,

Did Cinderella dress their hair  
With just as much of friendly care,  
And make them look as *debonnaire*,  
As if they had been civil !

Soon they depart,—

With bursting heart

Poor Cinderella saw them start,

And both in sight was keeping ;

Till, when she could not see them more,

She had a comfortable roar,

And wildly fell a-weeping.

Cinderella had got an old nurse,  
Who dearly loved her for better or worse,

And who was, beside, a fairy :

And this fairy came quick,

Of time in the nick,

To catch her in her quandary.

“ Why do you weep, my darling child ? ”

This charming old lady said so mild ;

But Cinderella's grief was wild ;

And as when she spoke,

She was ready to choke,

The fairy exclaimed to the gods and the fishes,

And took up the line of our heroine's wishes :—

“ You want to go to the ball—heaven bless

Your sweet pretty face ? ” Cinderella said, “ Yes.”

“ Well, so you shall, my child—be quick,

Go into the garden—a pumpkin pick—

One that is bonny and round and nice,

And bring it me here,

There's a dear !

In a trice.

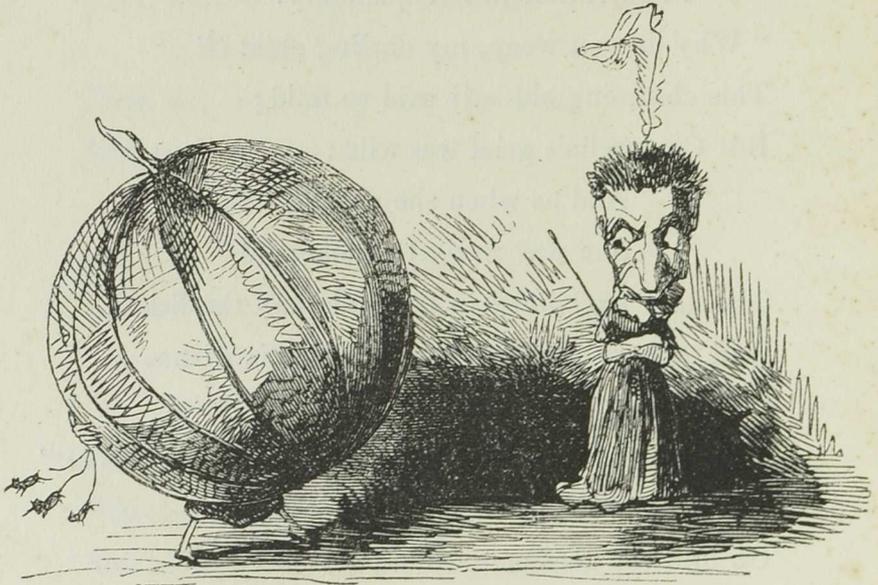
Cinderella was puzzled and grave,

Without any avail at all,

To know what a pumpkin could possibly have

To do with the Prince's ball :

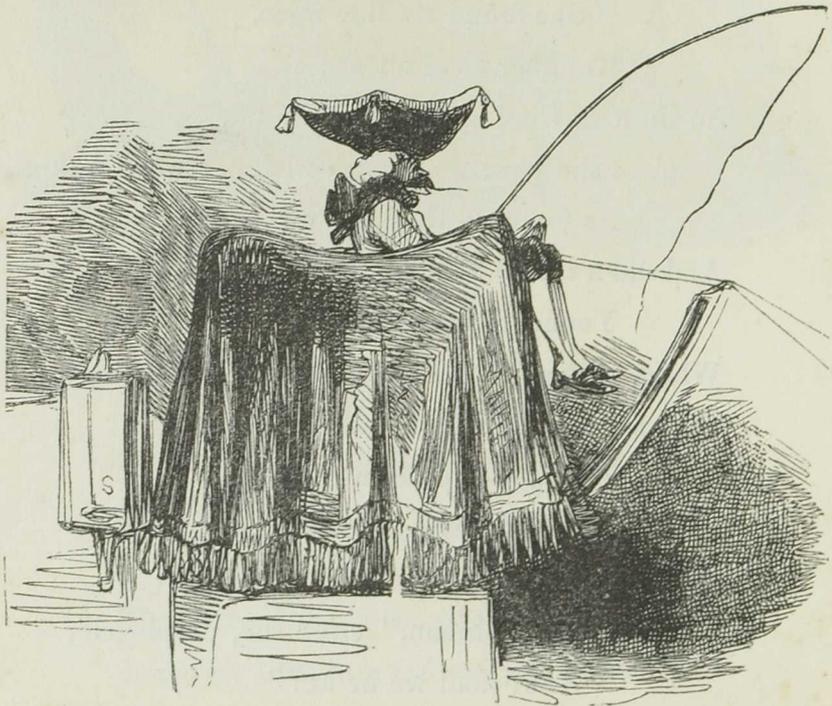
This was a riddle she could not guess—  
But she brought the pumpkin nevertheless.  
The Fairy placed the fruit on the ground,  
And three times walked it round and round ;



Then raised her hand,  
And struck with her wand  
A blow ;  
When lo !  
The thing divided——Hey, diddle-diddle !  
It did n't turn to a cat and a fiddle——

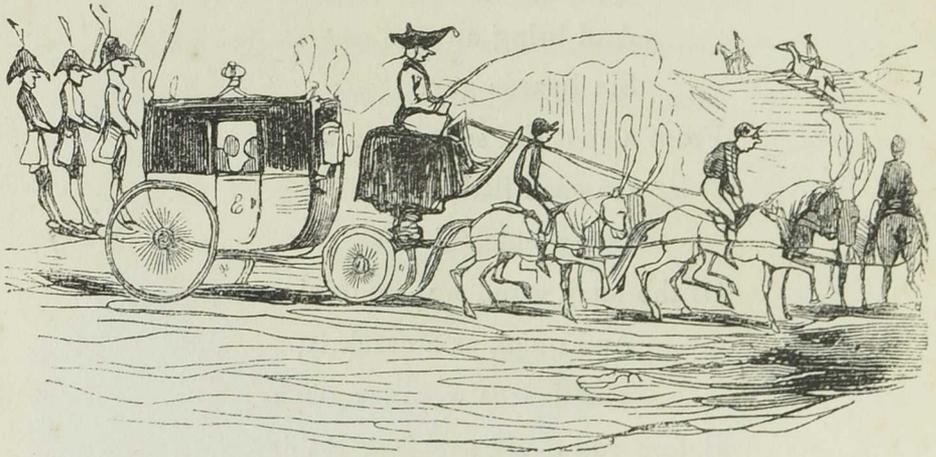
The thing divided———Ri-to-tum!  
It did n't turn to a dog and a drum:  
But it opened itself in a beautiful way,  
And became an equipage great and gay.  
Body, axletree, wheels, and all,  
And cushions fit to take to ball:  
Lots of satin and lots of gold;  
Nothing more brilliant was ever yet sold.  
The very next thing the Fairy did,  
Was to go to the mouse's trap;  
    There in a trice  
    She found six fine mice,  
    Running alive about:  
So she told Cinderella to lift the lid,  
    And she gave them each with her wand a tap,  
    As joyously they ran out.  
And did n't, like flabbergasted goose,  
    Young Cinderella stare,  
When, instead of the mice that she'd let loose,  
She saw six fine horses ready for use,  
    And gay-caparisoned there!  
And long ere she could her wonder broach,  
Ready harnessed and all in her coach.  
“Now for a coachman,” cried she, perplexed;  
    “What shall we be at?”

But the old nurse went to the rat-trap next,  
And there she found a rat.  
“A rat, my dear nurse! rats I see!”  
Cried Cinderella: “one, two, three.”  
“One,” said the Fairy, “will do for me.”  
So one she took, with whiskers as long  
As the twenty-first of June;  
And she murmured while tapping him hard and strong,  
As if she were humming a tune.  
But the wand of the Fairy was doing its work,  
For up sprang a coachman as big as a Turk,



Ready and fat,  
In his great cocked-hat,  
As if nothing could ever make him shivery ;  
Cold could never get through his livery :  
While, instead of rat-whiskers, were larger moustachios,  
Than any young lady's or gentleman's pa shews !  
Now into the garden the Fairy soon,  
By the breaking light of the silvery moon,  
Bade Cinderella go,  
And bring away  
Six lizards gay,  
From a spot she seemed to know.  
On each little chap  
The wonderful tap  
Of the fairy wand was nobbin' soon ;  
And quick as a crack is,  
The lizards were lacqueys  
Before you could say Jack Robinson.  
Their skins so light  
Made liveries bright ;  
No footmen ever slipped in-  
to things so rare  
As they were fair  
And handsomely equipped in ;  
And pretty hard 't would make you stare,

To have seen them approach  
 The gorgeous coach  
 With the best of all approaches,  
 And jumping up there,  
 With a *nonchalant* air,  
 Look as if from the very first day they were made,  
 They had ne'er been apprenticed to any light trade,  
 But to standing behind coaches.



“ Now, Cinderella,” said Nurse, “ my sweet,  
 There is your equipage all complete ;  
 And you can go  
 To the ball you know.”

“ Yes ; and make in these rags, Nurse, a pretty fine show.”  
 “ True—true—I had nearly forgot,  
 That never would do, love—certainly not ;

So change, miss, with ease  
Your things if you please,  
And get off those dirty old rags, for a dress  
That will do, Cinderella, for any Princess."



With the wand she gave her a single blow,  
And Cinderella, from top to toe,  
Was robed in satin, and silver, and gold,  
Surpassingly beautiful there to behold ;  
Feather in hair,  
Diamonds rare,

Ringlets, laces, gloves, and a fan,—  
 Enough to enchant the most cold-hearted man.

Hold! eh!

Did I not say

Cinderella was rigged from top to toe ;  
 I must have been wrong—for the fact was not so—  
 Her toilette, in truth, was not really complete,  
 For as yet she 'd no shoes on her sweet pretty feet ;  
 But the fairy looked down on those beautiful skippers,  
 And ensconced them at once in a pair of GLASS SLIPPERS.

The fairy saw her into her coach,

Blushing and flushed with a lovely glow,

That would not let pride with its grandeur encroach

Upon modesty's brow, like the purse-proud and low.

“ Now, Cinderella, now you may go,

But whatever charms at the ball you find,

Do not stop after midnight, mind ;

But careful and punctual be with me here

Directly it has struck twelve, my dear ;

And first let me warn you, in this if you fail,

Your silly imprudence you 'll have to bewail ;

That moment your grandeur will all get the sack,

Again you 'll have nothing but rags on your back,

Your lackeys will all become lizards,—your fat

And burly old coachman return to a rat

Only fit for the dogs of a country bumpkin ;  
 While your horses turn mice—with your carriage a pumpkin !”  
 The sweet Cinderella soon promised her all,  
 And away, like a peri, she dashed to the ball.

Lo! the ball is now begun—

Startled whispers of surprise  
 Through the stately chambers run ;  
 “ Cynosure of all men’s eyes,”  
 Cinderella’s form and dress

Strikes them with amazement there.

“ What an exquisite princess !”

“ Type of fairy loveliness !”

“ Jewels brilliant !” “ Beauty rare !”

“ Who can *she* be ?” “ Cannot tell ;

But she cuts a pretty swell !”

“ She must have a lot of blunt ;

See her diamonds how they shine,—

More than Mortimer and Hunt,

Or Bridge and Rundell, I opine,

Ever furnished lady fine !”

So Cinderella was finely attired,

And so Cinderella was finely admired,

Ladies beheld her with envy rare,

From the glass of her shoe to the curl of her hair—

At her the gentlemen could n’t but stare ;

While the dignified one,  
Whom they called the king's son,  
Was struck all of a heap—by enchantment undone ;  
Till speech came to his aid,  
As he gazed on the maid,  
When he paid her all sorts of fine compliments there.



The Prince he took her lily-white hand,  
And led her out to dance,  
Oh, then they looked surprisingly grand ;  
As comely a couple,  
With legs as supple





As ever kicked heels on an English floor,  
Or jumped "*entrechat*"—a still greater bore—

In a *salle*

*Du bal*,

In France.

Then it was whispered, "Oh my eye!  
Does n't the pretty princess leap high?  
She really seems almost up in the sky.  
Ah! what a delightful feeling

Of *abandon* for the dance is hers,

Who, as if she were pricked with a pair of spurs,  
Can so start up for the ceiling."

Yet so did Cinderella hover

All the company o'er,

Now and then leaving her princely lover

Gazing up from the floor;

Shaking about her beautiful feet, O,

Quite in the manner of young Cerito;

Making them wonder what she was arter,

Quite in the fashion of Dumilatre.

Elsler was outshone! He!

He! he! he! it makes me laugh,

To add that she flourished a prettier calf,

By half,

Than Taglioni.

After the dance was over and done,  
She was led to supper by the king's son,  
Who gave her cakes, which she ate like fun ;  
Yet of every one to which he did assist her,  
She gave a portion to either sister,  
    For both were by her side ;  
And though it was clear that they did n't know *her*,  
Yet she was remarkably kind to confer  
    Such notice upon their pride.

At last it wanted a quarter of mid-  
    night,  
So what do you think Cinderella did ?  
    Why, rose any how,  
    With a gracious bow ;  
    And expressing her great delight  
To the Prince for his courtly hospitality,  
She cut her stick without more formality.

Cinderella got home without any more pother,  
Just in time to thank her grandmother :  
See vanish the clothes she had worn at the fête,  
And resume her old seat by the side of the grate  
    In her cinder smock,  
    When she heard the knock

Of her sisters bang at the door in the hall,  
To let her know they had come from the ball.  
She rose from her seat when they came in,  
With a gaping mouth, and a stretching chin,  
    And a most expressive yawn ;  
As though she had been plunged deep  
    In sleep,  
And now her eyes open could hardly keep  
    (Like rakes at the "peep o' dawn") ;  
So first she kept shutting, and then she kept blinking 'em,  
Though we know of sleep that they had n't a wink in 'em !



Then her sisters began to talk  
In a most provoking strain,—  
“ Well, we ’ve been to the ball,  
Such a glorious sight !  
And are going again  
To-morrow night ;  
A ’n’t you sorry you can’t go at all ? ”  
Cinderella half whimpered—“ Yes,”  
Affecting a kind of sorrow ;  
Then asked the eldest to lend her a dress,  
And to let her go to-morrow.  
But her sisters set up laughs and jeers,  
With—“ My lady keep to your cinders here ;  
What has a slut like you  
To do  
At a ball ? ” and then, with another sneer,  
They told her about the great Princess,  
With the brilliant gems and the beautiful dress,  
Who had won the Prince’s heart in a trice ;  
Who danced so high, and who supped so nice ;  
Who—(here Cinderella coughed “ a-hem ! ”)—  
All the supper-time noticed them ;  
Who sat so kind, and who rose so quick,  
And before it was midnight, cut her stick !

The moon rose bright  
On the second night,  
And the two wicked sisters away by its light,  
Were off to the ball amain ;

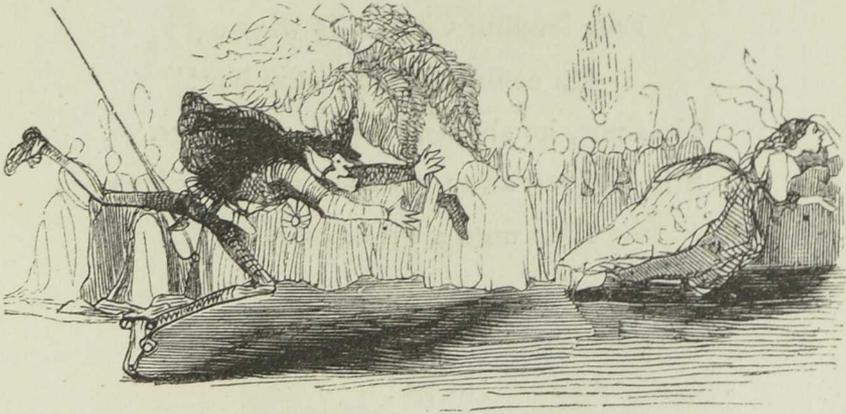


When Cinderella, nothing loth,  
But uncommonly anxious to follow them both,  
To her grandmother went again.

And the fairy giving her traps galore,  
 And adorning her person more and more,  
 Put her into her carriage more grand than before ;  
 And waved her rapidly off to the palace,  
 To pick up some more admiration and malice :  
 There in her coach and her precious clothes,  
 There in her grandeur, there she goes !

The Prince's delight  
 This second night,  
 Has fairly passed all bounds of rapture ;  
 For Cinderella's dazzling charms,  
 Have of his spirit made a capture ;  
 Sought you to tear her from his arms,  
 By japers he would shoot you all.  
 He loves her :—truth also hints,  
 She's some affection for the Prince,  
 And so the passion's mutual.  
 At all events she lingers till  
 Her time draws near—against her will,  
 To go she does not like ;  
 But, oh ! what fills her soul with fears ?  
 Alas ! alas ! alas ! she hears !  
 Why, cruel clock,  
 The feelings shock ?

One, two, three, four,  
And twice four more,  
Most ominously strike !  
At that dread sound,  
She gives a bound,  
Her legs in a moment leap from the ground,



There is not halt nor limp in 'em ;  
She ran with all her might for luck,  
The very moment that midnight struck,  
Upon her startled tympanum.

Taken unawares,  
The poor Prince stares ;

A wild amaze  
 Fills all his gaze,  
 At first—poor man—nor can he stir ;  
 But love brings him to his senses quick,  
 And dashing after his princess slick,  
     His highness leaps a dozen stairs,  
 By the friendly aid of the bannister.  
     After her, after her, fast he springs,  
     Fear lending Cinderella wings,  
         He calling out to “stop her !”  
 He sings, he shouts, he prays, he begs,  
 Still rushing away with his jolly long legs,  
     Like unto a grass-hopper.

But, no !

No go !

She is not caught so !

Who wants her now must fetch her ;  
 She will soon be under her humble thatch,  
 And though all admit her a very great catch,  
     The Prince he cannot catch her.  
 He cannot catch, though he moves  
     As swift as an Oxford tandem ;  
 Gone is the dazzling girl he loves,



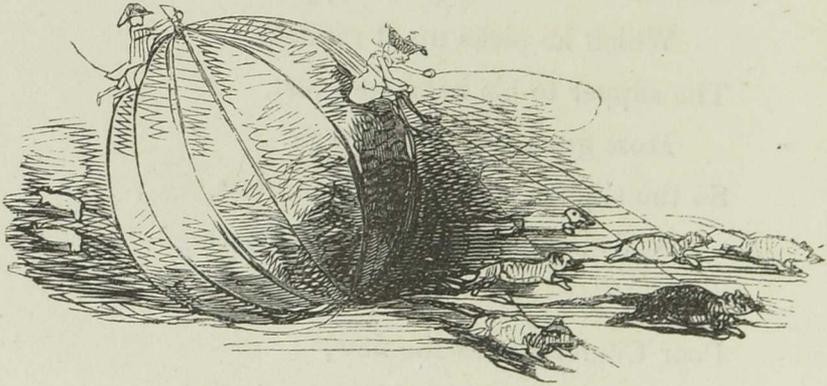


But still,  
“ Nil  
Desperandum,”  
A token sweet  
Is at his feet !

His heroine, as she swept the hall,  
Let one of her dear glass slippers fall,  
Which he picks up at random.  
The slipper to his heart he prest,  
Most gracefully retreating ;  
So the slipper got a very warm nest,  
And the heart a very warm beating !

Poor Cinderella, as she flew,  
How much, alas, had she to rue !  
What did her disobedience do ?  
Why turn her grandmother's words all true.  
For she had scarce got out of the hall,  
Ere her fine dress changed to tatters all ;  
And when she got to the outer door,  
What precious trouble had she to deplore !  
There were little lizards running about,  
Instead of lacqueys bedizened out,  
And betting each other half a *farden*,  
About which should first get back to the garden.

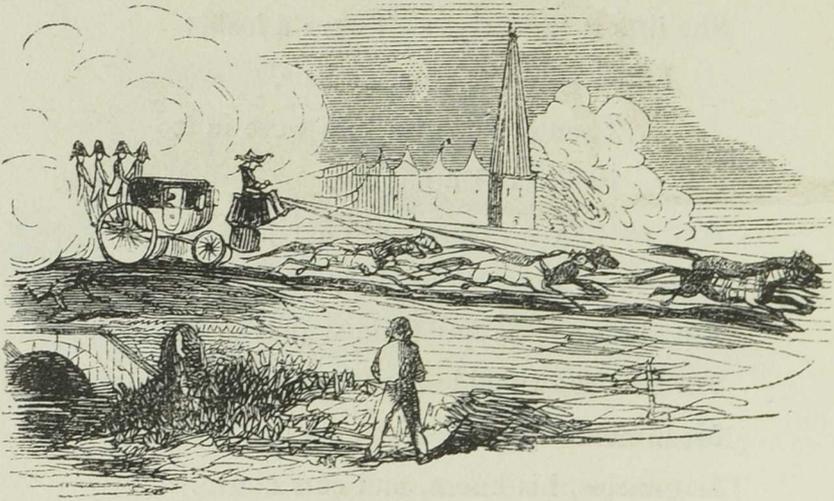
There were mice and rats deserting slap,  
 For they did n't want to get back to the trap ;  
 But she saw in particular one old chap,  
 Her beautiful carriage and coachman instead,  
 A-driving the pumpkin home to its bed !



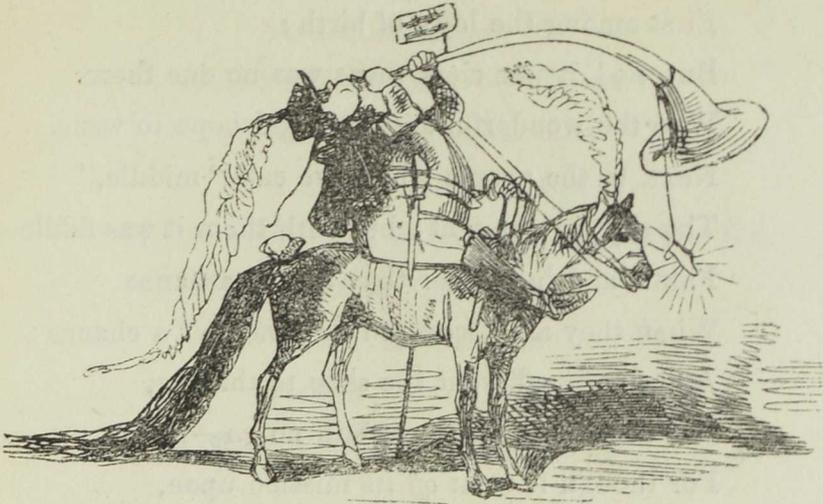
Poor thing ! she herself got home in a fluster,  
 Panting and “crying ready to bust her ;”  
 She sat herself by her kindred grate,  
 And there to the cinders bewailed her fate ;  
     There repining,  
     Weeping and whining,  
     She saw in the ashes something shining—  
 Down with her fingers to touch it she goes,  
 And her fingers find that it covers her toes.

Yes, her toes! and of all the fine things,  
All the jewels, and all the rings,  
In which the fairy did once equip her  
    For the ball,  
She now discovers, *the odd glass slipper*  
    Is all that is left at all.  
She lifts it tenderly, as 't were a locket  
    Filled with the prince's hair,  
    Though her own toes were in it  
    Before but a minute,  
And putting it quietly into her pocket,  
    Leaves it reposefully there ;  
But she must be quiet, must that pretty lass,  
For fear she should sit on her slipper of glass.  
Meanwhile the prince was mad in love,  
His ancles, his knees, and ears above.  
    In love—and who shall blame him ;  
    So be it spoken,  
    By that token,  
    Nobody could tame him.  
He asked about the fair princess  
    Of the porter at his door ;  
But the fellow could n't have told him less,  
    As he did n't tell him more,  
Than this—that he saw her come in, beyond doubt,  
But that certainly nobody saw her pass out.

Then the Prince he scoured the country round,  
 Though he could n't have scoured a floor ;  
 But the beautiful Princess was not to be found,  
 So the Prince's heart was sore !



For Cinderella he 'd have wept,  
 Until within the tomb he slept,  
 He ne'er would have resigned her ;  
 But at last he hit on a capital plan,  
 Every way worthy a royal young man,  
 And probable to find her.  
 He bade his "Herald" from his "Post,"  
 To all the wide world's woman host,

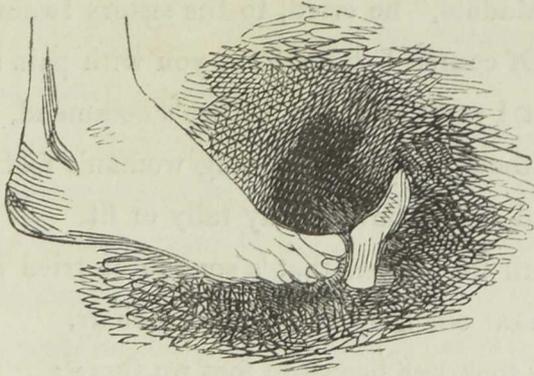


Proclaim, with trumpets noisy  
 (Not minding in the least to scare  
 The groups of children gathered there ;  
     The little girls and boys he  
 Might frighten, when the clarion loud  
 Shook all its thunder to the crowd),  
     That he did (Herald) carry  
 A slipper made of glass—should it  
 The foot of any fair one fit,  
     That fair one he would marry :  
 At once would to the altar lead her—  
 The Prince, mind—not the Herald—reader !

They took the slipper all over the earth,  
First among the lofty of birth ;  
But, no ! it was clear there was no one there  
Who the wonderful slipper could hope to wear.  
Next, to the people whom we call " middle,"  
The slipper was sent ; but with them it was fiddle—  
Fiddle and fudge, for they looked askance  
When they all discovered they had n't a chance :  
And finally off went the shoe to the low,  
But even to them it was still no go—  
For though it went *off* its mission upon,  
It was equally certain it never went *on*.  
At last the old Herald—half tired and beat,  
With trying a glass case to so many feet,  
A thing so peculiar for fine toes to go to,  
That five times five hundred declined it in toto—  
Wished the slipper was broken, his back did so wince,  
And with it (old rascal !) the heart of the Prince.  
But just here he remembered he had n't at all  
" Tried it on" with two women who were at the ball ;  
And the women so meant by the crusty old feller,  
Were the two wicked sisters of sweet Cinderella.

To these he went,  
On his mission intent,  
And they tried it hard and fast ;

Their either foot  
To a giant's boot  
Would have made a clumsy last :  
And though either one,  
For the monarch's son,  
Would have stood a tight shoe's pain like fun,  
And have let it bite and grip her—  
What should she do  
With a "one-foot-two"  
Foot in a six-inch slipper ?



Up in despair the sisters gave  
The task of making it fit ;  
When Cinderella made bold and brave  
To murmur, " A trial, too, may I not crave ?"  
But cried they " The devil a bit ;

How should such slipper go on the "fut"  
Of a nasty dirty cinder-slut?"

The Herald heard, and he turned his eye  
Upon Cinderella's face ;  
And he thought, " It is very fair, by-the-bye,  
Beautiful hair and a speaking eye,  
And a form that abounds in grace,—  
At this very same slipper she shall have a try,  
As well as the rest of her race."

" Madam," he cried, to the sisters twain,  
" Of course I differ from you with pain ;  
But I can't obey my Prince's command,  
Without taking this young woman's foot in hand,  
And seeing how it may tally or fit  
With the slipper that 's sent to be tried by it."  
He sat our heroine down in a chair,  
He took her beautiful foot up there ;  
He pressed it gently into the shoe,  
Which fitted it better than most shoes do ;  
Except in the Pamuscoriun land,  
Where the shoe fits the foot as the glove fits the hand ;  
As the Scotchman says, there was " no doutin' it ;"  
Cinderella had PUT HER FOOT IN IT !

And when from her pocket, with much despatch,  
She took out the other glass slipper to match,  
Her sisters saw that, as plain as day,  
If she'd put her foot in it *so had they!*  
For the fairy came at double-quick pace,  
Turned Cinderella's rags into lace ;  
Silks and satins, jewels and gold,  
Till she stood more beautiful far to behold,  
Than she did on the night when she dazzled them all,  
As the beautiful Princess at royalty's ball.

The sisters meanly fell on their knees,  
Said Cinderella, "Get up, if you please ;  
And take it not altogether amiss,  
If thus I forgive you, and give you a kiss."  
Of course she soon to the Prince was carried,  
Of course she soon to the Prince was married ;  
And she dried her envious sisters' tears,  
By wedding both to a couple of peers ;  
Of course, felicity all the go  
Was then—  
There is nothing more you can wish to know—  
Amen!







T O M T X U M B

BY HAL WILLS,

STUDENT AT LAW.

WITH NUMEROUS HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

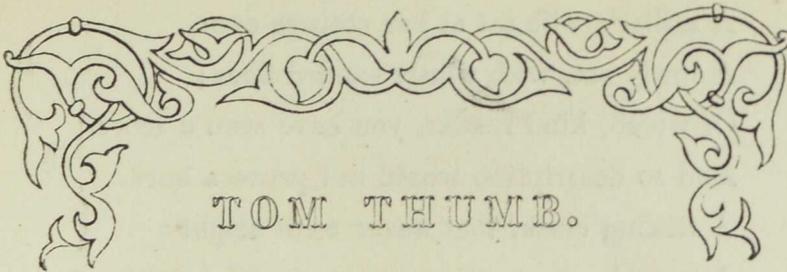


LONDON:

Wm. S. ORR & Co. AMEN CORNER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.





## TOM THUMB.

### INVOCATION.

---

Aid me, Apollo! help me to *a muse!*  
And in my inky lines infuse  
A ray of brightness,  
That will mingle  
With my jingle,  
Like a thread of pure gold;  
To the heavy giving lightness,  
All its weakness making bold.  
Strike thy lyre from on high  
And play while I sing—*ti-tum-ti*;

---

A balmy breeze sighed o'er the swelling hill,  
The busy bees were wending to their hives;  
The larks were rising with an *opera-bill*,  
Singing in *alt* as for their very lives.

A miller's wife sat at her cottage door,  
 A lowly cot, with neatly sanded floor ;  
 Of which, kind reader, you have seen a score,  
 And so description would but prove a bore.  
 A ticking clock, that never went aright ;  
 A warming-pan of brass, as red and bright  
 As ruddy Sol, when 'neath the wave  
 His drunken face he loves to lave  
 On summer's eve, without a cloud-cap,  
 And lays his weary nob on Thetis' lap.  
 All this no doubt is very fine,  
 But rather out of our line—

*Poeta nascitur non fit :*

Of course you know the meaning well,  
 That rhyme is like a tortoise-shell ;—  
 Unless to it you 're born it does not fit.

Merlin, the famous wizard of the day,  
 In guise of beggar chanced to pass that way,  
 And craved for food ; whilst they, without delay,  
 Both bread and milk before their guest display.  
 But, as he feasted, he observed that they  
 ('Though she was plump, and he was jolly),  
 Were very low and melancholy.  
 " Pray, what 's the cause of all this sadness,"  
 Quoth he ; " while all around breathes gladness,





From yonder lark, to this sleek purring tabby?"

"The cause," said she,

"Is 'cause that we,

Good man, have never a babby!"

Of comfort, then, he offered them a crumb,

In words that from a sage's lips alone could come.

"Oh! happy should we be had we, friend, but a chick,"

And as she spake the tears fell fast and thick,

"Were he no longer than my husband's thumb!"

Merlin was tickled with the fond conceit,

And prayed his friend Queen Mab to grant her prayer;

And she complying, in that snug retreat

A tiny child was born—a son and heir!

There ne'er was such another!

And Mab herself, kind creature, stood godmother;

Kissing the boy, and calling him Tom Thumb,

While all stood round in wonder gazing dumb.

No baby-linen warehouse could supply 'em,

Of course, with any fit befitting

A baby of that size—nor did they try 'em;

There was no need,

For Mab took heed

Her fairies to employ in sewing, hemming, stitching, knitting,

And saw him dressed, too, ere she thought of quitting.

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown ;  
His shirt of web by spiders spun ;  
With jacket wove of thistle-down ;  
His trousers were of feathers done ;  
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie  
With eyelash from his mother's eye ;  
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,  
Tanned with the downy hair within.  
We must acknowledge that this dress was simple,  
Light, elegant, and thin ;  
And as becoming as a dimple  
On Beauty's chin.  
Mammas, too often, in their babies' dresses,  
Commit fond, foolish, strange excesses ;  
Some their pets in velvet swaddle,  
So heavy they can scarcely toddle,  
Making at best a duck-like waddle ;  
Others their babes in flannel coddle,  
While cap and feathers load each noddle ;  
And this *is* truth, though some may deem it twaddle.

Albeit Tom lived, he never *grew up*,  
For though he got older, he never got bigger ;  
A " sad dog " became, yet he looked like a pup,  
For time made no change in his face or his figure.

One day

When he had lost at play,  
He slyly crept into a comrade's bag  
To steal some cherry-stones ;  
But ere Tom flitted with the swag,  
The boy drew the string tightly round his small scragg,  
And shook it and bruised him,  
And so cruelly used him,  
That his sighs and his groans,  
His shrieks and his moans,  
They say moved the very stones !  
While he vowed with a roar,  
He would never steal more.

The next thing he "got into" was a batter-pudding ;  
For, being at that age when wit is budding,  
He must needs look into the bowl, and the next minute,  
Losing his footing, he slipped in it ;  
And though he never *stirred*, his mother *did*,  
And put it in the pot, and then put on the lid.  
He kicked and struggled, and his mammy cried,  
"The pudding's sure bewitched !" and soon outside  
The cottage door she cast it,  
Although she seemed to grudge it ;  
A tinker the next minute passed it,  
And placed in his budget.

Tom having cleared his mouth "gave tongue"—  
 The frightened tinker down the dainty flung;  
 And as it fell of course 't was shattered,  
 And Tom escaped—a little bruised and *battered*.

Soon after his mother was milking a cow,  
 And, the wind being high, tied poor Tom to a thistle;  
 When the cow snapped him up with the thistle, somehow,  
 And, 't is said, made poor Tommy exert his small whistle:  
 "Oh! mother, dear mother!" he cried, in affright.  
 "Where are you, my darling, my heart's best delight?"  
 "In the mouth of the red cow! I fear she will bite."  
 The mother shrieked, and, at her outcry loud,  
 The cow alarmed gave up the dainty bit;  
 "Don't fright yourself," she cried, "or you will have a fit."  
 Quoth he, "I am not frightened, though I'm *cowed*!"  
 For Tom was bold, though not yet come to man's estate,  
 And if his *shoe* was small, his *soul* was great.

To drive the cattle, Tom had got a little whip  
 Of barley-straw;  
 And one day in a furrow chanced to slip,  
 When a hoarse-croaking raven, with hungry maw,  
 The pigmy picked up, and off with him flew  
 To the top of a castle, all on the sea-shore,







THE  
WINDS OF THE GREAT NORTH



Where old Grumbo the Giant found Tom in a stew ;  
And extending his mouth like a great oven door,  
Took him up and then gulped him without more ado.

Tom, not liking his lodging,  
Began up and down dodging ;  
Kicking and jumping, tumbling and bumping,  
That the Giant at last grew sick of the thumping ;  
And throwing him up, he fell over head plump  
Right into the sea, coming down on his head  
Such a bump !

When, lo ! a large fish, to his horror and dread,  
Snapped him up in a trice.

A day or two after a fisherman caught it,  
And straightway to King Arthur brought it ;  
Who, without any haggling, paid him his price.

When they cut it asunder  
The cook stared with wonder,  
When he spied the small boy ;  
While Tommy, elated with joy,  
Leaped forth with a caper,

Which made the cook laugh so, he shook off his cap of white paper !

“ You are the drollest thing,”

He cried,

“ I e'er espied !”

Then carried Tommy to the King ;

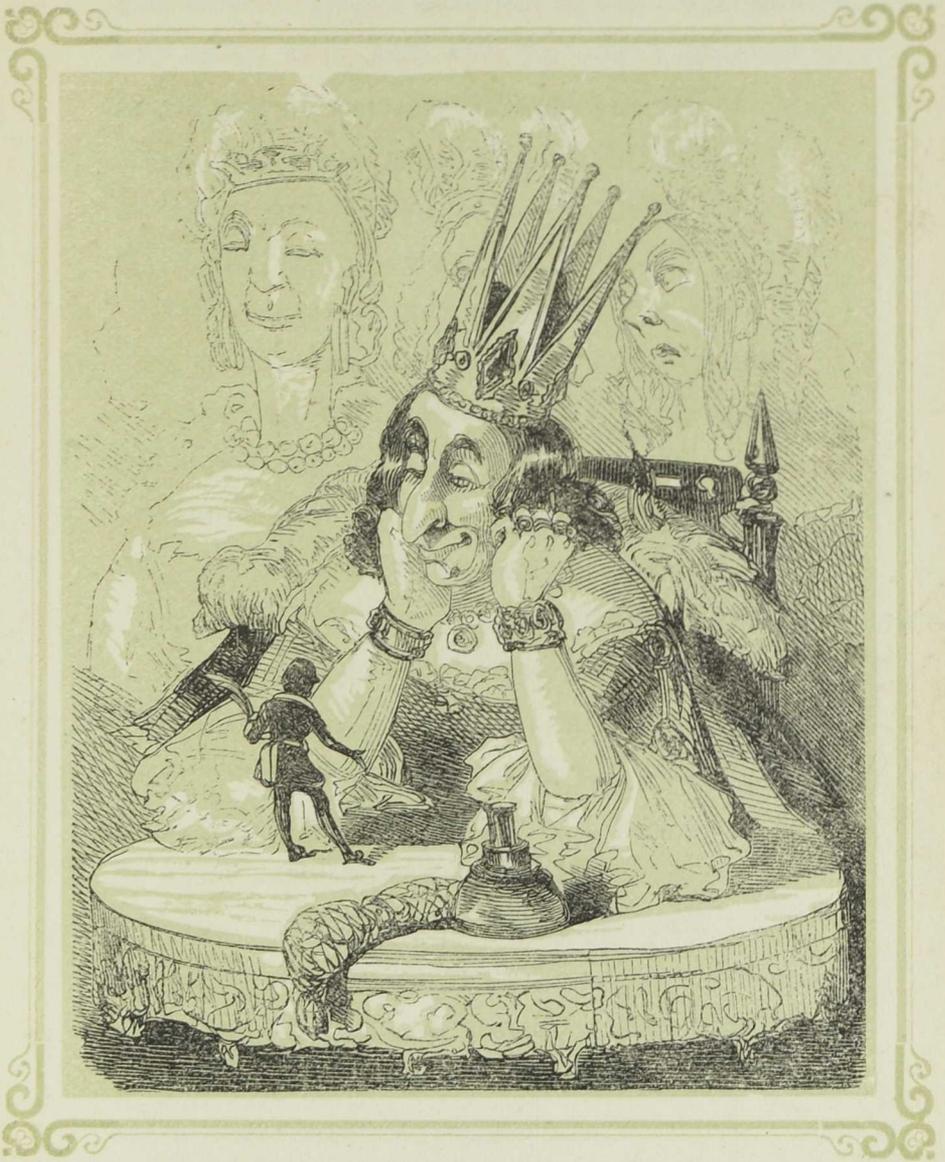
Who made him his dwarf, and the court  
 All made him their sport,  
 And his tricks and gambols amused 'em  
 For Tommy had talents and used 'em ;  
 Nay, even the Queen condescended to smile,  
 And the ladies, of course, all the while  
     Petted and patted him,  
 Though jealous enough to wish that the Cat had him !  
 For Tommy became a most dangerous favourite,—  
 The favour was sweet, but he found envy flavour it.

One day the King calling Tom Thumb, he  
 Kindly asked if his daddy and mammy  
 Were living, and if they were small ?

Quoth Tom, " Not at all !

My father and mother, in figure,  
 Are as tall as yourself, if not bigger ;

    But, although in person they 're tall,  
 Their means are quite short, and they drink and sing small."   
 This answer quite delighted Arthur, and with pleasure he,  
 Like a good-natured monarch, led him to his treasury ;  
 And bade him take as much as he could carry,  
     Unto his parents from the royal store :  
 So Tom was soon as busy as Old Harry  
     In a high wind, when Boreas 'gins to snore.





He soon procured a purse, made of a water-bubble,  
And therein placed a silver threepence, with some trouble,  
And sallied forth, bent with the weight quite double.  
In two days or more he reached the cottage door,  
And to his parents gave the wealth he bore ;  
And they were pleased, for in those days in  
Which they lived it was a sum amazing.

Tom being sick and weary with the miles,  
That he had trudged for those he loved so well

(Although he felt repaid for all, by their smiles),  
His mother placed him in a walnut shell

Beside the fire ; and for three whole days

She feasted him upon a hazel nut,

Till he grew sick, and could not leave the hut—

For 't was a month's provision—so the legend says.

But when their kindness had restored his strength, he

Wished to return—but oh ! the way was lengthy.

So his mother made a parachute of paper,

To which she fixed him by his waist so taper ;

And then, *reviewing* him, gave him a *puff*,

Which sent him quickly to King Arthur's court ;

Where he received congratulations *quantum suff.*,

And joined, as formerly, in every sport ;

Till his exertions nearly killed him.

The doctors leeches, and bled, and pilled him ;

And though poor Tom was cool as any waterspout,  
 Their counter irritation nearly "put him out;"  
 But still he was most patient, though most sore,  
 And all the court a face of mourning wore,  
 For soon, they thought, poor Tom would be no more;  
 And king and queen fell flat as Norfolk biffins:

When the fairy queen

Who so kind had been,

Came to court in a chariot, drawn by two griffins,  
 And carried him off to one of her palaces,  
 For she loved him, and fed him from tiny gold chalices  
 (Assuredly no one can boast such a pal as his);  
 And some thought—but a fairy 'bove envy and malice is.  
 And when she had made him as sound as a roach,  
 Sent him back in a current of air for a coach  
 When, as ill luck would have it, he happened to tumble in  
 A bowl of furmety the *chef* was just bearing  
 To King Arthur's table, which made him to grumble in;  
 A tone and a phrase which seemed very like swearing;  
 And being a choleric ill-tempered fellow,  
 Who never was tender, though always quite mellow,  
 Declared Tom had done it with malice prepense.  
 And so, it is said, without rhyme or reason,  
 Poor Tommy was seized, and tried for high treason,  
 And straightway condemned without a defence.

He shook in his shoes, and he saw

No means of escape ;

When, lo ! a big miller, a green Johnny Raw,

Who stood close beside him, just happened to gape,

And Tom in a twinkling leaped down his throttle,

And found himself safe as a bee in a bottle.

The traitor was gone, and where he had flown to

Nobody saw, and none it was known to :

The miller himself, though a *particeps criminis*,

Thought he 'd jumped down his *own* throat, nor felt him in his ;

But when the great booby retired to rest,

His noddle so thick scarce his straw-pallet pressed,

When Tom began jumping, and kicking, and singing,

And tumbling, and tossing, and round his arms flinging.

He sent for the doctor, who sent for five more,

Who sent for some learned men, some say a score ;

Who debated,

And prated ;

But still the case puzzled 'em

And at last they were silent for wonder quite muzzled 'em ;

Till the bumpkin extended his jaws with a yawn,

When Tommy leapt forth, like a young skipping fawn,

While the miller, enraged, gripped him fast,

Which put Tom in a shiver,

And out of the window the poor fellow cast,

And souse—he fell into a river !

A salmon, which was swimming by,  
The tempting morsel chanced to spy,  
And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
He nibbled him, as you or I  
Would bolt a penny tart or pie,  
Or any other luxury.

“Fast bind, safe find!” quoth Tommy Thumb,

“And why should I complain?

A fish once bolted me before,

I’m bolted now again;

‘The winter of my discontent’

Is passing quick away;

For though one swallow never makes

A summer, yet two may!”

And so he sang and danced, to ills superior;

And seemed to be,

Although at sea,

A happy minister of the interior!

And in a few days,

So the story says,

The fish was caught;

And, being a fine ’un,

Such as nobbs love to dine on,

For the King’s table was bought.

When the fish was cut open,  
Ah! surely there's no pen

Can fitly describe

The delight and the wonder of cook and his tribe!

"Oh, oh!" cried the cook,

With a sinister look;

"Master Tommy, you're dished now, for sartin."

Quoth Tom, "Do you know Betty Martin?

As a cook you know p'rhaps what a gammon is;

I'm caught, not 'cut up,' though the salmon is.

So stir your stumps! quick to the King go,

And tell him—"Your dwarf's here, by jingo!"

The cook tumbled off in a jiffey

As if he;

Was pleased with the task that was set him;

But a gingerbread groom at the closet door met him,

And told him the King was quite busy up stairs,

With his council discussing important affairs;

But the cook, quite important too, told him,

To go to the King in a canter,

And tell him instanter,

That he'd nabbed the traitor!

But Arthur, too busy to prate or

Send a long message, said "Hold him!"

So cookey for fear of his tripping,

Or from his hands slipping,

Imprisoned the very small chap,  
Fast and safe in a little mouse-trap !

A week expired, but poor Tom survived,  
To keep life in him by the *bait* contrived ;  
But “ bating ” that no food he found beside,  
The greatest wonder is he had not died.  
A week’s confinement for a weak young mortal,  
Was quite enough to bring him to death’s portal ;

We at least should think so,  
Who eat and drink so.

But Tom was not excitable but quiet  
And not less spare in body than in diet.  
At last the King thought of him, or relented,  
And promised pardon if Tom Thumb repented.  
Of course he did—at least he said so,  
For mild he was, by dire misfortunes made so ;  
And into favour once again he took him,  
And promised as a friend to “ book him ; ”

And, to crown his graciousness  
(Famed, like the Round Table, for its spaciousness),  
He knighted Tommy Thumb ;  
Who with joy was nearly dumb,  
Seeming his tiny strength to numb,  
Making his spirits quite succumb,  
But still he felt of comfort ’t was a crumb.

While for this most distinguished mark  
Of royal favour,  
The King, who certainly possessed a spark  
Of wit, which did of punning savour,  
Said, "On the longest day I'll dub the wight,  
For then will sun and king conspire  
To make the shortest night!"

Which speech of his the courtiers did admire;  
And smothered their great king with praise,  
While poets wove the saying in their lays,  
And won silk garments too as well as bays;  
But Tom now, so the chronicles declare,  
Although a courteous knight, was yet a little bare;  
For his clothes were worn,  
And "all tattered and torn,"  
And so the King thought fit to fit him with a new one;  
For though the least knight, he was at least a true one!

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

One day while hunting with the King,  
For Tom declared "He'd have a fling,  
And have a shy if he lost his stick;"  
    When slick and quick,  
A caterwauling thief on mischief bent,  
Tom's little courser chanced to scent;  
And with a spring—not Thomson's "gentle spring,"—  
    She seized the knight and hunter at a bound!  
The mouse squeaked out, as well it might, poor thing!  
    And up a tree himself the knight soon found—  
An awful fix and Tom thought he was used up,  
While all the courtiers looked amused up;  
But Tom his needle drew, and with a frenzy,  
That we sometimes in desperate men see,  
Attacked the tabby, and so hemmed her in,  
That she was sewed up for her sin!  
While knight and courser fell; when pat,  
The King caught both, exhausted, in his hat.  
But Tom his honours did not long enjoy,  
For there's no pleasure sure without alloy;  
Though in the country he now had a *stake*,  
    And did enjoy it with a zest  
('Twas Doctor Kitchener's, or I mistake),  
    His evil genius did not let him rest.  
He found "*ars longa vita brevis est*,"  
For Death stole in to thief his zest.





A spider of amazing size,  
With hairy legs and goggling eyes,  
Attacked the little knight ;  
And though he fought with all his might,  
    And wounded his hairy  
    Grim adversary,  
    Oh ! where was the fairy ?  
He failed to kill him quite.  
The Fates unable to decide, or  
Determine victory—the spider,  
Emitting poison with his breath,  
Caused, alas ! poor 'Tommy's death.  
“ He fell dead on the spot where late he stood,  
And the spider sucked every drop of his blood.”





LONDON :

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO., PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.







