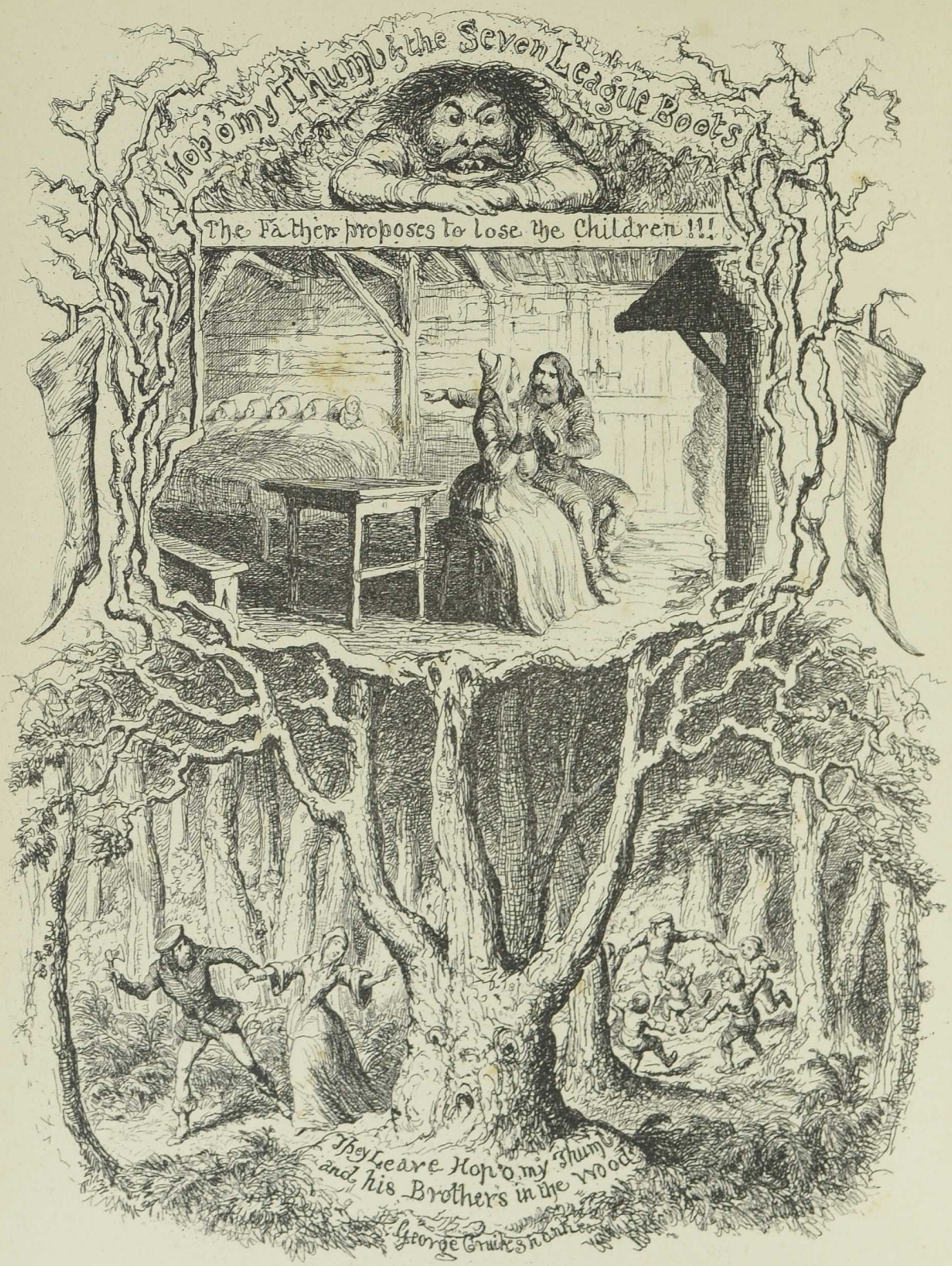
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY.

THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

1st Collected
Edition.
Ca 1870
24 Etched Plates

1 Pallad.


Hop o my Thumb & the Seven League Boots
The Father proposes to lose the Children !!!
They Leave Hop o my Thumb and his Brothers in the Wood
George Cruikshank

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S

FAIRY LIBRARY

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

CINDERELLA.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY,

YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I THINK it a duty to inform the Public that I have a Nephew whose *Christian* name is PERCY. He has been employed by a person of the name of "READ," a Publisher, late of Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, now of Aldersgate Street, who, in advertising any work, such as "FAIRY TALES," "COMIC ALMANACK," etc., executed by my *Nephew*, announces it as by "*Cruikshank*," instead of (as it ought to be) *illustrated* by "*Percy* CRUIKSHANK." And having been informed by *numerous persons* that they have purchased these publications under the impression that they were works *executed by me*, I hereby caution the Public against buying any work as mine with the name of MR. READ, as Publisher. I never *did anything for that person*, and never shall; and I beg the Public to understand that these observations are not directed against my *Nephew*, to whom I wish every good, but that they are against the said MR. READ, who, by leaving out my Nephew's Christian name, "PERCY," deprives him of whatever credit he may deserve for his literary and artistic productions, and thereby creating a confusion of persons, which, if not done for the purpose of DECEIVING THE PUBLIC, appears to be very much like it. I also take this opportunity of stating that the young artist, whose name is published as "George Cruikshank, *junr.*," is the son of my Nephew Percy, and as the *two* Georges create some confusion, I trust for the future that he will make some addition or alteration in his name, so as to make a *marked* distinction between himself and his relative and well wisher,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Drawn and Etched by George Cruikshank.

HOP-O'MY-THUMB

AND

THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS.

Once upon a time there was a certain Count, who possessed many castles and large domains. He was a very good man, but, unfortunately, he had some very bad companions, who led him into drinking habits, card-playing, betting on horse-races, and all sorts of foolish gambling; and these bad men, by these means, got all his money from him. So he was obliged to sell one estate after another until all his property was gone. When he was reduced to extreme poverty, all his evil companions left him; and as he had never been taught any trade or business, he was compelled to cut wood in the forest to get food for his wife and his children. The Countess, his wife, was a dear, good lady, and did all she could to make him and her children happy and comfortable; but she found it a difficult matter to do this, for what the Count earned was very little, and the greater part of that he

spent in buying strong drink—of which he used to take a great deal too much—so that he was very often tipsy: this was one of the bad habits he had learnt of his bad companions. They had six children—all boys; but one of them was such a *very little fellow* that he could hide himself in his father's shoe, and they called him "Hop-o'my-Thumb," or sometimes "little Hop." He was at this time about seven or eight years old, with an extraordinary sweetness of disposition or good temper, which it is a great blessing for anybody to have, and he possessed a degree of intelligence much beyond his age; and his strength and activity were also surprising, considering the smallness of his size. He used to try, by the most affectionate attentions, and by playing all sorts of funny pranks, to soothe the gloomy hours which his father passed in reflecting upon his former foolish conduct, that had brought himself and his family to such distress, for they were sometimes almost starved for want of food. And matters grew worse and worse with them every day; for it so happened at this time that there was a famine in the land, and the father, instead of trusting in Providence, and exerting himself to do something to relieve his family from their miserable condition, gave way to despondency, and still kept on drinking and smoking; whilst the money that he spent in the drink that made him tipsy, and on the nasty tobacco which he smoked, would have bought bread enough for his family to live upon.

The dear mother had brought up her boys to go to bed early, which they all did, like good children, without any grumbling or crying, little Hop-o'my-Thumb always being the first to say, "I'm ready to go to bed, mother;" but before he did so he would play some droll tricks to amuse his dear mother and his five brothers, which made them all laugh, even if they had no supper. One night, after they had said their prayers, and she had put them to bed (and when, as she thought, they were all asleep), the father came home and sat down by the side of his wife before the fire, and then began to tell her all the news about the scarcity of all sorts of food, and that he was unable any longer to get bread either for themselves or the children, and that they must, therefore, all starve to death. There was, to be sure, just enough for her and himself for a couple of days, but there was none for the boys; and as it would be a shocking sight to see them all starving, he proposed to his wife that they should take the children out with them in the morning when he went to cut fuel, and that they should leave the children in the great forest.

"No, indeed," cried the tender mother, "I shall do no such thing! If the poor dear children are to die, I will die with them." But the father insisted that it should be done, got quite angry, and talked so loud that he woke little Hop-o'my-Thumb, who was a very light sleeper, so he sat up in bed and heard all the talk; and after a great deal of crying and opposition, the mother at last

consented; for she saw that the Count had been drinking, and she knew it was of no use arguing with him when he was in that state, for he did not know what he was about; so, although she consented, she thought in her own mind that she would mark the road and go back herself, and take them to some place where she would beg the people to keep them for charity until times got better, and then she could pay for their board and bring them home, and surprise and delight their father.

Hop-o'my-Thumb, who had heard all the talk about leaving him and his brothers in the forest, immediately thought of a plan whereby he should be able to find his way back, and return home again with his brothers; he, therefore, got up before the dawn of day, and went to a brook that was close by the hut, and there he filled his pockets with little white pebbles, returned to the house again, and crept into bed before his parents or his brothers were awake. However, not long after they all awoke and got up, and washed themselves in cold water (which they did winter and summer, because it is most refreshing and healthy to do so); and when they had said their prayers, they sat down to a scanty breakfast. The Countess was in very low spirits, although she had determined in her own mind to take care that the boys should come to no harm; yet she anxiously watched her husband, in the hope that when he had quite recovered himself, he would give up the horrid notion of losing the children; but he had drunk so

much the night before that he was not yet quite sober, but seemed to be in a desperate mood, which he kept up by taking a little more strong drink out of a bottle that he had spent his last penny to buy. But he did not eat any breakfast; for people who get tipsy cannot take much food, so they soon get ill and die. After the Countess and the boys had taken their scanty breakfast, the Count put on his cap, took his hatchet, and said, in a surly tone, "Come along, let us go to work!" They all used to help the Count in his labour by gathering up the sticks that he cut away with his axe, and making them up into bundles,—Hop-o'my-Thumb, as well as the other boys: but they all used to laugh at the little tiny bundles that little Hop made; but although he did not do much himself, he used to lighten their work by singing songs and telling them funny stories.

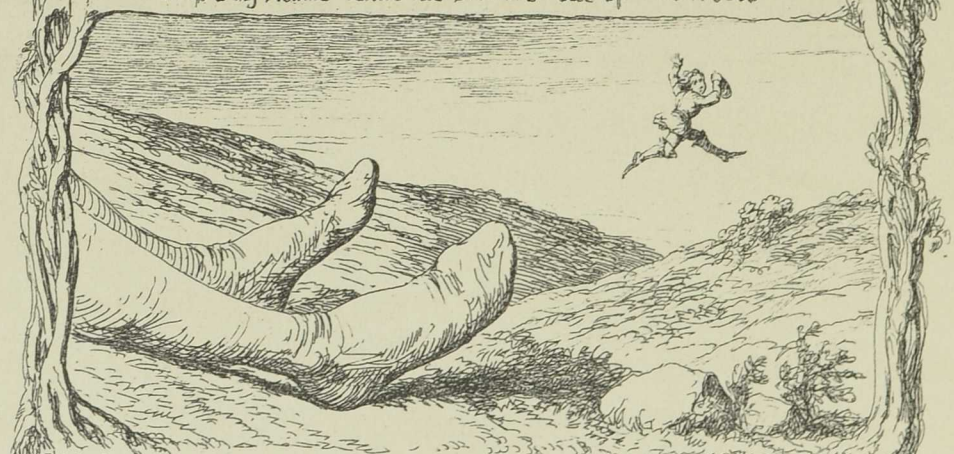
When they were all ready to set out, the Countess gave each of them a little bit of bread to put in their pockets, as they had to go a long way from home, she told them. They then set out on their journey to the great forest; but, as they went along, little Hop-o'my-Thumb took care to drop a little white pebble at different places; and although he had no doubt but that he should find his way back by these means, nevertheless he also took notice of particular trees, rocks, and streams, that they passed; and he also took care to mark which side of the road the sun was shining

upon; as he knew if it were on one side in the morning, it would be on the opposite side in the evening.

At length they entered the wood, and the father began chopping away, and the Countess and the children gathering and binding. The Count kept his wife close by him all the time, in order that they might be ready to set off the first opportunity; but whenever he was about to steal away, he always found that little Hop was alongside of him. So, in order to get rid of Master Hop, he told the boys they might leave off work for a little while, and have a bit of play; and he proposed that they should join hands and form a ring, and put little Hop in the middle and dance round him. The boys were all delighted with this game except little Thumb, who tried hard to get out of the ring, but his brothers would not let him; and thus, while they were all dancing and shouting, the Count took the opportunity of slipping away, dragging the Countess along with him. The poor mother, although she had determined to go back for the children, was, nevertheless, fearful that they might be lost or come to some harm. So she began to cry, and beg of her husband to let her go back for the children; but he had been draining his bottle, and only gave her harsh words and made her go on quickly, in order that they might get entirely away from the children.

Little Hop-o'my-Thumb's brothers kept on dancing away until

Hop'o my Thumb leads his Brothers out of the Wood



Hop'o my Thumb puts on the Seven League Boots – escapes from the Giant and goes home.

Hop'o my Thumb arrives at home before his Brothers, shows the Seven League Boots to his Father & tells him all about the Giant Ogre !.

George Cruikshank fecit

they were tired and out of breath, and then they all sat down to rest themselves. But when they looked round and could not see either their father or mother, they jumped up and ran about to look for them; but little Hop stood where he was, for he had noticed which way his parents had gone off. But, oh! when his brothers could not find their parents anywhere, they all looked at one another, and said, "Oh dear, we are lost! oh dear, where's father and mother? What shall we do?" and they set up such a cry, and came back to the place where little Hop was, who told them that instead of crying they ought to try what they could do to get out of the wood; and if they would help him to do so by carrying him, he thought he could show them the road home. So they left off crying, and the biggest boy took little Hop up in his arms and carried him; and then Master Hop-o'my-Thumb directed him which way to go, for he had noticed particular trees, and had marked others with his knife.* So they soon got clear of the wood; and then Hop told his brother to set him on the ground, and then the first thing that he did was to see whereabout the sun was; and although it was not shining out at that time, he could tell in what direction it was; and, as he began to feel hungry, he knew that it was about twelve o'clock, that being their usual dinner-hour, but he could also pretty well tell the time by the height of the sun.

*. This is what the Indians do,—they notch the trees, and so find their way through the largest forests

Hop next began to look for one of the white pebbles, and having found one, he called out to his brothers to come along; and on he went, leading the way. And at last, by the aid of the pebbles and the observations he had made in the morning, he had brought them nearly half the way home; when, as they were passing a steep bank by the side of a hill, they heard a voice calling loudly to them, and upon looking up they saw somebody coming down hastily towards them,—it was their mother! At first they all screamed, "Oh, here's mother!" and then set off as fast as they could to meet her, and in the hurry pushed over poor little Hop-o'my-Thumb; but he was up in a minute, and ran after his brothers as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"O my dear boys!" the Countess exclaimed; "and have I found you? Come to my arms, my little darlings!" and then she began to cry, and then the children began to cry, and they all had a good cry together. She then took up her dear little Hoppy, as she called him, in her arms, and said, "Come, dears, let us make haste home. You must be very hungry; and I hope by the time we get back, there will be some nice food for you; for your father has been sent for by a rich farmer in the neighbourhood to do some writing for him, and he is to bring back a large basket of provisions." And as they were trudging along, who should they see coming to meet them but the Count their father, who, with tears in his eyes, embraced all the children; and after embracing

his wife, he took little Hop from her and put him on his shoulder. They soon got home, and they had a good, hearty supper that night, and were all very happy,—not that much eating at supper is good generally, but not having had any dinner, it was all very well in such a case.

All the boys were glad to get to bed, they being, as you may suppose, thoroughly tired out, and were soon fast asleep, except little Hop, who, although very sleepy and tired, tried hard to keep awake to hear what his father and mother would say. And he soon began to understand that his mother never intended to leave them to perish in the wood; and she pointed out to his father the horrible cruelty of deserting the children in this way, and also the wickedness in spending money in drink and tobacco that would buy bread; and also the sin of getting tipsy, so that he was not able to work properly for their support.

The father was very sorry for what he had done, and seemed quite heart-broken; and then the dear good Countess began to comfort him, and they both knelt down and prayed together, little Hop joining in their prayers. And when he heard the deep sobs of repentance of his father, mingled with the sobs and thankfulness of his mother, his little tears rolled down his tiny cheeks upon his pillow until he went off into a quiet and refreshing sleep.

After this they lived very comfortably for some time, for the rich farmer employed the Count to do a great deal of writing for

him, as he was engaged in a lawsuit, and the Count entirely left off his drinking habits. This made the Countess very happy; and she had now such confidence in her husband, that she thought she could leave the children in his care with safety; and that she could now set out on a journey she had long wished to take, to seek out a brother of hers, who was a rich Baron, and whom she had not seen or heard of for many years, as he had been in the wars in foreign countries. And she was anxious to find her brother the Baron, as she knew he would take them out of their poverty, educate her boys, and put them in a way of getting an honest and respectable livelihood. Having saved up a little money, she packed up her Sunday clothes in a bundle, put some bread and cheese in a basket, and kissing all the children and bidding them be good boys until her return, she set out upon her journey, the Count accompanying her a little way on the road. After the Count had taken an affectionate farewell of the Countess, and wished her a safe journey and a successful one, he turned to go to his hut and his children; but on the road he unfortunately met with one of his former drinking companions, who prevailed upon him, after a great deal of persuading, to go into an ale-house just to have *one* glass, which he had no sooner taken than he forgot all his promises to the Countess not to take strong drink. And after getting quite tipsy that night, he went on, day after day, in the old bad way, so that he did not know what he was about, and the farmer would not give

him any more writing to do; so he fell into greater distress than ever, for the dear clever Countess was not there to manage his domestic affairs.

Well, one night he came home late in a terrible state; knocked the stools and the table over, and frightened little Hop and his brothers very much. And in the morning he made the children get up very early, and told them they must go to work in the forest again: this frightened all the boys, except little Hop, who thought that if his father left them again, he should be able to find his way back in the same way as he did before; for they recollected how they had been lost in the forest, to which place they had never been since that time. Poor little Hop was about to slip out to the brook to get some white pebbles, as before; but his father called him back, and bade him and his brothers take their share of the last loaf for their breakfast. The boys ate their bread very sorrowfully; but Hop did not eat all his, for he thought that he would drop bits of bread instead of pebbles.

The Count now took a different road to the forest than he had done the last time, and a longer way about; so that when they arrived in a thick and shady part of the wood, the Count said they might sit down and rest themselves, which they were very glad to do; and little Hop-o'my-Thumb was so tired, that he could not have gone on any farther, for the Count had made him walk a great part of the way; but he had taken good notice again, and

had dropped bits of bread as he came along. The father laid himself down and fell asleep, or pretended to do so; and when Hop saw his father fast asleep, as he thought, he himself lay down to rest; but he and his brothers were so tired, and had had so little sleep the night before, that they all went to sleep as sound as tops. This was still early in the day; and when they awoke the sun was high up, and their father was gone. They would have given way to grief again; but as Hop-o'my-Thumb had shown them the way home before, they looked to him to do the same again; and he said, "Come along, brothers!" But the most clever people sometimes meet with disappointments; for the clouds had quite hidden the sun, and it was a long time before they could get out of the wood. And when they arrived at the place where they had entered, little Hop found that the birds had eaten up the crumbs of bread which he had dropped. But although he had a little heart, it was a brave one, and he was sure he should recollect the trees and land-marks they had passed. But it began to get very dark, and as it was a cloudy night, he did not know which way to go. If the moon or the stars could have been seen, he would have known then which way to go, but he could not see either. He, therefore, looked out for a tall tree, which he asked his eldest brother to climb, and to look all round from the top to see if he could discover any kind of building, or a light burning anywhere. So the brother got up, and after looking first one way and then another, he cried

out that he could see a light, which seemed to come from a window. Upon which little Hop called out to his brother to break or cut off a small branch, and throw it down on the side of the tree where the light appeared. This was done ; and when the brother came down, he took up Hop on his shoulder, who kept his eye fixed upon some trees in the direction where his brother said the light was seen. So, after a tiresome walk over the rough ground, and being terrified by the howling of the wolves, who now came out of their dens, they at last came to a very large house ; and after they had knocked several times on the great gate with a large stone, it was opened by a great big woman, a sort of Giantess, who was very much surprised at seeing the children, and asked them what they wanted. Upon which Hop-o'my-Thumb told her that they were the six sons of a Count, and having lost their way, they had to beg for a little food and a night's lodging, upon which she said,—

"You may be the sons of a Count, but I can only count five of you ; so I think you must have lost your wits as well as your way."

So little Hop replied,—

"Oh, yes, ma'am, there are six of us ; but I am so small that, perhaps, you can't see me."

"See you!" she cried ; "why, where are you?"

"On my brother's shoulder, ma'am."

So the Giantess was curious to see the little body from which the little voice came, and she said,—

"Dear me! come into the light, and let me have a look at you." So they all went into the house, and then they put Hop-o'my-Thumb on the table. Oh, such a big table! And then the Giantess took the lamp and had a good look at little Hop, and seemed very much pleased with him; so, without any ceremony, Hop begged she would be so kind as to give them something to eat, for that they were all dying with hunger. Now she was a very good-natured lady, as most of those Giantesses are, and gave them some food directly, and told them to make haste and eat it up,—which they would have done without being told, for if they were hungry before they came in, they were more so afterwards, as they could smell that meat was being roasted. So soon as the boys had eaten up the victuals, the Giantess took Hop off the table and gave him to his eldest brother, saying, "Now, my little men, you had better run away, for you must not stop here any longer." Upon which little Hop begged very hard that they might be allowed to stop until the morning, if it was only in an outhouse or barn, as they were afraid of the wolves. Upon which she began to sigh, and said, "Ah, my little dears, you little think what kind of house you are in; but I must tell you that my husband is a Giant-Ogre; and if he does not come home tipsy, he is sure to get tipsy after his supper, and then he'll be *sure* to kill you and eat you up; whereas if you go away, you may by chance escape from the wolves." But all the boys were so afraid to go out into the dark forest where the wolves were,

and felt so warm and comfortable where they were, that they all begged and prayed of her to let them stay. So, as she was such a good-natured Giant-woman, she at last consented, as she thought she might be able to hide the children from her husband, who, she thought, vould not perhaps smell them out in consequence of the smell of the meat which she was cooking for his supper. So she took them into the kitchen, where they were surprised to see a whole sheep roasting; and showed them a box that stood in a corner of the kitchen, and told them, when they heard a knock at the door, to run and hide themselves behind the box. They looked about, but as they could not see anything that looked like a box, little Hop asked her where it was; upon which she showed them a great square wooden thing that looked almost as big as their father's hut: but you must understand that everything in the house,—tables, stools, plates, dishes, and so on,—were of a very large size; even too big for the Giantess, who was obliged to use a small ladder herself to get the plates off the shelf; and the dish she had to put the sheep in was as much as she could lift, and the gravy-spoon was as big as a shovel. While she was busy getting all ready for the Giant's return, the boys looked about in wonder. By-and-by they heard a confused, rumbling sound, and then something like the roaring of a lion:—it was the Giant singing!—he was coming home merry!

"Ah!" said the Giantess, "he has had something to drink. Run

and hide yourselves!" And they had no sooner got behind the great box than a knock came at the door, so loud that it quite stunned them; and when the door was opened, and the Ogre-Giant walked in, and every step he took shook the house, big and strong as it was, it made all the little fellows tremble. As soon as he came in he said, in a loud, frightful voice,—

"Well, wife, what have you got for supper? something nice? It smells nice!"

"Here it is," she said; "it 's a fine large sheep!"

"Ah! is there nothing else?" he asked. "I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh!" replied his wife, "it 's the calf I 've just killed."

With this answer he seemed satisfied, and sat himself down to supper. By this time, what with being over tired, having had a hearty full meal, and being very warm, Hop's five brothers had dropped off to sleep; but little Hop, although very sleepy himself, was curious to see a Giant-Ogre eat. The sharpening of his knife, which was as big as a sword, was something fearful to behold. He then cut off a shoulder of the mutton, and gave it to his wife for her supper, and then took the other shoulder himself, which he devoured in a very short time; and then one leg, and then the other; and then ate the neck, the ribs, and the loin, giving his wife some of the bones to pick. When he had finished eating, he filled out a cup that would hold about two gallons, from a great

bottle that he had been drinking from every now and then whilst he was eating. He then leaned with his elbows on the table, and began picking his teeth with a fork, by which Hop-o'my-Thumb judged that the Giant was not a gentleman. Hop's father and mother, of course, knew good manners, and had taught them to their children.

As the wife was clearing away the supper things, the Giant-Ogre kept on drinking; and just as little Hop was falling asleep, he heard the Giant taking long sniffs, and at last he cried out,—

"Wife, I know there is something else in the house besides the calf. I smell *fresh* meat—something delicate."

"Ah, it is the veal, you may be sure: it *is* very delicate!"

But without noticing what she said, he went on taking long sniffs again, and said,—

"Fee, faw, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Let him be alive, or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

And with that he took his great knife in his hand, and went smelling about the room, till he came to the place where Hop and his brothers were hiding. The noise the Giant made woke them all up, and he cried out in a voice like the roaring of a bull,—

"Come out there!" The poor frightened boys crept out and stood trembling before him; when he saw that they were all come

out from their hiding-place, he sat down upon the box, and looking round to his wife, he roared out, "So, this is the way you deceive me! If you were not so old and tough, I would eat you up for my dinner to-morrow!" Upon which she burst into a loud laugh.

"Deceive you, indeed!" she said; "what should I deceive you for, darling? I only hid them for a bit of fun; I knew you would smell them out, and I thought it would be an agreeable surprise for you."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the Ogre; "is it so? Let us have a look at them;" and stooping down, he discovered poor little Hop for the first time. "Why, what have we here?" he exclaimed, as he lifted him up between his great finger and thumb. "Well, this *is* a delicate morsel!" and he was going to pop him into his ugly mouth, that looked like a great coal-tub; but although poor Hop was dreadfully frightened, he did not lose his senses, but cried out aloud to the Ogre-Giant for mercy, and to spare him; and the brothers, seeing their dear little Hop in such danger, all went down on their knees and cried out to the Ogre to spare their little brother. At the same moment his wife laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said,—

"What are you going to do? You'll spoil all! You've had a good supper, ten minutes ago, so you cannot be hungry already; and after all that mutton you would not be able to taste such a delicate relish. Besides, you know your brothers are coming here

The Giant Ogre, discovers Hop'o my Thumb & his Brothers
whom his Wife had endeavoured to conceal from him

to dine with you the day after to-morrow; and, as the children are very thin, I intended to fatten them up and make them into a pie for the second course, and I thought your brothers would be amused to see such a little chap as that stuck on the top of the pie!"

This seemed to amuse the Ogre, who burst into a loud laugh at the idea of seeing little Hop stuck up outside the pie; so, after taking a good look at poor Hop, and pretending to snap his head off, he put him down, and told his wife to fatten them all up and to make a nice pie; he then set himself down again to his drink, pleased with the thought of having a nice relish in store for himself and his friends. The Giantess then put the children to bed in a sort of closet, saying,—

"There! you *would* stay, when I told you what you had to expect. But I've done the best I could for you; so say your prayers, and go to sleep;" and she then burst into tears, and left the room.

Master Hop observed that she did not fasten the door when she left them, and he had taken notice as he came in that the key was in the lock on the outside of the door. Now, like good boys, they said their prayers, as the Giantess had told them; but as to going to sleep, that was out of the question. So little Hop, who did not relish the idea of being stuck up as an ornament on the top of a pie, told his brothers not to be down-hearted, but to lend him a

hand to help to get out of the Giant's house. But as he thought the Giant might come to have a look at them before he went to bed, he told them to jump into bed again if they heard him coming, and pretend to be asleep. In a short time they heard the Ogre staggering along the passage, which shook with his tread, upon which they were all in bed in an instant. The Giant, with a lamp in his hand, stooped down, and put his great ugly head into the place to look at them; and then licking his chops, he shut the door and locked it. The sound of the key turning in the lock of the door was terrible to the ears of the poor boys; and they began to sob, thinking they were now doomed to the horrible fate of being eaten up by Ogres. But Hop told them to cheer up, and so soon as the Giant was asleep they would then set to work to try and get out. And almost before he had done speaking they heard a most fearful noise, as if there were a thousand pigs grunting and squeaking all at once,—it was the Giant snoring! Little Hop said,—

"Now, then, brothers, I am going to creep under the door, so you wait quietly until I come back."

Accordingly, Hop got under the door and made his way to where he heard the snoring; and when he got to the Giant's bed-room, he found, to his great delight, that there was a lamp burning; but, nevertheless, he was a little disappointed to find that the Giant, although fast asleep, held the key that Hop wanted fast in his hand. The Giant's bed was nothing more than a great

straw mattress on the ground, upon which he lay with his clothes on. Hop looked about the room, and he found a long thin piece of stick, which was almost like a pole to him; nevertheless, with the end of this he managed to tickle the tip of the Giant's nose, who let go the key that he might rub his nose; and as soon as he began to snore again, little Hop dragged off the key, which was more than he could lift; and having got it to the door where his brothers were, he pushed it underneath, and crept in himself. They then set to, to drag the bed-clothes and place them against the door, and by climbing up the clothes, they reached the key-hole, and put in the key. They had hardly strength enough to turn it, but at length they succeeded in unlocking the door.

They had many difficulties to get over besides this, before they got out of the Giant's house altogether; which, however, they did at last, and glad enough they were when they found themselves outside, and the moon shining as bright as day. Some things are impossible to do, but there are many things which at first seem impossible, but which may be overcome by perseverance. Hop-o'my-Thumb knew by the moon in which direction their home lay; and off they set at a good pace, the elder brothers carrying Hop by turns. When the sun rose they happened to be on the top of a hill, from whence they could see the part of the country where their father lived, between them and which (in the valley) was part of the great forest; so Hop said they had better go

through the wood, as in case the Giant should come after them he would not be able to see them amongst the trees. So into the wood they went, and had hard work to get through it; but little Hop brought them out at last and showed them the road home, at which they were all pleased, and jumped for joy, and on they trudged again.

When the Giant's wife got up in the morning, she went to the closet to look for the children; and as they were not there, she looked all about the house; and finding that they were gone off, she went and told the Giant, who was a long time in waking up; but when he did so, he was in a great passion, and ran to look at the closet; and when he saw the key *inside*, he at once guessed that Hop had got under the door and taken the key out of his hand while he was asleep.

"But never mind," he said; "give me my Seven-league Boots, and I'll soon catch 'em; and I'll gobble up that tiny little rascal at once, so that *he* shall not have the chance of cheating me again!"

Off went the Giant-Ogre to look for the little boys; but as he was not quite sober, the Boots, which had been made by a fairy, would not obey him, and tripped him up almost at every step he took, so that he tumbled about at a great rate, sometimes quite head over heels, and had some very heavy falls, so that he was not able to move for a long time. At last he got sober; and then he

The Giant Ogre in his Seven League Boots,
pursuing Hop o'my Thumb & his Brothers, who hide in a Cave.

set off, first in one direction, and then in another, until he came to the great forest. But the Boots would not take him through or over the wood, so he was obliged to go round for many miles to get to the other side; and by the time he got there he was so tired that he threw himself down upon the first bank he came to, and almost on the instant fell asleep.

Now little Hop and his brothers saw the Giant coming towards them, but could not make out how he stepped from one hill to another just as if he were flying. But little Hop, who was very fond of reading, had read a story about a pair of Seven-league Boots in a book published by that capital bookseller and worthy man, Mr. David Bogue, of 86 Fleet Street; so he rightly thought that the Giant had on a pair of those wonderful boots. There was no time to be lost. Hop-o'my-Thumb looked about and luckily espied a small cave, into which he told his brothers to hide, and had just time to get in himself, when the Ogre, seeing the bank, which was over this cave, laid himself down, as we said, and went to sleep; and as soon as he began to snore, Hop said to his brothers,—

"Now's your time! run off home, and I'll follow you;" but they did not like to leave him behind. However, they trusted to his cleverness; and, as he made a sign to them to go, they did so. Hop-o'my-Thumb then got hold of one of the Boots, which he pulled off the Giant's leg without much difficulty; he then pulled

off the other, and thought he would try if they would fit a little foot as well as a big one, as he had read of in the story-book. To his great delight, as you may suppose, when he pulled them on they fitted him like a glove.

It was but a "hop, step, and a jump" to his father's hut, so he got there before his brothers. He found that his mother had returned home, and that she and his father were both in tears. They were overjoyed to see him, and eagerly inquired where his brothers were, upon which he told them they would be there almost directly. His mother took him in her arms, and sobbed and cried over him, but he said,—

"Cheer up, dear father and mother, for I think I have now made all our fortunes;" and he then told his father all about the Giant, and showed him the Seven-league Boots; and as he was telling this in came the other boys, crying,—

"O father! O mother!" and then they were soon all crying with joy, and laughing and hugging one another; and then they all sat down to breakfast; and as they were taking their breakfast, little Hop asked his father if he did not think it would be best for him to set off to court without a moment's delay, to present the Seven-league Boots to the King, and inform him about the Giant. The Count and Countess both approved of this plan; and accordingly, as soon as he had finished his breakfast—which was not long, for it did not take much time to fill such a little stomach as his—

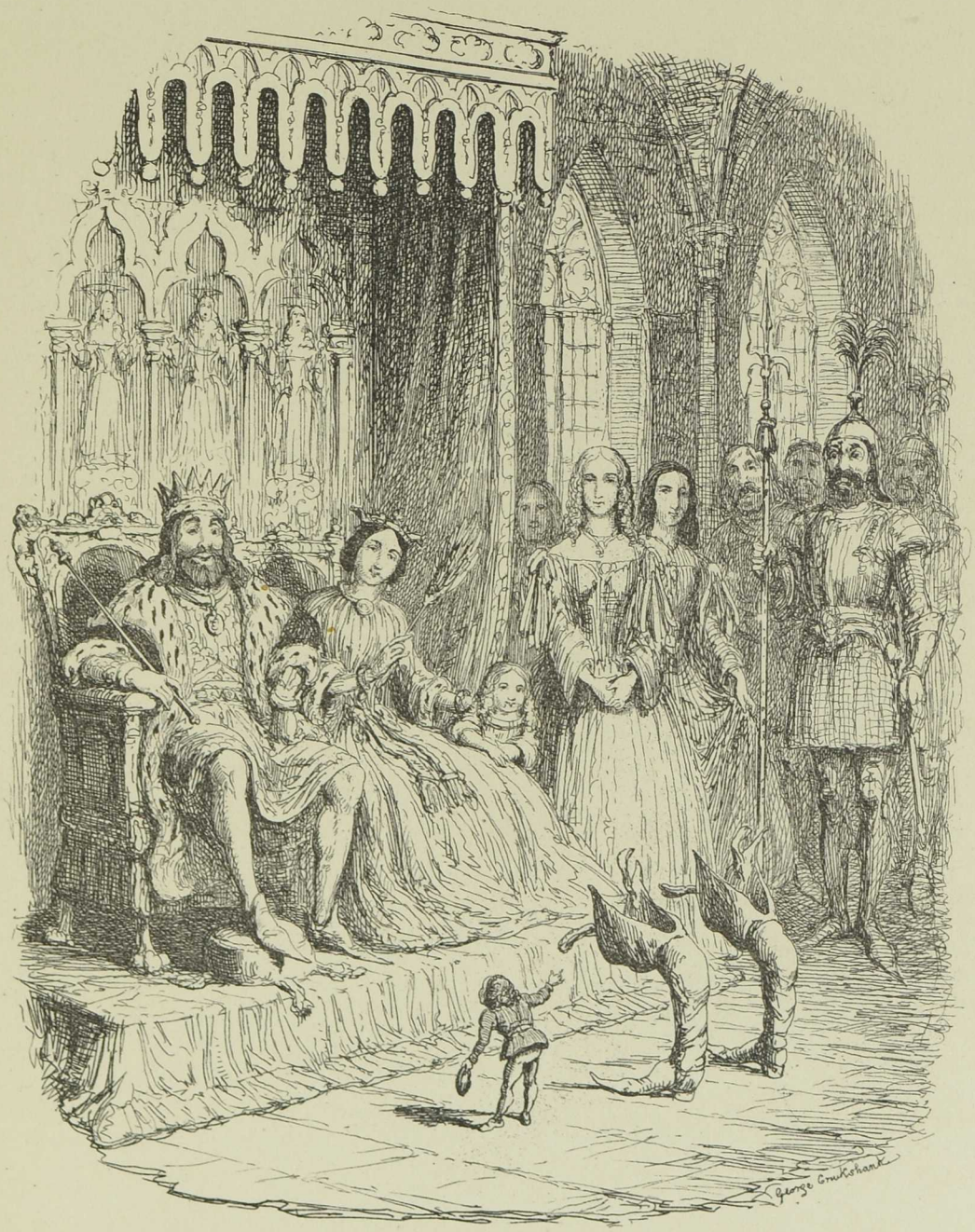
The Giant Ogre falls asleep. Hop'o my Thumb, pulls off the Seven League Boots whilst his Brothers run away –

Hop took his cap, and they all came out to the door to see him off. The Count pointed out the direction of the great city where the King's palace was, but Hop thought he would try if the Boots knew their way there; so, after they had all kissed him and wished him success, he bade them good-bye, and said to the Boots,—

"To the King's palace!" Off they set; and, as it was only a few leagues distance, he was there before you could count ten. Well, when he arrived at the palace, he came down into the court-yard at once, to the astonishment of all the officers and soldiers in the place; and he demanded, as loudly as he could, to be led into the presence of the King without delay, as he had an important communication to make to his Majesty. Accordingly, he was led to the audience-chamber, where the King and Queen were seated upon a throne, and a young Prince by their side. The chamberlain having announced this extraordinary visitor, introduced him to the King and Queen, who were much surprised and amused at seeing such a tiny little gentleman. He made a fine bow, and informed his Majesty about the Giant-Ogre, and also described the wonderful Boots, which he took off and placed before the throne. The Boots, which were, of course, so very small when *he* had them on, when off expanded themselves into a pair of good-sized Boots, and they then made most polite bows to the King and the Queen, and also to the young Prince. The King at once saw the importance of possessing such invaluable Boots, and determining to buy them of the little

fellow, inquired his name. And when Hop told him whose son he was, the King, who had thought that the Count was dead, as he had not heard of him for many years, was delighted to find that he was still alive, for his Majesty and the Count had been companions in their youth. He, therefore, desired his Master of the Horse to forward carriages and an escort to bring the Count and Countess, with their family, to the palace. Poor little Hop's heart beat with joy when he heard this order given, and begged permission of his Majesty to be allowed to step home and inform his parents of his Majesty's intention. The King smiled at little Hop's request "to *step* home," a distance of some leagues, but said, "Wonders will never cease!" and graciously granted the little fellow permission so to do, who put on the Seven-league Boots again, and away went Hop, with a skip and a jump, and was at home again in a few minutes, telling the good news; at which, of course, they were all overjoyed.

In due time the carriages arrived, with a present of several boxes of fine clothes, in which they dressed themselves and left the old wooden hut, which they made a present of to a poor old woman and her son, and arrived safely at the palace, where they were received with great kindness, the King welcoming his old companion, the Count, with warm friendship; and, as the King was at that time in want of a Prime Minister, after having a long conversation with the Count, he appointed him to that



Hop'o my Thumb presenting the Seven League Boots to the King

important office; and also promoted little Hop-o'my-Thumb to the post of Messenger Extraordinary to the King, and Director of Telegraphs; and the Queen, who took a great liking to the Countess, appointed her Mistress of the Robes.

The first act of the Count as Prime Minister was to advise the sending an army to take all the Giants and Giant-Ogres in the land prisoners, which was done. And instead of putting them to death, he turned their enormous strength to useful purposes, and employed them, under guards, at different places where great national works and improvements were required,—such as new roads, draining marshes, and making harbours of refuge and security for ships. And he let them have their wives with them, who, although Giantesses, being of a more gentle nature, soothed and controlled the fierce and savage nature of their husbands; and thus made them more manageable and useful to the country. The next thing the Count did, having suffered so much in himself and family from the scarcity of food, was to pass a law to admit foreign grain into their markets, which had not been allowed before. The Count having experienced the evils arising from gambling and betting, passed a law that the winner in either of these cases should always pay to the State for the support of the poor *double the amount of his winnings;* and this soon put a stop to betting and gambling entirely. Finding that strong drinks were hurtful to all, and that they created a great deal of misery and all sorts of wickedness, his

next act was to pass a law to abolish the use of all intoxicating liquors; the effect of which law was, that in a short time there were very few, if any, criminals in the land; and the only paupers, or really poor, were those sick or aged persons who were unable to do any sort of work, for all the people in the land were industrious, and the country was rich.

The last great law that he made was that every child in the land should be educated, either by its parents or the State; that *all* should be taught to read and write, and to know how to do something that might be useful to themselves or the State; and he appointed moral teachers to those classes who required such assistance; and compelled parents to instruct their children in their own religion. By these good laws and regulations, peace, comfort, health, and happiness, were felt and enjoyed by all classes in the kingdom, as well as by the Count and Countess, and their children; including, of course, our little hero, Hop-o'my-Thumb; who was, indeed, truly happy! and was so good, that he was beloved by every one.

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. JACK CLIMBING THE BEAN-STALK.

2. JACK SHOWS KINDNESS TO A POOR OLD WOMAN,

3. WHO TURNS OUT TO BE A FAIRY, AND

4. WHO GIVES HIM THE WONDERFUL BEAN, WHICH HE SETS IN THE GARDEN.

5. JACK GETS THE GOLDEN HEN AWAY FROM THE GIANT.

6. JACK AND THE FAIRY HARP ESCAPING FROM THE GIANT

7. THE FAIRIES TIE THE GIANT UP IN THE BEAN-STALK.

8. JACK BRINGS THE GIANT PRISONER TO KING ALFRED.

Drawn and Etched by George Cruikshank.

out for him, as she and her mother began to fear that he had met with some mishap. He beckoned to his sister to come to him; and when she did so, he told her what had happened Jack was so afraid to tell his mother the truth, that he proposed to say that the cow had run away up into the wood; which, indeed, she had, but his sister pointed out to him, that as this would be a falsehood, he would be adding the crime of lying to his very naughty and imprudent conduct in not bringing safely back the money for the cow, which they so very much wanted to buy food with; and reminded him that their mother had always impressed upon them the wickedness of telling any kind of falsehood, and that she would always forgive them, even when they had done wrong, if they did but tell the truth about it.

Jack's mother soon saw that there was something wrong, and when he told her how foolish and naughty he had been, she began to cry dreadfully, for fear that her children and herself should die of hunger. When the children saw the great grief of their poor mother, they also began to cry bitterly; but suddenly Jack said, "Don't cry, dear mother and sister; I'll go and get some work to do, and bring you home some food." His mother did cheer up a little, for this was the first time she had ever heard him talk of getting any work to do. They then dried up their tears. The mother gave him her blessing; and she and his sister kissing him, and wishing him every success, he set out to seek for employment.

This was, indeed, the first time that Jack had ever felt a desire to work in right earnest; and he was quite cheerful and happy at the thought of earning something, that he might take home some food to his mother and sister.

As Jack was hastening along to the village, he saw a little old woman, in a hood and cloak, sitting by the road-side, who appeared to be bent down with age and illness. Now, although Jack was in a great hurry, his heart was too good to pass by any one who seemed in distress, so he went to the old woman and asked her if he could do anything to help her. At first she only answered by a low, moaning sort of sound, and kept rocking herself backwards and forwards; but Jack stooped down, and, speaking kindly to her, took her hand, in order to raise her from the ground.

Her cloak and dress were of a dark, dingy brown; but as she rose up, it seemed to change to green, mixed with red, and blue, and yellow; and her aged, wrinkled face, seemed also to be changing from a pale yellow to pink; and the half-shut grey eyes seemed to open into two bright, glistening, little blue ones, that fixed their gaze upon him. And then, slowly, the hood, the cloak, and gown, with the old pale face, and brown wrinkled hands and arms, all disappeared or melted away into the air; and there stood before him a most charming and graceful little lady, with light flaxen hair, encircled by a wreath of little tiny flowers. She had a pair of wings like those of some beautiful butterfly, to which her dress corresponded. In one hand she held a thin light wand, and in the other a Bean, speckled with bright purple and gold. Jack started back with surprise when he beheld this pretty little figure, which he rightly guessed was a Fairy, and who thus addressed him: — "Be not afraid, Master Jack! You came with kind intentions to help one whom you thought in need, and in return I intend to help and serve you,

and all that belong to you; but I require *your* aid in some things, and we shall thus mutually assist each other. I have long wished to employ you in a difficult and important matter, but I could not trust you whilst you were so careless and idly disposed; but now, that you have this day shaken off that slothful habit, and have determined to be active, diligent, and trustworthy, I no longer hesitate, and shall therefore prepare you for the duties you will have to perform, by first telling you of your father (who still lives), of your infant years, and how your mother, your sister, and yourself, came to live in this valley: telling you, indeed, all that which your mother has concealed from you, and also the reason why she has done so.

"You must know, then, that your father, Sir Ethelbert, who is a brave Saxon knight, is still alive, and a prisoner in his own castle. At the time when your mother and yourselves were taken from him, your sister was then a little child, and yourself an infant. Your parents lived in great happiness and comfort, beloved and respected by all who knew them.

"But this state of happiness was suddenly destroyed; for, one night, a huge and terrible Danish Giant came in a large ship to the sea-coast, which was near your father's castle, landed, and, under cover of the darkness of night, got over the walls, and having killed the porter and the guards, he made your father a prisoner. On the morning after he had taken possession of the castle, he brought your parents and you two children out into the court-yard, and all your father's surviving relations and retainers, and was about to slaughter every one; but his wife, who came with him from Denmark, and who was a very tender-hearted

woman, and had great influence over him, begged that the lives of your mother and her two children might be spared.

"To this the Giant at last consented; but said he must take them off a long way, and that your mother must take a solemn oath that she would never tell any one of what had taken place, nor say where she came from,—not even to her children. This your mother did to save you both; but had it not been for you and your sister, she would have preferred remaining to die with her husband, your father, whom she now believes to be dead: and this, then, is the reason why she is so sorrowful when you ask anything about him. The Giant having shut up your father and all the others in dungeons, he then placed your mother and you two little ones in a large basket, into which his wife put a quantity of provisions, some clothes, and a trifle of money, and away he went down to his ship, and sailed round the coast, until he came to this valley, where he put you a-shore, threatening that if your mother ever said a word to any one of what had happened, that he would come and eat you all up alive.

"Your mother wandered up this valley, and having met with a poor, honest labourer, she employed him to build a little cottage; where she has lived ever since, working hard to maintain you and your sister, and to bring you up to be good children.

"Now, you must understand that I have two sisters—one a Fairy Harp, that plays most beautiful music; the other a beautiful Hen, that lays golden eggs: these are domestic Fairies, and cannot leave home whilst the master is in the house, who must be a good and honest man; and they can only be carried away by the son and heir, or driven away by the bad conduct of the

master, or head of the family; and whilst it was their business to assist in making the inside of the house happy and comfortable, it was mine to attend to the garden, to supply fruit and beautiful flowers to your mother and the other inmates of the castle. As you have grown up a good strong boy, and as you are now ready and willing to make yourself useful, we must try to restore your parents to their rights and to their happy home again, and destroy the Giant;—there is only one way to effect this, and you are the only one who can do it, and in doing it you must be very careful to obey my injunctions.

"First, then, take this Bean, and when you go home, dig a deep hole in the garden, near the side of the steep rock, and there set it. By the morning it will have grown up to the top of the cliff, and up this Bean-stalk you must climb; for that is the only way you can get to your father's castle. When you reach the top of the rock you will be directed which way to go, and then mind that you have three things to accomplish. The first is, to bring away my sister, the Golden Hen: when you have brought her to the cottage, you must return to fetch away my sister, the Harp. They will at first be alarmed at seeing you, but you must cry quickly 'Adza Padza!' and they will then know that it is I who have sent you. When both are safe under your mother's care, you must then go back again to the castle to liberate your father. I shall not see you again until you have accomplished all this,—the success of which will principally depend upon your courage and perseverance. I may, perhaps, help you a little; but remember, that no one can be served who depends entirely upon others, and who will not try to help themselves. And now take this piece of

money—go to the village, buy some food and take it home—conceal nothing from your mother, who is the best friend you can have—tell her to cheer up and hope for better times—that you have got some work to do, which you must set about to-morrow morning, and that she must give you her blessing before you begin, and pray for your success."

As the Fairy ceased speaking, her little voice, which sounded like a silver bell, became fainter and fainter, and her bright appearance grew dim and more indistinct, till she disappeared altogether. Jack stood for some minutes before he could recover from the effect of this strange story; he had undergone a great change, and he now seemed to possess feelings which he had never known before. His mind was opened—his faculties and energies aroused. Jack's mother and sister were, indeed, more than surprised to hear the account he gave of meeting the Fairy, and the task she had given him to do; but the mother's heart sank at the idea of the dangers which her dear boy would have to encounter. But, finding that Jack was determined to venture upon this perilous task, and buoyed up with the hope of again beholding her dear husband, she gave her consent. After a hasty meal, Jack took the spade, and went into the garden to plant the Bean according to the Fairy's directions, whilst his mother and sister sat at the cottage door, spinning from their distaffs. Jack felt so happy and cheerful with the little digging he had done to set the Bean, that he went on digging part of the vegetable garden, to the great delight of his mother and sister, who had never seen him work with such good will before. On the following morning they were all up long before break of day, although it was summer time; and whilst

they were preparing Jack's breakfast he went out to see how the Bean had got on, and came running in to tell them that it had grown—oh, such a wonderful size, and higher than he could see! And Jack was so impatient to set out upon his journey that he would hardly take time to get his breakfast; so, putting some bread in his pouch, he went forth, followed by his mother and sister, who, like himself, were astonished at the growth of the wonderful Bean, at the foot of which they all knelt down whilst his mother gave him her blessing, and prayed for his safety and success in the good work he was about to commence. Then, tenderly embracing and kissing his dear mother and sister, Jack boldly sprang upon the Bean-stalk, and up! up! he went, like an expert climber, as he was. Up! up!—looking upwards—mounting up! up! —higher and higher. Up! up!—higher still. Then, pausing for a moment to look down, he was astonished at the distance he had got from the ground, and could just dimly distinguish the figures of his mother and sister waving their hands and wafting their kisses and blessings towards him; he waved his hand to them in return cheeringly, and to bid them good-bye. Then up! up! he went, higher and higher. Up! up!—higher and higher still; then stopped to breathe awhile, and, looking out towards the coast, he saw the glorious sun rising from the ocean—the light bursting through gold and crimson clouds. Up! up! again—higher and higher still, and looking down, he could scarcely see his mother's cottage. The whole valley looked like a pretty garden, the great trees like shrubs, and the bold river that ran through it reduced in size to a little silver rivulet. Up! up!—higher and higher still, until he reached the clouds that floated below the mountain summit.

Jack. climbing the Bean Stalk.

Jack was impressed with a feeling of awe at the strange and wonderful scene around him, and at his perilous situation.

The wind now arose, and as the leaves and the very Bean-stalk itself began to shake, and the mists to dash around him, he paused awhile before he ventured to proceed further, for even the upper part of the Bean-stalk was hidden from his view.

He then began to think that, after all, the Fairy might, perhaps, be some evil spirit that had led him into this danger: and what a dreadful thing it would be if he were to fall from such a height, and be dashed to pieces! and he hesitated about going on. But, if the Fairy were a true spirit, then what a disgrace it would be were he to return without accomplishing his object. That object was a good one: it was to relieve a father from bondage—perhaps to save his life; and thus it was a good, a holy enterprise; and as the Bean-stalk rocked to and fro, and shivered in the breeze, he prayed for succour, for support, and strength, and he felt his courage and his strength revive. Then up! up! through the clouds he went—up! up! higher and higher—till he had passed quite through the floating vapour—up! up! he went, cheerily and boldly. An eagle now dashed out from a crevice in the cliffs, to see what strange visitor had climbed so near his solitary nest. Jack heeded him not; but up! up! he went—higher and higher!—and the eagle, too, whirled, circling—up! up! into the blue and cloudless sky. Up, too, went Jack; and now he saw a projecting rock, round which the Bean-stalk seemed to twine: it was what the valley folks had named the Giant's Nose.

Jack at length arrived at the top of the Bean-stalk, and was glad enough when he got upon the firm rock, where he sat down

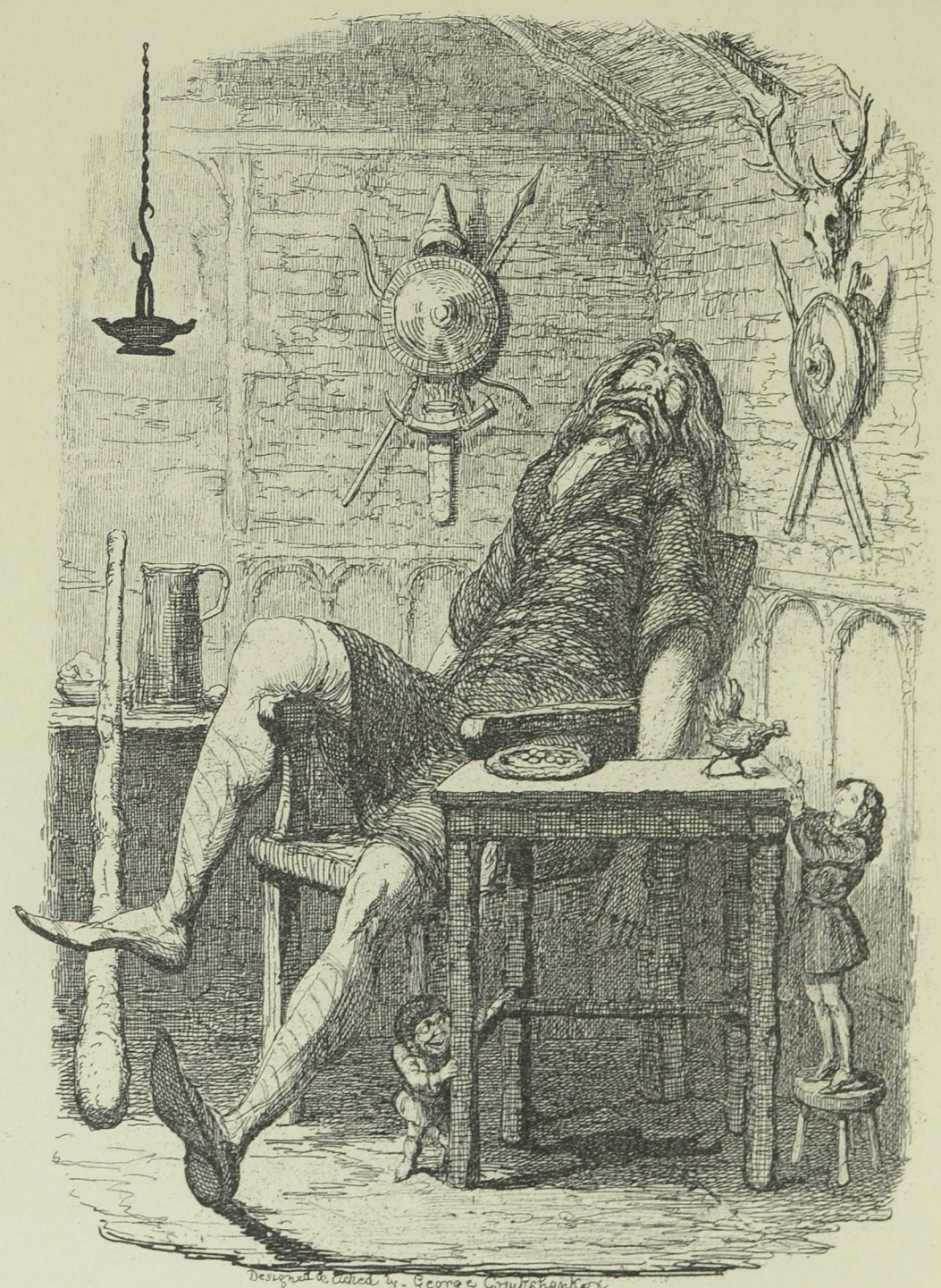
to rest awhile, and look about him. The scene that presented itself was new and strange: the clouds that rolled below the mountain-tops appeared like fields of snow, with here and there dark holes or chasms in them; and snow lay all around him, on the mountain-tops: but he must not tarry there, so on he went, but at a loss to know in which direction, when, as he went along, he espied a Snow-ball, large and round, which rolled before him down the mountain-side. As he went forward, the Snow-ball rolled and jumped along, and he now recollected that the Fairy had said that the road should be pointed out to him; and he laughed outright to think that a snow-ball should be his guide; the Snow-ball stopped, and there was now an open view before him of a beautiful country. Jack could distinguish, at the distance of two or three miles, a fine building, towering above the trees that surrounded it. This, then, must be his father's castle; so off he set towards it, and in a short time arrived there, and made his way to the gate, at which he saw a plain, good-natured-looking Giantess standing, to whom he went up and humbly begged of her some food and a night's lodging: she expressed great surprise at seeing him, and asked if he did not know that her husband was a great and powerful Giant, who killed everybody that came near his castle. This account terrified Jack a little, but he hoped to elude the Giant; and, being resolute to go on with what he had begun, he again entreated her to give him a little food, and hide him in the oven, or the copper, or somewhere, till the morning; and he told her the truth when he said that he was almost dying of hunger, and almost tired to death. The good Giantess at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a very compassionate disposition.

She took him across the court-yard into the castle, past a large hall, upon the walls of which hung shields, and spears, and helmets, bows and arrows, battle-axes, surmounted with boars' and stags' heads; from the roof hung an immense iron lamp by a chain, and there was a table as high as a four-post bedstead, and an immense arm-chair to match: this was the Giant's table and chair. The mere sight of these made Jack a little downhearted; but he followed the Giantess through a long gallery, on each side of which were iron-grated doors, leading to cells that were quite dark, and in which he could hear the sound of moaning and chains rattling. In one of these dungeons, thought he, my poor father is confined. And the thought of being, perhaps, able to rescue him kept his courage up; otherwise he could have wished himself at home in his mother's cottage again. The good woman led him on down a winding staircase, into a spacious kitchen; an immensely large fire was burning on the hearth, and an ox roasting before it upon a spit as long as the pole of a coach. She cut a large slice off the ox, put it upon a wooden trencher big enough for the top of a good-sized round table, and gave him what she called a "bit of bread," but which was nearly as large as a peck-loaf; and, handing him a knife that looked more like a sabre, told him to make haste, for it was near the Giant's supper-time, and he would soon be in. Jack, therefore, ate his bread and meat as fast as he could; and, having taken a good drink of water, began to feel very comfortable, and was just falling into a doze, when he heard a voice, like the roaring of a dozen bulls, shouting out, "Holloa! wife! wife! where are you? is my supper ready?"

"Here he is!" cried the wife; "come, quick boy, jump into

the oven!" which Jack did in an instant; and as she shut the oven door, she shouted out to the Giant, "Here I am, dear Swillenbutz," (for that was the Giant's name,) "and your supper is quite ready." The next moment a large folding-door was burst open, and in crept the Giant on his hands and knees—for he was too tall to stand quite upright in any part of the castle: so he crept in, throwing into a corner a large quantity of barley and wheat and the carcase of an ox; then, squatting himself on the floor before the fire, he looked at the ox roasting, and cried out, in his dreadfully strong voice, "Ha! ha! dat looks nice!" But, suddenly turning his head round towards the oven, he roared out, "Wife! I smell fresh a' meat." "Well," said the wife, "I don't know about *fresh* meat, but the crows have brought a bit of carrion and laid it on the turret." "Oh, well," said the Giant, "perhaps 'tis dat." He then took the ox off the spit and laid it on the hearth, blowing it all over to cool it a little, his blowing sounding like the bellows of a large furnace. When he had done that, he took it up in his hands, as anybody might a roasted rabbit, and tore it to pieces, giving his wife a leg, with "Here, you take a' dat;" and began to devour the rest, making a terrible smacking and grinding noise with his mouth and teeth. Mrs. Swillenbutz, who had soon finished the leg of the ox, took up all the bones to pick which her husband had thrown to her. "Now to de hall, and give me my drink and bring me de Golden Hen," cried the Giant; and he crept out of the kitchen again, for he had to go into the court-yard before he could enter the large hall.

When Jack first heard the Giant's voice, his heart began to beat rather fast; still more so when he found the Giant was in the



Jack gets the Golden Hen, away from the Giant.

same room with him; and when, in peeping through a crevice by the oven-door, he saw this immense, terrific, monster Giant, look round towards the oven-door and talk about *smelling fresh meat*, Jack *then* shook with fear, and was glad enough when he saw the Giant turn to devour his supper: but he said to himself, "It will never do to be so frightened. I shall be quite unfitted for what I have to do;" so he kept himself calm and steady, and ready to act as soon as opportunity offered. By-and-bye it grew dark, and the Giant's wife came to the oven-door, and, having opened it, she said, "There is some more bread for you, young gentleman; and mind and be off early in the morning, before my husband goes out, and think yourself very lucky that he hasn't gobbled you up. You can get out under the castle gate." Jack now crept out of his hiding-place, and found his way to the hall, where, passing in, he saw by the light of the great lamp the Giant lolling in his chair, and, ever and anon, drinking out of a large can that held some gallons, and which he emptied at a draught. On the table was the Golden Hen, who walked up and down, crying, "Cluck, cluck, cluck," and "Took-a-rook-took-took-took;" the Giant every now and then saying to the Hen, "*Lay!*" and then the Hen laid a solid golden egg, in a flat basket that was placed upon the table.

Jack waited for two or three hours, until the Giant had evidently drunk himself stupid, and then his great head rolled about, and at last he fell back in his chair in a sound sleep, snoring at such a rate that it quite shook the ground where Jack was standing. Now is the moment, thought he; and stepping boldly forward, he mounted upon a stool that stood by the table, when he saw the Golden Hen sitting in the basket upon her eggs. At the

sight of Jack she began to "cluck" loudly; but Jack quickly cried "Adza Padza!" and the Hen started up and ran to him, fluttered her wings, and jumped upon his hand. He then descended from the stool, and was making for the hall door, when he heard a shrill harsh voice cry out, "Master! master! thieves! thieves!" Jack stopped, perfectly astounded, for he thought the Giant was alone, his wife having gone up into the tower to bed in the early part of the evening, which she did whenever she saw her husband getting tipsy, as he always ill-used and beat her when he was intoxicated; and, looking round to see who it could be, he discovered a wee little Dwarf, who grinned at him good-humouredly, and motioned him to go on, whilst he kept on crying "Master! master!" Jack took the hint at once, and was off as fast as his legs could carry him, having crept under the castle gate with the Hen, who cried "Cluck, cluck;" and, jumping upon the top of his head, fixed her claws in his hair, so that as he ran his legs seemed scarcely to touch the ground, for the Hen appeared to lift him up. He had taken good notice, when he went in, in which direction he should return to the Bean-stalk; so on he ran, imagining he had quite outwitted the Giant, when, by the clucking of the Hen, he thought something was wrong, and upon just turning his head round for a moment, to his great horror he saw the dreadful Giant running after him with all his might, and with such long strides that he appeared to clear a wide field at one step. "Cluck, cluck," went the Hen, and faster went Jack; indeed, he seemed to fly more than run, and when he got a long way up the mountain amongst the snow, there was the large Snow-ball rolling up the hill before him to show him the way, and, looking round again, he

saw the Giant slipping and sliding amongst the snow, and at every stride he made forward he slid back again, so that at last he lay flat on his face, roaring and snorting like a herd of mad bulls. Jack took no further heed of him, but made his way to the Bean-stalk, and immediately began to descend, which he found a much easier task than that of climbing up. It was still early in the morning when Jack reached his mother's garden, and running to the cot, he cried out, "Dear mother and sister, here I am." And oh! how glad they were to see him—such crying, and kissing, and thanksgiving. And the Hen was also delighted to see her old mistress and her dear Ady; and went clucking about the cottage, and then laid several golden eggs without being asked, which Jack's mother took to the village, and exchanged for food and clothing, which made them all very comfortable. Jack's mother and sister were both terrified at the account he gave of his adventure; but the mother's fears were lessened by Jack's bold and courageous bearing. So Jack rose betimes again, and long before the break of day was half way up the Bean-stalk; he soon found his way to the castle again. The only fear he had now of being discovered was from the Dwarf; and yet the little creature was evidently well-disposed towards him. As he lay in ambush in the evening he saw the Giantess come out of the gate to look for her husband, who soon returned, loaded as before with a quantity of ripe grain in sheaves. Some of this the wife ground and made into bread, but the greater part the Giant made into strong beer. In those days there were large herds of wild cattle and deer in this country, so that he got a supply of meat without injury to the country people; but in order to make the strong beer, with which he got tipsy

every night, he robbed the poor country people, to such an extent that, however much their land seemed blessed by Providence with fine crops for the purpose of food, the greater part was always taken from them and destroyed by this monster to make his intoxicating drink: so that in this respect alone, besides all his other wicked acts, he was like a blight upon all the land for many miles round.

The Giant seemed in a very bad temper, and told his wife to go in, make his supper ready, and see that she shut the gate and fastened it properly to keep thieves out; whilst he, putting one foot on the top of the wall, leaped over into the court-yard with ease. Jack remained in his hiding-place until it was dark; then silently stealing up to the gate, he crawled under it, and made his way to the great hall again. And as he approached it, he heard the most beautiful music—so sweet and powerful was it, that he seemed spell-bound and transfixed to the spot; but recollecting the danger he was in, and the duty he had to perform, he crept on softly and peeped into the hall, where the Giant was alone, again drinking away at his great can, and getting tipsy as fast as he could; and on the table stood the wonderful Fairy Harp, giving out its delicious sounds. It had the face and figure of a beautiful female, and had wings; but the figure ended in the form of a stand, like a common harp. It played so softly and melodiously, that even the monster Giant seemed charmed with it and fell off to sleep; upon seeing which, Jack hastened to the table, but whenever he came near, the Harp went "Twang! twang!" so loud, that the Giant opened his stupid, sleepy eyes, and looked about, then went off to sleep again. At last Jack got near enough to the table to whisper out

"Adza Padza!" upon which the Harp flew off the table into his hands at once. Away went Jack to the door with his prize; but before he could reach it, the Dwarf, as before, cried out, "Master! master! thieves! thieves!" but still motioning Jack to be gone.

This time the Giant was on his legs in an instant, and must have caught Jack, had he been sober; but he had drank so much that he could hardly stand, and reeled about, and knocked his head against the roof of the hall. Jack, therefore, made the best of his time, and got into the court-yard; but the gate was locked, and although Jack could creep under the gate, the Harp could not: so the Harp spoke, and said, "Place me on the ground," which Jack did, and the Harp went "Twang," and with one bound was over the wall in an instant.

Jack had no sooner got on the outside of the gate, and taken the Harp up in his arms, than they heard the Giant snorting, and roaring, and beating about the court-yard with his great club (which was the trunk of a good-sized tree). There was no time to be lost, so Jack ran as hard as he could; but although the Harp was very light, still it impeded his progress a little; and when he looked round, he could just see the tall figure of the Giant staggering in pursuit. After a time Jack put down the Harp to rest a little, and take breath, when the Harp said—"You have carried me far enough; I will now carry you, so get up across my shoulders." Jack thought it a funny thing to ride upon a Harp, but up he got, placing one leg over each shoulder, and holding on by the hair; and as soon as he was well seated the Harp said, "Hold fast," and then went "Twang," sprang up into the air, and flew like a bird. By this time

the Giant was getting near, and threw his great club-tree at them; but it luckily fell short, so on they went, and at length came to the edge of the precipice, when Jack wanted to dismount and look for his Bean-stalk: but the Harp, which was now standing on the ground said, "Sit still, and fear not; I will take you down in safety: the Giant is near, and will, I expect, throw some of those pieces of rock at us; all I want you to do is, to look round and tell me on which side I am to spring, in order to avoid them." Up came the Giant, panting and snorting, thinking that he had caught them at last, when "Twang" went the Harp, and away she flew over the edge of the cliff. Such a plunge as that, took Jack's breath away: but when he heard the Giant roar he recollected the part he had to act, and looking round and seeing a large piece of rock flying after them, cried out to the Harp, "To the right!" "Twang" went the Harp, and sprang on one side. Again he cried out, as another piece was coming near, "To the left!" "Twang" went the Harp; to the left they went, and so they went on, until they got quite out of danger, and then the Harp played a most beautiful and lively tune, and descended into the valley near to his mother's hut, who, with his sister, were on the look-out for him, but who were terribly alarmed when they saw the huge pieces of rock come tumbling down, and crushing great trees in their fall. The Golden Hen was perched upon the roof of the cottage, and clucked away at a fine rate when she heard and saw the Harp and Jack descending.

Jack's mother and sister, himself, and even the Hen and the Harp, seemed all happy that day; but Jack got the Hen to lay him

Jack and the Fairy Harp, escaping from the Giant.

some golden eggs, with which he went to the village and bought some strong iron files and other tools.

Jack had one more journey to make up the Bean-stalk, and now that he was going to try to release his father, his courage and determination were stronger than ever; but his mother's fears increased, yet the thoughts of the possibility of seeing her husband again, made her heart beat with joy and fear: but she prayed for her son's success, and early in the morning giving him her blessing, Jack once more, and for the third time, mounted the Bean-stalk.

Master Jack was very careful in keeping a good look-out, lest the Giant might see him on the road; and when he got into the neighbourhood of the castle he concealed himself until it was dark, before he ventured to approach the gate; and when he did so, he found that the Giant had placed large logs of wood against the bottom, so that he could not get under it as usual. "Oh, oh! Mr. Giant," said Jack, "you think yourself secure now, I suppose?" So out came the carpenter's tools, and Jack set to work in right earnest, and had no fear of being heard, as the Giant was snoring. In an hour or so he had made a hole in the gate large enough to squeeze himself through, and then he set to work to remove the logs: having done this, he made his way to the great hall, and there he again saw the Giant fast asleep in his chair. He was then proceeding towards the dungeon in which he believed his father was confined, when he felt his coat clutched hold of, and a voice cry out, "Ah, I've got you!" It was the Dwarf. Jack was indeed frightened, and was about to beg of the Dwarf in mercy to let him go, when the little creature

burst into a laugh, and said, "I only did it to frighten you; come this way:" and he led him to the iron-grated door of one of the cells, which was partly open, and said, "I managed this for you—wait till I fetch you a light," which when he brought, he said, "Follow me," and led the way down a narrow winding staircase to a lower chamber, and there in a corner upon some straw lay a fine-looking man, with long white hair, and a long white beard. "This is the little boy, Sir Knight," said the Dwarf, "that I told you of." The man then came forward, dragging a heavy chain after him, and said to Jack, "Who are you, and from whence do you come?" Jack told him his name, and of his mother and sister, and that they both lived. It was Jack's father, who then embraced him most affectionately, and said, "My dear, dear boy, is it possible that you have come to save me? Can you deliver me from this dungeon, and restore me to my dear wife and daughter?" Jack replied that he hoped so, and instantly brought forth the iron files; both father and son then set to work to file off the chains, whilst the good little Dwarf held the light, and took the opportunity to explain to Jack why he called out when he was taking the Hen and the Harp away. He was, he said, appointed by the Giant to watch those treasures, and to give the alarm if he saw any one attempting to take them away: this he had done, but he was glad that Jack had got clear off; though, he said, it was good fun to see how frightened they were, and it was also good fun to see the Giant in such a passion. The chains were removed. Jack and his father hastened out into the court-yard, and both succeeded after some difficulty in getting outside the walls. They wanted the Dwarf to go with them, but he replied that he must

stop to give the alarm; but told them he would let them have time enough to have a good start, and then, said he, "Oh! won't the Giant be after you in a rage!" and chuckled and grinned at what *he* seemed to think would be good fun. Father and son set off, but Jack's father had been a close prisoner for so many years that he seemed almost to have lost the use of his legs; however, on they went, but soon heard the Giant roaring after them. They had now reached the snow-topped hills—a little more, and they were safe: but the Giant was close upon them; it seemed almost impossible to escape. When at a turn of their road, in looking back, they saw indeed an extraordinary sight—nothing less than a shower of snow-balls, pelting away at the Giant's head and face, so that he could neither see nor get forward, for every instant dab came a snow-ball in one eye—dab came another in his mouth—bang came one upon his nose—then all over his head and ears—such a shower!—and he fighting against them with his hand and his great club. It *was* a funny sight, and the little Dwarf would indeed have laughed outright could he have seen it. Jack and his father could not help laughing at it themselves, but they did not stop to see how the fight went on, but hastened to the Bean-stalk.

Jack had told his father about this wonderful bean-stalk ladder, so the father was somewhat prepared; and when he saw Jack descending, he did not hesitate to follow. Down, down, down, they went, and in a short time the husband was clasping his long-lost wife and daughter in his arms. Oh, it was a scene of happiness and delight! The Golden Hen flapped her wings and tried to crow, but only went "Took-a-rook-took" and "Cluck, cluck;" but the Harp

struck up a merry tune, and at this moment the Garden Fairy appeared, and was hailed by them all as their best and dearest friend. But whilst they were all in this delightful state, the Garden Fairy said,—"All is not yet finished; here comes the Giant;" and upon their looking up, sure enough this monster was seen slipping down the Bean-stalk, which appeared against his great size to be a mere thread. "Fear not," she said; "he shall not harm you. Come, sisters, sing a charm around the stalk, and let us fix him there!" Accordingly, the Hen, and the Harp, and the Flower Fairy flew around the Bean-stalk, singing:—

"Bean, bean,
All so green,
Though your power
Be not seen—
Use all your might
To serve the Giant right,
Bind him fast by day,
And bind his feet by night."

Down came the Giant, snorting away; but when he got near the ground, so that he thought he could jump down, the Bean-stalk twisted itself round his ankles, and his legs, and his arms, and his body, and twined into his hair, so that he found himself as firmly fixed as if he had been bound with the strongest cords and chains. He fought, and kicked, and struggled, but all in vain; his eyes flashed like two coals of fire—he ground his great, ugly, sharp teeth together. He shook his great fist at Jack, who was standing upon a piece of rock, laughing. He roared out at him, and threatened to kill him and eat him; but Jack only laughed the more


The Fairies tie the Giant up in the Bean-Stalk.
Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

with a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" and "I smell fresh meat, ha! ha! ha!" and the Flower Fairy laughed "Ha! ha!" with her silvery voice; and the Golden Hen cried "Took-a-rook-took-a-rook;" and the Harp, going almost close to his ear, went "Twang, twang, twang."

They all now retired to the cottage, leaving the Giant to cool his rage, tied up tight in the Bean-stalk, which had now covered him up so completely that he looked like "Jack-in-Green" on May-day.

Jack's father sent him to inform the chief man of the village of what had taken place, namely, his own release from captivity, and the extraordinary capture of the great Danish Giant; begging that he would send a number of men up in the morning to secure him. The news soon spread about the village and valley, and, early in the morning, the whole population of the place were up at the Bean-stalk to behold this wonderful sight. They were all armed with some kind of weapon—swords, spears, bows and arrows, scythes, bill-hooks, &c.; but there was no occasion to use them, for the Bean-stalk gently let the Giant down to the ground, holding him fast all the time, until the people bound his hands behind his back, and tied strong cords round his ankles. Besides, this great savage monster not having had any food for very many hours, and naturally being a great coward—as all cruel people are—and, besides, being now quite sober, he begged hard for mercy to himself, though he had never shown it to others.

The next day, Sir Ethelbert having procured a large ship, there was quite a procession down to the beach; and having got the Giant safe on board, and having had him well secured, Jack's

father and mother and sister went on board also; and, with a strong body of men to guard the Giant, they sailed round the coast towards Sir Ethelbert's Castle, and after a short voyage they landed, and marched up to take possession of it.

As they drew near, the Knight was surprised to see a banner waving from the top of the keep, or strong tower; which banner he soon discerned to be King Alfred's! This was, indeed, a strange circumstance; but it turned out that the King had been successful in defeating a Danish army in that part of the country, and having heard that a Danish Giant had taken possession of his old friend Sir Ethelbert's castle, and held him prisoner there, he came to besiege it, and release his friend; and was surprised to find the only inmates to be a Giantess, a Dwarf, and a few of the knight's relations and retainers, prisoners in the dungeons. The Knight found King Alfred seated with his warriors in the great hall; and having given him the particulars of this strange history, particularly how bravely, and how wisely, his son Jack had behaved in rescuing him from prison, he brought him out into the court-yard to see the Giant, and also to present little Jack to his Majesty. They had made the Giant crawl upon his knees through the gateway, and he now stood up before the entrance of the great tower; but to insure the safety of the King, and every one else, the soldiers, with their spears, were drawn up all round the yard; and archers had their bows and arrows ready to shoot, if they saw the least disposition on the part of the Giant to break loose. The King's huntsmen had also large fierce dogs, ready to let slip in case of need. Jack had hold of a strong cord that was fastened to the Giant's leg; and when he saw the King come forth he

Jack brings the Giant prisoner to King Alfred.

knelt down, bowed, and delivered the Giant into the custody of his Majesty's guards.

The King was much pleased with Jack, and surprised that such a little fellow should have achieved so much and so well, and giving him a handsome jewel as a mark of his regard, desired that when he was a little older, he would come to the Court and be one of his pages. A Council was then held as to what was to be done with the Giant—whether he was to be killed or kept prisoner. Jack's mother, out of gratitude to the Giantess for having saved her life and the lives of her children, and indeed, as it appeared, her husband's life also, prayed the King to spare the Giant's life.

King Alfred granted her petition, and being a wise king, he determined to turn such great strength to some useful purpose, and therefore placed him under guard in the royal quarries, to hew out great stones for building royal and public places. The Giant's wife was allowed to live with him, and as he never had any intoxicating liquor to get tipsy with, he never beat or ill-used her any more, and they lived happily for many years.

After Jack's father and mother got settled, and the castle put in order, the Flower Fairy, the Hen, and the Harp, lent their aid to make it one of the happiest of homes — a happiness more felt in contrast to the adversity they had suffered.

On the evening of the day before Jack's father, mother, sister, and himself, left the valley with the Giant, his father gave a great feast to all the inhabitants of the place, to pay for which the Golden Hen was so good as to lay, on that morning, an extraordinary number of golden eggs, which found a ready market.

The Garden Fairy had told Jack, privately, that she and her sisters were going up the Bean-stalk that evening, in order to be at the castle to receive the family; and that, after they had made their ascent, something would happen to the Bean-stalk, as soon as it was dark, that would astonish and amuse the family and their guests. Jack informed his father of this, who told the people to remain with them till after the close of day, as he expected something curious and surprising would happen to the Bean-stalk. Accordingly they all gathered round it; and, after waiting until it was dark, they saw the lower part of the Bean-stalk on fire, showing all manner of beautiful colours: this extended up the whole of the stalk; and, as it was a clear, cloudless night, they could see up to the very top of it. The beans, which were growing upon the stalk in great numbers, then exploded with loud reports, like cannons. After this had gone on for a considerable time, to the great astonishment and delight of all the people (more particularly to Master Jack), there seemed to run up from the root a dazzling, bright flame, followed by an explosion like thunder, that echoed amongst the hills far and near, for a long while, accompanied by a shower of fire that nearly covered the whole of the valley; then all was dark, and the BEAN-STALK had disappeared entirely. Such a wonderful Bean-stalk as this had never been seen before; and there has never been one like it seen since; and it is not very likely that such a one will ever be seen again.

And thus ends the story of

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.


CINDERELLA
AND
THE GLASS SLIPPER.
Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed and Etched by George Cruikshank.

CINDERELLA

AND

THE GLASS SLIPPER.

There once lived a gentleman of a high family, who was very rich, and who had a very amiable and handsome wife, and a most beautiful little daughter, so much so, that every one used to say upon seeing her, "Oh! what a lovely little girl!—Oh, what a sweet little creature!" but although the little girl heard all these praises, they never made her proud or vain, for her disposition was even better than her looks. She was, indeed, one of those natures which cannot be spoiled by any praise or indulgence; but she was also well taught. Her mother was as good and as sensible as she was handsome; but, poor lady! her health was delicate, and although her husband, who loved her dearly, had all the first physicians in the town, and did all he could to save her life, yet she gradually declined and died,—regretted by every one who knew her, and deeply mourned for by her husband and her daughter.

After a few years his lady friends advised him to marry again; telling him that he should do so, not only for his own comfort, but more particularly for the sake of his little daughter; and that, although the love and care of her natural mother could never be replaced, yet that in a mother-in-law she would have many advantages, and probably a kind and loving relative. Feeling that this advice was good, and being acquainted with a widow lady who had two daughters, he thought it would be a proper and desirable match, as the lady's daughters would be excellent companions to his own darling child: and he therefore soon got married.

It is the nature of woman to love children, because the Almighty has appointed her to bring them up; and when little boys or girls are placed at an early age under the charge of a step-mother, it is very rarely that they feel the loss of their own mother: but there are exceptions, and it was so, unfortunately, in this case; for Cinderella's mother-in-law was proud, selfish, and extravagant, and these bad qualities led her to be unjust and cruel.

The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and the guests entertained with great liberality, and for some time after all seemed to go on very pleasantly. But the lady was so fond of company, that she was constantly giving grand and expensive parties; and being very greedy after money, and very fond of playing at cards, she became quite a gambler, and this with the hope of winning other people's money. But in this she was mistaken, for, amongst the many fine persons who visited the house, many of them were cheats—characters quite as bad as any common thieves, although

they belonged to what is called genteel society, and in time she not only got cheated out of nearly all her own money; but her husband's also; for he was an easy, good-natured man, and always gave her what money she required, until at last all his property was gone, and he was so much in debt that he was put into prison.

In consequence of this change of fortune, the lady was obliged to discharge all the servants; but as the house and furniture had been settled upon her at her marriage, she kept that on, and, by pinching and contriving in various ways, she managed, with a little property she had left of her own, to keep up appearances. And now began the cruel conduct towards poor Cinderella, whom she compelled to do all the rough, hard, dirty work of the kitchen and scullery, whilst she and her daughters did all the light and clean work required for the best rooms.

It is a very unpleasant thing to speak ill of ladies, but the truth must be told; and in this case, we are sorry to say, that the lady in question got to have a very bad temper, and used to behave in a very cruel manner to Cinderella—scolding her without any cause; and, it is very painful to add, that the young ladies were so influenced by their mother's example, that they also behaved very unkindly to their sister-in-law. But Cinderella was of such a kind and amiable disposition that she did all this drudgery and bore all this unkindness without murmuring; her only grief was for her poor father, who was in prison; and this used so to depress her spirits, that after she had done all the house-

work, instead of sitting at the door or the window with her needle, or going into the garden, she used to crouch in the corner of the large fireplace and sit amongst the ashes and cinders; and thus it was that she got the nickname of Cinderella.

At this time the King's son, happening to come of age, his Majesty ordered a grand ball and banquet to be given in honour of the occasion, and directed that all the ladies in those parts should be invited, in order that the Prince, who was a fine, noble, handsome fellow, should choose a wife out from amongst them. Poor Cinderella, who was unknown, or looked upon as a poor, dirty drudge, was, of course, not invited, but her two sisters-in-law were; and they were more than delighted, and set to work with their mother to arrange and settle about their dresses. Such consultations about fashion, and trimmings, and muslin, and silks, and satins, and laces, and ribbons, and braids, and bodices, and flowers, and trains, and dresses, and feathers, and flowers, and jewels, and ornaments, and shoes, and buckles, and sashes, and slippers, and all sorts of finery!—such cutting, and contriving, and working, that the day before the ball was to take place the mamma, who was not very strong, was so fatigued, that she was laid up in bed, and then the young ladies did not know what to do for some one to help them; but they were not long without assistance, for Cinderella's kind heart immediately prompted her to offer her services, which were readily accepted, as the girls knew that Cinderella had excellent taste, and was clever every way. But they said, "What shall we do for a hair-dresser?—oh!

Cinderella scouring the Pots and Kettles

Cinderella helping her Sisters to Dress. for the Royal Ball

what shall we do?—we can never go to the ball unless we have a hair-dresser." Well might they say so, for their hair had got dreadfully tangled and out of order, in consequence of their having fallen into such idle habits, that they did not comb and brush their hair night and morning, as they ought to have done.

Now, on account of so many ladies going to the grand royal fête, all the hair-dressers in the country were in great request; so much so, that they raised their charges to a most extraordinary price, and thus it was only the rich who could afford to hire them; and, even then, many of the poor hair-dressers and their assistants were so fatigued that they fainted away whilst dressing the ladies' hair, so that the ladies and their maids had to recover them with their smelling-bottles and other restoratives.

But Cinderella bade her sisters rest easy about their hair, assuring them that she could dress it to their satisfaction; and so she did,—a dear, good-natured, darling girl as she was. Cinderella exerted herself to the uttermost, and helped to dress and trim them up, even so as to astonish themselves. But, oh! there was such a looking in the glass!—such a twisting, and turning, and pulling, and breaking of stay-laces, and trying on, and taking off, and putting on again!—such bursts, too, of ill-temper, when they thought anything was not done exactly as they wanted, would have tried anybody's temper. But dear Cinderella did all she could to soothe them, and to please them; and at last she pretty well succeeded, for they seemed to be quite satisfied as they took

a last look at themselves in the glass. They then went and showed themselves to their mother, who was in her bed-room, and who declared that her dear girls looked beautiful, and wished that there were *two* Princes to captivate instead of one! As they had no carriage of their own, they had hired one of a gentleman who lived in the town, and who was so good as to lend out carriages upon hire to folks who did not keep their own; and having dressed up the driver, and a poor man who did their gardening, in some of the old livery suits, they stepped into the coach, and were driven off to the palace.

Poor Cinderella followed them with her eyes, as long as they were in sight, and then, when she could see them no longer, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and she then wished, for the first time, that *she* also had been going to the ball; and, turning from the door, went and took her usual place in the chimney-corner.

Now you must know that Cinderella had a godmother, who was a dwarf, and who used to come to see her sometimes, and she came into the kitchen just as Cinderella had taken her seat in the chimney-corner. The little old lady sat down upon a small log of wood on the opposite side, and said,—

"Why, Cindy, my darling, you have been crying?"

"Yes," she replied, with a sweet smile, "I did shed a few tears when I saw my sisters going to the Royal Ball; and I did think that I might have gone also; and I thought that I should like, above all things to go; but the thought of my poor father

came into my mind, and I now feel that I should not like to go and enjoy myself, and be merry, whilst my poor father is pining in prison."

"Well, that is spoken like a good, dutiful, feeling daughter. I like your sentiments, and approve of your conduct. Nevertheless, I think you ought to go to the ball as well as your sisters, and, what is more, you *shall* go."

Cinderella smiled to hear her godmother say she should go, knowing she had neither dress nor coach to go in. And so she told her godmother (which was the truth) that she would rather not go.

"But," said the little lady, "if I wish you to go, to oblige me—particularly when I tell you that, by so doing, you will make friends at court, and be able to set your father free from prison—I suppose you will not offer any objection

"Certainly not," said Cinderella.

Her godmother then desired her to do everything she told her, and not to ask any questions. Cinderella was always obedient when it was to do good. The dwarf then said,—

"Run into the garden and fetch me a pumpkin."

Cinderella brought in immediately the largest she could find. The dwarf then took a knife, and having cut a large round hole on each side, scooped out the middle, and placed it upon the ground, with some of the stem upon which the pumpkin grows. She then took five mushrooms, which were lying upon the dresser, and fastened four of them, by means of the tendrils, to the side

of the pumpkin, like wheels; and the fifth she placed in the front, as if for a coach-box. She then told her goddaughter to fetch her the mouse-trap, in which she found six white mice; and having taken a little ball of thread out of her little pocket, she took the mice, one by one, and fastened the thread round their throats, and placed them one behind the other, like a team of horses.

"Now, child!" she said, "run into the garden again, and behind the water-butt, in a flower-pot, you will find six green lizards—bring them here."

She did so; and the dwarf, placing a little bit of straw in the right claw of each, she placed two behind the pumpkin, one on each side, and the other two in front of the mice.

"Now," said the little woman, "we want a coachman; and if there is a rat in the trap, we'll mount him on the box for a driver."

The trap was brought—there were two in it—and the dwarf, selecting the largest and the fattest, and with the longest tail and whiskers, placed him sitting upright upon the mushroom in the front of the pumpkin; and then, putting the end of the threads in one of his claws, and a long blade of straw in the other, she told Cinderella to open the kitchen-door that led into the road. Then, taking up her little walking-stick in her hand, she waved it three times over the pumpkin, saying,—

"Heigh ho! presto!—go!" and away went the mice, with the pumpkin rolling after them, and the lizards running upon

The Pumpkin, and the Rat, and the Mice, and the Lizards, being changed by the Fairy, into a Coach, Horses, and Servants, to take Cinderella to the Ball at the Royal Palace.

The Fairy changing Cinderella's Kitchen dress, into a beautiful Ball dress.

their hind-legs, out of the door into the road, followed by the dwarf, who again waved her tiny stick three times, exclaiming,—

> "Now, pumpkin, mushrooms, rat, and mice, and lizards, all
> Change! to a coach-and-six, with servants strong and tall,
> To take my darling daughter to the Royal Ball."

Whilst the dwarf was harnessing the mice to the pumpkin, placing the lizards by the side, and putting the rat upon the mushroom, Cinderella was much amused; and when she saw it all move across the kitchen-floor, like a little coach and horses, and go out into the road, she was more than surprised: but, when she saw the pumpkin turned into a real coach, and the rat into a real coachman, with a long tail and large moustaches! the mice into milk-white steeds! and the green lizards into tall footmen, with their green and gold liveries, she was struck with wonder and astonishment, which was increased, if possible, still more, when, after her godmother had gently touched her with her little cane, or wand, she found all her dingy, rough-working dress changed, in an instant, into one of the most beautiful dresses that can be imagined; her stomacher studded with diamonds, and her neck and arms encircled with the most costly jewels!

Her godmother then took from her tiny pocket a pair of beautiful glass shoes or slippers, and bade Cinderella put them on. Now the soles and lining of these slippers were made of an elastic material, and covered on the outside with delicate spun glass. They were exceedingly small, but Cinderella put them on without

difficulty. Her godmother then conducted her to the coach, telling her, as she entered and took her seat upon a beautiful, soft, amber-coloured cushion, to be sure to leave the palace before the clock struck TWELVE, and that if she disobeyed or neglected this injunction, the charm would be broken, and she, and everything else about her, would change back again to their former condition.

Cinderella promised to attend to this, and the coach drove on towards the King's palace, Cinderella wondering more and more at the strange things which had happened, and began to think—what she had never suspected before—that her little dwarf godmother was a fairy. And so, indeed, she was; for no one else could have done such wonderful things!

When the coach arrived at the outer gate of the palace, the guards, porters, and attendants, thought some grand princess had arrived; for such a splendid equipage, and such a beautiful lady, had never been seen before. The young Prince, upon hearing this, hastened to the inner gate, and assisted Cinderella to alight. He was at once struck with her beauty and sweet expression, and fell deeply in love with her the moment he beheld her. He then conducted her to the presence-chamber, where the King and Queen were seated on a throne, and introduced her to his royal parents, who were amazed at the dazzling beauty of the young lady, and the novelty and splendour of her dress, and each secretly wished that their son would choose her for a bride. It was not only the King and Queen, and the Prince, who were amazed at the appearance of dear Cinderella, but the whole of the

company assembled, including her two sisters-in-law, who had not the slightest idea that it was Cinderella, and all kept on exclaiming, as the Prince led her out to dance—"Oh, how handsome she is! Oh, how beautiful! What grace! What elegance! What a charming creature! What a beautiful dress! What splendid jewels!" Her appearance, indeed, created quite a sensation, and her modest demeanour, together with the sweetness of her expression, charmed every one who beheld her. The Prince, by his marked attention, showed at once upon whom his choice had fallen; and as he conversed with her, he felt his attachment increase, for he found her mind and disposition were as charming as her person was beautiful.

At the banquet, she was placed on the left of the Queen, who treated her with the greatest kindness, as well as the King also. The Prince, of course, was unremitting in his attentions, and everything was done that was possible to make Cinderella happy and comfortable. She felt it; when, suddenly, the thought of her poor father crossed her mind, and she inwardly prayed that her godmother's promise of her being able to assist him out of his troubles might be realised. She then thought of her godmother's warning to leave before the hour of *twelve;* and, watching the opportunity when the ladies retired, she hastened to the courtyard, and was on the road home long before the clock had struck the midnight hour.

When the company re-assembled, the Prince immediately sought for Cinderella, and as she was not to be found in any of

the rooms, he flew to the gate to inquire if her carriage was there; but finding that she had departed, he became quite distracted, for he had hoped to have found out who she was and where she lived. He instantly despatched messengers on horseback after the carriage, with a polite and earnest request that the lady would return for a short time; but they could nowhere find the carriage, although they had gone several miles in the direction which the coach had taken.

The Prince, in his distress, consulted the King as to what course he should pursue. The King, seeing the painful state of the Prince's mind, immediately had it announced by his chamberlains that a similar entertainment would be given the following evening; and being a kind and feeling King, and wishing to save his subjects from any increased expense for dress, they were given to understand that it was his Majesty's desire that the company should all appear in the same dresses that they wore that evening, in order, as he said, that he might recognise them again.

The reason for giving another ball was, as you will guess, with the expectation that the charming young Princess would come again, and that then the Prince would ascertain who she was, and take an opportunity of declaring his love and requesting her hand in marriage.

When Cinderella arrived at her father's house, she found her godmother standing at the garden-gate, who told her to make haste into the kitchen. As she went in, she found herself in her working dress again, and as she took her seat once more amongst

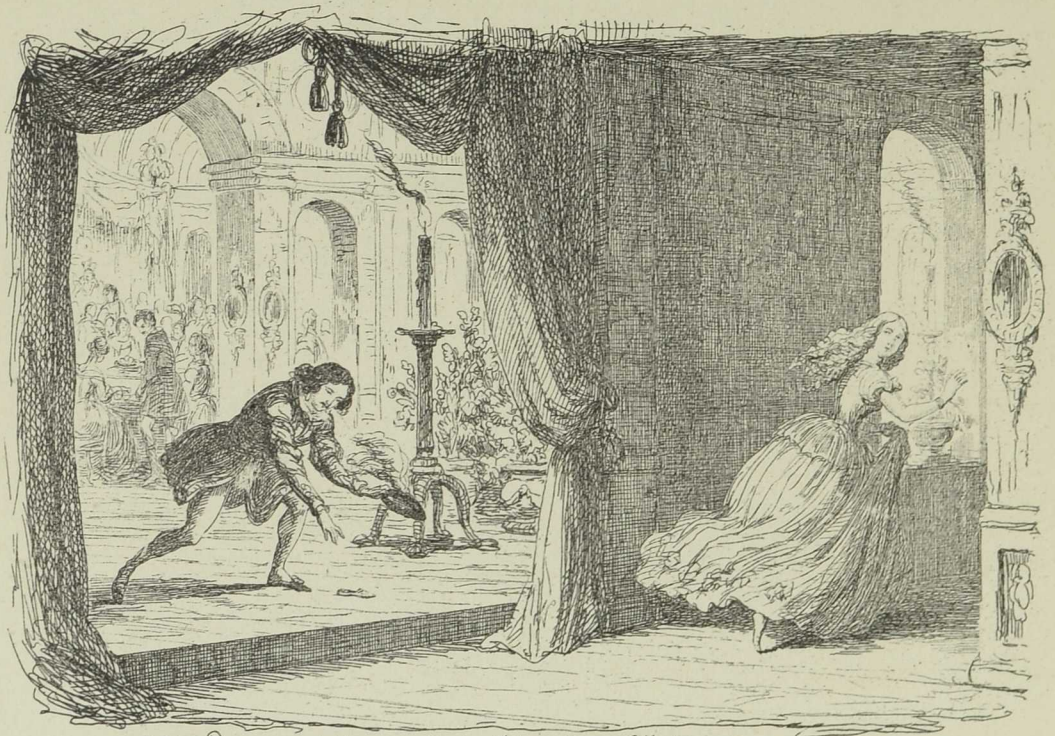
the cinders, she tried to collect her thoughts upon the extraordinary and wonderful events that had occurred during the evening. One thing was certain, the noble, manly bearing of the handsome young Prince, together with the intelligence of his mind, had made a great impression upon her. As Cinderella was entering the house, the thought struck her, "What will godmother do with the coach and horses?" and she was not surprised to see them gradually diminish until they returned to their original size, and follow the dwarf into the garden. What the Fairy did with them Cinderella, nor any one else, ever knew to this day, but she supposed they were placed in a little out-house, with plenty of provender. In a short time after Cinderella had got home her sisters arrived; and, as she was lighting their candles in the parlour, they gave her an account of the grand entertainment and the grand company, but, above all, of the beautiful Princess (for she could be nothing else, they said) who had been the great attraction of the evening, and with whom the Prince had surely fallen in love; that she had gone off, nobody knew where, and that the King was to give another grand fête the following evening, and that they and everybody who was there had been again invited. Cinderella could have told the greater part of this herself, but she only smiled, and said,—"Indeed!" and "Dear me!" and so on.

Early the next morning, by break of day, the hair-dressers were in request again, and again they raised their charges! It is recorded that it was a most extraordinary sight, such as had never been witnessed before, to see these hair-dressers flying about from

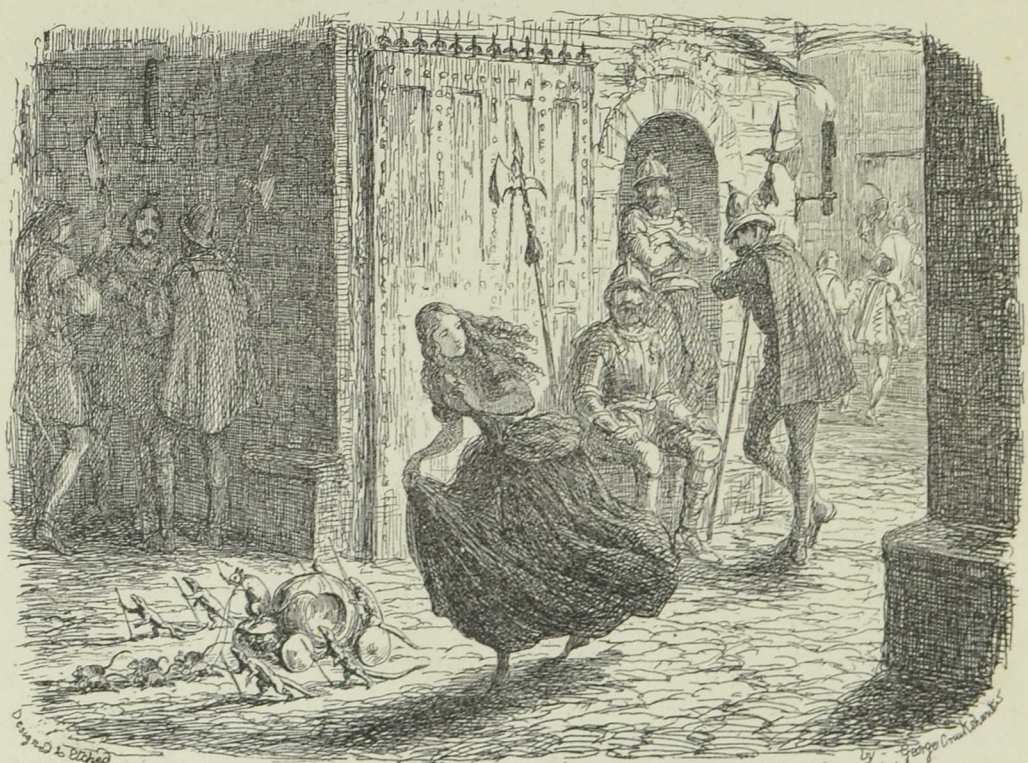
house to house, and some that had to go a distance riding on horseback. They had been refreshed, of course, by a good night's rest, and at first they got on pretty well, but towards evening they became quite exhausted, and were constantly swooning and fainting away.

Cinderella had again to help her sisters to dress and to arrange their hair, and saw them depart again, but not with the same feelings as before, for her godmother had been with her in the morning, and told her she should go again to the palace. The Fairy kept her word, and soon after the sisters' carriage had left the door, she came into the kitchen, changed Cinderella's dress to one even more beautiful than the first, if that were possible; had the coach, as before, ready to convey her to the ball; bade her depart, giving her the same strict injunction to be sure and leave before the clock struck TWELVE.

The Prince had given orders to his pages to let him know instantly if they saw the beautiful Princess's carriage approaching; and when he heard that it was really driving into the court-yard, he flew down to receive Cinderella again, and again he conducted her, with a light heart and a smiling face, to the presence of his royal parents, who were again delighted to see their beautiful visitor. She again became the principal object of attraction and conversation, and the Prince took the first opportunity to declare himself her admirer, and to ask her to become his bride. Her reply was, that she must consult her father and friends; and he was about to beg that he might be allowed to pay his respects to them



The Prince, picking up Cinderella's Glass Slipper



Cinderella leaving the Royal Palace after the Clock had Struck Twelve!!

immediately, when the clock began to strike the hour of *Twelve!* she started up, and hastily quitted the apartment. The Prince, determined not to lose sight of her this time, followed Cinderella, for the purpose of escorting her home; but as he hurried after her, his attention was attracted by one of her beautiful glass slippers, which had slipped off her foot in her haste to gain the outer gate. As he stooped to pick up the glass slipper, Cinderella turned into one of the passages, and he lost sight of her. When she got as far as the court-yard the palace clock struck the last stroke of *Twelve!* Instantly her dress was changed again into her kitchen garb, and, as she passed the outer gate, the grand coach and all were again changed to pumpkin, mushrooms, rat, mice, and lizards.

The Prince, who had taken a wrong turning in the passages in pursuit of Cinderella, was, however, at the gate soon after she had passed, and inquired of the guards if they had seen the beautiful Princess pass, and which way the carriage had gone; but they all declared that no one, except a scullery-maid, had passed out, and, upon looking for her coach, it was nowhere to be seen. The Prince ordered them to go and seek it in every direction; and he, even in his ball-dress, mounted a horse and dashed down the road the Princess had been seen to come. Poor Cinderella arrived at home quite out of breath. The garden-gate was open, but no godmother was there; she saw the pumpkin coach roll in, and the gate shut after it, and had just time to get inside the kitchen-door, as the Prince galloped furiously past; and, after a time, she saw him gallop back towards the

palace, with her heart beating quite as fast as the Prince's horse was galloping. She then returned to her chimney-corner again, but this time with no desponding feelings: yet she wondered how it would all end. The Prince loved her, and she loved the Prince: that was all so far clear and settled; but how was it possible that a Royal Prince should marry such a poor girl as she was? In the midst of these thoughts her sisters returned, and they again described the doings at the palace and the reappearance of the charming Princess, to all which Cinderella said, as before, "Indeed!" "Dear me!" and so on.

On the following morning, at an early hour, the town was aroused by the blowing of trumpets, and, upon the people coming out to know the occasion of it, they found two of the royal herald trumpeters, with a chamberlain, guards, and an attendant carrying a crimson velvet cushion, upon which was placed a glass slipper. When the trumpeters had blown a flourish, the chamberlain read a proclamation, to the effect that the Royal Prince requested all the single ladies would try on this glass slipper, and declared that whomsoever it might fit he would make his bride. Oh! then immediately followed such a trying on—such efforts to squeeze in their dear little feet; but no! not one could get the glass slipper on, not even half-way;—some could not get their toes in,—for the more they tried the more it seemed to shrink,—and the chamberlain requested that they would not use it too roughly, lest they should break the spun glass covering.

The chamberlain and attendants had gone nearly all over the

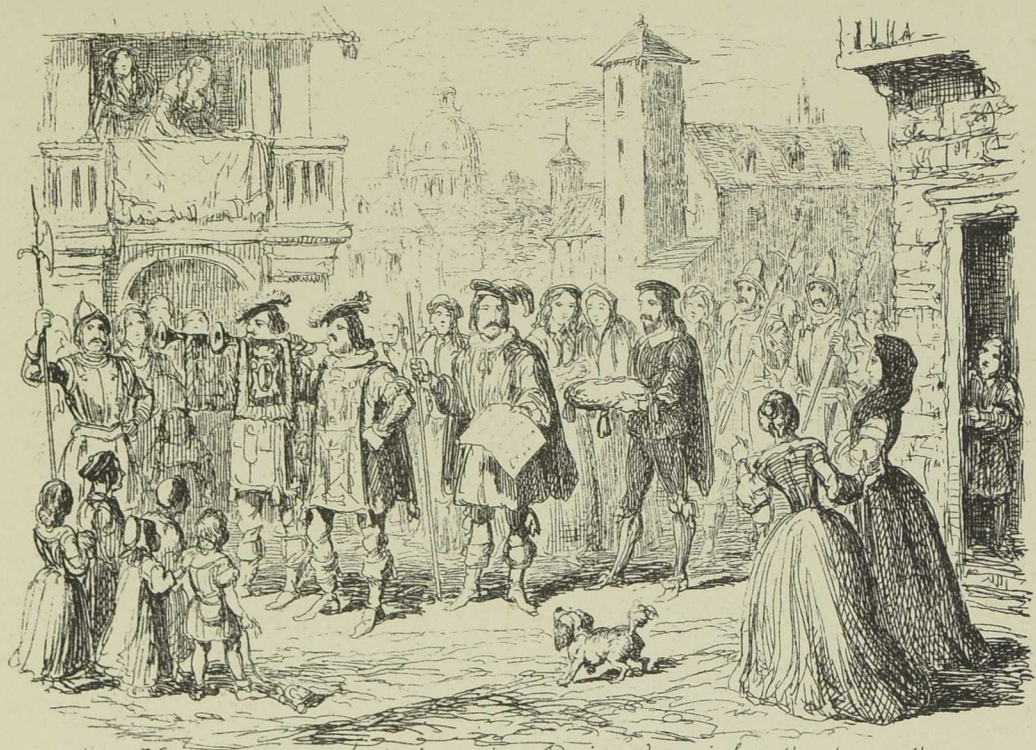
town, and were growing weary, when they turned to where Cinderella lived, which was a little out of the road, the sisters were standing at the kitchen-door, the mother at her bed-room window, for she was still unable to leave her room, and poor Cinderella, in her dingy dress, was peeping over her sisters' shoulders. The chamberlain came forward, requesting the sisters to try on the slipper,—which they did to their uttermost, at the same time feeling that it was of very little use; after several unsuccessful efforts they gave back the slipper, but the chamberlain, having caught sight of Cinderella sitting in her old corner, requested that she also would try on the glass slipper; but the sisters set up a loud laugh, and said the idea was ridiculous! and would not allow any such thing; but the chamberlain said his orders were imperative that *all* should try it on,—besides which, although it was a dark corner where Cinderella was, he saw enough to convince him that those beautiful long ringlets belonged to a beautiful face and person. He then requested Cinderella to take a seat. Just before this the dwarf had come in, and had privately handed the other glass slipper to Cinderella, which she had put into her pocket. However, she now stepped forward, took her seat, placed her foot upon the cushion, and the slipper slipped on in an instant, with the greatest ease. The sisters could scarcely believe their eyes; the chamberlain and the attendants were surprised and startled; but they were all much more so when Cinderella quietly drew forth from her pocket the fellow glass slipper.

When the chamberlain saw that Cinderella was the lady of whom he was in search, he informed her that, in case he should be successful in finding the lady whom the slipper would fit, he had a message to her from the Queen, to beg that she would be so obliging as to come to her at the palace without delay. Cinderella looked to her godmother to know what reply she should make. The dwarf said, "Please to signify to the Queen that my goddaughter will attend upon her Majesty immediately."

The chamberlain then despatched a messenger in all haste to the Prince, to inform him that the lady had been found who could put on the glass slipper, and who had also the fellow to it, and that she would soon be at the palace, agreeably to the request of the Queen. He then most respectfully informed Cinderella that he awaited her ladyship's pleasure to accompany her with the guard.

As soon as the sisters had recovered from the amazement into which this discovery had thrown them, they burst into tears, and said, "Why, Cinderella, are you, indeed, the beautiful lady whom we saw at the palace? Oh, pray forgive us for all the rudeness and unkindness which we have been guilty of towards you."

Cinderella's tender heart was touched at the repentant words of her sisters-in-law, and she also, bursting into tears, threw her arms around their necks, and, kissing them one after the other, said,—



The Herald's proclaiming the Prince's wish, that all the Single Ladies, should try on the Glass Slipper!

Drawn & Etched by George Cruikshank

Cinderella having fitted on the Glass Slipper- produces it's fellow.

"Dear sisters, never say another word about it; I hope these strange changes will be the means of making us all the happier."

The two girls then ran up to their mother's room to tell her the wonderful news. Meanwhile, the Fairy retired into Cinderella's bed-room, followed by her goddaughter, and then, changing Cinderella's old, shabby, kitchen attire into an elegant morning dress, in which she looked even more charming, if possible, than she did in her full dress, told her to prepare to meet her father, to whom she had that day restored all his estates and property, and whom she expected there in a few minutes. Accordingly, almost before she had done speaking, a great shouting was heard. Her father had arrived; and when the people of the neighbourhood saw their worthy friend again, they welcomed him home with loud huzzas! for he was a great favourite with all the people in the town and country round about.

Cinderella rushed out to welcome him; and great was the joy of both father and daughter at this unexpected but pleasant meeting. He then went up to see his wife—it was an affectionate meeting. He was glad also to see her daughters, and they were glad to see him. At this moment the chamberlain sent to remind Cinderella that the Queen would be then expecting her. A little explanation sufficed to make Cinderella's father not only acquainted with the extraordinary circumstances, but also to give him the greatest satisfaction at the prospect of his daughter's elevation and happiness; and he determined at once to accompany her to the palace. The Fairy had brought round Cinderella's

grand coach to the door, into which she and her goddaughter both entered; whilst the father mounted the horse upon which he had returned home; and, with the herald, trumpeters, and chamberlain in front, and the father, followed by the guards in the rear, they proceeded towards the royal palace, accompanied by a large concourse of people, who were in a state of great excitement, and kept on shouting until the cavalcade reached the palace, at the gates of which the Prince was waiting to receive Cinderella, which he did with great delight. He was somewhat surprised at the appearance of the dwarf; but when Cinderella informed him that she was her godmother and her best friend, he saluted the little lady with great respect, and conducted them both to the Queen his mother. Cinderella had also presented her father to the Prince, whom he welcomed most cordially, desiring his page in waiting to conduct him to his own apartments, where he soon joined him to say that the King, his father, wished to have an interview. They accordingly repaired to the royal library, where they found his Majesty, attended by his chancellor and other law-officers. The King was delighted to find an old friend in the person of Cinderella's father, who, as may be supposed, readily gave his consent to the marriage of his daughter to the Prince; and the lawyers having drawn up the marriage-contract, they all repaired to the Queen's apartments, to have it signed by Cinderella, the Royal Prince, and the other parties.

The Queen had been in conversation with the dwarf, and was so much pleased with her wit and good sense, that she introduced her

to the King's especial notice, who received Cinderella's godmother with great condescension and affability. It was determined that the marriage should take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made; "That is," his Majesty jocosely said, "if it met with the approbation of the young people." The Prince smilingly replied, that they would be guided by his Majesty's pleasure.

The King, who was in the highest flow of spirits, declared that there should be extraordinary grand doings to celebrate this wedding; and, amongst other things, ordered that there should be running "fountains of wine" in the court-yards of the palace, and also in the streets. Upon which Cinderella's godmother, who had been conversing with the King, begged that his Majesty would not carry out that part of the arrangements.

'Why not?" said the King; "it is the custom upon all great festive occasions, and the people would be disappointed were it omitted at a royal wedding."

"It is true," replied the dwarf, "that the people look for such things, but although there is much boisterous mirth created by the drink around these wine fountains, yet your Majesty is aware that this same drink leads also to quarrels, brutal fights, and violent deaths."

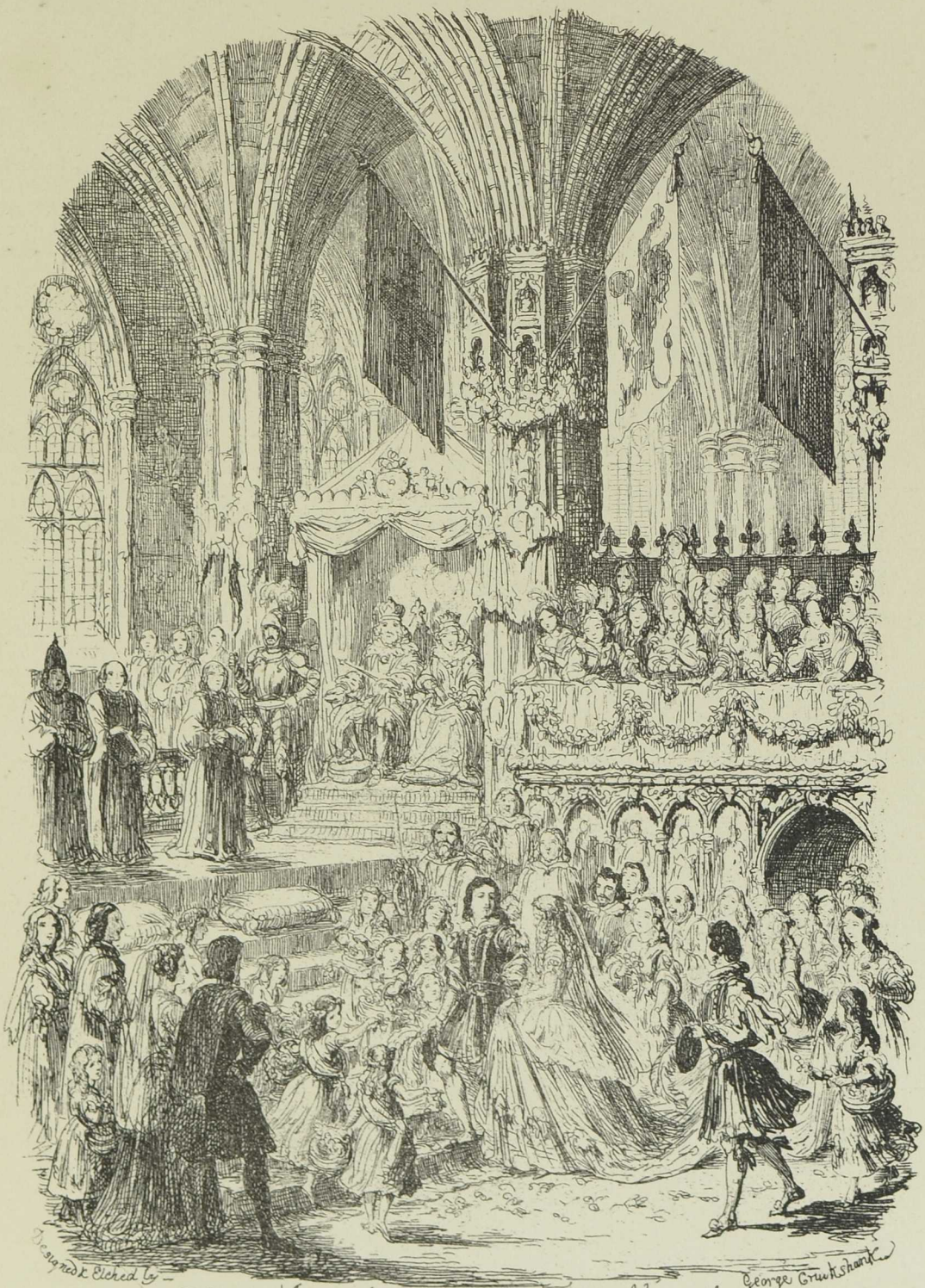
"Well! I fear it is so," the King replied; "but this misconduct and violence is only committed by those who take *too much*, and not by those who take it in moderation."

"The history of the use of strong drinks," the dwarf said, "is marked on every page by *excess, which follows, as a matter of*

course, from the very nature of their composition, and are always accompanied by ill-health, misery, and crime."

"Well, but," said the King, "what is to be done? are not these things intended by Providence for our use?"

"With all deference to your Majesty," said the dwarf in reply, "most assuredly not; for such is the POWER of the CREATOR, that if it had been necessary for man to take stimulating drinks, the ALMIGHTY could have given them to him *free from all intoxicating qualities,* as he has done with all solids and liquids necessary and fit for the support of man's life; and as he never intended that any man should be intoxicated, and as he knows that all men cannot take these drinks alike, *such is his goodness and mercy,* THAT HE WOULD HAVE SENT THEM TO US WITHOUT THE INTOXICATING PRINCIPLE; and when people talk of these intoxicating drinks, that do so much deadly mischief, being *sent* to us by the ALMIGHTY, we might as well say that he sends us gunpowder, because man converts certain materials into such a deadly composition. And as *to moderation,* pardon me, your Majesty, but so long as your Majesty continues to take even half a glass of wine a-day, so long will the drinking customs of society be considered respectable and kept up; and it thus follows, as a necessary consequence, that thousands of your Majesty's subjects will be constantly falling by *excess* into *vice, wretchedness, and crime;* and as to people not being able to do without stimulating drinks, I beg your Majesty to look at Cinderella, who never has taken any in all her life, and who never will."



The Marriage of Cinderella, to
The Prince —

"My dear little lady," exclaimed the King, good-humouredly, "your arguments have convinced me: there shall be no more fountains of wine in my dominions." And he immediately gave orders that all the wine, beer, and spirits, in the place, should be collected together and piled upon the top of a rocky mound in the vicinity of the palace, and made a great bonfire of on the night of the wedding; —which was accordingly done, and a splendid blaze it made!

An early day was then fixed for the wedding, which was solemnised in the cathedral with great pomp and splendour, all the great people in the country being present, including, of course, Cinderella's father and her mother-in-law. The King and Queen were seated upon a throne near the altar. Many beautiful young ladies attended Cinderella as bridemaids, amongst whom were her two sisters-in-law. The bride's dress was of the richest white satin, ornamented with bouquets of orange-blossoms; a large white lace veil covered her head; her brow was encircled with a wreath of orange-blossoms, mixed with diamonds, whose sparkles seemed dimmed by the brightness of her beautiful blue eyes; and her long, waving, and clustering ringlets shadowed the rosy blush of her lovely face. A number of beautiful little girls, dressed in white, carrying baskets containing flowers, preceded Cinderella and the Royal Prince, her handsome bridegroom, and who strewed their path with flowers as they approached the altar.

After the marriage there was a magnificent banquet, and festivities upon the grandest scale were kept up for several days. And they all lived to a great age in happiness and comfort.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Not having any other publication in hand at present, through which I can address a few words to the public, I take the opportunity of correcting a mistake into which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of that wonderful production, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has fallen into respecting myself.

In her recent work of "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" (p. 243), when speaking of her attendance at a morning party at the Surrey Parsonage, there occurs the following passage:—"The kindness of Mr. Sherman had assembled here a very agreeable company, among whom were Farquhar Tupper, the artist Cruikshank, from whom I received a call the other morning, and Mr. Pellatt, M.P. Cruikshank is an old man, with grey hair and eyebrows, strongly marked features, and keen eyes. He talked to me something about the promotion of temperance by a series of literary sketches illustrated by his pencil."

I certainly called to pay my respects to the lady whilst Mr. Stowe and herself were staying at the Rev. Mr. Binney's, and talked to her about writing a work for the promotion of temperance, to be illustrated by my pencil—so far this is correct; but, with respect to

my being one of the party at the Rev. Mr. Sherman's, it is altogether a mistake, for I never was at that gentleman's house in my life. Mr. Apsley Pellatt I have the pleasure of knowing; but I have never, to my knowledge, had the honour of being in the company either of Mr. Sherman or of Martin Farquhar Tupper; and as my hair at present happens to be *dark brown* (though I hope to live until it does become *grey*), it is quite clear, I think, that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has mixed me up in her *memory* with some one else—*possibly* of the name of Cruikshank. However, the shortness of her stay in this *our* glorious land of liberty, and the number of *new* faces that she met with in *old* England, may readily account for errors of this sort.

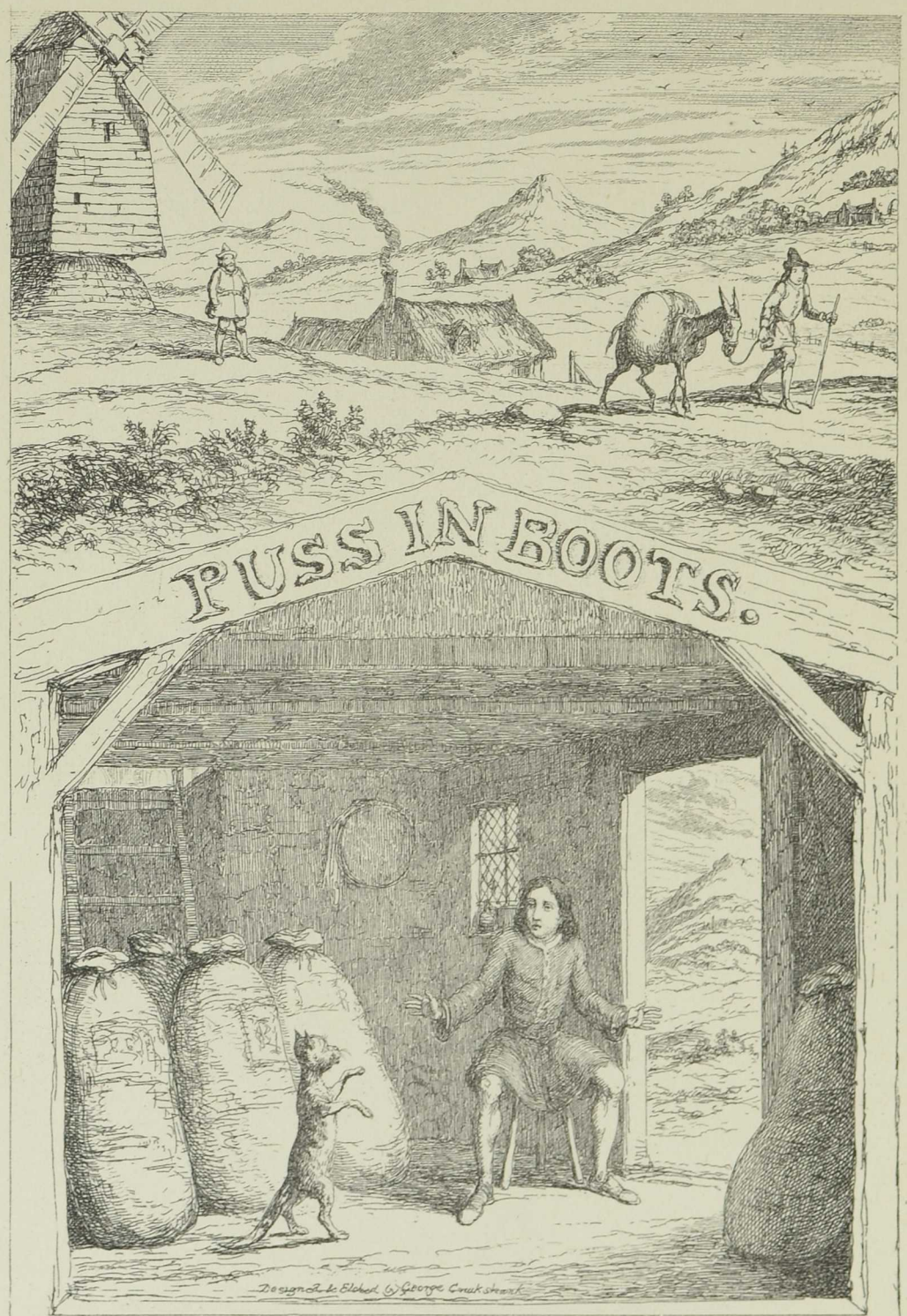
I take this opportunity also to advert to some criticisms upon my "Fairy Library," which have appeared in two or three publications; in one, "The Inquirer," a gentleman, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, seems to think it a great absurdity that the story of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" should be laid in the time of Alfred the Great. Now this *may* be very absurd, but I beg to inform the writer of that article that the absurdity did not originate with me. I simply copied it from an old edition of the story published by Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh.

In conclusion, I will just take the liberty of suggesting to those gentlemen who may feel inclined to criticise my editing of these Fairy Tales, that they had better make themselves somewhat acquainted with all the old editions of these stories before they find fault with my version,* otherwise they may probably fall into some rather absurd mistakes, such as the one pointed out above; and also such as Mr. Charles Dickens has fallen into, in his paper entitled "Frauds on the Fairies," in "Household Words;" and in consequence of which I got my tiny friend, "Hop o' my Thumb," to write a letter to him upon the subject, which letter is published separately by my friend, Mr. Bogue, of 86 Fleet Street, and may be had of him and all Booksellers "for the small charge of One Penny;" and of the same size as the "Fairy Library."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

48 *Mornington Place.*

* I have *four* editions of "Cinderella" now before me, *all* differing most materially from each other; and I may as well here observe, that I did not expect it would be necessary to alter a single line of *this* story; but, upon looking through the several books, I found *some* vulgarity, mixed up with so much that was useless and unfit for children, that I was obliged (much against my wish) to re-write the whole story; in doing which I have introduced a few *Temperance Truths*, with a fervent hope that some good may result therefrom.



Tom Puss, consoling his Master, and asking for a Pair of Boots, & a suit of Clothes.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

In ancient times—that is, a long time ago, and when this country was divided into many small kingdoms—there lived in the country, a very long way from London, a poor miller, who had three sons, named Araba, Baraba, and Caraba. The Miller had saved a little money, and as he was growing old he retired from business and went with his wife to live in a cottage which belonged to him, and which was a short distance from the mill, and at a convenient distance for his sons to come to their meals, the sons all sleeping in the cot at the side of the old windmill.

The Miller told his sons on the day he left the mill that through life he had had many hardships and difficulties to encounter, and all he could do for them now was to give the mill to Araba, his eldest son; the Ass that carried the corn to market to his second son, Baraba; and the Cat which kept the mill free from rats and mice to his youngest son, Caraba. He told them

that they might have hardships and difficulties to meet with as they went through life as well as himself; but if they had, they must not despond or be down-hearted, but pray to God to give them strength to work on and to persevere in what they were doing, if what they were doing was right; and if they wanted advice they knew that he would be too glad to give it them.

The youngest son and the cat were very great friends, which may be accounted for in this way: Caraba was very kind to animals, and his kindness to Tom Puss (for the puss was a *gentleman* cat!) made him very fond of Caraba, and he used to follow his young master about the mill like a dog, and when Caraba went from the mill Tom Puss would go with him for some short distance, and then return to the mill and take his place just inside the door of the cot or the granary and watch for his return.

But there was another reason besides the kindness of Caraba for the cat being fond of him, and that was, because he had saved *his* life upon one occasion, and puss seemed never to have forgotten this, and appeared to be always grateful for this service, and which happened in this way—

As Caraba was one day standing by the mill he saw what he at first thought to be a hare or a rabbit chased by a dog and coming towards the mill; but as they came nearer, he discovered that it was a poor cat which the dog was running after, so he snatched up a large stick that was lying on the ground, just by

him, and ran forward to defend poor pussy, and drive back the dog, which he succeeded in doing, but with some difficulty, for it was a great big dog, and a very ugly and very savage one. However, he pretended to pick up some stones to throw at it, and it turned tail and ran back the way it had come. Dogs will always run away if you even pretend to pick up stones to throw at them. Tom Puss had run and hid himself behind some sacks in the granary; but when Caraba went in, and in a kind tone called, "Puss, puss," puss came creeping out slowly, and then Caraba stroked him gently over the head and shoulders, and then gave him something to eat, and ever after that they were the best of friends, and puss became a great favourite with Caraba's parents and brothers, and gave great satisfaction by keeping all rats and mice away from the cot and the mill, and from eating the corn.

Caraba was a very dutiful son—a very handsome and a very good young man, and very industrious—doing all he could to help his elder brothers. Sometimes he had to go with flour to the market-town near, in which resided the king of those parts, in a castle near the town. All the kings and great barons lived in castles in those days; and it so happened, upon one occasion, as Caraba was leaving the market to return home, that the king and his daughter, a most beautiful young princess, were passing that way in their open carriage, and Caraba was so struck with the beauty of the young lady that he fell in love with her, and

looked after the carriage as long as it was in sight, and then turned and thoughtfully went on his way to the mill, reflecting to himself that however much he might love the princess and desire to have her for a bride, the difference of their positions in life made it impossible that he could ever marry her; and so he went to his humble home downcast and sorrowful. Tom Puss as usual came out to meet his master, and as Caraba approached Tom stopped and looked at him in a way that he had never done before, and it was quite evident to puss that something was the matter. Caraba put the ass into the stable, or shed, and gave it a feed; he then gave his elder brother the money he had sold the flour for, and then went and sat himself down by the side of the door and looked in the direction of the king's castle. At the same moment, puss came purring and rubbing his side against his master's leg, as if to attract his attention, as much as to say, "Have you forgotten me, master?" The young man turned and heaving a deep sigh, said, "Ah! my poor puss, I went out this morning happy and comfortable; but happy I never shall be again, for I can never forget the beautiful princess, and I can never have her for a wife." As he said this, Tom Puss stood up on his hind legs, and speaking like a human being, said, "Do not be too sure of that." Caraba started with wonder to hear the cat speak, who, however, went on to say, "Dear master, you once did me a great service, you saved me from a horrible death;

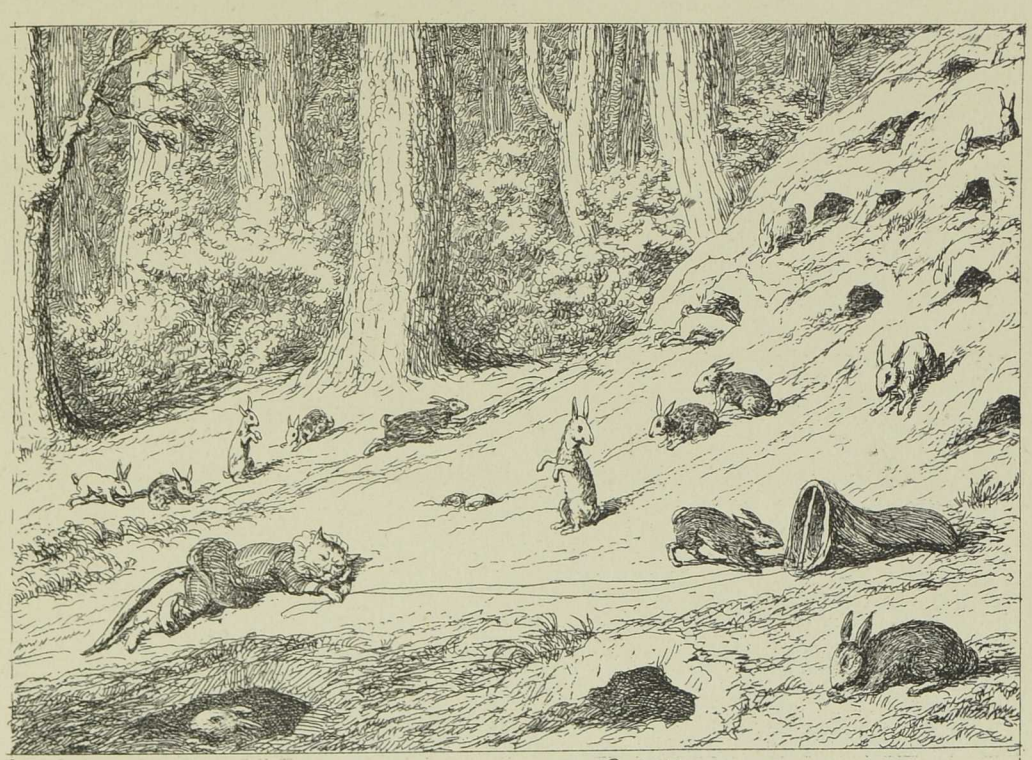
and I have always been grateful to you for that act; but the time is now come when I can repay this kindness, and all I require of you is to do whatever I tell you, to ask no questions, and leave me to manage matters in my own way; and if all goes well, the end will be happiness to you and to many others, including the dear, the good, the beautiful princess." Caraba rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, and kept looking at puss with great surprise, and seemed lost in thought, from which he was roused by Tom Puss exclaiming, "Now, let's to work. In the first place, master, I must have a dress with a cap and feather, and though last, not least, a pair of Boots!" "Where am I to get these things?" said Caraba. "Go look in the little old oak box in the lumber cupboard under the mill, where I sleep, and you will find all I want." Caraba did as he was told, and sure enough there were the clothes, and a little pair of boots that fitted puss like a pair of gloves.

The cat, with the assistance of his master, was soon dressed. "And now," said puss, "hand me that little bag that hangs up there behind the door, and give me that little bit of a stick that you tickle the donkey's ribs with when you want him to go faster, and I am off;" and going to the door said, "Good-bye, master, say nothing to nobody about this, but keep your spirits up till I come back."

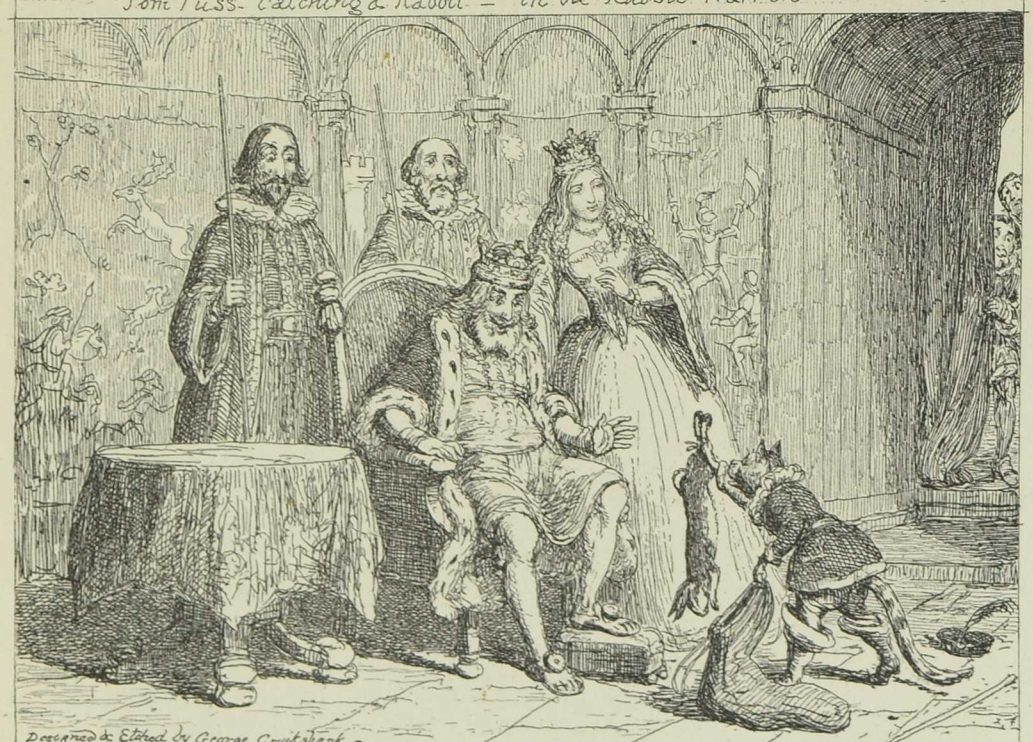
Caraba was lost in wonder, as he saw puss walking along just

like a little man, and wondered what he could be going to do with the bag; but he could not form a guess. So, having watched Master Tom Puss out of sight, and having duties to attend to, he went to his work.

Between the mill and the king's castle there was a wood, and one part of it was so thick with trees and bushes that no one could pass through it; and although the woodmen had often tried to clear this part, it appears they found that what they cut down in the day time, always grew up again in the night, and so they gave it up; but Tom found his way through this thicket, and not only that, but also found some rabbits inside. Yes, there was a large rabbit warren in the centre, with thousands of "bunnies" playing about in all directions. Puss crept in very gently, placed the bag on the ground, propped the mouth of it open with a bit of stick, to which was tied a string, and having put some nice cabbage-leaves at the end, thus made a sort of trap of it, then lying down upon the ground with the end of the string in his paw, watched to see if any of the rabbits would be tempted to go into the bag after the cabbage-leaves, which one soon did. Tom pulled the string, down came the stick, and puss had thus, as the sportsmen say, "bagged" a fine rabbit! And having trapped another one, puss came out of the warren, not to take the rabbits to his master; no, Tom Puss not only knew his way through the thicket, and that there was a rabbit warren



Tom Puss catching a Rabbit – in the Rabbit warren.



Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank.

Tom Puss presenting a Rabbit to the King – in the Royal Palace.

inside of it, but he also knew that the king was extremely fond of that sort of food, and although always wanting it, could never get any, for not one of those little creatures had been seen in his kingdom for many years. It was found out afterwards that a wicked Ogre, who was a sorcerer, had shut in all the rabbits in this warren, out of spite to the king, because he was a very good man, and because no one should have any rabbits but himself.

Puss set off with a sort of a "hop, skip, and a jump" to the castle, or king's palace, and astonished the guard at the gate by telling them that he had brought a message with a present to the king, and wished to see his majesty. The chamberlain was informed of this, who led Tom into the presence of the king and his daughter. Tom Puss made a very graceful bow to the papa and daughter, and said that his master, the "Marquis of Carabas," having heard that his majesty was very fond of rabbits, had taken the liberty of sending a brace to his majesty, which he hoped his majesty would accept; and as there were a great number on his estate, he would send a supply daily if his majesty would allow him to do so. The king was not only very greatly surprised to see such an extraordinary-looking gamekeeper (as puss said he was), but also most highly delighted at the prospect of getting a supply of his favourite food again, told Tom to convey his best thanks to his master, and that he would accept his present and his kind offer of a further supply. The king then asked puss

where his master's estate was. Tom pointed out the direction where the Marquis of Carabas' castle was situated. "Why," said the king, "that castle seems to have been shut up for many years." "Yes," replied Tom, "it has so, for the family have been kept out of their estate. For a long time it has been in Chancery, your majesty; but I expect that the marquis will be in possession of his castle to-morrow." "Oh, indeed," said the king; "then I'll take my morning ride that way, and perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing the marquis." "I am not quite sure," said Tom, "that the marquis will be there to-morrow, but if I see him to-day I will inform him of your majesty's intention." The king then waved his hand, as much as to say you may retire; and Tom Puss stepped backwards from the presence of his majesty, in doing which he nearly *fell* backwards, having trod upon his tail.

Upon leaving the castle, Tom made the best of his way back to the mill, where seated at the entrance sat his master waiting Tom's return. Puss was soon at his side, and informed him where he had been and what he had been doing, and that he had seen the beautiful princess, and how pleased she was that her father had got such nice rabbits for his dinner, and seemed delighted at the idea of seeing the young gentleman who had sent them, and to thank him for his kindness.

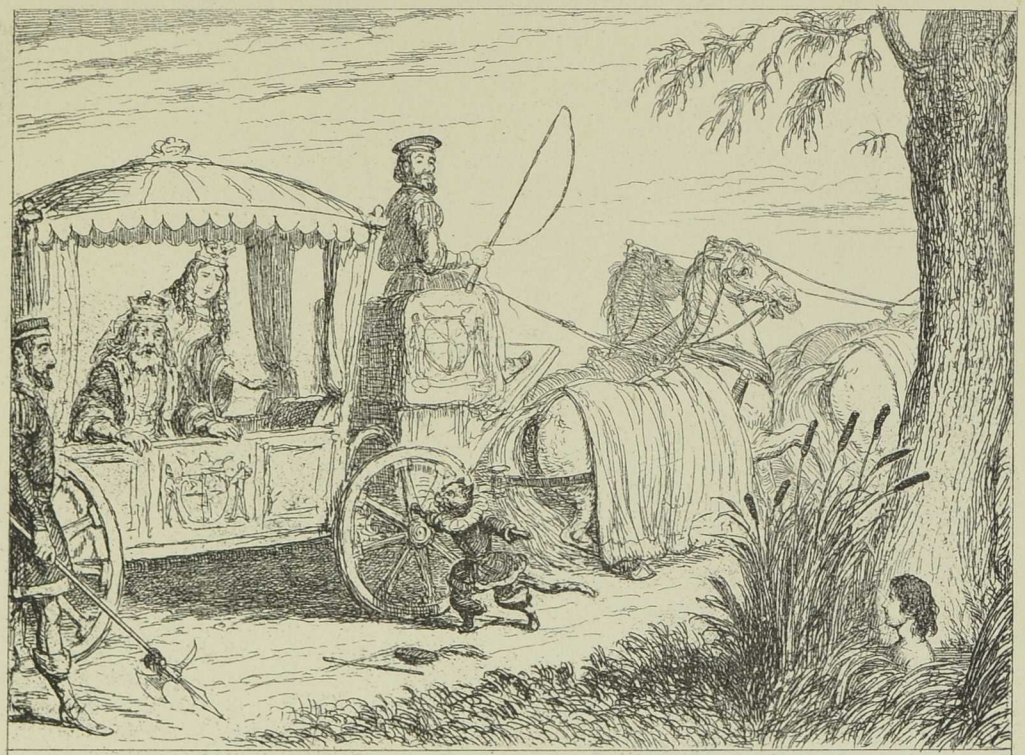
Caraba was much pleased and excited when he heard all this,

and still more so, when puss told him that he must prepare to see the king and the princess the following morning, and for this end he should require his master to go with him to a particular spot at a certain hour.

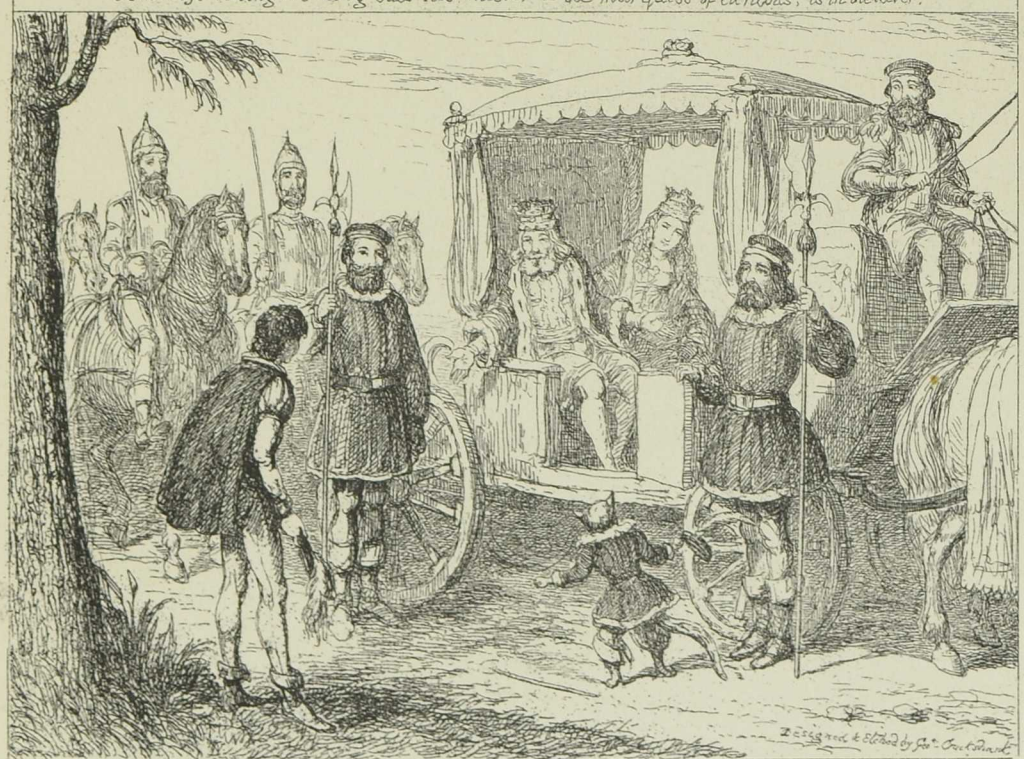
Caraba had been cautioned not to ask any questions, and therefore, like a sensible man, refrained from doing so.

On the following morning Caraba and Tom were seated by the side of a small river close to the high road. It was a fine warm summer's morning, or forenoon, and Tom told his master to strip and have a bathe, which order he obeyed, and accordingly put his clothes on the bank and jumped into the water. Now Caraba's father, the old miller, was one of those persons who thought that all girls and boys should be taught to swim, and so Caraba was a good swimmer, as was also his two brothers. Whilst Caraba was enjoying his bath Tom pulled off his boots and climbed up a tree that grew by the side of the stream, and after remaining there a short time came down quickly, got hold of his master's clothes, rolled them up with a large heavy stone, tied up the bundle with a piece of cord, and threw them into a deep part of the river, and cried out to his master that the king's coach was coming that way. His master swam to the side and looking about said, "Where are my clothes?" "Oh, master, never mind your old clothes, they are at the bottom of the river, but I'll take care that you shall have a new suit. Caraba did not much

like the idea of being up to his neck in the water when the princess was coming there, but being obliged to submit, remained quiet. In a few minutes the "running footmen" came running on before the king's carriage. (In those days *foot-men* with long staffs or spears in their hands always ran before the horses of the carriages.) Puss stopped these men and told them that whilst his master, the Marquis of Carabas, was bathing in the river some one had taken away his clothes, and that he wished to tell the king of it. The foot-men told this to the guards, the king was informed of it, and the carriage stopped. Puss then came forward and told his majesty that a most extraordinary thing had happened, which was, that whilst his master was bathing, some sly thief had taken away his clothes, and that he was now close by in the river, and could not, of course, present himself to his majesty until he had got another suit of clothes. "Well," said the king, "it is an extraordinary circumstance, and what is very curious and most fortunate, I have brought several new suits of clothes with me, intending to present a suit to the marquis in return for his very nice present of the rabbits." The king then ordered his servants to get the box of clothes out of the "boot" of the carriage, and then ordered the coachman to drive about for a short time so as to give the marquis an opportunity of dressing himself—which he was not long in doing, after the carriage left. (Tom had taken care to provide towels for his master.)



Tom Puss telling the King that his Master – the Marquess of Carabas, is in the River!



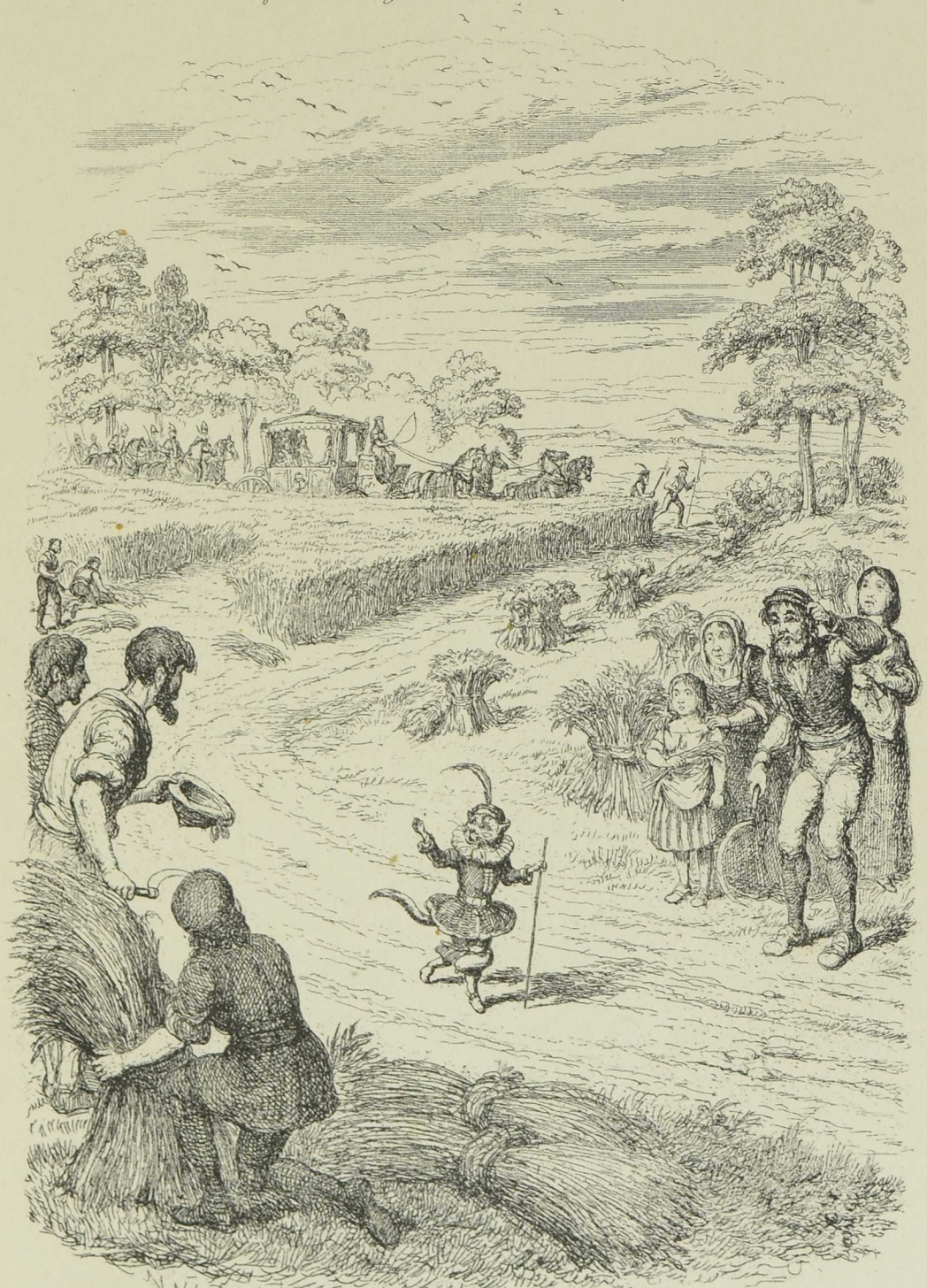
Tom Puss, after his Master is dressed, introduces him to the King – as the Marquess of Carabas! –

The marquis—for so we may call him as far as appearances went, for when dressed in one of these Court dresses, he looked very handsome, and had all the appearance of a noble prince—when the carriage returned, Puss, acting the part of a chamberlain, introduced his master to the king and the princess, who seemed pleased to make his acquaintance, and the king invited him into the carriage and introduced him to his daughter, who smiled most graciously, and also seemed much pleased. But if the king and the princess were pleased with the appearance of Caraba, they were still more pleased, nay delighted, by his manner and his sensible and manly observations about the weather, the state of the crops, and so on. The king adverted to the extraordinary circumstance of the marquis having a Tom cat for a gamekeeper. Caraba admitted that it was so, but said that he had found him to be a faithful and most invaluable servant.

Tom Puss had set off in the direction of the Ogre's castle before the carriage begun to move, so that he got some distance in advance of the Royal cavalcade, and, as he passed through the corn-fields where the reapers were at work, he told them that something was going to happen that day for their good, but to insure the good, they must do as he bid them. He then told them that the king was coming that way, and that if he asked them who all these lands belonged to, they must all say, to the Marquis of Carabas. Having arranged all this, on he went to the castle

where the Ogre already spoken of resided, and who held all these lands, and was a hard taskmaster over all these peasants, who may be said to have been his slaves, for they had no power to resist his orders in whatever he told them to do; and they very readily obeyed Tom Puss, for they thought it was by their master's orders that they were to say what he told them. Accordingly, when the king came amongst the reapers, field after field, all along on each side of the road, and asked them, "Who do these fields belong to?" and was answered, "To the most noble the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," he seemed more than pleased, and congratulated the marquis upon having such a large and fine estate, and the princess also expressed herself quite delighted with the beautiful prospect and charming scenery. The marquis assented to these observations, and said that doubtless the estate was valuable, and the prospect charming, but for himself, *his* happiness would mainly be, by being allowed the honour and the pleasure of associating with his majesty and his Royal daughter. The king smiled and bowed, and seemed struck with an idea. The princess also smiled and bowed, as a slight blush came over her beautiful face; but the conversation was here brought to a close, for they had arrived at the outer gate of the Ogre's castle, at which Tom Puss had arrived some time before, and having found his way to the room in which the Ogre was sitting, apologised for intruding; but having heard that

Tom Puss commands the Reapers to tell the King that
All the fields - belong to - the most Noble, the Marquess of Carabas.

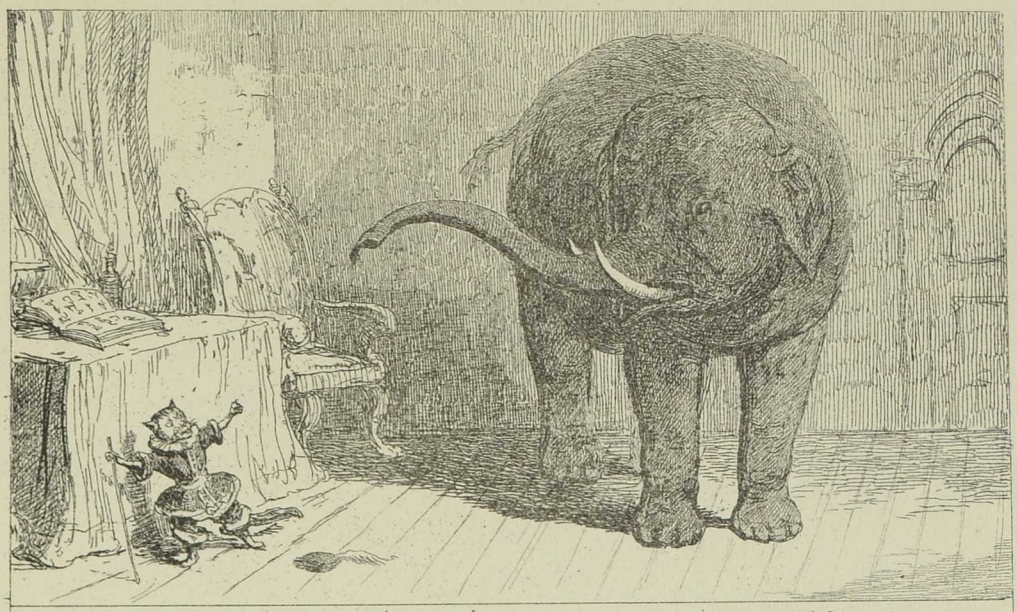


N.N. - Designed & Etched by - George Cruikshank - 1864

he possessed the wonderful power of changing himself into any animal, and that being a thing which it was almost impossible to believe, he had taken the liberty of calling, in the hope that his honour would kindly let him see some of these wonderful changes, in order that *seeing* might be believing. The Ogre, who was, as before stated, a magician, or sorcerer, and a very artful, wicked man, immediately consented to oblige his visitor, having an object in doing so. It appears that if the Ogre did change himself into the form of some animal he was obliged to do so three times, and that if any one asked him to change into any particular animal the third time, he was compelled to comply with the request, before he could exercise his wicked art against any one who might have come into, or that he had trapped into his power. Tom Puss was aware of this, and acted accordingly. "Now," said Tom, "let me see you change into some large animal." "I'll change into an elephant," said the Ogre, and instantly he appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of thick smoke, out of which arose what appeared to be a large elephant. Puss started with surprise and alarm, and begged that he would assume the shape of a smaller animal; then came the cloud of smoke again, in the midst of which his disagreeable voice was heard, "I'll change myself into a lion," and, at the same instant, there stood the fierce "king of the forest." "Oh!" said puss, "you frighten me so; take the form of something smaller; take the form of a mouse."

Again came the cloud of smoke, in the midst of which was heard a voice like the growl of a lion, "I'll change into the form of a mouse," and, "in the twinkling of an eye," a mouse was seen running across the floor as if to hide itself under the table (upon which hung a cloth that came down to the ground); but quick as Mr. Ogre Mouse might be, Tom Puss was too quick for him, for Tom sprang upon the wicked creature like a flash of lightning, and killed him before he had time to change himself, as he intended to do, into a great dog, and then worry poor Tom Puss to death. But Tom had won the victory! and had put an end to a horrible and wicked man; and not liking to venture upon making a meal of such stuff as this mock mouse was made of, jumped up to the window with the dead mouse in his mouth, and dropped it into the castle moat, or piece of water that was under the window.

An end had no sooner been put to the art and the life of the Ogre sorcerer, than a great change seemed to take place all over the castle; from its being a dark dingy place when Tom entered, it now seemed to be light and cheerful; and instead of the old ugly-looking cripples of servants who were creeping about the hall, and half-starved looking hounds and cats, and instead of bats and ravens, there were beautiful birds singing sweetly, the animals all well-fed, and the servants of all ages healthy, cheerful, and happy; and there was a delicious savoury odour as if some



The Ogre turns himself into an Elephant!—— Tom Puss pretends to be frightened —

The Ogre turns himself into a Lion!. Tom Puss, is still more frightened & asks the Ogre to change into a Mouse!—

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank.

The Ogre turns himself into a Mouse — Tom Puss springs upon him & kills him!—

very nice food was being prepared for a lunch or dinner. Tom hastened to the entrance, calling out as he went along, "Look sharp, my friends, the king and the princess and the marquis are at the gate," and as Tom Puss took his stand at the entrance of the hall, his majesty approached, to whom Tom, making a profound bow, said, "Welcome, your majesty, to the Castle of Carabas." The king entered, followed by the marquis and the princess, who both now seemed to be upon the most friendly terms. The king was attended and waited upon by a number of the men-servants of the castle, and the princess by maids in waiting; and Tom taking his master aside, said, "No doubt, master, you are surprised at all this, and therefore, just to make your mind easy for the present, I will tell you that you are now in the castle of your ancestors, and that you are the rightful owner of this estate, for according to the laws of this kingdom, you, being the youngest son, inherit the title and estate. I will give you the full particulars at another time." Tom Puss then showed him into the grand dining-hall, where a dinner-table was laid out for three, nd he told his master to ask the king and the princess to stop dinner. The marquis was delighted with what he had heard; ut as he had been told not to ask any questions, did not, and, what is more, was so perfectly satisfied with what had been done, in every way, that he did not want to ask any questions, so he invited his majesty to do him the honour and the pleasure of

dining with him; and as he said this he led him into the dining-room. The king seemed at first to hesitate; but when he smelt the savoury fumes that rose from the table, and saw "stewed rabbit," "rabbit pie," "roast rabbit," and rabbits cooked in every nice and possible way upon the table, he hesitated no longer, but accepted the invitation, ordered one of the horsemen to go back to the palace to say that he should not return to dinner, told Caraba to fetch the princess from the drawing-room, sat down, and seemed to enjoy his meal exceedingly. After the dinner the princess retired to the "withdrawing-room." His majesty had a conversation with the Marquis of Carabas upon various matters, and before rising to go away, said, "Marquis, I am very desirous to have my daughter married, and from what I have seen of you I think you are the man that would suit in every respect; and as I suspect, from what I have observed, that you are both very likely to become attached to each other, upon being better acquainted, I therefore invite you to come to my castle on a visit for a week." The Marquis Carabas was quite overcome by the king's kindness, and expressed a hope that his good conduct would make him acceptable to the lady, and worthy of his majesty's confidence. The carriage was then ordered, and the king, the princess, and the Marquis Carabas got into it, to return to the palace. When they came to the outer gate, all the country people were assembled, and gave them most hearty cheers as they passed along. The Royal

cavalcade was followed by Tom Puss mounted on a horse, and leading another very fine horse for his master, who, in the midst of all these extraordinary events, and animated with feelings of pleasure and delight, did not forget his dear father and mother and his dear brothers, and had arranged with Tom Puss that so soon as he had seen his majesty and the princess to the palace that he would mount his steed and ride to their humble home to tell them what had happened, and make, if possible, their hearts as cheerful and as happy as his own.

The father, and mother, and the brothers of Caraba were highly delighted at the good news which he brought them, as well as very pleased to see him in his grand court-dress. Araba and Baraba were more than astonished at the appearance of Tom Puss-in-Boots, and a regular dress just like a little man. The father and mother did not appear so much surprised, but were very kind to him, and the old miller said that, with respect to his extraordinary appearance, most praiseworthy and valuable assistance, there was a mystery which no doubt Tom Puss would explain at a fitting opportunity.

It being decided by the family, that the mill and cottage should be given to a distant and poor relation, and all the necessary matters being arranged for the father, mother, and brothers to go to the Castle of Carabas on the following day, the marquis and Puss returned to the king's palace, where the marquis was

received by the king and the princess in the most kind and friendly manner, and the time passed away most pleasantly:—in the morning, riding out with the princess on horseback, dining most sumptuously every day at noon (upon which occasion Tom Puss always took care to have a plentiful supply of rabbits), and then, after dinner, chatting and amusing the king, and in the evening walking in the beautiful gardens of the palace with the beautiful princess; and by the third day the princess consented to become the bride of the marquis, provided her consent met with the approbation of her papa, which, of course, it did, and the day was fixed for the wedding, for which important and interesting occasion great preparations were immediately set on foot.

The fact of there being such a thing as a cat dressed up, and walking about in a pair of boots, having got abroad in the town, a great many persons came about the palace and into the park in the hope of getting a peep at Tom Puss; but he kept himself as much out of sight as possible, and the king's servants, and even the soldiers, seemed almost afraid of him, and the cats about the palace (and there were a good many of them) seemed to treat him with great respect; but they held meetings at night upon the lawn to talk about Master Tom and his Boots, and at last they made such a noise that it quite annoyed the good folks in the castle. Tom Puss observed this, so he went out one night

amongst them, gave them a good talking to, and they were very quiet after this, and very shy of him.

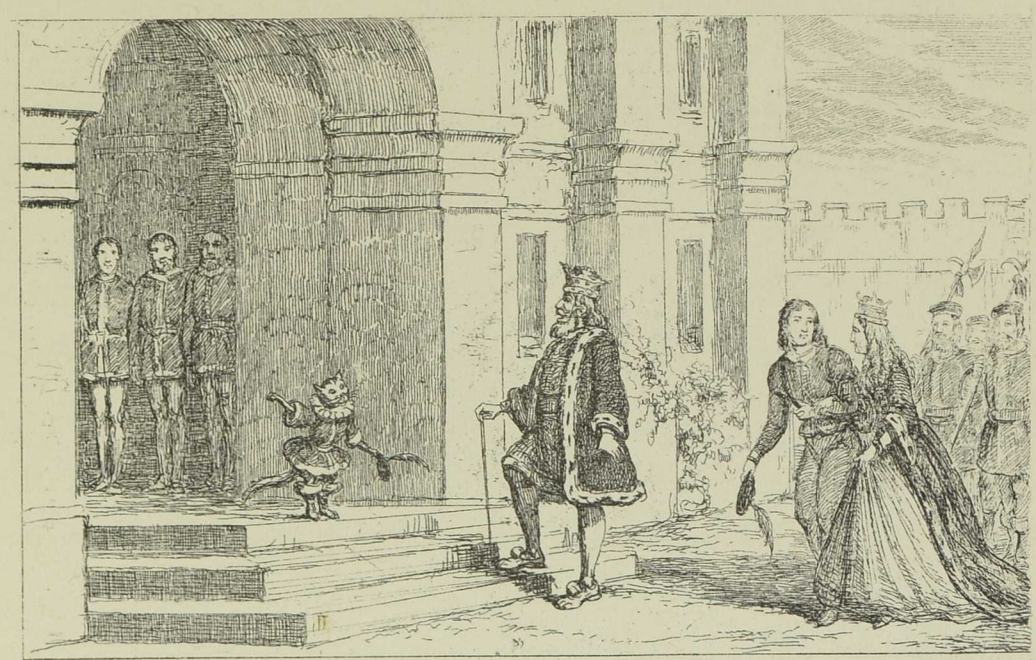
The wedding-day arrived, and the whole kingdom was in a bustle. Even in the distant and remote parts the rejoicings. the feastings, and the sports were carried on throughout the day —morning, noon, and night. The principal town, near the royal castle, was a constant scene of gaiety. Drums, trumpets, and all sorts of musical instruments were being played in every direction, and the bells ringing their merry peals. In the royal castle it was one scene of happiness and delight, every one dressed in their best, with a cheerful smile upon their faces. The halls, the stairs, and all the chambers, were decorated with flowers, flags, shields, etc., and in the midst of all this, Tom Puss was seen strutting about in a bran-new pair of boots, acting as an assistant-master of the ceremonies.

All the great people of the country were invited to the wedding and to the wedding dinner, and a grand set-out this "wedding dinner" was, and the cooks did their best to make it one of the best dinners ever given in that country; and amongst the abundance of everything that was good, Tom had taken care to have a plentiful supply of rabbits, cooked in every possible way; and curiously enough Tom Puss had discovered that a French cook of great talent had come over to that part of the country to visit a relation, and Tom induced Monsieur le Chef to

assist in making some of the dishes and ornaments for the table. One of these dishes was an immense rabbit-pie, so made as to resemble a "rabbit-warren," with models of little rabbits peeping out of holes in the crust, and little rabbits around the edge, and also on the top of the pie. To give an idea of the size of this rabbit-pie, the cooks had to go to the potteries to get a dish made on purpose, and when the pie was made it was so large, and so heavy, that it took six strong men to carry it, and place it on the table.

The marriage ceremony took place in the royal chapel (and a grand affair it was), and the dinner hour having arrived, the king, the princess, and her husband the marquis, were ushered into the great hall by the sound of trumpets. There were three chairs placed in the centre of the cross table, on the "daïs," as the raised platform is called, at the upper end of all the grand halls. The king took the right-hand seat, placing the princess in the centre chair, not only to do her honour, but also that her husband might sit by her side. Caraba's brothers were placed at this table, one on each side the centre. Their father and mother were placed at the other end of the hall, in order that they might preside at the end of the centre table.

The dinner passed off merrily, every one seeming to enjoy it exceedingly. The great rabbit-pie gave great satisfaction, his majesty being helped to it a second time. As soon as the dessert was placed



Tom Puss receiving the King — the Princess & his Master at the Castle

The Wedding Feast — and Tom Puss making a Speech!

Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank

upon the table, the marquis rose and said, "May it please your majesty, the circumstances which have placed me in my present high and happy position are so extraordinary, and the extraordinary changes have been brought about by such an extraordinary agent, and in such an apparently unaccountable manner, that to satisfy the very great, but very natural curiosity—I may say of every one—I have to beg that your majesty will allow Tom Puss to explain, as he wishes to do, the mystery, and to account for the way in which all these things have come to pass."

There was a loud and general applause when his majesty bowed assent to this request; and Tom Puss, who had sat by the side of his master's chair all the dinner time, immediately jumped upon the table with his little staff in his paw (for he seemed to require some little help when standing upright), and first bowing to the king, then to the princess and his master, and speaking in a loud voice, said:—

"May it please your majesty,—Strange as it may appear, I was once a man, and was head gamekeeper to the grandfather of the present Marquis of Carabas. I had a kind and good master and mistress; but I am sorry to say that I was dissatisfied, and used to repine at my lot, envying others, and thinking that I deserved a better fate. One night, as I sat before the fire, looking at the cat who sat comfortably in the corner of the fireplace, I said to myself, 'Why, I would rather be that cat than

what I am,' when immediately I felt a change come over me—a strange feeling—and in an instant I found myself changed to what I am now, and seated in the chimney-corner where the cat had been, but with the sense and feeling of a man. I was struck with shame and sorrow for my ingratitude and for my unnatural wish; and the only hope I had was, that some day I might, even as a cat, do some good deed, or render some great service to my master or his family, that might break the spell, and restore me to my proper self. Soon after this had happened, a wicked Ogre sorcerer came on the Caraba estate, and with his diabolical art drove my master and his family out of the castle, and placed the whole estate in Chancery.* My master (the old marquis) went with his family and resided at the mill, where the present marquis's father carried on, with the assistance of his three sons, the trade of a miller; and although the mill, being on high ground, was in a high position, it may be thought that the trade of a miller was not so; but let me observe that if any one in trade is not considered in a high position in society, he must, nevertheless, be highly respectable, if useful and honest.

The Ogre held out such threats against the health and life of my master and his family if he interfered or went to the king about the lawsuit, that my master, and his son afterwards, thought

* A law-court, in which, in those early times, they took perhaps ten years to do as much as they do now in ten days.

it best for all their sakes to remain quiet, and be content with their humble cot and mode of life.

Well had it been for me had I been content with my position; but, finding that I had the shape of a common animal, I became desperate, took to the woods, and became 'a wild cat,' until one day being out of the wood, and in the open fields, a savage dog attacked me. No tree being near up which I could climb, I ran towards the windmill for protection. My old master's grandson, Caraba, was at the door, drove away the dog, and saved my life. I had always, from the first, a belief that some *charm* some day would restore me to my natural state, and my master's family to their estate. The *charms* of the charming princess charmed my present master; his being charmed by such innocence and beauty seemed to break the *charm* or spell that kept me tongue-tied for so many years; and my speech being restored, with my knowledge of all the facts and circumstances, has enabled me to rid the land of a wicked Ogre, to open the rabbit-warren to the country, and giving to his majesty his favourite food again, and being the means, I trust, of rendering happy for life the noble marquis and his royal bride; and I am not without a hope that, at no very distant time, I may be restored to what I was; and, if so, I shall certainly be not a *sadder*, but most assuredly a *wiser* man."

Whilst Tom Puss was making this explanatory speech, or telling this extraordinary tale, the marquis and his lovely bride

and the king, and indeed the whole of the company, were deeply affected, even to tears; and when he had done speaking and made his bow, and was leaning on the elbow of his master's chair, there was a solemn silence for more than a minute, when one of the company, a rather queer sort of fellow (who, although his legs were remarkably straight, was called Crooked Shanks) broke the silence by jumping on the table and crying out, with a tremendously loud voice, "Three cheers for the king! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" This was responded to with thunders of cheers and applause; then he gave three cheers for the bride and bridegroom—responded to with uproarious cheers; and he then proposed three cheers for Tom Puss, which was also responded to with hearty goodwill. The king then ordered the band to strike up a merry tune, which they did, whilst the company ate up all the apples and pears, nuts, and sugar-plums.

In the evening the whole of the company, including the king, danced upon the green, and towards the close of the evening, Tom Puss was seen dancing, and people exclaimed, "Well, I've seen dancing dogs, but I never before saw a dancing cat;" but it could hardly be called *dancing*, it was merely turning or whirling round and round; and it is supposed that this dance of Tom Puss's gave the first idea of what is called the waltz. However, it very much amused the company, and Tom whirled about until he whirled himself into a bush or thicket of evergreens, and was thus

lost sight of, and nothing more was seen of Tom Puss that night; but on the following morning a very respectable-looking man, with a beard rather grey, and dressed exactly in the same fashion as Tom Puss had been, and with boots on, was seen walking on the lawn in deep conversation with the marquis, who suddenly turned and said, "Give me your hand," which he shook very heartily, and then said, "Come, let me introduce you to the king and the princess," and in they went to the palace; and this was the old gamekeeper, Thomas, who once was

PUSS IN BOOTS.

AN ADDRESS TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

And now, my dear young ladies and gentlemen, having re-written, illustrated, and published these four Fairy Tales of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, Jack and the Bean-Stalk, Cinderella, and Puss in Boots, I wish to say a few words to you about Fairy Tales; and first, to tell you that I dearly love all little children, and have always through life done the best I could to amuse, and, if possible, at the same time to instruct them; and I am one of those persons who recollect that I was *once* a *child* myself; but I am sorry to say that many persons seem entirely to forget that *they* were once children themselves! and the consequence is that, in some cases, they are very angry and unkind to children for doing things which perhaps many of them were guilty of when they themselves were children.

In my childhood, and when a very little boy, I recollect that I used to be very much pleased and delighted with Fairy Tales; and it so happened that my nurse at that time was a young woman who used to tell a great many Fairy Tales, and many an evening have I sat by the fire-side, listening with wonder and delight to her stories about these wonderful little people, and I once asked her where the little Fairies lived. She told me that some of them

had houses in the white places in the corners of the cellars. These *white places* were composed of fungus—a sort of mushroom produced by the damp in the cellars.

I took the first opportunity of peeping at these white houses in the corners of the cellars, where these fungii were growing on the walls, and about which, in some places, were also large cob-webs; and whether they were spiders, or flies, or other insects, or the force of my excited childish imagination, I know not, but I certainly did at the time fancy that I saw very, *very* tiny little people running in and out of these little white houses; and I now believe that any talent or power that I may have in drawing a Fairy, or describing one, had its origin in the early impressions these little people made upon my mind at that early age.

Between two and three hundred years back there lived a great poet or author—his name was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—of whom if you have not yet heard, you will be sure to hear as you grow up, and whose writings or works you will be sure to read. I have often pictured in my own mind, and indeed have made a sketch of this great man when he was a little boy, seated on a little stool by the side of an old lady spinning threads from a distaff, and supposed to be telling the little Willy a Fairy Tale, which he listens to with upturned eyes and marked attention; and I am sure that it was by his thus listening to these sort of tales, and afterwards reading little books of Fairy Tales, that created in his

mind a taste or liking for such things, and no doubt these early and first impressions were the foundation or the cause of his describing, when he grew to be a man, those beautiful fairies called Oberon, Titania, Puck, and others, in a work called "The Midsummer's Night's Dream;" also Queen Mab and other fairies in another work called "Romeo and Juliet;" and Ariel in "The Tempest."

Now, my dear young friends, although these Fairy Tales about the little people, and about giants and ogres, may be very astonishing and very amusing, yet I do not wish you to believe that there are such things, or that there ever were such great big creatures as these giants are described to be, or such horrible monsters as ogres, or such little creatures as fairies, either good or bad; and therefore I wish you to understand that I only place these little books before you to *amuse* you, and, if possible, to convey some *good lessons* and *advice*, but not on any account to frighten you. No! my little dears, do not be afraid of such things; but be sure that GOD is *too good* to let any such things exist to frighten or hurt dear little children or anybody, little or big.

TO PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND ALL PERSONS INTRUSTED WITH THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

AT the end of the part of the "Fairy Library" containing "Cinderella," in answering a criticism upon my "Jack and the

Bean-Stalk," allusion is made to Mr. Charles Dickens' paper, entitled "Frauds on the Fairies," which attack upon my edition of "Fairy Tales" was answered, as I there state, by Master "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," and which answer was published at 86, Fleet Street, and might be had for One Penny. This letter of "Hop-o'-my-Thumb's" is out of print, and I therefore take this opportunity of giving the substance of the said letter, as an answer and as a defence for re-writing these four "Fairy Tales," to suit my own taste in these matters, and taking at the same time the opportunity of introducing my own views and convictions upon what I consider important social and educational questions; and for so doing Mr. Charles Dickens thought proper to publish in "Household Words" a paper entitled "Frauds on the Fairies," of which the following is an extract:—

"We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us, then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of GENTLENESS and MERCY that has made its way among us through these slight channels. FORBEARANCE, COURTESY, CONSIDERATION FOR THE POOR AND AGED, KIND TREATMENT OF ANIMALS, THE LOVE OF NATURE, ABHORRENCE OF TYRANNY AND BRUTE FORCE—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in

some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

"In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject, knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their *usefulness*, they must be as much preserved in their *simplicity*, and *purity*, and *innocent* extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

"We have lately observed with pain the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower-garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation!"

But his *pain* arises, as he says, from this "Whole Hog" being driven in by *one*, whom he charges with altering the text of a Fairy Story for the purpose of propagating doctrines of my own, and protests against my right to do so; and after stating that the

theatres have done their worst to *destroy* these fictions (an opinion which I have the temerity to say is altogether erroneous) he goes on to say that—

"It becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their *usefulness*, they must be as much preserved in their SIMPLICITY and PURITY and INNOCENT extravagance, as if they were actual fact."

In reply to all this, I have to state, in the first place, that when I began the illustrations for this "Fairy Library," I commenced with "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," and had not any intention to make any alterations in that story; but upon frequently referring to the text, as I always do when employed this way, so as thoroughly to understand the work, and for the purpose of selecting the best subjects for illustration, I discovered that there were some parts of this Fairy literature that required, as I thought, a little pruning; but I found so much difficulty in cutting out the objectionable parts, so as to leave it readable, that I decided upon *re-writing* the whole, and in doing this I certainly *did* introduce some of my "doctrines," and on this point he declares that whoever alters these Fairy Tales to suit his own opinions is guilty of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him. This is the opinion of Mr. Charles Dickens; but in my humble opinion, if Shakespeare thought proper to alter Italian tales, and even history, to suit *his*

purpose, and if Sir Walter Scott used history also in the same way for *his* purpose, surely any one may take the liberty of altering a common Fairy Tale to suit *his* purpose, and convey his opinions; and most assuredly so, if that purpose be a good one.

And now, let us look at the "USEFULNESS," "SIMPLICITY," "PURITY," and "INNOCENCE" of Mr. Dickens's favourite Fairy Tales, which he declares ought to be preserved in their *integrity*, he having "*a very great tenderness* for the Fairy literature of our childhood." For this end I call attention to the story of "Jack the Giant-Killer," which is really little more than a succession of slaughterings and bloodshed. This sort of example cannot, surely, be *very* useful to the children of a civilized and Christian people. Then that pretty little episode of Jack dropping his dinner into a bag, suspended under his chin, and pretending to cut his stomach open, and daring and inducing the stupid Giant to do the same feat, which he does on his *real* stomach, and the shocking and disgusting result thereof, is surely neither *useful* nor *innocent;* and as to the *purity* of this tale, why there are in some of the old editions (such as Mr. Dickens wishes to be kept entire) some parts so *gross* that no decent person would reprint them for publication in the present day. And in the old editions of "Hop-o'-my-Thumb and the Seven League Boots," two copies of which I have, both differing most materially from each other, in one of which the very title is altered to "Minet or Little

Thumb," the father of Hop-o'-my-Thumb (who it must be remembered is a Count), in consequence of a scarcity of food, proposes, and induces the mother, the Countess, to take the children, seven in number, out into the forest, and leave them there to perish miserably of hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Now, allow me to ask where is the *amount of tenderness and mercy* to be found in such an unnatural and horrible act as is here narrated? And feeling that such a statement was not only disgusting, but *against nature*, and consequently unfit for the pure and parent-loving minds of children, I felt certain that any father acting in such a manner must either be mad, or under the influence of intoxicating liquor, which is much the same thing; and therefore, wishing to avoid any allusion to such an awful affliction as that of insanity, I accounted for the father's unnatural conduct by attributing it to *that cause* which *marks its progress daily and hourly by acts of unnatural brutality.*

In these old editions, which Mr. Dickens wishes so much to be preserved in their *usefulness*, the Ogre has a family of seven children; and these pretty little darlings are thus described:—

"They were yet young, and were of a fair and pleasing complexion, though they devoured human flesh, like their father; but they had little round grey eyes, flat noses, and long sharp teeth, set wide from each other. They promised already what they

would some day grow to be ; for at this early age they would bite little children *on purpose to suck their blood.*"

The story goes on to say that Hop and his brothers were put into one bed, and that the giant's children were sleeping in another, in the same room, with " tiger-skin " caps or " crowns " on their heads, and that Hop got out of bed whilst all were asleep, and exchanged the giant's children's seven crowns for the seven night-caps : that the Ogre awoke in the night, and regretting that he had not slaughtered Hop and his brothers, sprang out of bed, and taking his great sabre, crept softly into the chamber where the children lay, and approaching the bed in which were those of the Count, he felt at their heads, one by one, of which they were not sensible, except Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who lay awake and trembling for fear of discovery. The giant feeling the well-known crowns on the heads of Hop and his brothers, said, " Truly, I must have drunk too much last night thus to mistake one bed for the other." He then went immediately to the bed where his own children were asleep, and feeling on their heads the caps of the Count's children, he *cut their throats* in a moment, and without remorse.

Now, I would ask if this *peculiarity* of the young ogres— "*biting little children on purpose to suck their blood*"—is any part of those " many such good things " as " have been first nourished in a child's heart ?" And I should also like to know what there

is so enchanting and captivating to "*young fancies*" in this description of a father (ogre though he be) cutting the throats of his own seven children? Is this the sort of stuff that helps to "*keep us ever young?*" or give us that *innocent* delight which we may share with children? It then goes on to say that Hop—

"Having thus kindly provided for the immediate safety of his brothers, he approached the giant with great caution, and pulling off his wonderful boots, which he put on without delay, Hop-o'-my-Thumb then set out with all the speed his boots could give, for the Giant's house, where he found the good mother weeping for her slaughtered children. 'Your husband (said he, addressing her) is in great peril; he has been taken while asleep by a band of robbers, who have vowed to kill him, unless he gives them all his gold and silver. In this moment of distress, with the weapons of the robbers at his throat, perceiving me, he prayed me to acquaint you with his danger, and to desire that you would send him all his money and valuables without reserve, or his life would become the forfeit. As the case does not admit of delay, he has given me his seven-league boots, that I might not be long on the way, and that you may be convinced I do not wish to deceive you.' The good woman, who knew it was her duty to preserve her husband, notwithstanding his faults, gave Hop-o'-my-Thumb all the wealth in the house, which loaded him heavily; yet he departed highly pleased with the burden."

A nice young gentleman, certainly. Hop finds the "good mother weeping for her slaughtered children"—(slaughtered by their own father!)—but quite unmoved by this maternal grief, he

is made to tell her a *most abominable falsehood*, and with the low artful cunning of a young "thief," he points to the boots as evidence that he did not wish to deceive her; thus making out poor little "Hop-o'-my-Thumb" to be an *unfeeling, artful liar, and a thief*. Surely there is not much "*purity*" in *lying* and *thieving*, and such a display of artful falsehood and successful robbery cannot be very advantageous lessons for the juvenile mind! And further, in Mr. Dickens's favourite edition, the child is not only made a *thief*, but they make his noble parents *receivers of stolen goods*. The family—father, mother, and brothers—are described as being in great grief at the non-arrival of Master Hop; but the authors say, "It is not easy to imagine the great joy that filled every heart when Hop-o'-my-Thumb entered their apartment, and poured out before their astonished eyes the treasures with which he was loaded."

"The Count immediately re-purchased the lands and castles that he had before sold; and instructed by his late sufferings, spent afterwards his time and his wealth in improving the minds of his children (whom he had taken into the forest to starve or be devoured by wolves), or in acts of benevolence to the surrounding poor, with the money that one of his children had robbed a poor woman of, who was weeping in great anguish for the loss of her seven children, slaughtered by mistake by their own father."

This is truly another pretty example for children. A father and mother (of noble blood too) encouraging a young child in

thieving, and at once, without hesitation, *appropriating* to themselves the produce *of his robbery ! ! !*

And then, as to "Puss in Boots," when I came to look carefully at that story, I felt *compelled* to re-write it, and alter the character of it to a certain extent ; for, as it stood, the tale was a succession of successful falsehoods—a *clever* lesson in lying !—a system of *imposture* rewarded by the greatest worldly advantages !—a *useful*, lesson, truly, to be impressed upon the minds of children ! And here comes a serious question for consideration : If there *is* a powerful effect produced upon youthful minds by Fairy Tales, what has been the effect of such instances of grossness, vulgarity, and deceit as I have here pointed out? Little girls and boys are sometimes naughty, and unfortunately sometimes very naughty, when grown up. May it not be possible, I ask, that the *simplicity*, *purity*, and *innocence* which Mr. Dickens is so anxious to preserve may have had some influence here? At any rate parents and guardians will agree with me that as the *first* impressions upon a child's mind are those which last the longest, it is therefore *most important* that these impressions should be as pure as possible, and, if possible, morally useful to them through life ; and this object I have had in view when I introduced some of my "doctrines." And what are these doctrines and opinions ? Aye ! What have I done ? Where is the offence ? Why, I have endeavoured to inculcate. at *the earliest age*, A HORROR OF

DRUNKENNESS, and a recommendation of TOTAL ABSTINENCE from ALL INTOXICATING LIQUORS, which, if carried out universally, would not only do away with DRUNKENNESS ENTIRELY, but also with a large amount of POVERTY, MISERY, DISEASE, and DREADFUL CRIMES. also A DETESTATION OF GAMBLING, and A LOVE OF ALL THAT IS VIRTUOUS AND GOOD, and an endeavour to impress on every one the NECESSITY, IMPORTANCE, and JUSTICE of EVERY CHILD in the land receiving a USEFUL and RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. And I would here ask in fairness, what harm can possibly be done to Fairy literature by such re-writing or editing as this? more particularly as I have been most careful in clearly working out all the wild poetical parts, and faithfully preserving all the important features of each tale, so that all the wonderful parts are given, that so astonish and delight children, but in what I hope a more readable form, quite as entertaining, and I trust somewhat more useful.

This is the sum and substance of the letter alluded to, which was supposed to be written by "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," but which of course was written by

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.