

A
BOOK OF STORIES

FROM
THE HOME TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTY PICTURES BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY
FELIX SUMMERLY.



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BOOK OF STORIES

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JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.



LONG time ago, when King Arthur reigned in Britain, there lived near the Land's-End in Cornwall, a farmer, who had an only son, named Jack. He was a brisk young fellow and of ready wit: whatever he could not perform by strength he completed by policy: nobody and nothing could baffle him.

In those days St. Michael's Mount of Cornwall, which rises high out of the sea half a mile from the main land, was kept by a huge giant. He was eighteen feet high, and three yards round; and his fierce and grim looks were the terror of all the people.

He dwelt in a gloomy cave on the Mount, and used to wade over to the main land in search of his prey. When he did so, the people left their houses; and after he had glutted his appetite upon their cattle, he would throw half-a-dozen oxen upon his back, and tie sheep and hogs round his waist like a bunch of candles, and so return back to the Mount.

Jack resolved to destroy him, and therefore took a horn, a shovel, a pick-axe, and a dark lantern. Early in a long winter's evening, he swam over to the Mount. There he fell to work; and before morning, had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and as

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many broad. He covered it with long sticks and straw, and strewed some mould over it to make it look like solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth, and blew a loud *tantivy, tantivy*. The giant awoke and came towards Jack, roaring, in a voice like thunder, "You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest. I will broil you for my breakfast!"

He had hardly spoken these words, when he tumbled into the pit. St. Michael's Mount shook with his fall, and the sea about it was disturbed.

"O ho! Mr. Giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast but broiling poor Jack?"

The giant now tried to rise; but Jack struck him a blow on the crown of the head which killed him at once, and then he buried him.

When the justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant act, they sent for Jack, and said he should always be called "**JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.**" And they also gave him a sword and belt, upon which was written in letters of gold,

"Here's the valiant Cornish man
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's exploit soon spread; and another giant, called old Blunderbore, vowed to have his revenge on Jack, if it should ever be his fortune to get him into his power. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonesome wood.

About four months after the death of Cormoran,



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as Jack was taking a journey to Wales, he passed through this wood; and being weary, sat down by the side of a fountain, and fell asleep.

The giant came to the fountain just at this time, and found Jack there; and as the lines on Jack's belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up, and laid him upon his shoulder to carry him to his castle. But the rustling of the leaves awoke Jack; and he was much startled when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore. Yet this was nothing to his fright soon after; for when they reached the castle, he beheld the floor covered all over with the skulls and bones of the dead. The giant told Jack, with a horrid grin, that men's hearts, seasoned with pepper and vinegar, were his daintiest food. When he had said this, he locked Jack in an upper room, while he went to fetch another giant who lived in the same wood, to feast with him upon little Jack.

While he was away Jack heard dreadful shrieks and groans from many parts of the castle; especially a mournful voice which cried,

“Do what you can to get away,
Or you'll become the giant's prey.
He's gone to fetch a monster, who
Before he kills will torture you.”

This warning shocked poor Jack. He rushed to the window, and beheld the two giants coming arm-in-arm. “Now,” thought Jack, “either my death or freedom is at hand.” There were two strong cords

in the room. Jack made a large noose, with a slip-knot at the end of both these; and as the giants were unlocking the iron gates, he cast the ropes over each of their heads. He then threw the other ends of the ropes across a beam of the ceiling, and pulled till he had throttled the giants. When he beheld them black in the face, he slid down the ropes, drew his sword, and killed both the giants, and thus saved himself from their cruelty.

Taking a great bunch of keys from the belt of Blunderbore, Jack entered the castle again. After a strict search he found thirty ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, who told him that their husbands had been slain by the giant, who had condemned them to be starved to death, because they would not eat their murdered husbands.

"Sweet ladies," says Jack, "I have put an end to the monster and his brother, and I give you this castle, and all the riches it contains, to make amends for the dreadful pains you have felt." He then gave them the keys, and proceeded on his journey to Wales.

In this journey Jack lost his way; and when night came on, he wandered in a valley between two lofty mountains for some hours without seeing any dwelling-place, but at last came to a large and handsome house. He went up to it boldly, and knocked loudly at the gate, when there came forth a huge giant with two heads, but only one eye in the centre of each head. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for he

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was a Welsh giant; and all the mischief he did was done under a false show of friendship. Jack told him that he was a benighted traveller; on which the monster bid him welcome, and led him into a room where there was a good bed. Jack undressed himself quickly; but though he was weary he could not go to sleep, for he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself,

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

“Say you so?” thought Jack. “Are these your Welsh tricks upon travellers? I hope to prove as cunning as you are.”—Then, getting out of bed, he groped about the room, and at last found a large thick billet of wood. He laid it in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room.

In the dead of the night came the giant with his club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed, in the very place where Jack had laid the billet; and then he went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all Jack’s bones.

In the morning early Jack walked into the giant’s room to thank him for his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and began to stammer out—“Oh! ah! oh! how did you sleep last night? I hope nothing disturbed you in the night?”

“Nothing,” said Jack, carelessly; “a rat, perhaps, gave me three or four slaps with his tail.”

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The giant wondered at this, but did not answer a word. He brought two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the giant believe he could eat as much as himself; so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant—"Now I will show you a fine trick:" and taking a knife, ripped up the bag, which the giant thought was Jack's body, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor.

"Ods splutter hur nails!" cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, "hur can do that hurself;" so he snatched up the knife, plunged it into himself, and in a moment dropped down dead.

Jack having thus outwitted the Welsh monster, went on his journey; and he met with King Arthur's only son, who was travelling in Wales, to deliver a beautiful lady from a wicked magician that held her in his enchantments. When Jack found that the young prince had no servants, he begged leave to attend him; and the prince at once granted his request.

One night they lost their way, and the prince was uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. "Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart. Two miles further there lives a giant, whom I know well; he has three heads, and will fight five hundred men, and make them fly before him."

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“Alas!” replied the king’s son, “we had better never have been born than meet with such a monster.” “My lord,” said Jack, “leave me to manage him, and tarry here till I return.” Jack then rode on at full speed; and when he came to the gates of the castle, he knocked with such force that all the hills rang again. The giant, with a loud voice, roared out, “Who is there?” and Jack made answer, and said, “No one but your poor cousin Jack.”

“What news, cousin Jack?” “Dear uncle,” said Jack, “heavy news.”—“Pooh! what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and can fight five hundred men, and make them fly like chaff before the wind.” “Alas!” said Jack, “here is the king’s son coming with two thousand men to kill you, and to destroy the castle and all that you have.”

“Oh! cousin Jack,” said the giant, in a piteous tone, “this *is* heavy news indeed; but I have a large vault under ground, where I will hide myself; and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king’s son is gone.”

Jack having made the giant fast in the vault, went back and fetched the prince, and they both made themselves merry with the wine and other dainties that were in the house.

Early in the morning, Jack furnished the king’s son with supplies of gold and silver, and set him forward on his journey, out of the scent of the giant.

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He then went back to let his uncle out of the vault, who asked Jack what he should give him for saving his castle. "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and slippers hanging at your bed's head."

"Aye," said the giant, "you shall have them as a reward; and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use. The coat will make you invisible; the cap will give you knowledge; the sword will cut through anything; and the shoes are of vast swiftness; these may be useful to you in all times of danger: so take them with all my heart." Jack thanked the giant, and set off to the prince.

They soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady, who was under the power of a wicked magician. She received the prince with fair words, and made a noble feast for him; when it was ended, she arose, and wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord, you must show me this handkerchief to-morrow, or lose your head." She then went out of the room, taking the handkerchief with her.

The prince went to bed right sorrowful; but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced, by the power of the enchantment, to meet the wicked magician every night. Jack now put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was present at the meeting, and saw the lady give the handkerchief to the magician. Whereupon Jack with his sword of sharpness, at one

blow, cut off his head, and regained the handkerchief for the prince; the enchantment was ended in a moment, and the lady restored to her virtue and goodness.

She returned with the prince to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with welcome; and the valiant hero Jack was made one of the knights of the Round Table.

JACK having been so lucky in all his adventures, resolved not to be idle for the future, but to do what services he could for the honour of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly besought King Arthur to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new and strange exploits. "For," said he to the king, "there are many giants yet among the mountains of Wales; therefore, if it please you, sire, to favour my designs, I will soon rid your kingdom of these giants and monsters." When the king heard this offer, and thought of the cruel deeds of those blood-thirsty giants, and savage monsters, he gave Jack everything proper for such a journey. Thereupon Jack took leave of the king, the prince, and all the knights of the Round Table, and set off.

He went over hills and mountains, until he came to a forest, through which his road lay. On a sudden he heard piercing shrieks. He forced his way through the trees, and saw a huge giant, thirty-five feet high, dragging along by the hair of their heads

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a knight and his beautiful lady, one in each hand. Jack alighted from his horse, and tying him to an oak, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant, he made many strokes at him, but could not reach his body on account of his great height. Still he wounded his ankles in many places: at last, putting both hands to his sword, and aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant's legs below the garter; so that his body tumbled to the ground.

Jack then set one foot upon his neck, and cried out, "Thou cruel wretch, behold, I give thee the just reward of thy crimes." And plunging his sword into the giant's body, the monster gave a loud groan, and yielded up his life; while the noble knight and his lady were joyful at their deliverance. They heartily thanked Jack for what he had done, and invited him to their house to refresh himself. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out this monster's dwelling."

The knight hearing this grew sad, and replied, "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard. This monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his, more fierce and cruel than himself: therefore, if you should go thither and perish in the attempt, it would be heart-breaking to me and my lady; so let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any further pursuit."

"Nay," said Jack, "even if there were twenty, I

would shed the last drop of my blood before one of them should escape me. When I have done this task, I will visit you."

Jack had not ridden a mile and a half, before he came in sight of the cavern; and nigh the entrance he beheld the other giant sitting on a huge rock, with a knotted iron club at his side, waiting for his brother. His eyes flashed like flames of fire, his face was grim, and his cheeks seemed like two flitches of bacon; the bristles of his beard were as thick as rods of iron wire; and his long hair hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes. So Jack alighted from his horse, and turned him into a thicket; and he put on his invisible coat, and drew nearer to behold this figure; and said softly, "O monster! are you there? it will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard." The giant, all this while, could not see him by reason of his invisible coat: then Jack came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness; but missing his aim, only cut off his nose, whilst the giant roared like loud claps of thunder. And though he rolled his glaring eyes round on every side, he could not see who had given him the blow; yet he took up his iron club, and began to lay about him like one that was mad.

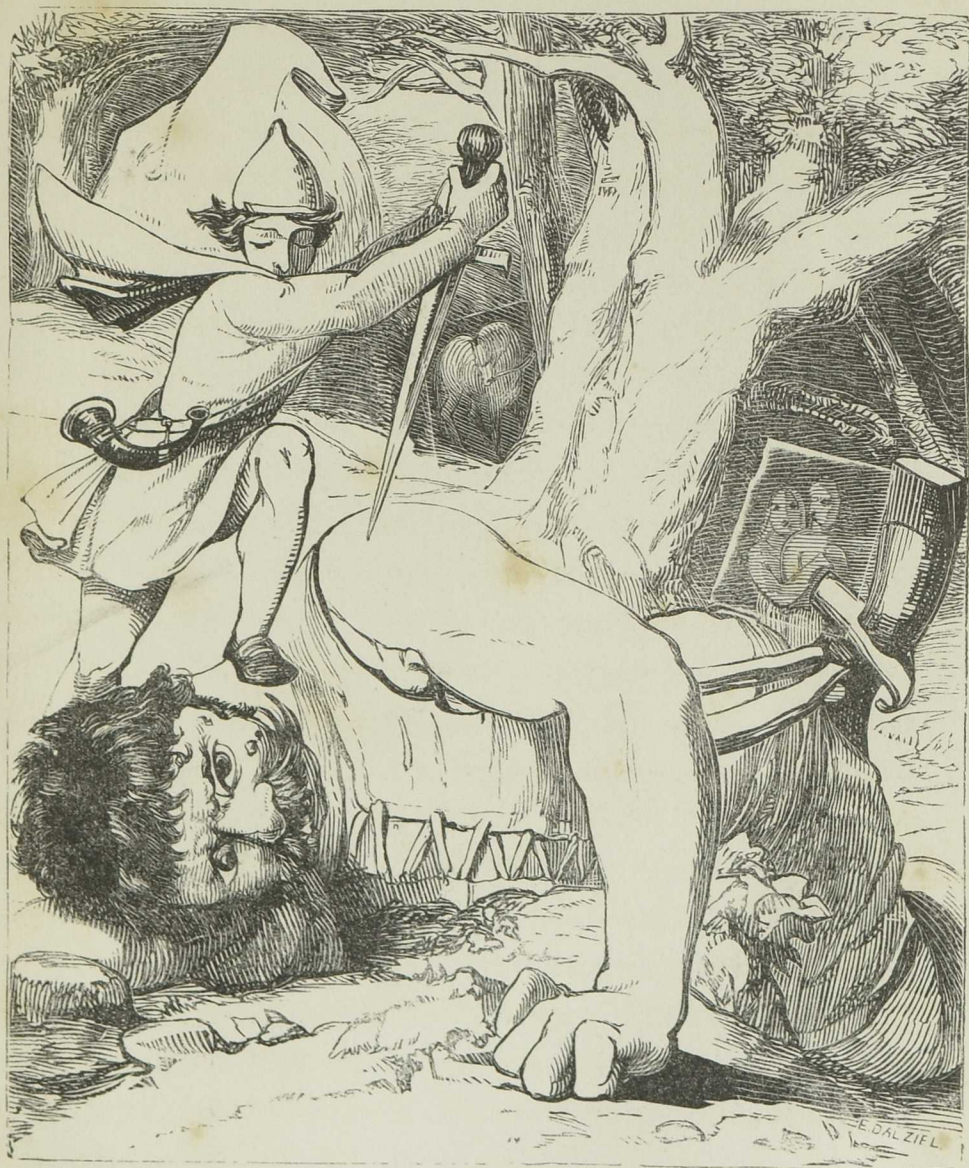
"Nay," said Jack, "if this is the case, I will kill you at once." So he slipped nimbly behind him, and jumping upon the rocky seat as the giant rose,

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he thrust his sword up to the hilt in his body. After a hideous howl, the giant dropped down dead.

When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he searched their cave for treasure. He passed through many dark windings, which led him to a room paved with freestone; at the end of it was a boiling cauldron, and on the right hand stood a large table, where the giants used to dine upon their human victims. He then came to a window secured with iron bars, through which he saw a number of wretched captives, who cried out when they saw Jack, "Alas! alas! young man, are you come to be one among us in this horrid den?" "I hope," said Jack, "you will not tarry here long; but pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity." "Alas!" said one, "we have been taken by the giants that hold this cave, and are kept till they have a feast, then the fattest of us is killed, and cooked. It is not long since they took three for this purpose."

"Say you so?" said Jack, "I have given them such a dinner, that it will be long before they want any more." The captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," said Jack, "for I have slain both, and sent their heads to King Arthur, as trophies of my victory." To show them that what he said was true, he unlocked the gate, and set them free. Then he led them to the great room, where they feasted plentifully. Supper being over, they searched



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the giants' coffers, and Jack shared the store among the captives. Jack started at sunrise to the house of the knight, whom he had left not long before.

He reached the knight's castle, and was received with the greatest joy. In honour of Jack's exploits, a grand feast was given, which lasted many days. The knight presented Jack, as a mark of respect, with a ring, on which was engraved the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair.

Among the guests present at the feast were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives who had been freed by Jack from the dungeon. These old men pressed round him with tears of joy, and returned him thanks. One day the bowl went round merrily, and every one drank to the health and long life of the gallant hero. The hall resounded with peals of laughter and joyful cries.

But, lo ! in the midst, a herald, pale and breathless, with haste and terror, rushed in, and told the company that Thundel, a giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, was come to take revenge on Jack, and that he was now near the house, the country people all flying before him.

At this dismal news, the very boldest of the guests trembled ; but Jack drew his sword, and said, " Let him come, I have a rod in pickle for him also. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, walk into the garden, and you shall joyfully behold the giant's defeat and death."

The knight's castle was surrounded by a moat

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thirty feet deep, and twenty wide, over which lay a draw-bridge. Jack set men to work, to cut the bridge on both sides, near the middle; and dressing himself in his invisible coat, went against the giant with his sword of sharpness. As he came near, though the giant could not see him, yet he cried out,

“Fie! foh! fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.”

“Say you so, my friend?” said Jack: “you are a clever miller, indeed.” “Art thou,” cried the giant, “the villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder.” “Catch me first,” said Jack; and throwing off his invisible coat, he put on his shoes of swiftness, and began to run; the giant following him like a walking castle, making the earth shake.

Jack led him a dance round and round the walls of the house, that the company might see the monster; and to finish the work Jack ran over the drawbridge, the giant pursuing him with his club. But when the giant came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut on both sides, the great weight of his body made it break; and he tumbled into the water and rolled about like a large whale. Jack stood by the side of the moat, and laughed and jeered at him, saying, “You told me, sirrah, you would grind my bones to powder!” Then Jack

ordered a cart-rope to be brought to him. He threw it over his two heads, and by the help of a team of ten horses, dragged him to the edge of the moat, when he cut off the monster's heads, and sent them after the others to the court of King Arthur.

After staying with the knight for some time, Jack grew weary of such an idle life, and set out again in quest of new adventures. He went over hills and dales, till he came to the foot of a mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a lonesome house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in.

"Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveller who has lost his way?" "Yes," said the hermit, "I can, if you will accept such fare as my poor house affords." Jack entered, and the old man set before him some bread and fruit.

The hermit said, "My son, I know you are the famous conqueror of giants; now on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who by the help of a vile magician gets many knights into his castle, where he changes them into the shape of beasts. Above all, I lament the hard fate of a duke's daughter, whom they seized as she was walking in her father's garden, and brought hither through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and turned her into the shape of a hart. Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment, and deliver her, yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two griffins, which guard

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the gates, and destroy all who come near them. On the gates of the castle you will find an engraving, which shows the means of breaking the enchantment."

Jack promised that he would break the enchantment; and after a night's sleep, he arose early, and put on his invisible coat. When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery griffins, but he passed between them without the least danger. On the castle-gate, he found a golden trumpet, under which were written these lines:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

Jack seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open.

The giant and the conjurer now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they quaked with fear. Jack, with his sword, soon killed the giant, and the magician was carried away by a whirlwind. The enchantment was broken; and every knight and lady returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away, and the head of the giant Galligantus was sent to King Arthur. The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and next day they set out for Arthur's court. Jack recited to King Arthur all his adventures, which the King's bards treasured up in their memory.

We know nothing more of Jack except that he married the duke's daughter whom he had rescued, and that he lived in great content.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



ONCE upon a time, in a little thatched cottage near the forest in Hampshire, which is called the "New Forest," there lived a hard-working, industrious couple. The husband was a fagot-maker, and the wife used to spend all her spare time from her household duties in spinning thread, for these good people lived a great many years ago, when there were no large towns in which thread was made by steam-engines.

The cottager and his wife had only one child, a little daughter, who, at the time of this story, was about eight years old.

She was a handy little maid, and it was her wish to do everything she could to assist her mother. She was an early riser, getting up as soon as the sun began to shine, in order to make use of the whole daylight for her work, as the family were obliged to put out their lights when they heard the curfew bell toll. She helped her mother in getting ready her

father's breakfast before he went to his work. After breakfast she was busy in putting everything tidy and orderly in the house. She would then go on short errands for her mother; sometimes to take her father his meals to him in the forest, when he was too busy to come home; sometimes to inquire after the health of a sick neighbour: sometimes to see her good old grandmother, who lived three miles off near another part of the forest.

When she had done all her errands and whatever else her mother wished, she would then try and learn to spin, and to mend and darn her father's clothes. When she had time to spare she attended to her garden, out of which she often gathered a few herbs to present to her father for his supper, when he came home from his work hungry and tired. At other times, she was at work making little presents for her playfellows, for she was a kind and thoughtful child. She was always light-hearted and happy, and thoroughly enjoyed a good hearty game of play. All her young friends were very fond of her, and were eager to do anything to please her.

It was the child's great delight to be useful and helpful to her parents, who were very fond of her;

not because she was so useful to them, but because she was generally so very good and obedient. Her parents dearly loved her, and so did all her friends and acquaintances, and no one better than her dear old grandmother.

Her grandmother, who was old, had herself made for her a little red hood, such as was then worn in riding, which she gave to her as a present on her birthday, when she was eight years old. It was a nice comfortable little hood, and so warm and pleasant to wear, that the little girl never went out without her red hood, when the weather was wet or cold.

The little red hood always looked so bright and smart among the green trees, that it could always be seen a long way off. When the neighbours used to spy out the red hood far off among the trees, they would say to one another, "Here comes Little Red Riding Hood;" and this was said so often, that at last the little girl got the name of "Little Red Riding Hood," and she was seldom called by any other name. Indeed, I have never been able to learn what her other name was. But everybody knew of her by this name; and so by the name of "Little Red Riding Hood" we too will call her.

Her grandmother did many other and better things for her grandchild than making her a "hood." She taught her how to knit, to spin, to bake bread, and to make butter—how to sing, so that she might join in the music in the church—how to be good-natured, and kind, and charitable—how to be courageous and honest, and to speak the truth at all times—how to be grateful—how to love and worship God—and to pray for God's blessing and providence.

This good woman fell sick, and as she had no one to sit with her and attend to her, Little Red Riding Hood was sent to her every day for this purpose by her mother.

At last the grandmother seemed to be getting well, owing, I have no doubt, to the patient nursing of her good grandchild. Still she was very weak. It was in the Autumn of the year, when honey is taken from the hives of the bees.

This year, Little Red Riding Hood's bees had made some delicious honey, and as soon as it was put into pots, her first thought was to take some to her grandmother. Having got up very early one morning she said to her mother,—

"Pray, dear mother, let me take a pot of honey to grandmother this morning."

"So you shall," answered the mother, "and also a nice pat of fresh butter. Put on your little red hood, and get a clean cloth for the butter, and your little basket ready."

Little Red Riding Hood was full of glee at the thoughts of going, and was ready dressed in a few minutes, with the pot of honey and pat of butter nicely packed in the basket. She did not stay for her breakfast, but started at once, intending to breakfast with her grandmother.

The morning was beautifully bright. The sun had just risen, making the dewdrops on the trees glitter and sparkle like gold; and the gossamer swung from the boughs like webs of silver. The skylarks were chirruping over her head. The air was filled with the fragrance of the wild thyme as it crunched beneath her tread. She tripped along with a heart full of joy, not thinking of the weight of her basket, which was rather heavy for such a little girl.

When she came to a part of the forest which was rather dark and overshadowed with the trees, a very large wolf suddenly stepped out. Little Red Riding

Hood was startled, but continued to walk on quickly. The wolf followed her and overtook her.

Upon coming up to her he grinned maliciously, his evil eye stared. He showed his sharp white teeth, and looked most cruel and frightful. He looked as if he would eat her up. The little girl began, as you may suppose, to be frightened.

Hark! what are those sounds? It is the whistle and singing of some of the fagot-makers going to their work.

How different the wolf looks now! how demure! he hides his teeth! walks gently along, and seems quite another animal. The wolf, who was as cunning as he was cruel, hearing that people were near, at once changed his savage look into one of as much kindness as it was possible for him to do. Presently up came the fagot-makers; and the wolf slunk by the side of the little girl, as though he were afraid of them.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood," said one of the fagot-makers.

"You are up betimes. Where are you going thus early?"

"To see grandmother," replied Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf actually came close to the child's side, and rubbed his head against her hand, as though he was very fond of her and knew her.

"Why, here's a wolf!" exclaimed one of the men.

"As I am alive," cried another, "I think it must be the very wolf that stole my sheep the other night."

"No, upon the honour of a wolf," said the treacherous knave very quickly; which was a falsehood, for he *had* stolen the man's sheep.

"Come, let us kill him," they all exclaimed.

"No, no, don't kill him," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Perhaps he is innocent; and I don't think he can be so very savage, for he did not touch me before you came up."

"Well, well, child, we'll let him go this once for your sake," said they; "but we advise him to be on his good behaviour."

So they wished the child "good morning," and went away.

As soon as they were gone the wolf put his paw to his heart, and said, "Many thanks, dear little friend. I am very grateful to you for your protection of me, and I will not fail to remember it. I wish you a very good morning."

So he pretended to walk off, when suddenly, however, he returned, and he said in a soft bland tone : "I think you said you were going to see your grandmother—Where does the dear creature live?"

"In a little cottage which is covered with woodbine and jessamine, not far from Copthurst Gate," answered Little Red Riding Hood.

"How do you get in?" said the wolf.

"By tapping at the door ; and granny, if she is at home, will tell you to pull the latch, and the door will open."

"Good bye, good bye," said the wolf eagerly, and ran off into the forest.

As soon as he was gone, Little Red Riding Hood began to pick some sweet purple and white violets for a nosegay for her grandmother, when she thought to herself, "I wonder why the wolf asked me any questions about granny? Being a stranger, I think I ought not to have told him." And she began to be afraid of the wolf's mischief. Indeed, it was a fault of Little Red Riding Hood that she was sometimes too fond of talking : and when she thought upon this matter, more and more she felt that she had done wrong in telling the wolf anything. The best thing



she could do, she said, will be to hasten onwards as quickly as possible.

The wolf, when he left her, darted through the forest, bounding over the furze and brambles, and ran as hard as he could until he reached the house of the grandmother. He tapped at the door, and the grandmother, who was in bed, called to him to come in, not knowing it was a wolf. The sly wolf said,

“Are you alone, madam?”

“Yes, quite alone,” was the answer.

So he rushed in and flew upon the bed, tore the grandmother out of it, and ate her up in a few minutes.

When he had finished the meal, he thought to himself, “Little Red Riding Hood will soon be here, and she will make a most delicious feast. But I must hide myself from her until she is fairly inside of the cottage.” He then went to the press in the room, and took out one of the grandmother’s night-gowns and night-caps, and put them on as quickly as he possibly could, and jumped into the bed.

Presently the garden gate was opened, and there came a little quick footstep across the pebbled walk

leading to the cottage door, and then a gentle tap, tap, tap, at the door.

It was Little Red Riding Hood. She listened, but heard no answer. Her hand went tap, tap, tap, against the door a second time.

"Who's there?" said the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother.

"Only Little Red Riding Hood."

"Pull down the latch, and come in, my child."

So Little Red Riding Hood entered, but it struck her ear that her grandmother's voice was very hoarse this morning. As she entered, she said,

"I am afraid, dearest granny, that your cold is worse this morning."

"Much worse, dear," said the wolf very gruffly under the bed-clothes.

"I have brought you a pot of my virgin honey, which will do your cold good; and mother has sent you a little pat of fresh butter, some of the first we have had made from our new cow's milk."

"Put the things down, child, and come into bed to me, for I have been wretchedly cold all night."

Little Red Riding Hood thought it rather strange that her grandmother should tell her to come *into*



bed, instead of sitting by the side of the bed as she had been used to do. So she went to the bedside, and gently pulling aside the curtain saw a head, which though in her grandmother's night-cap did not altogether seem like that of her grandmother's. She thought it was something like the wolf's head— Could it be the wolf? she asked herself. Poor thing! she could hardly help screaming out for fright, but she stopped herself, and said,

“Granny, what large ears you have!”

A gruff voice said, “The better to hear with, my dear.”

It did not sound like the grandmother's voice, so she said faintly, “Granny, what large eyes you have!”

“The better to see you with, my dear.”

Her voice faltered still more, and she said, “Granny, what a large nose you have!”

“The better to smell with, my dear.”

Little Red Riding Hood felt almost sure it was the wolf. Her tongue could hardly speak. She trembled from head to foot—at last she muttered in a whisper, “Granny, what large teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you up.”

And saying this the wolf sprang out of the bed.

He seized Little Red Riding Hood : she screamed. Suddenly “rap, rap, rap,” sounded against the door. Again she screamed as loudly as ever she could—and in rushed her father and some other fagot-makers, who, seeing the wolf, killed him at once, and released Little Red Riding Hood. These were the fagot-makers she had met in the wood. They, thinking she was not quite safe with a wolf, went and told her father, and they all followed her to her grandmother’s house, and thus saved her life. After this she never loitered or talked to strangers on any errands.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

THERE were once a king and queen who had no children, and they were, on this account, very unhappy. They consulted all the faëries they could hear of, but could get no help. One day, however, as the queen was walking moodily by the bank of a clear stream, and exclaiming, “Oh, that I had a little daughter!” a golden fish peeped its head out of the water, and said, “Your wish shall be gratified, and you shall soon have a daughter, and her name shall be ‘Rosebud.’” The queen returned to the palace in good spirits, and told the king, her husband, and they both rejoiced at the little fish’s prophecy. As the fish had said, so it happened, and the queen soon had a little girl, very beautiful indeed to behold. And the king held a great feast at the princess’s

christening, which was the grandest that could be. Seven faeries dwelt in the king's country, and all these were invited to be the princess's godmothers ; so that each of them might make her a gift, as was the custom in those days. When the christening was over, the company went back to the king's palace, where a noble feast was ready for them. Each faery had a golden dish, with a knife, a fork, and a spoon, set with diamonds, and all of the finest and most curious patterns. As the company were sitting down to the table, an old faery came into the room. This faery lived in a tower which she had not quitted for fifty years, so that everybody thought she was dead long ago ; and the king had quite forgotten to ask her to the christening. But he welcomed her, and ordered a seat to be brought for her, and also a plate, but it could not be a golden one, because only seven of that sort had been made, for the other seven faeries.

As soon as the old faery saw that her plate was not so fine as the plates set before the rest of the faeries, her face grew quite red, and became swollen with rage. Her eyes flashed with fire, and she muttered that she would have her revenge.

One of the young faeries who sat next to her

heard what she said, and was afraid that she would give the little princess some unlucky gift. So this young faëry left the table, and went and hid herself behind the tapestry, that it might come to her turn to speak the last of the faëries ; for she thought she should perhaps be able partly to undo the mischief the old faëry might be meditating.

When the feast had ended, the faëries began to make their gifts to the young princess. The first said, she should be most virtuous : the next said, she should have the greatest wit : the third said, she should do every thing with the utmost grace : the fourth said, her beauty should delight all who saw her : the fifth said, her voice should be as sweet and liquid in its tone as a silver bell : the sixth said, she should be most skilful in playing on all musical instruments.

It was now the old faëry's turn to speak ; she came forward, with her head shaking all the while with spite, and said in a croaking hoarse voice, "The gift I bestow on the princess shall be, that when she is fifteen years of age, she shall hurt her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound."

This cruel sentence filled all the company with sorrow, and every body but the old faëry began to

weep and lament. But at this moment the young faëry came out from behind the tapestry, and in a kind voice gave them some comfort by saying, “Do not, O king and queen, be in so much grief for your daughter; she shall *not* die of the wound she is to receive; for, though I am not able to prevent what an older faëry than myself has ordered, yet I can lessen the evil she has sentenced the princess to. Your daughter indeed must hurt her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying of the wound, she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last for a hundred years, at the end of which she shall be awakened by a young prince.”

The king hoped to save his darling child from the accident, and he commanded it to be made known every where, that every spindle should be bought up and burnt. Nobody was allowed to have one.

All the promises of the six good faëries were fulfilled: the Princess Rosebud was virtuous, witty, graceful, beautiful, and every one loved her. Her fifteenth birthday had passed, and the king and queen hoped the danger was over. About this time it happened that the young princess was one day roving through the old rooms of the castle to amuse herself; and at last found her way to a small

chamber at the top of a tower. The door was closed, but there was a little golden key in the keyhole. The princess turned it, the door flew open, and there she saw an old woman spinning with a spindle very busily.

“What are you doing, Goody?” said the princess. “I am spinning, my pretty lady,” answered the old woman. “Ah! how I should like to do such pretty work!” said the princess, “pray let me try.” She then took the spindle into her hand; but as soon as ever she did so, being very lively and giddy, she ran the point of it into her hand, and instantly was seized with a sound sleep.

The good faëry who had saved the princess’s life, was in the kingdom of Matakín, at the distance of twelve thousand leagues, when the princess ran the spindle into her hand. But the news reached her by an electric telegraph; and she set off in a fiery chariot, which smoked and steamed like a railway engine, and in a few minutes she was in the yard of the king’s palace. Then the faëry caused the princess to be carried to the finest room in the palace, and laid on a bed made of rich silk and velvet, and adorned with gold and silver.

When the princess was laid in this place, she

looked so charming, that she might almost have been taken for an angel; for the deep sleep that she had fallen into did not hurt her beauty at all. The colour of her cheeks was still like the finest roses, and her lips the reddest coral that ever was seen; and the only change was, that her eyes, which used before to sparkle like diamonds, were now shut, and could not be seen. You might have heard her breathe softly, and have been quite sure that she was not dead, but only asleep.

When the princess fell down asleep, a deep sleep also seized every body and every thing in the palace. The king and queen, the maids of honour, governesses, waiting-women, gentlemen of the court, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen, all were thrown into as sound a sleep as the princess herself was in.

If you could have seen them you would have laughed. They did not go to bed; but every one fell asleep just in the act in which they happened to be engaged. The butler was pouring out some wine, and he went to sleep with one arm holding the bottle and the other holding a glass; even the wine went to sleep, and stopped pouring. A little

page was singing to one of the ladies of the court, and he went off fast to sleep with his mouth wide open, just as he was uttering a beautiful note. Another page was stealing a little kiss, and he fell off fast in the very act, with his pouting lips all ready; the cook was boxing the kitchen-boy's ears, and went to sleep holding the boy's collar; the horses slept in the stables; the dogs in the courtyard; and the princess's favourite, a little lapdog, which was lying on the bed, by her side; the cocks looked as if crowing, but were quite still; the pigeons were all asleep on the housetop, even the spider was stopped as he was pursuing a little fly; the very spits in the kitchen, and the partridges and pheasants that were roasting on them, as well as the fire, were laid asleep; and all this was done in a moment. All, all fell fast asleep, till the time should come for the princess to awake.

Then the faëry waved her wand, and you might have seen growing and springing up all round the palace a vast number of trees of all sorts and sizes, bushes and brambles, all twisting one in the other, so that neither man nor beast could have made a way through them. In less than a quarter of an hour nothing but the spires and towers of the palace were

to be seen over the thick wood formed by the trees, and even these only at a great distance. The faëry, in doing this, no doubt employed the whole skill of her art, to keep the princess from the view of all the world, while her long sleep lasted.

There went about the world wonderful reports of this palace, in the Newspapers of the time. And many adventurous princes and knights came to see it, and to try and make their way through the wood, but without success. They only stuck fast in the thorns and brambles, and were glad to escape with scratches and torn clothes.

At the end of the hundred years, the son of the king who then ruled over the country happened to pass near the palace as he was hunting, and asked the people that were along with him, who was the owner of this wood, and of the building that he saw there was inside it. They all told him what they had heard about the place. Some of them said it was an old castle that was haunted by ghosts; others said, that all the witches in the country met in it to hold their nightly councils; but the most common opinion was, that an ogre lived in it, who hid himself there, to eat up all the children he ran away with; because he could eat them without fear

there, for no one but himself could get through the wood.

The prince did not know which of these stories he should believe, when an old man came up to him, and said, "May it please your Royal Highness, I was told more than fifty years ago by my father, who heard it from my grandfather, that there was hidden in this palace a princess of very great beauty, who was condemned by a faëry to sleep a hundred years; and was then to be awakened by a king's son, who was to be her husband."

The young prince listened to this account with surprise, and then bethought him that he must be the king's son who was to wake the princess as the faëry had said; and so, impelled by his courage and love, he resolved to make his way to the palace.

As soon as he had reached the wood, he found the trees, the bushes, and the brambles, move aside of themselves, and let him pass. He went on towards the palace, which he saw at the end of a long walk, and soon entered it. But he thought it very strange that none of the lords or people that were along with him had been able to follow him; for the trees, bushes, and brambles, twisted with each other again as soon as ever he had passed

through them. He did not care for this, but made the best of his way to the palace.

He came first into a large court, where every thing he saw was enough to startle the stoutest heart in the world. All the men and creatures that the faëry had laid asleep were stretched along on the ground, and seemed as if they were dead. There were the cocks and the pigeons, with their heads under their wings, and the dogs all asleep. A dreadful silence reigned throughout all the place. But after a little time, he saw by the rosy faces of the men-servants, that they were only asleep; and there was still some beer left in the bottom of their cups, so he knew that they must have fallen asleep while they were drinking.

The prince next went through a large court paved with marble, which led to a flight of stairs. He walked up these, and came to the room of the guards, who were all standing in ranks with their halberds on their shoulders, and snoring quite loud. The snoring was like the roll of distant thunder, or the murmur of the waves on the sea shore. He went on through many other chambers, full of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting at tables, some standing. He saw the one page ready to sing, and the





other ready to steal the kiss, and the maiden half turned away in sleep.

At last he came to a room the walls of which were powdered with golden stars, in which was a very grand bed, with the silken curtains drawn back. In this bed he saw a young lady about sixteen years of age, more beautiful than any thing he had ever beheld, lying in a sound sleep; indeed he almost thought it was an angel. The prince went up close to the bed, but trembled at every step he took; he could not take his eyes off. His delight and wonder were so great that he could not help giving her a kiss, though he tried very hard to help it.

This at once broke the charm that the faëry had put upon the princess; and she opened her eyes, and cast them on the prince with a tender look, as if she had known him before, or had seen him in her sleep. "Is it you, my prince?" she said; "what a long time you have made me wait for you!"

The prince was in rapture at these words, and still more at the sweet tone of voice that she spoke them in; and was at a loss how to express his joy.

The princess on her part was quite as much

pleased as he was ; for though this history does not speak of any such thing, yet we may very well suppose that her good friend the faëry had given her the most pleasant dreams in all her long sleep.

“What a joy, beautiful princess?” said the prince, looking at her all the time with the utmost tenderness, “what a joy it is to be able to do you such a service, to see you smile so sweetly, and to be thus made happy by your love ! to think that the greatest princes in the world could not have done what I have, when I broke the cruel charm that laid you in such a long sleep !”

“Ah ! dear prince,” answered she, “I feel that we were made for each other. I have been dreaming of you for a long time, and in all my long sleep I thought of nobody but yourself.”

Then there was such a stir all about them, such yawning and sneezing, and shouts of laughter. The butler finished pouring out the wine, the cook boxed the kitchen-boy’s ears ; the horses neighed, the dogs jumped about and barked, the cock crowed, the pigeons cooed, the fly awoke and escaped from the spider, the fire in the kitchen blazed up, the spit went on roasting the meat ; all the lords and ladies,

who had been laid asleep at the same time as the princess, awoke, and set about their business. As they were not in love, as the princess was, they found themselves very hungry, for it was a hundred years since they had had a breakfast. The first maid of honour, who was quite famished, even made bold to tell the princess, without being asked, that dinner was ready for her.

Her maids then helped the princess to rise. She was soon drest, and in the finest clothes that could be, though they looked as old as a great grandmother's clothes; she had even a ruff round her neck, but this did not in the least conceal her beauty.

The old king and queen came forward and welcomed the prince very heartily; when the princess introduced him to them, and blushing told them how he had broken the charm. The trumpets sounded and the dinner bell rang. The prince then took the hand of the princess and led her to the banquet room. As soon as they had seated themselves, the music, which was all placed ready in the gallery at the upper end of the room, began to play some tunes, which certainly sounded quite old and out of fashion to the prince's ears.

It was agreed that the chaplain should marry them that very night. The wedding then took place in the presence of all the court; and the good faëry came and gave her blessing to the bride, who with her prince lived most happily, and slept afterwards none the worse for her long nap of a hundred years.

THE END.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BEAUTY was the youngest of the three daughters of a Merchant. She had been called "Beauty" from her birth, on account of her great loveliness. Charming modesty, kindness, and frankness were always beaming in her face. She was beloved by all, and was most dear to her father, who had lost his wife, for she was his chief companion. Her two sisters were also beautiful in their forms, but they were vain, haughty, and untruthful. The Merchant was once very rich. He was the owner of a large fleet of ships which used to sail all over the world. His vessels went to India for silk, to South America for gold, to England for iron and tin, to Russia for tallow, and so on. Sometimes his ships would meet in one port to exchange their various cargoes. It so happened, that when they were all assembled for this purpose in the Persian Gulf, a most frightful storm arose, and the whole of the Merchant's fleet was lost. In the midst of one of his most splendid feasts, a breathless courier rushed among the glittering throng, and announced the disaster of the loss of his ships. The poor Merchant was ruined.

Not in a noble palace, but in a small mean cottage now lives the Merchant. He is not neglected, for Beauty supplies all the wants of her still dearest father. This sweet creature soon forgot her grief at the change of fortune. She found it quite as easy to be happy without jewels and fine clothes as with them. But Beauty's contentment did not overtake her sisters ; they pined at their altered state, despised their mean clothing, refused to help in the work of the house, leaving all the drudgery to their kind sister, and even reproached their father for their misfortune. They were truly miserable. So their beauty passed away, whilst Beauty's looks were not only preserved by her cheerfulness, but they became even more lovely.

Beauty had always doted on flowers. When she came to the cottage she became her own gardener, and her bouquets were not less fragrant or less brilliant than her rare flowers when she was rich. Her garden was a pattern of tasteful arrangement ; all sorts of flowers bloomed there except roses, and, strange to say, though she often planted them, they always disappeared in the night. At first it was thought that the garden had been robbed, and a watch was set to detect the supposed robbers. The roses vanished, but no robber was found, and not even the print of a footstep could ever be seen on the flower-bed. Beauty wondered at the mysterious disappearance of the roses, whilst her sisters laughed her to scorn, and even accused her of carrying them away in trickery. Beauty at last got tired of losing her roses, and gave up planting them.

After some time, good news was brought to the Mer-

chant of the safe arrival in a distant port of one of his most precious cargoes, which had been thought to have been lost when the great shipwreck of his vessels happened. It was necessary that the Merchant should go to the port, and he resolved to start out the next day. He called his three daughters together to tell them of the news; the two eldest were quite overcome with joy at the prospects of better fortune, but Beauty, though she was glad for her father's sake that he was richer, remained silent. She had become so contented with her present state, that she did not welcome another change.

"Tell me, daughters," said the Merchant, "what presents shall your father bring for you on his return from his journey."

"Bring me," said the eldest, "a watch encircled with diamonds, which plays the most seraphic music; a girdle of the purest crystals, bracelets studded with precious cameos, and a chaplet of rubies; you may also bring any pearls of the size of walnuts, if you meet with them, and —"

"Hold, sister," said the second, "you will ruin our father before he comes to my turn. I will only ask for a few of the most splendid Persian turbans, two or three dresses of the richest point lace, a variety of Cachmere shawls, and a tortoiseshell cabinet inlaid with gold, to hold them all."

The Merchant then turned to Beauty and said, "Well, Beauty, and what shall your present be?"

"I wish for nothing, father, but your safe return."

"Nay, child, you must make a request."

“ Well, then, dearest father, as roses won’t grow in my garden, bring me a rose.”

The sisters could not help laughing at her modesty.

On the morrow, the Merchant started on his journey. Beauty was in tears at his departure. But her sisters could not suppress their joy at the prospects of their new finery, and seemed to care but little for their father’s absence.

The Merchant arrived at the port, and found his vessel. He arranged all his business, and made the purchases, extravagant as they were, which his eldest daughters had requested. He mounted his Arab steed, and commenced his journey homewards. Towards evening, he reached a forest of pines and cedars through which lay his way. The evening was sultry and oppressive. The sun descended below the horizon, leaving his mantle of the intensest crimson, fringed with golden brilliancy, behind. The Merchant was so wrapt up with his thoughts of home, that he forgot to guide his horse, and left him to take his own way. The animal’s noiseless tread, as his hoofs sunk into the fibrous ground, did not awaken the Merchant from his trance. The scene grew gloomy. Presently thunder boomed in the distance. Leaden-looking clouds, folded one on another, covered the amber-tinted sky, and large drops of rain fell upon the Merchant before he was roused from his own thoughts. He looked about him, and saw that he had lost his road. Should he go on, or turn back? should he turn to the right or to the left? he asked himself.

On all sides the forest seemed equally dark and impenetrable. Up came the distant thunder, roaring—crash! crash! as if the heavens were split. Long streams of lightning flooded the forest with lurid light, revealing the huge copper-coloured arms of the cedar trees, on which their dark foliage swayed to and fro like black plumes. Then came thick darkness again, and the rain poured down. The horse was stupified with fear, the Merchant hardly less so. During the lull of the storm a sweet sound was heard, as if it said—

On! Merchant, on!
Thy journey's near done!

And at the instant a small blue light was seen through the trees. The Merchant took courage and clapped his spurs to his steed, urging him in the direction of the light. The light expanded into a large soft flame, and then disappeared. In its place was seen the portal of a palace. A tablet above the entrance was inscribed in glittering letters,—

Enter without fear,
All are welcome here!

The Merchant read the inscription and pressed against the golden gates, which opened without noise. As he passed beneath the marble archway a flourish of trumpets saluted his ear, but nobody was to be seen. He found himself in a spacious court yard, on one side of which were the stables. He then dismounted from his horse, which directly trotted across the court, as though he knew the way. The Merchant followed the horse into the stable,

where he was greatly surprised to find his steed already groomed, with a fine crimson horse-cloth thrown over him, and feeding out of a trough full of oats and beans. Still no one was seen.

The Merchant quitted the stable, and proceeded across the court into a long vaulted passage brilliantly lighted. As he passed a door it sprang open into a bath-room, in the centre of which a fountain played. The Merchant entered, and before a blazing fire of juniper wood and frankincense, which sweetly scented the room, dry and fine clothes were airing. He threw himself on a couch, wet and weary as he was, but hesitated to touch any thing, until he heard a voice gently saying—

You're a guest for the night,
And all that is right
Will appear to your sight
To be used without fright.

The Merchant stripped himself and entered the warm-bath. Upon quitting it his wet clothes had vanished, and dry garments supplied their place. From the bath-room he proceeded to the supper-room, and there found a delicious repast prepared, at which he made a most hearty meal. When he had satisfied himself with one dish, another of a different kind was placed in its stead. Thus, venison gave way to roasted peacocks, peacocks to apricots swimming in iced sherbet, and so on; it is impossible now to tell you of all the dainties provided. During its progress, his ears were filled with the most exquisite music. When all was finished the Merchant departed for his sleeping apartment. Having offered up his grateful



prayers, and especially for his deliverance during the storm, the Merchant retired to his bed, and instantly fell into a refreshing sleep.

The next morning was bright and peaceful, and the Merchant awoke quite refreshed from his fatigue. Every thing was ready for his toilet and his breakfast. After breakfast the Merchant walked in the gardens of the palace ; their size, variety, plantations, flowers, were such as he had never seen equalled. Shrubs and flowers which he had always thought most rare, in this garden appeared to grow almost wild. The flowers made him think of Beauty. He searched for a rose tree, but could see none. Strange, thought he, that there should be no roses in such a garden ! At last, entering an arbour, he found some roses within it. The Merchant plucked a rose : suddenly a monster seized him. “ Ungrateful wretch,” said the Beast, “ is this the way you repay the kindness you have received ? You take refuge in my palace from the storm, you are treated with the best that I can bestow upon you, and in return you steal my roses ! Your life is forfeited for your baseness.”

The poor old man trembled beneath the grasp of the monster. “ My Lord,” he said falteringly, “ My Lord—”

“ Call me by no such title ! ” interrupted the monster, “ Call me as I am—call me Beast ! ”

“ Sir ! ”

“ Did you hear me say call me Beast ! ”

“ Pardon me, Beast, I knew not I was offending.”

“ Were the roses yours ? ” The Merchant gave no

reply. "Why then did you pluck them?" Still no answer was returned.

"Answer me, instantly," said the Beast.

"I cannot!" replied the Merchant, for he did not wish to involve his daughter in his trouble.

"You cannot? you die, unless you answer."

"Spare my answer, Beast, but take my life."

"It was your youngest daughter who asked for the rose! I see your astonishment, but I know all. Still, as you were too noble to tell, and were ready to suffer for her sake, I will spare your life for the present. I will allow you to return home and take leave of your children, but you must return here in a week, or send some one in your stead. Take the rose and be gone."

The merchant stooped to pick up the rose, which had fallen from his hand in his fright, and when he turned to thank the Beast, the monster was nowhere to be seen. The fatal rose seemed at once to wither; the Merchant put it into his bosom, and hastened through the gardens.

The Merchant proceeded at once to the stable, where he found his horse already saddled and restive to be gone. He mounted his steed, which dashed out of the stable towards the entrance gates. They sprang open at his approach. The horse flew through the forest, seeming scarcely to touch the ground with his hoofs, and continued going at the fastest rate. In the evening the Merchant, almost broken-hearted, reached his cottage.

Beauty was seated under the cottage porch, spinning; she appeared to be anxiously watching the horseman's

approach. The instant she saw that it was her father, she sprung from her seat towards him, and in a few seconds the father and child were locked in each other's arms.

Beauty's face was radiant with joy ; the father looked very sad. "Oh, father !" exclaimed Beauty, with fear and pity, "why that look ? tell me, tell me what has happened."

"My poor child, thou art the innocent cause of my grief ! Here, my child, take the rose you asked for, it will cost thy father his life !" The Merchant took the withered rose from his bosom, and placed it in Beauty's hand. Beauty took the flower, which began instantly to revive, but she fell fainting to the ground, terrified at her father's words. The Merchant carried her into the cottage and related to her all that had occurred. As soon as the Merchant had finished his account, Beauty's face brightened, and she said smilingly, "Oh father, you shall not return ; it was for my sake that the misfortune happened, I alone will bear the punishment. Frightful as may be the monster, and terrible the death he may have in store, I will go." No entreaties of the father could alter her mind : her resolution was made. "Your life, dearest father, is more valuable than mine. If you were gone, who would support and protect my sisters ?"

Whilst Beauty was sacrificing herself for the sake of her sisters, they entered, and only seeing Beauty, and in tears, the eldest exclaimed, "What, crying again, you soft-hearted thing ! You have done nothing but cry

since our father left: you are miserable because you did not ask for more than a rose." "A rose indeed!" said the other sister, "why here's a rose, what a magnificent flower! It is the largest rose I have seen! Tell me, minx, where did it come from?" Saying this, the sister seized the rose, which immediately withered. The father raised himself from the couch he had thrown himself upon. The two daughters ran to him, and without greeting him, said eagerly, "Well father, where's my watch? my shawls? my bracelets? my cabinet?"

"Pray, pray sisters," interposed Beauty, "do not trouble father now: he is full of grief."

"Grief! Has he not brought our jewels or clothes?"

"Oh yes, sisters, brought all, but still full of sorrow." And Beauty in the kindest manner, then told them about the disaster of the rose.

"You wicked child," they answered, "to ask for a rose! You might have caused us to lose our jewels and shawls! the Beast would no doubt have taken them, had he known of them. What a risk for a trumpery rose! Let us throw it into the fire for a punishment to you. They made an effort to seize the rose, but it glided away from them and took refuge with Beauty. Then the father commanded his two eldest daughters to be silent, and not again to mention the subject of the rose to Beauty.

The week had nearly passed, and Beauty was full of preparations for her departure. She took leave of all her friends, giving each one some token of her love. She sought to turn away her sisters' unkindness, and

offered them the choice of whatsoever she possessed. They, finding that she was really going, pretended to be in great grief; but in their hearts they were glad, for they were full of jealousy at her superiority over them. The morning for departure came: the Merchant insisted on accompanying his daughter and seeing her safely to the Monster's palace. They mounted their horses and set off; as soon as they arrived at the cedar forest, the Merchant's horse darted into the midst of it as though he knew the right path, and Beauty's horse followed close to the other. Beauty thought she had never seen a wood so grand and yet so beautiful. The nightingales were singing with the wildest richness. Mournfully streamed through the air their full long plaints, as if in unison with the melancholy of Beauty's forebodings; and then their sadness broke abruptly into laughing, chattering jug, jug, turning their grief into joy, as if presaging happiness to Beauty at last. All kinds of perfume scented the air; first came the rich scent of the cedars, then the pungent freshness of the citrons, then the verbena sent up its fragrance, as the hoofs of the horses crunched its leaves. * The nightingales' music was hushed, and the light seemed broken into millions of prismatic colours. A procession of innumerable insects formed before their horses' heads; they were all marshalled in order. In the van came a troop of Dragon Flies; then bands of thousands of little Gnats played the most martial airs on their tiny trumpets; Bees followed, humming the richest harmonies; afterwards came ranks of Butterflies, dressed in liveries of all the colours of the rain-

bow, sailing majestically along. And so this procession kept before their horses' heads until they reached the golden gates of the palace. The inscription,

Enter without fear,
All are welcome here !

glittered more brilliantly than at the Merchant's first entrance; the gates instantly flew open. Beauty's horse placed itself at once near some steps of marble with golden rails, in order that Beauty might alight. Having done so, and her father being dismounted also, both horses ambled off to the stable. The Merchant and Beauty passed into the arcade; as before, the Merchant went to his bath, whilst two humming birds, bearing little torches of white light, flew before Beauty and lighted her to her apartment. Over the door was inscribed "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." The door sprung open as she touched the enamelled handle. The room contained the choicest sofas, chairs, stools, and ottomans of all shapes, high seated, low seated, soft, hard, warm, cool. Patterns of the most symmetrical forms and beautiful colours were arranged on the ceiling and walls. The carpets were of the richest velvet, the hangings of satin powdered with golden stars, and the finest lace. In one recess of the room was a library; in another, all kinds of musical instruments; in another, cabinets of prints; in another, screens covered with the finest paintings; in another, materials for needlework. Adjoining to this apartment were Beauty's dressing and bed rooms. She entered the former, where she found every article for her toilet prepared. Yet she lacked heart and courage to touch any thing, and sunk down listlessly into a chair.

She raised her drooping eyes, and beheld a transparency at the end of the room thus inscribed :

Welcome Beauty, banish fear,
You are Queen and mistress here !
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.

Having changed her dress, she went in search of her father. They found a magnificent feast prepared for them. Every thing was brought and removed by invisible agency. During the repast, delightful music was performed.

“Certainly, father,” said Beauty, “the Beast must possess excellent taste, and if I am to be killed, he surely intends first to fatten me !”

A magic flute played a few bars of music, then a voice said,

The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear.

“How very thoughtful for a master in his own house to make such a request ! I tremble at his coming,” thought Beauty.

The Merchant then spoke, “Appear, Beast, if it be your pleasure.”

A door sprung open at the further end of the saloon, and the Beast entered. He wore a large cloak, which concealed his form ; his walk was erect and dignified. The room was so long that Beauty could not discover his features, but as he came nearer, his hideous appearance began to be seen, and Beauty clung to her father’s arm for protection. She could not help hiding her face.

He saw and pitied her alarm, and at once spoke to the Merchant: "Merchant, you have well redeemed your word. If this be the daughter who has come in your stead, I trust, though absent from those she loves, that we shall find means to soothe her regrets, if not to make her time pass agreeably. Of my palace she is the mistress."

The voice which uttered this speech was most musical, and its kind expression emboldened Beauty to look up. She gave a glance, but the exceeding ugliness of the monster caused her again to close her eyes.

"I am sorry," said the Beast, "that I am not able to ask you, Merchant, to stay here with your daughter; on the morrow you must take leave of each other."

"Your kindness, Beast," answered the Merchant, "is already much more than we were entitled to expect, and makes us feel most grateful to you. We are prepared to submit to your will in all respects."

Making a graceful bow the Beast said "Farewell!" As soon as he had gone the music recommenced, and a concert was performed, after which the Merchant and his daughter retired for the night.

On the morrow the Merchant departed with great grief, and returned home.

At first Beauty felt inconsolable at being alone. But there was no help for it, and as she was too wise to give way to her sorrow, she sought to find means of interesting herself in various occupations. Whatever she wished for, seemed to come at her command. There was the garden with all its wonderful beauties of flowers. The lake,

the fountains, the gold and silver fish, the aviary with the choicest birds for song and plumage. The trees were thronged too with birds. If she desired to sail on the water, she had only to step into a boat, its sails at once caught the breeze, and it glided noiselessly over the crystal waters. If she desired to ride, her own horse, richly caparisoned, presented himself at the door. If she would drive out, a carriage with cream-coloured ponies attended at the terrace steps. Within doors, too, there was every thing desirable. A noble gallery was hung with the best pictures of ancient and modern painters. Another gallery was filled with sculpture. Her own room provided the most ample means for the study of books, the painting of pictures, the playing of music, the working of tapestry and all kinds of needlework ; yet the absence of any human being made the solitude most painful. Long before the first day had passed, she had felt so lonely, that she quite welcomed the magic flute, and the sounds—

The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear ;

and was really glad to answer, “Appear, Beast !” She shuddered as he approached, but her fear wore off as the Beast stayed. When the clock sounded ten he bid her a respectful “Good night.” The next day she got more used to the place, and even looked out for the time when the magic flute should sound. When the Beast appeared this evening, she looked calmly at his ugliness. She was more than ever pleased with his conversation. Day after

day thus passed, the Beast appearing every evening. His visit became the object of the day, and had he been uglier than he really was, I have no doubt Beauty would have ceased to regard it. Thus the time passed for more than half a year: when one evening, after Beauty and the Beast had been conversing, he took her hand. Beauty thrilled, but not with delight; he had never done so before. Beauty quietly withdrew her hand, at which the Beast sighed deeply, and suddenly he bid her "adieu!" Some days after this, the Beast again took Beauty's hand, and she suffered it to remain. The Beast then said, "Beauty, will you marry me?" "Impossible!" replied Beauty. The Beast groaned deeply, and left as if he felt the greatest grief. The next night no Beast appeared. Beauty listened anxiously for the sounds of the flute, but none were heard. The evening seemed to her the dulllest which she had passed since her arrival. The next evening came, and still no Beast. "What can this mean?" thought she, "is the Beast never to appear again? I would sooner have his presence with all his ugliness a thousand times more, than this constant absence." She had scarcely acknowledged the thought to herself, before the flute sounded and Beast entered. He looked melancholy and pensive, except when Beauty was talking to him. At the usual hour he departed. As he was leaving, Beauty said, "I hope, Beast, you will come to-morrow." "It is a great balm to my unhappiness, Beauty, to hear that my visit is not absolutely disagreeable to you." The Beast continued his evening visits as before; but he never again mentioned the subject of marriage, or took Beauty's

hand. He was as kind and agreeable as ever, but oftentimes Beauty thought he seemed very sad : she feared to ask him the cause. She asked herself over and over again, "Can I marry him?" and then the thoughts of his excessive hideousness rushed into her mind, and she reluctantly answered, "No."

In the midst of all this new life Beauty did not forget her own home, and often longed to hear how her father and her sisters fared. One day as she was standing before a large mirror, she exclaimed, "Oh that I could see what my father is about!" At that instant a reflection of her home appeared in the glass. In one room were her sisters trying on some new gowns. In another room lay her father on a bed of sickness, so feeble that he could scarce hold any thing. Beauty screamed, and nearly swooned away. At that instant, the magic flute sounded, though it was but noon, and the Beast came in. He found Beauty sobbing : he gently took her hand and said, "Beauty, what ails you, are you ill?" "No, Beast, no, but I have just seen the reflection of my old home in the mirror, and my father, I fear, is at the point of death."

"Then you wish to visit him."

"Oh yes, Beast, it would indeed be a great joy and comfort to do so ; perhaps it may be the last time I shall ever see him alive."

"Take the rose which your father first gathered," said the Beast, "and as long as it is in your possession you have only to wish aloud and your wish will be gratified instantly."

“Oh, Beast! believe me, I am most grateful for your great kindness.”

“There is only one condition I have to make,” said the Beast, “which is, that you are not absent more than a week. Even that time will appear like ages to me!”

“You may rely on my return within the proper time. Farewell!” Beauty extended her hand, and even shed tears at leaving the Monster.

“Adieu! Beauty! Adieu!” and the Beast took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He then left the room sorrowfully.

When the Beast had gone, Beauty took the rose and placed it in her bosom. She then said aloud, “I wish I were at home.” And saying this she placed her hand before her eyes to wipe away her tears; she had scarcely removed her handkerchief when, instead of being in her own apartment, she found herself at the porch of her father’s cottage. She knocked gently, and the door was opened by her elder sister, who started at seeing her, and said—

“Well, Beauty indeed! who would have thought of seeing you? We thought you were dead long ago, and perhaps eaten up by your Monster.”

Beauty threw herself on her sister’s neck, and not heeding her unkind greeting, kissed her. “How is my father? is he alive?”

“Alive! yes, and much better! but no thanks to *your* nursing. We thought you had quite forgotten us.”

“Never! never! sister, I came the instant I knew of our father’s sickness.”

“Well, well, go in and see him.”

Beauty found her father much better, and both were rejoiced to see each other again. Beauty's presence hastened the recovery of the old man, and she at once took upon herself the office of nurse, which her sisters willingly gave up to her. The merchant became quite well before Beauty had been at home two days. He delighted in hearing all her news: she related to him and her sisters how she passed her time at the palace, and how kind the Beast was to her. Her account of the palace and all its wonders made the sisters quite jealous and anxious to take Beauty's place. They learned from Beauty the means by which she had come home, and how she still possessed the rose which ensured the fulfilment of all her desires. The eldest then basely attempted to rob Beauty of the rose; as Beauty slept, she took it from her bosom; but the instant she seized the rose, it withered at her touch, and instead of being transported to the Beast's palace as she wished, she was carried plump down into the pigsty. She threw away the rose, and roared out lustily for help. The farming men took her out of the mire, and wondered very much how she got there. When she was brought into the cottage, no questioning could induce her to tell what was the cause of her being found in the pigsty.

This event happened towards the end of the week when Beauty must depart. The next day was her last. She looked with pleasure at the prospect of seeing the Beast again. She wished to give her sisters some presents before she left them, and then sought for her rose to enable her to do so, when, lo! it was gone. Beauty searched for

it every where, but it was not to be found. She became alarmed, not so much because she was unable to make her sisters presents, as that she had lost her power of returning according to her promise. Her sister saw her grief, but had not the generosity to tell her that she had thrown the rose away. Beauty was inconsolable. More diligent search was made, and without success ; in despair Beauty bethought herself if it were possible that the affair of the pigsty could have any thing to do with the loss of the rose. As Beauty wandered disconsolate over the grounds she espied upon a heap of rubbish, the rose nearly withered. With the greatest joy she seized it ; its faded flowers began to revive ; she took farewell of all, and wished herself back at the Beast's palace. In an instant she was in her own room. As the evening drew near she anxiously looked for the Beast, but he came not. Weary she sat up all the long night, believing he certainly would come at last, but no Beast appeared. She was alarmed, and jaded with anxiety and want of rest. She passed from one room of the palace to another, from terrace to garden, and from garden to grove, calling for the Beast, but found him not. In her despair she seized the rose and wished herself in the Beast's presence. Oh ! horror ! there he lay as if dead. Beauty felt his heart still beating. The Beast uttered a groan, and looked up. His eye feebly opened, and seeing Beauty he said, " Beauty, why did you return only to see me die ? I could not have believed you would have deceived me. It was impossible to survive your absence ; but I am happy to see you once again before I die."



HCH

E. DALZIEL.

“Oh ! Beast ! do not die ! what can I do to save you ? ”

“Will you marry me ! ” faintly murmured the Beast.

“Willingly, to save your life ! ” answered Beauty eagerly.

The Beast seemed to revive, and said timidly, “But not otherwise, Beauty ? ”

“Yes ! yes ! ” replied Beauty, covering her face.

The Beast had disappeared, and she saw at her feet one of the loveliest Princes that eyes had ever beheld. Loudly roared the cannon amidst the sounds of the trumpets and timbrels, and all the palace seemed suddenly peopled with bustling crowds engaged in festivity.

The Prince took Beauty’s arm, and led her into the Palace ; where, to Beauty’s surprise, she found her father, but not her sisters. They were changed into stone statues, so to remain until they had reformed themselves.

The Prince and Beauty were married, and lived to a good old age in great happiness. The Prince explained to Beauty how he had been changed into a Beast by a spiteful faëry, to be so until some one would consent to marry him in his frightful form ; and how a good faëry had given him a magic rose-tree, telling him it would be the means of releasing him from his enchantment.

THE END.





JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

IN a small village, at some distance from London, lived a poor widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. He delighted in scrambling along the steepest and most inaccessible parts of the rocks and cliffs, in search of birds' eggs, or anything else which caught his fancy or his eye; he cared not a rush for tumbles or disasters of any kind. He would climb to the top of one of the highest trees overhanging some steep precipice, and, lying along the swinging branches, wave his hat above his head, and scream with delight. All the boys in the neighbourhood acknowledged him as their leader in all feats of dexterity and daring. Many a time he got into sad disgrace for enticing them from their work to follow him over hill and dale, through brooks and hedges, in some wild freak or other.

But it was very idle of Jack to spend all his time in fun and frolic; he would not work or do anything useful, by which he might assist his mother in earning money to buy them food and clothing. This was partly owing to the foolish manner in which his mother had brought him up, for she had not courage or good sense to make him do anything which was disagreeable to him: she was so foolishly fond of him, that she only thought of the present moment, and as she liked to see him look smiling and happy, she did not

consider what would be the consequence, when he became a man, of the idleness in which she now indulged him ; or how miserable and unhappy an idle, useless person always becomes.

As Jack grew older, and cost more money than he used to do when he was a little child, his mother became poorer every year, so that she was obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another, until she had little else remaining in her house except her bed, a table, and a couple of chairs.

She had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. It supplied them with milk and butter, which she used to carry to market to sell, after setting aside a small quantity for their own use.

But now the time had arrived when she must part with that too ; and as, with tears in her eyes, she brought out the cow to feed it for the last time, before Jack should drive it to market, she could not forbear reproaching him, and saying, " Ah ! my child, if you had not been so idle, and had worked ever so little to help me, we need not have sold my poor Brindle. But now it must be sold. It is a great grief to me to part with her ; take her, Jack, and be sure that you make the best bargain you can ; she is a famous cow, and ought to fetch us a good round sum."

Jack, too, felt very sorry to part with poor Brindle ; so he walked along rather sadly for some time, driving the cow before him : by degrees he forgot his grief, and then began to whistle, and loiter to pick blackberries. On the road he met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought very pretty, and which he thought he should like to have to play with ; they were speckled, and Jack could not take his eyes off them.

The butcher, who was a bit of a rogue, saw how eagerly

Jack eyed his Beans, and said, "Do you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "I do."

"Well," said the butcher, "I will buy her of you, if you like, which will save you the trouble of driving her any farther; and as you seem to have taken such a fancy to these Beans, I will give you the whole hat-full, in exchange for your cow."

Jack was delighted, he seized the hat, and ran back to his mother. His mother had so constantly given him whatever he wished for, that he now always expected every whim to be gratified; and he had become so selfish that he thought of no one but himself. In this instance, he only thought of the pleasure of possessing the Beans, and never once thought of the distress his mother would feel when he should return without the money which she so much needed. "What! back so soon, Jack?" said his mother to herself, when she saw him running towards her,—“then I guess you have had good luck;” and she called out as he came towards her, "What luck, Jack? what luck?"

Jack was too much out of breath to answer; but as he ran forward heedlessly, his foot slipped, and he fell at his mother's feet, while the Beans rolled out of the hat, and covered the ground.

"Jack, Jack!" said his mother, "why are you so careless? Get up and give me the money;" and she held out her hand to assist him to rise: but Jack, without answering, turned over on his hands and knees, and began to pick up the Beans.

"What signify the Beans?" said his mother impatiently, "get up and give me the money."

Jack's tumble had sobered him a little, and when he heard his mother ask for the money so impatiently, he felt

afraid to speak, and the colour rose to his cheeks as he thought that perhaps his mother would not like his bargain; however, he soon shook off these thoughts, and called out in his usual reckless way, "It's of no use to fret, mother, but I haven't brought you any money."

"Not brought me any money!" said his mother, distractedly; "why, Jack, you cannot mean it. Then where is my cow?"

"Sold, mother; and see what I have got for it," and he offered the hat of Beans to his mother. His mother sobbed as if her heart would break; and saying, "Of what use are these foolish beans?" she opened the window, and threw them all out into the garden.

Jack burst into tears, and went to bed with a sad heart, feeling at last very sorry for his folly, and wishing that he could do something to comfort his mother and earn some money for her. At last he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the room had an unusual look about it. He hardly knew if it was morning yet: some little random gleams of sunshine played upon the wall, though the room seemed generally shadowed. He sprang out of bed, and walked to the window, and found, to his great astonishment, that one of the Beans which his mother had thrown out into the garden had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds, and he could not see where it ended. The stalks were so closely entwined that he thought he could easily climb up, and he felt a very strong desire to do so, and to see what was at the top. He scrambled on his clothes, and was in such a hurry that he forgot to put his stockings on. He crept softly down stairs, in order that he should not disturb his mother so early, and he quietly lifted the latch of the cottage-door.

The morning air was cool and fresh, and Jack felt full

of spirits and eagerness to mount the Beanstalk. He put his foot on a branch and found that it would bear him—then he tried another—then another—“It will bear me, I find,” exclaimed Jack. “So here goes.” And he tore off his cloak and flung it down, lest it should be in his way.

Up! up! up! he goes, climbing as nimbly as a squirrel. He put forth all his strength, and got on famously. After some time he rested, and, looking down, could only just see his mother’s cottage, but he could see the spires of many churches a long way off. Up! up! again he goes—the Beanstalk seemed to get steeper and steeper, yet he did not reach the top. Jack’s heart begins to beat more quickly, and his breath gets shorter. His legs and arms tremble, and his foot often slips. Jack began to despair, and thought he could go no farther; but after resting for a short time he resolved not to lose his courage, so he again put forth his strength, and at last he reached the very top. He fell down on the ground quite exhausted. He lay in this state some minutes, when he raised himself to look about him. Everything looked so dreary and gloomy that he became quite melancholy, and began to wish heartily that he was back again with his mother.

He was exceedingly hungry as well as fatigued. At last he fell asleep, and all at once he seemed to be carried through the air, until he came to a beautiful garden, where he was placed on a bed of the softest moss; he looked around in surprise, and began to wonder to whom this beautiful place belonged, when hearing a rustling noise, he looked up, and beheld, floating in the air, a slight but beautiful creature, in robes of lily white, spangled with gold, which looked like glistening stars. A long train floated behind her, richly fringed with gold and pearls, and supported by two beautiful little cherubs; her golden pinions

struck the air, and her long flowing hair, crowned with roses, danced in the sunshine. As she came near, she seemed to smile sweetly upon Jack, and at last alighting on a rosebud which grew near, she turned to him, and said in a silvery-toned voice, "If thou art wise, look and learn."

She waved her wand, and Jack saw a magnificent house, in the hall of which he could perceive a crowd of poor people, to whom the master of the house was distributing money, clothes, and food; there was a lady, too, with a baby in her arms. The fairy again waved her wand, and Jack saw an enormous Giant advance to the door; he was welcomed like the rest, and feasted with all manner of dainties. The fairy waved her wand a third time; all became dark, as if night had set in, and Jack saw the Giant stalk stealthily to the room where his host lay, and with one blow of his club lay him lifeless before him. The fairy waved her wand once more, and Jack saw the lady, whom he now perceived to resemble his own mother, rush out of the house, with her baby in her arms, and run as fast as if her feet were winged, whilst the Giant loaded himself with bags of money, a golden hen, a beautiful harp, and everything that was valuable, and then set fire to the house.

All vanished: Jack started, and, opening his eyes, found that the daylight was nearly gone; he felt stiff and almost famished with hunger; looking round the plain, he saw a large house as far off as he could see. He crawled on until he came to the door, at which he knocked.

The door was opened by a timid-looking woman, who started when she saw him, and cried out, "Oh, fly, fly, poor boy, before my husband comes back; do you not know that he is a cruel Giant, and that if he find you here, he will eat you up? Run child, run quick!" and the woman pushed him away gently but earnestly. Jack looked at her

with curiosity ; her face was frightfully pale and thin ; her cheekbones projected, while her eyes were sunken and hollow : she stooped, and her head drooped like that of a person who lives in constant fear and dread. Jack shuddered, but there was a kind, pitying look about her, which made him determine not to give up the point.

“I cannot run away,” said he, “because I am quite tired out with a long day’s journey, and I have had nothing to eat all day ; pray, pray, good woman, let me in : you may put me anywhere, if you will but give me some supper and a place to sleep in. There is no other house to be seen, and it is almost dark ; pray, good mother, take me in,” said Jack, taking hold of her gown and looking in her face entreatingly. “I cannot go any farther to-night, indeed I cannot.”

The woman, who was very kind-hearted, saw how tired Jack looked, and how sore and swollen his feet were ; she therefore told him, though very reluctantly, that she would do the best she could for him. She brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread and meat, and a fine foaming jug of ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed : he watched the woman, who was basting an enormous ox roasting before the fire, and Jack was just thinking what a large appetite the Giant must have, when the woman suddenly stopped and listened ; she started, and saying, “My husband ! quick, quick ! he comes—he comes !” she opened the door of the oven and bid Jack jump in : but before she could shut it close, the knocker fell with a noise that made Jack’s heart leap in his bosom : he could feel the whole house rock as knock succeeded knock—louder and yet louder ; for the poor woman could not open the door until she had hastily swept the remains of Jack’s dinner into her apron, and thrown

them at the bottom of the cupboard. At last she went, trembling in every limb, to open the door.

"How dost thou dare keep me waiting at the door?" bellowed the Giant in a voice of thunder; "I have a great mind to grind thy bones to flour! Woman, tell me what mischief thou wast brewing whilst I was away."

He raised his club to give her a blow, which she avoided by falling suddenly on her knees before him; she escaped the blow, but the wind which it caused threw her prostrate on the floor. She raised herself on her knees again, and with many tears entreated his mercy, saying that she was so busy about his dinner, that she did not think it was time for him to come back.

The Giant listened for an instant, and then snuffing up the air and striking his club with force against the ground, cried out, as he gnashed his teeth, and darted fire from his eyes:

"Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I smell the smell of earthly men."

Jack trembled in his hiding-place; his heart beat so violently that he thought he should be suffocated, as he listened for the poor woman's answer.

"Oh no," said the wife, trembling more and more, "the hide of the ox smells very fresh, which I threw out before it was cold." The Giant was both tired and hungry, so that when he turned to the fire, towards which his wife pointed, and saw the fine fat ox, his passion cooled a little, and he demanded, in an angry voice, what she had got so wonderful for his dinner, to keep him waiting at the door for it. The poor woman, who now began to breathe more freely, answered that she would show him soon. Then she

made haste to set before him an immense barrel of strong ale ; he seized it greedily, and, putting the bung-hole to his mouth, drained it to the bottom, whilst she placed upon the table a tub of soup. This was followed by eight fine salmon, which were quickly eaten ; then came an ox, then a sheep, then a sucking-pig ; then the wife brought in a fine fat buck. As the Giant struck his great knife into the white muscle of the haunch, his mouth seemed to water again. There was a basket of loaves, and, to crown all, a hasty-pudding full of plums ; and so large was it, that if all the children you know had sat down to it, they could not have finished it at a meal. She then rolled in two more barrels of ale, and three of mead, the sight of which so delighted the greedy Giant, that he quite forgot his anger. With eager looks and gaping mouth he swallowed the contents of one dish after another, laughing hideously and crying out, " Oh, rare wife, what next, what next ? " until he became so stupefied that he could go on no longer.

When Jack had recovered a little from his fright, he ventured to open the door of the oven very gently, in order to get a peep at the Giant, but he was very near betraying himself, for he was so terrified, he nearly slammed the door, and could hardly help screaming out. The Giant seemed to him exactly like the one he had seen in his dream. The Giant's enormous head, which was covered with shaggy hair, just like a black bear's, seemed nearly to reach the ceiling ; his large eyes were red and swollen with excess, and seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire ; his huge mouth was tusked like that of a wild boar, and his teeth grinned fearfully, as he bolted the enormous lumps of flesh which his wife placed before him. His legs were extended so far from him that he did not seem to know where to put them ; and when Jack saw him throw back his head and brandish his

great knife as he began to eat, he shut the door, and fairly wished himself at home once more in his mother's cottage.

After the Giant could swallow no more he called out to his wife. "Wife, bring me my hen, that I may amuse myself before I go to sleep."

Jack peeped out again, and saw the wife place a hen—the same he had seen in his dream, on the table; he noticed that when the Giant said "lay," the hen laid a golden egg. The Giant repeated the word "lay" several times, until he had collected as many eggs as he wanted; he then called out with such loud merriment, that it made Jack jump even in the oven. "Ah, ah, wasn't it the best day's work I ever did, to knock out the brains of your master, my pretty hen, and get all the good things for myself?"

He soon fell asleep, and Jack, who watched him as he lay snoring and grunting in his chair, pushed open the door of the oven, and creeping out softly seized the hen off the table, and putting it under his arm, opened the door and ran off without disturbing the Giant.

Away ran Jack, scouring along the ground, till he came to the Beanstalk; he was much sooner and easier at the bottom of it now than at its top in the morning; and running to his mother, he told her all his adventure.

His mother recognised the hen to have belonged to her husband, Jack's father. The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and another house, and everything which she desired.

But Jack soon got tired of leading so easy a life; he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk once more. His mother tried to persuade him not to go; she said the Giant would surely eat him this time: "Pray be content, my dear Jack," said she, "with what you have already got."

But Jack could not rest, so he got up early the next

morning, and disguising himself that he might not be known, he climbed the Beanstalk, which it was much easier to do this time, and went straight to the Giant's house.

He knocked at the door, and when the Giant's wife opened it, he spoke in a feigned voice, and asked her for pity's sake to give him a night's lodging. He found it very difficult to persuade her; she said a youth, whom she had taken in once before, had stolen her husband's hen, and that he had never forgiven her. However, at last Jack prevailed, and she hid him in the cupboard; he could not help trembling when he heard the stalking strides of the Giant as he approached the door. He seemed more savage to his wife than before, and as he growled out,

“ Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I smell the smell of earthly men,”

he glared so fearfully upon her, that Jack felt as much afraid for her as for himself. She said, however, timidly, “ It's a piece of flesh which the crows have brought to the top of the house,” and hastened away directly to set his dinner before him. Jack peeped out of the cupboard, and saw him feed as voraciously as before.

The whole time he was eating his dinner he upbraided his wife because he had lost his hen; and this time, when he had finished his dinner, he gave her a push which sent her flying before him, and said, “ Now bring me my bags of money, that I may count them before I sleep: I suppose I shall lose them next; beware if I do!”

The woman flew up the stairs, but returned very slowly with two immense bags, which were so heavy that she could hardly carry them.

Jack peeped out and saw the Giant open one of the bags

and roll out upon the table a quantity of silver coins, which he counted twice over, and then putting them back into the bag, he tied it tightly up; he then emptied the other bag, and Jack saw that these coins were all of gold. The Giant played with them for some time, and then tying up the bag again, he said exultingly, "Wasn't it the best day's work I ever did, to knock your master's brains out, and get all the good things for myself?"

Soon after he fell asleep, and Jack came out softly and seized the bags of money; but just as he had got hold of them "Bow wow," barked a little dog belonging to the Giant's wife, most violently.

Jack felt rooted to the spot: he could move neither hand nor foot. Still the Giant continued snoring. Jack took courage, and putting the bags of money under his arm, opened the door, and ran as fast as he could; he descended the Beanstalk and was soon at his mother's door.

His mother was delighted to see him with the bags of money, which she also knew to be her husband's: but she said, "Ah, my dear Jack, in what terror I have been all day, for fear I should never see you more!"

They were now quite rich, and could buy whatever they desired, but Jack again became fidgetty and restless, and again he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk. His mother's tears and entreaties had no effect, and Jack, having first stained his face and hands with walnut juice until they were quite brown, and put on another coloured jacket, climbed up the Beanstalk a third time.

He knocked at the Giant's door, but had still more trouble than before to persuade the woman to let him in; she said that the Giant had had his money and a favourite hen stolen by some boys whom she had taken compassion on, and that he was so cross and ill-tempered, that she was



sure he would kill her if he found her out again. However, Jack begged and prayed so much that she at last let him go in, and hid him this time in the copper. The Giant came stalking in as before, and directly he set his foot in the kitchen he sniffed up the air—and looked cunningly about the room, saying very slowly,

“ Snouk but—Snouk ben,—Snouk-be-e-n,
I smell—I smell the smell of earthly men.”

But his wife said, “ It is the young kid which I have been skinning for to-morrow’s breakfast.” The giant growled fiercely, and taunting her for the loss of his hen and his money, said, “ If I lose anything more, thy life shall pay for it.”

When he had finished his dinner he said, “ Wife, bring me my harp, that it may play me to sleep.” His wife brought a very beautiful harp, which she placed on the table, and to Jack’s great astonishment, when the Giant said “ play,” the harp began to play of itself the most beautiful music imaginable.

Jack waited until the Giant was fast asleep and snoring loudly, and then crept out of the copper, and taking the harp off the table, he opened the door; but just as he was going to shut it again, the harp, which was itself a fairy, called out, “ Master! master!”

The Giant started up, but was so stupified with the quantity of dinner which he had eaten, and the ale and mead which he had drunk, that it was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but he could not walk straight, so that Jack, who ran very nimbly, got to the top of the Beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great

was his horror to see the huge hand of the Giant stretched down to seize him by the hair of his head ! He was so terrified, that his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head ; he slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk hardly knowing how, and seeing the Giant just putting his feet over the top as if he were coming down too, he called out, " Quick, mother, dear mother ! A hatchet, a hatchet ! "

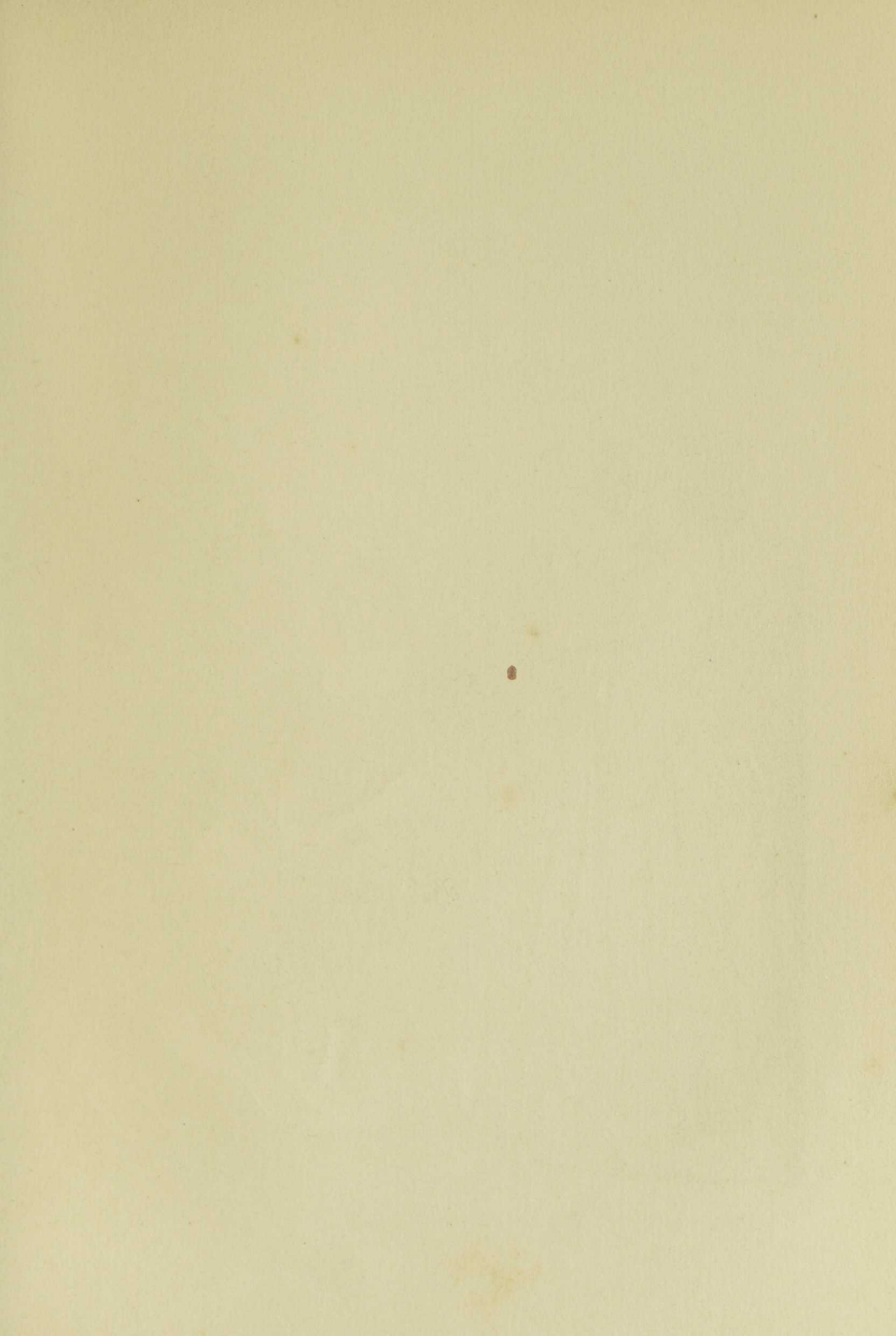
His mother heard his voice and ran out directly with a hatchet. Jack seized the hatchet, and began to chop away at the trunk of the Beanstalk : when he had chopped it quite through, down it fell, bringing along with it the enormous Giant. He fell so heavily that he was killed in the fall, and lay on the ground like some huge mountain. Jack cut off his head.

That night, as Jack was asleep in his bed, the fairy appeared again, and said : " Now, my dear Jack, you may take possession of all your father's property again, as I see that you will make a good use of it, and become a useful and good man. It was I who made the Beanstalk grow to such an astonishing height, in order to see whether you would have the courage to mount it. If you had remained as idle and lazy as you once were, I should not have exerted my power to help you to recover your property, and enable you to take care of your mother in her old age. I trust that you will make as good a use of it as your father once did : and now farewell. "

What became of the Giant's house, or his wife, or the country at the top of the Beanstalk, I have never been able to learn.

The End of Jack and the Beanstalk.









CINDERELLA,

OR

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

MANY ages since, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely little daughter. When this child was only nine years of age, her mother fell sick. Finding her death coming on, she called her child to her and said to her, "My child, always be good; bear everything that happens to you with patience, and whatever evil and troubles you may suffer, you will be happy in the end if you are so." Then the poor lady died, and her daughter was full of great grief at the loss of a mother so good and kind.

The father too was unhappy, but he sought to get rid of his sorrow by marrying another wife, and he looked out for some prudent lady who might be a second mother to his child, and a companion to himself. His choice fell on a widow lady, of a proud and tyrannical temper, who had two daughters by a former marriage, both as haughty and bad-tempered as their mother.

This woman had the cunning to conceal her bad qualities

so well, that she appeared to be very amiable ; but the marriage was scarcely over, when her real character showed itself. She slighted her husband, quarrelled with her servants, and treated his sweet little motherless girl with great harshness. The father, who loved his daughter dearly, remonstrated against the cruelty of his wife's behaviour ; but it only made her worse ; he fell into low spirits, which brought him to a premature grave.

After the death of her father, the young orphan found her hardships greatly increased. Whatever she did, wherever she went, in doors or out, whenever she was in the presence either of her step-mother or her daughters, she was sure of being scolded. They made her rise before daylight and do all the hardest and meanest work about the kitchen ; light the fires, assist the servants in scouring the saucepans, wash the dishes, and clean out the rooms in which her step-mother and sisters lived, which were all furnished with elegance. At night, whilst her sisters lay on soft couches, with silken curtains around them in large handsome rooms, this poor little girl was forced to sleep in a low garret on a straw bed without curtains, and she had not even clothes enough to protect her from the cold and draughts of air which pierced through the thin walls of her chamber.

Although so barbarously used, the sweet-tempered child went through all this cruelty without repining. The only warm place in the house where she was free from persecution was in the roomy chimney-corner ; and there, when her work was done, she would sit down among the cinders, which made the family call her Cinder-wench. However, the



younger of the two sisters, thinking this name vulgar, gave her that of Cinderella, as sounding finer, and this continued always to be her name. Notwithstanding all the hardships she endured, Cinderella grew up every day more beautiful, and beloved by every one except her step-mother and sisters. Whilst they, owing to their sourness of temper and cruelty, were disliked, and their characters marked their features with ugliness.

About this time, the king of the land held a feast which was to last two days, and from among those who came to it, the king's son was to choose a bride for himself. All the nobility and gentry of the kingdom were invited; and, among others, Cinderella's two sisters; but poor Cinderella, whom no one knew anything of, was not invited.

The two haughty creatures, full of delight with the thoughts of being at a ball given by the king's son, began to prepare their dresses for the grand occasion. They would often call up Cinderella, and say to her, "You shall comb our hair, then wash, plait, and iron all our fineries." They would do nothing but talk of the fine ball, and how they were to be dressed. "I," said the eldest, "will put on my scarlet velvet, with the rich French lace." "And I," said the youngest, "will wear a green velvet dress, with my gold muslin train. This, with diamonds in my hair, will certainly look quite enchanting."

These young ladies were so taken up with the looking-glasses and the ball, that they hardly ate anything for two days, and they broke more than a dozen stay-laces in trying to give themselves a slender shape.

On the morning of the ball, the court hair-dresser was sent for, and the most becoming and fanciful ornaments were sought from almost every fashionable shop in the city. But no one had so much good taste in dressing as Cinderella, and her sisters did not scruple to beg her to assist them.

With the greatest kindness and sweetness of manner Cinderella forgot all the harsh treatment, and did her best to make her sisters look as well and as beautiful as she was able. Yet, in the midst of all this good nature, the ungrateful creatures could not refrain from taunting Cinderella, and asking her if she would like to go to the ball. "Ah!" said Cinderella, "you are making game of me; I have no clothes." "You are right," said they, "the folks would laugh, indeed, were they to see a cinder-wench like you in the ball-room!"

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and these proud misses stepped into the carriage, and drove away to the palace.

Cinderella looked after the coach as far as she could see, and then returned to the kitchen in tears; where, for the first time, she bewailed her hard and cruel degradation. She continued sobbing in the corner of the chimney, until a rapping at the kitchen-door roused her, and she got up to see what had occasioned it. She found a little old beggar-woman hobbling on crutches, who besought her to give her some food. "I have only part of my own supper for you, Goody, which is no better than a dry crust. But if you like to step in and warm yourself, you can do so, and welcome." "Thank you, my dear," said the old woman in a feeble, croaking voice. She then hobbled in and took her seat by the fire.

“Hey ! deeree me ! what are all these tears, my child ?” said the old woman. And then Cinderella told the old woman all her griefs ; how her sisters had gone to the ball, and how she wished to go too, but had no clothes, or means to do so.

“But you *shall* go, my darling,” said the old woman, “or I am not Queen of the Faeries or your Godmother. Dry up your tears like a good god-daughter and do as I bid you, and you shall have clothes and horses finer than any one.”

Cinderella had heard her father often talk of her godmother, and tell her that she was one of those good faeries who protect children. Her spirits revived, and she wiped away her tears.

The faery took Cinderella by the hand, and said, “Now, my dear, go into the garden and fetch me a pumpkin.” Cinderella bounded lightly to execute her commands, and returned with one of the finest and largest pumpkins she could meet with. It was as big as a beer-barrel, and Cinderella trundled it into the kitchen, wondering what her godmother would do with it. Her godmother took the pumpkin, and scooped out the inside of it, leaving nothing but rind ; she then struck it with her wand, and it instantly became one of the most elegant gilt carriages eyes ever beheld.

She next sent Cinderella into the pantry for the mouse-trap, bidding her bring six little mice alive which she would find in the trap. Cinderella hastened to the pantry, and there found the mice as the faery had said, which she brought to the old lady, who told her to lift up the door of the trap but

a little way and very gently, so that only one of the mice might go out at a time.

Cinderella raised the mouse-trap door, and as the mice came out one by one, the old woman touched them with her wand, and transformed them into fine prancing black carriage-horses with long manes and tails, which were tied up with light blue ribbons.

“Now, my dear good child,” said the faery, “here you have a coach and horses, much handsomer than your sisters’, to say the least of them; but as we have neither a postilion nor a coachman to take care of them, run quickly to the stable, where the rat-trap is placed, and bring it to me.”

Cinderella was full of joy, and did not lose a moment; and soon returned with the trap, in which there were two fine large rats. These two were touched with the wand, and immediately the one was changed into a smart postilion, and the other into a jolly-looking coachman in full finery.

Her godmother then said, “My dear Cinderella, you must go to the garden again, before I can complete your equipage; when you get there, keep to the right side, and close to the wall you will see the watering-pot standing; look behind it, and there you will find six lizards, which you must bring to me immediately.”

Cinderella hastened to the garden as she was desired, and found the six lizards, which she put into her apron and brought to the faery. Another touch of the wonderful wand soon converted them into six spruce footmen, in dashing liveries, with powdered hair and pigtails, three-cornered cocked hats, and gold-headed canes, who immediately jumped

up behind the carriage as nimbly as if they had been footmen and nothing else all their lives.

The coachman and postilion having likewise taken their places, the faery said to Cinderella, "Well, my dear girl, is not this as fine an equipage as you could desire to go to the ball with? Tell me, now, are you pleased with it?"

"O yes, dear godmother," replied Cinderella; and then, with a good deal of hesitation, added, "but how can I make my appearance among so many finely dressed people in these mean-looking clothes?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that, my dear, the most laborious part of our task is already accomplished, and it will be hard if I cannot make your dress correspond with your coach and servants."

On saying this, the old woman touched Cinderella with the magic wand, and her clothes were instantly changed into a most magnificent ball dress, ornamented with the most costly jewels. The faery took from her pocket a beautiful pair of elastic glass slippers, which she caused Cinderella to put on, and then desired her to get into the carriage with all expedition, as the ball had already commenced.

Two footmen opened the carriage-door, and assisted the now beautifully dressed Cinderella into it. Her godmother, before she took leave, strictly charged her, on no account whatever, to stay at the ball after the clock had struck twelve; and then added, that if she stopped but a single moment beyond that time, her fine coach, horses, coachman, postilion, and footmen, and fine apparel, would all return to

their original shapes of pumpkin, mice, rats, lizards, and mean-looking clothes.

Cinderella promised faithfully to attend to everything that the faery had mentioned; and then, quite overjoyed, gave the direction to the footman, who bawled out in a loud and commanding tone to the coachman, "To the Royal Palace." The coachman touched his prancing horses lightly with his whip, and swiftly the carriage started off, and in a short time reached the palace.

The arrival of so splendid an equipage as Cinderella's could not fail to attract general notice at the palace gates, and as it drove up to the marble portico, the servants in great numbers came out to see it. Information was quickly taken to the king's son, that a beautiful young lady, evidently some princess, was in waiting. His Royal Highness hastened to the door, welcomed Cinderella, and handed her out of the carriage. He then led her gracefully into the ball-room.

When Cinderella made her appearance the music was hushed, and the dancing suspended for a few minutes—the company seemed to be struck dumb with admiration, and every one gazed in silence at the beauty and magnificence of this elegant stranger.

Then they began in whispers to express their admiration. "What a lovely creature!—so fair!—so beautiful!—what a handsome figure!—how elegantly she is dressed!" Even the prince's father, old as he was, could not behold her with indifference, but wiped his eye-glass and used it very much, and said very often to the queen, that he had never seen so

sweet a being. The ladies even forgot their partners to observe how her clothes were made, that they might be able to describe them to their dress-makers, and, if possible, to order something similar to be got ready for the next evening's ball.

The king's son handed Cinderella to one of the most distinguished seats on the daïs at the top of the Hall, and begged she would allow him to hand her some refreshments. Cinderella received them with great grace. When this was over, the prince requested to have the honour of dancing with her. Cinderella smiled consent; and the delighted prince immediately led her out to the head of the dance, just about to commence. The eyes of the whole company were fixed upon the beautiful pair.

The trumpets sounded and the music struck up, and the dance commenced; but if Cinderella's beauty, elegant figure, and the splendour of her dress had before drawn the attention of the whole room, the astonishment at her dancing was still greater. Gracefulness seemed to play in all her motions, the airy lightness with which she floated along—as buoyant as thistle-down—drew forth a general murmur of admiration. The hall rang with the loudest acclamations of applause, and the company, all in one voice, pronounced her the most elegant creature that had ever been seen. And this was the little girl who had passed a great part of her life in the kitchen, and had always been called a “Cinder-wench.”

When the dance was ended, a magnificent feast was served up, consisting of all delicacies: so much was the young prince engaged with Cinderella, that he did not eat one morsel of the supper.

Cinderella drew near her sisters, and frequently spoke to them ; and in her goodness of heart, she offered them the delicacies which she had received from the prince : but they did not know she was their sister.

As soon as Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, she immediately arose, took a hurried leave, and returned safely home in her carriage.

On entering the house she found her godmother waiting, and she related to her all that had taken place at the ball, thanking her a thousand times for the pleasure she had enjoyed. She then told the faery that there was to be another ball on the following evening, to which the prince had given her a very pressing invitation ; and she modestly asked to be present again.

Her godmother promised to gratify her wishes. She then passed her wand over the coach, horses, and the servants, and they all disappeared. It was scarcely done when a loud knocking announced the arrival of her sisters.

Cinderella opened the door for them, rubbing her eyes, and yawning said, “ Oh dear, how late you have stopped ! I thought you would never have come home.”

“ Had you been at the ball,” said one of the sisters, “ you would not have been so sleepy : for the most beautiful princess ever beheld came there ; she paid us more attention than any one else in the company, and gave us a part of the nice things the prince presented to her.”

It was with difficulty that Cinderella could refrain from laughing ; but she concealed her mirth, and asked what was the name of the princess. The sisters replied, that nobody



knew her, and that the young prince being very anxious to learn, had offered a large reward to any person who would satisfy his curiosity.

Cinderella said with a smile, "How very beautiful she must be! and how fortunate you were in seeing her! O, if I could only get one peep at her! Dear Miss Charlotte, will you lend me one of your gowns, that I may go to the next ball and get a sight of this beautiful lady?"

"Do you really think I am so mad as to lend my gowns to a cinder-wench? No, I am not such a goose; so mind your own business, and leave balls to your betters."

Next evening the two sisters went again to the ball. After their departure the good old godmother appeared, and presently afterwards came the carriage. Cinderella soon followed to the palace, but dressed in a far more magnificent style than before. The prince was quite delighted to see her again; he did not leave her, but either danced with her or sat by her side the whole evening.

Cinderella was so much taken up with the dancing and with the young prince, that the time passed away before she was aware. In the midst of the dance the clock struck. Cinderella counted the sounds, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,—she thought it could only be eleven—eleven struck—then *twelve*. The order of her godmother came instantly to her mind. Alarmed, she sprang from her seat, and almost flew out of the ball-room.

The prince, wondering, followed, but could not overtake her. Cinderella, in the hurry, dropped one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up.

Fatigued and breathless, Cinderella reached home in her old clothing, without coach, attendants, or any of her grandeur, except the remaining glass slipper.

The prince, who lost sight of Cinderella when he stopped to pick up the slipper, inquired of all the guards if they had seen a magnificent princess pass through the palace gates; but they said, that no person whatever had gone out, except a poor beggar-looking girl.

When her sisters came home, Cinderella inquired if they had been as well amused as at the former ball, and if the beautiful princess had been there. They said she had; but, as soon as the clock had struck twelve, she rushed out of the ball-room, and in her haste had dropped one of her finely shaped glass slippers; then they related to Cinderella, that the king's son having found the slipper, did nothing but admire it during the remainder of the ball, and every one in the ball-room said that he was violently in love with the beautiful princess.

Then the prince became very anxious to know where the princess was, and who owned the glass slipper. He sent his heralds and criers to make proclamation throughout the city, that he would marry the lady whom the slipper fitted: you could not pass anywhere without reading the proclamation. Every wall was placarded with notices about the princess and the glass slipper. It was the talk of the town. The prince sent one of the principal officers of the household to all the ladies of his court. The slipper was first carried to the princesses and duchesses, and then to the ladies of inferior rank; but no one whose foot it would fit could be

found. Then the prince ordered the slipper to be carried round to the other ladies of his dominions, and it was at last brought to the two sisters. First, the eldest tried to get it on her foot, but her toes were much too large and clumsy. She pulled and pushed, but to no purpose. Hot and angry, she was obliged to give it up. Then the second took it; she got her toes in, but her foot was much too long, and her heel would not go in by at least two inches. Every shoe-horn in the house was tried. She stamped, and at last lost all her patience and her temper.

Cinderella, who was present during the trial, knowing her slipper, said with a smile, "Pray, sir, may I be allowed to try it on?" The two sisters burst out in laughter, and said rudely, "Very likely, indeed, that it will fit your clumsy foot!" and they turned up their noses with great disdain and contempt. But the herald, who had orders to try it on every one who pleased, gave it to Cinderella. She, sitting down on a chair, put it on her foot with the greatest ease. The two sisters were astonished at seeing it fit so very exactly; but they were much more astonished when she pulled the fellow glass slipper from her pocket and put it on likewise. At that moment the faery entered, and, touching Cinderella with her wand, changed her poor clothes into a more magnificent dress than she had yet appeared in.

When the sisters found that poor Cinderella was the beautiful princess, they fell on their knees, and besought pardon for their cruelty and unkindness. Cinderella freely forgave them. Then the officer conducted her to the prince, who at once asked her to marry him.

Cinderella gave her consent, and the ceremony took place a few days afterwards, with great pomp and rejoicing. The amiable qualities of Cinderella were as conspicuous after as they had been before marriage. She was most happy in the love of her husband, the esteem of the court, and the goodwill of all who knew her.

THE END OF CINDERELLA.



THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay :

The Modern Ballad

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

Their hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here.

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."

With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweed :"

" O cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
" And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland nor in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said, “ We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

“ Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.



Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."

"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on.

You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good,
As valiant captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound :
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground :

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might :
Like lions wild, they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said :

“In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,

“Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was born.”

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these :

“Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight among the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear :
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.



So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goosewing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy, there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail :
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away :
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain :

"O heavy news," King James did say,
"Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledown ;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown :
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.
God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE END.





SIR HORNBOOK.

I.

O'ER bush and brier Childe LAUNCELOT sprung
With ardent hopes elate,
And loudly blew the horn that hung
Before Sir HORNBOOK's gate.

The inner portals opened wide,
And forward strode the chief,
Arrayed in paper helmet's pride,
And arms of golden leaf.

"What means," he cried, "this daring noise,
That wakes the summer day?
I hate all idle truant boys:
Away, Sir CHILDE, away!"

Sir Hornbook.

“No idle truant boy am I,”

Childe LAUNCELOT answered straight ;

“Resolved to climb this hill so high,

I seek thy castle gate.

“Behold the talisman I bear,

And aid my bold design :”

Sir HORNBOOK gazed, and written there,

Knew EMULATION’s sign.

“If EMULATION sent thee here,”

Sir Hornbook quick replied,

“My merry men all shall soon appear,

To aid thy cause with shield and spear,

And I will head thy bold career,

And prove thy faithful guide.”

Loud rung the chains ; the drawbridge fell ;

The gates asunder flew ;

The knight thrice beat the portal bell,

And thrice he called “HALLOO.”

Sir Hornbook.

And out, and out, in hasty rout,
By ones, twos, threes, and fours ;
His merry men rushed the walls without,
And stood before the doors.

II.

Full six and twenty men were they,
In line of battle spread :
The first that came was mighty A,
The last was little Z.

Six VOCAL men Sir HORNBOOK had,¹
Four DOUBLE men to boot,²
And four were LIQUIDS soft and sad,³
And all the rest were MUTE.⁴

¹ Of these are vowels, a. e. i. o. u. y.

² Four are double letters, j. w. x. z.

³ Four are liquids, l. m. n. r.

⁴ And twelve are mutes, b. c. d. f. g. h. k. p. q. s. t. v.

Sir Hornbook.

He called his *Corporal* SYLLABLE,
To range the scatter'd throng ;
And *Captain* WORD disposed them well
In bands compact and strong.

“ Now mark, Sir CHILDE,” Sir HORNBOOK said,
“ These well-compacted powers
Shall lead thy vent'rous steps to tread
Through all the Muses' bowers.

“ If rightly thou thyself address,
To use their proffer'd aid :
Still unallured by idleness,
By labour undismay'd ;

“ For many troubles intervene,
And perils widely spread,
Around the groves of evergreen,
That crown this mountain's head :
But rich reward he finds, I ween,
Who through them all has sped.”

Sir Hornbook.

Childe LAUNCELOT felt his bosom glow
At thought of noble deed ;
Resolved through every path to go,
Where that bold knight should lead.

Sir HORNBOOK wound his bugle horn,
Full long, and loud, and shrill ;
His merry men all, for conquest born,
With armour glittering to the morn,
Went marching up the hill.

III.

“What men are you beside the way ?”
The bold Sir HORNBOOK cried :
“My name is *The*, my brother’s *A*,”
Sir ARTICLE replied.⁵

⁵ There are two ARTICLES, THE, definite ; A or AN, indefinite. The *indefinite* article is used generally and indeterminately to point out one single thing of a kind : as, “*There is A dog ;*” “*Give me AN orange.*” The *definite* article defines and specifies particular objects : as, “*Those are THE men ;*” “*Give me THE book.*”

Sir Hornbook.

“ My brother’s home is any where,
At large and undefined ;
But I a preference ever bear
For one fix’d spot, and settle there ;
Which speaks my constant mind.”

“ What ho ! Childe LAUNCELOT ! seize them there,
And look you have them sure !”
Sir HORNBOOK cried, “ my men shall bear
Your captives off secure.”

The twain were seized : Sir HORNBOOK blew
His bugle loud and shrill :
His merry men all, so stout and true,
Went marching up the hill.

IV.

And now a wider space they gained,
A steeper, harder ground,
Where by one ample wall contained,
All earthly *things* they found :⁶

All *beings*, rich, poor, weak, or wise,
Were there, full strange to see,
And *attributes* and *qualities*
Of high and low degree.

⁶ A NOUN is the name of whatsoever *thing* or *being* we see or discourse of. Nouns are of two kinds, SUBSTANTIVES and ADJECTIVES. A noun SUBSTANTIVE declares its own meaning, and requires not another word to be joined with it to show its signification ; as, *man*, *book*, *apple*. A noun ADJECTIVE cannot *stand alone*, but always requires to be joined with a substantive, of which it shows the nature or quality, as, “ *a GOOD girl*,” “ *a NAUGHTY boy*.”

Sir Hornbook.

Before the circle stood a knight,
Sir SUBSTANTIVE his name,
With ADJECTIVE, his lady bright,
Who *seemed* a portly dame ;

Yet only *seemed* ; for whensoe'er
She strove to *stand alone*,
She proved no more than smoke and air,
Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm
She clung for evermore,
And lent him many a grace and charm
He had not known before ;

Yet these the knight felt well advised,
He might have done without ;
For lightly foreign help he prized,
He was so staunch and stout.

Five sons had they, their dear delight,
Of different forms and faces ;

Sir Hornbook.

And *two* of them were NUMBERS bright,⁷
And *three* they christened CASES.

Now loudly rung Sir HORNBOOK's horn ;
Childe LAUNCELOT poised his spear ;
And on they rushed, to conquest borne,
In swift and full career.

Sir SUBSTANTIVE kicked down the wall :
It fell with furious rattle :
And earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Rushed forth to join the battle.

But earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Though mixed in boundless plenty,
Must one by one dissolving fall
To HORNBOOK's six-and-twenty.

Childe LAUNCELOT won the arduous fray,
And, when they ceased from strife,

⁷ Nouns have two NUMBERS, singular and plural :—and three CASE, nominative, possessive, and objective.

Sir Hornbook.

Led stout Sir SUBSTANTIVE away,
His children, and his wife.

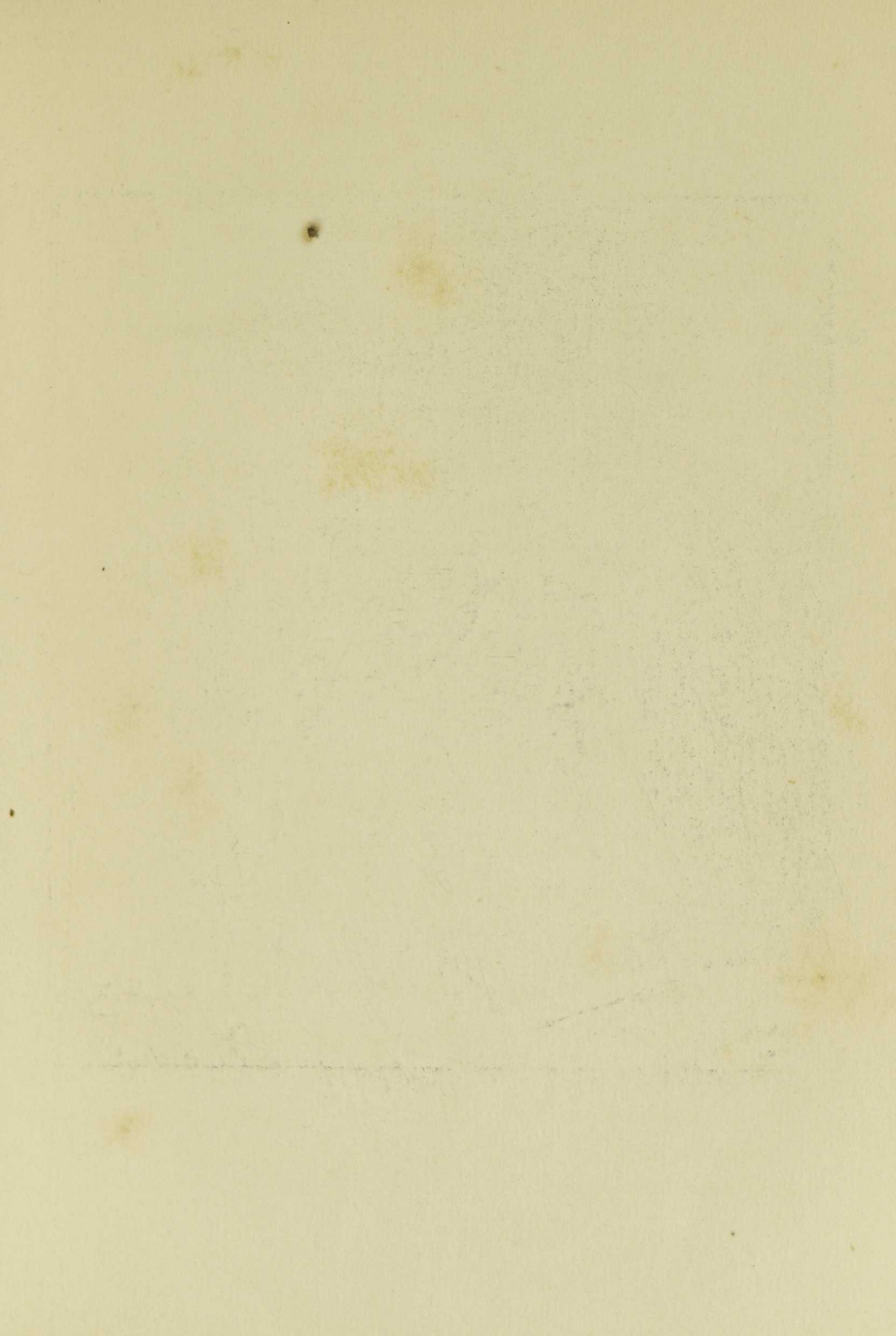
Sir HORNBOOK wound his horn again,
Full long, and loud, and shrill :
His merry men all, a warlike train,
Went marching up the hill.

V.

Now when Sir PRONOUN look'd abroad,⁸
And spied the coming train,
He left his fort beside the road,
And ran with might and main.

Two cloth-yard shafts from I and U,
Went forth with whizzing sound :

⁸ A PRONOUN is used instead of a noun, and may be considered its *locum tenens*, or deputy: as, "*The King is gone to Windsor, HE will return to-morrow.*"





Sir Hornbook.

Like lightning sped the arrows true,
Sir PRONOUN pressed the ground :
But darts of science ever flew
To conquer, not to wound.

His fear was great : his hurt was small :
Childe LAUNCELOT took his hand :—
“Sir KNIGHT,” said he, “though doomed to fall
Before my conquering band,

“Yet knightly treatment shall you find,
On faith of cavalier :
Then join Sir SUBSTANTIVE behind,
And follow our career.”

Sir SUBSTANTIVE, that man of might,
Felt knightly anger rise ;
For he had marked Sir PRONOUN's flight
With no approving eyes.

“Great SUBSTANTIVE, my sovereign liege !”
Thus sad Sir PRONOUN cried,

Sir Hornbook.

“ When you had fallen in furious siege,
Could I the shock abide ? ”

“ That all resistance would be vain,
Too well, alas ! I knew :
For what could I, when you were ta'en,
Your poor *lieutenant*, do ? ”

Then louder rung Sir HORNBOOK's horn,
In signals loud and shrill ;
His merry men all, for conquest born,
Went marching up the hill.

VI.

Now steeper grew the rising ground,
And rougher grew the road,
As up the steep ascent they wound
To bold Sir VERB's abode.⁹

Sir VERB was old, and many a year,
All scenes and climates seeing,
Had run a wild and strange career
Through every mode of being.

And every aspect, shape, and change
Of *action*, and of *passion* :
And known to him was all the range
Of feeling, taste, and fashion.

⁹ A VERB is a word which signifies to BE, to DO, or to SUFFER : as,
“ *I am, I love, I am loved.* ”

Sir Hornbook.

He was an Augur, quite at home
 *In all things present done,*¹⁰
Deeds past, and every act to come
In ages yet to run.

Entrenched in intricacies strong,
 Ditch, fort, and palisado,
He marked with scorn the coming throng,
 And breathed a bold bravado :

“ Ho ! who are you that dare invade
 My turrets, moats, and fences ?
Soon will your vaunting courage fade,
When on the walls, in lines arrayed,
You see me marshal undismay'd
 My host of moods and tenses.”¹¹

“ In vain,” Childe LAUNCELOT cried in scorn,
 “ On them is your reliance ;”

¹⁰ The two lines in *Italics* are taken from Chapman's Homer.

¹¹ Verbs have five moods : The INDICATIVE, IMPERATIVE, POTENTIAL, SUBJUNCTIVE, and INFINITIVE.

Sir Hornbook.

Sir HORNBOOK wound his bugle horn,
And twang'd a loud defiance.

They swam the moat, they scaled the wall,
Sir VERB, with rage and shame,
Beheld his valiant *general* fall,
INFINITIVE by name.¹²

INDICATIVE *declared* the foes¹³
Should perish by his hand ;
And stout IMPERATIVE arose¹⁴
The squadron to *command*.

POTENTIAL¹⁵ and SUBJUNCTIVE¹⁶ then
Came forth with *doubt*¹⁵ and *chance* :¹⁶

¹² The INFINITIVE mood expresses a thing in a *general* and unlimited manner : as, “ *To love, to walk, to be ruled.* ”

¹³ The INDICATIVE mood simply *indicates* or *declares* a thing, as, “ He loves : ” “ He is loved : ” or asks a question ; as, “ Does he love ? ” — “ Is he loved ? ”

¹⁴ The IMPERATIVE mood *commands* or *entreats* : as, “ Depart : ” “ Come hither : ” — “ Forgive me. ”

¹⁵ The POTENTIAL mood implies *possibility* or *obligation* : as, “ It may rain : ” — “ They *should* learn. ”

¹⁶ The SUBJUNCTIVE mood implies *contingency* : as, “ If he *were* good, he would be happy. ”

Sir Hornbook.

All fell alike, with all their men,
Before Sir HORNBOOK's lance.

ACTION and PASSION nought could do
To save Sir VERB from fate ;
Whose doom poor PARTICIPLE knew,¹⁷
He must *participate*.

Then ADVERB, who had skulk'd behind,¹⁸
To shun the mighty jar,
Came forward, and himself resign'd
A prisoner of war.

Three children of IMPERATIVE,
Full strong, though somewhat small,
Next forward came, themselves to give
To conquering LAUNCELOT's thrall.

¹⁷ The PARTICIPLE is a certain form of the verb, and is so called from participating the nature of a verb and an adjective : as, "*he is an ADMIRER character ; she is a LOVING child.*"

¹⁸ The ADVERB is joined to verbs, to adjectives, and to other adverbs, to qualify their signification : as, "*that is a REMARKABLY swift horse : it is EXTREMELY WELL done.*"

Sir Hornbook.

CONJUNCTION press'd to join the crowd ;¹⁹

But PREPOSITION swore,²⁰

Though INTERJECTION sobb'd aloud,²¹

That he would *go before*.

Again his horn Sir HORNBOOK blew,

Full long, and loud, and shrill ;

His merry men all, so stout and true,

Went marching up the hill.

¹⁹ A CONJUNCTION is a part of speech chiefly used to connect words : as, “ *King AND constitution ;* or sentences : as, “ *I went to the theatre, AND saw the new pantomime.*”

²⁰ A PREPOSITION is most commonly *set before* another word to show its relation to some word or sentence preceding : as, “ *The fisherman went DOWN the river WITH his boat.*”

Conjunctions and Prepositions are for the most part *Imperative moods* of obsolete verbs : Thus, AND signifies ADD ; “ John AND Peter—John *add* Peter : ” — “ The fisherman *with* his boat—The fisherman, *join* his boat.”

²¹ INTERJECTIONS are words *thrown in* between the parts of a sentence, to express passions or emotions : as, “ Oh ! Alas ! ”

VII.

Sir SYNTAX dwelt in thick fir-grove,²²
All strown with scraps of flowers,²³
Which he had pluck'd to please his love,
Among the MUSES' bowers.

His love was gentle PROSODY,²⁴
More fair than morning beam ;
Who lived beneath a flowering tree,
Beside a falling stream.

And these two claim'd, with high pretence,
The whole Parnassian ground,

²² SYNTAX is that part of grammar which treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence.

²³ I allude to the poetical fragments with which syntax is illustrated.

²⁴ PROSODY is that part of grammar which treats of the true pronunciation of words, and the rules of versification.



Sir Hornbook.

Albeit some little difference
Between their taste was found :
Sir SYNTAX he was all for sense,
And PROSODY for sound.

Yet in them both the MUSES fair
Exceedingly delighted ;
And thought no earthly thing so rare,
That might with that fond twain compare,
When they were both *united*.

“ Ho ! yield, Sir SYNTAX ! ” HORNBOOK cried,
“ This youth must pass thy grove,
Led on by me, his faithful guide,
In yonder bowers to rove.”

Thereat full much Sir SYNTAX said,
But found resistance vain :
And through his grove Childe LAUNCELOT sped,
With all Sir HORNBOOK's train.

They reached the tree where PROSODY
Was singing in the shade :

Sir Hornbook.

Great joy Childe LAUNCELOT had to see,
And hear that lovely maid.

Now onward as they press'd along,
Did nought their course oppose ;
Till full before the martial throng
The MUSES' gates arose.

There ETYMOLOGY they found,²⁵
Who scorn'd surrounding fruits ;
And ever dug in deepest ground,
For old and mouldy roots.

Sir HORNBOOK took Childe LAUNCELOT's hand,
And tears at Parting fell :
“ Sir Childe,” he said, “ with all my band
I bid you here farewell.

“ Then wander through these sacred bowers,
Unfearing and alone :

²⁵ ETYMOLOGY is that part of grammar which investigates the roots, and *derivation*, of words.

Sir Hornbook.

All shrubs are here, and fruits, and flowers,
To happiest climates known."

Once more his horn Sir HORNBOOK blew,
A parting signal shrill :
His merry men all, so stout and true,
Went marching down the hill.

Childe LAUNCELOT pressed the sacred ground,
With hope's exulting glow ;
Some future song perchance may sound
The wondrous things which there he found,
If you the same would know.





THE SISTERS.



ANY years ago, in a small cottage, on the border of a wood, dwelt two orphan sisters. The elder was tall, handsome, and proud beyond degree; and was called Kate. Nell was the name of the younger, who was the plainest pleasantest little creature ever seen. She had but one arm, a hump on her back, a long hooked nose, and a pair of gray moustaches under it, and yet she was as merry and contented as any soul in the neighbouring village. Kate would scold and fret; while Nell laughed every trouble away.

These sisters plaited straw and combed wool for their living.

One night when the rain was pouring down, and the wind shaking the cottage, and little Nell was singing away as both of them worked together at a bundle of wool, there was a gentle tap at the door.

Up rose Nell, but Kate sought to hinder her from going to the door: saying it was only some

The Sisters.

poor beggar folk; no decent people could be out such a bad night.

The door was tapped at again and again, and soon there were heard three or four good loud raps as if with a stick. Then Kate bounced up angrily and jerked open the door: a poor old woman in a gray cloak stood before it, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold.

Kate finding she only wanted shelter, and had come to beg, turned quickly on her heel and shut the door in her face: but Nell prayed of her sister to let the old woman in-doors: Kate laughed and said the rain would freshen her cloak for her. Then the wind came stronger and stronger in its blasts, and one of them sweeping round the cottage pretty smartly, blew wide open the door.

There was the poor old dame still, and Nell would have her in this time: so in she came and sat down. Nell pulled off her cloak and shoes soaked with rain, and set her up by the fire snug and warm, whilst Kate grumbled in the corner.

When the old woman showed her face, it was even plainer than Nell's; for she had but one eye, and her moustaches were red. Kate laughed loud and rudely, but the old woman said, "Handsome is that handsome does."

The Sisters.

Then they all three set to comb the wool, but the old woman would only help Nell. When they moved to bed, all Nell's wool was combed, and was of the finest possible sort : while Kate had not above a third of her's combed, and that as coarse as a rope mat.

In the morning when the stranger went away, she gave Nell her stick, and bade her take care of it till she saw her again. Soon after she was gone, Kate, who was vexed with her work, began to scold and grumble at Nell for letting in such people, and then the stick began immediately to caper and dance about in a way as if it were enchanted. Here, there, over the chair, under the table, round the room, and the louder Kate talked, the higher danced the stick. Kate's passion knew no bounds. She chased the stick all round the room, but she fell over it and bruised her legs sorely, and when she did get it, it so jerked her hand that she would fain get rid of it. So she threw it into the fire, and it turned over the boiling kettle, and the hot water scalded her foot so that she limped with pain, and Nell was obliged to bear her off to bed. When Kate awoke in the morning, there was the stick as sound as ever, none the worse for the fire.

Through all her pain and illness, Nell waited

The Sisters.

without a murmur on her sister, who only grumbled, and was worse-tempered than ever. After a week, the old woman, who had left the stick, came back. The stick was in high disgrace, for whenever Kate opened her lips to scold, away it went bounding and clicking the walls as loud as it could ; besides, Kate was lame through its pranks. She vowed the old woman should never set foot in the house again ; and Nell was obliged to hand the stick out of the cottage window. Before Kate had finished her scolding about the pranks of the stick, the old woman, stick and all, were gone, and a black cat sat mewing on the window-ledge. Kate was sure this cat must be the old woman's cat, for whenever she began to grumble and tease her sister, the cat mewed and squalled as loud as a whole legion of cats ; and then Kate's hatred for the old woman and the stick was now bestowed on the cat, who had a nice life of it. Did she either mew or purr even, Kate threw a stick or stone at her ; but somehow the cat always got clear and unhurt away.

One day, in a worse humour than ever, after limping about to catch the cat, which always mewed louder and louder as Kate pursued it, Kate did contrive to seize her at last ; but no good came of it, for the cat fought wildly and scratched her arms



The Sisters.

and neck, and at last blinded her in one of her bright beautiful eyes. Kate was now lame, blind, and covered with bites, all owing to the horrid old woman. If Nell was ill treated before, she was now a mere slave to Kate, whose bad temper had become worse and worse with the loss of her beauty. The cat, too, had fled, and Nell had no one to stand up for her. Matters grew so bad between the sisters, that one day Kate absolutely lifted her hand to strike Nell, when she felt her arm seized by the little old woman who stood behind her. Kate was terribly frightened, for how the old woman came there no one could say.

Then the old dame, taking poor Nell by the hand, in spite of all Kate's loud passionate cries, led her from the cottage, and pointing to a stack of straw outside the cottage, told Kate that till the whole of it was plaited, Nell should never return, but that if the work was done in twelve months, she should have one free wish as payment for her industry. Kate stamped, and bade them begone: she would not work! not she! she was glad to be rid of Nell: though I must say her heart was a little sad when she found there was not a trace of them left.

The two first days, Kate found bread and fruits enough in the house without her working for them ;

The Sisters.

but soon, alas! she needs must plait for her living. So she went to work in no very good temper, and sobbed very much as she thought how lonely she was. Every day she worked enough for the next day's meals; and so went on for weeks and months.

Summer came; and the merry birds and sweet flowers about, made Kate's loneliness a little less lonely. She kept herself almost from the wish to have Nell back again; though she would find herself thinking often how lone and sad she was, and that she had no one to thank for all her troubles but herself. But when the long wintry cold nights came, she could no longer master her sorrow, and would frequently sit down and weep: yet Kate was still too proud to obey the old woman's command.

Gradually the neighbours dropped off in their custom, and as Nell was no longer there with her kind words and soft answers, few came near the cottage to buy her plaiting; and so at last one evening, after a great flood of tears, she seriously set to work at the straw from the stack outside the cottage. She worked and worked till her fingers ached, and then went to bed, thinking of poor absent Nell. In the morning, how great was her surprise to see in the place of her work, fruits for her morning's breakfast. With a better heart she toiled

The Sisters.

through the day, and in the evening felt happier than she had done for a long time. A month passed, and every night her work was gone, and her day's meal left in its stead: and the stack seemed to decrease beyond belief.

Once towards the end of the winter, the night was very cold, and as she sat up working late, she laid down her work and prayed earnestly if only once more to see Nell. The next day, the old woman stood at the door just as if she had been sent for, and she told the trembling Kate that she should now have one single wish for the work she had done. Kate wished for once in her life with all her whole heart, and it was to see poor Nell. The old woman mumbled as she went to the door. Presently she brought in Nell: and Kate sprang into her arms. Then the old woman, who was no less than the Queen of the Fairies, said something about beauty being but matter of opinion, and squeezed some herb juice over both of them. Kate became more beautiful than ever, and Nell as beautiful as Kate. The straw was all worked up, and the old woman sailed away in the sky.

GOLDEN LOCKS.



HERE was once an old king, who had a very young son. His son, who was a prince, was called Golden Locks ; for his hair was very beautiful and long, and it hung down to his waist, and was like silken or golden threads. So tenderly did the old king love his son, that every thought of his was only for the prince's happiness. The prince's mother died when her son was but three years old ; and as he was the only child the king and queen had ever had, the life of the old king might be said to be bound up in that of the youth.

In the country where the prince lived, the winds were stormy and blew hard as they do in the long cold winter nights ; the sea was always rough, tossing itself up as high as a mountain, and the king's palace was built on a rock, round which the waves dashed and foamed all day long.



Golden Locks.

When the young prince grew up to be twenty-one years old, messengers were sent to find a princess in some of the neighbouring kingdoms, to whom he could be married. Then, on the day appointed, there came ambassadors from dukes, princes, and kings without end, bringing with them pictures of all sorts of ladies, who were willing to marry the prince: for the old king was as wealthy as his son was handsome. There were pictures of fat ladies and thin ladies, short ladies, tall ladies, dark, fair, blind, lame, deaf and dumb: princesses of all kinds, who would be glad to have a young prince with good looks and money to boot. The old king would make no choice himself, but left it all to the prince.

Then the prince went to his tutor, (an old nobleman, whom he much loved) and wished to know how to choose from so many; and the old nobleman gave him a glass which he had received at the prince's birth from the fairy who presided over the country; and he told the prince to look at the pictures through the glass, and then he would be able to see if the lady whose picture he beheld was as good as she seemed to be. So the glass was tried, and one princess was found to be a scold, and another a dolt, and a third fond of dress, a fourth a gossip, a fifth a slattern, and so on till the prince found he had not

Golden Locks.

a picture left; and then all the ambassadors went away.

Things went on as before till one day, some three months after the sending forth the messengers, a tall ship, which had come a long way over the seas, brought an ambassador, who presented his letters and the portrait of a lady on a ring. Then the prince, who had begun to despair of ever finding a wife, tried the glass on the picture in the ring, and he saw that the princess was twenty times more beautiful than her picture, and that she was as good in her mind as in her person. So he forthwith sent off his portrait to the lady; and all was settled for their marriage.

On the day the princess was expected to arrive, the tall ship was seen a great way off, making for the rock under the palace; and night came on before the ship had ended her voyage. As soon as daylight broke, many an eye was looking out anxiously, but the ship was nowhere to be seen; and the sad news came that she had struck on a rock in the night, and that the princess and all her attendants had been drowned. When the old king heard this, he spoke not a word, but, overcome by his grief and old age, died in the arms of his son; and the beautiful golden hair of the prince became quite gray: and sorrow came upon all the people in the land.

Golden Locks.

One, two, three years rolled on, and the young king tried to drive away his cares by thinking only of his subjects' good and happiness : and this lessened his grief very much, though it could not entirely remove it. Now it happened that one day as he was riding pensively along the sands underneath his palace, a voice suddenly cried out from the waves which rolled at his feet,

By my life, oh, king ! by my own sad life,
Would that I were thy wedded wife !

The young king listened, but heard no more. He kept pacing along the sands till the sun dropped below the waves, and then he returned home full of thought and sorrow. On the morrow he came to the same spot, and again he heard the same sounds, but heard them only once. For six days, one after another, he came to the place and heard the same voice singing,

By my life, oh, king ! by my own sad life,
Would that I were thy wedded wife !

So at last on the evening of the sixth day, when he got home to his palace, he sent for the faithful old nobleman who had given him the glass, and begged him to say what should be done, for he was struck at hearing the words repeated so often. But the

Golden Locks.

old man was sorry when he heard the king's story ;
for part of an old song flashed across his memory,

Five fathom deep shall he be
For a century,
Who shall ever wed a maid of the sea ;

and he tried hard to laugh his master out of the idea of taking any notice of the singing voice : saying it was only the song of some desolate mermaid. But the young king was angry at this, and said, " As I live, I will never comb my hair till I know the meaning of so strange a thing : " and this oath was as binding as any one could swear in the country. Then the poor old nobleman knew that it was useless to say any more ; so he saddled his horse and went home sorrowfully. But as he was going along by the rock under the palace, he tripped his step, and his foot kicked against an oyster ; and the oyster opened its shell, and, strangely enough, began to speak ; the oyster said, " Take out the little pearl from the bottom of my shell and carry it to your master, for it will help him on the journey he is going to take. " This pleased the old man very much, and now he hoped that the young king's errand might not be altogether fruitless ; for he guessed that the fairy who had sent the oyster and had given him the glass, were one and the same.

Golden Locks.

Then he acted as the oyster had told him, and went back, and found the king setting all his things in order, for he had determined that very day to go to the sea-shore, where he had heard the voice from the waves. The old nobleman gave him the pearl, and the young king bade him take his place and act as king in his absence; and then the young king went straight to the sea-shore.

But when he came there, the waters began to swell and roar, and the sky grew dark, and heavy rain began to fall; but the king, who cared not for storms or sea, without more ado plunged into the midst of a huge wave sweeping on towards him, and went swimming merrily out to sea.

At about half a mile from the shore he felt his feet strike against something hard and firm, and when he had dived down and looked to see what it was, he found himself at the top of a long flight of rugged steps, which he forthwith descended. Half way down the steps, as he was sliding and slipping about, he heard the very same voice and the same words which had been addressed to him on each of the six mornings:

By my life, oh, king! by my own sad life,
Would that I were thy wedded wife!

Golden Locks.

Then he stretched out his hands to feel his way, for he could see nothing on either side, and, sad as it seemed, the pearl, which he had kept closed in his right hand, fell suddenly to the ground. The rock at once opened beneath him, and he saw himself before a most beautiful being, half fish and half woman: and she told him her story; and said, "I am no mermaid, king, but in reality your own true princess, whom you lost three years ago. An old witch of the sea, who lived hard by, spirited away the tall ship the night before its intended arrival; and changed me and all my companions into sea monsters. For the first time during three years, the old witch let me loose, six days back, to go and gather coral, and then I sung those lines for six mornings together. I had almost begun to be afraid that you would not heed me, till I met the kind fairy, who had changed herself into an oyster, and had given the old nobleman the pearl; and this kind fairy comforted me by saying that she was the ruling fairy of the land, and that she had never lost sight of you. That she had given you the glass at your birth to choose your queen by; and that she had only allowed the spiteful old witch of the sea to play off her mischief for a time, to try your constancy. When the king heard all this, he fell down with joy,

Golden Locks.

for he was convinced she was his own betrothed wife.

The princess then begged the young king to stay till the old witch came home ; as she was expecting her the very instant the cave was opened by the pearl. Presently in came the old witch, very cross and hungry ; and the young king had just time to hide himself behind a ledge of the cave ; and he trembled for his princess, for the witch looked spiteful and angry. At that moment, he felt the pearl in his hand again, as he held on to the rock, and this gave him courage. Soon after, orders were given by the old witch to have supper, and the princess and several other mermaids spread the golden table, and brought out the crystal cup, filled with spicy drink, and the old witch ate and drank heartily, and gobbled and grumbled enough to make the young king shake with laughter ; but as she greedily raised her goblet a third time, the prince felt the pearl glide from his hand into the goblet, and presently bob went the pearl against the old witch's thin lips, and then it went down her throat in a huge gulp, and there it stuck ; and the old witch stamped and got black with passion. Then instantly that the pearl had so choked the old witch that she could not speak, the scales fell from the princess and her

Golden Locks.

companions ; and the king's hair turned to its former golden colour. The rock shook, and all on it save the old witch found themselves beneath the rock, whereon the young king's castle stood.

So the young king went gladly home, and married the beautiful princess that very night ; and the old nobleman danced at the wedding, as blithe as a boy, with the good fairy : and the old witch was left coughing and choking herself with rage and the pearl in her throat : and I dare say is doing so this very day.



GRUMBLE AND CHEERY.



HERE were once two millers named Grumble and Cheery who kept a large mill, which was built on one of those little islands to be met with in the river Thames near the town of Maidenhead. Every one in the neighbouring village looked upon Cheery as the kindest, merriest soul alive. But Grumble was not in very good favour—for he always found fault with the times—the weather—the neighbours—the mill—Madame Grumble, or his partner, Cheery. Somehow or another accidents seemed to fall thicker on him than on any one else. Folks said, if it were not for Cheery, bread and cheese would be scarce at the Mill; for Grumble's sole delight seemed to be to stroll about with his hands in his pockets, doing nothing but grumble,

Grumble and Cheery.

grumble, grumble ; while Cheery worked and sung as blithe as a skylark.

One bright morning, Cheery and Grumble set off to Reading market, to buy a horse.

As they walked, they passed by a turn of the road, where there was a small narrow cave in the chalky side of a hill, all fringed about with box-trees ; and as they drew near it, two or three very shrill voices screamed out, "Let us out, masters ! let us out ! here we stay at your mercy !"

Grumble said, "Get out as you got in—who's to blame but yourselves?" but Cheery said, "Nay, Grumble, if one won't help another, how shall we live?"

Then Cheery turned towards the mouth of the cave, and found a great lump of chalk had rolled down close against it, so that one could not get in or out. He set his shoulders well to work, and he halloed loudly to those inside, saying, "Push, push away, my fine fellows," and after heaving the great stone three or four times, away it rolled and left the mouth of the cave open.

Out from the cave walked three fat little men, the queerest little fellows possible, with long hair.

Grumble and Cheery.

long noses, long chins, and very long hands. And as they came out, they danced and sprang about like young frogs. Then one said, "Soft! here's Master Cheery, who let us out. In return for his kindness, I promise him that the horse he shall buy at market shall have the speed of the wind." "And I," said the second, "say the horse shall never tire under weight or work." And the third little old man promised that after three years' service, the horse should run away with all the ill luck in the house. As he finished, the three little grigs scampered back into the cave as quick as they could, singing in chorus—

A smiling face and a ready hand
Outweigh the riches of all the land;
For the face gets fat, while the hand doth toil,
Heedless of every one's chatter or coil.

Cheery laughed hard enough at the little men's promises, and Grumble muttered, "Ah! ah! promises are ready payment. 'Twas a pity they hadn't better thanks in their pocket."

On the two millers trudged to market, and when they got there, they found such strings of horses

Grumble and Cheery.

tied by their tails to be sold, that Cheery could not make up his mind which to buy, and Grumble did not help him, but managed to find some fault with every one of the horses.

After they had been wandering half the day long, quite undetermined what to do, an odd, grim-looking little old man who had been standing with his arms folded, his back against the warm sunnied wall, cried out that his pony (as fat and as sleek as could be) was for sale, and more too, that Cheery should have him at his own price.

Grumble said the pony was much too fat for work—that he was sure he could not be sound—that he'd a vicious eye—that his hind-legs were clumsy—here the pony gave him such a switch with his tail that Grumble clapped his hands to his mouth, and of needs held his tongue.

Cheery bought the pony, and paid twenty gold pieces down for him.

So home they went, Grumble in a sad way, and Cheery better pleased every step he took with his purchase.

The next morning, when Cheery went to feed the

Grumble and Cheery.

pony in the manger, there lay the twenty gold pieces in the bin ; the very same Cheery had paid the day before.

From that day all went well at the mill. The flour was always the earliest in the market, and brought the highest price ; there were more sacks on the pony's back than three horses could carry. Cheery bought a cart ; and let him fill it as heavy as he would, the pony never slacked his pace, but trotted on, and seemed as fresh and as fat after a day's work, as when he was first taken out of the stable.

In a year's time Cheery married a merry little cherry-lipped wife, as lively and sprightly as himself, and things went on so excellently well, that Grumble got worse-tempered than ever at having nothing to find fault with. Above all, he had the strongest dislike to the gray pony ; for not long after he had been at the mill, Grumble tried to ride him, and the pony ducked him in the pond, dragged him through the briers, and soused him at last into a ditch by the mill. So Grumble for a long time brooded over this, but could not find an opportunity for his revenge.

After three years, as the little old men had declared, Cheery's affairs were so thriving that he and

Grumble and Cheery.

Grumble were nearly the head men of the parish, and they were both made overseers of the poor. Cheery was always for kindness to the poor old people, but Grumble was a harsh tyrant, and would never give them an atom more help than he could avoid.

Grumble had never forgiven the pony, and when these millers got rich enough to have other horses, he took it into his head one night to run down to the stable to take the pony out, and kill him in some field far away. He had thought often and often how to harm the pony, but all his trials had been baffled somehow or another. Sometimes folks were in the stable, at other times the pony was in the fields—then Cheery had the keys of the stable. But this night Grumble had the keys himself: the night was rainy, and the pony was safely housed; and so down he went, creeping along till he reached the stable door. The instant he opened it, out rushed the same three little fat old men whom he and Cheery had met on their way to market, and who had promised so much about the pony. As soon as they saw Grumble, they set up a shout and poked at him with their sticks. Then they danced,

Grumble and Cheery.

then laughed, and pinched and kicked Grumble without mercy. Here they beat him—there they pushed him; and at last they bound him with hay-bands hand and foot. Then they untied the pony, placed Grumble on his back, and telling Grumble he was all the “bad luck” of the house, bade the pony scamper round and round the world, and not to stop until he was told.

Away went the pony at a quick, uncomfortable, shaking trot, with Grumble tied to his back, and was soon out of sight. Then the three little men danced out at the roof of the stable, and all again was still.

In the morning Grumble could not be found, and as the pony was missing also, some old dame said she thought she had seen Grumble riding through the village the night before. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed; and sometimes a tale was spread in the village, that the pony had been seen trotting through with Grumble on his back. But whenever this happened, something went wrong. At one of Grumble's visits to the village, Tom Taster's beer turned all sour; at another visit, all the boys and girls were frightened by the bull; at a

Grumble and Cheery.

third visit, which was just before Christmas, no mistletoe could be found anywhere. In short, whenever anybody said they had seen Grumble, some ill-luck was found to have happened just at the very time. Until at last, whenever things went wrong in the village, people said, "Grumble has been riding through to-day."

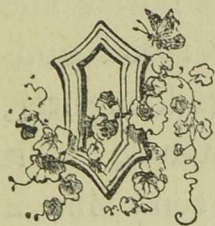
As for Cheery, after he had sorrowed for the loss of the pony, everything was as gay, glad, and thriving with him, and his merry little wife, and his merry, little, good children (for after a few years he had ten of them), as any one could wish.

END OF GRUMBLE AND CHEERY.



E. DALZIEL.

THE EAGLE'S VERDICT.



ONE bright morning in autumn, the Eagle, the king of birds, sent out orders to call together all the birds of his court. The old Owl, the wisest and gravest of counsellors, was to be seen quietly and slowly flapping his wings towards the palace. Every bird, from the lonely Bittern to the little Tomtit, was summoned: for the Eagle had been sorely puzzled at a question of state which his brother king, the Lion, had proposed to him a short time back.

The Lion, and all his court, the Bear, the Dog, the Panther, the Horse, the Fox, the Hare, the Cat, the Deer, had all been divided in opinion on this question, and no judgment had yet been arrived at. The Fox, indeed, had made up his mind long ago, but he would not tell it when he found it was against that of the king. So the Lion, teased and confounded, had vowed that he would ask the advice of the Eagle his brother, and that all should abide by what the Eagle decided.

The Eagle's Verdict.

It happened that the Lion had stood Godfather to the daughter of a very old king to whom the forests belonged where the Lion lived. No fine gifts or rich presents had been sent to the princess, by the Lion as the godfather, for he only had power and plenty in the forest: and he had never stood godfather before; but he had promised his goddaughter, that, if ever she were in need of assistance, be it when and where it would, did she but send him a little mouse with which he presented her, everything he could do should be very much at her service.

The old king died when the princess, who was named Blanchflor, was but six years old, and with his last breath he commended her to the care of the king of a neighbouring country, who had been his bosom friend.

The Lion took upon himself to escort the princess to her new home. All the way, day and night, the Lion never left his charge, but marched in dignity by her side: he had not much to say, and what he did was only a renewal of his first promise never to neglect her when she wanted his aid.

So they arrived in safety at their journey's end. Blanchflor found at her new house a princess about her own age, named the Lady Florence. The two maidens were always together, they were as fair as

The Eagle's Verdict.

fair could be, and were like sisters unto each other. And the father of the Lady Florence loved and treated the Lady Blanchflor as his own child. Yet in no ways did the one resemble the other. Blanchflor being fair-haired and blue-eyed, and Florence had eyes like sloes, and hair as black as the raven's wing. Florence, too, was proud and haughty, but Blanchflor gentle and meek.

Princes from all parts flocked to seek the hands of these princesses in marriage, for the fame of their beauty had gone into all lands, and the old king pressed them to choose their husbands, that he might see them settled and prosperous before he died. Yet though there were so many princes to choose from, neither of the princesses had ever given a single suitor a hope; for they had secretly, and unknown even to each other, pledged themselves away; Florence to a daring imperious Knight, and Blanchflor to a poor scholar.

Now one of the princes, who was a suitor to the Lady Blanchflor, was a little ugly coxcomb, named Prince Peter. Prince Peter was full of conceit, and great in his own grace: he had wondered and worried himself, why on earth any one could refuse him for a husband; and when he found that he could no-how settle this point to please himself, he went peering about, and bribing all the courtiers to watch and discover why his lady-love continued single.

The Eagle's Verdict.

One moonlit night, as Prince Peter sat by the window of his chamber in the palace, he fancied he heard the voices of two people, walking on the long terrace, leading from the tower in which he was. The palace was quite still otherwise, and as Prince Peter knew that all the inhabitants ought to be in bed, his long ears listened eagerly enough to catch all that was going on. Then he stretched out his long thin neck, and looked far and wide out of his window, and beneath him saw, by the light of the moon, the Lady Blanchflor walking with a stranger.

Both were in close conversation, and Prince Peter's eyes glistened, and he shrugged his shoulders with anger : creeping down stairs on tip-toe he goes as quietly as a thief in the night, hoping to surprise the Lady Blanchflor on the terrace, and to see who her companion could be.

But he was obliged to pass through the oaken door at the foot of the stairs which opened from the great hall on to the terrace. As he turned the handle of the door, he felt a huge, cold, iron-feeling hand on the crown of his little head. He turned trembling, in great fright, and saw the Lady Florence, and a tall Knight in full armour. He made a hop to run back, but the Knight, believing it was some spy set by the king, seized him and cuffed him soundly ; and when he did escape, it was with sore



The Eagle's Verdict.

aching bones. What with his wounds and his grief he did not pass a very pleasant night.

Then he rose with the dawn and gladly had his revenge in revealing all he had seen to the king—how that he had first overheard the Lady Blanchflor and her lover—and then how he stumbled on the Lady Florence and her Knight.

The old king was greatly grieved and vexed at this news, for he equally loved the two princesses, and he tried hard to persuade them against marrying with any one but those of their own high rank ; but all would not do, for the Princess Blanchflor urged her plighted faith with her poor Scholar, and the Princess Florence said she would go through the world with her Knight. So, full of care, the king called his parliament together, and having counselled with it a long time, he proclaimed a decree that “until it was determined which of the maidens’ lovers (the Scholar or the Knight) was best able to govern the kingdom, and make his subjects happy, neither of the maidens should be married :” and the second part of the proclamation declared “that the most worthy of the two should have the kingdom.”

So the news went abroad, and the kingdom was divided into two sets, one crying out for the Knight, and the other for the Scholar. And nothing could

The Eagle's Vengeance.

be settled by the wise men : for the scholars softened their hearts by eloquence, music, and poetry ; and the knights made their blood run cold with an account of the daring feats they had done.

To all quarters messengers were sent by the old king, but nothing was gained ; for the east voted for the Scholar, and the west for the Knight ; the north for the clash of arms, and the south for the sounds of the lute. The east and south spoke of those that had moved rocks and trees, and stopped the course of waters with their song ; the north and west of those that had riven oaks, had torn up mountains, and had slain the Dragon and the Sphinx.

The ladies Florence and Blanchflor no longer loved each other ; and whenever they met, it was with sharp looks and angry words. So when the king's counsellors could neither give nor get a decision, but day after day asked time to deliberate ; the lady Blanchflor in her distress sent to her godfather the Lion, to tell him what had befallen her, and to beg his interference in the matter. The little mouse was of course the messenger, and straight away he went on his errand, and told the Lion the tale of his mistress's love, and how that she had said neither peace nor rest could she enjoy till her Scholar's superiority was established.

The Eagle's Verdict.

Now the Lion felt inclined to say that the Knight was the best, but he did not like to decide against his goddaughter, so he called his council together, and put forth the same question, Whether arts or arms be the best?

What was to be done? Every beast had something to say, from the proud Tiger down to the humble Donkey: and yet, as I said above, no judgment was arrived at. And it was only after many an hour's thought and toil, that the Lion hit upon the idea of asking his sage and aged brother the Eagle for his advice.

So to return to the opening of our story—the Eagle's throne was crowded with his anxious court; and the clerk in court, the Cuckoo, proclaimed the question, and silence reigned, till the Eagle commanded the discussion to begin.

Then the Knight's chosen champions, the Hawk, the Falcon, and Magpie (the bigger birds reserving themselves if these should not be successful), boldly stood forth to prove their cause with their lives. And the Falcon looking on the Scholar's party contemptuously, said, "We come not, O King! to bandy vain and cheating words: but to do or die!" and applause rang through the assembly at his bold speech. And Blanchflor's heart began to droop, for some of her friends, the Wren, the Pigeon, and the

The Eagle's Verdict.

Goldfinch, crept down under the Falcon's glance. And Florence haughtily smiled in her joy, till the Lark dashed forward and poured forth all his song for the Scholar, and sweeter and sweeter grew his notes as he went on, till the court were lost in amazement. Then the Nightingale followed, and with his melting tones pleaded so movingly that every one, in spite of themselves, applauded his power, and not a bird could gainsay him. "So music won the day." And the Eagle decreed that Arts were better than Arms.

Their verdict came to the Lion. The Lion had wished to decide for his goddaughter Blanchflor, but could not make up his mind that Arts were better than Arms, but now for his oath's sake he abided by the Eagle's decree. And it was spread through the kingdom what the kings of beasts and birds had settled, and the old king was glad enough to arrive at some conclusion.

So the Scholar and his learning were preferred to the Knight and his chivalry. And despair came over the Lady Florence, and she would have died in her grief, but the Lady Blanchflor prayed the old king to grant that the Knight might reign equally with the Scholar. So that one might guard and protect, and the other make laws for the kingdom.

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