

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



MARKS'S
COMIC NURSERY TALES:
BEAUTY & THE BEAST.

A merchant once lost all his ships
In many stormy ocean trips,
And he had daughters three—
But only one who did her duty,
And she was call'd the Little Beauty,
So beautiful was she!

This Merchant went abroad one day,
And through the forest took his way,
And wander'd on till night;
When lo! unto his great surprise,
There stood before his gazing eyes
A palace passing bright.

He enter'd at the gorgeous gate,
Just as a traveller did of late,
At Windsor, where our Queen
Resides—that is, when she is there,
And not in Scotland, or elsewhere,
In Hyde Park, or the Green.



The Lord of this most princely place
Had something like a monkey's face,
And feet like lion's claws;
As this strange looking Lord drew near,
The Merchant's heart beat quick with fear,
And surely it had cause!

This Lord said to the Merchant, "Slave!
Your head, instead of mine, I'll have,
And mine I'll give to thee!
But stay—you have a daughter famed,
The Little Beauty she is named,
Go, bid her call on me.

"But mind you, Sir, before you stir,
If she don't come, I'll go to her—
And then your head shall fall
From your two shoulders, sure as fate,
And you shall have, instead, my pate,
Or else have—none at all!

The strange Lord added with a smile,
"I'll make it worth your daughter's while,
As bride, my home to grace;
Happy and grand shall be her lot,
For I've a kind heart, though I've got—
A precious ugly face!"



Then quickly home the Merchant went,
And Little Beauty did consent
To wed this noble monkey;
To save her father she complied,
And as she had no horse to ride,
She set out on a donkey.

“ On! on! go on! my donkey dear!”
Cried Beauty, between joy and fear,
And gallopp’d through the wood;
She bounded over brier and brake,
Till—all for her dear father’s sake—
She at the Palace stood.

The Lord came forth and much admired,
Young Beauty, all in white attired,
And patted her fair cheek;
And when he said, “ Love, come this way,”
The Donkey answer’d with a bray,
For Beauty could not speak.

When she recover’d her sweet voice,
It made the monkey-man rejoice,
So soft and sweet was it!
But, beauteous maid, (said he) pray stop,
Before you talk, and drink a drop,
And likewise eat a bit.”



The little Beauty straight did take
A thumping piece of plummy cake,
And then a glass of sherry;
The monkey-man then did the same—
But he drank more than our young dame,
And made himself quite merry.

And then this wonderful man-monkey
Went out of doors to see the donkey,
Straying through the trees;
But soon he came in-doors again,
And play'd sweet music—such a strain
As did young Beauty please.

He did not play Rory O'More,
For that tune was not known of yore,
Nor did he play Jim Crow;
The tune was not God Save the Queen—
What could this charming tune have been?—
I really do not know!

To charm her next he did not fail
By reading out a fairy-tale
Of some enchanted bower;
Then was young Beauty pleased indeed,
To see a learned monkey read,
And drink wine, for an hour!



He play'd on the piano-forte,
And then he did the Lady court,
Just like a gentle-man!
“Beauty! (said he) upon my life,
You must to-morrow be my wife,
And love me—if you can.”

Rather than he should grieve, she said,
(So tender-hearted was the maid)
She would become his bride;
On which the monkey jump'd for joy,
And to his chaplain said, “My boy,
Let Hymen's knot be tied!”

A Fairy came and changed him, then,
Into the handsomest of men,
As he before had been;
Young Beauty, then, she did address,
And said she should be a princess,
As grand as any queen!

“You loved him for himself (said she)
When he a monkey seem'd to be,
Although he was a prince;
A vile Enchanter changed his shape
Into the figure of an ape,
About a twelve-month since.



“ And he could not his shape recover,
Till he became some lady’s lover,
And she loved him again.”—
The Prince exclaim’d, “ Love, thou art mine !
And this fair palace shall be thine,
With all it’s broad domain !”

The merchant, on the wedding-day,
Did go and give that Bride away
The Prince was glad to take ;
And did not she wear fine array !
And did not they rare music play !
O yes—and no mistake !

They made the Palace all day long
Resound with many a dance and song,
Then lit it up at night ;
But they with candles were contented,
Because the gas was not invented,
Yet they were very bright !

But I almost forgot to say,
That ere the Prince was changed, that day,
Into his proper shape,
His heart was fill’d with such delight,
That he got almost tipsey—quite !—
With strong juice of the grape !



The Prince's servants, too, were glad,
And in their hall rare pastimes had,
And wore apparel fine;
A funny clown, in white and red,
Sang merry songs upon his head,
And drank a glass of wine!

And Little Beauty's donkey pranced
For joy—and all the peasants danced
At their good Prince's treat;
And of his Burgundy did drink so!
And ate nice things!—oh, I should think so!
All spicy things, and sweet!

But people cannot, though they're clever,
Eat and drink and dance for ever—
Nor are such things required;
And so these people, great and small—
Just like the people at Vaux-hall—
Left off when they tired.

I can account no further give
How long these merry folks did live,
For really I don't know;
But they're all buried now, no doubt,
And Little Beauty died about
Five hundred years ago.



M A R K S ' S
COMIC NURSERY TALES.

UNIFORM WITH THIS.

The History of Sir Thomas Thumb.
The Adventures of Jack of the Bean-Stalk.
Wonderful History of the famous Blue Beard.
The History of Valentine and Orson.
Adventures of the celebrated Sleeping Beauty.
The History of Beauty and the Beast.

ALSO AUNTY JAUNTY'S TALES.

The largest and best Juvenile Books ever published, 12 sorts, each containing seven beautifully colored engravings, new designs, Foolscap 4to, Sixpence each.

The Emperor Chow; or the Butterfly's Story.
Health: Emma's Advice to her Brother, &c. &c.
Dame Brown's Visit to London.
Little Charles and his Dog.
The Tricks of Charley Cheshire, a young Miser.
Adventures of Miss Pussey and Master Spot.
History of Miss Flirt and her Pets.
The Adventures of Little Julia.
A Pleasant Way to Learn the Alphabet.
The Painted A B C Book for Good Children.
Cousin Emma's Visit to the Country.
Little Jane and Little Charles.