

George B. Pnyow
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Story of TOM THUMB



Jack and the Bean Stalk.

LONDON: DEAN & SON,

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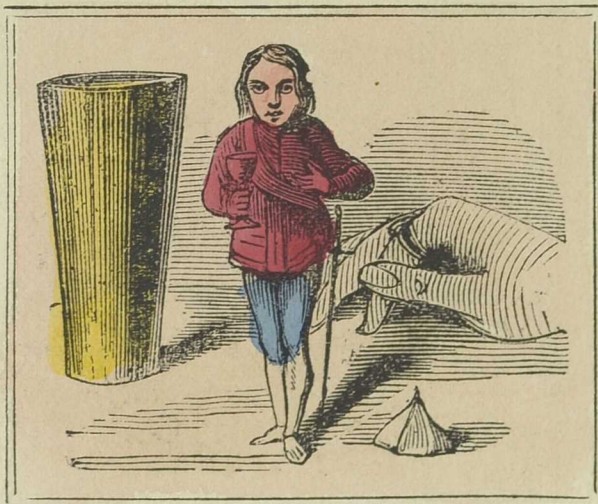
TOM THUMB.



TOM THUMB.

MANY YEARS SINCE, a farmer's wife, having no children, solicited the Fairy Queen, who was then on a visit to the court of King Arthur, to grant her a son, saying how grateful she should be, even if he were no bigger than his father's thumb!

The Queen of the Fairies was delighted at the thought, and at



once promised to comply with the wish of the good woman.

In due time, the little fellow was born,—and, at the request of the Fairy Queen, was christened—
TOM THUMB.

The Queen sent for some Fairies, who dressed her little favourite in the neatest possible manner,—and smart indeed he looked when dressed.

His linen of spiders' web was spun,—his coat was wove from thistle down;
His stockings, of wings of butterfly, with eye-lash they securely tie.
His shoes were made of mouse's skin, nicely tanned with the hair within.

The Queen took little Tom in her chariot to the court of King Arthur; where he was much admired. She then returned him to his mother.

Tom never grew any taller ; but as he grew older, he became artful, playful, and sly, and, monkey-like, could climb any where ; so that when bent upon mischief, he could soon get out of sight, and hide himself.

At breakfast, or tea, to the table he'd climb, and into the sugar-pot creep, Regale there awhile, then out again jump, and often he'd play at bo-peep. He'd oft go a-hunting, his pony a mouse, the blue-bottle flies were his hares . He'd hunt in the kitchen, or out in the yard, and over the tables and chairs



One day, Tom's mother was making a pudding,—and Tom, curious to see what was in it, climbed up to the edge of the bowl ; at this instant he made a slip, and in he



fell, covered by the batter, which filled Tom's little mouth, so that he could not cry out. His mother, not knowing he was there, tied up the batter, and put it into the pot.

The hot water made Tom kick and struggle ; and his mother, seeing the pudding bob up and down, was struck with amazement,—

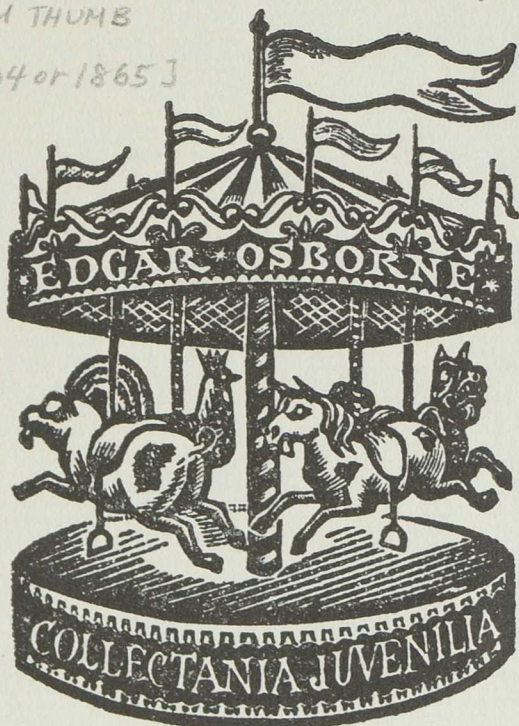
It must be alive, or bewitched, was her cry ; and shall not abide here a minute. So she threw it away out into the road ; little thinking her Tommy was in it.

A tinker passing by, picked it up, and put it into his bag. Tom by this time had cleared his mouth, and began to cry out ; which frightened the tinker, so that he threw down the pudding, and took to his heels.

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TOM THUMB

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[1864 or 1865]

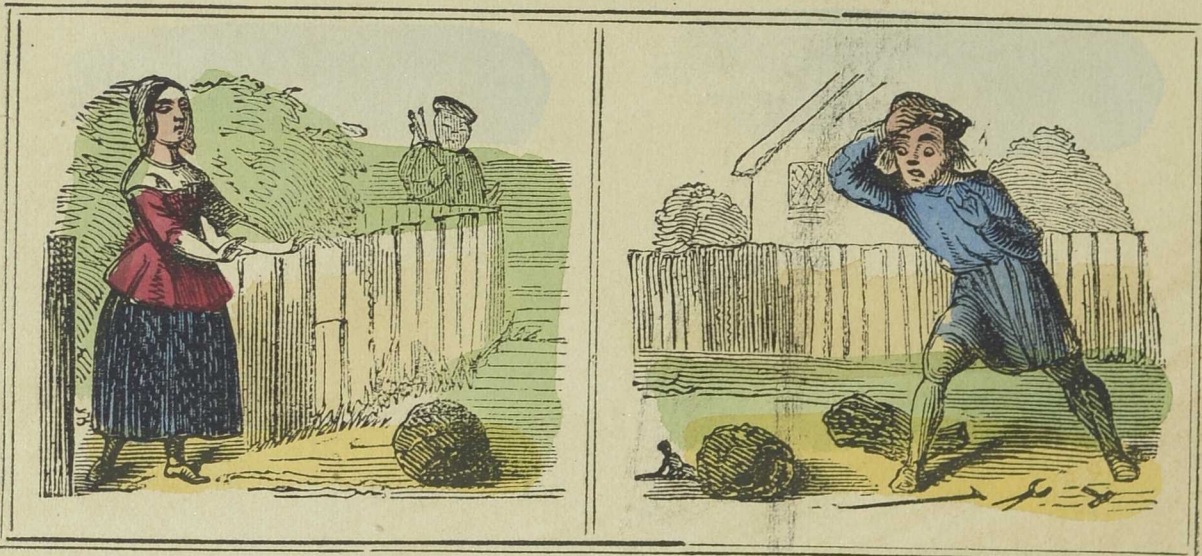


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The pudding being broken by the fall, Tom crept out of it, and contrived to walk home. His mother, seeing him in such a woeful state, put him into a tea-cup, as a bath, and soon made him quite clean.

Tom's mother took him with her, one day, when she was going into the fields to milk the cows; and the wind being rather high, she tied him to a thistle, to prevent his being blown about while she was busy.

An oak-leaf Tom put on his head for a hat, a buttercup stuck in his vest. His mother looked on, and she smiled as she saw how little Tommy was drest.



A cow, taking a fancy to his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle at one mouthful. — But Tom kicked, and rapped at her teeth so, that the cow, surprised at the odd noises in

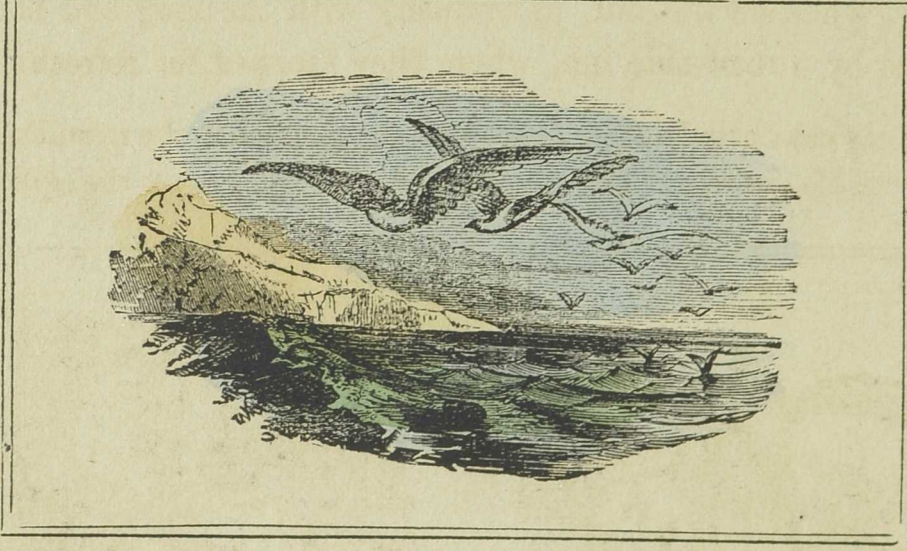
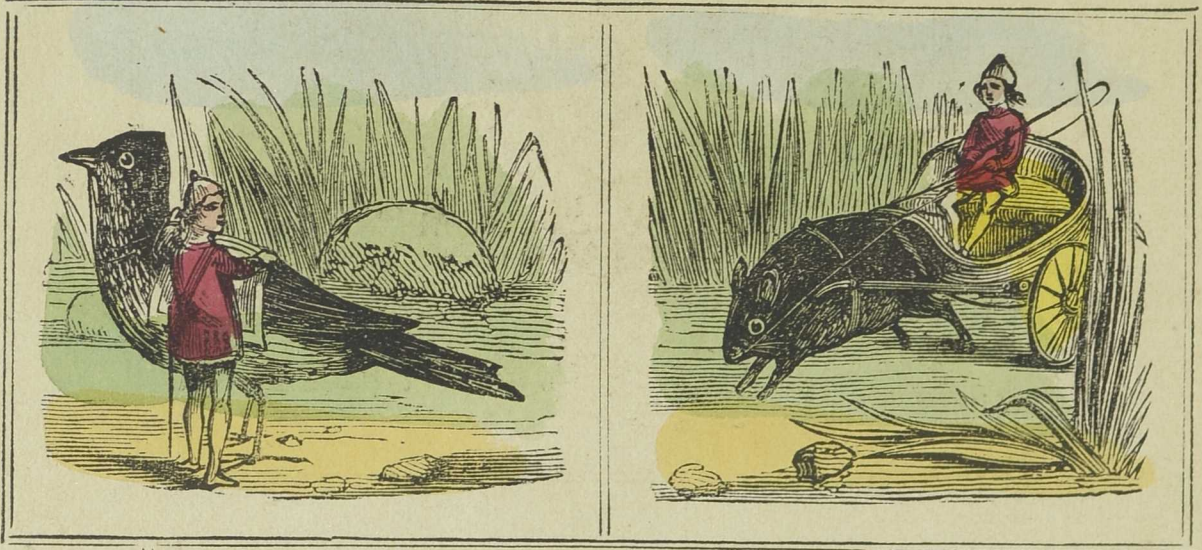


her throat, gaped wide, and in so doing let Tommy drop out of her mouth; when he was caught up by his mother in her apron, and taken home, to be put to rights again.

Tom was often taken out by his father, who used to carry the little fellow in his hand; and if a shower of rain came on, Tom would creep into his father's waistcoat pocket, and take a snug nap till the weather grew fine again. At home, it is true, he was somewhat mischievous. In place of the candle, he often would stand upright in the candlestick socket, Or find how much money his mother possessed, by hiding himself in her pocket.

Tom had a tame lark, which would let him mount on its back, and fly with him so high as to make him giddy. One day, Tom slipped off the lark's back, and fell into the sea, where he was swallowed by a fish.

The fish was caught soon after, and sent as a present to King Arthur. On opening the fish, great was the astonishment of the court to find Tom Thumb. The king ordered a new suit of clothes to be made for him.



Queen Mab now appeared with her elegant train, and to Fairyland, distant afar, Where she said for a time Tom could quiet remain, she bore him away in her car.

When Tom returned home again, his father had a gig made for him, carved out of an oyster-shell, with springs complete, and ivory wheels. A small mouse well trained served for a horse, the harness was of tape, and the reins of silk; and a doll's cushion made a capital seat.

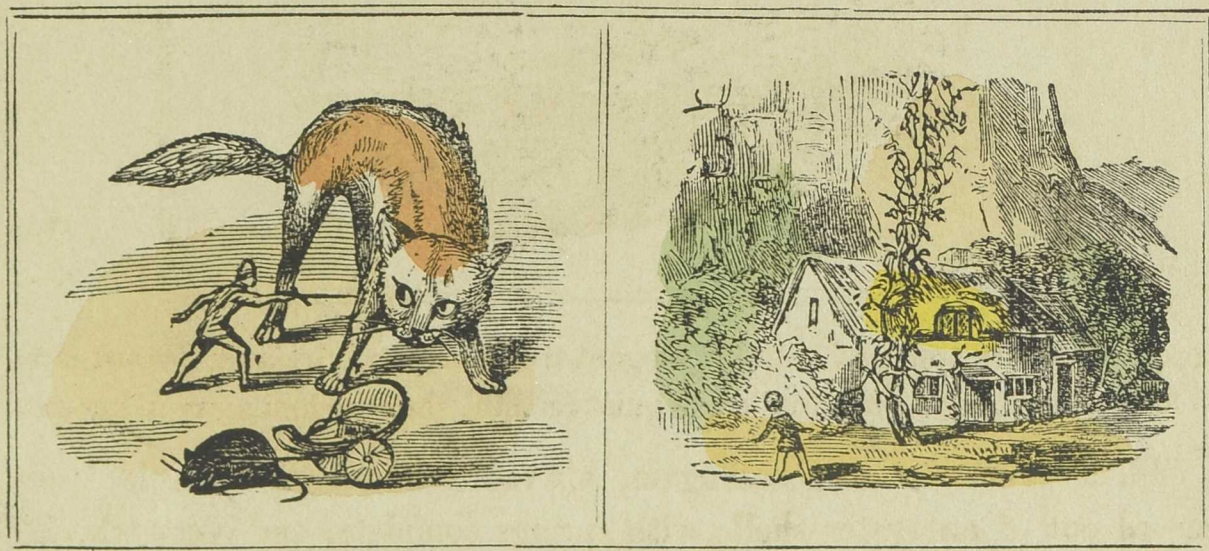
To King Arthur's palace he hastened away, delighting the queen and the king, As he drove round the table, the glasses among, without ever breaking a thing.

Tom was now knighted by the king, and appointed one of the royal pages. He used to go hunting with his Majesty and the nobility; and often amused them with his chase after the grasshoppers.



One day, when he was out, in company with the king and his nobles, they passed by a road-side inn, where they stopped for refreshment.

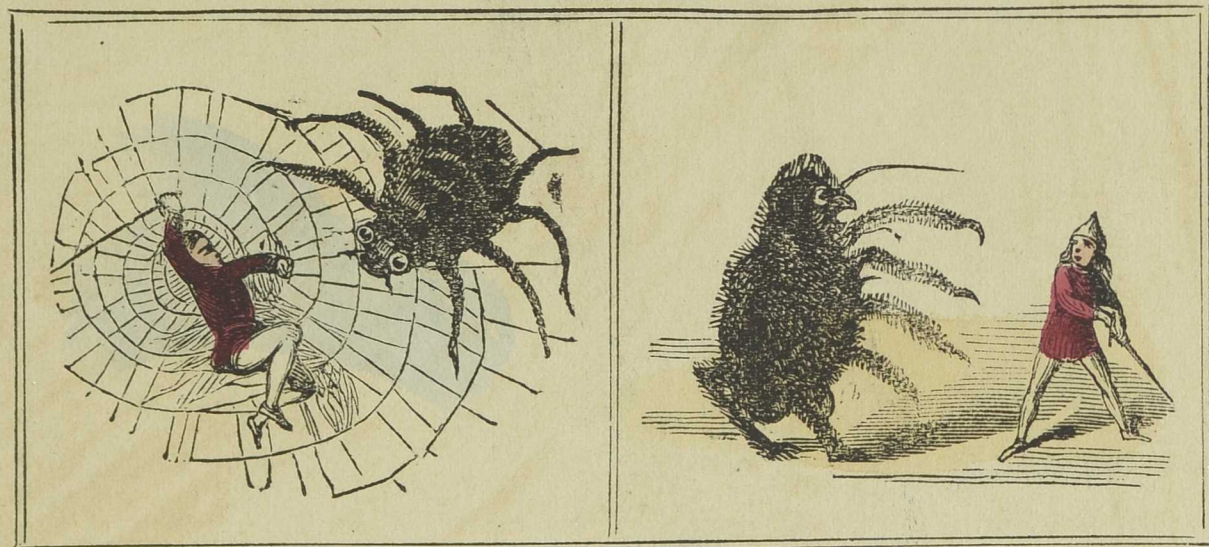
Just then a sly cat darted out at Tom's mouse; to catch it she meant not to fail, But Tom with his sword put her quickly to flight, and cut off the tip of her tail.



The cat returned to the spot, and raising her back, threatened to attack Tom Thumb; and had not the king and his nobles hastened to his rescue, poor Tom might have been roughly treated; as it was, he was sadly scratched, and his coat was much torn by the sharp claws of the cat.

Tom Thumb lived some years after this, and continued a great favourite with all the ladies of the court. He exerted himself so much for their amusement, that he fell ill; but change of air soon restored his health.

We come now to the end of poor Tom's history. One day, he was chasing a butterfly, that in trying to escape got into a spider's web. Tom cut at the web, to release the butterfly, when the spider attacked him.



Tom drew his sword, and prepared to defend himself. He gave the ugly monster several blows; but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him: poor Tom staggered,—let fall his sword,—and dropped down dead.

He dropped dead on the earth where so bravely he'd stood,
And the spider sucked out the last drop of his blood.

Great was the grief of the court when the death of poor Tom was made known. They buried him near the tree where he often used to sit, and play his tiny flute; and erected a monument, on which was written—

Here lies TOM THUMB, King Arthur's knight,
Killed by a Spider's poisonous bite.
Alive, he filled the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Let all who knew him, bow the head,
And cry, "Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

STORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.



Jack takes his Mother's Cow to market, and sells it to a butcher for a handful of curious looking Beans.



One of the Beans grows to a wonderful height. Jack climbs up it, to see where it will lead him to.



A Fairy meets Jack, and relates to him his Father's history,—how he assisted a Giant who was in distress.



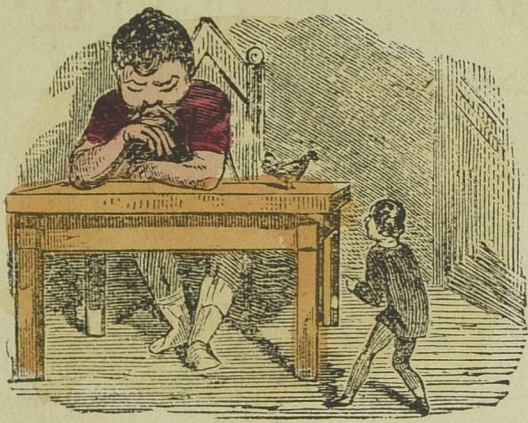
How the wicked Giant set fire to his Father's house, and murdered him and took away all his property.



And how the Giant waylaid him and his Mother, to kill them, and how how they escaped from him.



Jack arrives at the Giant's house, and prevails on the wife to admit him and hide him from the Giant.



Jack contrives to run off with the Giant's favourite Hen, that lays eggs of pure gold, and gets safely home.



Jack again visits the Giant's house. Is admitted, and finds the Giant asleep, after drinking plentifully of wine.



Jack runs off with the Giant's self-playing Harp. It awakens the Giant, who tries to stagger after Jack.



Jack gets first to the Bean-stalk. The Giant follows. Jack chops away the Stalk, and the Giant falls dead.

Jack found his mother in bed and very ill, from the fear she felt about him. Jack then told her about the Giant, and what he had heard from the Fairy. He told her also that the Giant



was dead, and then shewed her the hen and the harp, and the other treasures he had been able to secure, the whole of which, she well knew, belonged to his late father, and not to the Giant.

Jack's mother, finding he had no more risks to run, soon recovered her health. Jack proved a good son; and, assisted by the treasures he had secured, they lived many years in happiness. And so ends the story of Jack and the Bean-stalk.

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