

HOME TREASURY

PUCK'S  
REPORTS  
TO OBERON.

POSTERIOR JOURNAL



F. H. ATKINSON,  
Bookseller, Printer,  
And Stationer,  
BRIDGE-STREET,  
BRIGG.

SB

COLE, CHARLES AUGUSTUS

PUCK'S...

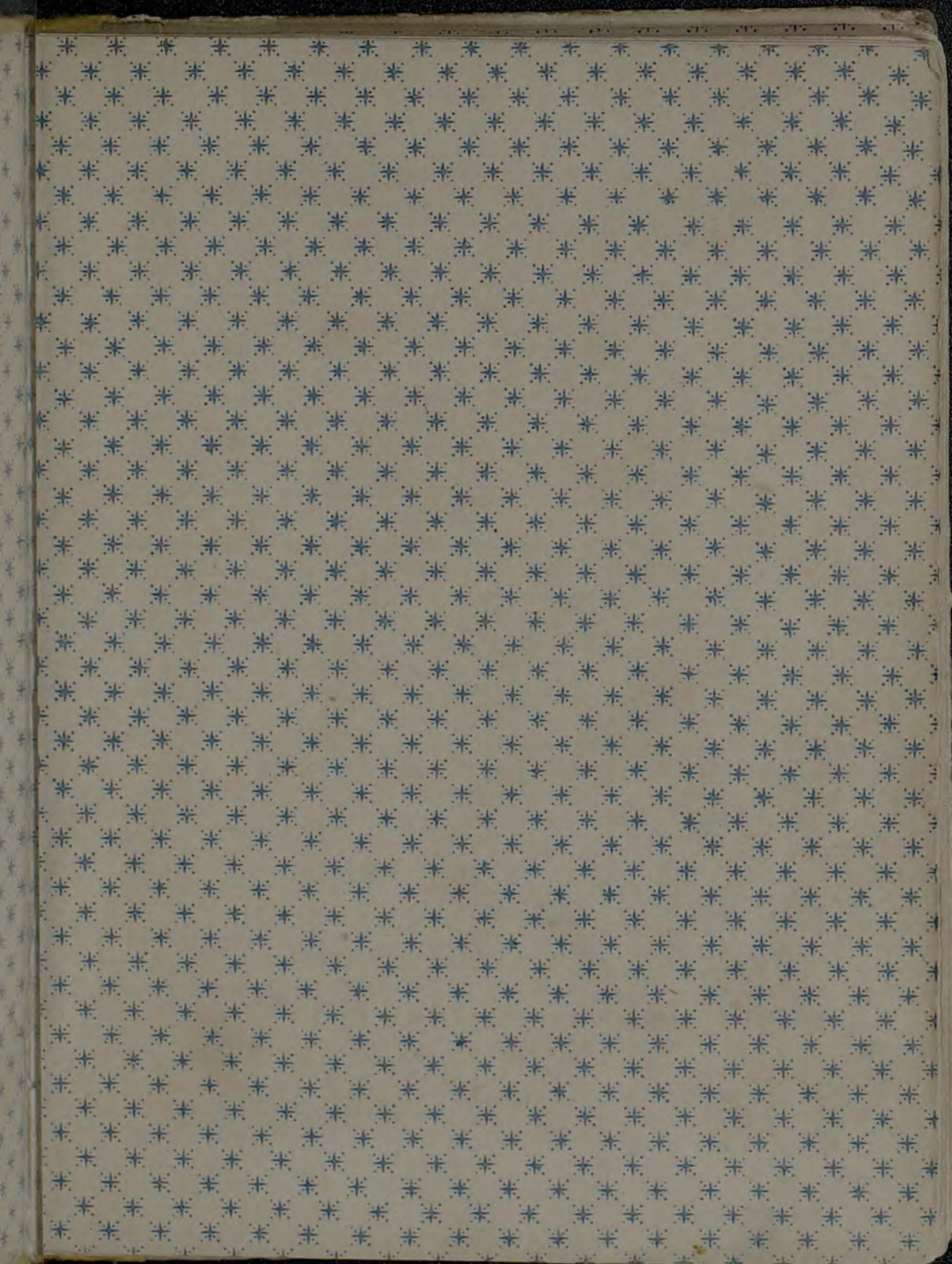
1844



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F. H. ATKINSON,

Rockefeller Institute

*[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]*



Miss Emma Atkinson Brigg

January 5<sup>th</sup> 1852







The Home Treasury.

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Puck's Reports to Oberon,  
KING OF FAIRIES, OF SOME  
NEW EXPLOITS OF  
THE PEN AND PENCIL OF  
Fancy.








PRESENTED TO MORTALS BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF  
FAIRIES, AND ORDERED TO BE PUBLISHED IN FELIX  
SUMMERLY'S HOME TREASURY, BY JOSEPH  
CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET,  
LONDON.

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1844.



THE designs in this volume have been kindly made by  
the following artists.

- TO OBERON, by . . . .   
— THE SISTERS, by . . . .   
— GOLDEN LOCKS, by . . .   
— GRUMBLE AND CHEERY by   
— THE EAGLE'S VERDICT, by 

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## INTRODUCTION.

**L**ATE one fine bright moonshiny  
night,  
About the time—when twelve was  
going to chime,  
And ev'ry little boy or girl should have his or  
her head—in bed ;  
'The King (MIGHTY OBERON) of the fairies,  
In full state and glee,  
Was stretching his dainty little limbs  
On gossamer floating from the fans of a chest-  
nut tree.  
Far and near, the sky was soft and clear,  
And not a sound above the ground, could you  
hear I trow,  
Save a watch-dog's very loud bow-wow,



The King was unattended by his court ;  
His Queen had gone to a village sport.  
For she always delighted to put her head in  
at a rustic wedding.

By the King's side, stood his tried  
And trusty PUCK, messenger of good or  
evil luck,

His master's pleasure to abide.  
The drollest, queerest, gleesomewight was he,  
In height not quite inches three :  
All head and legs, like cribbage pegs ;  
With a pair of long delicate gossamer wings,  
Such elegant fanciful things as you and I never  
see.

May be you've heard a word or two about  
him before.

For his tricks and gambols  
In his nightly rambles  
Would fill indeed more books than you could  
ever read.



There's one has talk'd about him some hundred years ago or so,  
Who has drawn his portrait to the letter,  
And I think I can't do better  
Than quote him here.

“ That shrewd and knavish sprite  
Called Robin Goodfellow : are you not he  
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;  
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife  
churn ;  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;  
Mislead night wanderers—laughing at their  
harm ?”

---

The King was in a chatty mood, and so began  
to seek,  
From his premier PUCK, what his subjects had  
been doing  
(Good or evil brewing)



During the last week.

And when they had disposed of each affair,  
And had closed each why and where :

PUCK whisper'd his Majesty that the fairy  
FANCY

Had again express'd her desire

To leave the place of her birth

To retire from the court

And make a short stay among the dwellers of  
earth.

Says PUCK,

“ Sire, you know for years and years,

In spite of her struggles and tears,

Mortals, in their scorn, drove her forlorn,

To seek her airy home again :

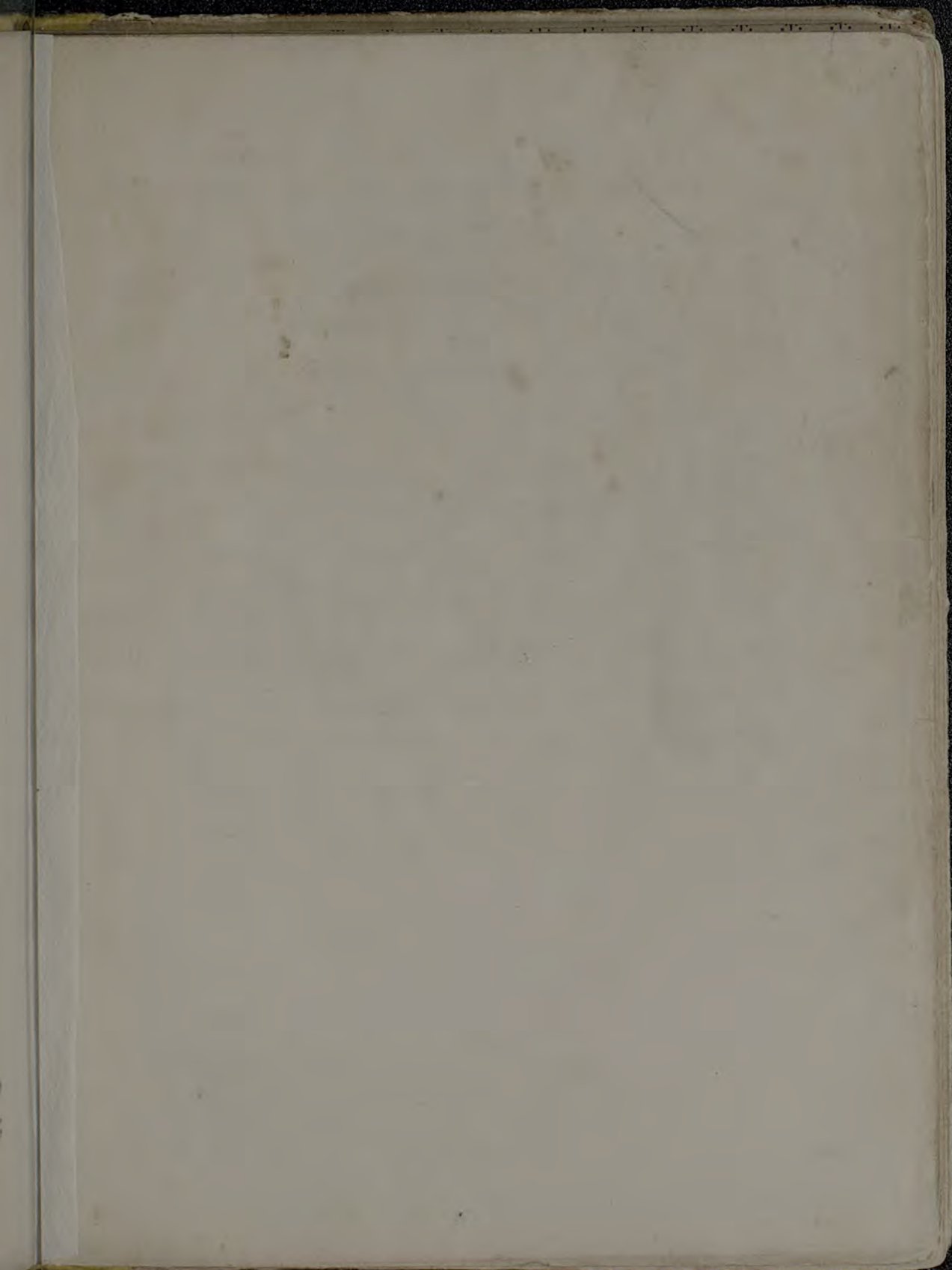
Once they would have all things plain

Before their eyes, nothing indefinite, nothing  
to surprise ;

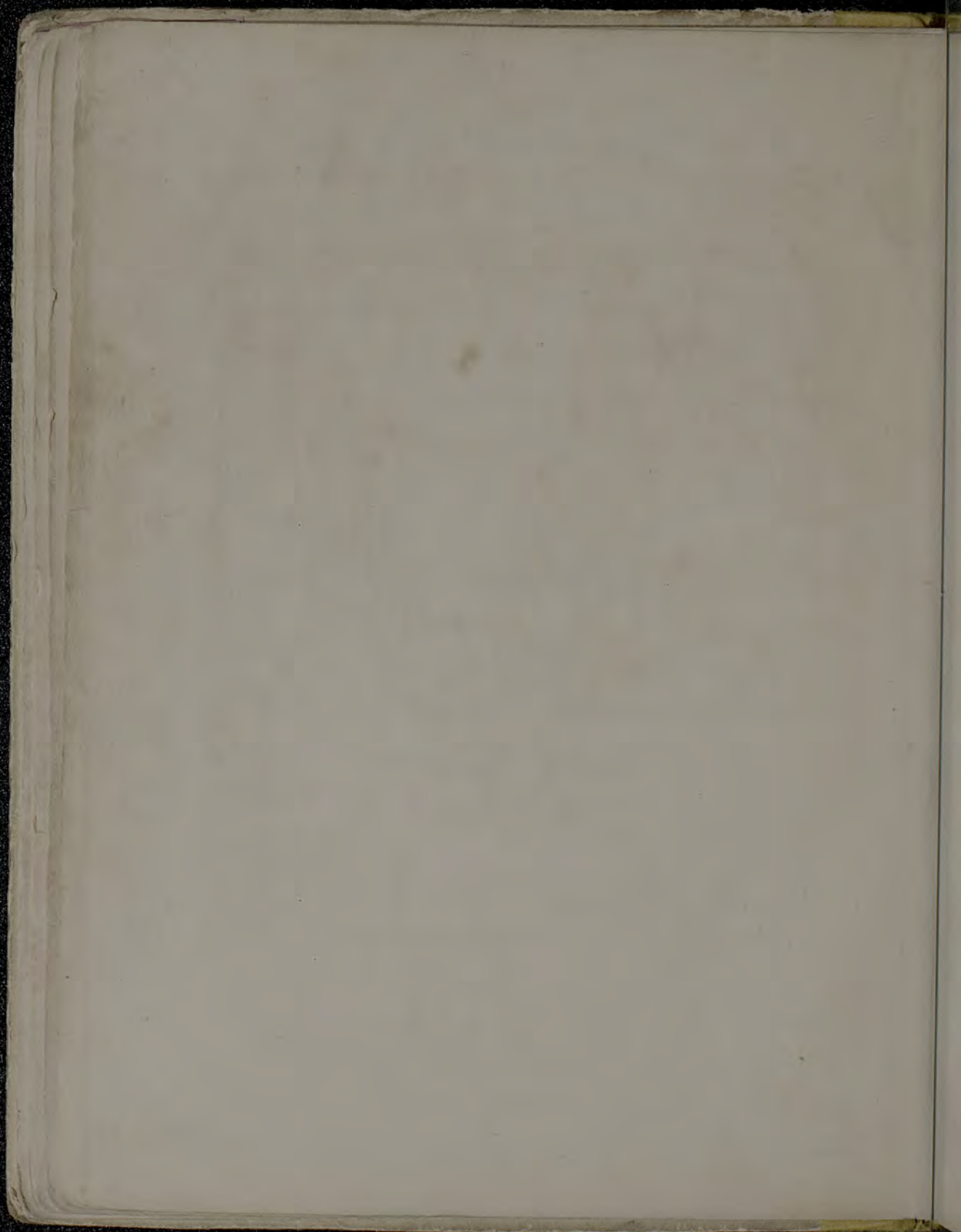
Faith and hope should be bound with a rope,

The imagination was a useless, foolish thing ;











“ Poetry mere push-pin.”

There was one Jeremy Bentham ;

(Would they had sent him here, for us to  
make his brains a little clear,)

A longheaded prosy fellow, who did nothing  
but bellow,

And rail at FANCY all day long,

In country or in town

He hunted her down,

Till her small voice was heard no more, and  
her reign seem'd o'er.

And now a most strange change

Has come about,

For folks with a shout,

In the north, south, east, and west,

Strive their hardest and best,

To extend her rule and region ;

Scarce a soul but agrees

To join her legion of devotees,

And unite to invite her back :

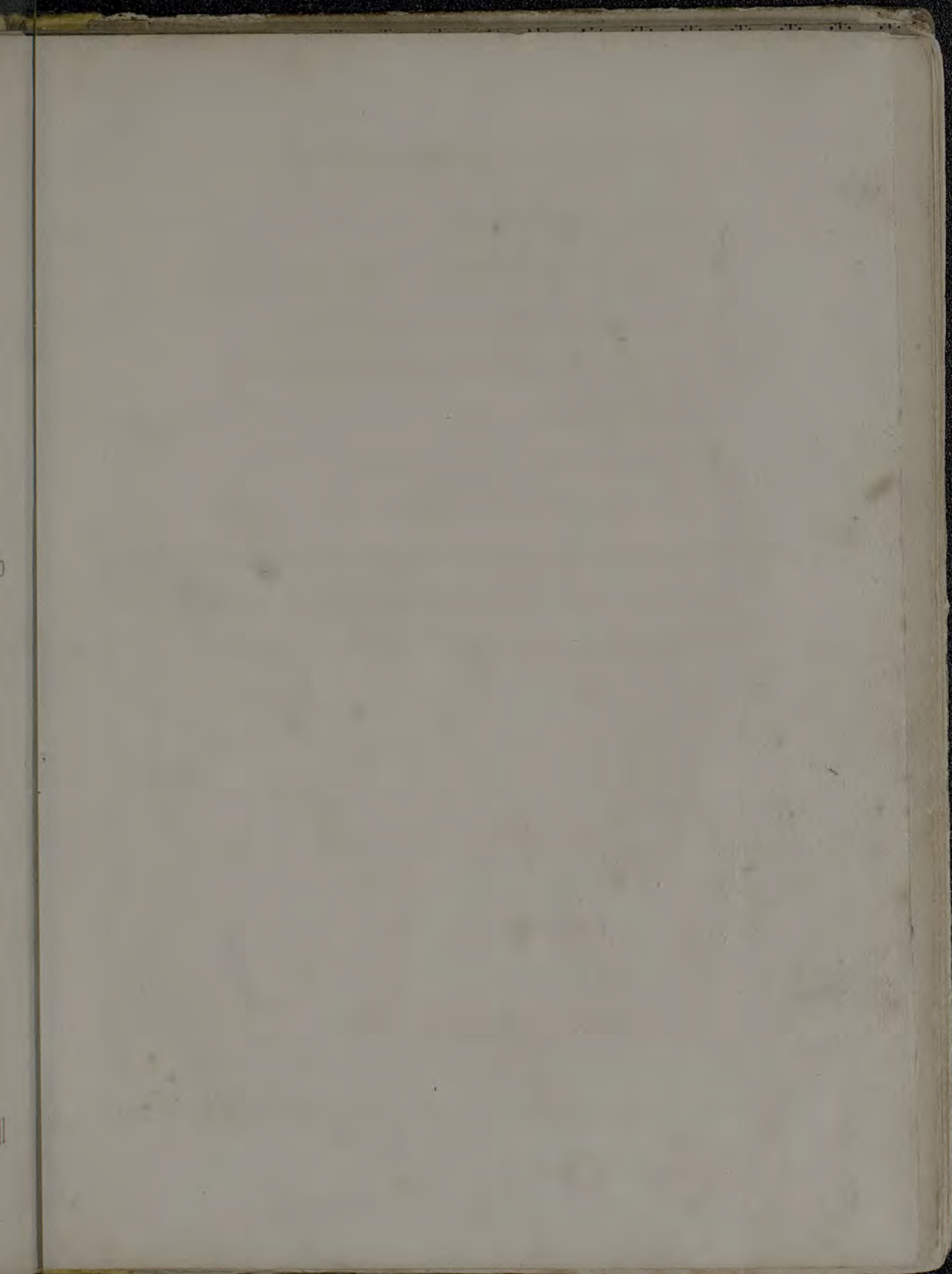


So this very night  
Should it please your Majesty to listen,  
It may requite your attention  
If I take the liberty to mention,  
Or lay before you  
A tale or two  
I borrow'd from a store of a score  
Which she wishes to send or lend to a heap  
Of little children just now fast asleep,  
Who never her best wishes lack."

PUCK reads:

In a small














## THE SISTERS.

N 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 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 loudraps 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 shewed 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."

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 hers 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 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 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 ; 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 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.

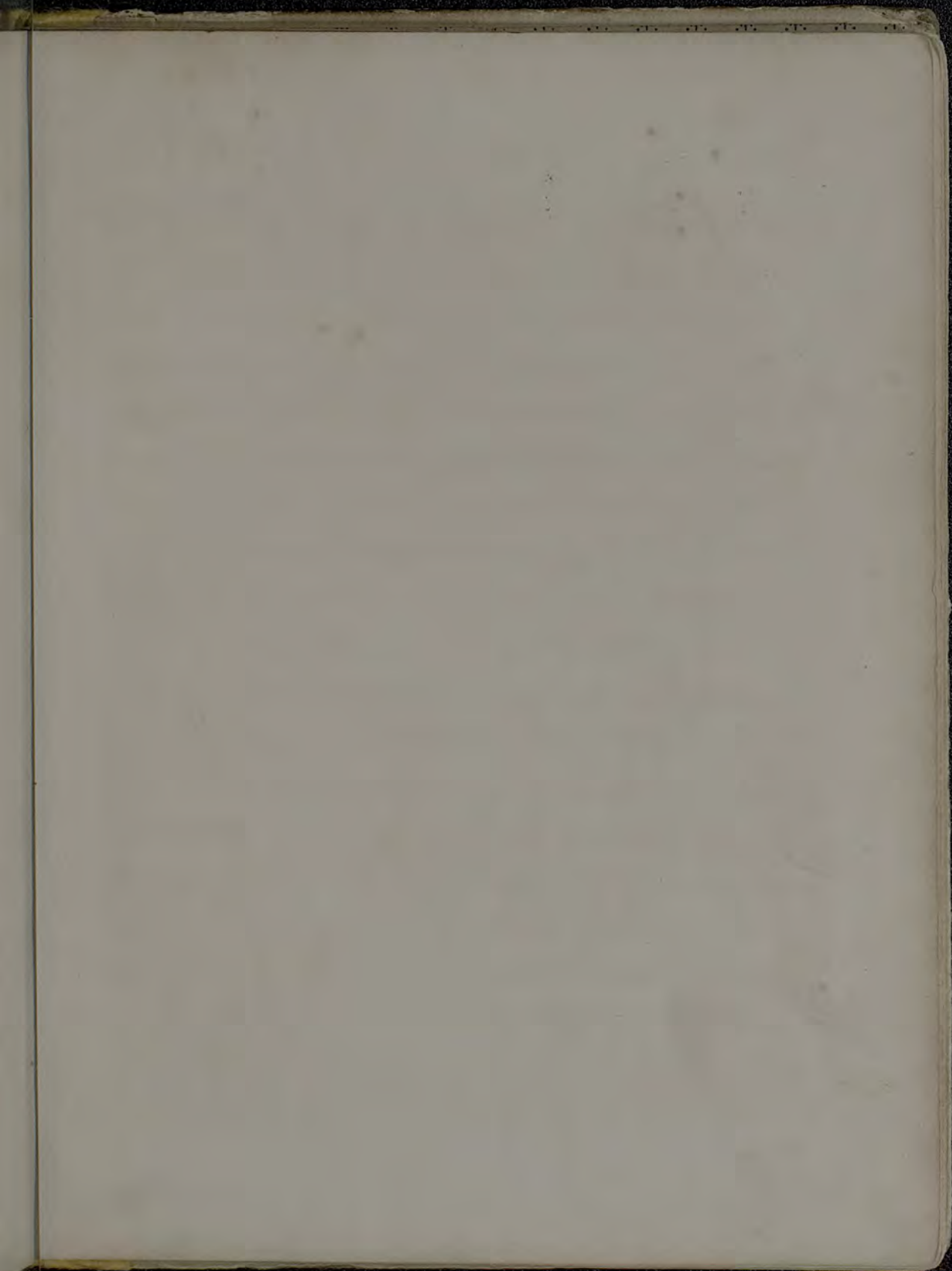
Once towards the end of the winter, the night was very cold, and as she sat up working



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.

END OF THE SISTERS.

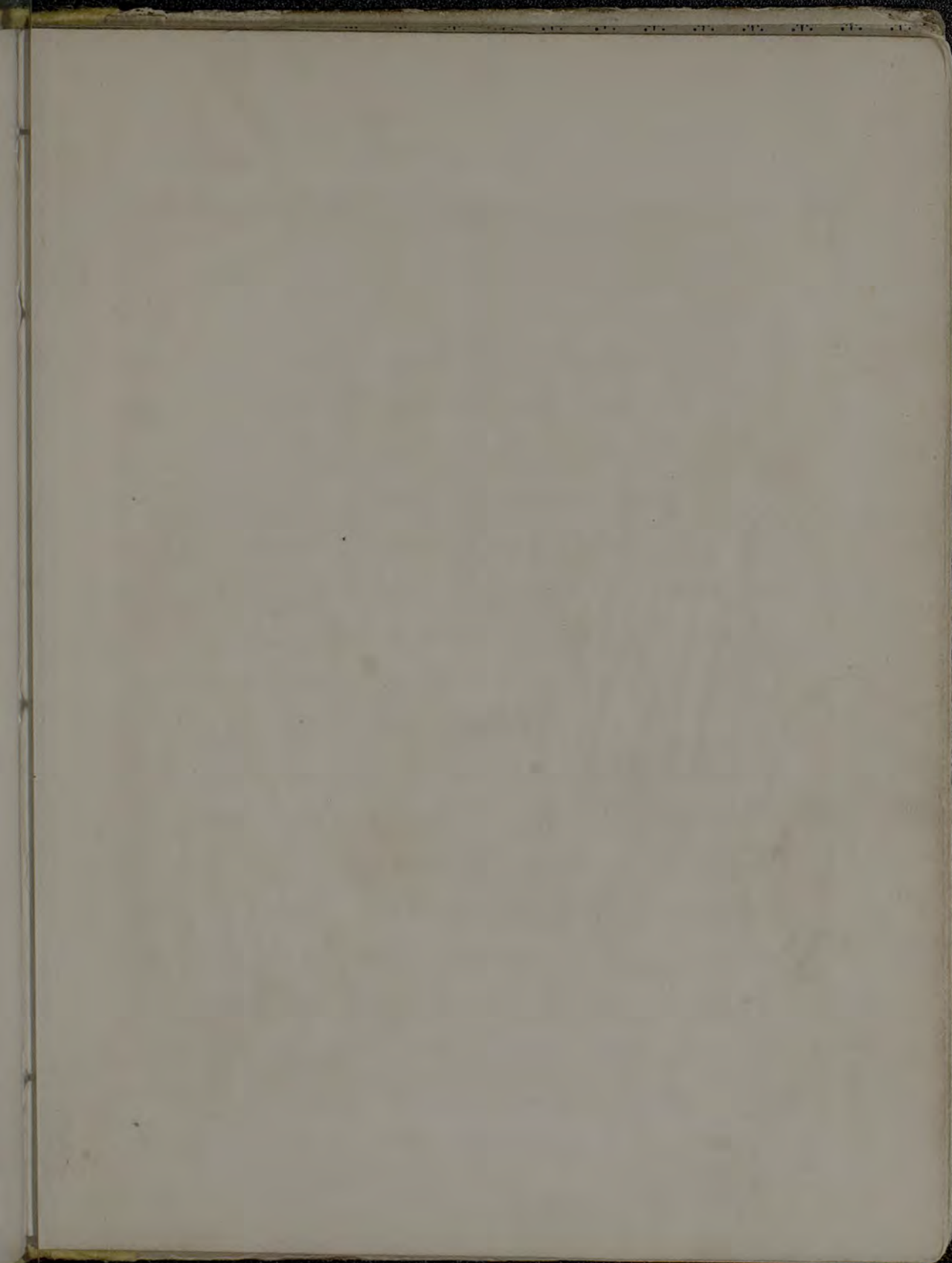




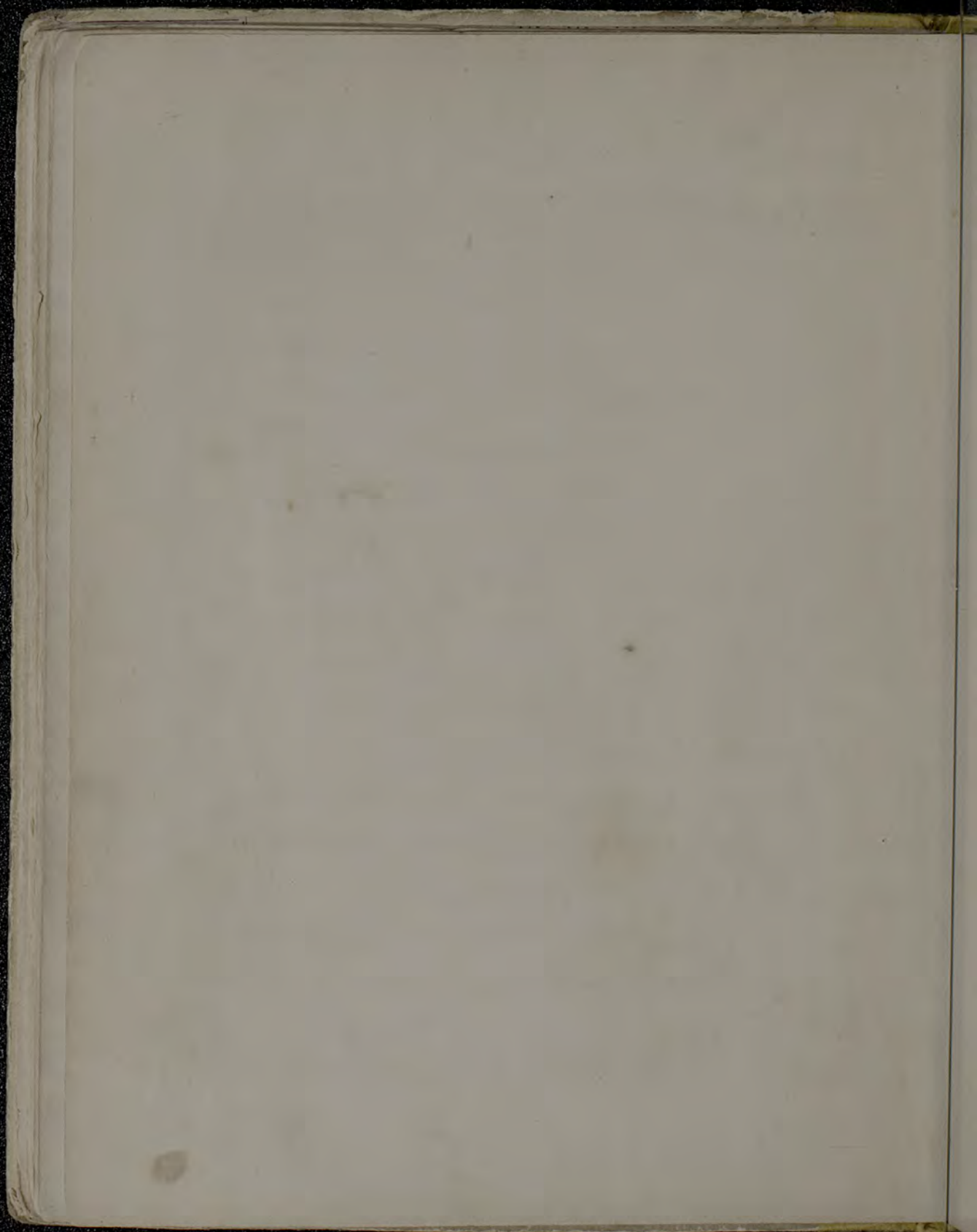
















## GOLDEN LOCKS.



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.

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 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.

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 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.

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.”

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, 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

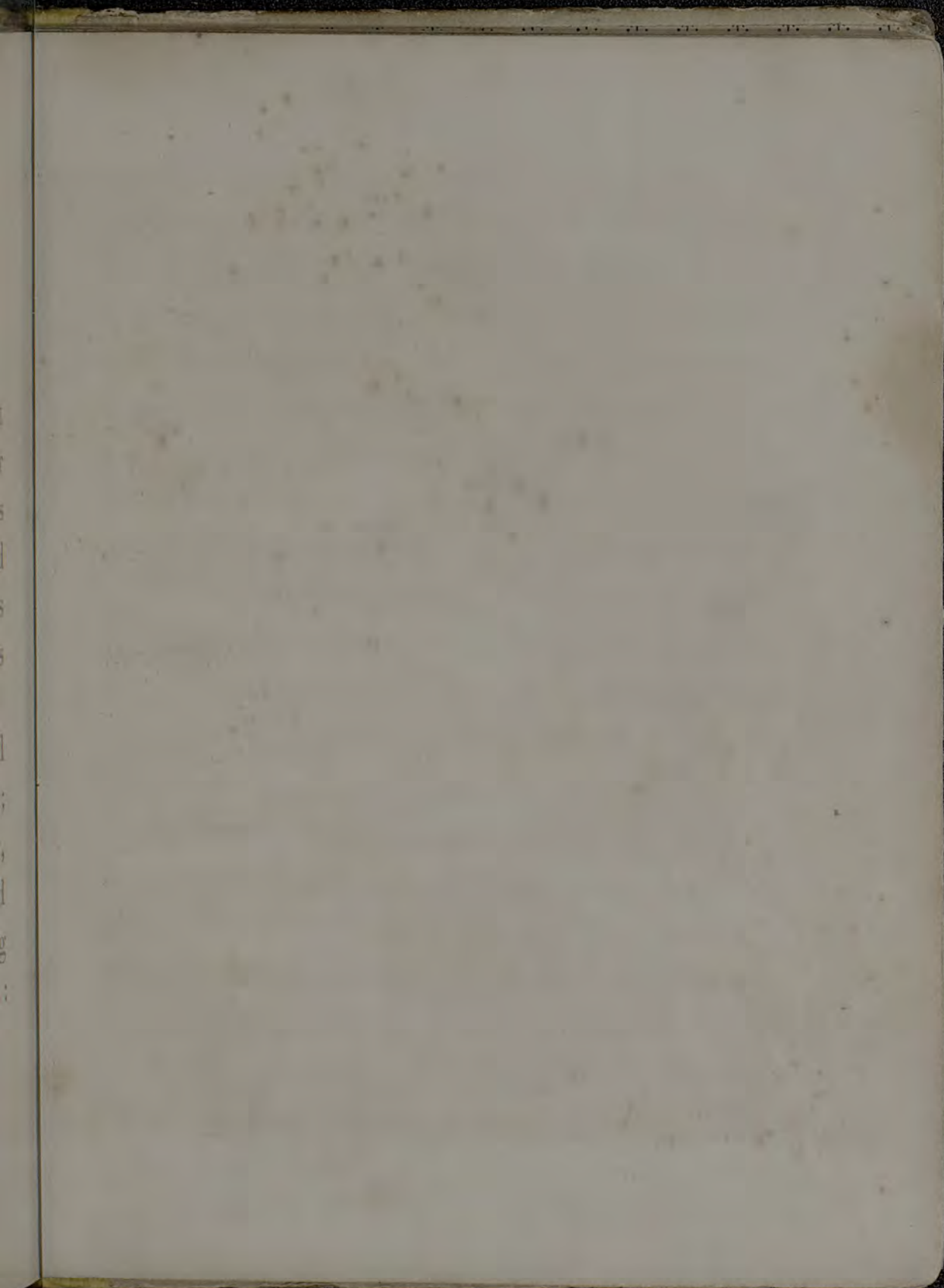


witch's thin lips, and then it went down her throat in a huge gulp, and there it stuck ; and the old witch stamped and got black with passion. Then instantly that the pearl had so choked the old witch that she could not speak, the scales fell from the princess and her companions ; and the king's hair 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 to this very day.

END OF THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

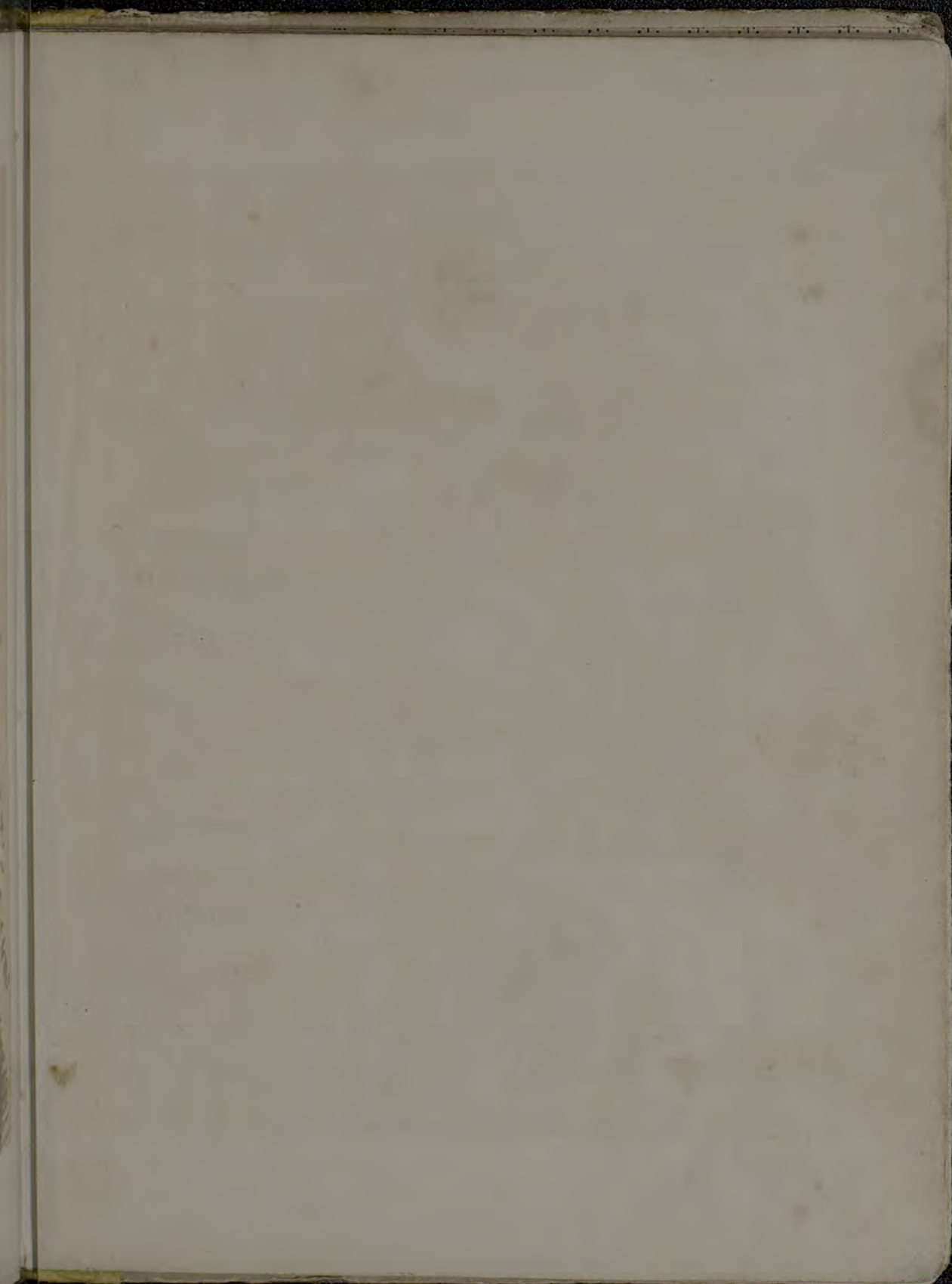




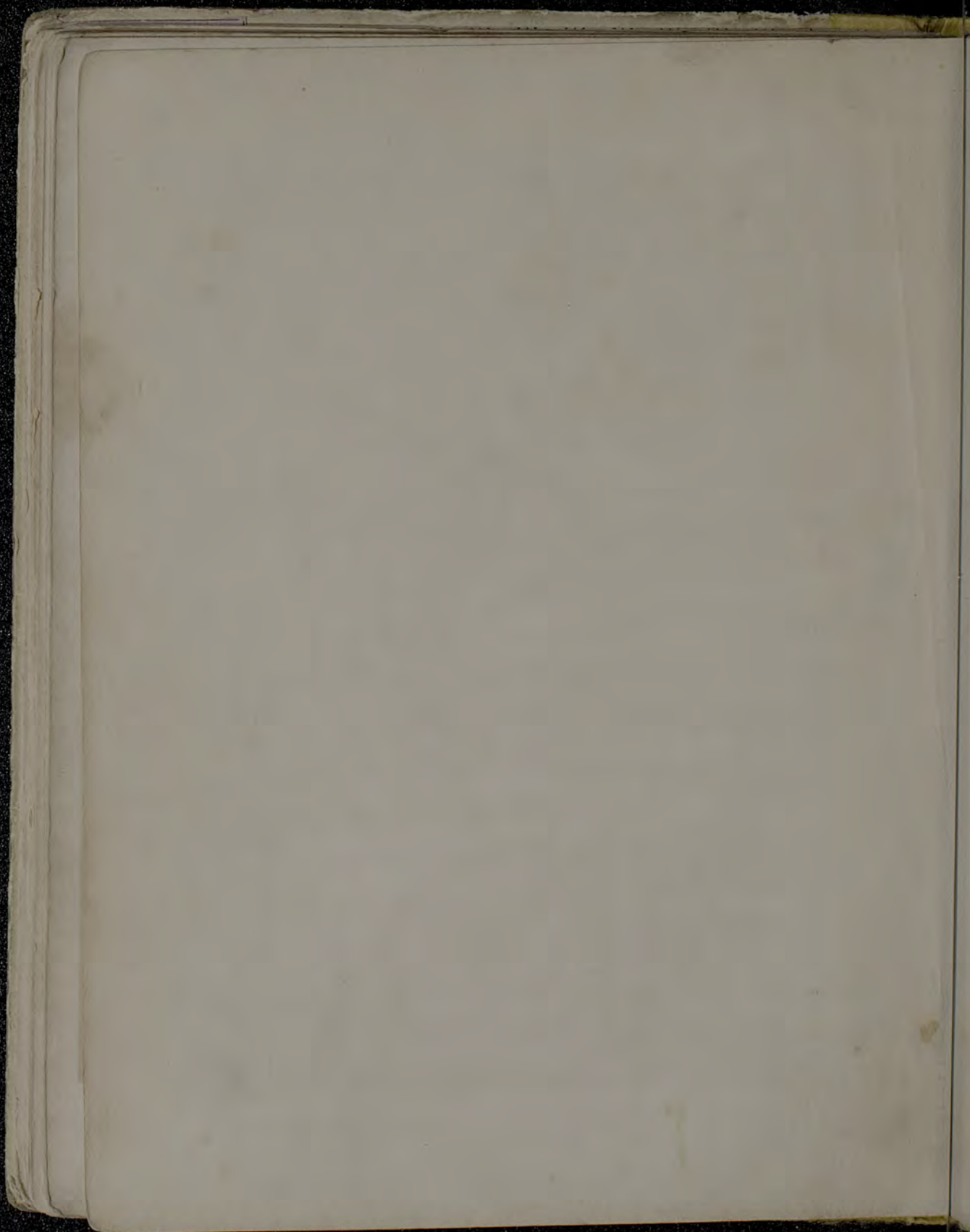
















## GRUMBLE AND CHEERY.

**G**RUMBLE and Cheery kept a large mill between them, 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, 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, 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 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 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 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, 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 Tapster's beer turned all sour; at another visit, all the boys and girls were

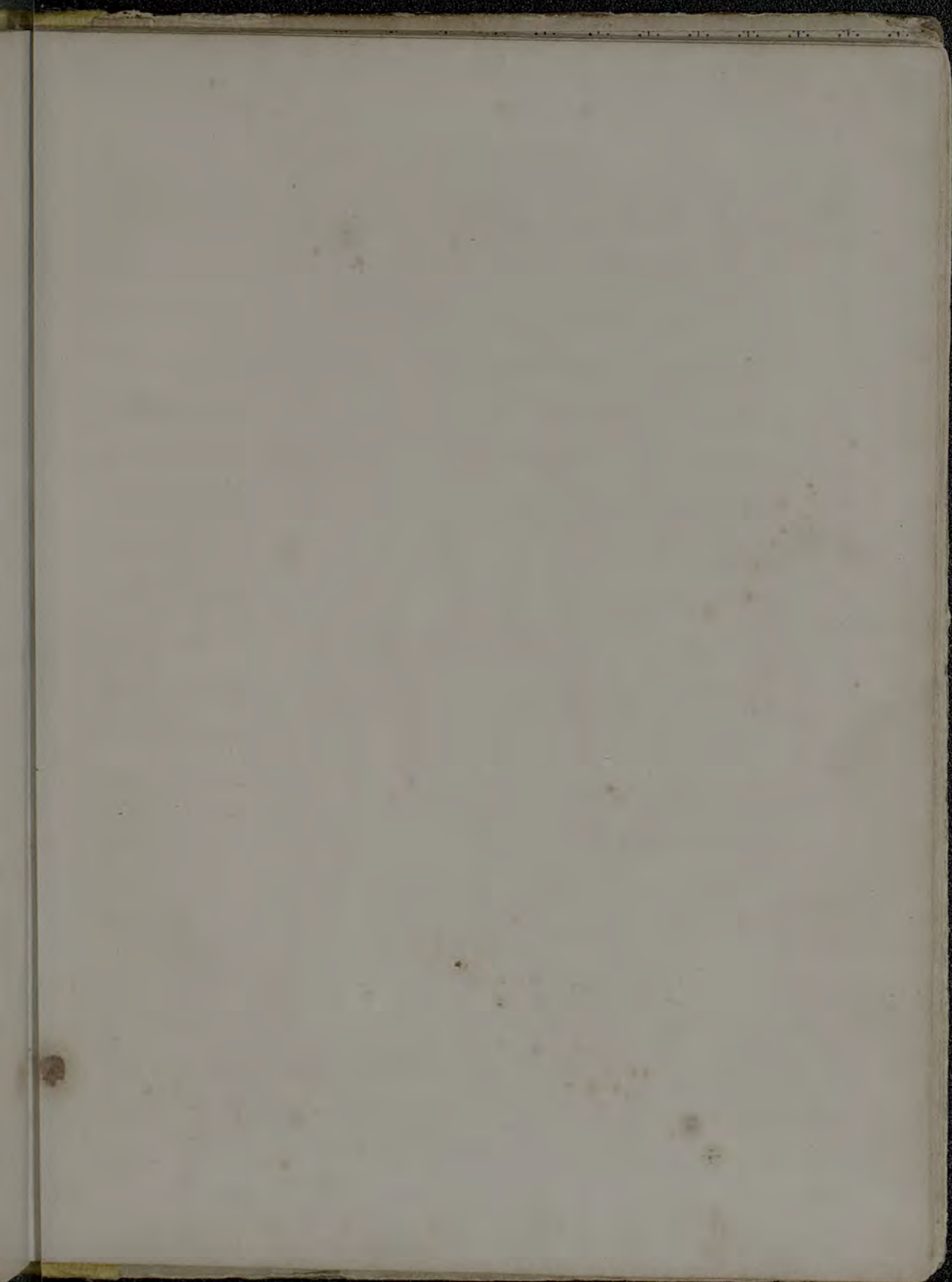


frightened by the bull ; at a third visit, which was just before Christmas, no mistletoe could be found any where. In short, whenever any body said they had seen Grumble, some ill-luck was found to have happened just at the very time. Until at last, whenever things went wrong in the village, people said,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

As for Cheery, after he had sorrowed for the loss of the pony, every thing 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.

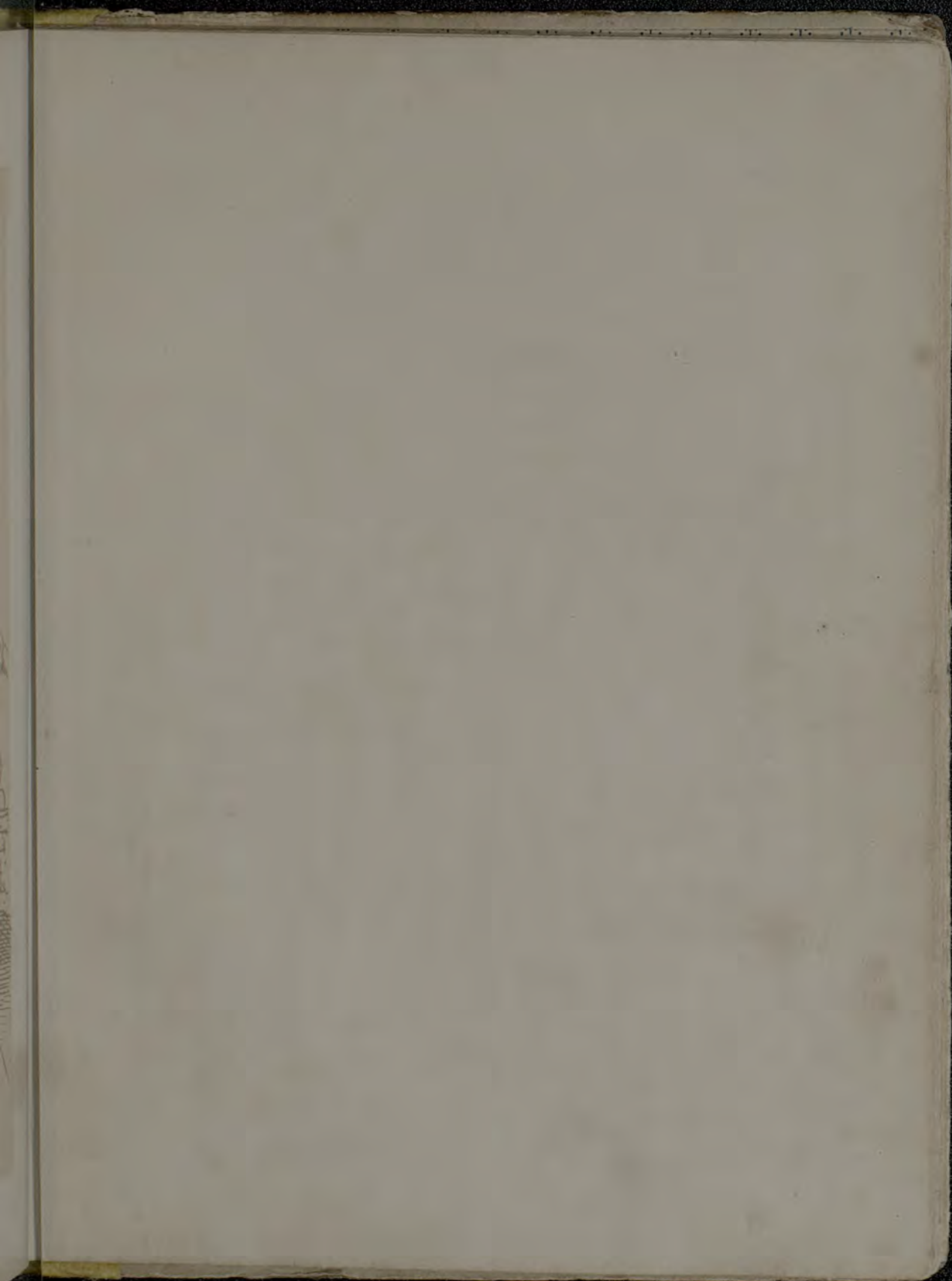




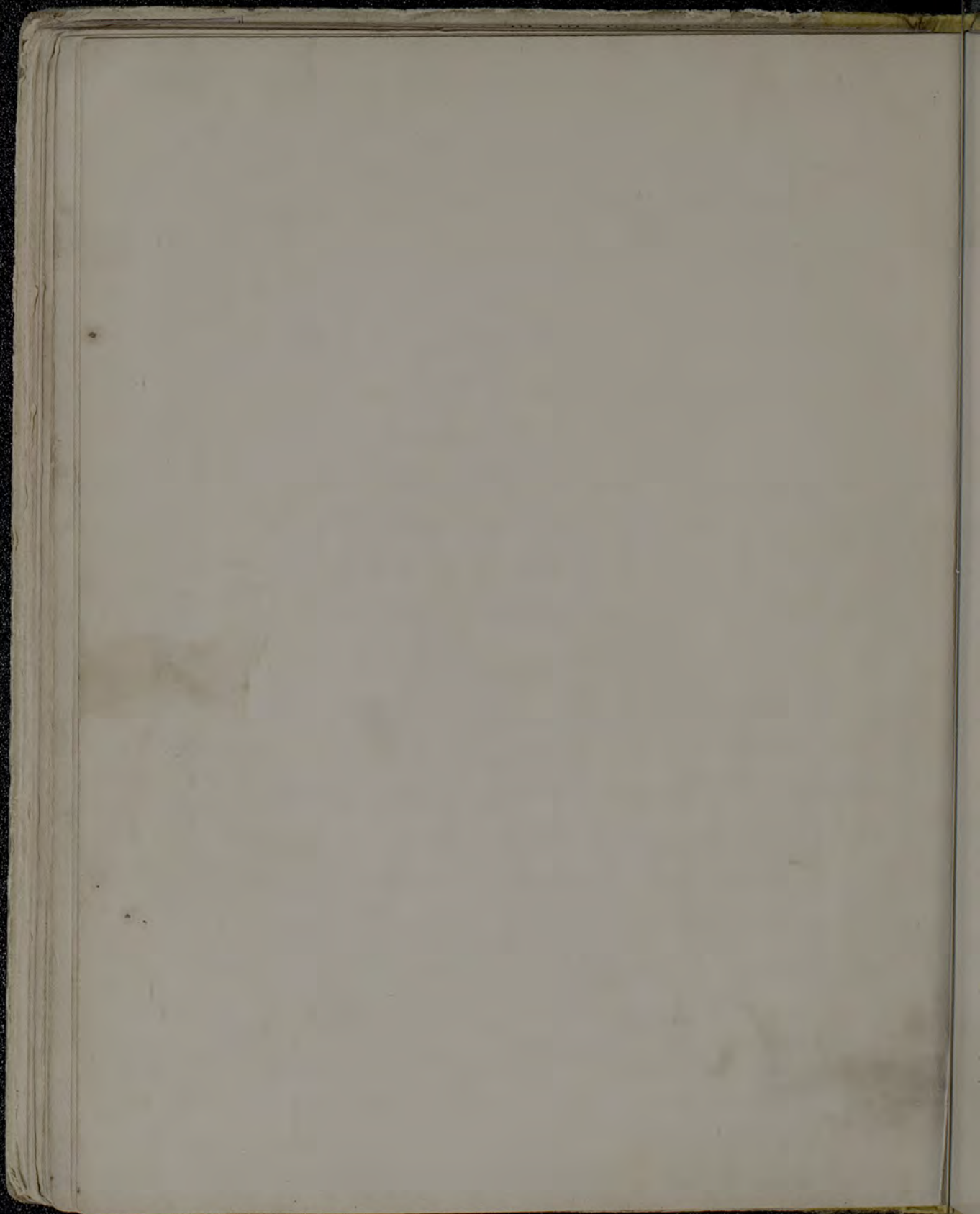
















## THE EAGLE'S VERDICT.

**O**NE 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 Tom-tit, 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.

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, every thing 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 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.

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 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 maiden's 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 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.

*Oberon here interrupts—*



Stop ! Puck ! Stop ! This notion's old,  
In bygone times oft told  
By FANCY : reach me the Norman Fabliaux  
Writ on a roll of vellum centuries ago ;  
Turn to membrane sixty—there you'll find  
A like contention raised 'tween FORCE and  
MIND :

Besides, there's one Leigh Hunt, 'mong modern  
men,  
Has sung the deeds of Captains Sword, and  
Pen.

Well, let it pass ! read on, and end the tale,  
Though old the thought, its dressing is not  
stale.

*Puck resumes reading—*

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 of course was 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.

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 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.

This 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 the one might guard and protect, and the other make laws for the kingdom.

THE minister was proceeding in his reading,  
When suddenly Her tiny Majesty

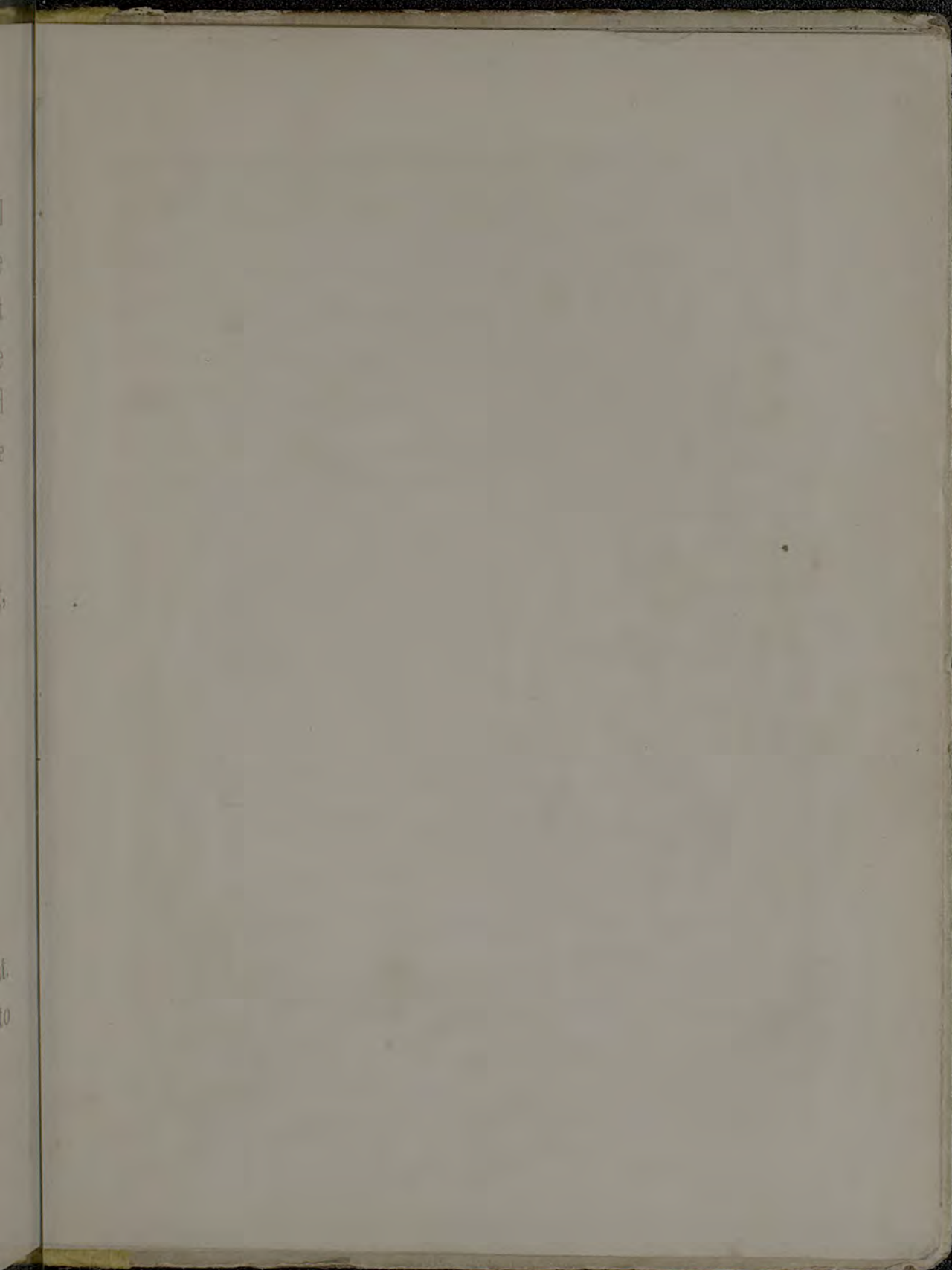
THE QUEEN,

With her troop of quaint spirits and elves,  
Were seen to sweep themselves along the  
green,

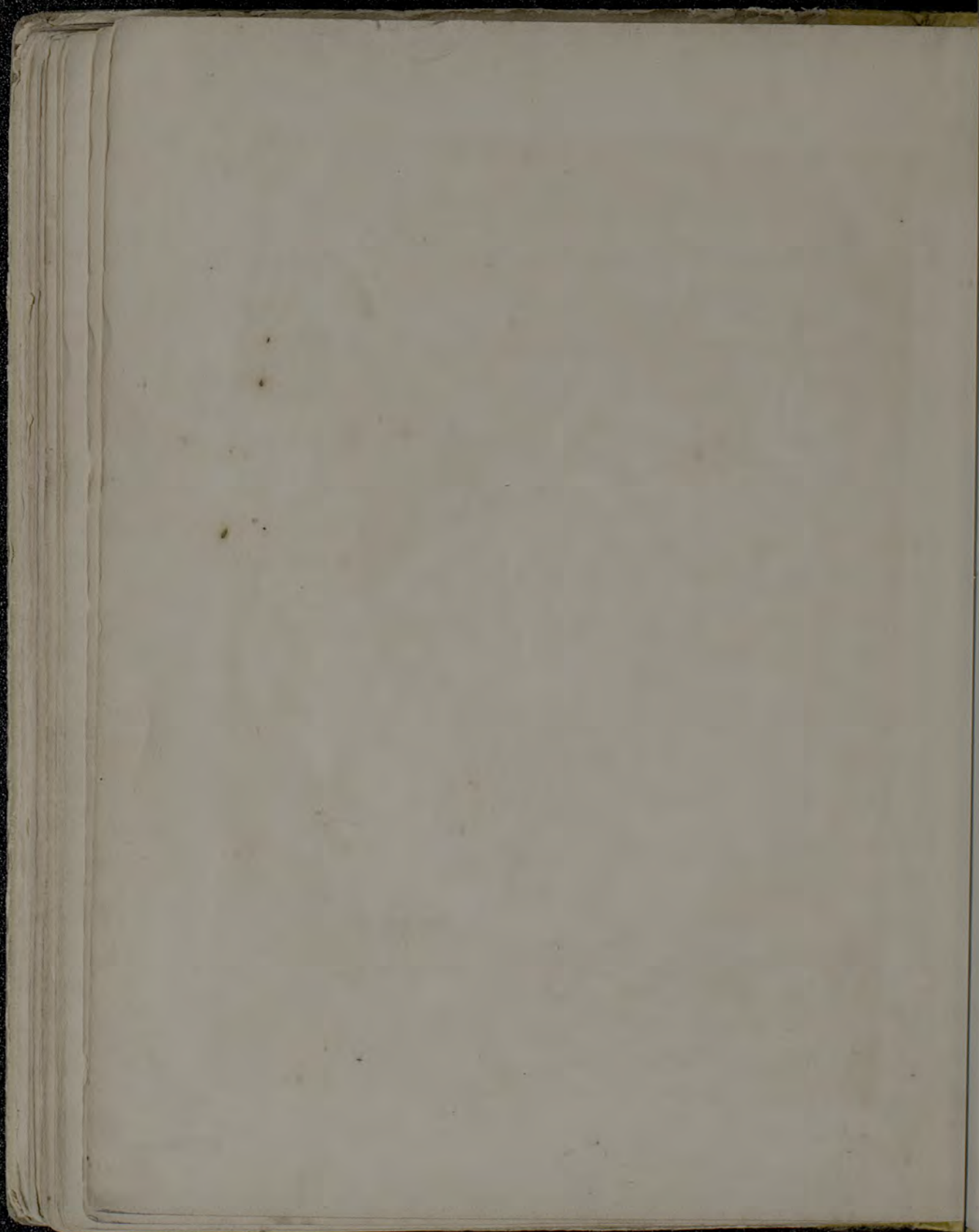
FANCY foremost in the throng.

Lovingly did Oberon Titania greet  
When on her cobweb throne she took her seat.  
Anon, He, King Oberon, calling FANCY to  
his side,





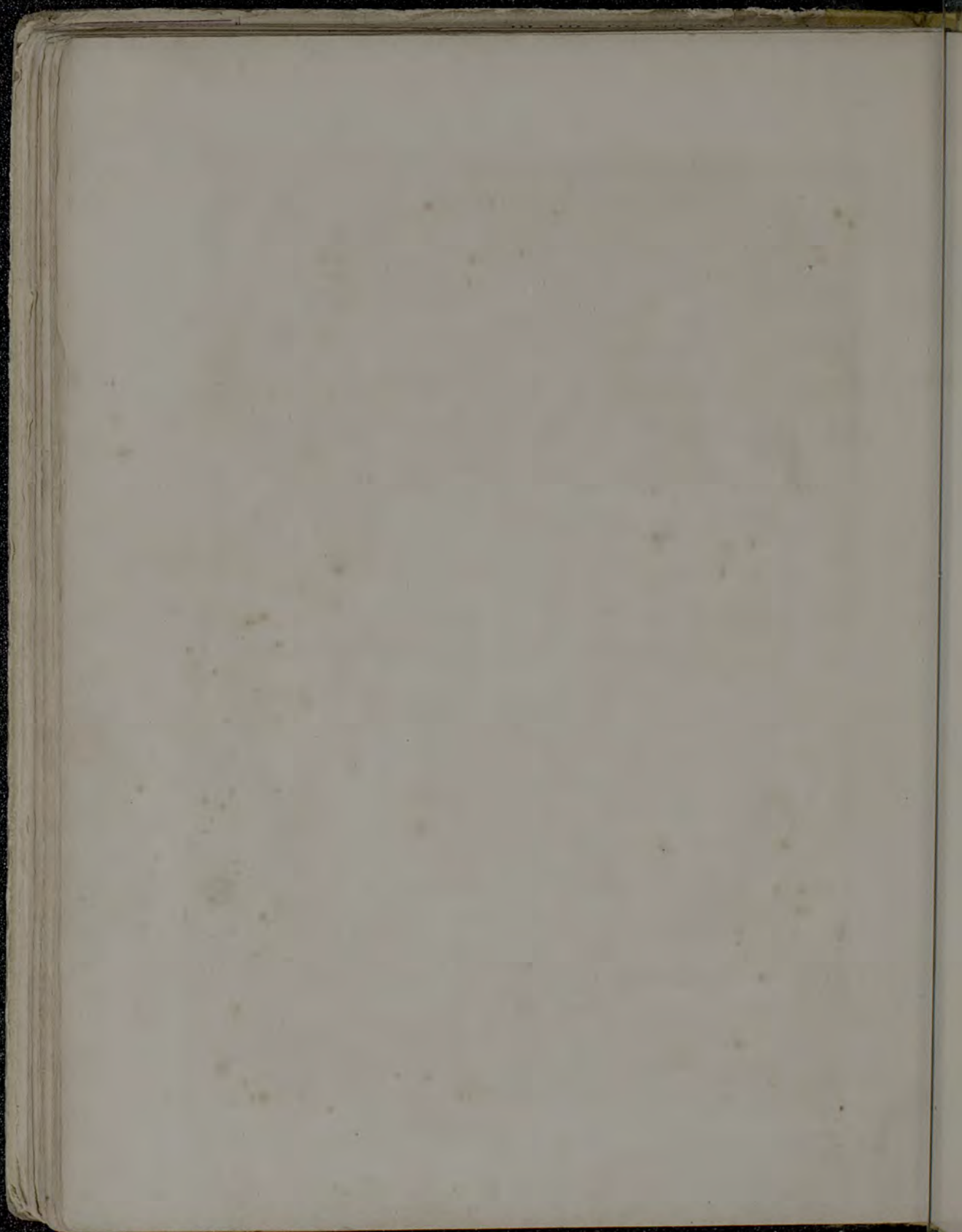














In a most complimentary strain  
Declared his pride and delight  
In having such a sprite in his train :  
He praised her legendary lore,  
Which Puck, five minutes before,  
Had presented from her store.  
“ Who,” said the king, “ shall have the honour  
To indite or bring to light  
These tales to mortals ? Who’s the wight ?”  
The King of Fairies paused, and FANCY with  
a smile  
Said, “ May it please your Majesty !  
I choose this while  
To pass the portal  
Of one Master Felix Summerly ;  
A mortal who cares  
For the eyes and the ears  
Of all little dears :  
And for them prepares my light wares.”



“So let it be,” cried Oberon to Puck.  
“In cups of Nectar full to the brink  
Let all drink  
To Fancy’s new work, Good luck!”  
The Fairy rout chorused in tiny shout  
“Good luck! Good luck!”





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## ORIGINAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE HOME TREASURY.

THE character of most Children's Books published during the last quarter of a century is fairly typified in the name of Peter Parley, which the writers of some hundreds of them have assumed. The books themselves have been addressed after a narrow fashion almost entirely to the cultivation of the understanding of children. The many tales sung or said from time immemorial, which appealed to the other, and certainly not less important elements of a little child's mind, its fancy, imagination, sympathies, affections, are almost all gone out of memory, and are scarcely to be obtained. Little Red Riding Hood, and other fairy tales hallowed to children's use, are now turned into ribaldry as satires for men ; as for the creation of a new fairy tale or touching ballad, such a thing is unheard of. That the influence of all this is hurtful to children, the conductor of this series firmly believes. He has practical experience of it every day in his own family, and he doubts not that there are many others who entertain the same opinions as himself. He purposes at least to give some evidence of his belief, and to produce a series of Works, the character of which may be briefly described as anti-Peter Parleyism.

Some will be new Works, some new combinations of old materials, and some reprints carefully cleared of impurities, without deterioration to the points of the story. All will be illustrated, but not after the usual fashion of children's books, in which it seems to be assumed that the lowest kind of art is good enough to give first impressions to a child. In the present series, though the statement may perhaps excite a smile, the illustrations will be selected from the works of Raffaele, Titian, Hans Holbein, and other old masters. Some of the best modern Artists have kindly promised their aid in creating a taste for beauty in little children.

In addition to the printed Works, some few Toys of a novel sort, calculated to promote the same object, will from time to time be published.



THAT the supposed want of such a class of works was no mistake, has been abundantly proved both by the success which has attended the works already published, and the welcome they have received from the Press.

But what shall we say of the 'Home Treasury?' a "gallery" of Art in itself, if it had no other merit? Children have, of late years, been overdosed with what is called *useful* knowledge,—no scandal against Marcet or Markham,—and we rejoice that the beautiful and the fantastic (the nonsensical, if the reader please,) are now to have a turn. In our opinion, even the wordless jingle of the coral and bells ought not to be despised, so long as little eyes brighten and little lungs "crow" at it; and these Nursery Rhymes, with enlarged resources in the way of illustration, ought to be heartily welcomed. The Metals, and the Planets, and the Manufactures, may wait a year or two; there is time enough for the utilities; and for our parts, we would a thousand times rather have the Old Woman in her Basket, who visited the Moon, and the will of 'Betty Pringle's Piggy;' than the impossibly-good little boys and girls, and the perfect fathers and mothers, which have been of late exhibited to our children to wonder at, not to play with nor to believe in. Nay, we may as well own, that '*Dickery, dickery, dock*' (ours, not Mr. Summerly's, is the true and lawful version,) seems to us, as a lyric, far more wholesome than some of the so-called spiritual songs of late prepared for the infant ear, the superficial music of which has not deafened us to the uncharitableness murmuring through the strain in malicious under-current.

From what we have said, the reader will infer that we consider this 'Home Treasury' to be rich in profit as well as pleasure. Compare *these* gilt books with the old tomes published by Mr. Newbery, backed with a waste morsel of tarnished Dutch paper, and illustrated with woodcuts little better than the portraits of the Royalties on a pack of cards; The cover of Summerly's casket is splendid enough to have been stolen from an Alhambra alcove; the pictures accompanying the 'Nursery Rhymes' are capital. Look at the frontispiece, the King of the Song of Sixpence counting his money in the parlour, while the Queen (wherefore in the kitchen, Mr. Summerly? *OUR* Queen condescended for her "bread and honey" no lower than the pantry,) is stuffing herself right royally in the back-ground,—why, it is as clever as if a Prize Cartoon Exhibitor had drawn it—suppose one Mr. Horsley. Again, 'Bye, O my baby,' has as much grace and pathos as a picture by Redgrave; while the 'Beggars coming to Town,' with the accompaniment of barking dogs, recalls to us Cope himself; and if Mr. Webster be not guilty of Mother Hubbard, when, returning home, she is surprised by the accomplishments in reading of her dog, he need not have been ashamed of the design—that's all. The boy with the lost hare, too, is capital—a delicious mixture of fright and fun. Will any one assert, that in such an early introduction of our children to what is artistically good, there is no *use*? If such there be, he deserves to be sentenced to read nothing but Pinnock till his dying day.

We have not yet spoken of Felix Summerly as editor. His preface to the 'Nursery Rhymes' is cheerful and wise. As to the correctness of his text, that is a grave matter, every householder being, of course, prepared to maintain the purity of his own version. Our traditions, we are inclined to think, lend themselves better to the toss-up and round-about tunes of the nursery, than some of his. But we will not cavil about their purity. Let the members of the Camden or the Percy Society look to it. In the meantime we announce, with right good will, the opening of his Treasury. It will, of course, yield us faery tales by the dozen, and to all we say "grace and welcome."—ATHENÆUM.



The Editor of these little works is already favourably known as the author of several of the best Guide Books of the present day. We particularly allude to the 'Guide to Hampton Court,' to 'Westminster Abbey,' and to the 'Hand Book for the National Gallery.' Finding it difficult to procure the works which used to amuse the childhood of those now in middle life, especially the works of imagination, he has determined upon reprinting some of the best of these; and several distinguished artists have not thought it beneath them to aid his exertions by what in their case may well be called a labour of love. Accordingly, the pictures are done *con amore*, and very differently from those usually found in children's books; and the painting of the coloured copies, being evidently after the artist's pictures, is such as never hitherto have been seen in books for the young.

The 'Nursery Songs' contain a large collection of the old friends of our infancy chanted in those dark ages when something besides absolute wisdom was permitted to the young. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' another old friend, seemingly destined to immortal youth, is here pictured to the life. 'Sir Hornbook,' a grammatical poem for children (by a distinguished literary character,) which had much celebrity thirty years ago, and was remarkable for the beauty of its illustrations, has now reappeared to delight a new generation; and the scriptural designs of Hans Holbein have a vigour and quaintness exceedingly refreshing after the mawkish illustrations usually found in children's books.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

These two elegant little books with gilded covers, coloured prints, and beautiful type, are the commencement of a series of reprints of once popular books for children, under the title of "the Home Treasury of Books, Pictures, and Toys;" which is intended to include picture-alphabets, fairy tales, old ballads, and the Bible-events illustrated by HOLBEIN and RAFFAELLE. An infusion of legendary lore and romantic fable in the current of useful information that now flows into the nursery from so many different sources, will be welcome to many, parents and children too, who do not share the dislike of FELIX SUMMERLY to PETER PARLEY and his progeny; and the attractive style in which the old nursery classics are got up, as well as their novelty to the present generation of infants, will recommend them. The designs of the "Nursery Songs" are of a homely character, with touches of the comic or the graceful, as the case may be; and their simplicity is not lessened by the refined taste shown in one or two—that of the "Beggars coming to Town," for instance: the colouring is gay, but not vulgar.

SPECTATOR.

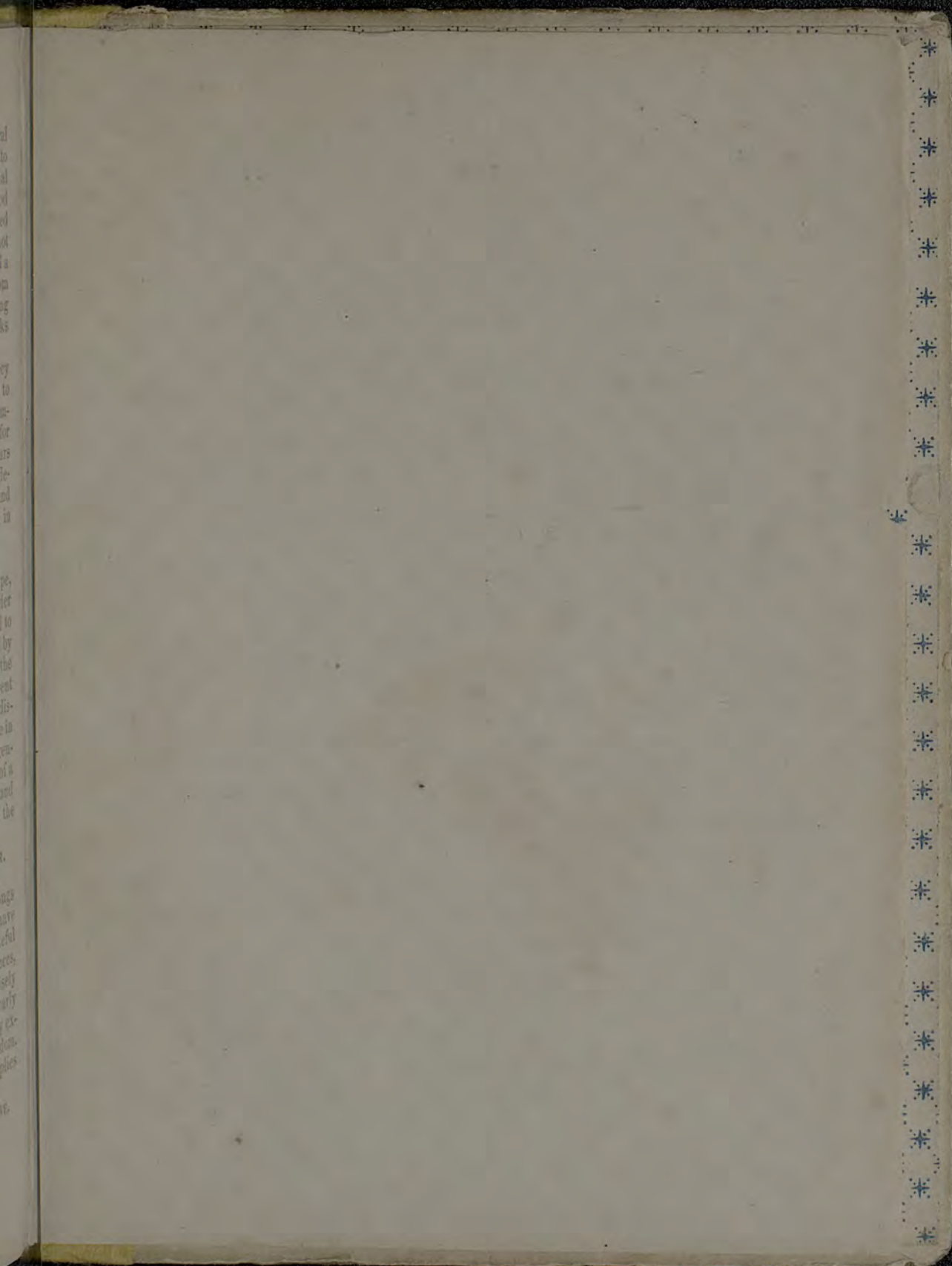
We should be ungrateful for the joy derived (very long ago) from the Nursery Songs here collected for the first time, if we do not own that we recollect them well, and have read them all over—stopping at every picture to admire not merely the bright and tasteful colouring, but the uncommon beauty of the design, whose superiority, in several instances, shows that some practised and popular hand has here condescended—and most wisely too—to employ its arts on the subjects which first fascinated his little soul in early infancy. And as for Sir Hornbook, it is an extremely prettily-planned and neatly executed set of verses, fit to reward and delight every tender juvenile in the kingdom. The illustrations are perfect, so is the binding. We must say that he who supplies novelties for the Nursery like these, does a Christian-like and gentlemanly act.

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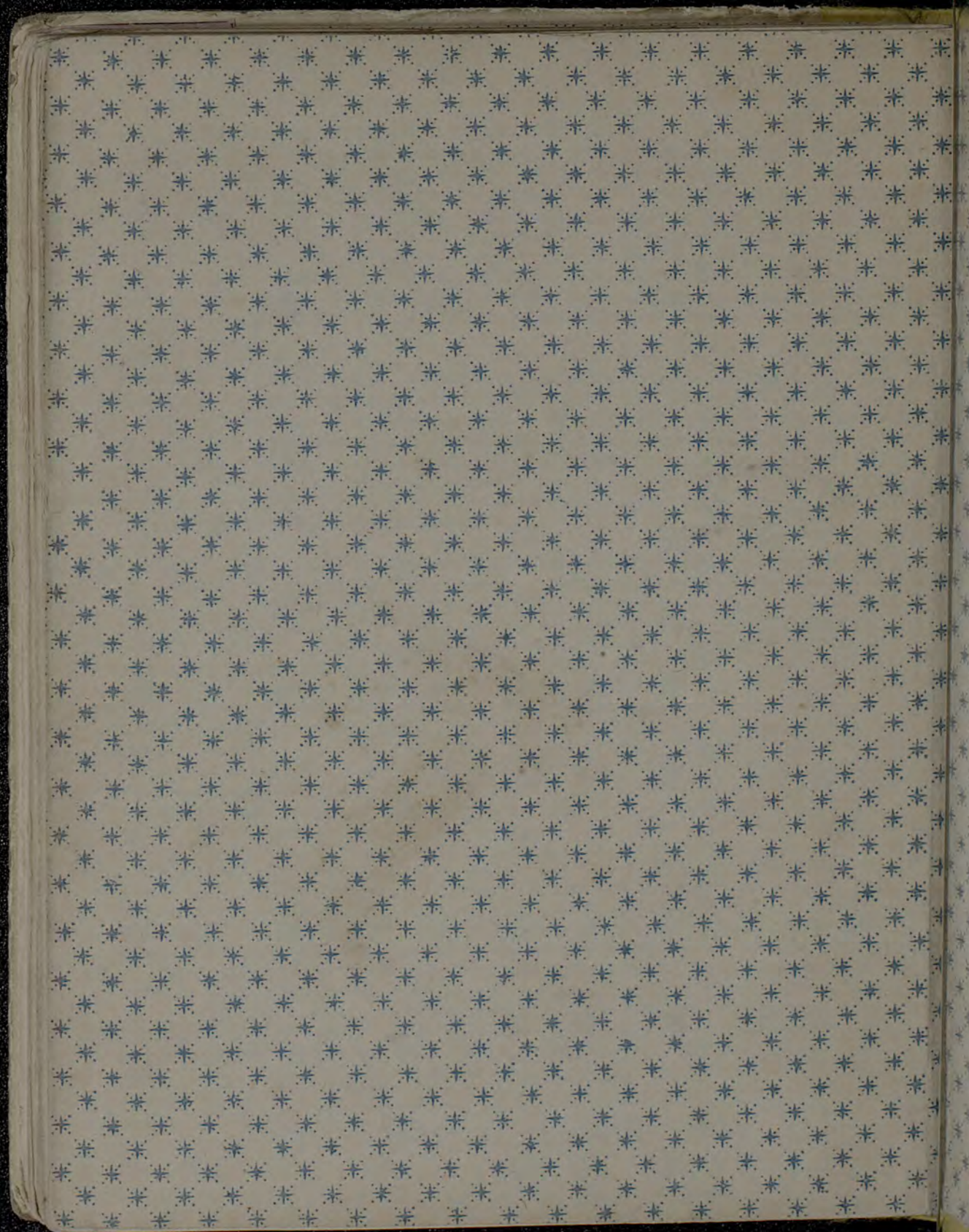
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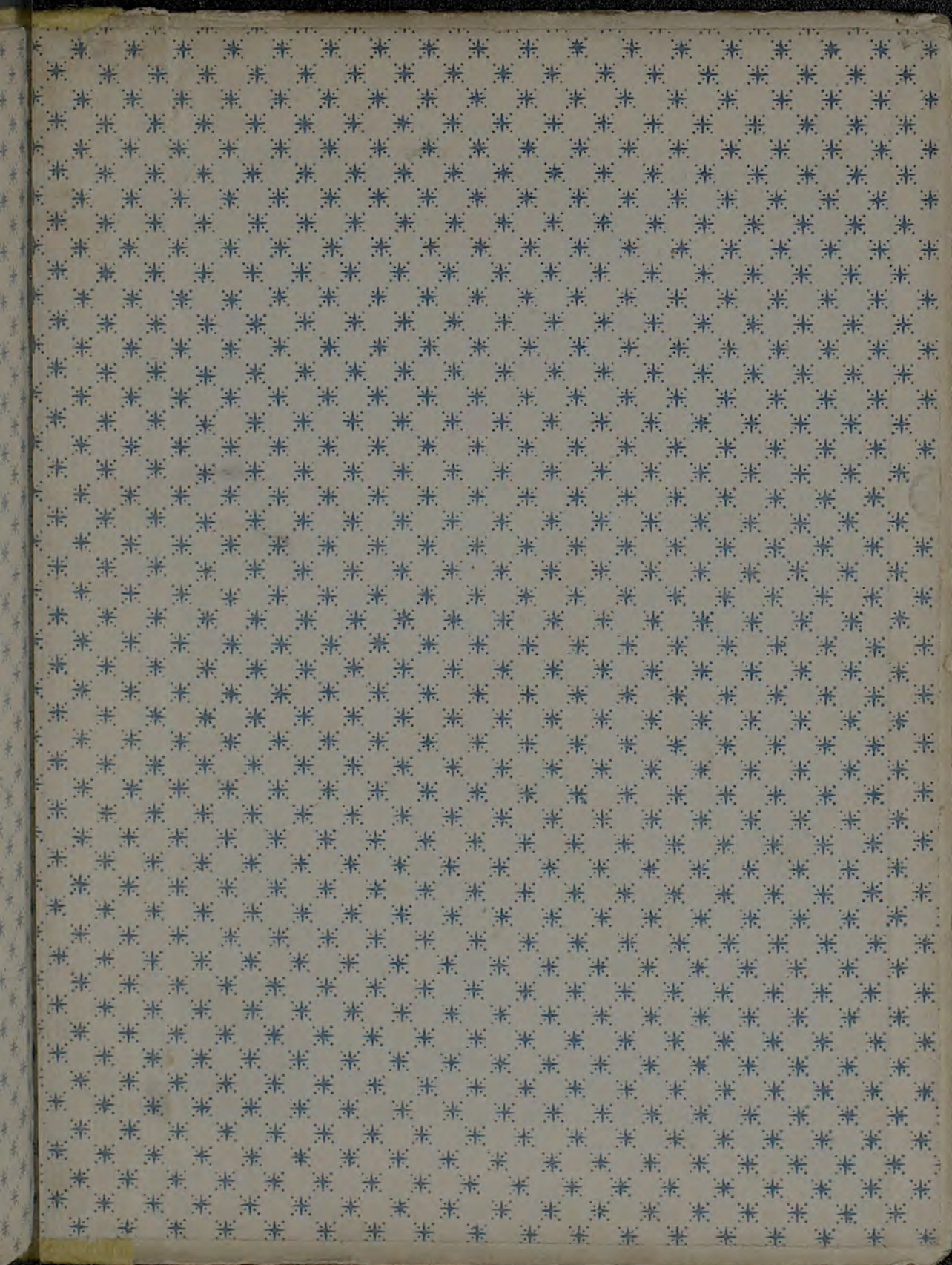














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