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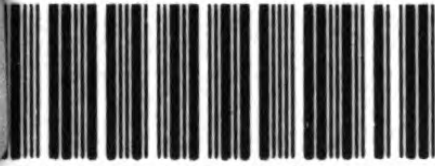
HOME TREASURY

TOYS

REYNARD THE
FOX:
EVERDINGEN.

FABLES

JOSEPH CUNOAL



600061260L





THE FOX'S ARRIVAL AT COURT



Before his cutting, Sovereign Seymour at last appears,
From Wolf, Bear, Cock, Ram, Dog, grave accusations hears.

Illustration by T. D. G. G. G.

Cole
The Home Treasury.

THE PLEASANT HISTORY
OF REYNARD THE FOX.

TOLD BY THE PICTURES OF ALDERT
VAN EVERDINGEN.

EDITED BY
FELIX SUMMERLY.

Henry Cole



LONDON:
JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

1843.



250 . 7c . 171

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A FEW WORDS ON THE PICTURES OF THIS BOOK.

FOR two hundred years, the Etchings in this volume, illustrative of one of the oldest and most popular fictions of the Middle Ages, have made their author, Aldert van Everdingen, celebrated throughout Europe, though in late times, they have become almost curiosities for the portfolio.

A large collection of similar impressions, shewing the various states of the copper plates, early and late, was made by Mr. John Sheepshanks, the fortunate owner of one of the finest Galleries of Paintings of the Modern English School, and it was purchased

with other Etchings of Dutch Masters, for the sum of £5000, by the British Museum in 1835. Besides Everdingen's Etchings, the Print Room of the Museum also possesses his original drawings of them, made chiefly in different shades of burnt sienna.

Everdingen's original copper-plates of REYNARD THE FOX, have recently come into my possession. Since his time, parts of the Plates have been altered by the insertion of ruled skies, &c. By transferring impressions from the copper-plates to lithographic stone, and correcting them by comparison with the fine early impressions in the Museum and elsewhere, the original appearance of the Etchings has been nearly restored.

Aldert van Everdingen was born at Alkmaer in 1621. He studied under Roland Savery, also a famous painter of animals. Aldert was shipwrecked on the coast of Norway; and whilst the ship was under repair, he made many studies of the country, which he has frequently used in his etchings. He died in 1675.

Everdingen executed fifty-seven illustrations to REYNARD THE FOX : a selection of forty of them is here republished. Their characteristic spirit, fidelity, and humour, will, I feel confident, make their revival popular with children of all ages.

Some little license has been taken with the original arrangement of the subjects, to adapt them to the "Home Treasury." Bearing in mind that they are republished in this shape for children, older readers, who are familiar with the History of Reynard, will not, I trust, be indignant at my doing poetical justice to the Fox, instead of allowing him to become the Lion's prime minister according to the old tradition. To propitiate any, if such there be, who object to this present adaptation, the whole set of Everdingen's Etchings will be republished as nearly as possible according to their original form, without any lettering.

The full publication of the 'Pleasant History' itself, could not be included in this series. As a satire, it could be but partially understood by chil-

dren. A critical account of the famous work, may be found in Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii.; and I am happy to say, that Reynard himself is about to reappear; the Percy Society are reprinting Caxton's old Edition of his history, and a modern poetical version by Mr. Naylor, accompanied by some new elaborate German engravings is announced for publication by Messrs. Longman.





THE
PLEASANT HISTORY OF REYNARD
BRIEFLY TOLD,

NOBLE the Lion King holds a Court, and summons all his subjects to come to it. REYNARD the Fox alone absents himself. REYNARD has no friends at Court except GREYBEARD the Badger, who is also called Brock, and RUKENAU the Ape. Loud complaints are made of REYNARD'S tricks: the Wolf, the Hare, the Hound,—

All Beasts denounce the Fox before the Monarch Lion,
Save Brock and Ape, all at his cheats cry 'Fie on!'

(Picture 1.)

The Cock marches foremost of REYNARD'S accusers, smiting piteously his feathers: he is accompanied by three sorrowful Hens.

“ Vengeance! ’gainst REYNARD!” shrieks the noisy CHANTICLEER,
As he brings into Court his murder’d Daughter’s bier.

(Picture 2.)

“ Vouchsafe, my great Lord, to redress my
wrongs !”

“ Disguised as Holy Hermit came the treacherous REYNARD,
And thus obtained a footing in my castle yard.”

(Picture 3.)

“ REYNARD vowed to me that he would eat no
more flesh ; and when he got inside the yard, he lay
himself down under a hawthorn bush. I clucked all
my children together, when the false Fox sprung out,
seized one, put it into his mail, and bore it away.
Alack ! Alack !”

Then KAYWARD the Hare stands forth, and says,
“ Let me tell his Majesty what happened only
yesterday to me. As I came ambling over the
heath REYNARD met me,

“ Lessons in Chaunting, to me he sought to give,
Sharp was too flat, low was too loud, he vow’d I should not live.”

(Picture 4.)

“ He made me sit between his legs, and whilst I
was singing he seized my throat, and would have
taken my life if the Panther had not come up.”

“How’s this? how’s this? who speaks for REYNARD?” exclaimed the Lion.

“I,” said GREYBEARD the Brock.

“My Cousin Fox is slander’d!—Justice, Noble Sire!”

“Set forth your Story, Brock! and turn away my ire!”

(Picture 5.)

The Brock thus began:

“The Wolf and the Fox into Partnership enter’d,

The Wolf seiz’d the prize for which REYNARD had ventur’d.”

(Picture 6.)

“A fish-cart passed REYNARD and ISEGRIM the wolf, as they travelled together on the same road. “What delicious Plaice!” said the Wolf, and he tried to take one, but he could not. Then REYNARD lay down in the road as if he were dead. The Fisherman espied him, and picked him up, thinking to use his skin. When the Fox was in the cart he threw down the fish. As they fell, ISEGRIM devoured them, and left only the bones for REYNARD. He ate so greedily that

“A bone stuck in his throat, which gave him great pain, He’d have died, if the Fox had not run for the Crane.”

(Picture 7.)

“The Crane came, and took out the bone with

his bill. When Doctor Crane asked for payment the Wolf refused it, saying, "Are you not sufficiently grateful that I did not bite off your head?"

The Wolf quickly replies, grinning very savagely,

"REYNARD taught me to ring some triple-bob-majors,
And roguishly tied to the rope both my fore-paws."

(Picture 8.)

"It was in the dead of the night: as I struggled to get free, the bell tolled, the monks rushed into the church, all the town was awakened, and came forth armed with pitchforks and all sorts of cruel weapons. Sorely was I beaten, and it was a hard matter to escape with my life. Then the trick he played upon Mrs. ISEGRIM was dreadful!

"My wife, too, he cozen'd to fish under ice for some trout
With her tail: the cold froze it in, she could not get out."

(Picture 9.)

"Poor thing! she nearly lost her handsome brush, whilst REYNARD ran off laughing."

"These are great crimes!" said the King, "and REYNARD must answer for them!" Then King NOBLE said to the Bear, "Sir BRUIN, it is our pleasure that you fetch REYNARD before us: but

take care of yourself in going to him, for he will flatter and betray ; he hath a world of snares for you."

The Bear made obeisance, and boasted he'd bring
Fox down on his marrow-bones quick to the King.

(Picture 10.)

The King witnessed the Bear's departure, saying to him as he went,

" Go ! cautious BRUIN, you our embassy shall be.
Go ! fetch the Traitor to our anger'd Majesty."

(Picture 11.)

The Bear sets out on his journey, and reaches the high mountain to which REYNARD retreats in cases of danger. The Fox saw him coming, and as the Bear approached he said,

" Welcome ! dear Bruin ! you look much fatigued with your
journey !

Pray take some refreshment, we've plenty of honey."

(Picture 12.)

The cunning Fox said this because he knew that the Bear doted on honey. BRUIN smacked his lips and said, " Honey ? that is meat for an emperor ! pray help me to some ! where is it, where ?" REY-

NARD replied, "In a tree which I know there is enough for ten of you."

Off they started in haste,—“The Honey is down on a ledge.”
As the Bear’s head went in, REYNARD took out the wedge.

(Picture 13.)

And BRUIN’s head was caught so fast in the tree that he could not get it out. “Is the Honey good, Uncle? pray do not surfeit yourself,” said REYNARD. The Bear roared and wallowed about in the tree, but could not release himself.

BRUIN’s horrible groans awaken’d the village;
Priest, ploughman, and milkmaid, came forth to the pillage.

(Picture 14.)

And lustily they beat him, with brooms, staves, rakes, spades, distaffs, and hatchets. He made an effort, and at last set himself free, but not without the loss of the skin on his face and paws. REYNARD had hid himself, and heard BRUIN say in mournful accents

“Ah! woe is me, my face and whiskers torn,
Fox listens, whilst my luckless fate I mourn.”

(Picture 15.)

BRUIN tried to hobble back, but was often obliged to stop on his journey.

As the Bear by the stream sat bewailing his fate,
The Fox mock'd and laugh'd at the state of his pate.

(Picture 16.)

“What, Uncle, have you forgot the honey-combs? Do you want any more? They made you forget your duty, did they? Have you had your head shaved?” and so the Fox went on taunting him. When the Lion heard that the Bear had failed

To bring REYNARD to Court, Puss was sent with despatch,
Sleeky slyness 'gainst cunning was thought a good match.

(Picture 17.)

“Sir TIBERT,” said the Lion to the Cat, “I trust to your wisdom to bring REYNARD to us.” So Puss went to fetch REYNARD;

Even Puss REYNARD tempted with dreams of fat mice:
In a trap in the barn she was caught in a trice.

(Picture 18.)

REYNARD stood outside the barn as the Cat went in; he heard the Cat struggling in the trap, and in great scorn said to him, “Cousin TIBERT, love you mice?” At last the Cat gnawed the cord which caught him, and got loose, but his body was beaten

and bruised, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent. When the Lion beheld him he grew infinitely angry, and ordered that all the beasts should go together to catch REYNARD. GREYBEARD heard this, and thinking that the time was now come when REYNARD must appear, set off to bring him.

At last the Badger came with friendly grace,
Warning the Fox to brave foes face to face.

(Picture 19.)

The Brock found his cousin Fox sporting with his wife and young whelps, and after saluting him, said: "Your delay brings danger; if you stay but one day longer, there is no mercy for you: your castle will be demolished, your kindred made slaves, and yourself hanged." REYNARD was much moved at this—

For his Kindness the Fox gave his Cousin a pigeon,
And off to the Court, he promis'd to trudge on.

(Picture 20.)

So they both made preparations for the journey.

Mrs. REYNARD and cubs beheld their departure
With sobbing and fears at the thought of a failure.

(Picture 21.)

After they had gone a good way, REYNARD stayed and said, "My heart is full of care and of penitence." "You must do penance then," said GREYBEARD.

Of thrice crossing a stick REYNARD goes through the penance,
Without bending his legs, without looking askance.

(Picture 22.)

'Twas scarce done when there flew before REYNARD a cock:
Away went his sorrow, confess'd to the Brock.

(Picture 23.)

But the pullet escaped, and BROCK scolded REYNARD for his wickedness. They travelled on, and as they approached the Lion's Court, the Fox's heart quaked for fear. He knew well that his crimes were heinous and many.

Before his outraged Sovereign, REYNARD at last appears,
From Wolf, Bear, Cock, Ram, Dog, grave accusations hears.

(Picture 24.)

But REYNARD put on a bold face, and stood gallantly before the Court. He said, "I assure your Highness there is never a King had a truer servant than I myself have been to you, and yet am, and so will die." But the King said, "Peace, Traitor! think you I can be caught by the music of your words? Take him hence, he shall be hanged!"

At REYNARD's fall his foes all riotous with glee,
To sounds of squeaking bagpipes dance in jubilee.

(Picture 25.)

When all things were prepared for the Fox's
death, the cord ready, and TIBERT the Cat eager to
be the hangman,

Abject and crouching REYNARD a private audience prays,
State secrets to disclose, before he ends his days.

(Picture 26.)

'Tis granted: with eager curiosity the Lion lends his ear,
To the strange tales which REYNARD makes appear,

(Picture 27.)

Of Jewels rich and rare, and treasures buried deep:
(Now Lioness at REYNARD's fate begins to weep.)

(Picture 28.)

REYNARD also told the King how ISEGRIM had
tried to persuade the other beasts to dethrone the
Lion, and make BRUIN King. Whereupon King
NOBLE in his wrath sent for ISEGRIM ;

The Fox and Wolf before the Court now meet,
With snarl and growl both each other greet.

(Picture 29.)

Then the Queen Lioness besought the King to

pardon REYNARD. She feared if REYNARD were hanged, all the Jewels he spoke of would be lost. Both the Lion and Lioness entreated REYNARD to unfold where the great treasures lay hidden; but REYNARD was too cunning, and refused to tell any thing until his life was secure. The Lion, finding that he would lose the jewels if Reynard died, pardoned him.

Tables are turn'd; Lion indignant is,
At all the Slanderers' base calumnies.

(Picture 30.)

RUKENAU the Ape promises that REYNARD will reform; and REYNARD says,

"The Ape is my bail! most penitent I'll be,
Honest and true to all, liege to your Majesty."

(Picture 31.)

As soon as the conference was ended, the Royal King mounted his high throne, and commanding silence among all his subjects, thus spoke:

"Hear! Lieges, hear! this is my sentence,
That REYNARD to Rome as a pilgrim go hence."

(Picture 32.)

And the Lion orders that REYNARD shall have

enough of the Bear's skin to make him a large scrip, and that both ISEGRIM's and his wife's paws should be skinned to make him shoes. All the Beasts now finding that the Lion was REYNARD's friend, became his friend too.

Before REYNARD starts, Ram gives him his blessing,
The rest their best wishes and lots of caressing.

(Picture 33.)

As REYNARD was departing, he said to KAYWARD the Hare and BELLIN the Ram, with a smiling face, "My best friends, shall we part thus soon? I know your loves will not leave me yet; with you two I never was offended, and your talk is agreeable to my nature; you are mild, loving, and courteous, and full of wise counsel." And with such flattering words he enticed them to go with him.

Ram and Hare keep Fox company as far as his cave;
Hare enters, and soon has his mercy to crave.

(Picture 34.)

"Do you, BELLIN, stay outside, for I desire a little private talk with KAYWARD," said REYNARD. When the Hare had entered, REYNARD seized him

by the neck and killed him, and the Fox's cubs ate him all up except his head.

Fox sends to the Lion, Hare's head in a bag,
Bidding Ram on his errand by no means to flag.

(Picture 35.)

Innocent BELLIN takes the bag, little dreaming that it held his friend's head, and goes back to Court.

Poor Ram with the bag to the Lion repairs—
Oh horror! the monster! the Hare's head appears.

(Picture 36.)

The Lion was oppressed with anger, grief, and shame. He shook his curled locks and groaned out such a dreadful noise, that all the Beasts of the forest did tremble to hear him. "I am betrayed by a traitor; fetch him here without delay."

RUKENAU the Ape peeps into the scrip, and is convinced of his friend's guilt. The Wolf grins with triumph; poor BELLIN cannot hold up his head.

At that instant the Rook flew in with a scream:

"Fox has seized Mrs. Rook! oh! support me—I dream!"

(Picture 37.)

Thus spake CORBAUT the Rook: "This morning

I went with SHARPBEAK my wife to recreate ourselves :

“ On the heath lay the Fox, apparently dead :
As my wife peep'd in his throat, he bit off her head.”

(Picture 38.)

“ I screamed out and cried, ‘ Woe is me !’ and then the murderer stretched after me, so that I was fain to fly up in a tree, where I sat and saw him devour up my wife.”

Several Beasts started after REYNARD, and with much toil caught him. As soon as he was brought before the King, his sentence was spoken :

“ Oh guilty REYNARD ! your doom at last is at hand,
Take him hence to be hang'd, 'tis the Lion's command !”

(Picture 39.)

The Beasts throng in great numbers to witness the Fox's execution :

The Cat hangs the Fox on the top of a tree,
And brings to a close this quaint historye !

(Picture 40.)

THE END.

THE LION'S COURT



Illustration by J. H. R. S.

All Beasts denounce the Fox before the Monarch Lion.
Save Brock and Ape, all at his cheats cry "Fie on!"



THE
ARTIST'S
WORK



A FRIEND IN NEED.



THE FRIEND IN NEED. BY J. H. BROWN. ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BROWN.

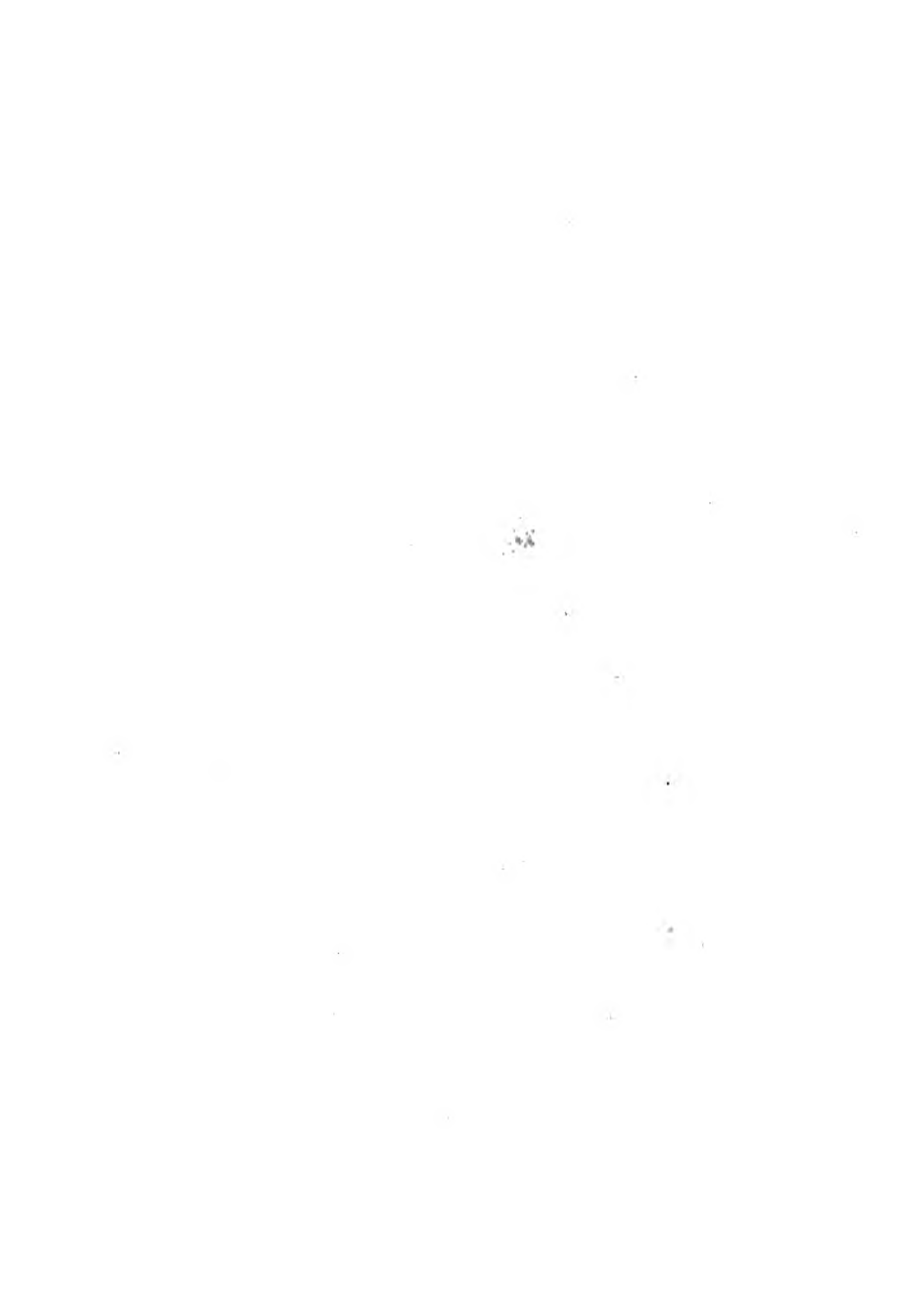




Illustration by the artist

Early woodcut illustration of the wolf and the lamb, showing the wolf standing on its hind legs and leaning against a tree trunk.



In the Wilds of the North American Continent. Herons in a Marsh.

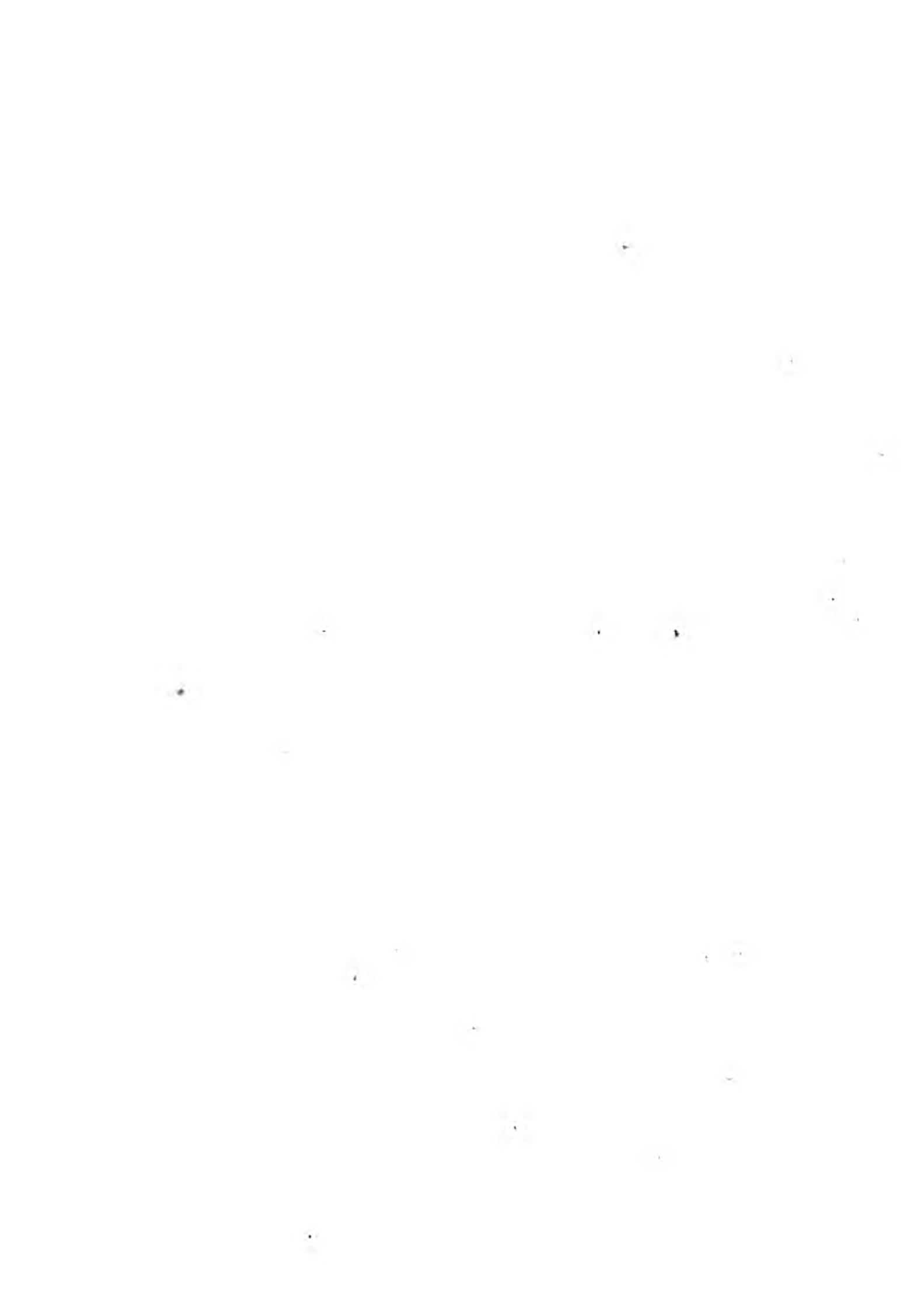




A LESSON IN FISHING.

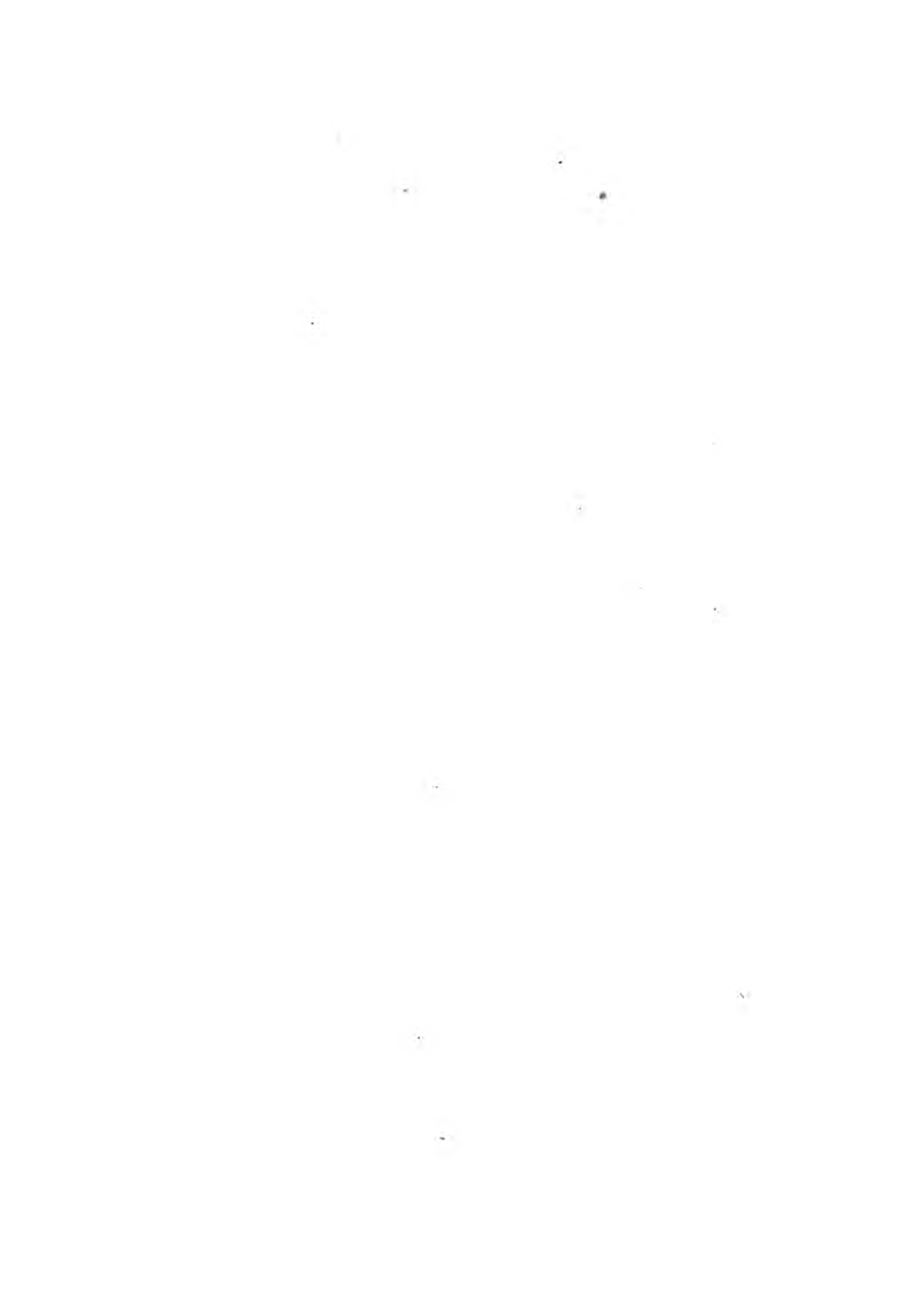


Illustration by J. H. ...
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The four noble creatures and I looked at the dinner
Karlown on his marrow-bones quick to the King.



THE AMERICAN WOLF DEPARTURE



THE AMERICAN WOLF DEPARTURE
BY J. J. COOPER

THE SALUTATION.



THE SALUTATION. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.' LONDON: PUBLISHED BY G. B. WHITTAKER, 25, NASSAU ST. W. 1854.



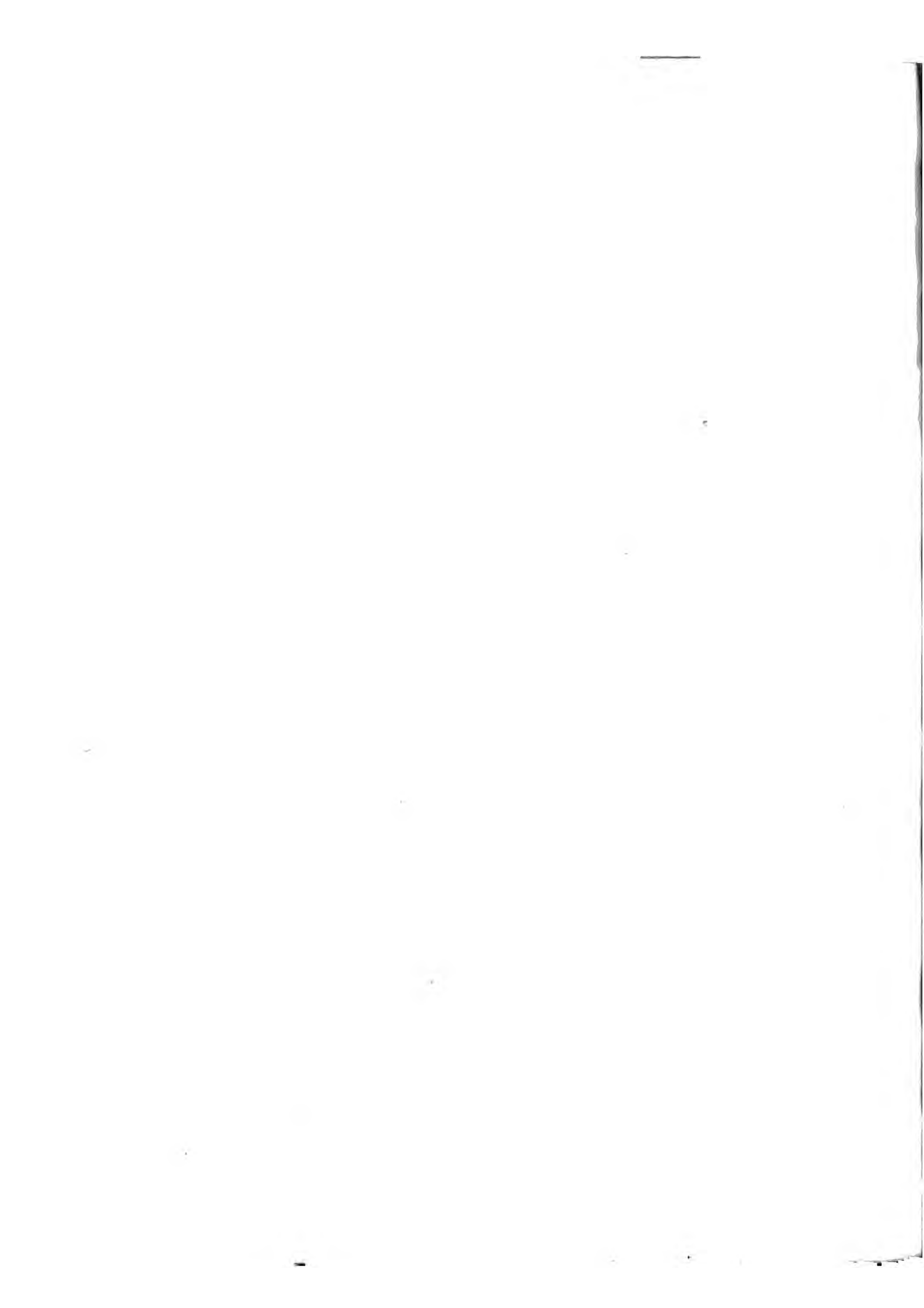
THE SALUTATION.

XII



Copyright, 1894, by the Rev. J. H. ...
"I have seen dear ...
"I have seen dear ..."







Bruins horrible groans, and the will of the Priest, Prougher, and a Milkmaid, come forth to the pollage.

© 1848 by the author.



See page "The Cry of My Face and Why I am torn"
"Excuse me when I say my face is Fate's mouth!"

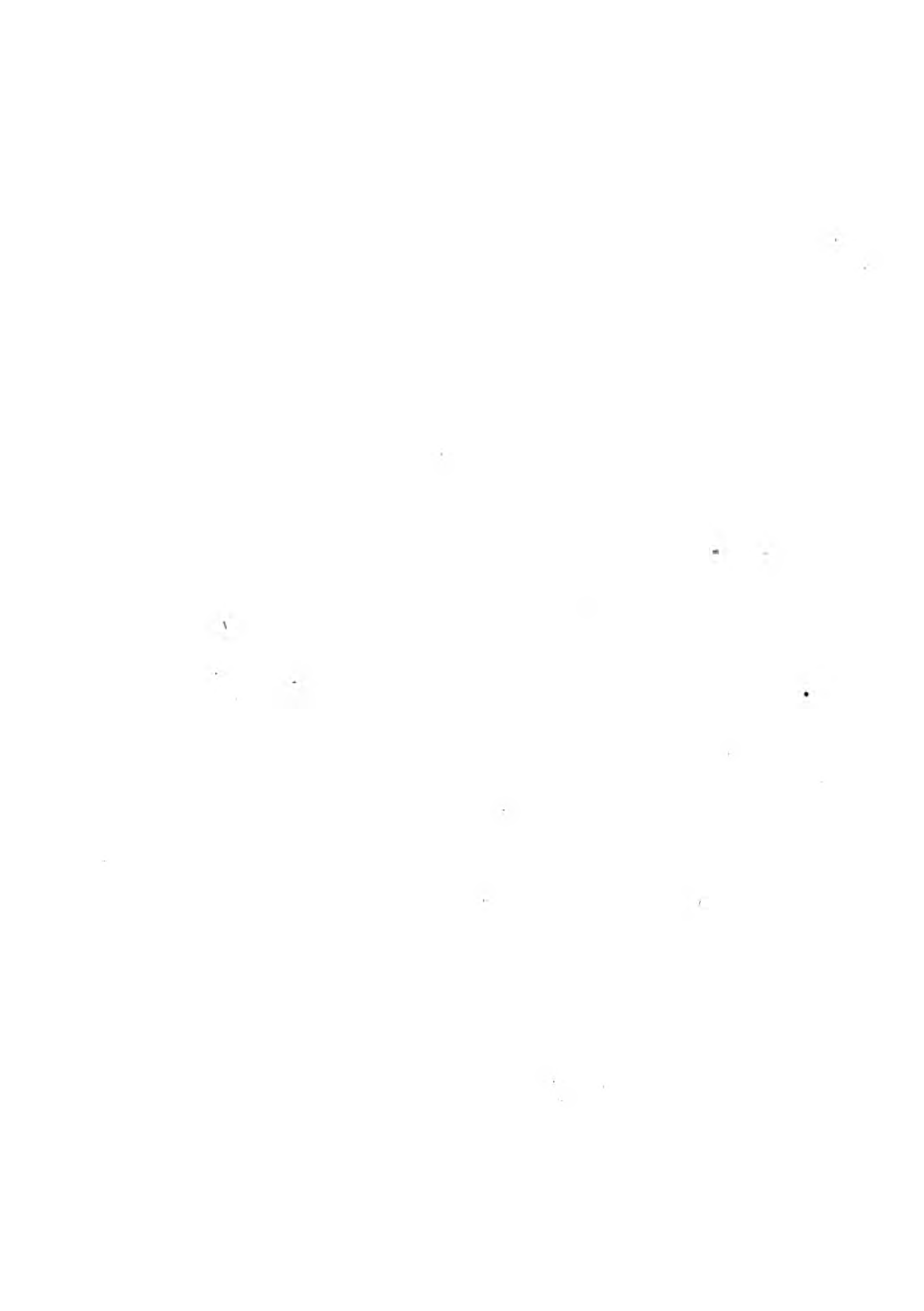
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As the Bear by the Stream of the river in the East
The Fox mocked and laughed at the state of the bear.

Copyright 1885 by the author.

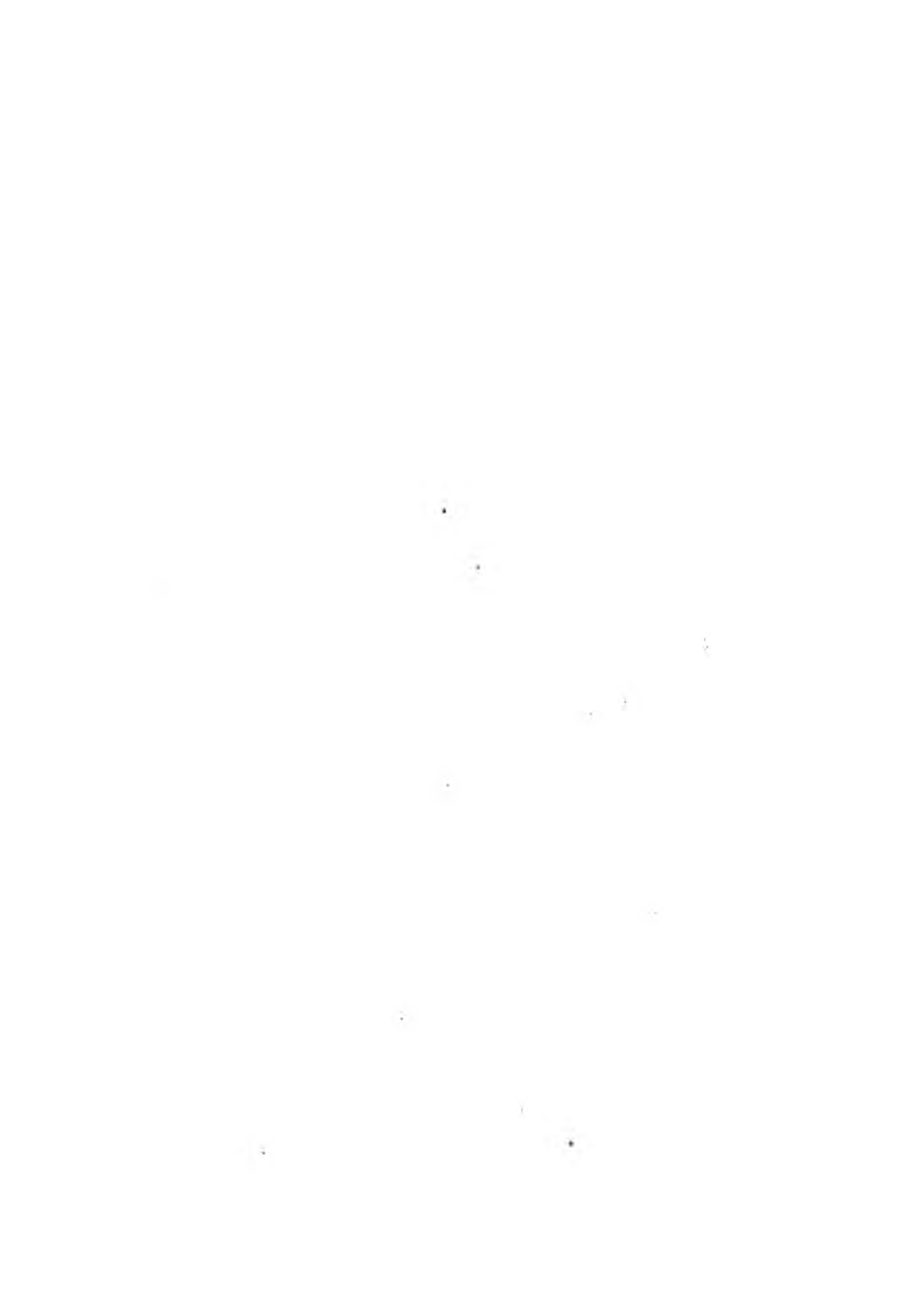


A SECOND SUMMONS



XVII







At last came the Badger with much friendly greeting
Warming the Fox to brave Foes fact to face.

Long & Ryer - and P. S. Collier & Co.

A FRIENDLY WELCOME



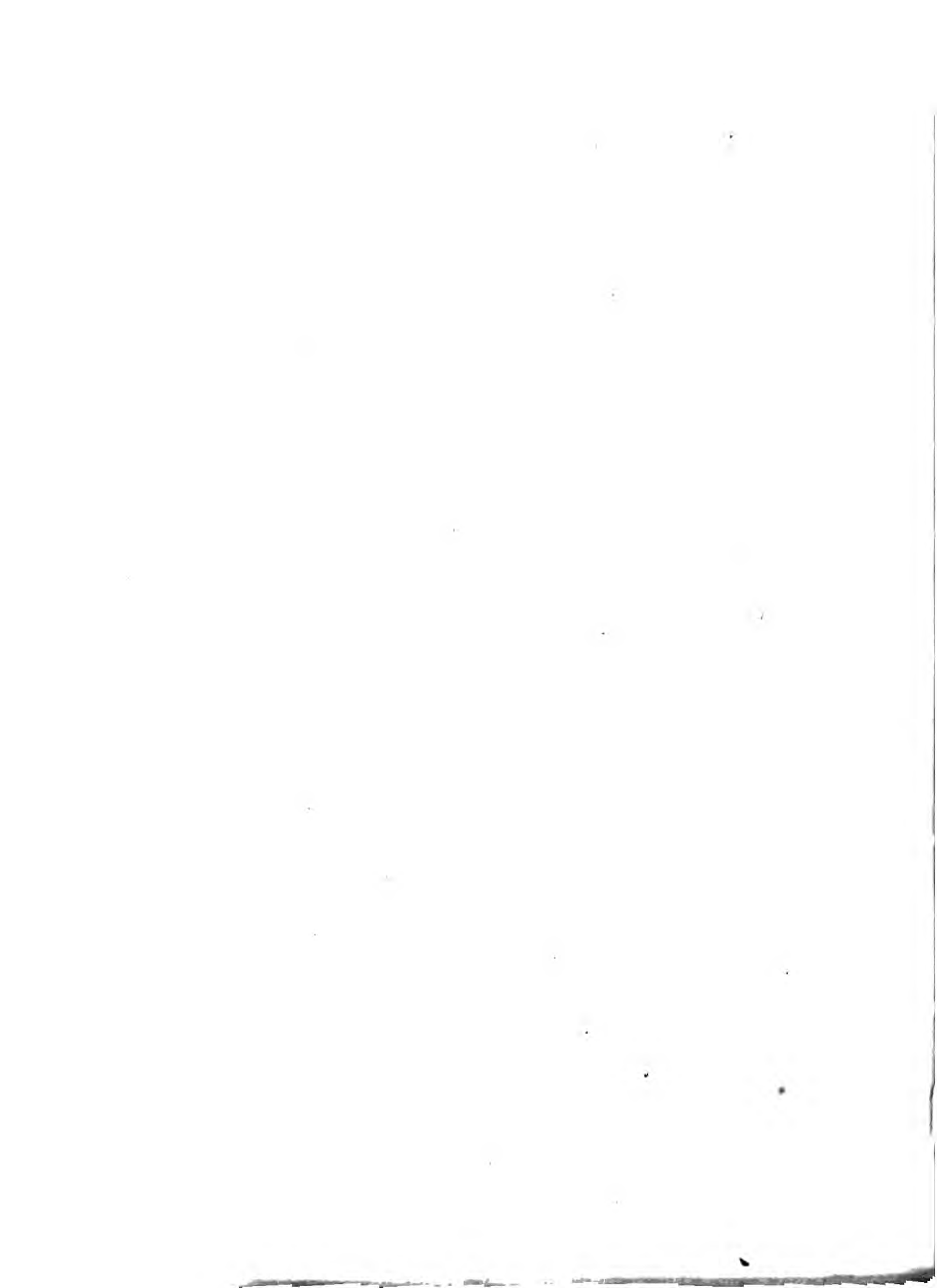
For his kindness the Fox gave his rabbit a present.
An illustration of the story of the fox and the rabbit.

Copyright, 1910, by the author.

THE DEPARTURE



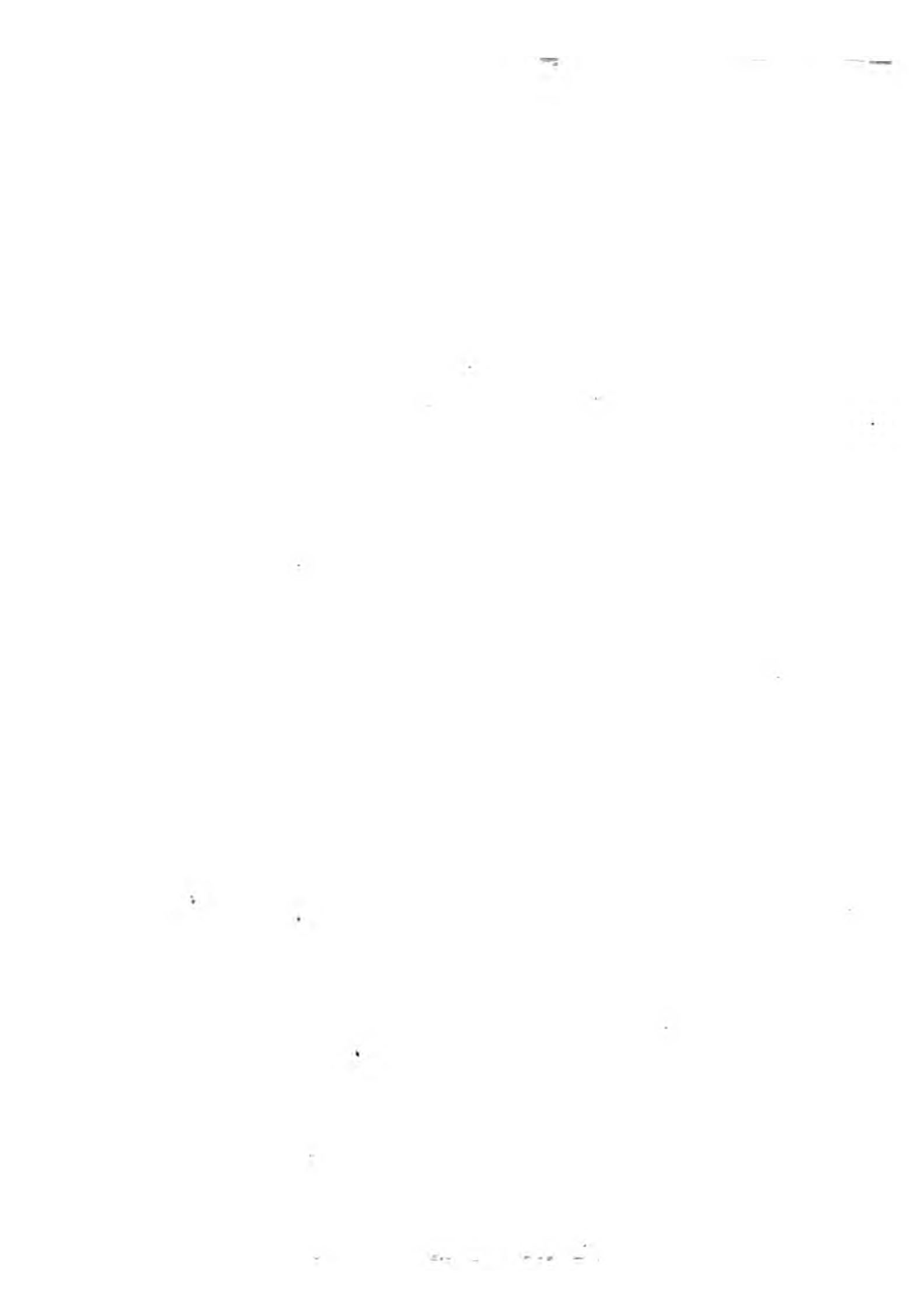
Mr. Reynard and Cubsheld their departure
with Robin Hood and his merry men.





By George Cruikshank

THE FIFTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE DOGS OF GREAT BRITAIN



IMPENITENCE



W. H. WOODS, DEL. W. H. WOODS, SCULPTOR. W. H. WOODS, ENGRAVER.



Illustration by J. C. F. ...
The Wolf and the Lamb



Day & Night

Alert and crouching, Reynard a private audience try
State secrets to disclose, before, m'dcha days.



A PRIVATE HERRING



The herring boat on the river, with the large dog, by the
man, and the small dog, by the boy, in the boat, at the
river.

JUSTICE DRIBED.



Of jewels rich and rare, and the doghouse, for the
New Lioness at London, for the first time.



A HOSTILE MEETING



XXX

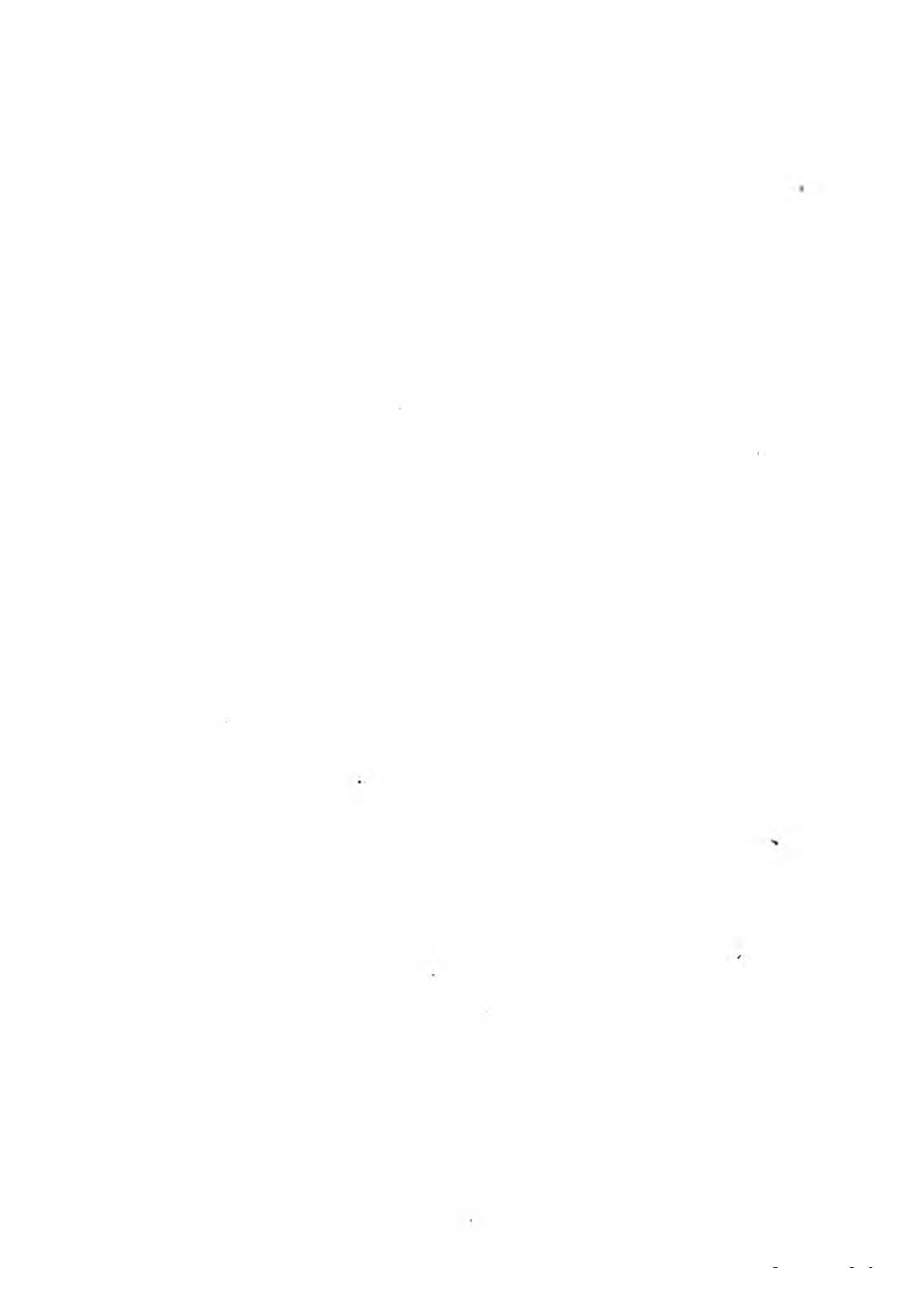
Illustration by J. H. Johnson

The Wolf and the Lamb
With a moral and several illustrations

THE MONARCH'S INFANATION.



THE MONARCH'S INFANATION.
A. R. 1873.





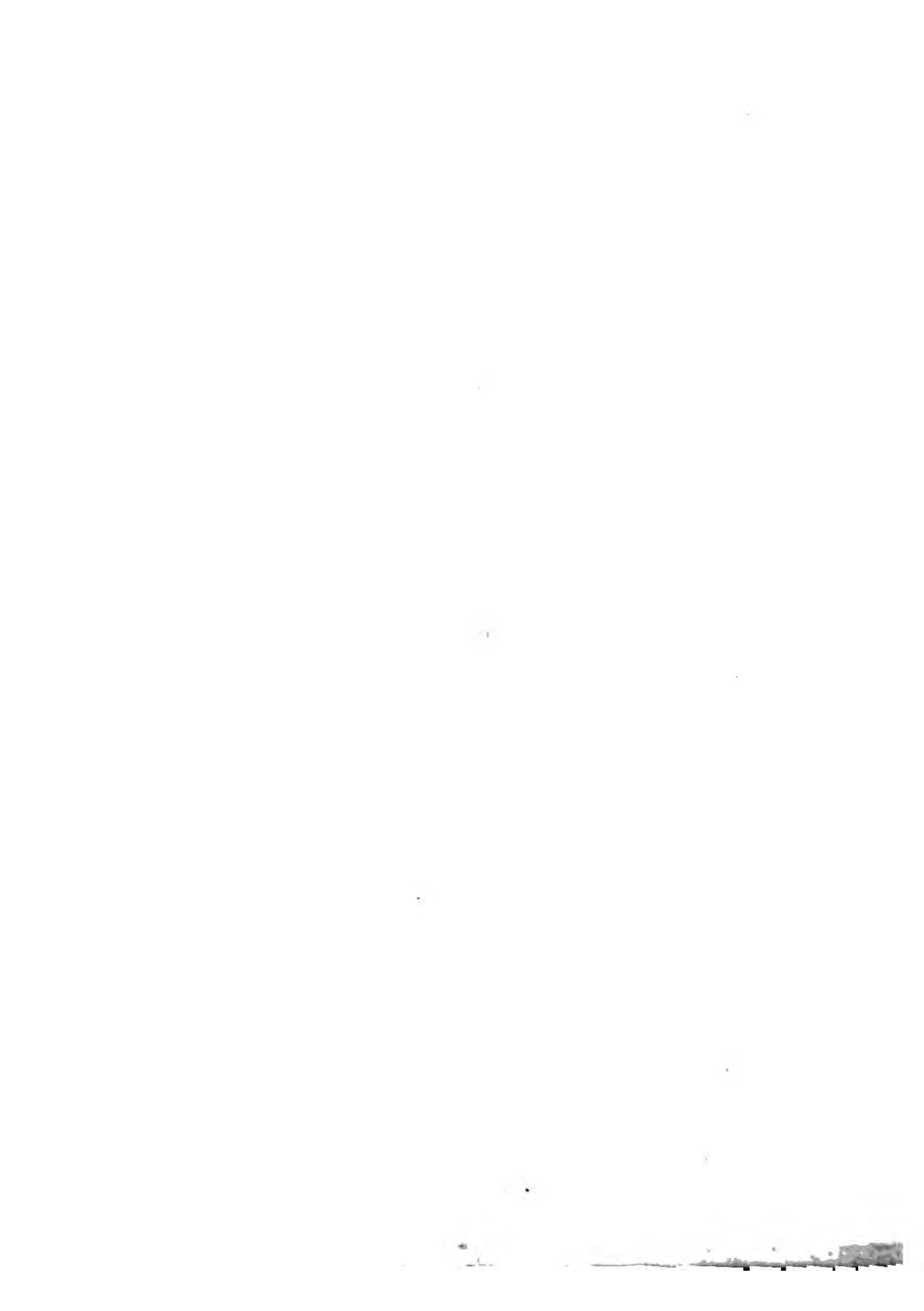
Proverbs 29:17. The dog is my brother. What is my brother's name? The dog is my brother. What is my brother's name?



English Engraving by J. H. Stoddard

"Fearful as a Bear in Trees, he will bite and scratch."
 "What would I do for a dog of such a breed?"





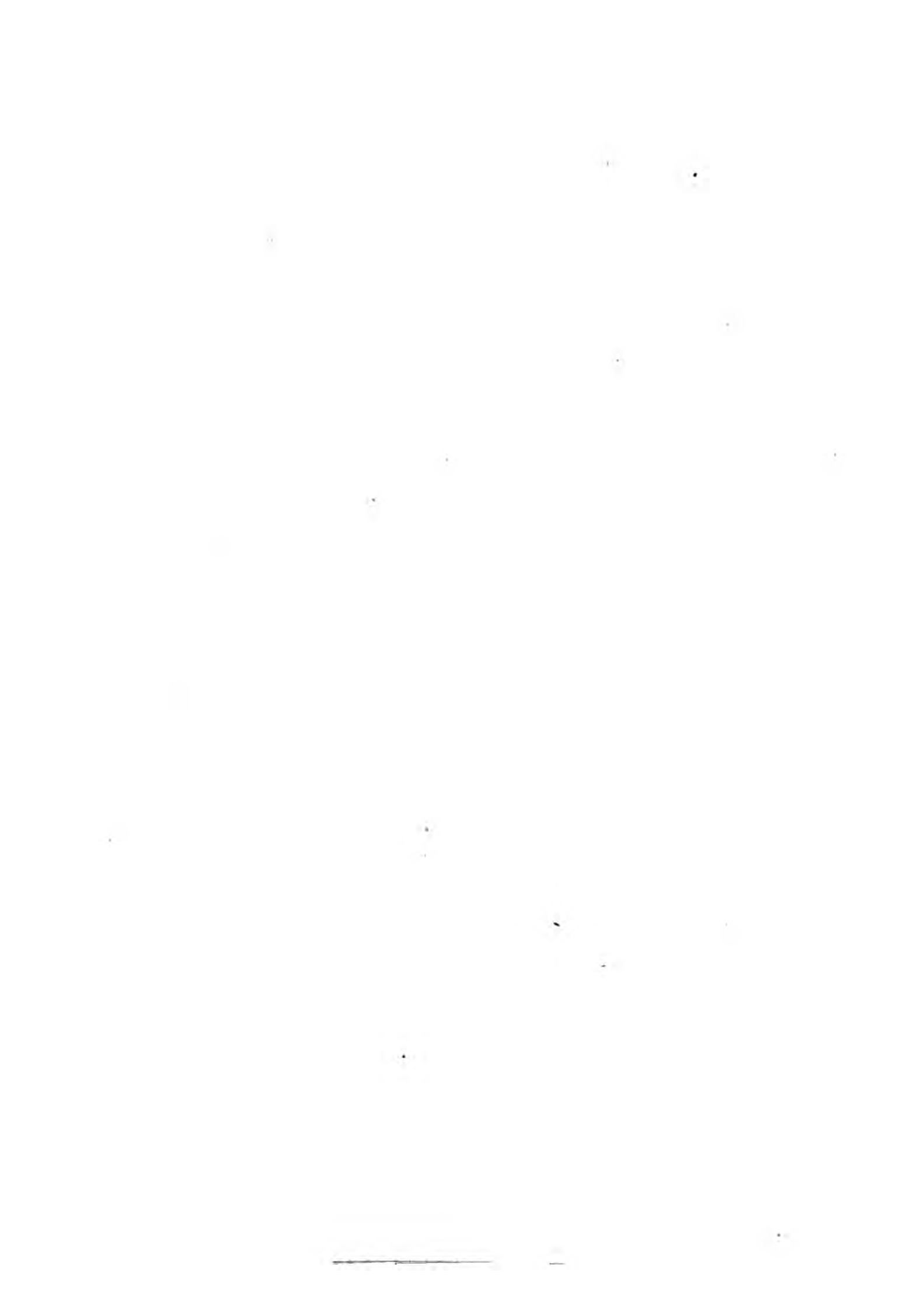
THE GUILTY CONDEMNED

XXXIX



Non grata. "Oh guilty pack of devils at hand,
"The hell-hounds of Belial! 'tis the lions' command!"





A HYPOCRITE IN DISGUISE.

III



Cock speaks: Disguis'd as Holy Hermit, came the treacherous Reynard,
And thus obtained a footing in my Cardie yard

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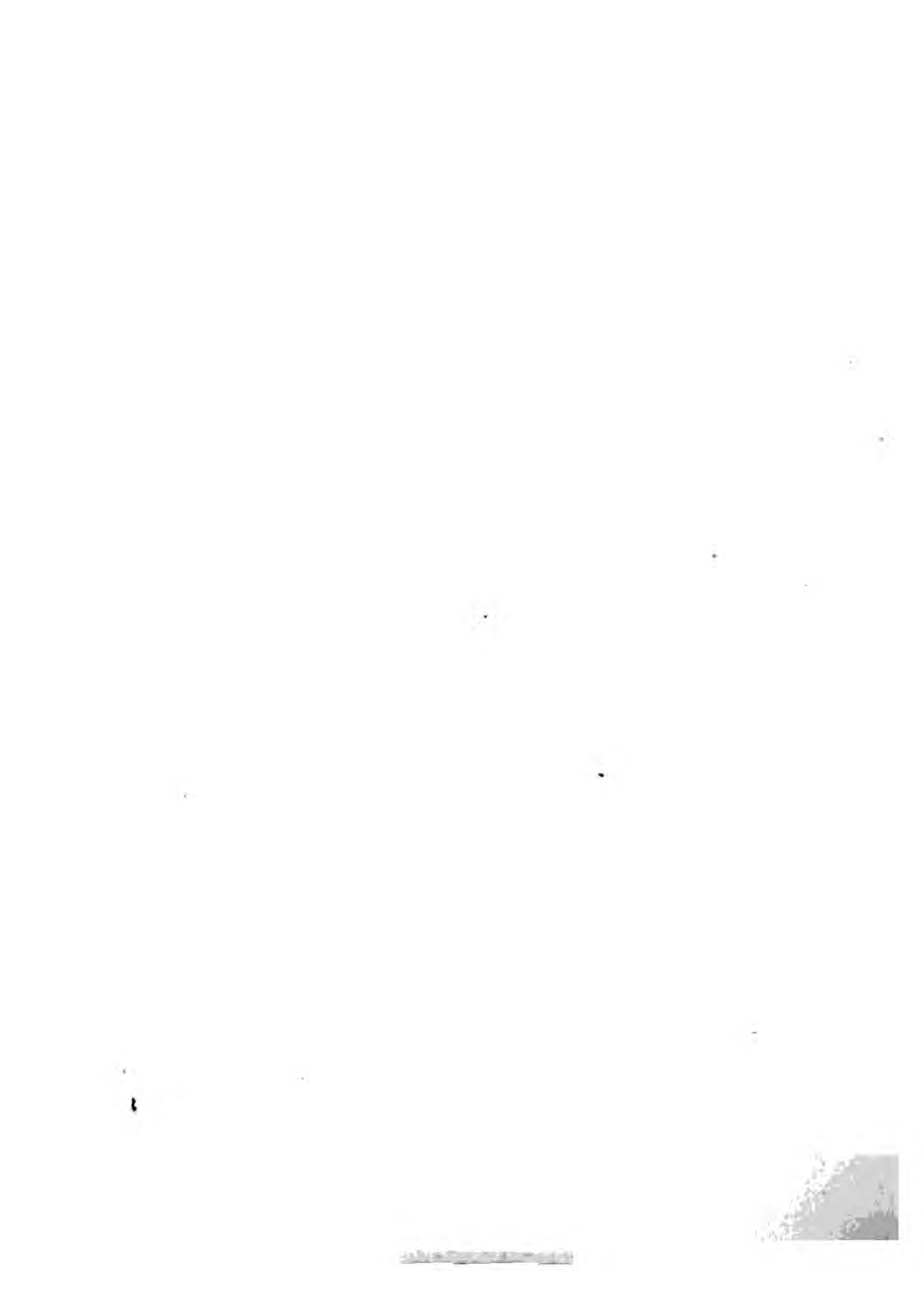
THE CREDULOUS HARE .

IV.



Copyright, 1881, by the Queen.

Baroness: "I see you in chaunting, & me, he sought to give,
"Sharp was too flat, & was too loud; he vew'll chould not live."



NEVER PLAY WITH EDGE TOOLS

XXXVIII



"On the ground lay the Fox apparently dead,
"My Wife peep'd in his thro' & took off her head"



PREPARATION FOR A PILGRIMAGE

XXVI



Before Reynard starts, Ram gives a burr his plume,
There rest their best wretches, and lots of country.

THE FOX'S EXPLICIT.



Engraved by the artist.

From an illustration by the artist, & for his own use.
The artist's name is not given.

THE RAM RETURNS TO COURT.

XXXV.



THE RAM IS DUPED.



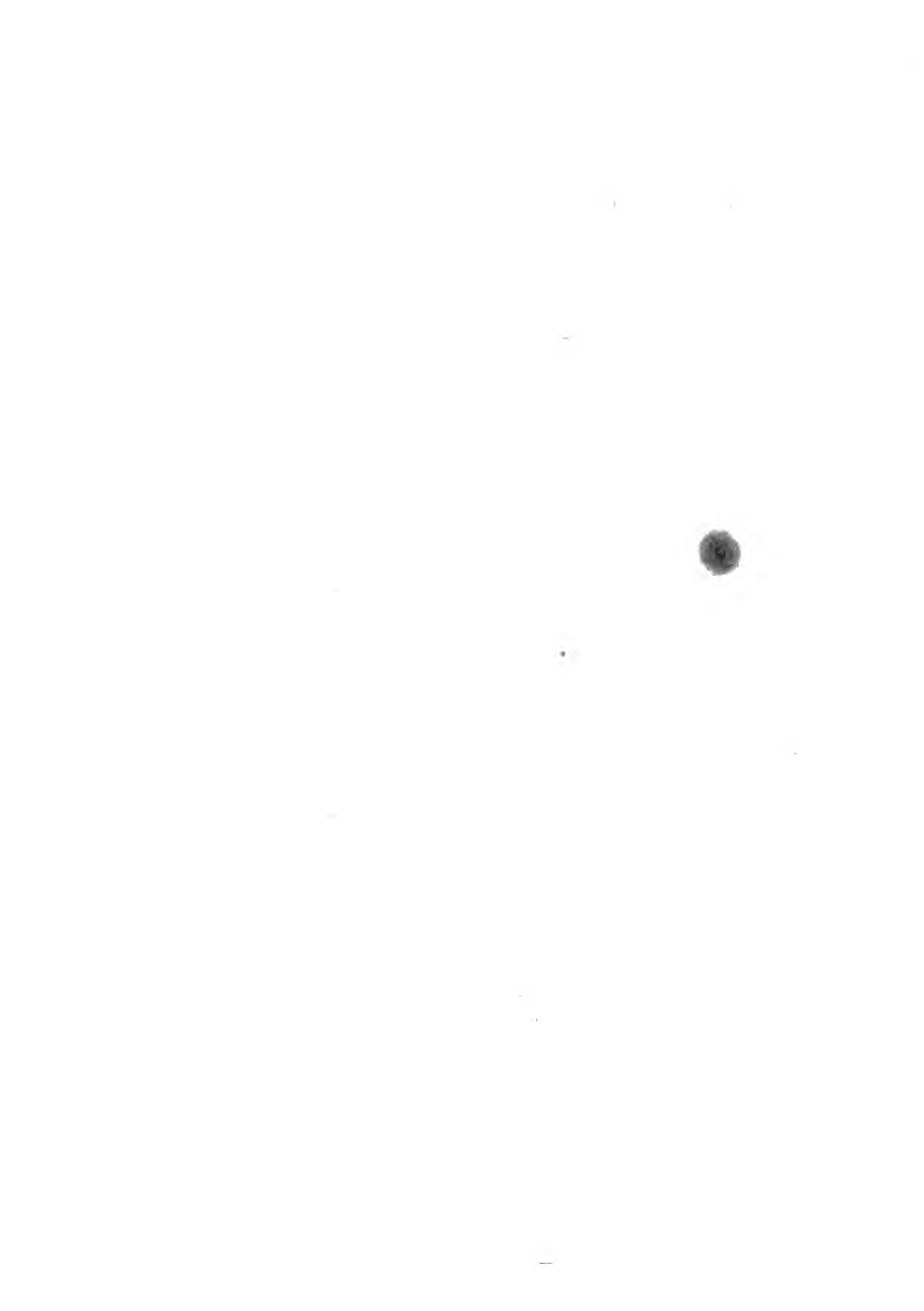
Poor Ram with the bag to the Lion repairs,
Oh! He-fier! the Monster—the Harsh head appears.

By the artist's hand.





Illustration by J. G. Thompson



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Pictures, Toys, &c. purposed
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Imagination, and Taste
of Children.

Edited by FELIX SUMMERLY.

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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 faëry 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 has been seen in books for the young.

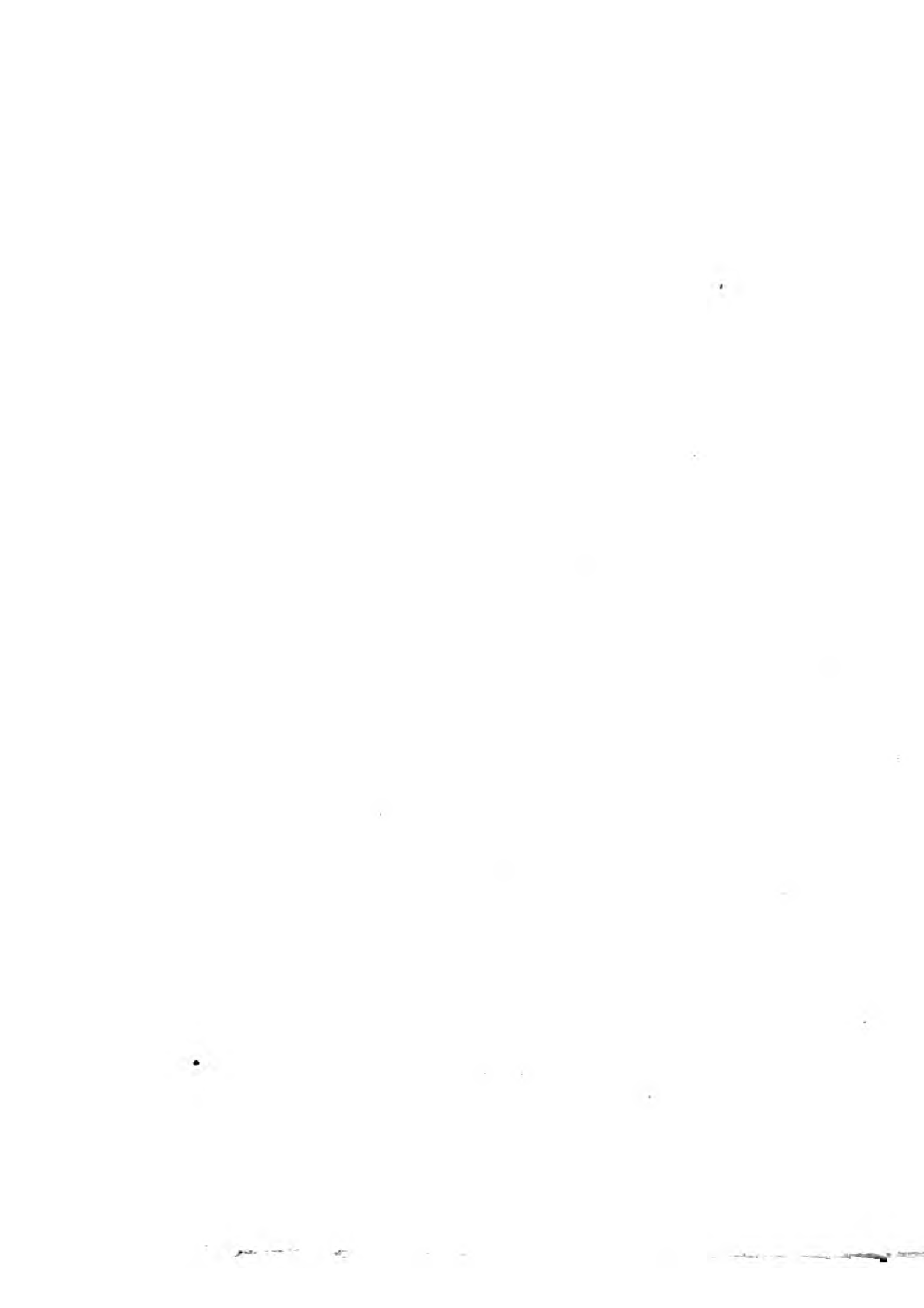
The 'Nursery Songs' contain a large collection of the old friends of our infancy chanted in those dark ages when something besides absolute wisdom was permitted to the young. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' another old friend, seemingly destined to immortal youth, is here pictured to the life. 'Sir Hornbook,' 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.

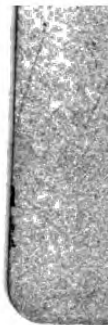
These two elegant little books with gilded covers, coloured prints, and beautiful type, are the commencement of a series of reprints of once popular books for children, under the title of "the Home Treasury of Books, Pictures, and Toys;" which is intended to include picture-alphabets, fairy tales, old 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.

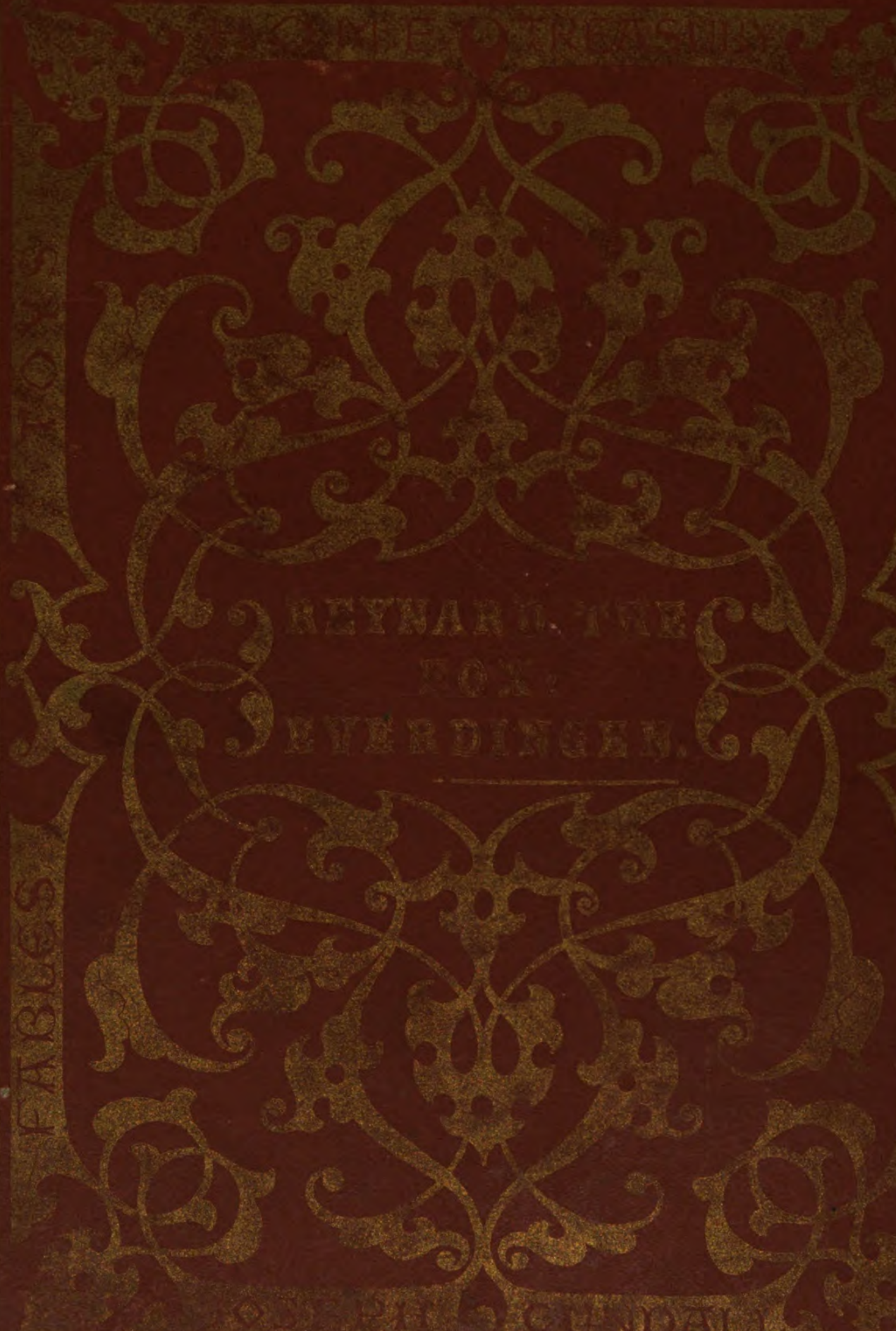
SPECTATOR.

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 art 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.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.







KNIFE POINT

FABLES

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