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The Prince of Nursery Playmates

LONDON:

The Prince of Nursery Playmates

Containing Seventy Four

Nursery Tales - Nursery Rhymes & Nursery Songs

Illustrated with

217 Pictures in Oil Colours

By the First Artists.

London:
Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.
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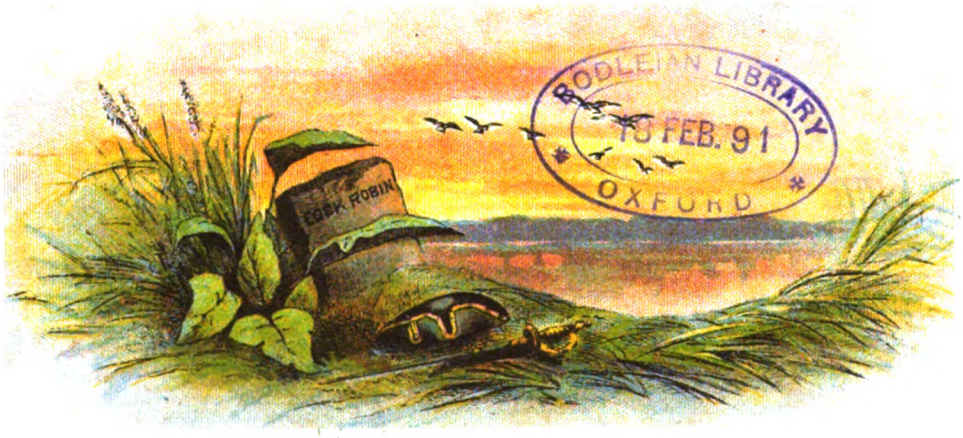

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The Fox and the Geese.

THERE was once a Goose at the point of death,
So she called her three daughters near,
And desired them all with her latest breath,
Her last dying words to hear :—

"Build houses, ere long, of stone or of bricks,
And get tiles for your roofs, I pray ;
For I know, of old, Master Fox's tricks,
And I know he will come some day."

Thus saying, she died, and her daughters fair,—
Gobble, Goosey, and Ganderee,—
Agreed together, that they would beware
Of Master Fox, their enemy.

Now Gobble, with some boards, made a nest,
For a roof took the lid of a box ;
Then quietly laid herself down to rest,
And thought she was safe from the Fox.

But Reynard, in taking an evening run,
Soon scented the Goose near the pond ;
Thought he, "Now I'll have some supper and fun,
For of both I am really fond."

Then on to the box he sprang in a trice,
And roused Mrs. Gobble from bed ;
She only had time to hiss once or twice
Ere he snapped off her lily-white head.

Now Goosey was pretty, but liked her own way,
Like Gobble and some other birds.
"'Tis no matter," said she, "if I only obey
A part of my mother's last words."

So her house she soon built of nice red brick,
But she only thatched it with straw ;
And she thought that however the Fox might kick,
He could not get e'en a paw.

So she went to sleep, and at dead of night
She heard at the door a low scratch ;
And presently Reynard, with all his might,
Attempted to jump on the thatch.

But he tumbled back, and against the wall
Grazed his nose in a fearful way,
Then, almost mad with the pain of his fall
He barked and ran slowly away.

But soon he had lighted a bundle of straws,
And made no more noise than a mouse,
Then lifted himself up on his hind paws,
And quickly set fire to the house.

'Twas soon in a blaze, and Goosey awoke,
With fright almost ready to die,
And, nearly smothered with heat and with smoke,
Up the chimney was forced to fly.

The Fox and the Geese.

The Fox was rejoiced to witness her flight,
And, heedless of all her sad groans,
He chased her until he saw her alight,
Then ate her up all but her bones.

Ganderee took the advice of her mother and friend,
And made her house very secure,
Then she said,—"Now, whatever may be my end,
The Fox cannot catch me, I'm sure."

He called at her door the very next day,
And loudly and long did he knock,
But she said to him,—"Leave my house, I pray,
For the door I will not unlock."

"To-morrow," he cried, "there will be a fair,
All the birds and the beasts will go;
So allow me, I pray, to escort you there,
For you will be quite charmed, I know."

'Many thanks fcr your news," said Ganderee,
"But I had rather not go with you;
I care not for any gay sight to see;"—
So the window she closed, and withdrew.

In the morning, howe'er, her mind she changed,
And she thought she would go to the fair;
So her numerous feathers she nicely arranged,
And cleaned her red bill with much care.

When the Goose arrived she began to laugh
At the wondrous creatures she saw;
There were dancing bears, and a tall giraffe,
And a beautiful red macaw.

Ganderee went into an elephant's shop,
And quickly she bought a new churn;
For, as it grew late, she feared to stop,
As in safety she wished to return.

'Twas late when she reached her own house at noon,
And the Fox ne'er saw her that day;
But after the fair he came very soon,
And cried out in a terrible way,—

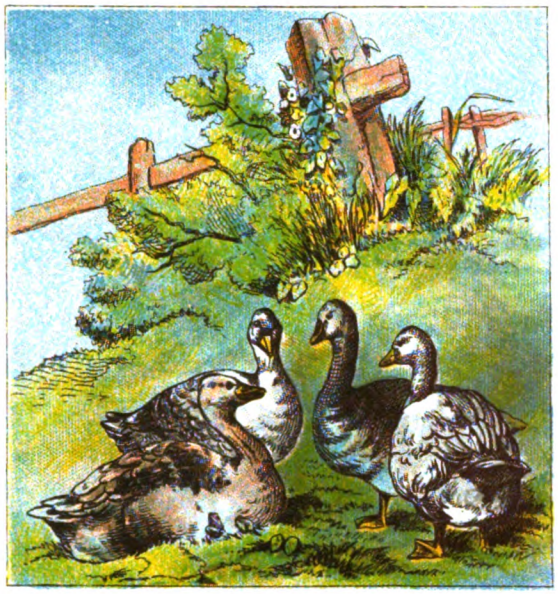
"Quick, quick, let me in! oh, for once be kind,
For the huntsman's horn I hear:
Oh, hide me in any snug place you can find,
For the hunters and hounds draw near."

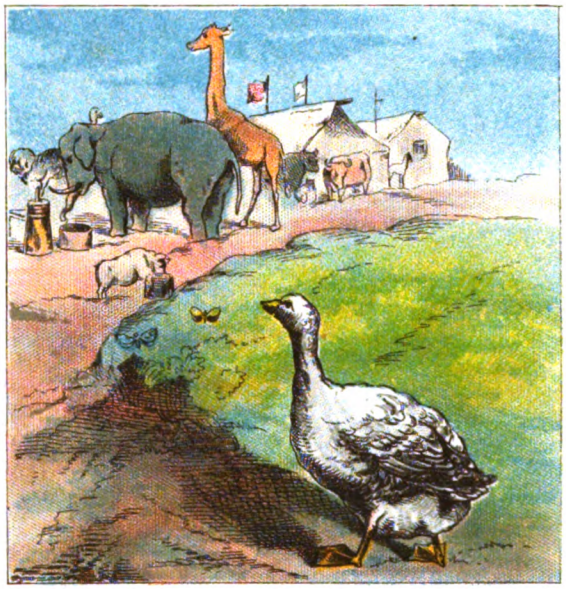
"I'll hide you," she said, "in my nice new churn."
"That will do very well," said he;
"And thank you for doing me this good turn,
Most friendly and kind Ganderee!"

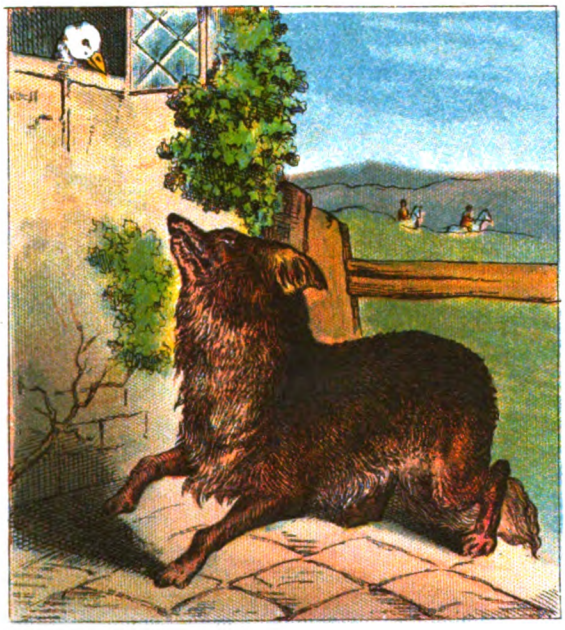
Then into the churn the Fox quickly got;
But, ere the Goose put on the top,
A kettle she brought of water quite hot,
And poured in every drop.

Then the Fox cried out, "Oh! I burn, I burn
And I feel in a pitiful plight:"
But the Goose held fast the lid of the churn,
So Reynard he died that night.

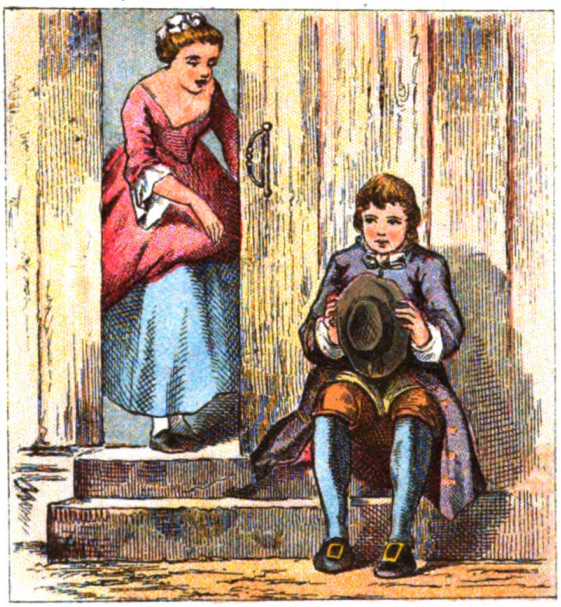
The Fox and the Geese.

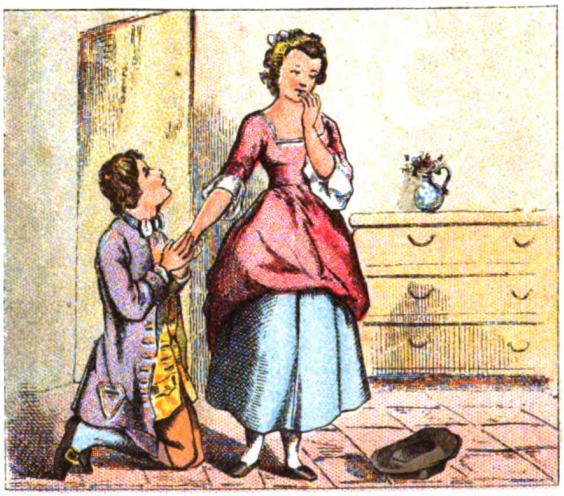


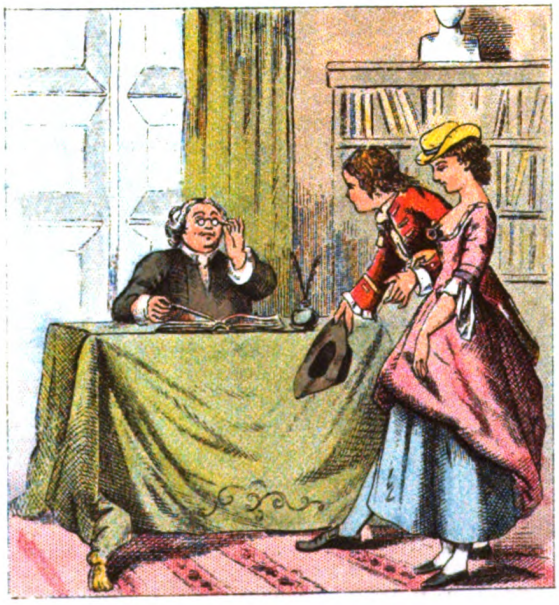




The Little Man and the Little Maid.







The Little Man and the Little Maid.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little mind
For to ask a little maid for to wed, wed, wed.

He hover'd near her door,
As he counted out his ore,
Dress'd in his coat of red, red, red.

When the little maid came out,
He turn'd him about,
And begg'd she would look at him, him, him.

With his little heart so bold,
In his scarlet coat, and gold,
And all his other clothes in trim, trim, trim.

The little maid look'd mild,
And I think I've heard she smiled,
As she told him to call to-morrow, morrow, morrow.

The delay near broke his heart ;
So great he felt the smart,
That he went to his home in sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

And when he got there,
He sat him in a chair,
And sadly began for to think, think, think.

Of what he should say,
On the very next day,
For alas ! his little heart did sink, sink, sink.

For his offers, though sincere,
'Twas to him very clear,
Were but little to induce her to wed, wed, wed.

The thought was so severe,
That he shed many a tear,
As he laid himself down on his bed, bed, bed.

When the dawn began to peep,
He awoke from his sleep,
And ran to the door of his dove, dove, dove.

Said he, " I'm all on fire,
And afraid I shall expire,
If you do not come, my love love, love."

She awoke from her nap,
And in her night-cap,
She spoke from the window in haste, haste, haste.

The Little Man and the Little Maid.

" Will your flames assist a little
To boil water in the kittle,
That some breakfast I may chance for to taste taste, taste ? "

Then the little man he sat,
A-twirling of his hat,
On the upper step of the door, door, door.

She was really such a time
That he thought he must resign
All hope of ever seeing her more, more, more.

At length she came to him,
And said, " Little sir, walk in,
And we'll talk this little matter o'er, o'er, o'er.

If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how will you provide
For the things that I shall want by the score, score, score ? "

Then the little man replied,
" I have little else beside
But love that I can offer to you, you, you.

But be not afraid ;
For the little that I have
Shall be yours with a heart that is true, true, true."

Then the little maid him eyed
Until he almost cried,
So searching and so piercing was her look, look, look.

With a smile his sorrow cures ;
At length she says, " I'm yours ;
Go and bid the parson bring his book, book, book."

" I am come, sir, now (making a very low bow),
That I may acquaint you with the news, news, news ;
I have taken it in my pate to choose a loving mate,
So pray, Mr. Parson, do not muse, muse, muse."

To the little man and maid the parson no more said,
But to church with them quickly went, went, went.
And in presence of some he soon made them one,
And happy to their home them sent, sent, sent.

To the little man's great joy, she soon had a little boy,
Which made the little man quite glad, glad, glad.
And 'twas the mother's pleasure to nurse her little treasure,
Which such rapture did impart to his dad, dad, dad.

Now everything was smiling, there was nothing like reviling,
While cheerful plenty crowned their labours, labours, labours.
The little man with joy would take his little boy,
And show him all around to his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear; and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house.

First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and, seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came, plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bedchamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, so she lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

Then the Little Small, Wee Bear, looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

" Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up ! "

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

" Somebody has been sitting in my chair ! "

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

" Somebody has been sitting in my chair ! "

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

" Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out ! "

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search ; so they went upstairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

" Somebody has been lying in my bed ! "

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

" Somebody has been lying in my bed ! "

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

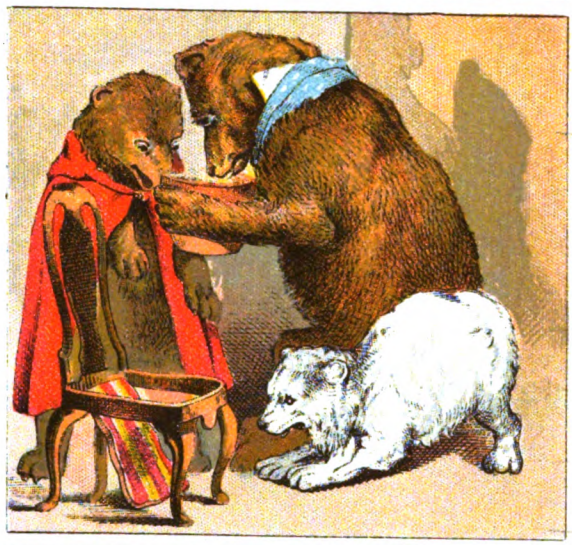
And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place ; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster ; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head, —which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

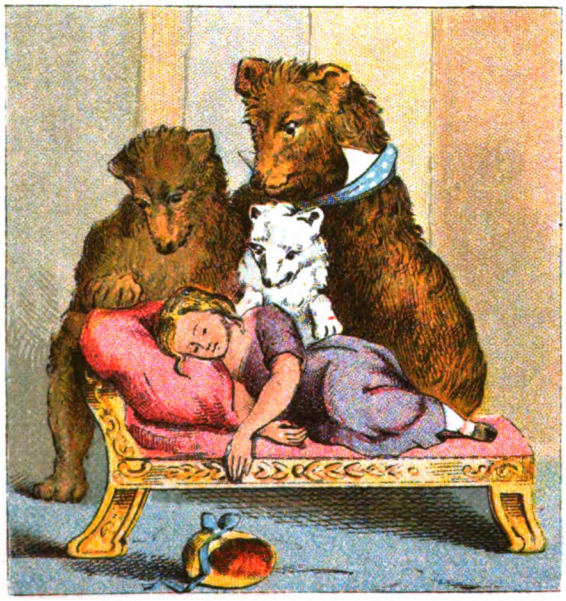
" Somebody has been lying in my bed,— and here she is ! "

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

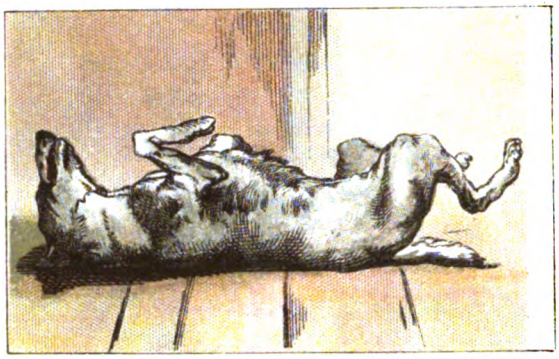
Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear ; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started ; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped ; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

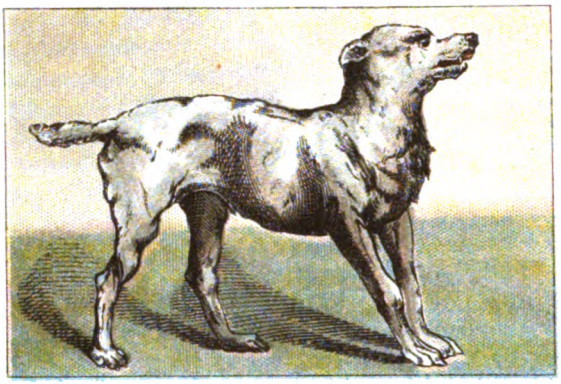
The Story of the Three Bears.

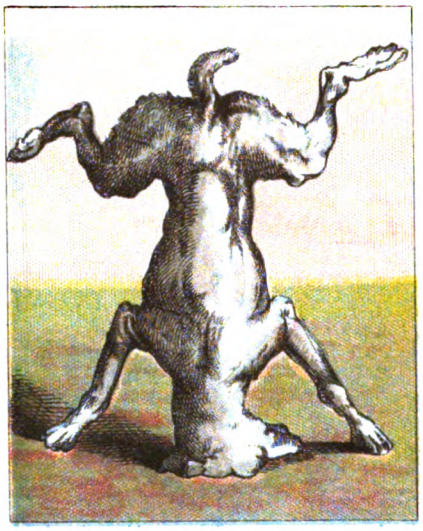


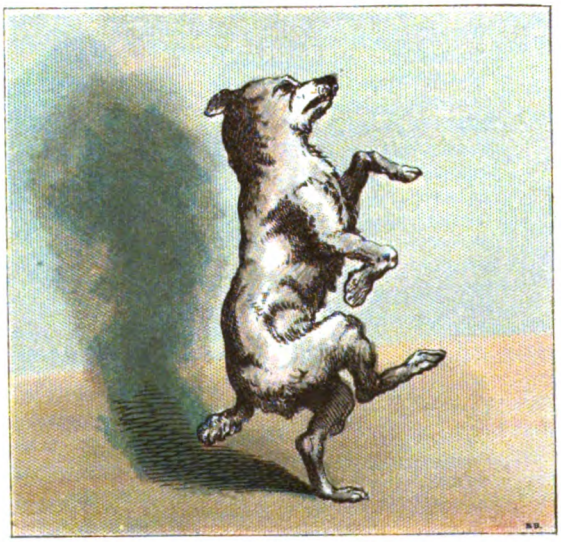


Old Mother Hubbard.









OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog
A bone;

When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog
Had none.

She went to the baker's,
To buy him some bread
But when she came back
The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's,
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house,
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the Cat.

Old Mother Hubbard.

She went to the barber's,
  To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
  He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's,
  To buy him some fruit
But when she came back
  He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's,
  To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
  He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's,
  To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
  He was reading the news.

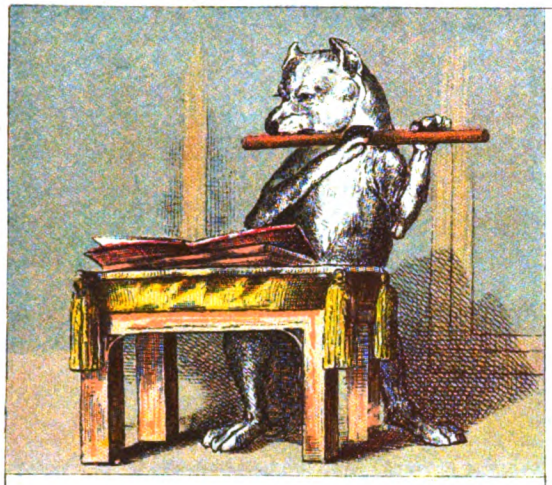
She went to the sempstress,
  To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
  The Dog was spinning.

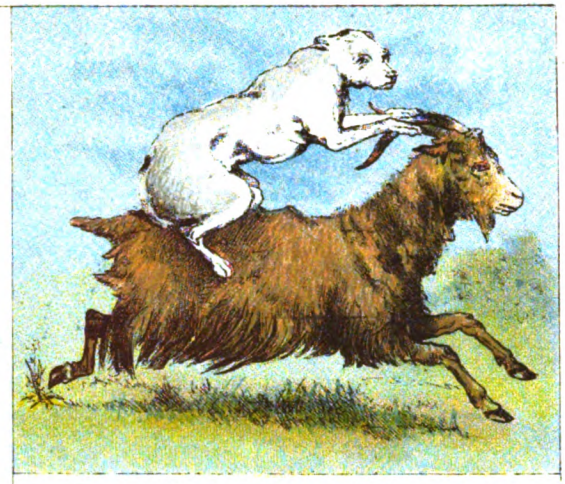
She went to the hosier's,
  To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
  He was dress'd in his clothes.

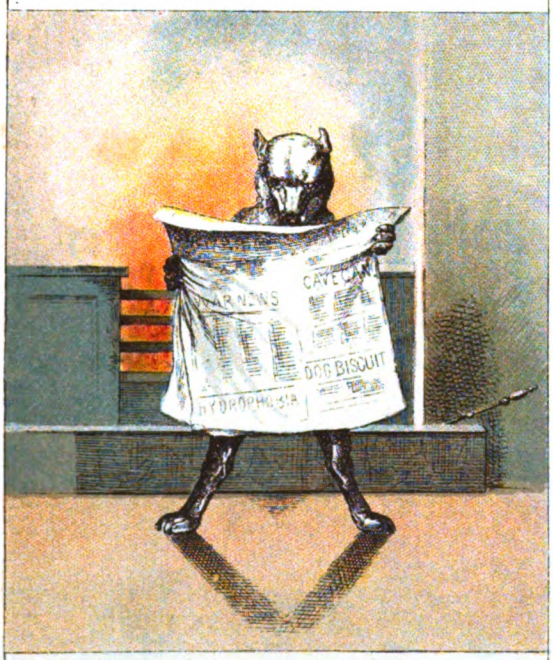
The Dame made
  A curtsey,
The Dog made
  A bow ;

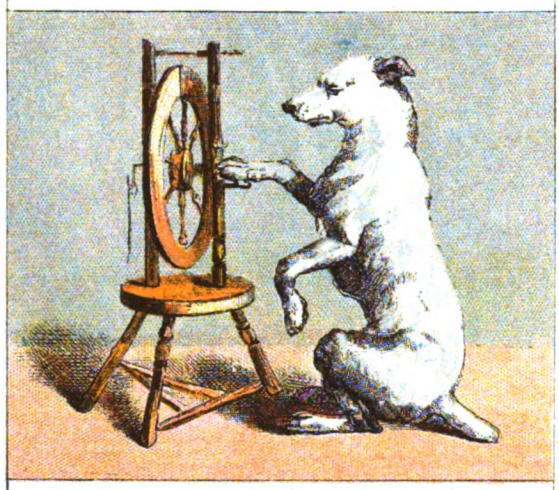
The Dame said,
  "Your servant,"
The Dog said,
  "Bow, wow."

Old Mother Hubbard, continued.









Little Bo-Peep who Lost her Sheep.

Little Bo-peep.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost all her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them :
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
And when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found 'em indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Under a meadow hard by :
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks went race-o ;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its place-o.

The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

WHO kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I'll make his shroud.

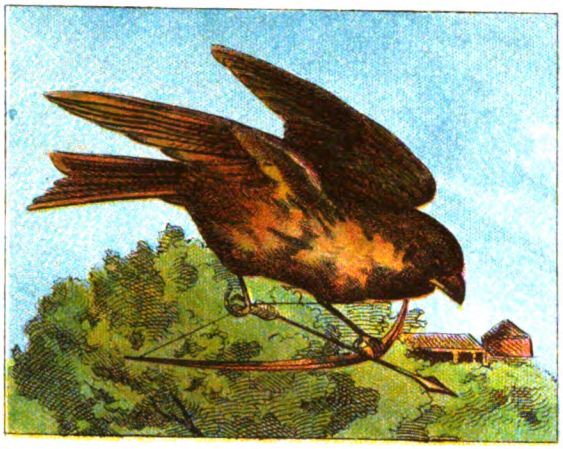
Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and showl,
And I'll dig his grave.

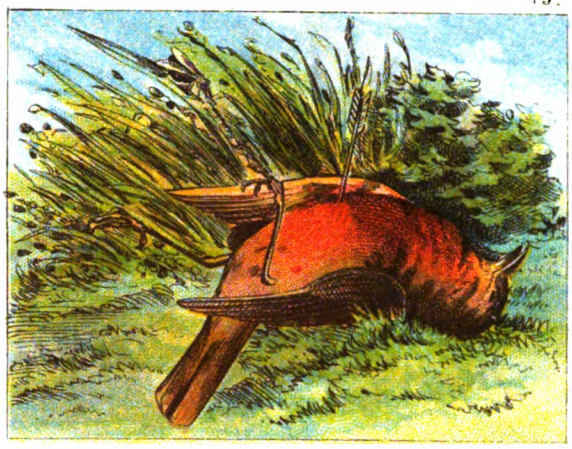
Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

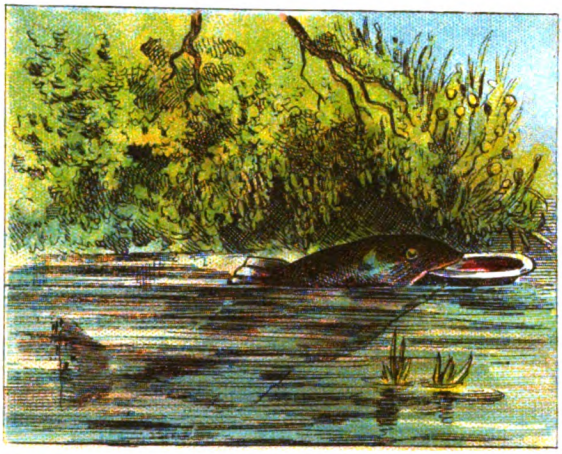
Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk.

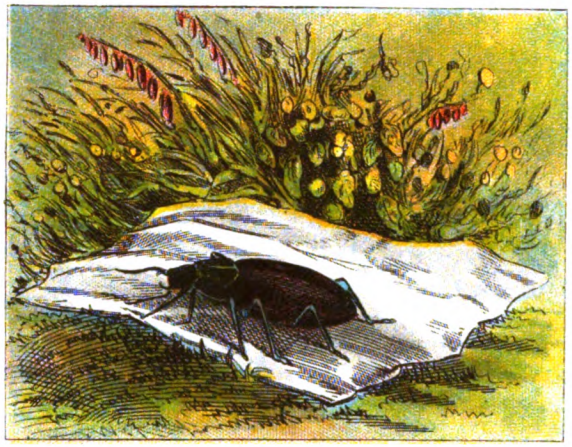
Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.

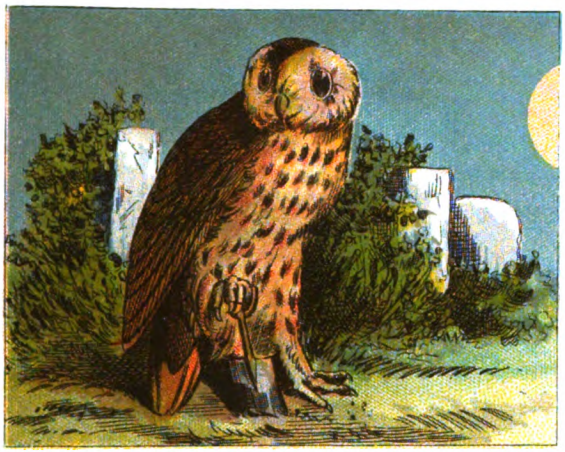
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

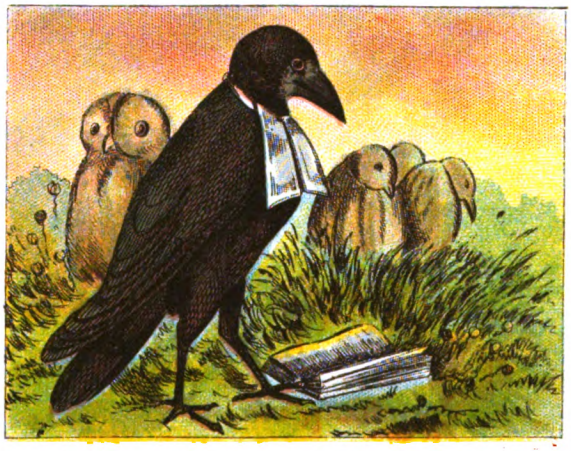


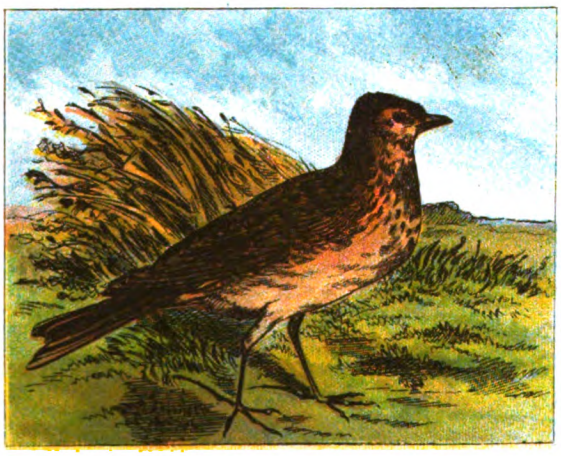


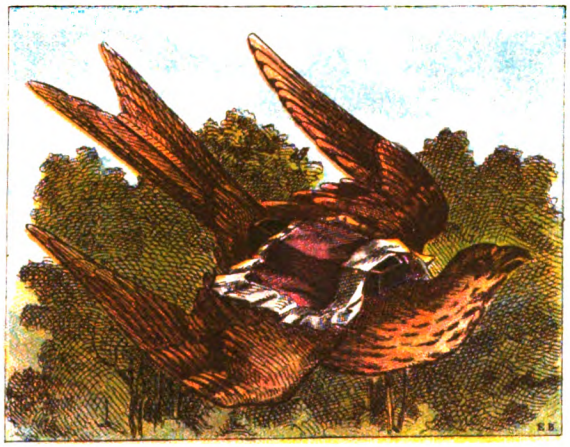




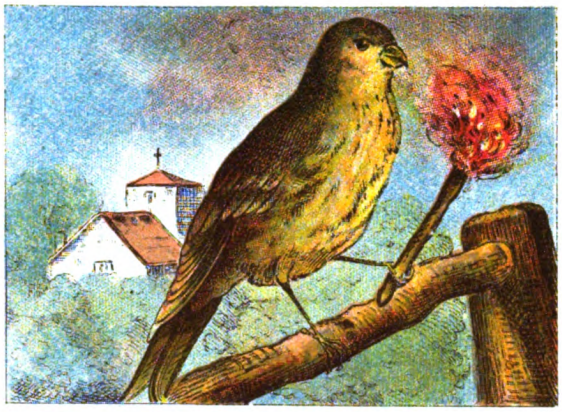


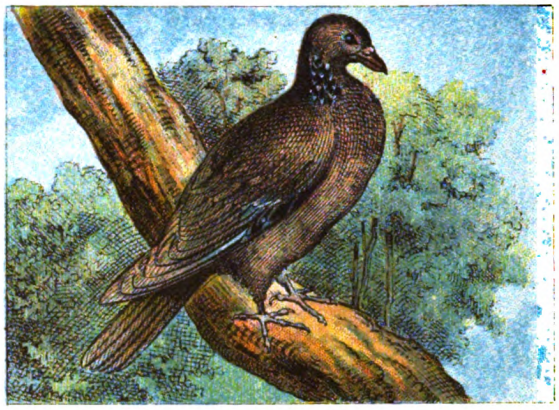


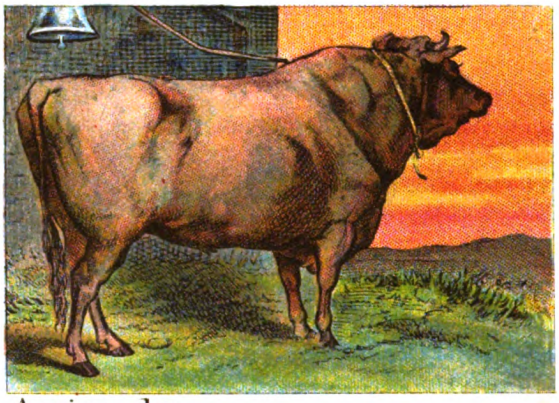




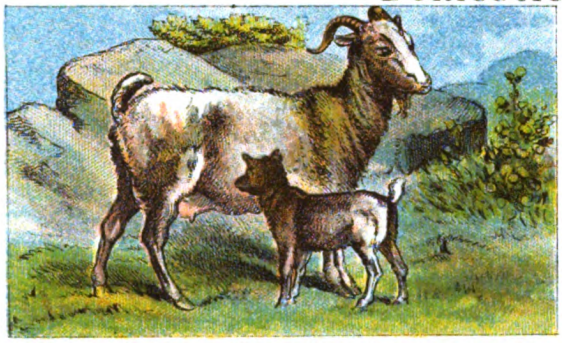
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, continued.

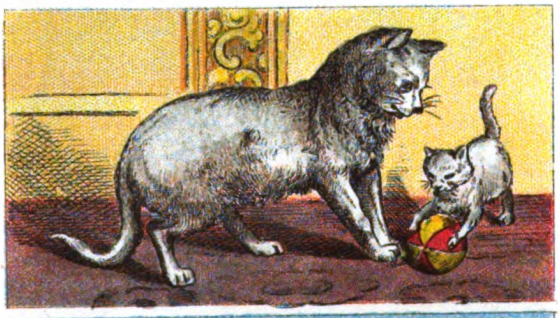


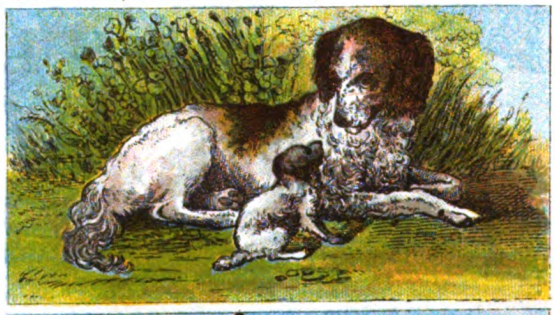


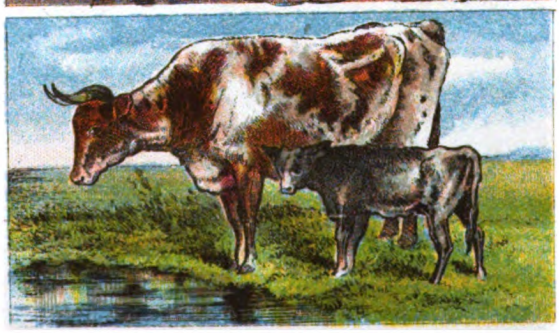


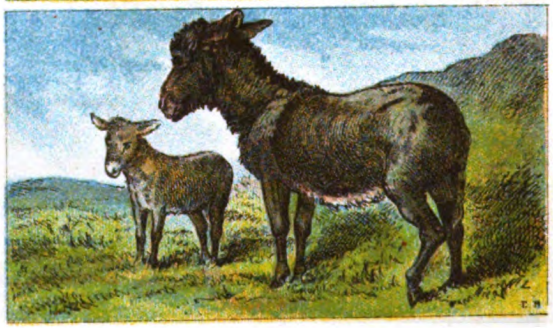
Domestic Animals.











Who'll carry the link ?
  I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
  And I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner ?
  I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
  And I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm ?
  I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
  And I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell ?
  I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull :
  So, Cock Robin, farewell !

Domestic Animals.

HOW quiet the Goat and her Kid are to-day,—
I think they will soon have a good game of play.

OH, do but just look at that dear little Lamb,
How pretty it looks by the side of its Dam !

WHAT a sweet little Kitten ! and see the old Cat
I dare say she wonders what Kitty is at.

HOW fond seems old Dash of her dear little Pup,
That sits by her side, in her face looking up.

A COW and her Calf by the side of the stream,
How quiet they stand, and how happy they seem.

OH, what a nice Ass, with her Foal by her side,—
Perhaps when 'tis grown on its back we may ride.

The Butterfly's Ball.

COME, take up your hats,
And away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball
And the Grasshopper's feast :

The trumpeter Gadfly
Has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now
Only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass
By the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak
That for ages has stood,

See the children of earth,
And the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement
Together repair.

And there came the Beetle,
So blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet,
His friend, on his back ;

And there was the Gnat,
And the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations,
Green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth
In his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket
Of yellow and brown.

Who with him the Wasp,
His companion did bring,
But they promised that evening
To lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse
Crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast
His blind brother the Mole ;

And the Snail with his horns
Peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance,
The length of an ell.

A mushroom their table,
And on it was laid
A water-dock leaf,
Which a table-cloth made ;

The viands were various,
To each of their taste;
And the Bee brought his honey
To crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches,
So solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner
Look'd up to the skies ;

And the Squirrel, well pleased
Such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts
Over-head in a tree.

Then out came the Spider,
With fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity
On the tight line ;

From one branch to another
His cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow
He darted along.

But just in the middle,
Oh ! shocking to tell !
From his rope in an instant
Poor Harlequin fell.

Yet he touched not the ground,
But with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air
At the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came
With a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg,
Though but short was his wing.

He took but three leaps,
And was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises
The rest of the night.

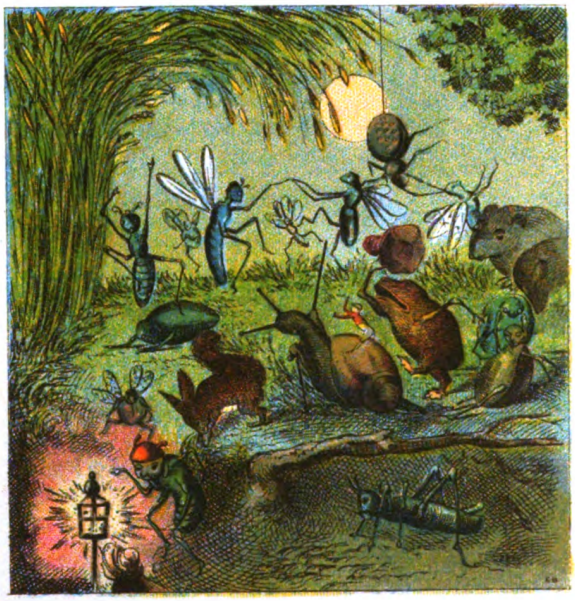
With step so majestic,
The Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers
A minuet to dance ;

But they all laugh'd so loud
That he pull'd in his head,
And went in his own
Little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way
To the shadows of night,
The watchman, the Glow-worm,
Came out with his light :

Then home let us hasten
While yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting
For you and for me.

The Butterfly's Ball.



The Charmed Fawn.

THERE was once a little brother who took his younger sister by the hand, and said to her, "We have never known a happy hour since we lost our mother. Our step-mother does nothing but beat or kick us all day long. What would our poor mother say if she knew how ill we are used? Come, let us go forth into the wide world." And away they wandered over meadows, fields, and stones. Towards evening they reached a large wood; and what with grief, hunger, and fatigue, they soon fell fast asleep.

When they awoke next morning, the brother said, "Sister, I am very thirsty, and if I could but find a spring, I should be so glad to drink." And he took his sister by the hand, and they went to look for a stream. But their wicked step-mother, who was a witch, had slunk after them, and bewitched all the springs in the forest. So when they reached a sparkling stream, and the brother was going to drink, the sister heard it murmur, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a tiger." The sister then cried out, "Brother, do not drink, or else you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces." So the brother did not drink, but said, "I will wait till we come to the next stream." And when they reached another spring, the sister heard it murmur, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a wolf." Then the sister exclaimed, "Brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up." So the brother did not drink, but answered, "I will wait till we come to the next stream, but then I must drink." And when they reached the third spring, the sister heard it say, "Whoever drinks out of me will become a fawn." Then the sister said, "Oh, brother, I beseech you not to drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me." But the brother had already knelt down and drunk of its waters; and as soon as he had moistened his lips he was changed to a young fawn. The sister and the fawn wept together as they sat mournfully side by side. At length the little girl said, "Be easy, dear fawn, I will never leave you." She took off her golden band, and put it round the fawn's neck, and, having made a rope out of some rushes, she led the little animal along. And after going a long, long way, she at last found a empty hut, where she thought they might live. Every morning she gathered roots, berries, or nuts, for herself, and fresh grass for the fawn; and when evening came, and she felt tired, she said her prayers, and then pillowed her head on the little fawn's back, and went to sleep. In short, they might have been very happy, if the brother had but retained his own shape.

They had lived in this way a long while, when it happened one day that the king went a hunting in the forest. The fawn, hearing the sound of the horn, the baying of the hounds, and the hallooing of the huntsmen, said to his sister, "Let me join the hunt, for I can keep away no longer." And he begged and begged, till at last she consented. "Only, pray, come back again to-night," said she, "and mind you knock at the door and say, 'Sister, let me in'; for if you do not say so, I shall not open it."

The fawn now darted away, and was delighted to scent the fresh air as he bounded along. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal and gave chase, but were unable to overtake it. It was now dark, and the fawn ran home, and knocked at the door, saying, "Sister, let me in." The little door was immediately opened, and in jumped her companion. The next day the hunt was again abroad, and no sooner did the fawn hear the horn than he said to his sister, "Pray, sister, open the door, for I must be off." When the king and his huntsmen again caught sight of the fawn, they all pursued him; but he was too swift for them. Towards evening, however, one of the hunters wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he limped as he went along very slowly. This enabled one of the huntsmen to watch him to the hut, when he heard him crying out, "Sister,

let me in," and saw the door opened, and immediately closed again. The huntsman then went back and told the king.

The sister was very much alarmed when the fawn came back wounded; but she bound some simples on the wound, and said, "Go, lie down, dear fawn, that you may get cured." The wound was so slight that it had healed by the next morning; and when the fawn again heard the huntsmen in the forest he would again go after them. Towards sunset the king said to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before, "Come now, and show me the hut where he dwells." On reaching the door, he knocked, and said, "Dear sister, let me come in." The door flew open, and the king walked in, and beheld the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. But the poor girl was very much frightened when she saw the king with his golden crown, instead of her beloved fawn. Then the king looked at her in a kindly manner, and said, "Will you accompany me to my palace, and become my queen?" "Yes," replied the maiden, "provided I may take my fawn with me."

The king then took the beautiful girl to his palace, where their marriage was celebrated with great pomp; and the fawn was fondled and pampered, and had the run of the palace-gardens. When the wicked step-mother heard how happy they were, she thought of nothing else but how she should bring them into trouble again. Her own daughter, too who was one-eyed and as ugly as sin, kept saying that it was she who ought to have been a queen. Accordingly, as soon as she heard that the queen had become the mother of a fine little boy, she went to the palace, and having assumed the shape of one of the queen's maids, she went into her bedchamber, and said, "The bath is now ready, if you please, your majesty." The witch's daughter, who was likewise at hand, then helped to lift the sick queen into the bath. No sooner had they done this than they closed the door of the bath-room, where they made such a fire, that they felt certain the beautiful young queen would be instantly stifled.

The old crone then put a cap on her daughter's head, and laid her in the queen's bed, and tried to make her look as like her majesty as possible. Towards evening the king, who had been hunting, came home, and immediately went to see his beloved wife. But the old crone would not let him draw the curtain and look at the queen.

Towards midnight, when every one was asleep except the nurse, the door opened, and the real queen came in. She took the babe out of the cradle, and gave it some drink. She then shook up its little pillow, and put it back into the cradle.

The nurse went and told the king what she had seen. "To-morrow night," exclaimed the king, "I will keep watch myself." And accordingly, when evening came, the king himself went into the nursery, and towards midnight the queen appeared again, and nursed the baby as she was wont to do before she disappeared. The king did not venture to speak to her, but on the following night he sat up again, when she came, and said :—

"Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn?
For the last time I come, and shall vanish at dawn."

The king could now restrain himself no longer, and jumped up, crying, "You can be no other than my dear wife." "Yes," replied she, "I am"; and at the same moment she was restored to life. She then related to the king the crime the witch and her daughter had committed. They were at once delivered up to justice, and the daughter was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, and the wicked old hag to be burnt for a witch. And no sooner had the flames consumed her, than the fawn recovered his human shape, and the brother and sister were happy ever after to the end of their days.

THE famous Robin Hood, who lived in the reigns of Henry the Second and Richard Cœur de Lion, was born in the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1160. He was a handsome youth, and the best archer in the country. But his uncle having been persuaded by the monks of Fountains Abbey to leave all his property to them, he had been sent adrift into the world. He took refuge in Sherwood Forest, where he met with several other youths, who soon formed themselves into a band under his leadership. Robin Hood and his men adopted a uniform of Lincoln green, with a scarlet cap ; and each man was armed with a dagger and a basket-hilted sword, and a bow in his hand, and a quiver slung on his back.

One day, as Robin Hood sat by the wayside trimming his bow and arrows, there rode by him a butcher with a basket of meat. After bidding him good morrow, Robin asked what he would take for the horse and the basket? The butcher answered he would not care to sell them for less than four silver marks. "Do but throw your greasy frock into the bargain," said Robin, "and here's the money." The bargain having been concluded, Robin instantly put on the smock-frock over his clothes, and galloped away to Nottingham.

On reaching the town, Robin Hood went into the market, and uncovering his basket, began to sell its contents about five times cheaper than all the other butchers. The other butchers could not at first understand why everybody flocked to purchase his goods in preference to theirs ; but when they found that he sold his meat so very cheap, they thought that they had better try and learn something more about him, or else he would ruin their business. So when the market was over one of them invited Robin Hood to dine with their company. The Sheriff of Nottingham presided at the head of the table, while at the other end sat the innkeeper. When the dishes were removed, Robin called for more wine, telling them all to drink as much as they could carry, and he would pay the reckoning.

The Sheriff then turned to Robin Hood, and asked him whether he had any horned beasts to sell ; for he was a miser, and hoped to drive a good bargain with him. Robin Hood replied he had some two or three hundred ; whereupon the Sheriff said that he would like to ride over and look at them that same day. So Robin Hood flung down a handful of silver on the table by way of farewell to his astonished companions, and set out for Sherwood Forest with the Sheriff, who had mounted his palfrey and provided himself with a bag of gold for his purchase. After riding for some time they reached the Forest, when a herd of deer crossed their path. "How do you like my horned beasts, Master Sheriff?" inquired Robin. "To tell you the truth," replied the Sheriff, who remembered that the Forest was infested with Robin Hood and his band, "I only half like your company, and wish myself away from hence." Then Robin Hood put his bugle to his mouth and blew three blasts, when about a hundred men immediately surrounded them. They took the bag of gold from the luckless Sheriff, and, spreading a cloak on the grass, they counted out three hundred pounds ; after which, Robin asked him if he would like some venison for dinner. But the Sheriff told him to let him go, or he would rue the day ; so the outlaw desired his best compliments to his good dame, and wished him a pleasant journey.

Another time, as Robin Hood was roaming through the Forest, he saw a handsome young man, named Allan-a-Dale, in a very elegant suit, who was singing blithely as he went. On the following morning he was surprised to see the same young man coming along sighing deeply at every step, and saying, "Alack and well-a-day!" Robin Hood having sent one of his men to fetch him, inquired why he was so gladsome yesterday and so sorry to-day. The young man pulled out his purse, and showed him a ring, saying, "I bought this yesterday to marry a maiden I have courted these seven long years, and this morning she is gone to church to wed an old cripple whom she does not love at all ; but because the old knight is rich, her parents have insisted upon it, and she has been obliged to consent."

Having found out where the wedding was to

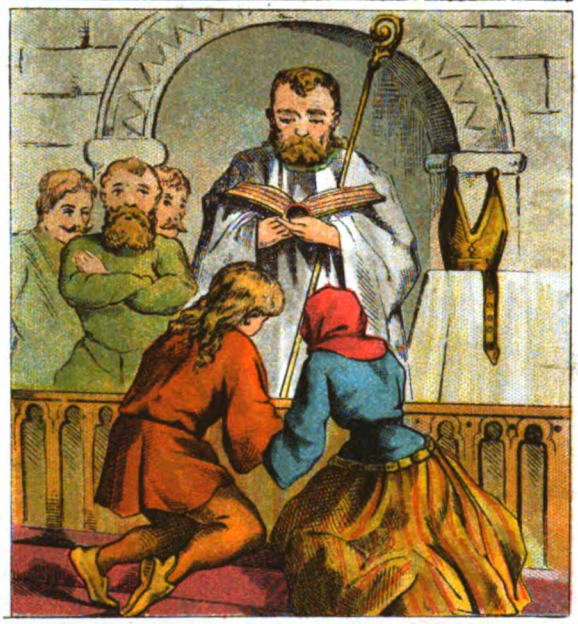
take place, and that the Bishop of Hereford, the bridegroom's brother, was to perform the ceremony, Robin Hood dressed himself as a harper, and bidding twenty-four of his men follow at a distance, he entered the church, and took his place near the altar. Presently the old knight made his appearance, hobbling along, and handing in a maiden as fair as the day, all tears and blushes. "This is not a fit match," said Robin Hood aloud, "and I forbid the marriage." And then, to the astonishment of the Bishop and of all present, he blew a blast on his horn, when the four-and-twenty archers came leaping into the churchyard, and entered the building, among whom was Allan-a-Dale. Then, turning to the bride, he said, "Now, pretty one, tell me freely whom you prefer for a husband—this gouty old knight or one of these bold young fellows?" "Alas!" said the young maid, casting down her eyes, "Allan-a-Dale has courted me for seven long years, and he is the man I would choose." "Then now, my good Lord Bishop," said Robin, "prithee unite this loving pair before we leave the church." But the Bishop having refused, Robin, without more ado, pulled off his gown, dressed Little John up in it, and gave him the book. Robin Hood then gave away the maiden, and the whole company had a venison dinner in Sherwood Forest.

Robin Hood had often heard tell of the prowess of a certain Friar Tuck, who was said to wield a quarter-staff and let fly an arrow better than any man in Christendom. So, one morning Robin set off for Fountain Dale, where he found the Friar rambling on the bank of the river Skell. The Friar was a burly man, at least six feet high, with a broad chest, and an arm fit for a blacksmith. The outlaw walked up to him, saying, "Carry me over this water, thou brawny friar, or thou hast not an hour to live!" The Friar tucked up his gown, and carried him over without a word; but when Robin seemed to be going, he cried out, "Stop, my fine fellow, and carry me over this water, or it shall breed you pain!" Robin did so, and then said, "As you are double my weight, it is fair I should have two rides to your one; so carry me back again." The Friar again took Robin on his back; but on reaching the middle of the stream he pitched him into the water, saying, "Now, my fine fellow, let's see whether you'll sink or swim!" Robin swam to the bank, and said, "I see you are worthy to be my match;" and then, summoning his foresters by a blast of his bugle, he told the Friar he was Robin Hood, and asked him to join his band.

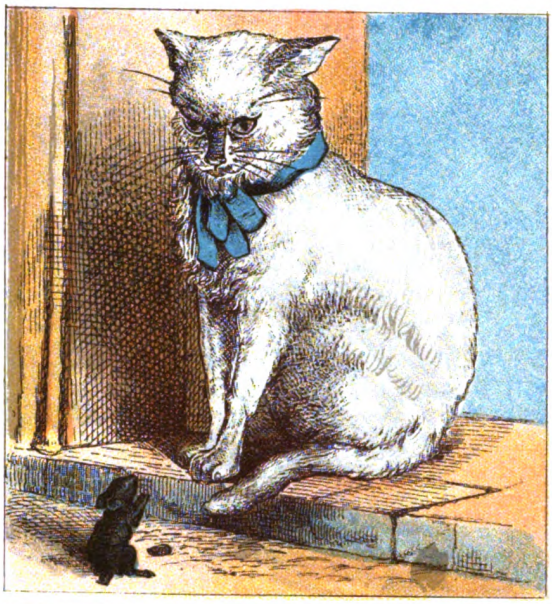
One morning six priests passed through Sherwood Forest on richly-caparisoned horses, and thinking a good prize was in the wind, the outlaws bid them halt, and Friar Tuck seized the bridle of the one whom he judged to be the Abbot. "We are going on a message from King Richard," said the Abbot. Then Robin bade the Friar desist, saying, "God save the King, and confound all his foes!" "You are a noble fellow," quoth the Abbot; "and if you and your men will give up this lawless life and become my archers, you shall have the King's pardon." He then opened his gown; and Robin Hood and his archers, guessing at once that Richard himself stood before them, bent their knees to their liege lord, crying, "Long live King Richard!"

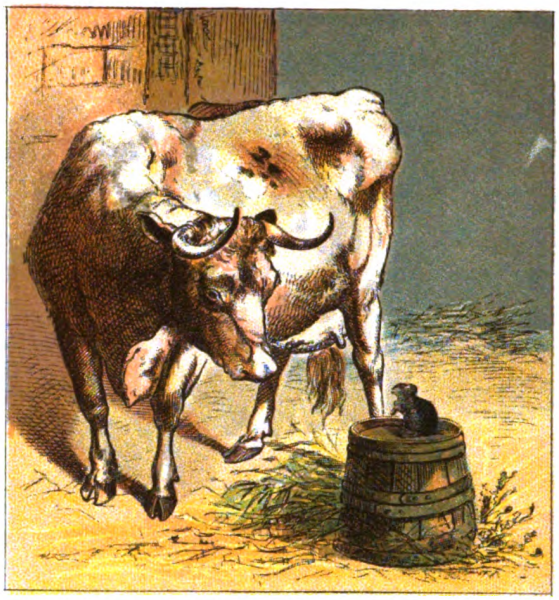
So Robin Hood accompanied the King to London, followed by fifty of his most faithful adherents, and here he assumed the title of Earl of Huntingdon; but he soon grew tired of the confinement of the Court, and returned to the Forest, where he again became leader of a band. King Richard was so enraged on hearing this, that he sent two hundred soldiers to reduce the rebel, and a desperate fight took place on a plain in the Forest, when Robin Hood was wounded by an arrow, and removed to Kirkley's Nunnery, where he died.

Bold Robin Hood.



The Cat and the Mouse.





The Cat and the Mouse.

ONCE upon a time a Cat and a Mouse were playing together in the kitchen of the farm-house at Spring Vale, when, quite by accident, the Cat bit off the Mouse's tail.

It was very strange that the Cat did not bite off the Mouse's head; but this Mouse was a good Mouse, and never stole any cheese, and so the Cat only bit off her tail. Mousey was very much vexed to see that her tail was gone, so she said to Pussy,—

"Oh, dear Pussy! do give me my tail again."

"No, that I will not," said Pussy, "till you get me some milk for my breakfast."

"Oh, the Cow will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Cow, and thus began:—

"Please, Cow, give me some milk; I want to give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again"

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some hay for my breakfast," said the Cow.

"Oh, the Farmer will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Farmer, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Farmer, give me some hay; I want to give the Cow hay. The Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some bread for my breakfast," said the Farmer.

"Oh, the Baker will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Baker, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Baker, give me some bread; I want to give the Farmer bread. The Farmer will give me some hay, I will give the Cow hay; the Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some meat for my breakfast," said the Baker.

"Oh, the Butcher will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to the Butcher, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Butcher, give me some meat; I want to give the Baker meat. The Baker will give me some bread, I will give the Farmer bread; the Farmer will give me some hay, I will give the Cow hay; the Cow will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you'll eat up the crumbs that have fallen at my breakfast," said the Butcher.

"Oh, that I will," said the Mouse; and she soon cleared the floor of every crumb.

Then the Butcher gave the Mouse some meat, and the Mouse gave the Baker the meat, and the Baker gave the Mouse some bread, and the Mouse gave the Farmer the bread, and the Farmer gave the Mouse some hay, and the Mouse gave the Cow the hay, and the Cow gave the Mouse some milk, and the Mouse gave Pussy milk, and then Pussy gave poor little Mousey her own tail again.

And she frisked and jumped, and away she ran,
And cried out to Pussy, "Catch me if you can!"

The Old Woman and Her Pig.

ONCE upon a time an old Dame was sweeping out her cottage, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence. The good Dame sat down to think what she should do with such a good piece of luck, for you must know that in days gone by a silver sixpence was worth much more than it is now-a-days; and first of all she thought she would buy a fat duck, and then she thought she would buy a hen that laid eggs well, but after thinking and thinking for a long, long time, she thought at last she would buy a pig! So the old Dame put up her broom in the closet, and then got out her best high-heeled shoes, and her best cap, and her steeple-crowned hat, and made herself very smart, and then taking her good old stick, the old Dame set out for the market-town close by.

The way to the town was through green lanes and across large meadows, and as the old Dame clambered over the stile at the end of the meadow, she sat on the top to rest herself and to think again on her good luck. Then she went on again till she came to the town, and she went straight to the market-place, and there she found a boy with a nice white pig to sell; so, after a little bargaining, she gave the boy the silver sixpence for the white pig, and then she tied a piece of string to one of the pig's hind-legs, and began to drive him home.

Piggy went through the streets very well, only grunting sometimes and running into the gutter when he saw anything he could eat, until at last they came to the stile into the meadow. The old Dame tried to lift the pig over the lower bar of the stile, but he squeaked and grunted, and wriggled about till the old Dame was quite tired, and then piggy lay down and would not stir. Just then a little dog came trotting up, so the old Dame said to him,—

"Good dog, bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not. So the old Dame held up her stick and said,—

"Good stick, beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not. So the old Dame gathered some bits of wood together and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said,—

"Good fire, burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not. So the old Dame fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said,—

"Good water, quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not. So the old Dame turned round in a passion, and then she saw a great ox with two big horns coming along the field, so she said,—

"Good ox, drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not. So the old Dame turned round to the stile again, and then she saw a jolly butcher leaning on the stile; so she said to him,—

"Good butcher, kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not. So the old Dame took a rope out of her pocket and said,—

"Good rope, hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not. So the old Dame was in despair; but just then a large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she said,—

"Good mouse, gnaw rope; rope will not hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox; ox will not drink water; water will not quench fire; fire will not burn stick; stick will not beat dog; dog will not bite pig; pig will not get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

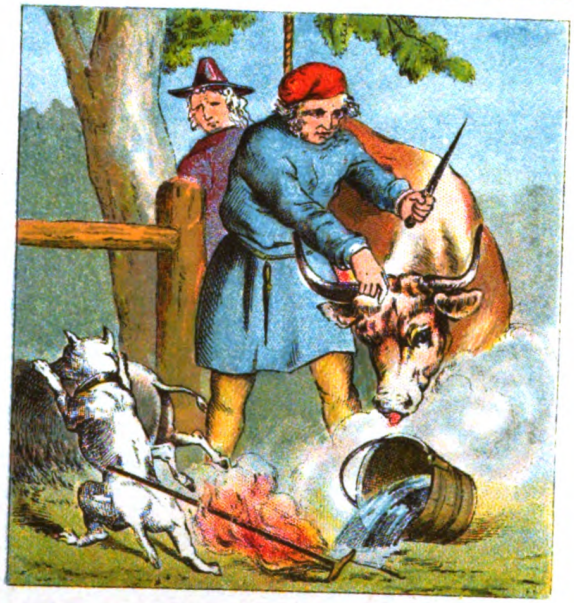
"Yes," said the mouse, "I will, if you will give me some cheese."

So the old Dame put her hand in her pocket and brought out a nice piece of cheese, and gave it to the mouse; and when he had nibbled at it, then,—

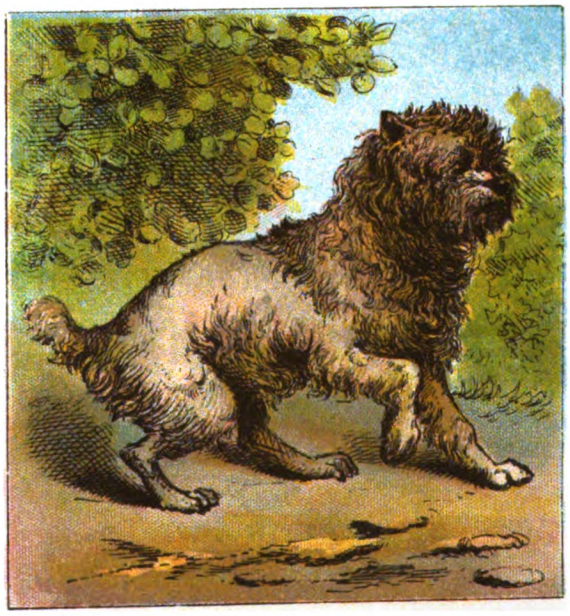
The mouse began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig he rushed right through the stile.

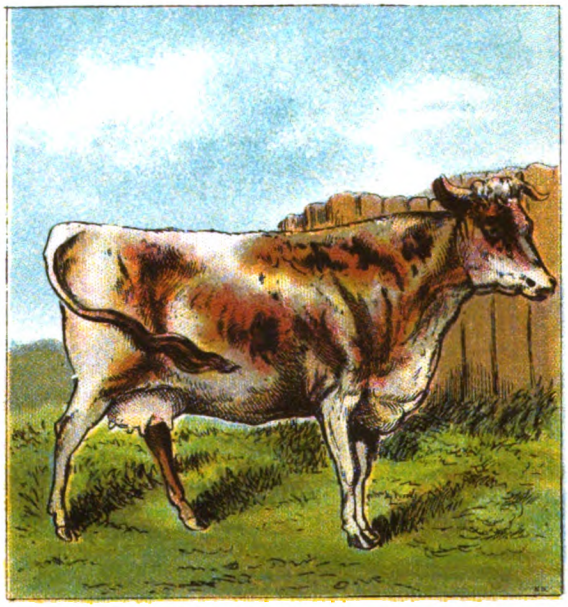
And so the old Dame got home that night in time to boil her dumplings.

The Old Woman and her Pig.



The House that Jack Built.





THIS is the House that Jack built.

This is the Malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Man,
All tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Priest,
All shaven and shorn,
That married the man
All tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

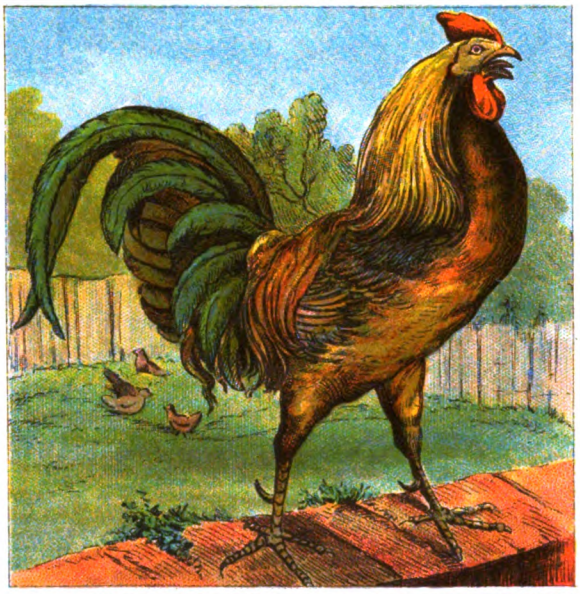
The House that Jack built.

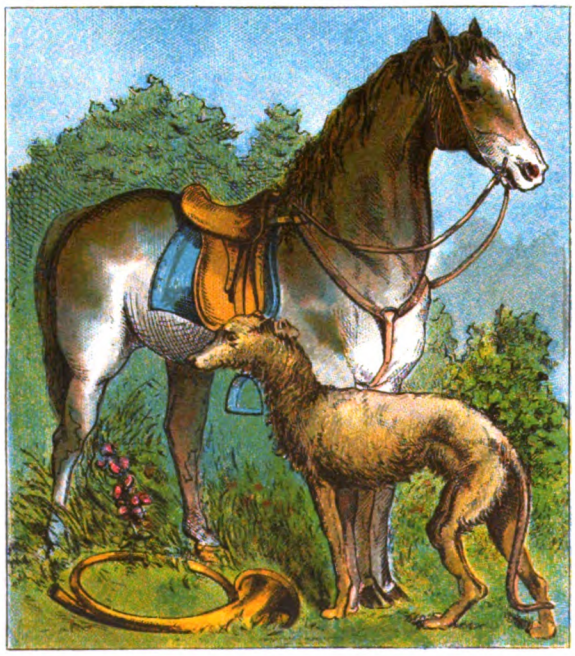
This is the Cock,
That crow'd in the morn
That waked the priest
All shaven and shorn,
That married the man
All tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built

This is the Farmer
Who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock
That crow'd in the morn
That waked the priest
All shaven and shorn
That married the man
All tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

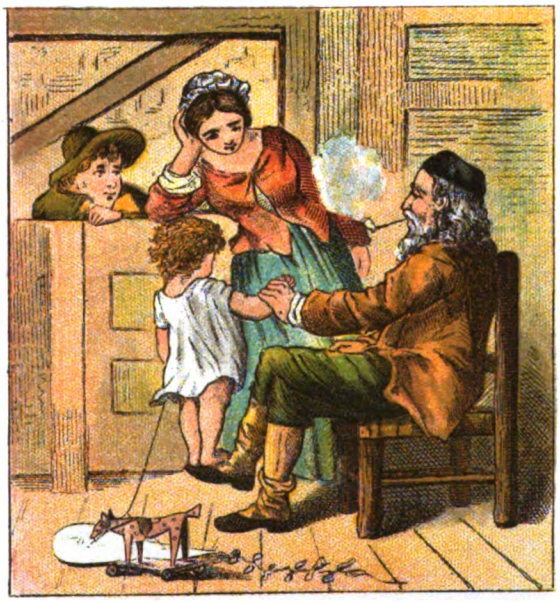
This is the Horse and the Hound and the Horn,
That belonged to the farmer
Who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock
That crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest
All shaven and shorn,
That married the man
All tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden
All forlorn,
That milk'd the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog.
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The House that Jack Built continued.





Peter the Goatherd.



The Sleeping Beauty.

In a village of Germany there once lived a goatherd named Peter Klaus, who used to pasture his flock of goats on a high mountain close by. Peter was a very idle man, and never happier than when roaming about with his dog, and half a dozen little boys at his heels. His indolent habits so soured the temper of his wife, that she would scold him for hours together.

At length Peter could not bear such a life any longer. So one morning he kissed his children, took his gun and his wallet, and with his faithful dog set out for a ramble through the wide world. But Peter remembered his flock on the high mountain; and out of love for the poor dumb creatures, he once more bent his sad steps up the steep ascent.

When he reached the spot he noticed that one of his finest goats had disappeared. On searching closely he found that Nanny must have made her way through a crack in the wall; and having managed to squeeze through the hole after her, he followed her into a kind of vault, where she was greedily picking up the oats that kept dropping down the roof. Raising his eyes he heard the neighing and trampling of several spirited horses, when he came to the conclusion that the oats must have fallen from their crib. As the goatherd stood wondering how these horses came to be shut up in this solitary mountain, there came a strange-looking man towards him in an old-fashioned dress, who silently motioned him to follow.

Peter went up several steps, when he found himself in a court-yard walled in by high rocks. Here he saw twelve grave knights playing at nine-pins on a smooth, cool bowling-green, without exchanging a word. Peter was silently enjoined to lift the ball. With much fear he obeyed the injunction, but by degrees he grew bolder, and at length ventured to drink out of a can that was close to him, containing the most fragrant wine. He now felt quite revived; and as often as he grew tired he sought fresh strength from the never-failing contents of the can.

Well pleased with his quarters, Peter remained with the knights playing at nine-pins; at length he was overcome with sleep.

On waking he found himself in the green enclosure where he used to fold his goats at nightfall. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goats could he perceive. Below him lay his native village, and he hastened down to make inquiries after his lost flock. The people he met on his way to the village were all unknown to him. They all stared at him, and took hold of their chins. At last he did the same, when he found that his beard had grown at least a foot longer than it used to be. Having made his way to his cottage, he found it almost in ruins. A hungry dog lay before it, who growled and showed his teeth. Presently a crowd gathered round the strange old man, and all inquired whom he was seeking. He asked after several of his companions, but he found that they were either dead or had left the village.

At length a spruce young woman, carrying an infant on one arm, and leading a little girl four years of age with the other hand, made her way through the crowd. They were all three as like his wife as two peas. "What was your father's name?" cried he. "His name was Peter Klaus. It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the high mountain." The goatherd could restrain his feelings no longer. "I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and none other!" And he took his daughter and her baby-boy in his arms. Then they all called out, "Yes, that is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour—welcome home, after your twenty years' absence." Peter Klaus now lived happily in his native village, with his daughter and grandchildren.

The Sleeping Beauty.

THERE were once a king and queen who had no children, and they were, on this account, very unhappy. One day, however, as the queen was walking moodily by the bank of a clear stream a golden fish peeped its head out of the water, and said, "I know your desire; your wish shall be gratified, and you shall soon have a daughter, and her name shall be Rosebud." As the fish had said, so it happened, and the queen soon had a little girl, very beautiful indeed to behold.

At the christening of the princess, seven good fairies who dwelt in the king's country were invited to be the princess's godmothers, who all gave gifts to her. But there happened to come to the christening a spiteful old fairy, who, instead of giving her any good gift, said that when the princess was fifteen years of age she should hurt her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound. This cruel sentence filled all the company with sorrow. But at this moment a young fairy who had not yet given the princess a gift stepped forth, and in a kind voice said, "Do not, O king and queen, be in so much grief for your daughter; she shall *not* die of the wound she is to receive; she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last for a hundred years, at the end of which she shall be awakened by a young prince."

When the Princess Rosebud was about fifteen years of age she was one day roving through the old rooms of the castle, and at last found her way to a small chamber at the top of a tower. The door was closed, but there was a little golden key in the keyhole. The princess turned it, the door flew open, and there she saw an old woman spinning with a spindle very busily. The princess took the spindle into her hand; but as soon as ever she did so, she ran the point of it into her hand, and instantly she fell into a sound sleep.

The good fairy, who had saved the princess's life, though at the distance of twelve thousand leagues, was instantly at the king's palace. She caused the princess to be carried to the finest room in the palace, and laid on a bed made of rich silk and velvet, and adorned with gold and silver. When the princess fell down asleep, a deep sleep also seized everybody and everything in the palace; and immediately a dense wood of trees, bushes, and brambles grew all round the palace. At the end of the hundred years the son of the king who then ruled over the country happened to be hunting near the palace; he asked the people who was the owner of the wood, and of the building he saw inside it. An old man answered that there was hidden in the palace a princess of very great beauty, who was condemned by a fairy to sleep a hundred years; and was then to be awakened by a king's son, who was to be her husband. The young prince listened to this account with surprise, and thinking that he must be the king's son who was to wake the princess, resolved to make his way to the palace. As soon as he had reached the wood he found the trees, the bushes, and the brambles move aside of themselves, and let him pass. He went on toward the palace, which he saw at the end of a long walk, and soon entered it. He came first into a large court, where everything he saw was enough to startle the stoutest heart in the world. All the men and creatures that the fairy had laid asleep were stretched along on the ground, and seemed as if they were dead.

After passing through many courts and rooms he came to a chamber, the walls of which were powdered with golden stars, in which was a very grand bed, with the silken curtains drawn back. In this bed he saw a young lady about sixteen years of age, more beautiful than anything he had ever beheld, lying in a sound sleep. The prince went up close to the bed. His delight and wonder were so great that he could not help giving her a kiss. This at once broke the charm that the fairy had put upon the princess; and she opened her eyes, and cast them on the prince with a tender look, as if she had known him before, or had seen him in her sleep. When the princess awoke, all in the palace were roused from their sleep, and went on with the business they were about when the charm of the fairy fell on them. The wedding took place that very night in the presence of all the court; and the good fairy came and gave her blessing to the bride, who lived happily with her prince.

Jack and the Beanstalk.

AT some distance from London, in a small village, lived a widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. Jack's mother had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. But as she had for some time past been growing poorer every year, she felt that now she must part with the cow. So she told Jack to take the cow to be sold, and he was to be sure to get a good round sum for her. On the road to the market Jack met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought very pretty. The butcher saw how eagerly Jack eyed his beans, and said, "If you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow, I will give you this whole hatful of beans in exchange for her."

Jack was delighted; he seized the hat, and ran back home. Jack's mother was surprised to see him back so soon, and at once asked him for the money. But when Jack said that he had sold the cow for a hatful of beans, she was so angry that she opened the window, and threw them all out into the garden. When Jack rose up next morning he found that one of the beans had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds. Jack resolved instantly to mount the Beanstalk. So up, up, up, he went till he had reached the very top. Looking round he saw at a distance a large house. Tired and weary he crawled towards it and knocked at the door. The door was opened by a timid-looking woman, who started when she saw him, and besought him to run away, as her husband was a cruel Giant, who would eat him up if he found him there. But Jack begged so earnestly to be admitted, that the woman, who was very kind-hearted, had pity on him, and so she brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread and meat, and ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed. Presently the woman started, and said, "My husband! quick, quick! he comes—he comes!" and opened the door of the oven and bid Jack jump in. The Giant was in a dreadful passion when he came in, and almost killed his wife by a blow which he aimed at her. He then began to sniff and smell, at last he roared out:—

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

His wife gave him an evasive answer, and proceeded to lay before him his supper. When the Giant could swallow no more, he called out to his wife to bring him his hen, which having been brought, whenever the Giant said "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg. The Giant soon fell asleep, and Jack crept out softly and seized the hen, and made off without disturbing the Giant. Away ran Jack till he came to the Beanstalk; he was much sooner at the bottom of it now than at the top in the morning; and running to his mother he told all his adventure.

The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and everything which she desired. A second time Jack climbed the Beanstalk, when he ran away with the Giant's bags of money. A third time Jack climbed the Beanstalk, and again gained admission to the Giant's house. On this occasion, when the Giant had supped and fallen asleep, Jack tried to run away with a harp, which, when the Giant said "Play," played the most beautiful tunes. Now the harp was a fairy, and as soon as Jack touched it, it called out "Master! Master!" so loud that the Giant awoke, but he was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but Jack got to the top of the Beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great was his horror to see the huge hand of the Giant stretched down to seize him by the hair of the head! He slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk, hardly knowing how, and seeing the Giant just putting his feet over the top, he called out, "Quick, mother, mother! A hatchet, a hatchet!" Jack seized it, and chopped away at the Beanstalk, when down it fell, bringing along with it the Giant. Jack instantly cut off his head. After this Jack and his mother lived very happily, and Jack was a great comfort to her in her old age.

Jack the Giant Killer.

WHEN King Arthur reigned in Britain there lived near the Land's End, in Cornwall, a farmer, who had an only son, named Jack.

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

Jack resolved to destroy this giant, and therefore took a horn, a shovel, a pick-axe, and a dark lantern. Early in a long winter's evening he swam over to the Mount. There he fell to work at once, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and as many broad. He covered it at the top with long sticks and straw, and strewed some mould over them to make them look just like solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth, and blew a loud "*tantivy, tantivy.*" The giant awoke with the noise, and, running towards Jack, he tumbled headlong into the pit.

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

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

Abour four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey to Wales, he passed through this very wood; and being weary he sat down by the side of a pleasant fountain, and fell into a deep sleep.

The giant came to the fountain for water just at this time, and found Jack there; and when the giant saw who it was, he lifted him up and carried him to his castle. When they reached the castle the giant told Jack, with a horrid grin, that men's hearts, seasoned with pepper and vinegar, were his daintiest food; and having said this, he locked Jack in an upper room, while he went to fetch another giant, who lived in the same wood, to feast with him upon little Jack.

The window of the room was right over the gates of the castle, and when he saw the two giants coming arm-in-arm, he was prepared to receive them. There were two strong cords in the room. Jack made a large noose, with a slip-knot at the end of both these; and as the giants were unlocking the iron gates, he cast the ropes over each of their heads. He then threw the ropes across a beam of the roof, and pulled with all his might till he had throttled the giants. When he beheld them quite black in the face, he slid down the ropes, drew his sword, and killed them both, and thus saved himself from their cruelty.

Jack now resolved to rid the kingdom of these horrible giants. So having provided himself with everything proper for his journey, he set out in search of adventures. Passing through a large forest, on a sudden he heard piercing shrieks. He forced his way through the trees, and saw a huge giant, thirty-five feet high, dragging along by the hair of their heads a knight and his beautiful lady, one in each hand. Jack alighted from his horse, and tying him to an oak, put on a coat which made him invisible, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

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

Jack then set one foot upon his neck, and cried out, "Thou cruel wretch! behold, I give thee the just reward of thy crimes." And so, plunging his sword into the giant's body, the monster gave a loud groan, and yielded up his life; while the noble knight and his lady were joyful at their deliverance.

After this Jack fought and conquered many more giants, and at length having married a most beautiful lady, and the king of the land having bestowed on him great riches, he passed the rest of his days very happily.

Jack and the Beanstalk.

Jack the Giant Killer.

Cinderella and the Glass Slipper.

Dick Whittington and His Cat.

MANY ages since a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely little daughter. When this child was only nine years of age her mother fell sick and died. Her little daughter was full of grief at the loss of so kind a mother. The father, too, was unhappy, but he sought to get rid of his sorrow by marrying another wife. His choice fell on a widow lady, of a very tyrannical temper, who had two daughters as bad-tempered as herself. The marriage was a very unhappy one; and the woman treated the sweet little motherless girl with great harshness. This made the father very wretched: he fell into low spirits, which brought him to an early grave. After the death of her father the young orphan was very roughly treated, and she was obliged to do all the meanest work about the kitchen, and the sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time the king of the land held a feast, which was to last two days, and from among those who came to it the king's son was to choose a bride. Cinderella's two sisters, among others, were invited. When the carriage drove away with them to the palace, poor Cinderella was very sad. At length she was roused by a rapping at the kitchen-door, and she got up to see who was there. She found a little old woman who besought her to give her some food. Cinderella kindly gave her whatever she had, and asked her to step in. "Thank you, my dear," said the old woman. "But what are all these tears, my child?" And then Cinderella told the old woman how she wished to go to the grand ball, but she had no clothes. "But you *shall* go, my darling," said the old woman; "or I am not Queen of the Fairies."

The fairy then turned a pumpkin into an elegant gilt carriage, six mice into as many fine prancing horses, two rats into coachmen, and six lizards into six spruce footmen. Cinderella's clothes were then changed into a magnificent ball-dress; and the fairy gave her a beautiful pair of glass slippers, and charged her on no account to stay at the ball after the clock struck twelve.

The arrival of so splendid an equipage as Cinderella's at the royal palace attracted general notice, and the king's son himself handed her out of the carriage, led her into the ball-room, and took her to one of the most distinguished seats. The prince then led her out to the head of the dance. The eyes of the whole company were fixed upon the beautiful pair, and all were delighted with her. As soon as Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, she arose, took a hurried leave, and returned home. She had scarcely time to change her dress, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of her sisters.

Next evening the two sisters went again to the ball. After their departure the good old fairy appeared again. Cinderella soon followed to the palace, but dressed in a far more magnificent style than before. The prince was quite delighted to see her again; he did not leave her the whole evening. Cinderella was so much taken with the young prince, that before she was aware of it the clock struck *twelve!* Alarmed, she sprang from her seat, and almost flew out of the ball-room. The prince, wondering, followed, but could not overtake her. Cinderella, in the hurry, dropped one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up. Fatigued and breathless, Cinderella reached home in her old clothing, without any of her grandeur, except the remaining glass slipper.

The next day the prince sent forth his heralds throughout the city, saying that he would marry the lady whom the slipper fitted. Every one was anxious to know if the slipper would fit her, and among the rest the two sisters; each tried very hard to make her foot go into it, but it was all of no use. Cinderella, who was present, begged to be allowed to try; and, sitting down, she put it on her foot with the greatest ease. At that moment the fairy entered, and, touching Cinderella with her wand, changed her poor clothes into a more magnificent dress than she had yet appeared in. When the sisters found that poor Cinderella was the beautiful princess, they asked her to pardon them for all their cruelty. Cinderella freely forgave them. Then she was conducted to the prince, and a few days afterwards the marriage took place with great pomp.

Dick Whittington and his Cat.

THERE was once a Lord Mayor of London, whose name was Sir Richard Whittington. He rose to that office from being a poor orphan, living in a distant village. Dick was a sharp boy, and was always picking up knowledge from some of the villagers. Dick heard of the great City of London; he often heard it said that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day seeing a wagon and team of horses on the road to London, he took courage and asked the wagoner to let him walk by his side. Having gained permission, they set off together. When Dick got to London he was very eager to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, but the poor boy saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, so he crouched down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great merchant. Here he was soon found by an ill-tempered cook, who ordered him to go about his business. But just at this moment Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home, and finding that the poor boy was willing to work, he took him into his house, and said that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook. The cook was always scolding him from morning till night, and was very cruel to him. Poor Dick had another hardship. His bed was placed in a garret where there were great numbers of rats and mice, which ran over his face, and made a great noise. Dick at last bought a cat which was famous for being an excellent mouser.

Soon after this the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, asked his servants if they would send any goods abroad. All the servants mentioned something they were willing to venture, but poor Whittington, who said he had nothing but a cat, which was his companion.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go." Dick hesitated for some time, at last he brought poor puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes. The cook continued to be so cruel to him that the unhappy fellow determined to leave his place. He accordingly packed up his few things, and travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone. While he was there musing, Bow bells began to ring; and it seemed to him that their sounds said:—

"*Turn again, Whittington,*
Lord Mayor of London."

So back went Dick, and got into the house before the cook came down-stairs.

The ship with Dick's cat on board happened to be driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary inhabited by Moors, who showed great eagerness to purchase the things with which the ship was laden. The captain seeing this, took patterns of the choicest articles he had to the King of the Moors. While he was showing them to him, dinner was brought in, when immediately a great number of rats and mice came out of their holes, and helped themselves to all the dainties. The captain was much astonished at this, when the King informed him that he was always annoyed in the same way. The captain said he had an animal on board his vessel which would soon clear the place of them, and at once went to the ship, put puss in a bag, and returned to the palace. The second dinner had been brought in, and, as usual, in came the rats and mice. When the captain unloosed the bag, pussy, at sight of the rats and mice, sprang out, and in a trice killed numbers of them, whilst the others scampered away to their hiding places. The King was greatly delighted with the wonderful exploits of Mrs. Puss, and quickly bargained with the captain for his whole ship's cargo, and afterwards agreed to give a prodigious quantity of gold for the cat. Then the captain, after a happy voyage for England, safely arrived in the port of London. When Mr. Fitzwarren heard the news, he ordered Dick Whittington to be called, and showed him all the riches which the captain had brought in exchange for his cat. These riches soon altered Dick's state of life, and in a few years he was made the partner of his old master. He was married to Alice, the merchant's daughter, at Bow Church, the very church whose bells had been the means of calling Dick back. Dick became richer and richer; at last he was chosen Sheriff of London, and in a year or two afterwards became Lord Mayor of London.

BEAUTY was the youngest of the three daughters of a merchant. She had been called "Beauty" from her birth, on account of her great loveliness. Her father was very fond of her. It happened on one occasion that her father was obliged to leave home for a short time on business, so he called his three daughters together, and asked them what presents he should bring them on his return. The two eldest desired him to bring the most splendid diamonds and the richest dresses he could see, while the youngest requested him to bring a rose. As the merchant was returning home, he was overtaken by a violent storm and lost his way. Seeing before him a splendid palace, he entered it. Everything for his comfort seemed to have been provided. After supper he retired to his sleeping apartment. The next morning the merchant awoke quite refreshed from his fatigue. Having breakfasted, he walked in the gardens of the palace. The flowers made the merchant think of Beauty. He searched for a rose-tree, but could not see one for some time. At last, entering an arbour, he found some magnificent red roses. One of these the merchant plucked: suddenly a monster seized him. "Ungrateful wretch!" said the Beast, "is this the way you repay the kindness you have received? Your life is forfeited. I will, however, allow you to return home and take leave of your children, but you must return here in a week, or send some one in your stead. Take the rose and be gone." Having so spoken, he instantly disappeared. In the evening the merchant, almost broken-hearted, reached his home.

When the merchant related to Beauty all that had occurred, she said, smilingly, "Oh, father, you shall not return; I alone will bear the punishment!" No entreaties of the father could alter her mind. In a few days she took leave of all her friends, giving each one some token of her love. The merchant insisted on accompanying her, and seeing her safe to the monster's palace. They mounted their horses and set off, and very soon they arrived at the golden gates of the palace, which instantly flew open. Having dismounted, the merchant and Beauty passed into the arcade. The merchant went to his former room, whilst two humming-birds guided Beauty to a room, over the door of which was inscribed, "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." The door sprang open as she touched the enamelled handle. The room was most elegantly furnished. Adjoining to this apartment were dressing and bed rooms. She entered the former, where she found every article for her toilet prepared. Having changed her dress, she went in search of her father. They found a magnificent feast prepared for them. A magic flute played a few bars of music, then a voice said,—

"*The Beast is near,*
And asks leave to appear."

The merchant having desired him to appear, a door sprang open at the further end of the saloon, and the Beast entered. As he came near, his appearance was so hideous that Beauty clung to her father's arm for protection. The Beast endeavoured to soothe her alarm, and informed her that she was to consider herself mistress of the whole palace. On the evening of the same day the merchant returned home.

On the departure of her father, Beauty was left alone with the Beast. He, however, never intruded himself on her presence, and was always kind and gentle towards her. By degrees she lost sight of his ugliness, and looked forward to his visits with pleasure. One day he never came near her, and so great was her anxiety respecting him that she could not rest. She went in search of him. She passed through every room in the palace, and at length went into the garden. What was her horror when she found the Beast lying on the ground as if dead! She knelt beside him, and tenderly took hold of his hand. After some time the Beast opened its eyes, and seeing Beauty, he said, "Ah, you have come only to see me die!" "Don't die! what can I do to save you?" "Will you marry me?" faintly murmured the Beast. "Willingly, to save your life," answered Beauty. She had no sooner said these words than she saw at her feet one of the loveliest princes that she had ever beheld. The Prince and Beauty were soon married, and they lived happily together to a very old age.

Chevy Chase.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

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

These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:
Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his play.

On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear;
And long before high noon they slew
An hundred fallow-deer.

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

"Now if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yield thee, Lord Percy!" Douglas said:
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king."

"No, Douglas!" quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"

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

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

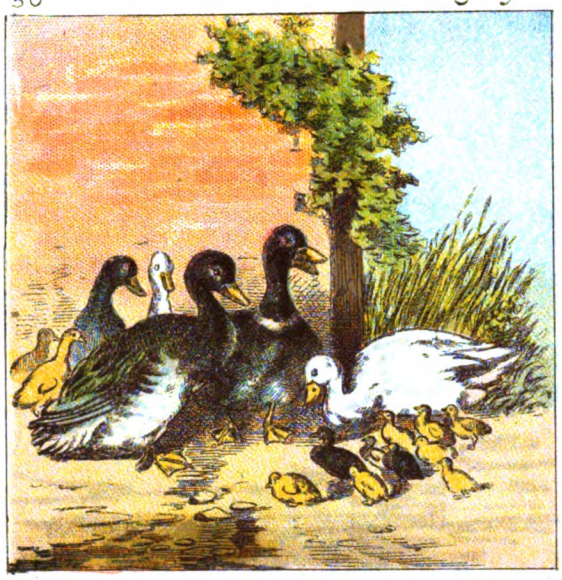
The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

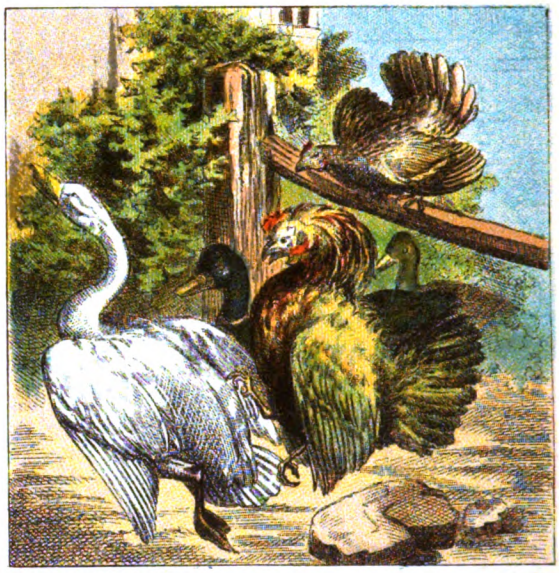
God save our King, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

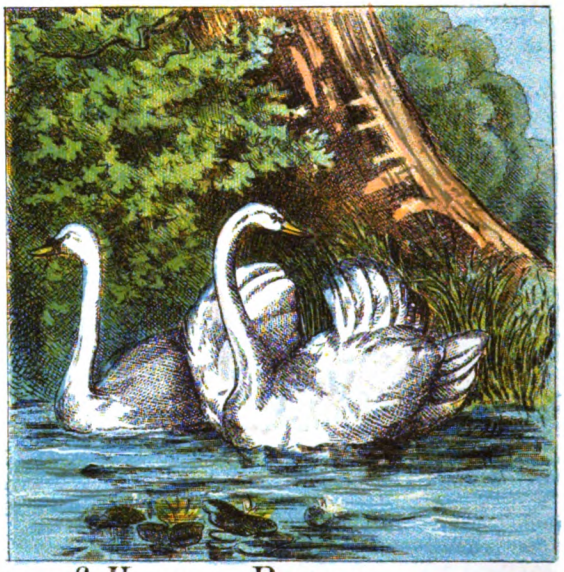
Beauty and the Beast.

Chevy Chase.

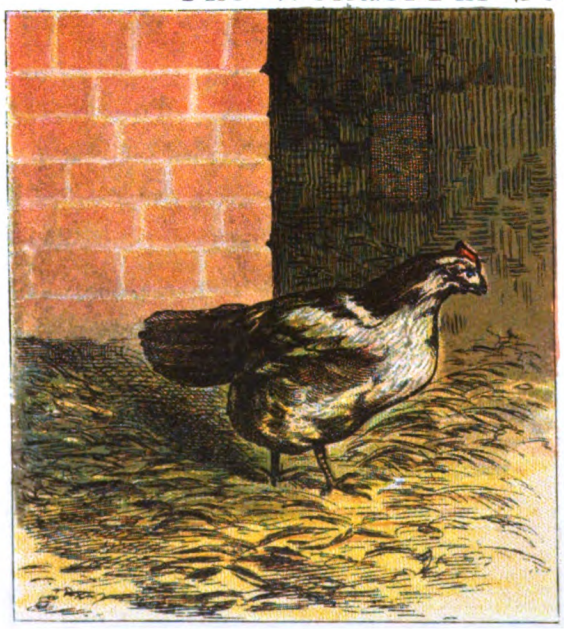
The Ugly Little Duck.

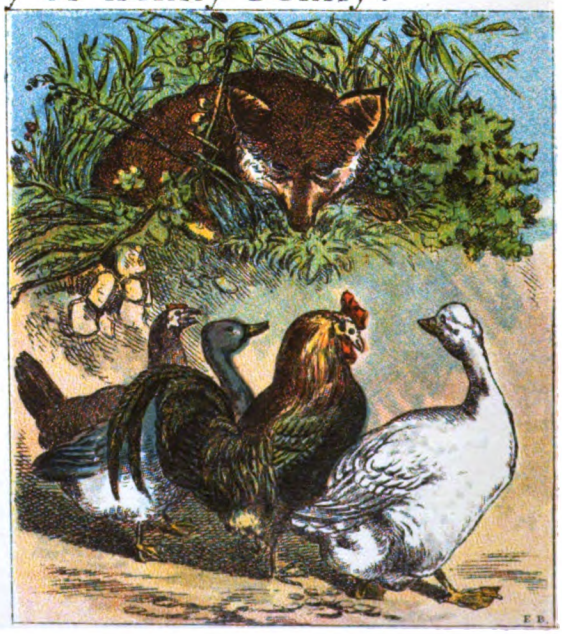






The Wonderful Story of Henny Penny.





The Ugly Little Duck.

On a fine summer's day in the country, a duck was once sitting in her nest hatching her eggs, but of this important task she was almost tired, for scarcely any one had visited her, as the other ducks were swimming about in the pond, and did not stay to gossip with her. At last, one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, until a dozen had cracked.

There was one large egg, however, which would not break for some time after the rest. At length it did crack. Oh, how big and ugly the new comer was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last she exclaimed, "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a turkey, but we will soon see. Into the water he must go, even should I be obliged to push him in."

The next day was very beautiful, and the sun shone delightfully. The mother duck left home, with her family waddling about her. Splash! she went into the water; and one duck after another followed her example, and even the ugly grey last-comer swam merrily about with the rest.

"He is no turkey after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Quack! quack! now come with me, and I will show you the world, and introduce you to the farm-yard."

They soon reached the yard, but when the other ducks saw the large duckling, they cried, "What an ugly thing! he is not to be suffered among us." And he was speedily pecked at, pushed, and ridiculed by both ducks and chickens. So the poor persecuted creature knew not where he might stand, or where he might go: and was quite cast down by the insults which he suffered on account of his unfortunate ugliness.

Every day the duckling was hunted like a wild animal; even his brothers and sisters behaved very badly to him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, until towards evening he reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which had fallen from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room. An old woman with her cat and hen were the only inhabitants. Here it was permitted to remain, in the hope that it would lay some eggs; but after three weeks the duckling felt himself seized with a great desire to swim once more in the clear water. At last he could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen.

"What whim has seized you now?" answered she quite angrily; "this comes of having noth ng to do. Lay some eggs, and then you will be all right."

"But it is so beautiful to swim on the water," answered the young drake, sighing.

"A mighty pleasure, truly!" scolded the hen.

"You do not understand me," sighed the duck.

"Not understand you, indeed! If I don't who should, you yellow beak?" exclaimed pert madam hen.

And so the poor duckling set off again on his travels. The autumn passed away without him getting any friendly shelter. The winter, with its piercing cold and its biting blasts, came on, and the poor duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen.

It would indeed be very mournful to describe all the trouble and misery that the poor duckling felt during the cold winter. Enough, that he remained cowering under the reeds in a marsh, until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than formerly, and carried him far away to a large garden, where was a stream which meandered picturesquely through the soft grass. Oh, how beautiful, how fresh all nature seemed! And now there came from out the thicket three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The poor duckling envied the beauty of the stately birds, and a feeling of melancholy came over him.

"I will fly towards these royal birds, and they shall kill me for daring to go near them—I, who am so ugly." With these thoughts he swam towards the three beautiful swans, who, as they perceived the little stranger, came to welcome him.

"Do but kill me," said the poor bird, bending his head towards the water, and awaiting death in quiet submission; when, lo! it was his own image in the clear surface, and instead of a dark-green duckling, he beheld a stately SWAN.

Just then two little children came into the garden and ran towards the canal. "Oh, there is a new one!" exclaimed the smallest child, and both clapped their hands for joy, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful,—so young, and so graceful!" And the old swans bowed down to their new companion.

Then the once ugly bird felt quite ashamed, and exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "I never dreamt of such happiness when I used to be called an Ugly Duckling!"

The Wonderful Story of Henny Penny.

ONE fine summer morning a Hen was picking peas in a farm-yard under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. And she thought she would go to the court and tell the king that the sky was falling: so she gaed, and she gaed, and she gaed, till she met a Cock, and the Cock said,—

"Where are you going, Henny-penny?" And she said, "Oh, Cocky-locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king." And Cocky-locky said, "I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Duck. So the Duck said, "Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?" And they said, "Oh, Ducky-daddles, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king." And Ducky-daddles said, "I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Goose and a Turkey. And when Goosie-poosie and Turkey-lurky found that Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny were going to tell the king that the sky was falling, they too would go with them.

So Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they met a Fox. So the Fox said, "Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?" And they said, "Oh, Mr. Fox, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king." And the Fox said, "Come with me, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will show you the road to the king's house."

So they all gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they came to the Fox's hole, and the Fox took them all into his hole; and he and his young cubs ate them all up; so they never got to the king to tell him that the sky had fallen on the head of poor Henny-penny.

ONCE upon a time there was a miller, who at his death had nothing to leave to his three children but his mill, his ass, and his cat. The eldest took possession of the mill; the second brother the ass; while the share allotted to the youngest consisted of nothing but the cat. The latter could not, therefore, help saying, "My brothers will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going into partnership; but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat and sold his skin, I shall die of hunger." The cat, who had overheard these words, now came up to his master, and said to him, "Dear Master, do not be downcast. Give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for."

Although the cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, yet he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes. As soon as the cat was provided with what he asked for, he drew on his boots, and, slinging the bag round his neck, set off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. Having filled his bag with bran and sow-thistles, he stretched himself out as stiff as though he had been dead. He had scarcely lain a few moments before a thoughtless young rabbit went headlong into the bag; whereupon the cat drew the strings and immediately strangled it. The cat immediately went to the palace, and, having been admitted to the presence of the King, he said, "Will your Majesty deign to accept this rabbit from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas (such was the title the cat gave to his master), which he desired me to present to your Majesty?"

"Tell your master that I accept his present with much pleasure," replied the King.

During two or three months the cat continued to carry game every now and then to the King, which was supposed to be the produce of his master's sport. One day, when he happened to hear the King was going to take a drive on the banks of the river in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, puss desired his master to go and bathe in the river at the spot that he should point out, and leave the rest to him. The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him. Just as he was bathing, the King came past, when the cat bawled out as loud as he could, "Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned! On hearing this, the King looked out of the carriage-window, and, recognising the cat, ordered his bodyguards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas. As the poor Marquis was being fished out of the river, the cat informed his Majesty that, while his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes. The King immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses. No sooner had this been done and the Marquis suitably attired, than he looked to such advantage, that the King took him for a very fine gentleman; while the princess was so struck with his appearance that at once she became over head and ears in love with him.

The King insisted that the Marquis should get into the carriage. The cat, highly delighted at the turn things were taking, now ran on before, and, having reached a meadow where were some peasants, he thus accosted them: "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the King that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat." The King did not fail to inquire of the peasants to whom the meadow belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your Majesty," said they in a breath.

And the cat kept running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the labourers he met with, so that the King was astonished at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas.

At length the cat reached a magnificent castle belonging to an ogre, who was immensely rich. The cat having inquired what sort of a person the ogre might be, and what he was able to do, sent in a message to request leave to speak with him.

The ogre received him civilly. "I have been told," said the cat, "that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals." "So I have," replied the ogre, "and to prove the truth of what I say, you shall see me become a lion."

When the cat beheld a lion standing before him, and saw the monster quietly light his pipe, he was seized with such a panic that he clambered up to the roof. After a time, the cat perceiving that the ogre had returned to his natural shape, came down again.

"And do you possess the power of assuming the shape of the smallest animals likewise?" "You shall see"; and the ogre immediately assumed the shape of a mouse when the cat pounced upon him and ate him up.

By this time the King had reached the gates of the ogre's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. The cat ran out to meet the King, saying, "Your Majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

The King was so delighted with the Marquis of Carabas, that he accepted him as his son-in-law, and that very same day he was married to the princess.

The cat became a great lord, and ever after hunted mice only for his own amusement.

Jack Sprat.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both, they licked the platter clean.
Jack ate all the lean, Joan ate all the fat,
The bone they picked clean, then gave it to the cat.

When Jack was young, he dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole, and he gained her heart.
In his fine leather doublet, and old greasy hat,
Oh, what a smart fellow was little Jack Sprat!

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom, Joan Cole was the bride,
Jack said from the Church his Joan home should ride;
But no coach could take her, the lane was so narrow,
Said Jack, "Then I'll take her home on a wheelbarrow."

Jack Sprat was wheeling his wife by the ditch,
The barrow turned over, and in she did pitch;
Says Jack, "She'll be drown'd," but Joan did reply,
"I don't think I shall, for the ditch is quite dry."

A Frog, who would a-wooing go.

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Sing heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rowley powley gammon and spinach.
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he march'd with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the way he met with a rat;
With a rowley powley, &c.

And when they came to Mouse's Hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley.
"Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, &c.

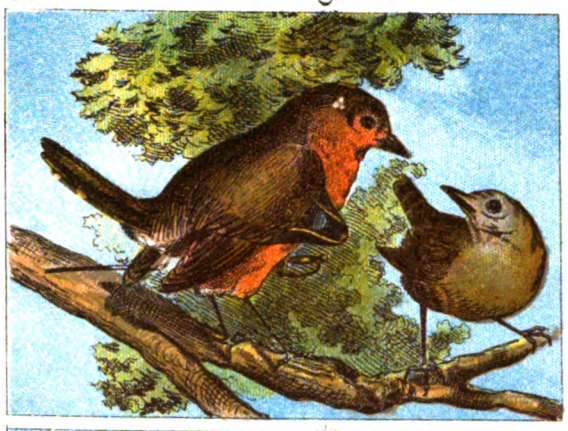
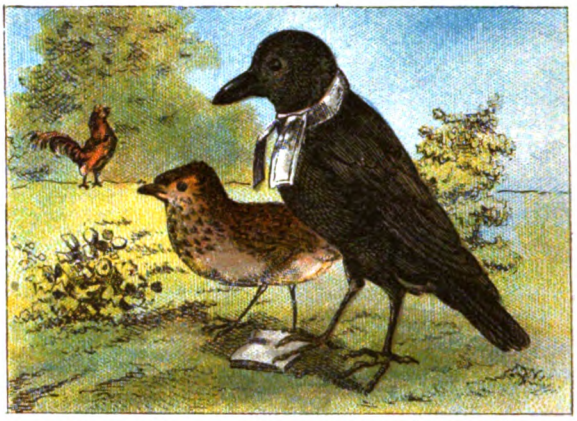
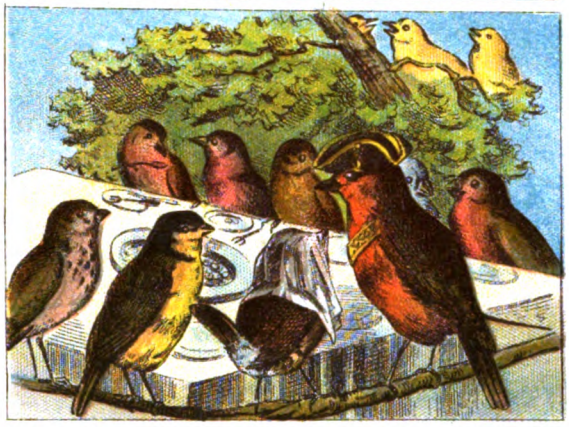
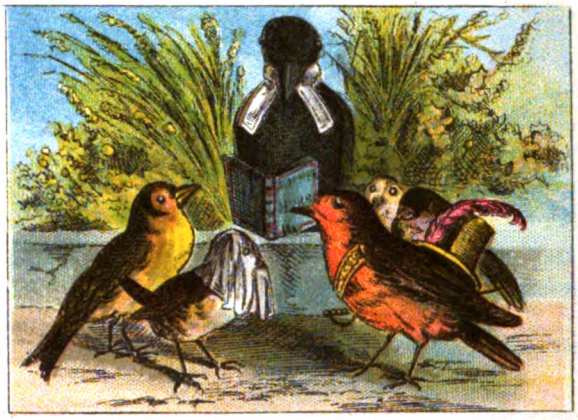
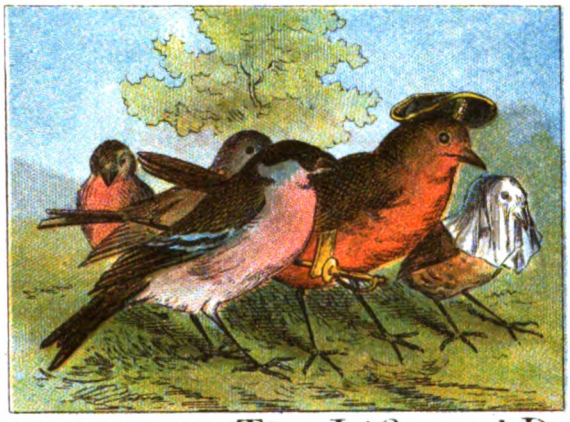
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

Puss in Boots.

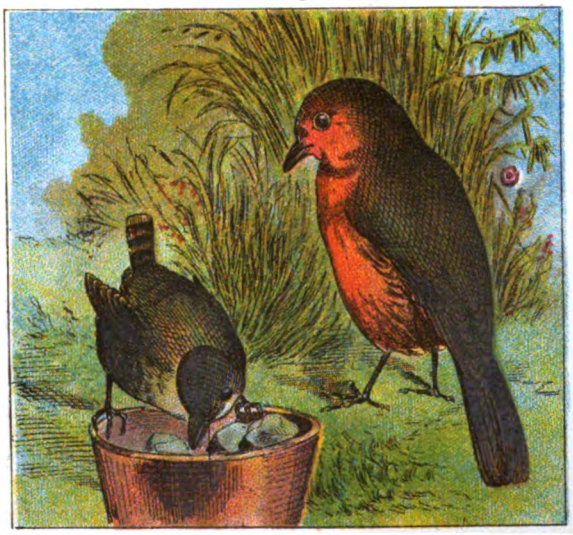
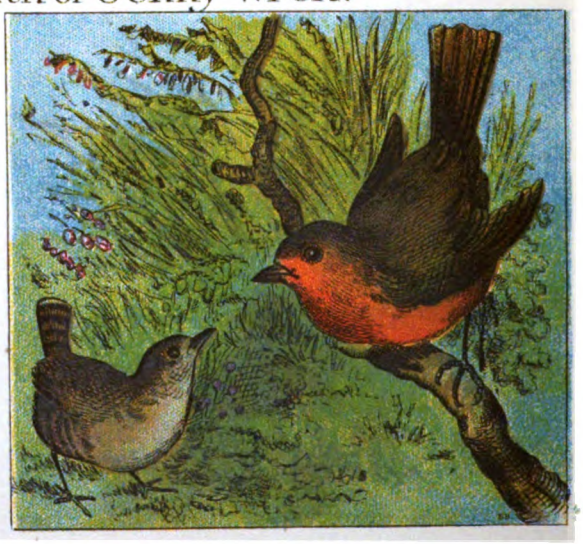
Jack Sprat.

A Frog who would a-Wooing go.

The Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.

The Life and Death of Jenny Wren.

It was on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,—

Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doff'd his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry-pie,
And drink nice currant-wine.

I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind."

Robin rose up early
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren the fair.

And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band;
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then follow'd him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

Then came the Bride and Bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dress'd,
And blush'd so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheer'd her up:
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the Bride
The Linnet, being bride's-maid,
Walk'd by Jenny's side.

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."

"And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

"Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!"

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring!
"You're married now," says Parson Rook
While the Lark aloud did sing:

"Happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were ask'd to dine:
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,
Cock Robin the Bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.

When in came the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pull'd her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetch'd in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

But the Cuckoo he miss'd,
And Cock Robin he kill'd!—
And all the birds mourn'd
That his blood was so spill'd.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

"Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine."
"Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine."

Then Jenny she got well
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig,
Saying, "Out upon you,
Fie upon you, bold-faced jig!"

Jenny Wren fell sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die:
The doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, "I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead.

"She'll do very well,"
Says sly Doctor Fox,
"If she takes but one pill
From out of this box."

With hartshorn in hand
Came Doctor Tomtit,
Saying, "Really, good sirs,
It's only a fit."

Doctor Cat says, "Indeed,
I don't think she's dead;
I believe if I try,
She might yet be bled."

"I think, Puss, you're foolish,"
Then says Doctor Goose;
"For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use."

Doctor Owl then declared
That the cause of her death,
He really believed,
Was the want of more breath.

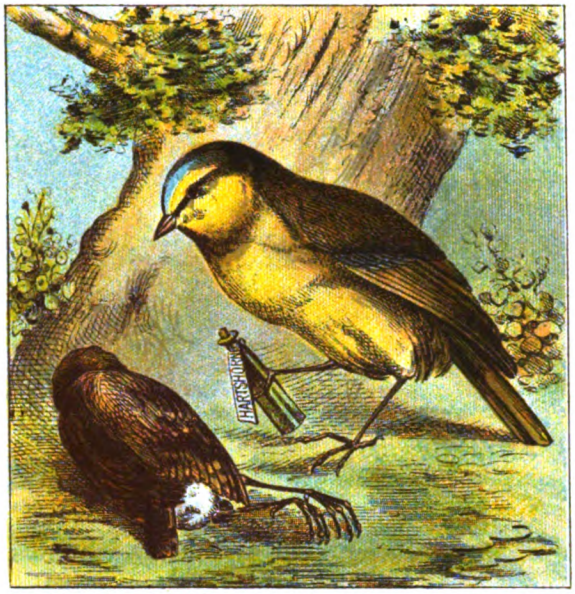
"Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right:
You might as well have said
That day is not night."

Says Robin, "Get out!
You're a parcel of quacks
Or I'll lay this good stick
On each of your backs."

Then Robin began
To bang them about;
They stay'd for no fees,
But were glad to get out.

Cock Robin long
For Jenny grieves,
At last he covers
Her with leaves;

And near her grave,
From day to day,
He warbles forth
His roundelay.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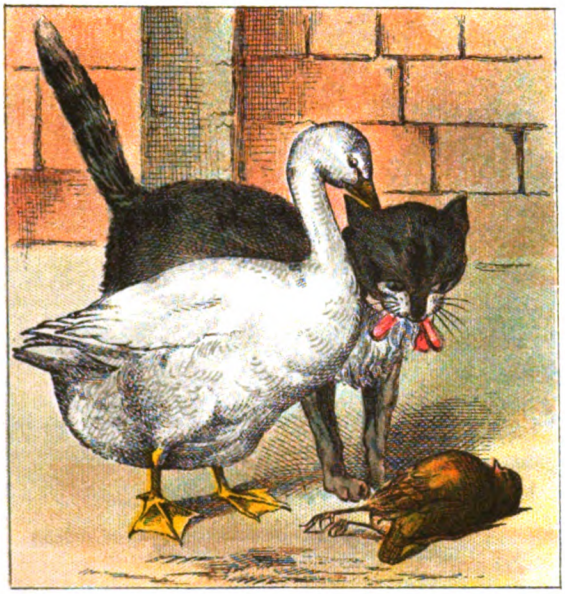
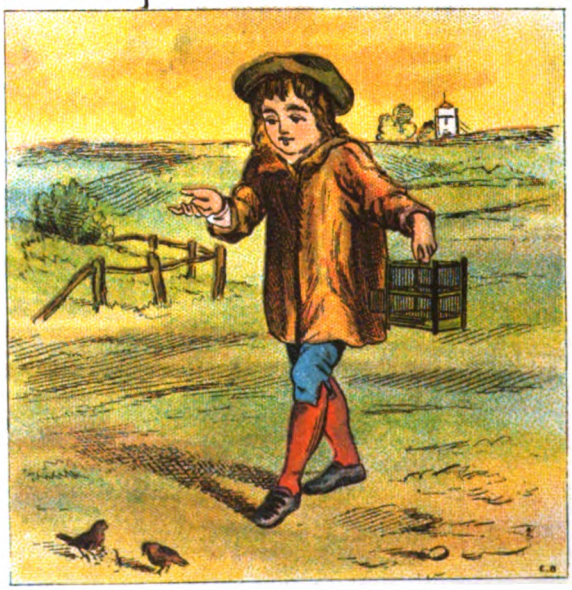


Mother Goose and her Son Jack.

The Simple Story of Simple Simon.



Mother Goose and her Son Jack.

OLD Mother Goose,
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

That is her son Jack,
A smart-looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market;
A live goose he bought;
"Here, mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell;
She called him a good boy
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came close at his back
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea
But Jack he jumped in,
And got it back presently.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

Simple Story of Simple Simon.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

Then Simple Simon went a-hunting
For to catch a hare;
He rode on a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

Simon made a great snow-ball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

And Simon he would honey eat
Out of the mustard-pot;
He bit his tongue until he cried,—
That was all the good he got.

The Children in the Wood.

I'LL tell you a story of two pretty babes,
A brother and sister they were,
Whose parents were dead, and these children were left
To a treacherous uncle's stern care.

And cruel, indeed, was that uncle to them,
Nor heeded their parents' command,
He gave them in charge to two robbers that he
Might inherit their houses and land.

To murder these children the robbers he paid,
But they, not so cruel as he,
Took the babes to a wood, and there left them to weep
All night sitting under a tree.

Next morning they wandered about the greenwood,
Clinging closely to each other's side,
Till hungry and weary they laid themselves down,
And there the poor children, they died.

The sweet robin-redbreasts came day after day,
And carefully covered them o'er
With leaves as they lay; but their spirits are gone
To where they will never weep more.

The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

A PRETTIER maiden hath seldom been seen
Than the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.
Brave suitors had Bessie of every degree,
Who soon turned their backs on her low pedigree.
One knight was more true and he stole her away,
Quite early one morn, at the break of the day.
His kinsmen reproached him and said in their pride,
It would be a disgrace if he made her his bride.
But Bessie's old father, as I have been told,
Said "I am quite ready to drop gold for gold.
Each piece that you drop shall be doubled by me,
To show that my Daughter your equal can be.
Though I a poor beggar have forty years been,
My young days were passed in a different scene
Sir Simon de Montfort, my father, was slain
At Evesham, and I lost my eyes on that plain;
A baron's fair daughter, my nurse and my bride,
Was the mother of Bessie, who sits by your side,
Sir Knight, take your Lady of equal degree,
And be a good husband to pretty Bessie."

The Little Brother.

OUR sweet little brother has now gone to sleep,
Let us go very softly and just take a peep.
How pretty he looks, and how quiet he lies!
And when he awakes we shall see his bright eyes.

Playing with Little Brother.

NOW, Jessie, our lessons are done, let us go
To dear baby brother our playthings to show;
With his soft dimpled cheek, and nice curly hair,
No baby, I'm sure, with our own can compare.

Feeding Little Brother.

OUR sweet little brother is tired of his play,
He is hungry, and wants to be fed, I dare say;
He seems to enjoy with a relish his food,
I should just like to taste what I'm sure must be good.

Taking a Ride.

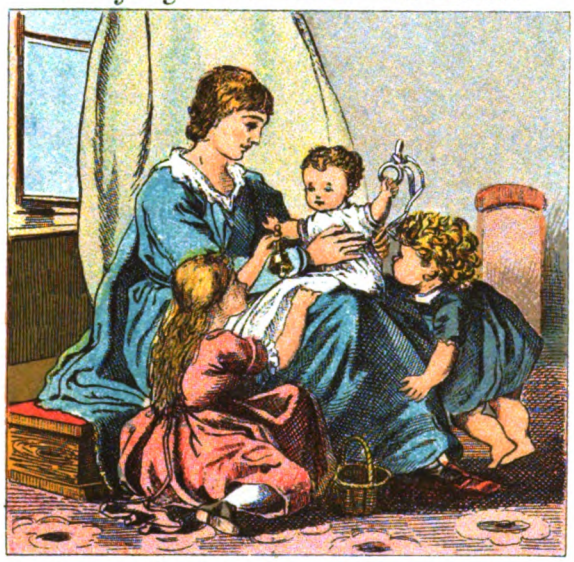
NOW baby has dined, we will take him a ride,
And the dog, faithful Toby, shall walk by his side.
Be steady, dear Tom! as you flourish your whip,
Lest, going too fast down the hill, you may slip.

The Children in the Wood.

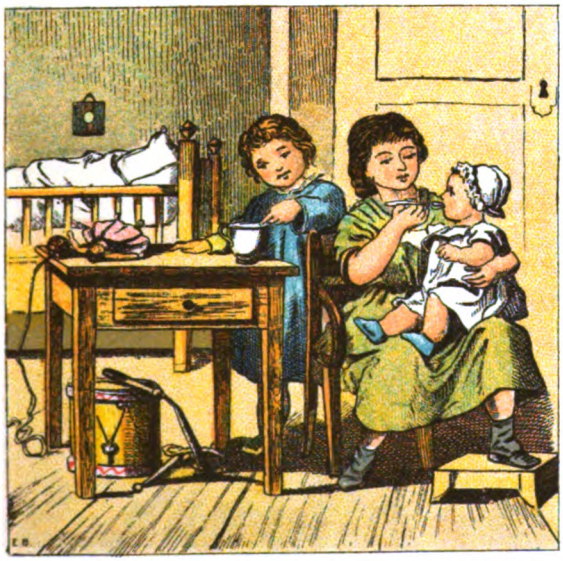
The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

The little Brother.

Playing with little Brother.

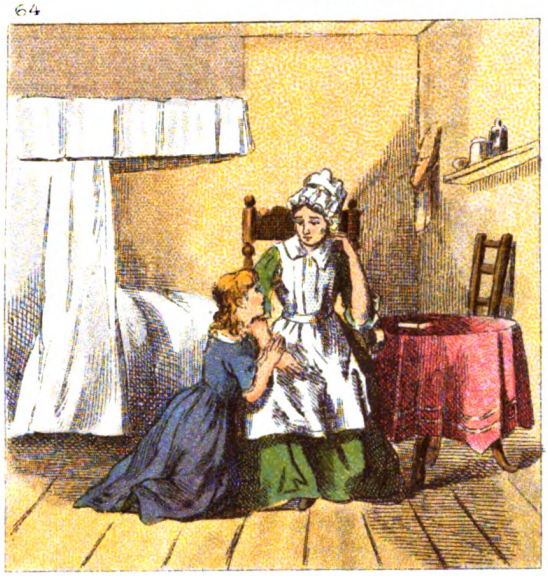


Feeding little Brother.



Taking a Ride.

Little Red Riding-Hood.



Grumble and Cheery.

The Eagle's Verdict.

In a little thatched cottage near the forest in Hampshire, which is called the "New Forest," there lived a hard-working couple. The husband was a fagot-maker, and the wife used to spend all her spare time in spinning thread.

They had only one child, a little daughter, who at the time of this story was about eight years old.

It was this child's great delight to be useful and helpful to her parents, who were very fond of her, and so were all her friends, and no one more so than her dear old grandmother.

Her grandmother, who was old, had herself made for her a little red hood such as was then worn in riding. It was a nice comfortable little hood, and so warm and pleasant to wear, that the little girl never went out without it when the weather was wet or cold, and so she at last got the name of "Little Red Riding Hood."

Her grandmother taught her how to knit, to spin, to bake bread, and to make butter, and how to be kind and truthful, and how to love and fear God.

This good woman fell sick, and Little Red Riding Hood was sent every day by her mother to attend to her. Having got up very early one morning, she said to her mother :—"Pray, dear mother, let me take a pot of our new honey to grandmother this morning."

"So you shall," answered the mother, "and also a nice pat of fresh butter."

Little Red Riding Hood was ready dressed in a few minutes. The morning was beautifully bright. The birds were warbling over her head. She tripped along with a heart full of joy.

When she came to a part of the forest which was rather dark, a very large wolf suddenly stepped out. Little Red Riding Hood was startled, but walked on quickly. The wolf followed her and overtook her. He showed his sharp, white teeth, and looked very frightful. He looked as if he would eat her up. The little girl began to be frightened.

Hark! what are those sounds? It is the noise of some fagot-makers at work.

How different the wolf looks now! how demure! he walks gently along, and seems quite another animal. Presently up come the fagot-makers, and the wolf slunk by the side of the little girl, as though he were afraid of them.

"Why, here's a wolf! Come, let us kill him they all exclaimed.

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

"Well, well, child, we'll let him go this once for your sake."

As soon as they were gone the wolf said, "Many thanks, dear little friend. You are going, I believe, to see your grandmother. Where does the dear creature live?" "In a little cottage which is covered with woodbine and jessamine, not far from Copthurst Gate," answered Little Red Riding Hood. "Good-by, good-by," said the wolf eagerly, and ran off.

As soon as he was gone, Little Red Riding Hood began to pick a nosegay for her grandmother; but she was rather uneasy as to the questions of the wolf, and was afraid lest any mischief should happen through what she had told him. "The best thing I can do," she said, "will be to hasten onwards as quickly as possible."

The wolf, when he left her, darted through the forest, and ran as hard as he could until he reached the house of the grandmother; and, finding that she was alone, he rushed in and flew upon the bed, tore her out of it, and ate her up in a few minutes. When he had finished the meal, he thought to himself, "Little Red Riding Hood will soon be here, and she will make a most delicious feast. But I must hide myself from her until she is fairly inside of the cottage." He then put on one of the grandmother's night-gowns and night-caps, and jumped into the bed. Presently Little Red Riding Hood tapped against the door. "Who's there?" said the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother.

"Only Little Red Riding Hood."

"Pull down the latch and come in, my child." So Little Red Riding Hood entered, but it struck her ear that her grandmother's voice was very hoarse. "I am afraid, dearest granny, that your cold is worse. I have brought you a pot of my virgin honey, which will do you good; and mother has sent you a little pat of fresh butter." She then went to the bedside, and, gently pulling aside the curtain, saw a head which, though in her grandmother's night-cap, did not altogether seem like that of her grandmother's. She thought it was something like the wolf's head. Poor thing! she

could hardly help screaming out for fright, but she stopped herself, and said, "Granny, what large ears you have!"

A gruff voice said, "The better to hear with, my dear." It did not sound like the grandmother's voice; so she said faintly, "Granny, what large eyes you have!"

"The better to see with, my dear."

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

"The better to smell with, my dear."

She could hardly speak. She trembled from head to foot: at last she muttered in a whisper, "Granny, what large teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up!" And, saying this, the wolf sprang out of the bed. Little Red Riding Hood screamed as loudly as ever she could, when in rushed her father and some other fagot-makers who, seeing the wolf, killed him at once, and released Little Red Riding Hood. These were the fagot-makers she had met in the wood. They, thinking she was not quite safe with a wolf, went and told her father, and they all followed her to her grandmother's house, and thus saved her life

After this Little Red Riding Hood never loitered or talked to strangers on any of her errands.

Grumble and Cheery.

GRUMBLE and Cheery kept a large mill between them. Cheery was the merriest man alive, and was a great favourite. Grumble was always finding fault with everything and every person. One bright morning they started off to market to buy a pony. On the road they found three fat little men in a difficulty, out of which Cheery helped them, but Grumble would not in any way assist them. These three men promised Cheery that the pony he would buy at market should have the speed of the wind, that he would never tire under any work or weight, and that after three years' service he would run away with all the bad luck of the house. And so it turned out, the pony was everything the little men had promised: and for three years all went on well with the mill; Cheery married, and was as merry as ever, while Grumble got worse in temper because he had now nothing to find fault with. At the end of he third year it happened that Grumble went down to the stable where the pony was, and when he had unlocked the door out rushed the three little men whom he had met when going to market, who pinched, and poked, and kicked him without mercy. They then tied him on the back of the pony, and, telling him that he was the bad luck of the house, bade the pony scamper round and round the world, and not to stop till he was told.

The Eagle's Verdict.

IT happened once upon a time that a Lion stood godfather to the daughter of a very old king. At his death the princess, who was named Blanchflor, was adopted by the king of a neighbouring country. This king had a daughter of his own, named Florence. The two maidens were very pretty, and many princes sought their hands in marriage, but they had pledged themselves away: Florence to a bold Knight, and Blanchflor to a poor Scholar. Now, one of the disappointed princes was named Prince Peter; and one moonlight night as Lady Florence and the Knight were walking on the garden terrace, they saw Prince Peter lurking about; and so great was the anger of the Knight that he laid hold of him and cuffed him soundly. The old king was in great doubt whether at his death he should leave his kingdom to the Scholar or the Knight; he asked the advice of his councillors, who could not agree to any decision. So Lady Blanchflor sent a messenger to her godfather the Lion to beg his interference. The Lion determined to ask the advice of his sage and aged brother the Eagle, who decided in favour of the Scholar. Lady Florence was in great distress, but the Lady Blanchflor prayed the old king to grant that the Knight and the Scholar might reign together,—the one to protect, and the other to make laws for the kingdom.

THERE was once a little girl who was called Goody Two-Shoes. This was not her real name. No, her father's name was Meanwell. He was a large farmer at one time, but, through the wickedness of some persons, he lost all his property, and he was quite ruined. This so affected his health, that it shortened his days; and his wife did not long survive him, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world. These two little orphans were very fond of each other. They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. Their relations took no notice of them, for they were ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable, good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy and make him a sailor.

The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and kissed each other a hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in the two shoes which the gentleman had ordered for her. She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out, "Two Shoes, Ma'am! see Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon was able to read herself, and to teach other children to read also. After some time she gained her livelihood by going round to the houses of the farmers in the neighbourhood and teaching their children to read. Some years passed in this way, when the schoolmistress of the village, who had grown very old and infirm, gave up her charge; and Margery, having been found equal to its duties, was chosen in her place.

One day, as Mrs. Margery, as she was now called, was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys who had got a young raven, which they were going to throw at. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he was.

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; this bird she also bought.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a skylark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up.

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed. This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was.

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper.

It was about this time that Mrs. Margery received a letter, which caused her to jump for joy, for she knew it was from her brother Tommy. He had written from India to tell her he was quite well, that he was getting some money, and that as soon as he had sufficient he meant to return to England to see his sister.

After this Margery conducted herself so wisely that a gentleman, Sir Charles Jones, conceived such a high opinion of her that he offered her a large sum of money to take care of his family and the education of his daughter, which, however, she declined; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he was very ill, she went, and behaved so prudently and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave

his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried, "Stop! stop!" This was no other than Tommy Meanwell, Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune.

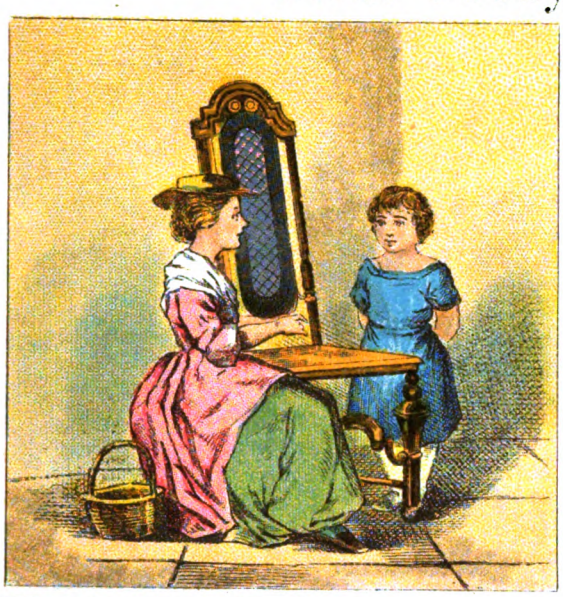
Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. She was always doing good; she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to all who were in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity, that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

The Princess Rosetta.

THE Princess Rosetta declared that she would not marry any one but the King of the Peacocks, and her brothers, who were very fond of her, went in search of that king. Having reached his land, they showed to him their sister's portrait: he said that if the princess was as fair as the portrait he would marry her, but if she was not he would put the brothers to death. The brothers wrote to Rosetta to come to them. While in the ship the nurse persuaded the captain to throw overboard Rosetta, her dog, and bed; the nurse then dressed her daughter in one of the princess's richest gowns, and took her to the King of the Peacocks. But the daughter was as ugly as a baboon, and the king was so angry that he gave orders that the princes should be imprisoned. In the meantime the bed on which Rosetta had been cast into the sea had not sunk, but had floated her to the land of the King of the Peacocks. An old fisherman took her to his cottage. The next day her dog went in search of food, and having stolen some meat from the king's kitchen, Rosetta, as the owner of the dog, was brought as a prisoner before the king. The old fisherman told the king her story, when he immediately restored the princes to liberty, and married the princess.

Tom Hickathrift.

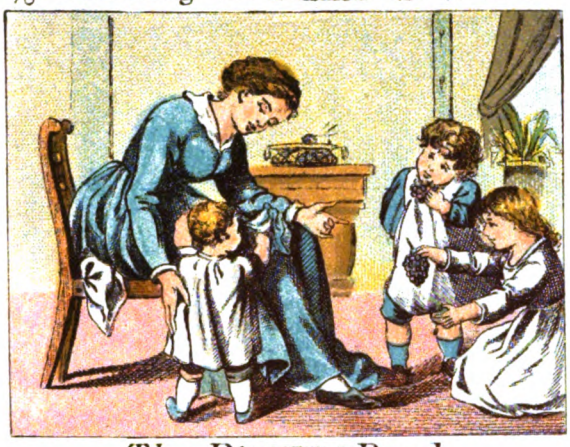
IN the reign of William the Conqueror there lived in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, a brave stout man named Tom Hickathrift, who for his valiant services was appointed by the king Governor of the Isle of Thanet. Now Tom had in his early days a friend who was called Harry Nonsuch, a tinker, and him he invited to visit him in his government. After a few days' pleasure, Tom told him they must go in search of some bears and lions in the island. After they had travelled four or five hours, it was their fortune to meet with all the wild beasts together, being in number fourteen; six of which were bears, the other eight young lions. When these creatures had set their eyes on them they ran furiously, as if they would have devoured them at a mouthful; but Tom with his club so belaboured their heads, that they were all destroyed, except one young lion who tried to escape; but the tinker being too venturous, ran hastily after him, and gave him a blow. The beast turned upon him, and seized him with such violence by the throat, that it ended his life. Tom's joy was now mingled with sorrow, for though he had cleared the island of these ferocious beasts, his grief was intolerable for the loss of his friend.



The Princess Rosetta.

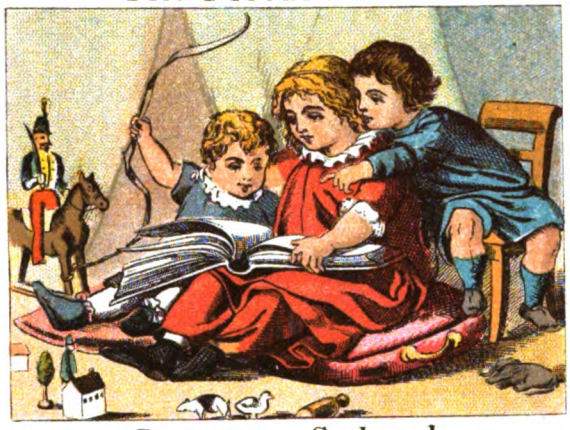
Tom Hickathrift.

Teaching Brother to Walk.



Children's Sports.

The Picture Book.



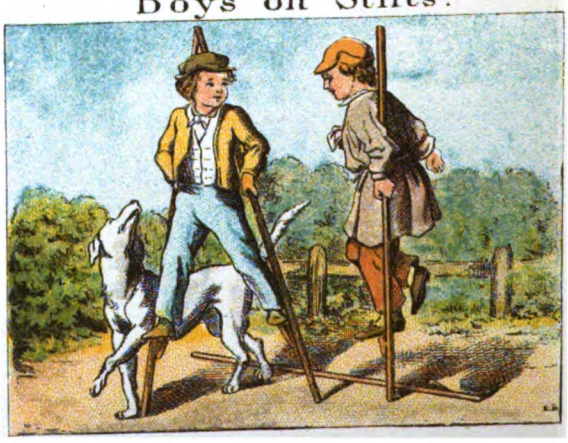
Winter Amusements.

Going to School.

Riding on Horseback.

Leading Horses to Water.

Boys on Stilts.



Teaching Brother to Walk.

How hearty and strong little brother has grown—
Don't you think, dear Mamma, he will soon walk alone?
Set him down on his feet, you will presently see,
If I hold but my arms, he will toddle to me.

Children's Sports.

I HAVE got a long staff, and a very large hat—
You think it looks strange, but I don't care for that,
There's no one to see me but you and dog Tray,
So let us make haste to the meadows to play.

The Picture Book.

Now, James, leave your playthings, come hither, and see
What a sweet Picture-book has been given to me—
Here are horses—and cows—and stags—I declare,
And fishes a-swimming, and birds in the air.

Winter Amusements.

COME, help us in rolling the ball through the snow,
The farther we roll it, the larger 'twill grow;
It makes one quite warm, and old Tray, as you see,
By his gambols, appears quite as happy as we.

Going to School.

TOM, take the umbrella, it is time I can tell
To go to the School, for I hear the first bell;
It is best to be there before lessons begin,
For I hope, for good conduct, the prize I shall win.

Riding on Horseback.

SIT firm, my dear boy, and lay hold of the mane;
We will gallop a mile, and then trot back again.
How jolly it is, on our pony to ride,
By the lane, and the hill, and the common so wid

Leading Horses to Water.

THE horses have had a long journey to-day,
They will take a good drink at the pond, I dare say;
They shall have a rub down when they have been fed,
And clean straw will make them a capital bed.

Boys on Stilts.

TAKE care, my good boys, though you both look so tall,
For if you don't mind, you may have a sad fall;
The dog looks astonished, as well he may be,
Mounted high on their stilts, his young masters to see.

Tom Tickler.

HERE we are on Tom Tickler's ground,
Picking up Gold and Silver!
'Mong daisies and lilies
And daffadowndillies.
Oh! who wouldn't be a delver?

Cuckoo! Cherry tree.

CUCKOO! cherry tree,
Catch a bird,
And give it me,
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, or rain, or snow.

Little Boy Blue.

LITTLE boy blue,
Come, blow me your horn,
The Sheep's in the meadow,
The Cow's in the corn.

Where is the little boy
Tending the Sheep?
Under the haycock—
Fast asleep.

Lady-Cow.

LADY-COW, Lady-Cow,
Fly away home,
Thy house is on fire,
Thy children are flown—

All but a little one
Under a stone:
Fly thee home, Lady-Cow,
Ere it be gone.

Pussy-Cat Mew.

PUSSY-CAT mew
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat
Burnt a great hole.

Pussy-Cat mew
Shall have no more milk
Till her best petticoat's
Mended with silk.

Wee Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night-gown;

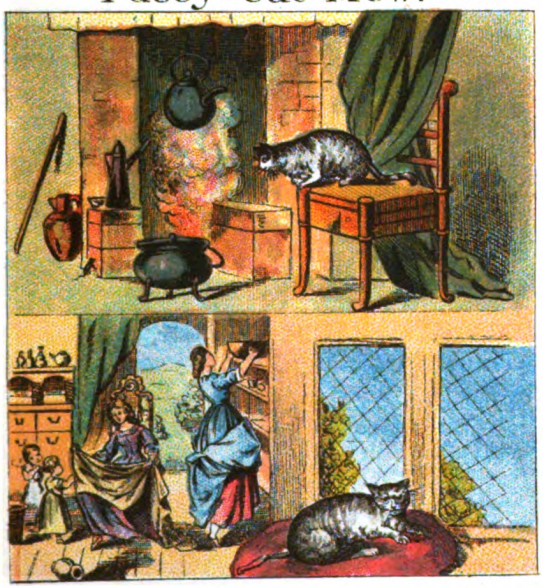
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes in their beds,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

Little Boy Blue.

Lady Cow.

Pussy-Cat Mew.

Wee Willie Winkie.



My Lady's Daughter.

The Wish.

Curly Locks.

Peep-Peep.

The Watch-Dogs Bark.

Mary, Mary.

My Lady's Daughter.

DRAW a pail of water
For my lady's daughter,
Father's a King,
Mother's a Queen
My two little sisters
Are dress'd in green,
Stamping marigolds and parsley.

The Wish.

OH, that I were
Where I would be!
Then should I be
Where I am not:
But where I am
There I must be,
And where I would be
I cannot.

Curly Locks.

CURLY LOCKS, Curly Locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion, and
Sew a gold seam,
And feed on Strawberries,
Sugar, and Cream.

Peep-Peep.

I HAVE a little sister,
They call her Peep-peep;
She wades through the waters,
Deep, deep, deep.
She climbs up the mountain,
High, high, high;
This poor little creature
She has but one eye.

The Watch-Dogs Bark.

HARK! Hark!
The watch-dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town.
Some in rags,
And some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.

Mary, Mary.

MARY, Mary,
Quite Contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells,
And silver bells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

Twinkle, twinkle.

TWINKLE, twinkle,
Little star,
How I wonder
What you are!
Up above the
World so high
Like a diamond
In the sky.

Guardian Angels.

FOUR corners to my bed,
Four Angels round my head,
One to watch,
Two to pray,
One to bear
My soul away.

The Little Pipers.

HERE we come a-piping
First in Spring,
And then in May;
The Queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me.

Merry Christmas.

MERRY Christmas! merry Christmas!
We are glad to welcome thee—
Let us deck the walls with Holly,
And prepare a Christmas-tree.

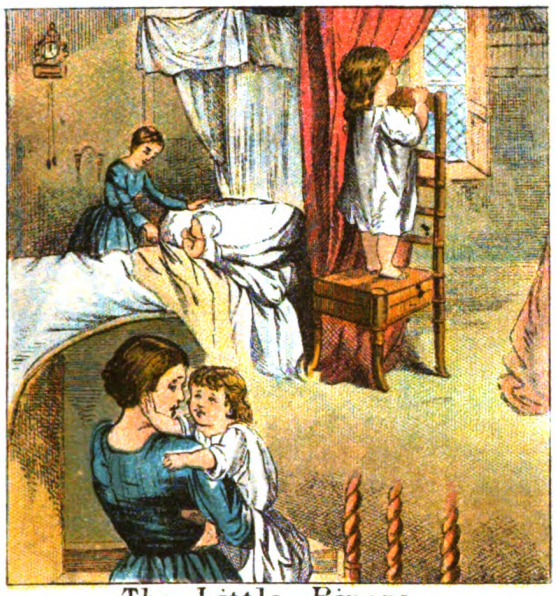
Glossy leaves and scarlet berries
Make old Winter look quite gay;
Oh, what games, and fun, and laughter,
We will have on Christmas-day!

Bye, O my Baby.

BYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
Oh, then my poor babe didn't cry
But now she is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die!

The King.

THE King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the pantry,
Eating bread and honey;
The Maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little Blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.



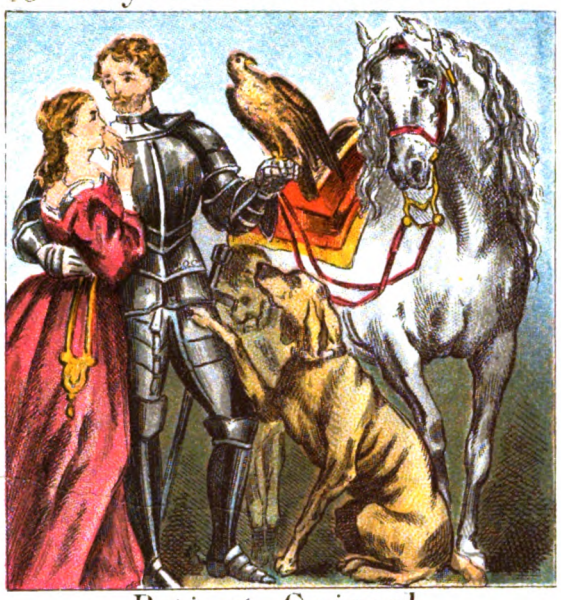
The Little Pipers.

Merry Christmas.

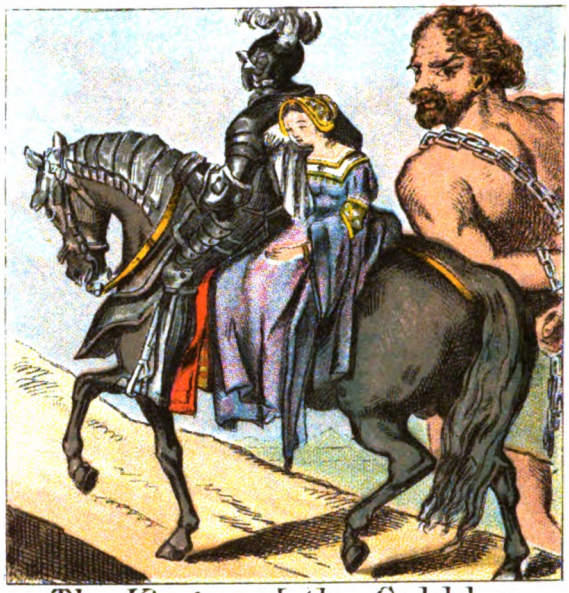
Bye, O my Baby.

The King.

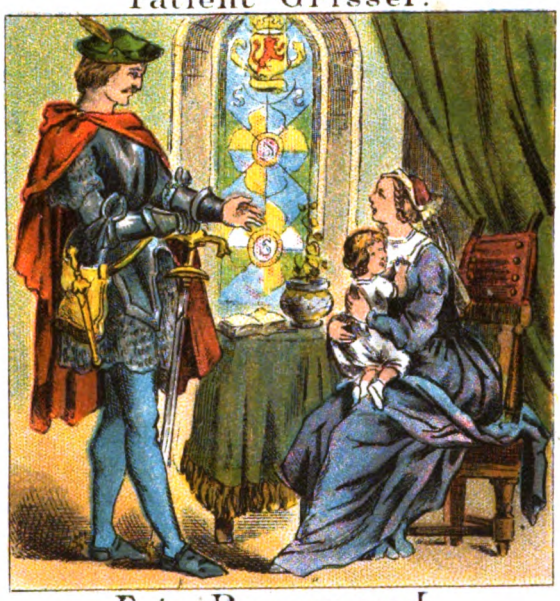
Guy, Earl of Warwick.



Sir Bevis of Southampton



Patient Grissel.



The King and the Cobbler.

Fair Rosamond.

Robin Hood and Little John.

Guy Earl of Warwick.

In the reign of King Athelstan, Sir Guy of Warwick was the chief hero of the age. He loved Felice the Fair; but before she would consent to marry him, she said he must make his name known far and wide. Guy consented to this; and arming himself like a knight he arrived at the Court of Thrace, where he heard that the Emperor of Almain's fair daughter Blanch was to be made a prize for him that won her in the field. Many brave knights entered the lists; but none of them were able to stand before the prowess of Guy; and so by his valour he won the day. The Emperor gave him his daughter, a falcon, and a hound. But Guy, for the sake of the fair Felice, resigned Blanch, and accepted the gifts. He, after this, departed for England to see Felice, but she said that before she would wed him he must seek new adventures, and earn a yet nobler name. So Guy once more went on his travels. He killed an enormous dun cow which had been very troublesome to all the people in its neighbourhood. He also destroyed a lion and a dragon, and likewise a furious boar which had slain many Christians. Having accomplished these brave feats, Guy turned his face towards his native land. Felice, hearing of Guy's return and success, came as far as Lincoln to meet him, where they were married with much joy and triumph.

Patient Grissel.

The parents of Grissel were in a very humble rank in life; but such were her modesty and her beauty that the Marquis of Salus preferred her as his wife to all the princesses in the world. After their marriage he had a mind to prove her patience and obedience. Two children were born to her, a boy and a girl, who, by the orders of the Marquis, were taken from her to be put to death. Still further to try her constancy, he obliged her to leave all her comforts and to go back to live in the humble cottage of her parents. In all this she obeyed without a murmur. Some time after, a beautiful damsel and a handsome youth came to the court of the Marquis; and it soon transpired that the Marquis intended to wed this comely maiden. Grissel was now sent for by the Marquis to make the necessary preparations for the ceremony, because, as he said, she was best acquainted with the palace. On the wedding-day, Grissel having been asked if she was contented that the Marquis should so dispose of himself, answered that if the match was designed for his good she was more than contented. On this the Marquis could not restrain himself any longer, but told her that the new bride and the gallant youth were their own children. Grissel was then restored to her former dignity, and lived in happiness, being a pattern of patience to all women.

Sir Bevis of Southampton.

In the reign of King Edgar there was a noble Knight who was called, from the place of his birth, Sir Bevis of Southampton. His inheritance having been taken from him, he had left his own country, and had entered the service of an Eastern monarch, whose daughter Josyan became greatly enamoured of him, and who had consented to forsake the religion of her fathers and become a Christian. Her father was very averse to his daughter marrying a Christian, and had provided for her another husband. But Sir Bevis and Josyan determined to escape together. This they soon managed to do; but as they were proceeding on their journey they were met by an ugly giant called Ascapart, who was thirty feet in height, and bristled like a swine. Ascapart commanded Sir Bevis and Josyan to follow him. But Bevis at once attacked him, and would have slain him had not Josyan begged him to spare his life. "Lady!" said Bevis, "he may betray us." "By Mahmoud!" said Ascapart, "if thou wilt save my life, I will be true to thee." This Sir Bevis did, and ever after Ascapart was true and faithful to him. After passing through many dangers and trials, Sir Bevis arrived in his own country, won back the inheritance which had been taken from him, and was wedded to Josyan.

The King and the Cobbler.

KING Henry the Eighth was sometimes in the habit of going into the City disguised. On one occasion he fell in with an honest Cobbler, who drank with him and sang some of his merriest catches, at which the King laughed heartily, and told him his name was Harry Tudor, that he lived at court, and that he would be happy to see him there. So one morning the Cobbler went to court. Having inquired of a yeoman if he knew one Harry Tudor, "Yes," said the man, "I will take you to him." The Cobbler followed him, and was much struck with the grandeur of the palace. At length he was brought to the room where the King was with his nobles. The Cobbler, not liking the company, ran away. He, however, was soon brought again before the King, who gave orders that he should be conducted to the cellars. He had not to wait long before he was joined by the King, dressed as he had seen him before. The Cobbler at once knew him, and told him all the trouble he had had, but that now he would have a merry time. So he began singing his catches, in the midst of which several nobles entered and addressed his companion as the King. When he found out who Harry Tudor was, he begged his pardon. But the King told him that he had been well pleased with him, and that he would from that time allow him forty marks a-year.

Fair Rosamond.

COME, listen to the mournful tale
  Of Rosamond the Fair,
Who won the heart of England's king,
  Her beauty was so rare.

This lady dwelt in Woodstock Bower,
  And none its paths could tread,
But those who, through a winding maze,
  Were guided by a thread

The king went to the wars in France,
  And to a belted knight
He left strict charge, with all due care,
  To keep this lady bright.

But, faithless to his charge, he gave
  The jealous queen the clue
That led her footsteps to the bower,
  Its winding mazes through.

A poisoned cup the cruel queen
  Forced on that lovely maid ;
She drank it up, and soon in death
  Fair Rosamond was laid.

Robin Hood & Little John.

In the reign of King Richard, the first of his name,
  Robin Hood, and his mate, Little John,
In merry Sherwood shot the buck and the doe,
  For the king was to Palestine gone.

Bold Robin was outlawed : he cared not for that,
  For he was a marksman so true,
You would scarcely believe what a distance he shot,
  And how sure to the mark his shaft flew.

So Robin, and John, and his merry men all,
  Had venison enough and to spare,
They roamed at their pleasure through bonny Sherwood,
  As lords of that Forest so fair.

One day when some huntsmen of noble degree
  Were chasing a buck through the glade,
Bold Robin took aim with his old trusty bow,
  And the buck on his haunches was laid.

Rob sounded his horn, and his merry men all
  Met under the greenwood tree ;
They feasted on venison and drank the king's health,
  And were merry as merry could be.

HANS had served his master for seven long years, when he said to him, "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The master answered, "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, and I will be pleased to reward your services." And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as his head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding a very lively horse.

"Oh, what a delightful thing it is to ride!" cried Hans aloud.

The man on horseback having heard him, cried out to him, "Why, then, Hans, do you go on oot?"

"You see I am obliged to carry this lump home," replied Hans, "and, gold though it be, its weight bothers me sadly."

"I'll tell you what," said the rider, stopping his horse, "we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange."

"That I will, and thank you too," said Hans.

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold, and then helped Hans to mount; and having placed the bridle in his hand, said to him, "When you want to go very fast, you have only to smack your tongue, and cry, 'Hop! hop!'"

Hans was in great delight, as he sat on the horse. After a while, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue, and to shout "Hop! hop!" The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before long Hans was pitched into a ditch. The horse would soon have been out of sight had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a cow. Hans crawled out of the ditch as best he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was sorely vexed, and told the peasant that nobody should ever catch him again mounting such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by saying, "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with milk, butter, and cheese, for certain every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was soon out of sight.

Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept thinking on the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I have only to milk my cow."

Towards noon, the heat grew most oppressive, and Hans felt very thirsty. "Now is the time," thought he, "to milk my cow, and refresh myself with a good draught of milk." So he tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would, not a drop of milk could he obtain; and as he set about milking the cow in a very awkward manner, the enraged animal gave him a kick with her hind-leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground.

Fortunately there just came by a butcher trundling a wheel-barrow, in which lay a young pig.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked he, as he helped the worthy Hans to rise.

Hans related what had happened, when the butcher said to him, "The cow has no milk to give, for she is an old animal, only fit for the yoke, or to be killed and eaten."

"Ah, now! who would have thought it?" said Hans. "I'd much rather have a young pig like yours. The flesh is far more tasty, to say nothing of the sausages."

"I'll tell you what, Hans," quoth the butcher, "I'll let you have my pig in exchange for your cow."

"Now, that's very good of you," replied Hans, as he gave him the cow, while the butcher took the pig out of the wheel-barrow, and put the string that was tied round the animal's leg into his new master's hand.

As Hans went along he could not help marvelling at his constant run of luck. After a time he was overtaken by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. Hans told the boy how lucky he had been, and what good bargains he had made. The lad told him in turn, that he was carrying the goose to a christening dinner. "Only just feel how heavy it is." Meanwhile the lad was looking all round him with an anxious air, and then shook his head as he observed, "I am afraid your pig will get you into trouble. I have just come through a village where the mayor's pig was stolen out of its stye; and I fancy it's the very pig you are now driving. It would be a bad job for you if you were caught with it, and the least that could happen to you would be a lodging in the black-hole."

Poor Hans now began to be frightened. "For goodness' sake," cried he, "do help me out of this scrape; pray take my pig in exchange for your goose."

"I know I shall run some risk," replied the lad; "yet I haven't the heart to leave you in the lurch either."

And so saying he took hold of the rope, and drove away the pig as fast as he could into a byway, while Honest Hans pursued his road with the goose under his arm.

"When I come to think of it," said he to himself, "I have gained by the exchange. In the first place, a nice roast goose is a delicious morsel; then there will be the fat and the dripping, and the beautiful white feathers. How pleased my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village on his way home, he saw a knife-grinder busily turning his wheel, while he kept singing merrily.

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he said, "Your trade must be a good one, since you sing so merrily."

"Yes," replied the knife-grinder, "it is a golden business. Your true knife-grinder is a man who finds money as often as he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

Hans at once told him all about his excellent bargains.

"Well," said the knife-grinder, "since you have been so clever each time, you have only to get a grindstone, and then you will always hear the money iingle in your pocket."

"But how can I get a grindstone?" inquired Hans.

"I have one here," said the man, "that is a trifle worn, but I won't ask for anything more than your goose in exchange for it. Shall it be a bargain?"

"How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "I shall be the happiest man upon earth." And he handed him the goose, and took the grindstone.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, picking up a tolerably heavy stone that lay on the ground by him, "here's a good solid stone into the bargain. You had better lay it on the top of the other."

Hans did so, and went away quite delighted. In the meantime, however, having walked since daybreak, he now began to feel tired and very hungry, and the two stones became heavier every step he took. At length he could not help thinking how much better it would be if he had not to carry them at all. He had now crawled like a snail up to a spring, where he meant to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught; and for this purpose he placed the stones very carefully on the brink of the well. He then sat down, and was stooping over the well to drink, when he happened to push the stones inadvertently, and plump into the water they fell! Hans no sooner saw them sink to the bottom of the well, than he skipped and jumped for joy, as he had got rid of his heavy burden without the slightest reproach on his own conscience, for these stones were the only things that stood in his way. "There is not a luckier fellow than I beneath the sun," exclaimed Hans; and with a light heart and empty hands he now bounded along till he reached his mother's home.

Hans in Luck.

THE END.

The Prince of Nursery Playmates

LONDON: