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RHYMES AND STORIES OF OLDEN TIMES



E PERCY-MORAN

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PERCY McKAN

The book cover is framed by a decorative border of line drawings. At the top, a young girl sits on a chair, looking out a window with heavy curtains. To her right, a woman sits on a chair, holding a large piece of fabric. Below the top window, a landscape scene shows a path leading through trees. In the middle, a woman is seated at a table, possibly writing or reading. At the bottom, a woman in a long dress sits at a spinning wheel on the left, and another woman sits at an easel on the right. The central text is arranged in a formal, centered layout.

RHYMES AND STORIES
OF
OLDEN TIMES

WITH NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE COLOR-PLATES
AFTER PAINTINGS IN WATER COLORS BY

E. Percy Moran

AND WITH DECORATIVE BORDERS AND OTHER DESIGNS, TOGETHER
WITH NEW STORIES AND VERSES BY

Elizabeth S. Tucker

NEW YORK


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PUBLISHERS



E. S. TUCKER



THE LITTLE LADIE OF THE
SEDAN CHAIR

AS I WAS WALKING FORTH ONE DAY,
A GREAT SEDAN CHAIR STOPPED MY WAY,
AND THERE I HEARD A SWEET VOICE SAY:

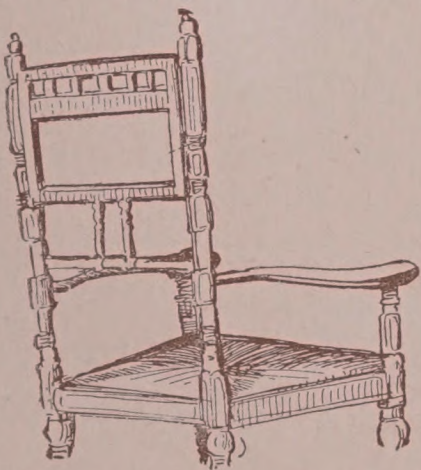
"HERE IS MY LADIE COME-TO-SEE!"
AND STEPPING FORTH ALL DAIN'TILY
WITH GRACE SHE CURTSEYED LOW TO ME.

The Little Ladie of the Sedan Chair.

POMPEY AND SAM HAVE BROUGHT WITH CARE
MY LADIE IN HER SEDAN CHAIR,
WITH ALL HER FINERY TO WEAR.


OF FROCKS AND GOWNS A BRAVE ARRAY
TO DECK MY LADIE EVERY DAY,
FOR 'T IS A WEEK THAT SHE WILL STAY!

WITH WELCOME WARM, WE GREET YOU, DEAR,
WHAT CAN WE DO TO KEEP YOU NEAR,
AND MAKE YOUR VISIT LAST A YEAR?





EPERY PRATT



A Story of Olden Times.

“**S**IT down here by me, my little Alice, and you shall hear me read a story,—yes, a true story about your own Great-Grandmother. She has written it here in this little book for us to read, the story of how she left her dear old home in sunny England to come across the wide ocean in a poor little boat, not at all like the wonderful steamers of nowadays.

“Your Grandmother, dear Alice, was a little girl, and well remembers the tiresome voyage over those long, long miles of tossing waves. There were many delights and novelties for her, as the sailors of the ship were very kind to her, and loved to toss her up in their strong arms, for she was never sick, and would stay up on the deck as long as she would be allowed to, looking out over the waves when others were down below in their berths. These sailors would tell her stories, and they grew very fond of seeing the little figure in her red cloak, watching them with her bright eyes, and listening to their songs.

“But her mother, with many other mothers, was ill all the long dreary way, and a sorry time they had, all crowded together in the stuffy little cabin down below.



A Story of Olden Times.

Many times Grandmother has told me of it all, and of how at last they got to the new, strange land which was our America, where they found such cold and rocky shores, and where their fathers had to build houses out of logs for them to live in, and had to build them strongly to keep out Indians and wolves. Everybody helped: even the little children carried things to help in the building. How glad they were for every little thing they had brought with them from England!—pins and all such things,—for there was none at all in this new country. Oh, those were hard, hard times, little Dorothy, and they were brave people, your grandparents, to do it all for freedom for us!




“And freedom we will have some day in this America, for even now thine own father, whose portrait hangs beside you, and all the fathers in the land are determined that we shall be free from English rule, even if there must be a war.”

Long, long ago these words were spoken, and this story, told to listening little Alice who is a Great-Grandmother now herself, and long ago gone away,—and see how the words of the gentle lady came true! The war she told about did come. Alice’s father, and the fathers of her little friends, had the war that we celebrate on our Fourth of July, and to-day, in this dear land of ours, we are having the freedom they fought for.

Be glad of those true-hearted, brave *Great-Great-GREAT*-Grandfathers of yours, children dear.



EPERY-MORAN



Learning to Spin.

SWEET little Prudence Wilson was learning how to spin. It was rather hard work for the tiny arms to reach the spindle and draw the thread—and for the little toes to reach the ground from the tall stool she sat on, was quite impossible. Still Prudence had to learn.

The day was bright and sunny, and dear Sister Ruth and Prudence took embroidery frame and spinning-wheel out in front of the wide hall doors. It was very distracting to hear the birds singing overhead, and to want so much to watch Wilfred at his fencing lesson on the lawn, with the other boys. But Prudence had to learn, for all little girls then were taught to spin, and to sew, and to embroider the stitches on samplers, that they would want to know how to do when they were young ladies. So Sister Ruth sang over her embroidery frame, and little Prudence listened, and they talked.

Prudence said, "When I grow to be a big young lady like you, Sister Ruth, I shall wear a lovely pink gown and have a tall lover like yours."

"And what will you do for him, little Prudence," asked Sister Ruth, smiling quietly over her work.

Learning to Spin.

"Oh, I will make him a beautiful, beautiful watch chain, all spun on the spinning-wheel, of my own, own hair, which shall all be cut off to make the thread. And if I am a prisoner in a castle tower, he will take the long, long chain spun from my hair, which I will throw him down from my window, and he will climb up it hand over hand, and take me in his arms, and climb down again, and away we will go, and live happily ever after."

"Very well," said Sister Ruth, "then, Mistress Prudence, you must take your arms down from behind your head, and not stop to dream now, but learn to spin a strong thread, with no knots in it."

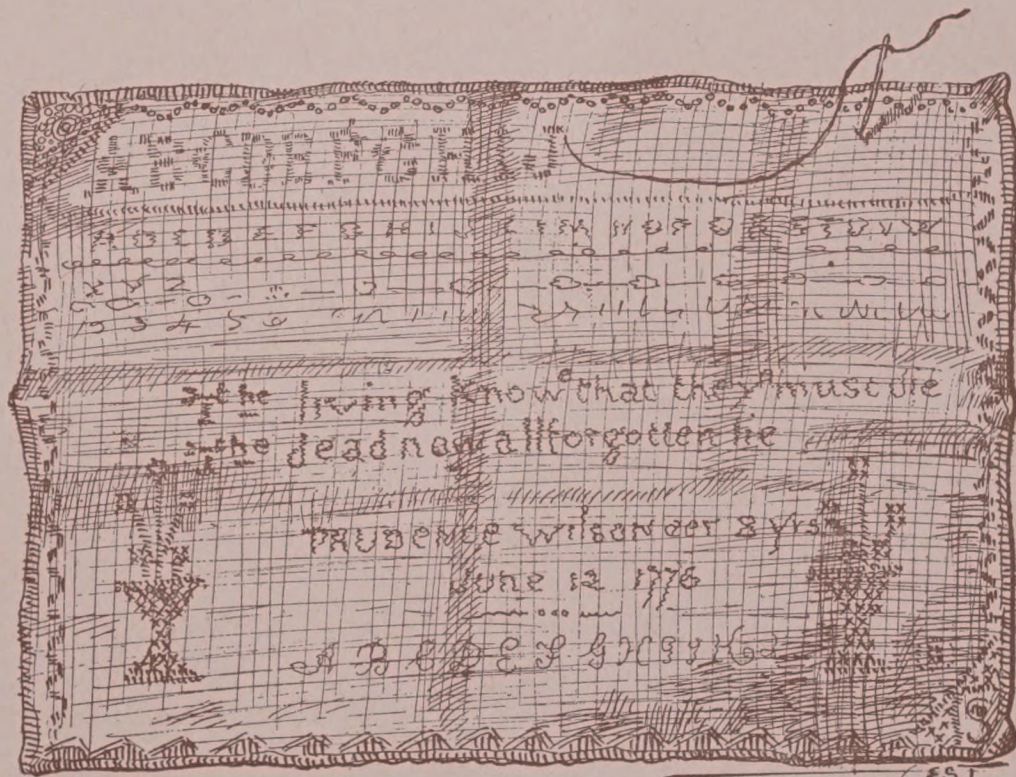
Then Prudence would go on spinning a long thread, while the kittens played with the other end of it.

Then she would say, "Sister Ruth, why does Wilfred have play in the open air, while I have to sit and sew, and embroider, and spin?"

Then Sister Ruth smiled again, and answered, "It has ever been the way, dear Prudence, for men to do the out-of-door things, and manly sports, and for maidens to do the gentle things, those that keep us quiet in the house, and are useful to both men and maids. So tend to your quiet work, my dear, and stitch upon stitch is the only way."

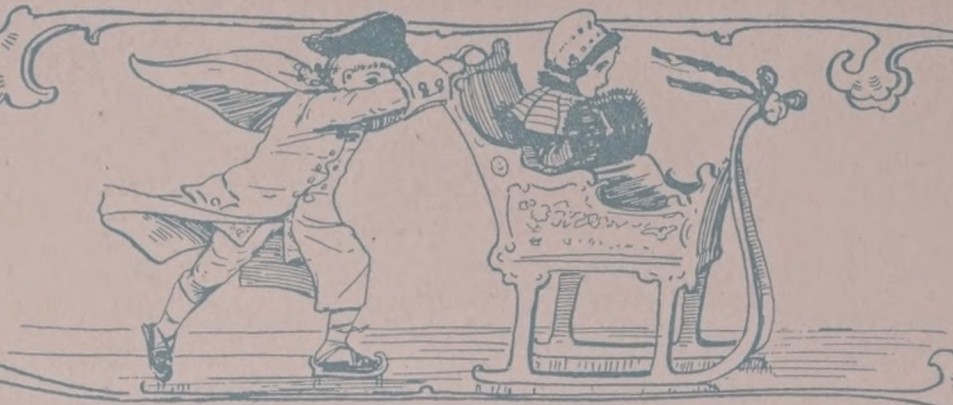
So the sunny day came to a close, and many more of them also came and went. And many years of days have gone since then; and to-day from a box, with a musty smell, I take an old sampler and read in all the stitches this story of long ago.

It is all there is left—it, and an old spinning-wheel, which little girls to-day do not know how to use at all. Wilfred's play and his sword are long ago done and over, yet here is the small bit of stitching that has lasted all the long years, to tell a great-grandchild the story of a little girl's fingers patiently going in and out, while her small feet ached to run, and it seems to me a rather great thing to have done something that tells such a sweet story, and has lasted so very, very long.





E. PERCY MORAN



“ALL ON A WINTER’S DAY”

OFF GOES LITTLE FOLLY, ALL ON A WINTER’S DAY,
SNUGGED UP AND RUGGED UP IN HER LITTLE SLEIGH,
CHEEKS ALL RED AND EYES ALL BRIGHT,
WAVING GOODBYE WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

’WAY OUT ON THE RIVER, WITH ITS CRUSTY ICE,
GLITTERING AND FLITTERING, SMOOTH AND BRIGHT
AND NICE,
LIKE A FROSTED PLUM-CAKE ROUND,
IS THE SPARKLING SNOWY GROUND.

ALL ABOUT THE PLUM-CAKE’S CRUST, DANCE AND
SKATE AND PLAY,
CHILDREN LARGE AND CHILDREN SMALL ON A
HOLIDAY,
SINGING, SHOUTING EVERYWHERE,
GLAD WITH KEEN AND FROSTY AIR.




"All on a Winter's Day."

BUT THE PLUM-CAKE'S CRUST IS HARD, LITTLE SKATERS FIND,
SLIPPERY, SO SLIPPERY! IF YOU DO NOT MIND,
AND THE BEST AND SAFEST WAY
IS TO PUSH BEHIND A SLEIGH.

JACK FROST LIKES TO NIP A NOSE. HIDE IT FAST AND DEEP,
IN YOUR RUG, WARM AND SNUG, ALL YOUR DIMPLES KEEP.
BACK SHE COMES WITH RAPID GLIDE,
WASN'T THAT A JOLLY RIDE?







A Doll's Great-Grandmother.

I FOUND her in a garret one day, tucked away in the bottom of an old chest,—this old, old dollie! She was such a funny-looking dear, and I took her out and smoothed her wrinkled and quaint gown of brocaded silk, wondering how a little girl could have loved a doll with such ugly hands and queer hair. But a real little girl had loved her, and she was my own great-grandmother. For I found, pinned to her gown, a note, yellow with age, which told me all about her. This is what it said:

“Written by my mother for me, to my dear grand-child who will first find this doll. Keep her always as I've left her, for it is with tears I put her away, having grown too great a girl to play with her any more, as I am *nine years old!* She was sent to me from London, and cost 4 guineas, and her clothing, made by a fashionable dress-maker, cost £4.4s., a great price for a doll! I never shall forget the day I got her. I stood her in a chair and danced before her in my great pleasure. I loved her very much, and will tell you how I always thought she saved my life.

“I was playing alone on the beach, and, tripping my toe, I fell into a deep hole by the roots of a tree, and a

E.S. JUCKER

A Doll's Great-Grandmother.


great heap of sand falling in with me nearly covered me up, and made it impossible for me to get out. I called, but no one heard, and my ankle, which I had twisted, becoming very painful, I fainted, and I surely should have been drowned by the tide which was coming in, while insensible, had it not been that my dear doll Florinda lay in such a manner that her foot and part of her gown were outside the sand in the hole, where I was buried, and Jim, the black boy, coming by, saw her lying there. He dug her out, and so discovered me and saved me. He was so excited that he left my poor dear doll behind, and the tide had already wet her, when I, waking up in my mother's arms, called out for my Florinda, and Jim was hurried off to fetch her. The stain on her gown was caused by the salt water, and I hope you will love her very much, and keep her with care as I did.

“YOUR LOVING GRANDMOTHER,
“In the 9th year of her age—1775.”

Was n't that the loveliest thing to find? And she is my very own *Great-Grandma*, for her dollie was so hidden away that I was the first little girl to find it after all those years. We keep her as a great treasure, and my dolls respect her very much, for she is *their* Great-Grandmother, I suppose.







A Colonial 'Red Riding Hood.

IT was the day before Christmas, many years ago. Everybody was busy preparing for the happy day, in the way they used to do in those Colonial days. The Christmas had to be just as much like the Christmases in Old England as they could have it in the New England, for the sake of the old folks who had spent the holidays of their childhood in the Old England. The house was all trimmed with greens from top to bottom, and even the great Yule Log was carried in on Xmas Eve, decked with wreaths of holly. Only here it was carried in by grinning Sambo and Pompey—the jolly servants of the new country. Little Red Riding Hood went all alone that day clear all the way to Grandmother Pennyhurst's. It was a mile away and over the snowy country. Everybody was busy putting up greens, and Cousin Althea even had a bunch of mistletoe which she hung high in a rather conspicuous place in the hall. It came in a box from England, with some holly from the dear old homestead there, and Little Red Riding Hood thought of how dearly Grandma Pennyhurst would love to have in her Christmas decorations a bit of the real old holly from her own home. So

A Colonial Little Red Riding Hood.

she picked out a nice big spray, and putting on her cloak, like the other Red Riding Hood, set off across the road all by herself.

It seemed a very long way, and it began to grow dark sooner than she had thought it would, and as she trudged along she felt a bit lonely. Suddenly, out of the bushes beside the road, she saw two fiery eyes, and out stepped a great gray dog, who had a fierce red mouth and who snarled at her when she spoke kindly to him, and did not seem a bit friendly. He slouched along beside her a few steps, sniffing at her cloak, and then throwing up his head he gave a long queer howl, and trotted off into the woods across the road.

Then the little girl was frightened indeed, for she knew that howl was the howl of a wolf! She was very glad to look up and find the house so near, just across the field now. And as she ran quickly towards it over the snow by the shortest cut, she realized it all. This, she was sure, was the Real Wolf in the story of Little Red Riding Hood, who seeing her red cloak had thought her to be that same little girl going to Grandmother's with her basket; but when he sniffed at her cloak, he knew it was not the same, and so he ran away again.

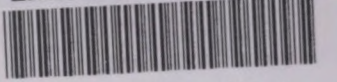
When she reached the house, and told them about her adventure, *her* Grandmother clasped her Little Red Riding Hood closely in her arms and said: "My darling child, you have escaped a great danger! That was the wolf that has lately carried off Farmer Black's lambs from his fold, and he only ran away because he saw the house was so near!"

This was what Grandma thought of it. Which do you think was the true version—hers or the little girl's?

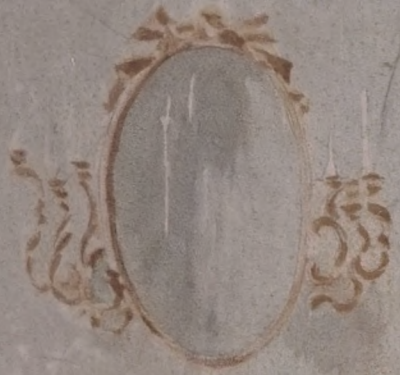


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