

HEART OF OAK
BOOKS



BOOK
II

EDITED BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON



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THE
HEART OF OAK BOOKS

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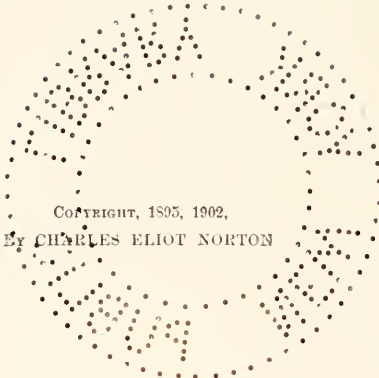
Second Book

FABLES AND NURSERY TALES

REVISED EDITION

ILLUSTRATED

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By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

INTRODUCTION.

A TASTE for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated; and yet a majority of children, even of those favored by circumstance, grow up without it. This defect is due partly to the fault or ignorance of parents and teachers; partly, also, to the want, in many cases, of the proper means of cultivation. For this taste, like most others, is usually not so much a gift of nature as a product of cultivation. A wide difference exists, indeed, in children in respect to their natural inclination for reading, but there are few in whom it cannot be more or less developed by careful and judicious training.

This training should begin very early. Even before the child has learned the alphabet, his mother's lullaby or his nurse's song may have begun the attuning of his ear to the melodies of verse, and the quickening of his mind with pleasant fancies. As he grows older, his first reading should be made attractive to him by its ease and entertainment.

The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge. The essential thing is that in beginning to learn to read the child should like what he reads or hears read, and that the matter should be of a sort to fix itself in his mind without wearisome effort. He should be led on by pleasure from step to step.

His very first reading should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. "Mother Goose"

is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned, if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to his ear.

The next step is easy, to the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race.

These naturally serve as the gate of entrance into the wide open fields of literature, especially into those of poetry. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education.

The field of good literature is so vast that there is something in it for every intelligence. But the field of bad literature is not less broad, and is likely to be preferred by the common, uncultivated taste. To make good reading more attractive than bad, to give right direction to the choice, the growing intelligence of the child should be nourished with selected portions of the best literature, the virtue of which has been approved by long consent. These selections, besides merit in point of literary form, should possess as general human interest as possible, and should be specially chosen with reference to the culture of the imagination.

The imagination is the supreme intellectual faculty, and yet it is of all the one which receives least attention in our common systems of education. The reason is not far to seek. The imagination is of all the faculties the most difficult to control, it is the most elusive of all, the most far-reaching in

its relations, the rarest in its full power. But upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient.

To provide this means is the chief end of the HEART OF OAK series of Reading Books. The selections which it contains form a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth, chosen from the masterpieces of the literature of the English-speaking race. For the most part they are pieces already familiar and long accepted as among the best, wherever the English language is spoken. The youth who shall become acquainted with the contents of these volumes will share in the common stock of the intellectual life of the race to which he belongs; and will have the door opened to him of all the vast and noble resources of that life.

The books are meant alike for the family and the school. The teacher who may use them in the schoolroom will find in them a variety large enough for the different capacities and interests of his pupils, and will find nothing in them but what may be of service to himself also. Every competent teacher will already be possessed of much which they contain; but the worth of the masterpieces of any art increases with use and familiarity of association. They grow fresher by custom; and the love of them deepens in proportion to the time we have known them, and to the memories with which they have become invested.

In the use of these books in the education of children, it is desirable that much of the poetry which they contain should be committed to memory. To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child. But it must be learning *by heart*; that is, not merely by rote as a task, but by heart as a pleasure. The exercise, however difficult at first, becomes easy with continual practice. At

first the teacher must guard against exacting too much; weariness quickly leads to disgust; and the young scholar should be helped to find delight in work itself.

These books are, in brief, meant not only as manuals for learning to read, but as helps to the cultivation of the taste, and to the healthy development of the imagination of those who use them, and thus to the formation and invigoration of the best elements of character.

In the preparation of the *HEART OF OAK BOOKS* I have received assistance of various sorts from various persons, to all of whom I offer my thanks. I regret that I am not allowed to mention by name one without whose help the Books would not have been made, and to whose hand most of the Notes are due.

The accuracy of the text of the pieces of which the volumes are composed has been secured by the painstaking and scholarly labor of Mr. George H. Browne of Cambridge, Mass.

In illustrating this book the same principles have been kept in view as in illustrating Book One. Instead of scattering the pictures up and down the text, however, in the ordinary way, the leading incidents are grouped on one or two pages at the end of the story. This serves the double end of not distracting the attention of the child while he is reading and of helping him when called upon to retell the story in his own words. Mr. Frank T. Merrill has been as successful in catching the spirit of these stories as of the Nursery Rhymes.

C. E. NORTON.

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THE
HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

SECOND BOOK.

THE THREE BEARS.

A long time ago, there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood: one, a great huge bear, which was the father; one, a middle-sized bear, which was the mother; and a little wee bear, which was the son.

They had each a basin for their milk and honey: a great huge basin for the great huge bear, a middle-sized basin for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee basin for the little wee bear.

And they had each a chair to sit on: a great huge chair for the great huge bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee chair for the little wee bear.

And they also had each a bed to sleep in: a great huge bed for the great huge bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee bed for the little wee bear.

One morning, after they had boiled the milk and honey for their breakfast, and poured it into their basins, they went into the wood to take a walk while the milk and honey was cooling.

A few minutes after they had gone, a little girl, named Golden-hair, came to the house and looked in at the window; then she peeped in at the key-hole, and not seeing anybody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the bears were good and honest bears, who did nobody any harm, and never thought that anybody would harm them. So little Golden-hair opened the door and went in. She was well pleased when she saw the milk and honey in the basins. If she had been a good child, she would not have touched it, but would have waited until the bears came home, when perhaps they would have asked her to take some with them, for they were good kind-hearted bears.

But little Golden-hair did not wait. She first tasted the milk and honey of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her; then she tasted the

milk and honey of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she tasted the milk and honey of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked.

She took the basin in her hand and sat in a chair, which was the chair of the great huge bear, but that was too hard for her; then she sat down in the next chair, which was the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her; so she thought she would try the other, which was the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked.

Then she sat down to eat the milk and honey which she held in her hand; but before she had quite finished the milk and honey, the chair broke and let her fall, basin and all.

After this, little Golden-hair went upstairs into the bears' sleeping-room, where she saw three beds.

First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her; then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor too high at the foot, but just what she liked; so she got snugly into it and fell fast

asleep, just as the three bears came home, thinking their milk and honey would be quite cool enough.

Now little Golden-hair had left the spoon of the great huge bear standing in his milk and honey.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND
HONEY,”

said the great huge bear in his great huge voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,”
said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice; and then the little wee bear looked for his basin, and saw it on the floor.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,
AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP,”

said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Now, the three bears knew that some one must have come into their house while they were absent, and they began to look about them. Little Golden-hair had not put the 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 huge voice like thunder. And little Golden-hair had crushed the soft cushion of the middle-sized bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,”
said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND
HAS BROKEN IT DOWN,”

said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears now felt sure that there was some one in the house, and they went upstairs to their sleeping-room to search further.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,”
said the great huge bear; for little Golden-hair had tumbled the bed and put the pillow out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,”
said the middle-sized bear; for little Golden-hair had also tumbled this bed very much.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, AND
HERE SHE IS,”

said the little wee bear with his little wee voice. Golden-hair had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of the great huge bear and the middle-sized bear, but the little wee voice of the little wee bear was so sharp and shrill that it awoke little Golden-hair at once.

When she saw the three bears in the room, and close to the side of the bed in which she was sleeping, she was very much frightened. She started up and ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. The three bears went to the window to look after her, and saw her running into the woods.

But she never came back to their house, and they never saw her again.

THE LAMB.

William Blake.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

A soft answer turneth away wrath
But grievous words stir up anger.



THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

One hot day, a Wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Now, not far down the stream, a stray Lamb was playing in the water.

The Wolf made up his mind to eat the Lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he ran to the Lamb, calling in a loud voice, "Fool, get out of the brook! How dare you muddle the water that I wish to drink?"

"Oh," said the Lamb in a mild tone, "I do not see how that can be. You stood above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the Lamb, now in a great fright, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use to try to argue me out of my supper;" and without one word more, he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb, and tore her to bits.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE, AND HER SEVEN
WONDERFUL CATS.

Dame Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle,
Or wash'd in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipathy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whisker'd crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."

And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea :
“ Were there ever such dears ! ”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings ; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone ;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see :
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd
And ran out to market ;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.

The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee ;
“ Well done, my good cats,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice ;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
“ I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds ;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
“ If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing !”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said “ Beautiful ! Hark !”
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.

Then sang, by the fireside,
 Symphonious-ly
 A song without words
 To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
 On the tomtit and sparrow,
 And wheeled a poor sick lamb
 Home in a barrow.
 "You shall all have some sprats
 For your humani-ty,
 My seven good cats,"
 Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
 To look for its dam,
 They were warming the bed
 For the poor sick lamb :
 They turn'd up the clothes
 All as neat as could be ;
 "I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
 Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
 And went up to bed :
 When, lo ! in the morning,
 The cats were all fled.

But soon—what a fuss!
“Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame’s heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
“Ah! welcome, my dears,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame’s door
With his faithful dog Tray.

He knocked with his crook,
 And the stranger to see,
 Out the window did look
 Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
 All drawn by his team ;
 And gave them some field-mice,
 And raspberry-cream.
 Said he, " All my stock
 You shall presently see ;
 For I honor the cats
 Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out
 For some muffins and crumpets ;
 And when he turn'd round
 They were blowing of trumpets.
 Said he, " I suppose
 She's as deaf as can be,
 Or this ne'er could be borne
 By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
 He turn'd them all loose,
 When each nimbly leap'd
 On the back of a goose,

Which frightened them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
“I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows,” said he ;
“ My compliments; pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door ;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
“ Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me ;
All welcome once more,”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

A wise son maketh a glad father
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In a very pretty village, far away, there once lived a nice little girl. She was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother said that she was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart.

To show her love for the child, this good old dame had made her a little red hood, and after a time the little girl was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made some fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she is ill in bed."

Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child, and liked to be useful; and, besides, she loved her grandmother dearly.

So she put the things in a basket, and at once set out for the village, on the other side of the wood, where her grandmother lived.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

He would have liked to eat her on the spot; but some woodmen were at work near by, and he feared they might kill him.

“Good morning, Master Wolf,” said the little girl, who had no thought of fear.

“And where are you going?” said the wolf.

“I am going to my grandmother’s,” said Little Red Riding Hood, “to take her a cake and a pot of butter; for she is ill.”

“And where does poor grandmother live?” asked the wolf.

“Down past the mill, on the other side of the wood,” said the child.

“Well, I think that I will go and see her too,” said the wolf. “So I will take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there first.”

The wolf knew that his way was the nearer, for he could dash through the trees, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut get to the old dame’s door.

The wolf ran on as fast as he could, and was very soon at the cottage. He knocked at the door with his paw, “Thump! thump!”

“Who is there?” cried grandmother.

“It is Little Red Riding Hood. I have come

to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could.

He made his voice sound like that of the little girl. "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. But first he put on her cap and night-gown.

He laughed to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be there.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang in the trees; and she picked the sweet flowers that her grandmother liked, and made a pretty nosegay of them.

A wasp buzzed about her head, and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird came and pecked at the cake in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty bird," said Little Red Riding Hood. "There will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame rose, and patting the little maid on the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood. If you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray tell him from me that there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress woman says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen. Then he took an arrow and put it

in his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

Little Red Riding Hood at last came to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. "Who is there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood say to herself, "Poor grandmother is very ill, she must have a bad cold."

"It is I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, the door flew open, and she went at once into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf. "Then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bed-clothes.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been told. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

“But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you with, my dear,” said the wolf.

He was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside sang, “Tweet! tweet!” This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Christina G. Rossetti.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.



THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

THE WIND.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

O wind, that is so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Suddenly they saw a traveller coming down the road, and the Sun said:

“I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can make that traveller take off his cloak, shall prove himself the stronger. You begin.”

The North Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveller. But the harder he blew, the more closely did the traveller wrap his cloak round him, till at last the North Wind, having put forth all his strength in vain, had to give up in despair.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, came out and shone in all his glory. He darted his most sultry beams upon the traveller, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on; he flung it off and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

Christina G. Rossetti.

The city mouse lives in a house;—

The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—

The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

“Do you know, my friend,” said he, “that you live a mere ant’s life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come, and enjoy them.”

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the mice were in such a fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: “Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but you are always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home, in no fear of any one.”

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE.

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

THE BELLS OF LONDON.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's-eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a Wagoner was driving a heavy cart through a miry lane, the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no farther.

The man, without making the least effort for himself, dropped on his knees and began calling upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble.

“Lazy fellow!” said Hercules, “get up and stir yourself. Urge your horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves.”

Do as you would be done by.

It is never too late to mend.

Waste not want not.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

Olive A. Wadsworth.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
“Wink!” said the mother;
“I wink,” said the one:
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
“Swim!” said the mother;
“We swim,” said the two:
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.

“Sing!” said the mother;
“We sing,” said the three:
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little muskrats four.

“Dive!” said the mother;
“We dive,” said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.

“Buzz!” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.

“Caw!” said the mother;
“We caw,” said the six:
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp!” said the mother;
“We chirp,” said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask!” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight:
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.

“Croak!” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine:
So they croaked and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.

“Spin!” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten:
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Fox once saw a Crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and light on a branch of a tree. “Good-day, Mistress Crow,” he cried. “How well you are looking to-day! how glossy your feathers! how bright your eye! Let me hear but one song from you, that I may greet you as Queen of the Birds.”

The Crow, highly flattered, lifted up her head and began to caw her best; but the moment she opened her mouth, the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox.

UNION GIVES STRENGTH.

An old man on the point of death called his sons around him. He ordered a bundle of sticks brought in, and said to each son in turn: "Break it." Each son strained, but with all his strength was unable to break the bundle.

"Untie the fagots," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them: "Now, break," and each stick was easily broken.

THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the famous enchanter, was once upon a long journey; when, feeling very weary, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for some food. The ploughman's wife immediately brought him some milk and some brown bread, setting it before him with great civility.

Merlin could not help seeing that, although everything was very neat and clean, and the ploughman and his wife did not seem to be in want, yet they

looked very sad ; so he asked them to let him know the cause of their grief, and found that they were unhappy because they had no children.

“ Ah me ! ” said the forlorn woman, “ if I had but a son, although he were no longer than my husband’s thumb, I should be the happiest woman in the world ! ”

Now Merlin was much amused at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man’s thumb, and, as soon as he got home, he sent for the queen of the fairies, who was a great friend of his, and told her of the night he spent at the ploughman’s hut, and of the strange wish of the poor woman, and he asked her to grant her the tiny child she so earnestly wished. The thought amused the queen, and she promised that his wish should be granted.

And so it turned out that the ploughman’s wife had a son, who, to the wonder of all the country people, was just the size of his father’s thumb.

One day, while the happy mother was sitting up in bed, smiling on its pretty face, and feeding it out of the cup of an acorn, the queen came in at the window, and kissing the child, gave it the name of Tom Thumb. She then told the other fairies to dress her favorite.

An oak-leaf he had for his crown,
His shirt, it was by spiders spun;
With doublet wove of thistle-down,
His trousers up with points were done;
His stockings of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash plucked from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned, with the hair within.

Tom never grew bigger than his father's thumb; but, as he grew older, he became very cunning and full of mischievous tricks. Thus, when he was old enough to play cherry-stones with other boys, and had lost his own, he used to creep into other boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag, the owner chanced to see him.

"Ah ha! my little Tom Thumb." said the boy, "so I have caught you at your tricks at last; now I will pay you off for your thieving."

Then drawing the string around his neck, he shook the bag so heartily that the cherry-stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out, and promised never to be guilty of such doings any more. He was soon let off, but this cured him of pilfering.

One day Tom's mother was beating up a batter pudding, and she placed him in an egg-shell to be out of harm's way. Tom crept out, however, and climbed to the edge of the bowl, when his foot slipped, and he fell over head and ears into the batter. His mother, not seeing him, stirred him into the pudding, which she next put into the pot to boil. Tom soon felt the scalding water, which made him kick and struggle.

His mother, seeing the pudding turn round and round in the pot in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; and as a tinker came by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding, which he put into his budget, and went away.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud. This so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away as fast as he could. The pudding being broken by the fall, Tom was set free, so he walked home to his mother, who kissed him and put him to bed.

Another time, Tom Thumb's mother took him with her when she went to milk the cow, and as it was a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away.

The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, picked him and the thistle up at one mouthful. When the cow began to chew the thistle, Tom was dreadfully frightened at her great teeth, and cried out, "Mother! mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried the mother, in great alarm.

"Here, mother, here, in the red cow's mouth!"

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother caught him in her apron, and ran home with him.

One day, as Tom Thumb's father was in the fields with him, Tom begged to be allowed to take home the horse and cart. The father laughed at the thought of little Tom driving a horse, and asked him how he would hold the reins.

"Oh," said Tom, "I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out which way he is to go."

The father consented, and off Tom set, seated in the ear of the horse. "Yeo hup! yeo hup!" cried Tom, as he passed some country people, who, not seeing Tom, and thinking the horse was bewitched, ran off very fast.

Tom's mother was greatly surprised when she saw the horse arrive at the cottage door, with no one to

guide it, and she ran out to look after it; but Tom called out, "Mother, mother, take me down, I am in the horse's ear!"

Tom's mother was very glad that her little son could be so useful, and she lifted him gently down, and gave him half a blackberry for his dinner.

After this, Tom's father made him a whip of barley-straw, that he might sometimes drive the cattle; and as he was driving them home one day, he fell into a deep furrow. A raven picked up the straw, with Tom too, and carried him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, and there left him.

Soon afterwards old Grumbo, the giant, came out to walk on the terrace. Grumbo took the child up between his finger and thumb, and, opening his great mouth, he tried to swallow Tom like a pill. But Tom so danced in the red throat of the giant, that he soon cast him into the sea, where a large fish swallowed him in an instant.

This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with the sight of Tom Thumb, who was found inside. The king made him his dwarf, and he was soon a very great favorite; for his tricks and gambols, and lively

words amused the queen and the Knights of the Round Table.

When the king rode out, he frequently took Tom in his hand, and if rain fell, he used to creep into the king's pocket, and sleep till the rain was over.

One day, the king asked Tom concerning his parents, and finding they were very poor, the king led Tom into his treasury, and told him he might pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry.

Tom bought a small purse, and putting a three-penny piece into it, with much difficulty got it upon his back, and after travelling two days and two nights, reached his father's cottage.

His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having travelled forty-eight hours without resting, with a huge silver three-penny piece upon his back.

His parents were glad to see him, especially when he was the bearer of so large a sum of money. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him on a hazel-nut for three days.

When Tom recovered his strength, his duty told him it was time to return to court; but there had been such a heavy fall of rain that he could not travel; so his mother opened the window, when the

wind was blowing in the proper direction, and gave him a puff, which soon carried him to the king's palace. There Tom exerted himself so much at tilts and tournaments, for the diversion of the king, queen, and nobility, that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of.

The queen of the fairies having heard of this, came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, she drove back through the air, without stopping, to her own home.

The child soon recovered health and strength in fairy-land, and much enjoyed the diversions which were prepared for his amusement in that happy country.

After awhile the queen sent him back to the king, floating upon a current of air, which she caused to be ready for the journey. Just as Tom was flying over the palace yard, the cook passed along with a great bowl of the king's favorite dish, furmenty, and poor Tom fell plumb into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes, making him let fall the bowl.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! murder!" cried the cook, as the king's dainty furmenty ran into the dog's kennel.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore

to the king that Tom had done it out of some evil design; so he was taken up, tried for high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded.

Just as this dreadful sentence was given, it happened that a miller was standing by, with his mouth wide open; so Tom took a good spring and jumped down his throat, unseen by any one, even by the miller himself.

The culprit being now lost, the court broke up and the miller went back to his home. But Tom did not leave him long at rest; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched and sent for a doctor.

When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing. The doctor was more frightened than the miller, and he sent in a hurry for ten other doctors and twenty wise men, who began to discuss the matter at great length, each insisting that his own explanation was the true one.

The miller could not refrain from a hearty yawn, upon which Tom seized the lucky chance, and, with another bold jump, he alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table. The miller, in a fury, seized Tom, and threw him out of the window into the mill-stream, where he was once more swallowed up by a fish.

As happened before, the fish was caught and sold in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, seeing such a fine fish, sent it as a present to the king, who ordered it to be cooked for dinner.

When the fish was opened, Tom found himself once more in the hands of the cook, who immediately ran with him to the king; but the king being busy with state affairs, ordered him to be brought another day. The cook, to be sure of the prisoner, put him into a mouse-trap, where he remained seven days.

After that, the king sent for him, forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him a new suit of clothes, gave him a spirited hunter, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings ;
His boots were made of chickens' skins ;
His coat and breeches were made with pride ;
A tailor's needle hung by his side ;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed.

One fine day, as they passed an old farm-house,

a large black cat jumped out and seized both Tom and his steed, and began to devour the poor mouse. Tom drew his sword, and boldly attacked the cat.

The king and his nobles seeing Tom in danger, went to his assistance, and one of the lords bravely saved him just in time ; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat.

In this condition he was carried in the palace and laid on a bed of down in a beautiful ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies then came and took him to fairy-land again, where she kept him for some years ; after which, dressing him in bright green, she sent him once more flying through the air to the earth.

People flocked far and near to look at Tom Thumb, and he was carried before King Thunstone, who had succeeded to the throne, King Arthur being dead.

The king asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered : —

“ My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I’ve come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home ;
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted ;

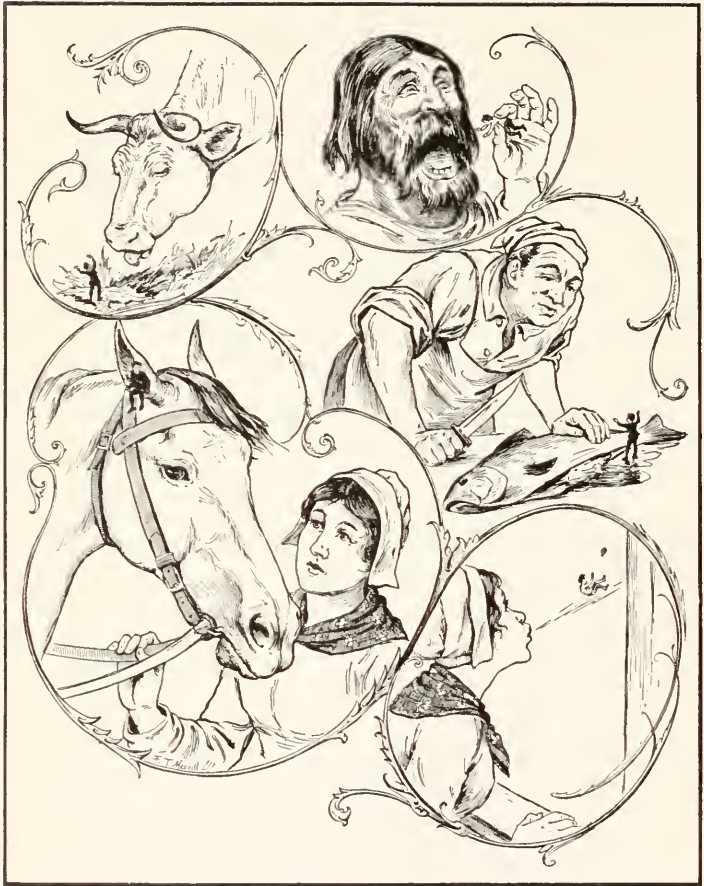
Did you never once hear of Sir Thomas Thumb ? ”

The king was charmed with this speech. He caused a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table; and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not got a coach also. She made up her mind to ruin Tom, and told the king that he had been very insolent to her; when the king sent for Tom in a great rage. To escape his fury, Tom hid himself in an empty snail-shell, where he lay till he was nearly starved.

At last, peeping out, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground. He now ventured forth, and got astride the butterfly, which took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back.

Away they went from field to field, and from flower to flower, till the butterfly, attracted by the light streaming from the king's dining-room, flew in at the open window. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not.

At length poor Tom, having neither saddle nor bridle, slipped from his seat into a sweet dish called whitepot, and was nearly drowned. The queen was bent on having him punished, and he was once more put in a mouse-trap. Here the cat, seeing



THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

something stir, and thinking a mouse was there, so rolled about the trap with her claws, that she broke it, and the prisoner escaped.

Soon afterward a large spider, taking poor Tom for a big fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword, and fought with courage, but the poisonous breath of the spider overcame him.

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and all his court wept for the loss of the little favorite. They wore mourning for him for three years. He was buried under a rosebush, and a marble head-stone was raised over his grave, bearing these words:—

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by spider's cruel bite;
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport.
He rode a tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went;
Alive, he filled the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth;
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry, "Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark, who had Young Ones in a field of grain which was almost ripe, was afraid that the reapers would come before her young brood were fledged. So every day when she flew off to look for food, she charged them to take note of what they heard in her absence, and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day, when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son that the grain seemed ripe enough to be cut, and tell him to go early the next day and ask their friends and neighbors to come and help reap it.

When the old Lark came home, the Little Ones quivered and chirped round her, and told her what had happened, begging her to take them away as fast as she could. The mother bade them be easy; "for," said she, "if he depends on his friends and his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day, she went out again, and left the same orders as before. The owner came, and waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not a soul came. "You see," said the owner to his son,

“these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us reap.”

This the Young Ones, in a great fright, told also to their mother. “Do not fear, children,” said she; “kindred and relations are not always very forward in helping one another; but keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow.”

The owner came the next day, and, finding his relations as backward as his neighbors, said to his son, “Now listen to me. Get two good sickles ready for to-morrow morning, for it seems we must reap the grain by ourselves.”

The Young Ones told this to their mother. “Then, my dears,” said she, “it is time for us to go; for when a man undertakes to do his work himself, it is not so likely that he will be disappointed.” She took them away at once, and the grain was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.

REMEDY FOR EVIL.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the
Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent — the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing, and loving — all come back together.

"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he —
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

THE SWALLOW.

Christina G. Rossetti.

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.

A reckless young spendthrift who had only his cloak left, spied one day a Swallow out of season. Thinking spring had come, he sold his cloak; but not long afterward, a storm arose, and the poor Swallow could not survive the cold. "Ah, my friend," said the heedless spendthrift, "you have ruined me, and are lost yourself."

COME, MY CHILDREN.

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds, and brooks, and flowers to see.

See the little lambs at play
In the meadows bright and gay;
How they leap, and skip, and run,
Full of frolic, full of fun!

Bring the hoop and bring the ball;
Come, with happy faces all,
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and dance, and laugh and sing.

AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS.

Christina G. Rossetti.

An emerald is as green as grass ;
A ruby red as blood ;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven ;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
To catch the world's desire ;
An opal holds a fiery spark ;
But a flint holds fire.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

There was, once upon a time, a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in face and humor, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable, and so proud, that there was no living with them.

The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls was ever seen.

People naturally love their own likenesses, and this mother doted on her eldest daughter; but at the same time she had a sad aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink.

“O, yes, with all my heart, Goody,” said this pretty little girl; and rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her, “You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift” — for this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman, to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. “I will give you for gift,” continued the fairy, “that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel.”

When this pretty girl came home, her mother scolded at her for staying so long at the fountain.

“I beg your pardon, mamma,” said the poor girl, “for not making more haste;” and, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

“What is it I see there?” said her mother quite astonished. “I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl’s mouth! How happens this, my child?”—This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds.

“In good faith,” cried the mother, “I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny, look what comes out of your sister’s mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? You have nothing else to do but go draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly.”

“It would be a very fine sight, indeed,” said this ill-bred minx, “to see me go draw water!”

“You shall go, hussy,” said the mother, “and this minute.”

So away she went, but grumbling all the way, and taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink.

This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but who had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

"Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy maid, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, daughter."

"Well, mother," answered the pert hussy, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads.

"O mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see!"

O, it is that wretch, her sister, who has occasioned all this ; but she shall pay for it ;” and immediately she ran to beat her.

The poor child fled away from her, and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from thence.

The king’s son, then on his return from hunting, met her and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. “Alas ! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors.”

The king’s son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story ; and so the king’s son fell in love with her ; and, considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage-portion whatsoever in another, he conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off ; and the miserable girl, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner in the wood and there died.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Mary Howitt.

“Will you walk into my parlor ?”

Said the Spider to the Fly ;

“’Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

“The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,

“To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?”

Said the Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around ;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I’ll snugly tuck you in !”

“ Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
“ For I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed.”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly :

“ Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I’ve always felt for you ?

“ I have within my pantry
Good store of all that’s nice :
I’m sure you’re very welcome —
Will you please to take a slice ? ”

“ Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,
“ Kind sir, that cannot be ;
I’ve heard what’s in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see.”

“ Sweet creature ! ” said the Spider,
“ You’re witty and you’re wise ;
How handsome are your gauzy wings !
How brilliant are your eyes !

“ I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf ;
If you’ll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself.”

“ I thank you, gentle sir,” she said,
“ For what you’re pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
I’ll call another day.”

The Spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly
Would soon come back again :

So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.

Then came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing :
“ Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
With the pearl and silver wing ;

“ Your robes are green and purple —
There’s a crest upon your head ;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead ! ”

Alas, alas ! how very soon
This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by ;

With buzzing wings he hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue —

Thinking only of her crested head —
Poor, foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor —
But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the Spider and the Fly.

Pride goeth before destruction
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

A long time ago, there lived a widow, whose cottage was in a remote country village, many miles from London.

She had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he had little care for anything she said, and became idle, inattentive, and a spendthrift. It is true, his follies were not owing to an evil nature, but to his mother's never having checked him. She was poor, and he would not work; and she was forced to maintain herself and him by selling what she had.

At last, scarcely anything was left but a cow. The poor woman, with tears in her eyes, for the first time in her life, could not help blaming Jack.

“Oh, you wicked child,” she said, “by your course of life you have at last brought us both to ruin. I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread for another day; nothing is left but my cow, and that must now be sold or we must starve!”

For a few minutes Jack felt a degree of shame, but it was soon over; and becoming very hungry for want of food, he teased his mother so much to let him sell the cow at the next village, that she at last consented.

As he was going along he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell it.

The butcher had some curious beans in his bag; they were of various colors, and attracted Jack's notice. This the butcher saw, and knowing Jack's easy temper, he thought he would take advantage of it, and offered them all for the cow.

The silly boy thought it a great offer; the bargain was instantly struck, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans.

When Jack told his mother, her patience quite forsook her; she threw the beans from the door. They flew in all directions, and some fell upon the newly ploughed ground of the garden. Then she threw her apron over her head, and cried bitterly. Jack tried to comfort her, but in vain; and, not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack woke very early the next morning, and seeing something uncommon from his chamber window, he ran down stairs into the garden, where he soon found that some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks were of great thickness, and had so entwined that they formed a ladder like a chain in appearance, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds.

Jack was an adventurous lad. He tried the stalk, found it firm and not to be shaken. He then quickly made up his mind to climb the beanstalk and see where it would lead to. Full of this plan, which made him forget even his hunger, Jack ran to tell his mother his intention. But she declared he should not go, saying he would break her heart. She begged, and then threatened ; but all in vain.

Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the beanstalk, tired and worn out. Looking round, he was surprised to find himself in a strange country. It seemed to be a quite barren desert,—not a tree, shrub, house, or living thing was to be seen.

Jack seated himself upon a block of stone, and thought seriously of his mother. He was very hungry ; he thought with sorrow on his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against her will ; and he feared that he must now die for want of food.

However, he got up and walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink.

Presently he saw a beautiful lady in the distance. She was handsomely dressed and had a small white staff in her hand, on the top of which sat a peacock

of pure gold. Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her. With a bewitching smile, she asked him how he came there. Jack told her all about the beanstalk.

“Do you remember your father, young man?” asked the lady.

“No,” replied Jack; “but I am sure there is some mystery about him, for when I mention his name to my mother, she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing.”

“She dare not,” answered the lady, “but I can, and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was made your father’s guardian at his birth. But fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals; and by an error of mine, I lost my power, so that I was unable to help your father when he most needed it, and he died.” Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack’s heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

“I will,” said she, “but before I begin, I ask a solemn promise on your part to do what I command; and unless you do exactly what I tell you to, your mother and yourself shall both be destroyed.”

Jack was rather frightened at this, but he said he would follow her direction, and the fairy went on to say:—

“Your father was a rich man, very good-hearted, and always aiding the poor. He made it a rule never to refuse aid to those in his neighborhood who deserved it; but, on the contrary, to seek out the helpless and distressed, and not to let a day pass without doing a kindness to some person. His servants were all happy, and greatly attached both to their master and mistress. Your father deserved all the wealth he had, for he lived only to do good.

“His kind disposition won him the esteem of the good, but could not screen him from the envious and wicked part of mankind. He had one misfortune, — a false friend.

“Not many miles from your father’s house lived a powerful giant, who was the dread of all the country for his cruelty and oppression; he was envious, covetous, and cruel, and hated to hear others talked of for their goodness towards men. He vowed to do your father a mischief, so that he might no longer hear his good actions told by every one; and he soon made up a plan to put his wicked thoughts into practice.

“Having come to your father’s neighborhood, he gave out that he had just lost all he had by an earthquake, and found it difficult to get off with his life. Your father believed his story and pitied him; he

took him to his own house and treated the giant and his wife as visitors of distinction. Before long, however, the ungrateful giant became impatient to carry out his plan, and the chance soon came.

“From your father’s house the sea could be seen distinctly, and one day when the wind was very high, the giant saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rocks. He hastened to tell the news to your father, and eagerly asked him to send all his servants to aid the sufferers. Every one was instantly despatched to the scene of the wreck. Your father and the giant were then seated together in the parlor, when no sooner did your poor father turn his back than the brutal giant stabbed him.

“You were then only three months old; your mother had you in her arms in another part of the house, and was ignorant of what was going on. But she soon came to the parlor, where the giant, who had gone to look for her, found her motionless with grief. He was about to serve her and you as he had done your father, but she fell at his feet, and begged him to spare your life and her own.

“The cruel giant for a short time was struck with remorse, and spared your life and hers; but first he

made her swear that she would never tell the story of her wrongs to any one.

“Your mother took you in her arms and fled as quickly as possible ; but she was scarcely gone when the giant was sorry that he had suffered her to escape, and would have gone after her but he had to get away before the servants returned.

“Having gained your father’s confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure ; with this he soon loaded himself and his wife, set the house on fire in several places ; and when the servants came back, the house was burnt down to the ground.

“Your poor mother, in sad distress, wandered with you a great many miles away, not knowing where to rest. At last she settled in the cottage where you were brought up, and it was wholly owing to her fear of the giant that she has never told you of your father.

“The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother’s cow, my power came back. It was I who secretly caused you to take the beans for the cow. By my power the beanstalk grew to so great a height, and formed a ladder.

“The giant lives in this country ; you are the person appointed to punish him for his wickedness. You will run great dangers ; but you must go on until

you thoroughly punish him, or you will not prosper in anything you wish to do.

“As to the giant’s property, everything he has is yours; you may take, therefore, whatever part of it you can. One thing I strictly charge you: do not let your mother know that you know your father’s history until you see me again.

“Go along the straight road. You will soon see the house where your cruel adversary lives. While you do as I order you, I will protect and guard you; but remember, if you disobey my commands, you shall suffer in a dreadful way.”

As soon as the fairy had ended, she disappeared, leaving Jack to go on his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he caught sight of a large house. His drooping spirits revived; he redoubled his speed, and soon reached it.

A plain-looking woman was at the door. He spoke to her, and begged her to give him a morsel of bread and a night’s lodging. She expressed surprise at seeing him, and said it was an uncommon thing to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a cruel and powerful giant who would feed on human flesh if he could get it.

This information greatly terrified Jack; but he trusted to the fairy’s protection, and again begged

the woman to take him for one night only and hide him where she thought proper. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a tender and generous disposition, and took him into the house.

First they entered a large hall, finely furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, all in the same fine style; but they seemed to be quite desolate. A long gallery was next entered; it was just light enough to show that, instead of a wall, there was on one side a grating of iron, which parted off a dungeon, where were several poor men whom the giant was keeping till he should want them.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to be with his mother again; for he now began to fear that he should never see her more, and was almost inclined to give himself up for lost. He even had doubts of the good woman, and thought she had led him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him among the unhappy men in the dungeon. Still, he remembered the fairy, and a gleam of hope came into his heart.

At the farther end of the gallery there was a spacious kitchen, and a very excellent fire was burning

in the grate. The good woman bade Jack sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink.

Jack, seeing nothing here to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was disturbed by a knocking at the gate, which was so loud as to cause the whole house to shake. The giant's wife ran to hide him in the oven, and then went to let in her husband; and Jack heard him say to her in a voice of thunder, "Wife, wife, I smell fresh meat!" "Oh, my dear," answered she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon."

The giant seemed to believe her and walked into the very kitchen where poor Jack was hidden, who now shook and trembled and was more terrified than he had yet been.

At last the monster seated himself quietly by the fireside, while his wife got ready his supper. By degrees Jack recovered himself enough to look at the giant through a small crack. He was surprised to see how much he ate, and thought he would never have done eating and drinking. When he was through supper, the giant leaned back, and called to his wife in a voice like thunder:—

"Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed, and put upon the table a beautiful hen.

“Lay!” roared the giant, and the hen immediately laid an egg of solid gold.

“Lay another!” he yelled, and every time the giant shouted “Lay!” the hen laid a larger egg than before.

The giant amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed. At length, he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon.

At daybreak, Jack, finding the giant not likely to wake soon, crept softly from his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He easily found his way to the beanstalk, and went down it more readily than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him.

“Now mother,” said Jack, “I have brought you home that which will speedily make you rich.” The hen laid as many golden eggs as they wished; they sold them, and in a little time they had riches in plenty.

For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily; but he longed to pay another visit to the giant. He remembered the fairy’s commands, and feared that if he delayed to attend to them, he should suffer for it. Therefore he disguised himself, and stained his skin, so that he

felt sure no one would know him. Early in the morning he again climbed the beanstalk, and reached the giant's house late in the evening. The woman was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale and prayed for a night's lodging.

She told him that she had one night let in a poor hungry boy, that he had stolen one of the giant's most precious treasures, and that ever since her husband had used her cruelly. At Jack's earnest wish, however, she took him into the kitchen, gave him some supper, and hid him in a lumber closet.

Soon after, the giant came back, walking so heavily as to make the house shake. He seated himself by the brisk fire, saying, with a savage look, "I smell fresh meat."

The wife answered that it was owing to the crows, having brought a piece of meat and dropped it on the roof of the house.

While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered, and was also continually upbraiding his wife with the loss of his wonderful hen. At last, after finishing his supper, he cried:—

"Bring me something to amuse me—my harp or my money-bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said his wife, humbly.

“My money-bags,” thundered he, “because they are heavier to carry.”

Jack peeped out of his hiding-place, and saw the woman bringing into the room two bags of immense size, filled with gold and silver. They were both placed before the giant, who scolded his wife because she had been slow. The poor woman answered, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy she could hardly lift them, and that she had nearly fainted under their weight. At this the giant grew so angry that he raised his hand to strike her; but she escaped the blow and went to bed, leaving him to count his treasure.

The giant first emptied one bag, which had in it silver pieces; and, after counting them over and over again, he put them carefully back in the bag. He then opened the other bag, and placed the gold coins on the table. Jack got very eager when he saw so much gold; but he was afraid to move lest the giant should find him. The giant put the gold into its bag even more carefully than he had put the silver.

He then fell asleep, and his snoring was like the roaring of the sea.

Jack stole out of his hiding-place, went near the giant, and laid his hand upon one of the bags,

when a little dog started from under the giant's chair and barked furiously. Jack gave himself up for lost: fear so held him to the spot that, instead of running away, he stood quite still, although expecting his big enemy to awake every minute. The giant slept on, however, and the dog got weary of barking.

Jack then looked round, and seeing a large piece of meat, he threw it to the dog, who took it into a closet. Being thus freed from a noisy enemy, he seized the bags and reached the outer door in safety; but the bags were so heavy, that it took him two whole days to get to the bottom of the beanstalk.

When Jack got to his mother's cottage, he found it quite empty. Greatly surprised, he ran into the village, and an old woman directed him to a house where he found his poor mother ill of a fever. He was much disturbed to find her apparently dying, and could hardly bear the thought that he alone had been the cause of her illness.

On hearing of Jack's return, however, his mother by degrees revived, and gradually got well. Jack made her a present of his two valuable bags; the cottage was again well furnished, and he and his mother lived happily and comfortably together.

For three years Jack had not mounted the beanstalk, but still he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy; and she would never speak about the hated beanstalk lest it should lead him to take another journey. The very sight of it was a grief to her, but she knew not how to get rid of it.

Notwithstanding the comforts which Jack had at home, his mind kept upon the beanstalk, and upon the fairy's warning to him in case of his disobedience. He could not think of anything else; it was in vain he tried to amuse himself: he became thoughtful, and would arise at the dawn of day, and sit and look at the beanstalk for hours together.

His mother found that something preyed upon his mind, and tried to find the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be if he should tell her the cause of his grief. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great wish he felt for another journey up the beanstalk.

Finding, however, that his wish grew more and more upon him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey; and, on the longest day of the year, he rose as soon as it was light, went up the beanstalk, and reached the top with some trouble.

He found everything the same as in former times.

He came to the giant's house in the evening, and found his wife standing as usual at the door. Jack now seemed so different that she did not have any recollection of him; when he begged to be let in, however, he found it very difficult to persuade her. At last he gained his wish, got into the kitchen, and concealed himself in the copper.

When the giant came back in the evening he said, as usual, very fiercely, "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!"

But Jack felt quite composed, as he had so soon been satisfied on the former occasions; but this time the giant started up suddenly, and notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched round the room. While this was going on, Jack was ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times; and when the giant came near the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. Luckily the giant ended his search there without moving the lid, and seated himself quietly by the fireplace.

The fright nearly overcame poor Jack; he was afraid of moving, or even of breathing, lest he should be heard.

The giant ate a great supper, and when he had ended, he commanded his wife to fetch down his

harp. Jack peeped out from under the copper lid, and saw her bring in the most beautiful harp that one could imagine. The giant put it upon the table.

“Play!” he roared, and it instantly played of its own accord without being touched. The music was so fine that Jack felt more anxious to get the harp than either of the former treasures. The giant was soon lulled into a sound sleep. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp, for the giant seemed to be in a deeper sleep than usual.

Jack soon made up his mind, got out of the copper, and seized the harp, which, however, being enchanted by some fairy, called out loudly, “Master! master! master!”

The giant awoke straightway, started up, and tried to run after Jack, but he had eaten and drunk so much that he could not stand.

“Oh you villain!” called out the giant in a voice like thunder, “it is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp, also. Wait till I catch you, and I’ll eat you up alive!”

“Very well; try!” shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw that the giant could hardly stand, much less run. Jack soon reached the top of the beanstalk, and then scrambled down it as

fast as he could, the harp playing all the while the most melancholy music, till he said "Stop!" and it stopped.

The moment Jack got down the beanstalk, he called out for a hatchet; one was brought him directly. Just at that instant the giant began to come down. Jack with his hatchet cut the beanstalk close off at the root, and the giant fell to the bottom, the fall instantly killing him. Jack's mother was very glad when she saw the beanstalk destroyed.

At the same instant, the fairy appeared, and, addressing Jack's mother, told her all that had led Jack to take the journeys up the beanstalk. Jack was now fully cleared in the opinion of his mother; and the fairy then charged him to be dutiful and affectionate to her, and to follow his father's good example, which was the only way to be respected and happy. She then disappeared.

Jack heartily begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow he had caused her, and promised to be dutiful and obedient to her in the future. He proved as good as his word, and became a pattern of affectionate behavior and attention to his parent. His mother and he lived together a great many years, and were ever happy and esteemed by all who knew them.

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THE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things.

He had, likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the step-mother began to show herself in her colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl ; and the less, because they made her own daughters appear the more odious.

She employed her in the meanest work of the house ; she scoured the dishes, tables, and cleaned madam's room and the rooms of misses, her daughters ; she lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full length, from head to foot.

The poor girl bore all patiently, and dare not tell her father, who would have rattled her off, for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go into the chimney-corner, and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly called Cinder-wench; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her Cinderella.

However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might best become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sister's linen, and plaited their ruffles; they talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed.

“For my part,” said the eldest, “I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimmings.”

“And I,” said the youngest, “shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold flowered manteau, and my

diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world.”

They sent for the best tire-woman they could get, to make up their head-dresses, and they had their patches from the very best maker.

Cinderella was likewise called up to them to be consulted in all these matters, for she had excellent notions, and advised them always for the best; nay, and offered her service to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this they said to her:—

“Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the ball?”

“Ah!” said she, “you only jeer at me; it is not for such as I am to go thither.”

“Thou art in the right of it,” replied they; “it would make the people laugh to see a cinder-wench at a ball.”

Any one but Cinderella would have dressed their heads awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two days without eating, so much they were transported with joy. They broke above a dozen of laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking-glass.

At last the happy day came; they went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them, she fell a-crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter.

“I wish I could—I wish I could—;” she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her:—

“Thou wishest thou couldst go to the ball, is it not so?”

“Y—es,” cried Cinderella with a great sigh.

“Well,” said her godmother, “be but a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go.”

Then she took her into her chamber and said to her, “Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin.”

Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could make her go to the ball.

Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was in-

stantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trap-door, when giving each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, the mouse was that moment turned into a fair horse, which all together made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-colored dapple-gray.

Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go and see," says Cinderella, "if there be never a rat in the rat-trap, that we may make a coachman of him."

"Thou art in the right," replied her godmother, "go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard, and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot; bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so, than her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up im-

mediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedecked with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other, as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella : —

“ Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with ; are you not pleased with it ? ”

“ O, yes, ” cried she, “ but must I go thither as I am, in these filthy rags ? ”

Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world.

Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach ; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her, at the same time, that if she stayed at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight ; and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for joy.

The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence, they left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the singular beauties of this unknown new-comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "Ha! how handsome she is! Ha! how handsome she is!"

The king himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature.

All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could meet with such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honorable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her.

A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied

in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with; which very much surprised them, for they did not know her.

While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company, and hastened away as fast as she could.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her godmother; and after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her. As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened.

“How long you have stayed!” cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had been just awaked out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home.

“If thou hadst been at the ball,” says one of her sisters, “thou wouldest not have been tired with it. There came thither the finest princess, the most

beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes; she showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons." Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter; indeed, she asked them the name of the princess, but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account, and would give all the world to know who she was.

At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must then be very beautiful indeed! How happy have you been! Could not I see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes, which you wear every day."

"Ay, to be sure," cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty cinder-wench as thou art! Who's the fool then?"

Cinderella, indeed, expected some such answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed more magnificently than before.

The king's son was always by her side, and never ceased his compliments and amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being

tiresome that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her, so that she at last counted the clock striking twelve when she took it to be no more than eleven; she then rose up, and fled as nimble as a deer.

The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her old cinder clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she dropped.

The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They said they had seen nobody go out but a young girl, very meanly dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there.

They told her yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had taken up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time of the ball,

and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the little slipper.

What they said was very true ; for a few days after, the king's son caused to be proclaimed by sound of trumpets that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit.

They whom he employed began to try it on upon the princesses, then the duchesses, and all the court, but in vain ; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the slipper, but they could not effect it.

Cinderella, who saw all this, and knew her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me!"

Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to banter her.

The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and finding her very handsome, said it was but just that she should try, and that he had orders to let every one make trial. He obliged Cinderella to sit down, and putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went in very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax.

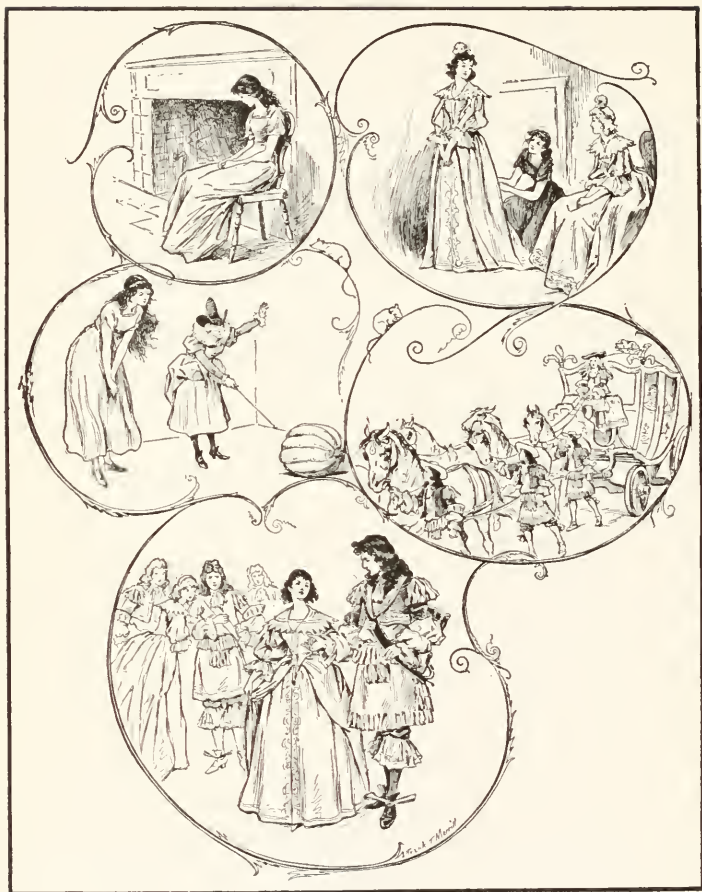
The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater, when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on her foot.

Thereupon, in came her godmother, who having touched, with her wand, Cinderella's clothes, made them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and as she embraced them, cried that she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after, married her.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.



THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

ON THE VOWELS.

Jonathan Swift.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

There were formerly a king and a queen, who were so sorry that they had no children, so sorry that it cannot be expressed.

At last, however, a daughter was born to them. There was a very fine christening ; and the princess had for her godmothers all the fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the king's palace,

where was prepared a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife, and fork, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies.

But as they were all sitting down at table, they saw come into the hall a very old fairy whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted. The king ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had seven only made for the seven fairies. The old fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threat between her teeth.

One of the young fairies, who sat by her, overheard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possible she could, the evil which the old fairy might intend.

In the meanwhile all the fairies began to give their gifts to the princess. The youngest gave her for gift, that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have

the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play upon all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said that the princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle and die of the wound.

This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody fell a-crying. At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud:—

“Assure yourselves, O king and queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The princess shall, indeed, pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years; at the expiration of which a king's son shall come and awake her.”

The king, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old fairy, caused immediately proclamations to be made, whereby everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have

so much as any spindle in the house. About fifteen or sixteen years after, the king and queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young princess happened one day to divert herself in running up and down the palace; when going from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman, alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the king's proclamation against spindles.

“What are you doing there, goody?” said the princess.

“I am spinning, my pretty child,” said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

“Ha!” said the princess, “this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me that I may see if I can do so.”

She had no sooner taken it into her hand, than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; they threw water upon the princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her

temples with cologne water; but nothing would bring her to herself.

And now the king, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the fairies, and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairies had said it, caused the princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver.

One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral; indeed, her eyes were shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The king commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awakening was come.

The good fairy, who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakín, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the princess; but she was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues, that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground at one stride.

The fairy came away immediately, and she arrived about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons. The king handed her out of the chariot, and she approved everything he had done; but, as she had a very great foresight, she thought, when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did: she touched with her wand everything in the palace (except the king and the queen), governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, under-cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsey, too, the princess's little spaniel which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them, they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. A'l this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the king and the queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of

the palace, and put forth a proclamation, that nobody should dare to come near it. This, however, was not necessary; for, in a quarter of an hour's time, there grew up, all round about the park, such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace; and that, too, not unless one was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the fairy gave herein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the princess while she continued sleeping might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and passed, the son of the king then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping princess, being gone a-hunting on that side of the country, asked what those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood.

Every one answered according as they had heard: some said that it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits; others, that all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath, or night's meeting. The common opinion was that an ogre¹

¹ An ogre was a giant with long teeth and claws, who was said to run away with naughty little boys and girls.

lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch without anybody's being able to follow him, as having himself, only, the power to pass through the wood.

The prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus : —

“ May it please your royal highness, it is now about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there then was in this castle a princess, the most beautiful was ever seen ; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be awaked by a king's son, for whom she was reserved.”

The young prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure ; and, pushed on by love and honor, he resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes and brambles, gave way of themselves to let him pass through ; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue, which he went into ; and what a little surprised him, was that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed

again as soon as he had passed through them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way; a young and amorous prince is always valiant.

He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned over all a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere showed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He, however, very well knew by the ruddy faces that they were only asleep. He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard chamber, where the guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could.

After that, he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting.

At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight was ever beheld; a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner, resplendent beauty, had somewhat in it

divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the princess awaked, and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of: "Is it you, my prince," said she to him, "you have waited a long while."

The prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than he did himself; their discourse was not well connected, they did weep more than talk, little eloquence, a great deal of love.

He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it; she had time to think on what to say to him, for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet they said not half what they had to say.

In the meanwhile, all the palace awaked; every one thought upon his particular business, and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die for hunger; the chief lady of honor, being as sharp

set as other folks, grew very impatient, and told the princess aloud that supper was served.

The prince helped the princess to rise. She was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his royal highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother, and had a point-band peeping over a high collar; but she looked not a bit the less beautiful and charming for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the princess's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellently, though it was now above a hundred years since they had played; and after supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honor acted as bridesmaid.

The prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been in pain for him. He openly declared his marriage, and went in great ceremony to conduct his bride to the palace. . . .

After a few days they went together out of the castle and enchanted wood, both of which immediately disappeared, and were never more seen by the eyes of men.

They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, and in due time the prince became king and the princess became queen, and they ruled their country long and happily.

THE VIOLET.

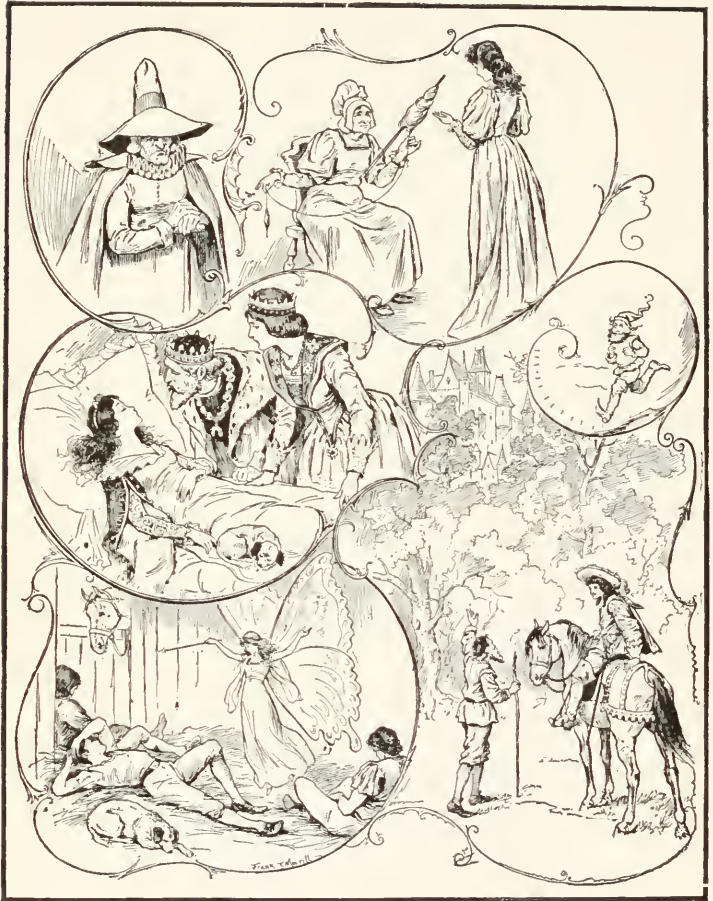
Jane Taylor.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

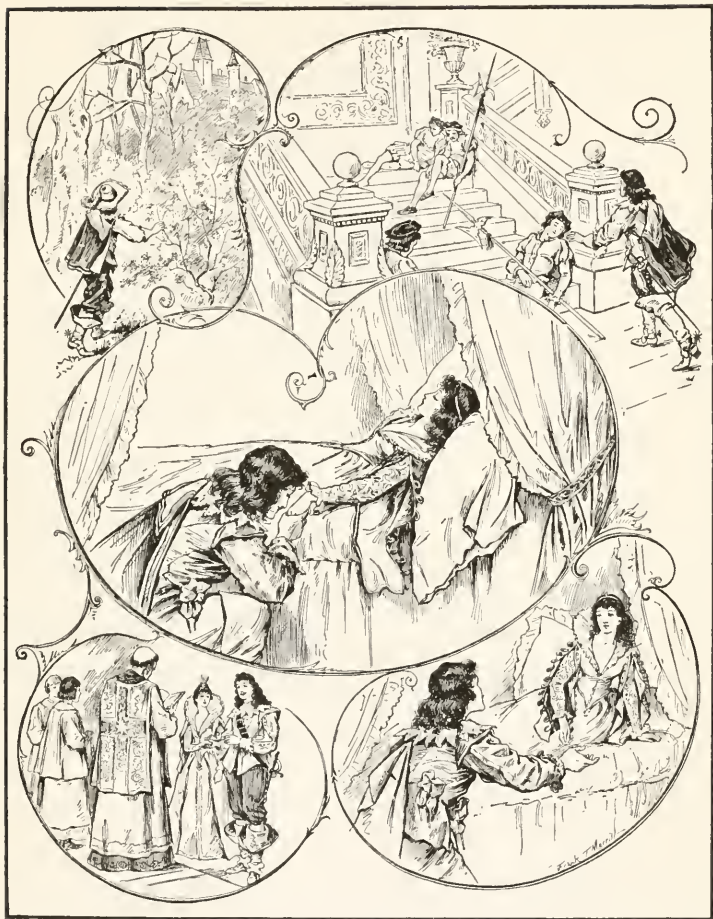
And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.



THE STORY OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

CHOOSING A NAME.

Mary Lamb.

I have got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten ! —
She will shortly be to christen ;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.
Ann and Mary, they're too common ;
Joan's too formal for a woman ;
Jane's a prettier name beside ;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ;
Ellen's left off long ago ;
Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet
Are as good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine,
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplext
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever.
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her,
I will leave papa to name her.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

There was once a miller who left no more estate to the three sons he had than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the clerk nor the attorney was sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the mill, the second the ass, and the youngest nothing but the cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot. "My brothers," said he, "may get their living handsomely enough by joining their stocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I must die with hunger."

The cat, who heard all this, but made as if he had not, said to him with a grave and serious air: "Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have nothing else to do but to give me a bag and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion of me as you imagine."

Though the cat's master did not build very much upon what he said, he had, however, often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the meal and make as if he was dead; so that he did not altogether despair of his affording him some help in his miserable condition.

When the cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly; and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws, and went into a warren where was great abundance of rabbits.

He put bran and sow-thistle into his bag, and stretching himself out at length, as if he had been dead, he waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had just put into it.

Scarce was he lain down but he had what he wanted; a rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and master Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took and killed him without pity. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shown upstairs into the king's apartment, and, making a low reverence, said to him:—

“I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren which my noble lord, the marquis of Carabas” (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master) “has commanded me to present to your majesty from him.”

“Tell thy master,” said the king, “that I thank him, and that he gives me a great deal of pleasure.”

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing-corn, holding still his bag open; and when a brace of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings, and so caught them both.

He went and made a present of these to the king, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The king, in like manner, received the partridges with great pleasure, and made him a gift of money.

The cat continued for two or three months thus

to carry his majesty, from time to time, game of his master's taking.

One day in particular, when he knew for certain that he was to take the air, along the riverside, with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master: "If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made; you have nothing else to do but go and wash yourself in the river, in that part I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."

The marquis of Carabas did what the cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore.

While he was washing, the king passed by, and the cat began to cry out as loud as he could, "Help, help! my lord marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned."

At this noise the king put his head out of his coach-window, and finding it was the cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his lordship, the marquis of Carabas.

While they were drawing the poor marquis out of the river, the cat came up to the coach, and told the king that while his master was washing there came by some rogues, who went off with

his clothes, though he had cried out, "Thieves, thieves," as loud as he could.

This cunning cat had hidden them under a great stone. The king immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the lord marquis of Carabas.

The king caressed him after a very extraordinary manner; and as the fine clothes he had given him extremely set off his good mien (for he was well made, and very handsome in his person), the king's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances, but she fell in love with him to distraction. The king would needs have him come into his coach, and take part of the airing.

The cat, quite overjoyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and meeting with some countrymen who were mowing a meadow, he said to them, "Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the king, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you mow belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The king did not fail asking of the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged:

“To my lord marquis of Carabas,” answered they, all together, for the cat’s threats had made them terribly afraid.

“You see, sir,” said the marquis, “this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year.”

The master-cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them, “Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the king, who will presently go by, that all this corn belongs to the marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot.”

The king, who passed by a moment after, would needs know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong: “To my lord marquis of Carabas,” replied the reapers; and the king was very well pleased with it, as well as the marquis, whom he congratulated thereupon.

The master-cat, who went always before, said the same words to all he met; and the king was astonished at the vast estates of my lord marquis of Carabas.

Master Puss came at last to a stately castle, the owner of which was an ogre, the richest had ever been known; for all the lands which the king had then gone over belonged to this castle.

The cat, who had taken care to inform himself who the ogre was, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying he could not pass so near his castle without having the honor of paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do, and made him sit down. "I have been assured," said the cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to; you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like."

"This is true," answered the ogre, very briskly, "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion."

Puss was so sadly terrified at the sight of a lion so near him, that he immediately got into the gutter, not without abundance of trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were of no use at all to him in walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down and owned he had been very much frightened.

"I have been, moreover, informed," said the cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have also the power to take on you the shape of the

smallest animals ; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse ; but I must own to you, I take this to be impossible."

"Impossible !" cried the ogre, "you shall see that presently," and at the same time changed himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor.

Puss no sooner perceived this but he fell upon him, and ate him up.

Meanwhile the king, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his majesty's coach running over the drawbridge, ran out and said to the king, "Your majesty is welcome to this castle of my lord marquis of Carabas."

"What! my lord marquis!" cried the king, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court, and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please."

They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent collation which the ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter, knowing the king was there.

His majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my lord marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter, who was fallen in love with him; and see-

ing the vast estate he possessed, said to him, while they sat at the feast, "It will be owing to yourself only, my lord marquis, if you are not my son-in-law."

The marquis, making several low bows, accepted the honor which his majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more, but only for his diversion.

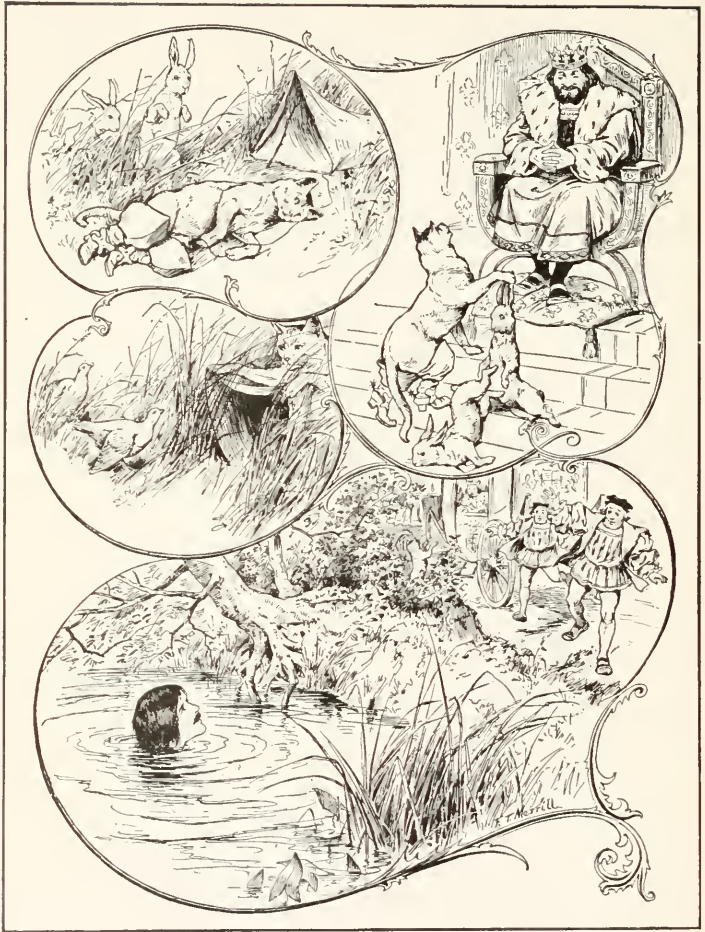
O THAT I WAS WHERE I WOULD BE.

O that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not;
But where I am, I must be;
And where I would be, I cannot.

A LITTLE HELP.

Edward Fitzgerald.

"Ah, thank 'ee, neighbor," said a perspiring sheep-driver the other day, to one who hooted away his flock from going down a wrong road, — "Thank 'ee — a little help is worth a deal o' pity."



THE STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

THE HISTORY OF SIR R. WHITTINGTON AND
HIS CAT.

Richard Whittington was supposed to have been an outcast, for he did not know his parents, they either dying or leaving him to the parish of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire.

As he grew up, being displeased with the cruel usage of his nurse, he ran away from her at seven years of age, and travelled about the country, living upon the charity of well-disposed persons, till he grew up to be a fine sturdy youth; when at last, being threatened to be whipped if he continued in that idle course of life, he resolved to go to London, whose streets he heard were paved with gold.

Not knowing the way, he followed the carrier; and at night, for the little services he did him in rubbing his horses. he got from him a supper.

When he arrived in this famous city, the carrier, supposing he would become a troublesome hanger-on, told him plainly he must leave the inn, and immediately seek out some employment, at the same time giving him a groat. With this he wandered about, not knowing any one, and, being in a tattered garb, some pitied him as a forlorn wretch, but few gave him anything.

What he had being soon spent, his stomach craved supply; but not having anything to satisfy it, he resolved rather to starve than steal.

After two hungry days, and lying on bulk-heads at night, weary and faint, he got to a merchant's house in Leadenhall Street, when he made many signs of his distressed condition, but the ill-natured cook was going to kick him from the door, saying, "If you tarry here, I will kick you into the kennel." This put him almost into despair, so he laid him down on the ground, being unable to go any farther.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzwarren, whose house it was, came from the Royal Exchange, and, seeing him there in that condition, demanded what he wanted, and sharply told him, if he did not immediately depart, he would cause him to be sent to the house of correction, calling him a lazy fellow.

On this, he got up; and, after falling two or three times, through faintness and want of food, making a bow, he told him he was a poor country fellow, and that, if he might be put in a way, he would refuse no labor, if it was only for his food. This raised a compassion in the merchant towards him; and then wanting a scullion, he immediately ordered one of his servants to take him in, and gave orders

how he should be employed. And so he was fed, to his great refreshment.

This was the first step of Providence to raise him to what in time made him the city's glory and the nation's wonder. But he met with many difficulties, for the servants made sport of him, and the ill-natured cook told him, "You are to come under me; so look sharp, clean the spits and the dripping-pan, make the fires, wind up the jack, and nimbly do all other scullery work that I may set you about, or else I will break your head with my ladle, and kick you about like a foot-ball."

This was cold comfort, but better than starving; and what gave him a beam of hope was that Miss Alice, his master's daughter, hearing her father had entertained another servant, came to see him, and ordered that he should be kindly used. After she had discoursed with him about his kindred and method of life, and found his answers ingenuous, she ordered him some cast-off garments, and that he should be clean, and appear like a servant in the house.

Then she went to her parents, and gave them her opinion of this stranger, which pleased them well, saying, "He looks like a serviceable fellow to do kitchen drudgery, run on errands, clean shoes, and

do such other things as the rest of the servants think beneath them."

By this time he was confirmed in his place, and a flock bed prepared in the garret for him. These conditions pleased him and he showed great diligence in the work, rising early and sitting up late, leaving nothing undone that he could do.

But, alas! being mostly under the cook-maid, she gave him sour sauce to these little sweets; for being of a morose temper, she used her authority beyond reason; so that, to keep in the family he had many a broken head, and the more he tried with good words to dissuade her from her cruelty, the more she insulted him, and not only abused him, but frequently complained against him, endeavoring to get him turned out of his service.

But Miss Alice, hearing of her usage, interposed in his favor, so that she should not prevail against him.

This was not the only misfortune he suffered, for, lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, running over his face, and disturbing him with their squeaking, so that he knew not what to think of his condition or how to mend it

After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry or die, or quit her service; and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after, a merchant came to dinner, and, it raining exceedingly hard, he stayed all night. Whittington, having cleaned his shoes, and brought them to his chamber-door, received from the merchant a penny. This stock he improved, for, going along the street of an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm; so he desired to know the price of it. The woman praised it for a good mouser, and told him, sixpence. But he declared that a penny was all his stock; and she let him have it.

He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give a greater blessing to his endeavors, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes,

for which they were to pay nothing for freight or custom.

Now all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities. But Miss Alice being by, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses; however, being constrained to come, he said that he hoped they would not jeer at a poor simple fellow for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could claim as his own was but a poor cat, which he had bought for a penny that he had had given him for cleaning shoes, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him.

Upon this, Miss Alice offered to lay something down for him; but her father told her the custom was, it must be his own which he ventured, and then ordered him to bring his cat; which he did, but with great reluctance, fancying nothing would come of it. He with tears delivered it to the master of the ship, which was called the "Unicorn," and which fell down to Blackwall in order to proceed on her voyage.

The cook-maid, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, would jeer at him about his grand adventure, when she did

not scold at him, and led him such a life that he grew weary of enduring it, and little expecting what ensued, he resolved rather to try Dame Fortune than live in such great torment.

And so, having packed up his bundle over night, he got out early on Allhallow's day, intending to ramble about the country. But as he went through Moorfields, he began to have pensive thoughts, and his resolutions began to fail him; however, on he went to Holloway, and sat down there to consider of the matter, when on a sudden Bow bells began to ring a merry peal.

He listened, fancied they called him back from his intended journey, and promised him the good fortune that afterwards befell him, imagining they expressed, —

“ Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

This was a happy thought, as it made so great an impression on him, that finding that it was early, and that he might be at home before the family were stirring, he delayed not; and all things answered his expectation, for, having left the door ajar, he crept softly in, and got to his usual drudgery.

During this time, the ship in which the cat was,

was driven by contrary winds on the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, unknown to the English; but, finding the people courteous, the master and factor traded with them; so, bringing their wares of sundry sorts upon the decks, and opening them, they suited them so well that the news was carried to the king, who sent for patterns, with which he was so pleased that he sent for the factor to his palace.

Their entertainment, according to custom, was on the floor, covered with carpets interwoven with gold and silver, on which they sat cross-legged. This kind of table was no sooner laid with various dishes than the scent drew together a great number of rats and mice, which devoured all that came in their way. This much surprised the factor, who asked the nobles if these vermin were not offensive.

“Oh,” said they, “very much so. His majesty would give half his revenue to be freed from them; for they are not only offensive at his table, but his chamber and bed are so troubled with them that he is always guarded for fear of mischief.” The factor then remembering Whittington’s cat, and rejoicing at the occasion, told the king that he had an English beast in the ship which would rid all the court of them quickly.

The king, overjoyed at hearing the good news, and being anxious to be freed from those vermin which so much spoiled his pleasure, disturbed his mind, and made all his enjoyments burdensome, desired to see this surprising creature; saying, "For such a thing, I will load your ship with gold, diamonds, and rich pearls."

This large offer made the master endeavor the more to enhance the cat's merits, saying, "She is the most admirable creature in the world; and I cannot spare her for she keeps my ship clear of rats and mice, otherwise they would destroy all my goods."

But his majesty would take no denial, saying, "No price shall part us."

The cat being sent for, and the tables being spread, the vermin came as before. Then they set her on the table, and she fell to it immediately, and killed them all in a trice. Then she came purring and curling up her tail to the king and queen, as if she asked a reward for her service; whilst they admired her, protesting it was the finest diversion they had ever seen.

His Moorish majesty was so pleased with the cat that he gave ten times more for her than for all the freight besides. The ship then sailed with a

fair wind, and arrived safe at Blackwall, being the richest ship that ever came into England.

The master took the cabinet of jewels with him on shore, they being too rich a prize to be left on board, and presented his bill of lading to Mr. Fitzwarren, who praised God for such a prosperous voyage.

When he called all of his servants to give each his due, the master showed him the cabinet of pearls and jewels, the sight of which much surprised him; but upon being told it was all for Whittington's cat, he said, "God forbid that I should deprive him of one farthing of it."

He then sent for him by the title of Mr. Whittington, who was then in the kitchen cleaning pots and spits. Being told he must come to his master, he made several excuses; but, being urged to go, he at length came to the door and there stood bowing and scraping, scrupling to enter, until the merchant commanded him in and ordered a chair to be immediately set for him; on which he, thinking they intended to make sport of him, fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes besought him not to mock a poor simple fellow, who meant none of them any harm.

Mr. Fitzwarren, raising him up, said, "Indeed,

Mr. Whittington, we are serious with you, for in estate at this instant you are an abler man than myself," and then gave him the vast riches which amounted to three hundred thousand pounds, — an immense sum in those days.

At length, being persuaded to believe, he fell upon his knees, and praised Almighty God, who had vouchsafed to behold so poor a creature in the midst of his misery. Then, turning to his master, he laid his riches at his feet; but he said, "No, Mr. Whittington, God forbid I should take so much as a ducat from you; may it be a comfort to you!"

Whittington then turned to Miss Alice, but she also refused it; upon which, bowing low, he said to her, "Madam, whenever you please to make choice of a husband, I will make you the greatest fortune in the world."

Upon this he began to distribute his bounty to his fellow-servants, giving even his mortal enemy the cook one hundred pounds for her portion. He also distributed his bounty very plentifully to all the ship's crew.

Upon this change, the haberdashers, tailors, and sempstresses were set to work to make Mr. Whittington fine clothes, and all things answerable to

his fortune. Being dressed, he appeared a very comely person, insomuch that Miss Alice began to lay her eyes upon him. Now, her father, seeing this, intended a match between them, looking upon him to be a fortunate man. He also took him to the Royal Exchange to see the customs of the merchants, where he was no sooner known than they came to welcome him into their society.

Soon after this, a match was proposed between him and his master's daughter, when he excused himself on account of the meanness of his birth; but that objection being removed by his present worth, it was soon agreed upon, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were invited to the wedding.

After the honeymoon was over, his father-in-law asked him what employment he would follow; whereupon he replied, he should like that of a merchant. So they joined together in partnership, and both grew immensely rich.

Though fortune had thus bountifully smiled on the subject of our history, he was far from being proud; yet he was merry, which made his company and acquaintance courted by all; and in a short time he was nominated Sheriff of London in the year 1393, Sir John Hadley then being Lord Mayor.

Thus he grew in riches and fame, being greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, whose hunger he always supplied. In five years' time he was chosen Lord Mayor, in which office he behaved with such justice and prudence, that he was chosen twice afterwards in the same office.

In the last year he entertained King Henry V., after his conquest of France, and his queen at Guildhall, in such a very grand manner, that the king was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject," and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said he would endeavor to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore and threw into the fire the king's bond for ten thousand marks due to the company of mercers; two thousand five hundred to the Chamber; two thousand to the grocers; and to the merchants, staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, three thousand marks each.

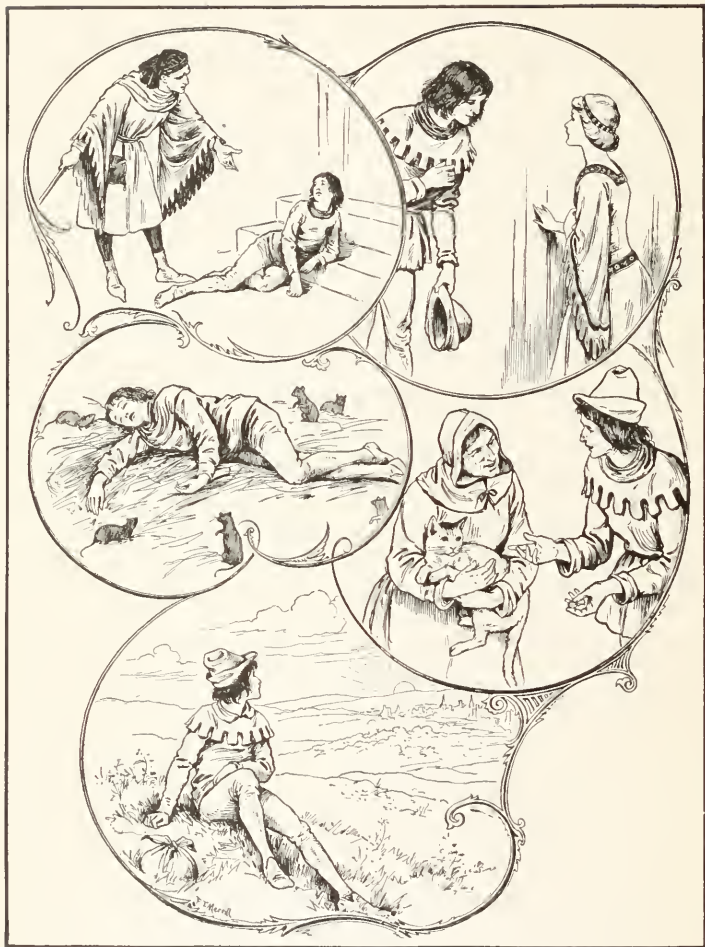
"All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of sixty thousand pounds sterling. Can

your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

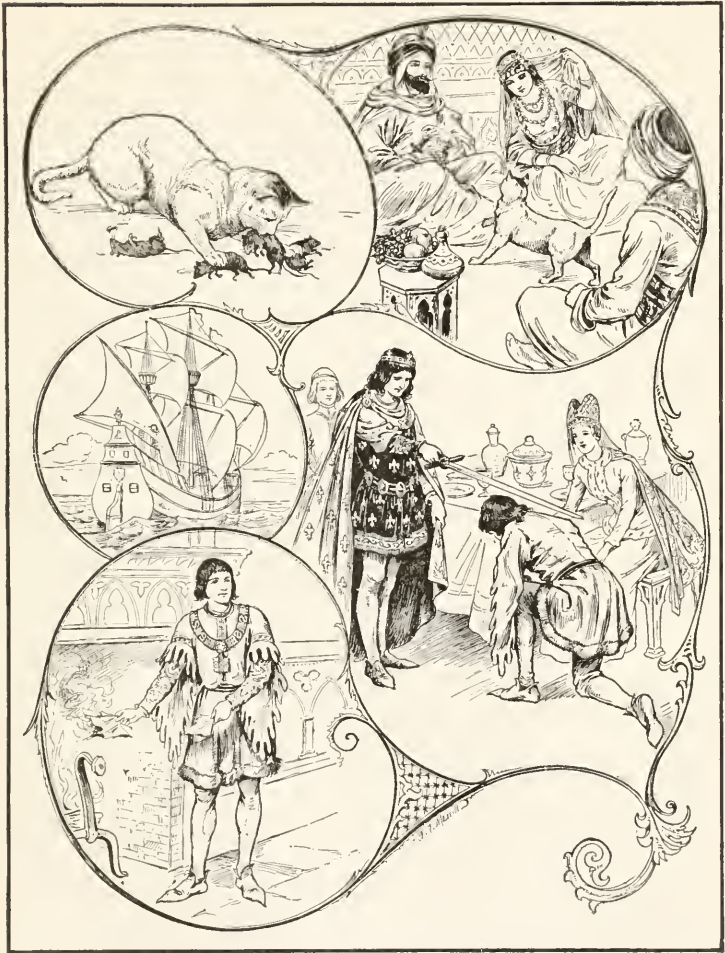
Sir Richard spent the rest of his days honored by the rich and beloved by the poor. He had by his wife two sons and two daughters, some of whose posterity are worthy citizens.

He built many charitable houses; also a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael, adding to it a college, dedicated to St. Mary, with a yearly allowance for poor scholars; near which he erected a hospital, and well endowed it. There he caused his father-in-law and mother-in-law to be buried, and left room for himself and wife when death should call them. He built Newgate, a place for criminals. He gave large sums to Bartholomew's Hospital, and to many other charitable uses.

Dame Alice, his wife, died in the sixty-third year of her age, after which he would not marry, though he outlived her near twenty years. In the conclusion, he died, and was buried in the place aforesaid, leaving a good name to posterity. The figure of Sir Richard Whittington, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780, over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.



THE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

A PART OF THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF
LITTLE GOODY TWOSHoes.

INSCRIBED TO ALL YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES
WHO ARE GOOD, OR INTEND TO BE GOOD.

Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith.

All the world must allow that Twoshoes was not her real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes which he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graspall, he was effectually ruined. . . . These men turned the farmer, his wife, Little Margery and her brother out of doors, without any of the necessaries of life to support them. . . .

Care and discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's father. . . . Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world. . . . It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart

good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them (not being in their own parish) but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relatives took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curl-pated boy as Tommy. Our relatives and friends seldom take notice of us when we are poor; but as we grow rich they grow fond.

And this will always be the case, while people love money better than virtue, or better than they do God Almighty.

But such wicked folks, who love nothing but money, and are proud and despise the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we shall see by and by.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where Little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relative come to see him, 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 little sailor. . . .

The parting between these two little children was very affecting. Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other an 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. . . .

As soon as Little Margery got up the next morning, which was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed. However, at this instant, the shoemaker very opportunely came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported Little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron cried out: —

“Two shoes, mamma, see, two shoes!”

And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Twoshoes, though her playmates called her Old Goody Twoshoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good

to her, and had agreed to breed her up with their family. . . . But at last they were obliged to send her away; for the people who had ruined her father, could at any time have ruined them.

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 got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself.

She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words in the world; but as some of these letters are large and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood, ten sets of each of these:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
x y z

And six sets of these:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z.

And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell; and after that she taught them to compose sentences. You know what a sentence is, my dear? *I will be good*, is a sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several words.

The usual manner of spelling or carrying on the game as they called it, was this: suppose the word to be spelt was *plum pudding* — and who can suppose a better? The children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter *p*, the next *l*, the next *u*, the next *m*, and so on until the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was at their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children with these rattle-traps in a basket.

I once went her rounds with her. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, tap, tap, tap.

“Who's there?”

“Only little Goody Twoshoes,” answered Margery, “come to teach Billy.”

“Oh! little Goody,” says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, “I am glad to see you.”

“Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned all his lesson.”

Then out came the little boy.

“How do, Doody Twoshoes,” says he, not able to speak plain.

Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down this alphabet mixed together thus:—

b d f h k m o q s u w y z a c e g i l n
p r t v x j.

And he picked them up, called them by their right names and put them all in order thus:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
u v w x y z.

She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters in the manner you here see them:—

B D F H K M O Q S U W Y Z A C
E G I L M P R T V X J.

And he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them thus:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. "Bow, bow, bow," says the dog at the door.

"Sirrah," says his Mistress, "what, do you bark at Little Twoshoes?"

"Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly; she has learned all her lesson."

Then out came the little one.

"So Madge!" says she.

"So Sally!" answered the other, "have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables:—

ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu,
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu,

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after which she set up the following:—

ac ec ic oc uc, ad ed id od ud,
af ef if of uf, ag eg ig og ug,

and pronounced them likewise. . . .

After this, Little Twoshoes taught her to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, fawn, buck, doe,

lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round Little Margery at once; and, having pulled out her letters, she asked the boy next her, what he had for dinner.

Who answered, "Bread" (the poor children in many places live very hard).

"Well, then," says she, "set the first letter."

He then put up the letter *B*, to which the next added *r*, and the next *e*, the next *a*, the next *d*; and it stood thus, "*Bread*."

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?"

"Apple-pie," answered the little girl: upon which the next in turn set up a great *A*, the two next a *p* each, and so on until the two words *Apple* and *pie* were united and stood thus, "*Apple-pie*."

The next had Potatoes, the next Beef and Turnips, which were spelt, with many others, until the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we went on.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thompson's, where there were a great many little ones waiting for her.

“So, little Mrs. Goody Twoshoes,” says one of them, “where have you been so long?”

“I have been teaching,” says she, “longer than I intended, and am afraid I am come too soon for you now.”

“No, but indeed you are not,” replied the other, “for I have got my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all;” and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her.

“Why then,” says she, “you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; so let us begin our lesson.”

They all huddled round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding, who dealt only in sentences.

The letters being brought upon the table, one of the little ones set up the following sentence:—

The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and say my prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength; and honor government and all good men in authority.

Then the next took the letters, and composed this sentence:—

Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my neighbor as myself, and do unto all men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no lies; but be honest and just in all my dealings.

The third composed the following sentence:—

The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may honor my father and mother, and love my brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, and all my playmates, and everybody, and endeavor to make them happy.

The fourth composed the following:—

I pray God to bless this whole company, and all our friends, and all our enemies.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of his rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with Little Margery, and said, laughingly:—

“So, Goody Twoshoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray, can you tell me what I shall do to get well?”

“Yes,” says she, “go to bed when your rooks do. You see they are going to rest already. Do

you so likewise, and get up with them in the morning; earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn, and you will get health and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houses only, but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? They never build over cottages or farm-houses, because they see that these people know how to live without their admonition."

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussy.

Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline that important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine Little Twoshoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office.

This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favor, namely, that Little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head, and the best heart of any one she had examined.

All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great

opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

This Mrs. Margery thought the happiest period of her life; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love him, and though for a time he may suffer them to be poor and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here, and no one can doubt of their being so hereafter. . . .

No sooner was Mrs. Margery settled as president of the A, B, C, college than she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare and happiness of all her neighbors, and especially of the little ones, in whom she took great delight; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay for their education, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company; for you are to observe that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

The school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was large, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the school,

so that every one was obliged to get up to fetch a letter, or to spell a word when it came to his turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

She had the following assistants or ushers to help her, and I will tell you how she came by them.

Mrs. Margery, you must know, was very humane and compassionate; and her tenderness extended not only to all mankind, but even to all animals that were not noxious; as yours ought to do, if you would be happy here, and go to heaven hereafter. These are God Almighty's creatures as well as we. He made both them and us; and for wise purposes, best known to himself, placed them in this world to live among us, so that they are our fellow tenants of the globe. How, then, can people dare to torture and wantonly destroy God Almighty's creatures? They, as well as you, are capable of feeling pain, and of receiving pleasure; and how can you, who want to be made happy yourself, delight in making your fellow creatures miserable?

Do you think the poor birds, whose nest and young ones that wicked boy, Dick Wilson, ran

away with yesterday, do not feel as much pain as your father and mother would have felt, had any one pulled down their house and run away with you? To be sure they do.

Mrs. Twoshoes used to speak of those things, and of naughty boys throwing at cocks, torturing flies, and whipping horses and dogs, with tears in her eyes, and would never suffer any one to come to her school who did so.

One day, as she 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.

Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read; and, as he was particularly fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call this Ralph's alphabet:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z.

He always sat at her elbow, and when any of the children were wrong, she used to call out, "Put them right, Ralph."

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 leg, in order to let it fly, and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor animal with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment.

This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom.

And as the raven, Ralph, was fond of the large letters, Tom, the pigeon, took care of the small ones, of which he composed this alphabet:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
x y z.

The neighbors, knowing that Mrs. Twoshoes was very good, as to be sure nobody was better, made her a present of a little skylark, and a fine bird he was.

Now as many people, even at that time, had learned to lie in bed long in the morning, she thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when 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 it home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed, for it was a rule with the wise men of that age (and a very good one, let me tell you) to

Rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.

This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was. No sooner were Tippy the lark, and Will, the ba-lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue, Ralph, the raven, composed the following verses, which every little good boy and girl should get by heart:—

*Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.*

A sly rogue, but it is true enough; for those who do not go to bed early, cannot rise early; and those who do not rise early, cannot do much business.

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, Jumper, and a pretty dog he was. Jumper, Jumper, Jumper! He was always in good humor, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper.

The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he may be called the porter

of the college, for he would let nobody go out, or any one come in, without the leave of his mistress.

Billy, the ba-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Twoshoes made it a rule, that those who behaved best should have Will to go home with them at night to carry their satchels, or baskets, at his back, and bring them in the morning. . . .

But one day a dreadful accident happened in the school. It was on a Thursday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their lessons soon, she had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the school, and diverting themselves with the birds and the lamb; at this time the dog, all of a sudden, laid hold of his mistress's apron, and endeavored to pull her out of the school. She was at first surprised; however, she followed him to see what he intended.

No sooner had he led her into the garden, than he ran back and pulled out one of the children in the same manner; upon which, she ordered them all to leave the school immediately; and they had not been out five minutes before the top of the house fell in.

What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty, to save

all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument as a little sagacious animal to accomplish his divine will!

I should have observed that as soon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to express his joy, and when the house had fallen, laid himself down quietly by his mistress.

Some of the neighbors, who saw the school fall, and who were in great pain for Margery and the little ones, soon spread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance; they had, however, the satisfaction to find them all safe, and upon their knees, with their mistress, giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog should have more sense than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the lord of creation, and endowed him with reason, yet in many respects, He has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of His forming. Some of the senses of other animals are more acute than ours, as we find by daily experience. . . .

And as they are so sensible and kind to us, we ought to be tender and good to them, and not

beat them about and kill them. Do not the horse and the ass carry you and your burdens? Does not the ox plough your ground, the cow give you milk, the sheep clothe your back, the dog watch your house, the hen bring eggs for your custards and puddings, and the cock call you up in the morning, when you are lazy and like to hurt yourselves by lying too long in bed? If so, how can you be cruel to them? God will bless you, but not unless you are merciful and good.

The downfall of the school was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for she not only lost all her books, but was destitute of a place to teach in. But Sir William Dove, being informed of this, ordered the house to be built at his own expense, and till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

While at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the daytime, but the farmer's servants, and all the neighbors, to read and write in the evening. This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbors, a high opinion of her good sense and prudent behavior; and she was so much esteemed, that most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision. . . .

One gentleman, in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman, sending for her afterwards when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, 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.

She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her, but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady, until he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him, that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbors 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 greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry, and faint away in the stranger's arms.

This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman so richly dressed and bedizened with lace, was that identical little boy, whom you before saw in the sailor's habit; in short, it was little Tom Twoshoes, Mrs. Margery's brother, who had just come from beyond sea, where he had made a large fortune; and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, he had ridden in haste, 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. They soon returned to their places and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

The harmony and affection that lay between this happy couple cannot be told. Mrs. Margery still went on with her good works. She paid great regard to the poor and made their interest her

own; in short, 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 neighborhood.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

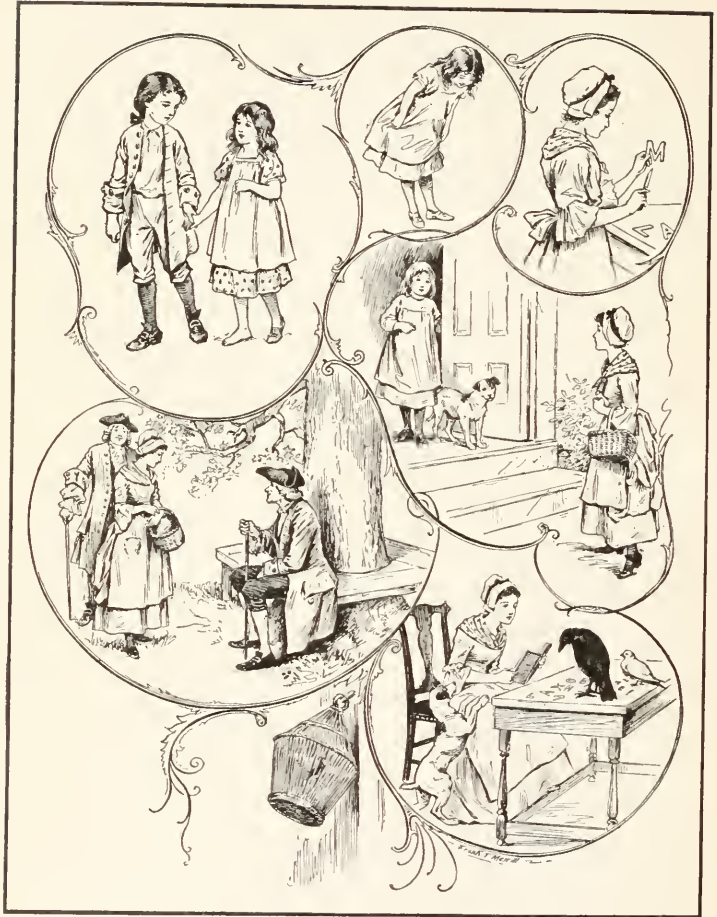
By Jane and Ann Taylor.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

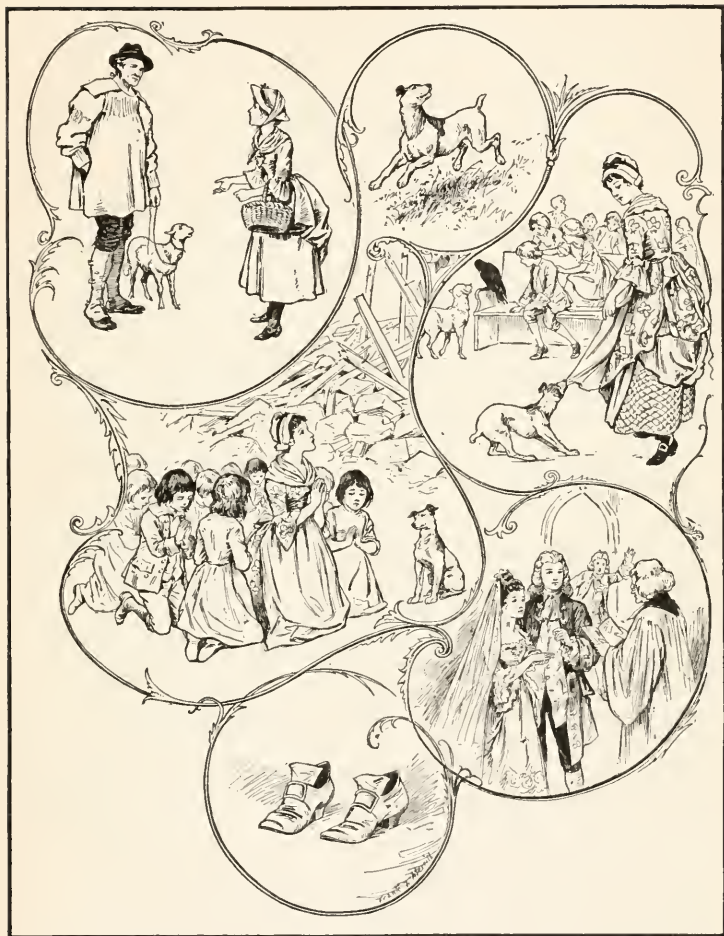
When I've done all my bus'ness with patience and care,
And been good and obliging and kind,
I lay on my pillow and sleep away care,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confest,
That I careless and idle have been,
I lay down as usual and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good — without being contented.



THE STORY OF GOODY TWO SHOES.
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF GOODY TWO SHOES.
TOLD IN PICTURES.

NOTES.

PAGE 1. — “The Three Bears” was written by Robert Southey and was printed in “The Doctor,” vol. iv., London, 1837. It is probably a reduction to writing of a current folk-tale, but Mr. Joseph Jacobs has been able to furnish no parallels. The incident of sitting in the three chairs, etc., is in Grimm’s “Sneewitchen.” The girl with the golden hair is a naughty old woman in the original, and was introduced in a metrical version by G. W., which Southey much commended. Professor Dowden says that Southey’s memory is kept alive more by “The Three Bears” than by anything else he wrote. The traditional American version here given differs slightly from Southey’s.

PAGE 6. — “Little lamb, who made thee?” is from “The Lamb,” which appeared in *Songs of Innocence, the author and printer W. Blake*, 1789.

PAGE 9. — The full title is “Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her Seven Wonderful Cats: A humorous tale written principally by a lady of ninety [Mrs. Sharpe]. Edited with additional verses, by John Ruskin, LL.D., Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. And with new illustrations by Kate Greenaway. With twenty-two woodcuts. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, 1885.” The third, fourth, eighth, and ninth stanzas are by Mr. Ruskin. “But my rhymes do not ring like the real ones,” he writes in the preface; and in “Fors Clavigera” (vol. v, pp. 37-8): “I aver these rhymes to possess the primary virtue of rhyme, — that is, to be rhythmical, in a pleasant and exemplary degree.”

PAGES 16, 53, 82, 96, 111. — “Cinderella,” “Diamonds and Toads,” “Little Red Riding Hood,” “Puss in Boots,” and “Sleeping Beauty” are first found in print in French in a magazine entitled, *Recueil de pièces curieuses et nouvelles tant en prose qu’en vers*, which was published by Adrian Moetjens at the Hague in 1696-7.

Among the many translations the purest and simplest English has been found in a little book containing both the English and French, and

entitled, "Tales of Passed Times, by Mother Goose. With Morals. Written in *French* by M. [Charles] Perrault, and *Englished* by R. S. Gent. To which is added a new one, viz. *The Discreet Princess*. The Seventh Edition, Corrected and Adorned with fine Cuts. *New York: Printed for J. Rivington, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 56 Pearl Street, 1795.*"

Who R. S. was and where he made his translation we can only conjecture.

The germs of these stories are to be found in the oldest literatures; they are among the oldest folk-tales in the world.

They were orally current in France and the neighboring countries long before Perrault wrote them down, and an interesting account of the various forms in which they are found in the literature and folk-lore of other nations before Perrault's time is given in *Les Contes de ma mere L'oye avant Perrault*, by Charles Deulin, Paris, E. Dentu, 1878.

In this book Mr. Deulin inclines to the view that the stories as first published by Perrault were not really written by him, but by his little son of ten or eleven to whom Perrault told the stories as he had gathered them up with the intention of rendering them in verse after the manner of La Fontaine. The lad had an excellent memory, much natural wit, and a great gift of expression. He loved the stories his father told him, and thoroughly enjoyed the task his father set him, of re-writing them from memory, as an exercise. This was so happily done, in such a fresh, artless and engaging style exactly befitting the subjects of the stories, that the father deemed the son's version better than any which he could make, and published it under his own name.

The translation made its way slowly in England at first, but in the end the stories nearly eclipsed the native fairy tales and legends of that land, — which owing to Puritan influence had been frowned upon and discouraged until they were hardly remembered except in the remoter districts. Indeed, the Puritanical objection to all nursery lore still lingers in some corners of England. Emerson says, "What Nature at one time provides for use, she afterwards turns to ornament," and Herbert Spencer, developing this idea, remarks that "the fairy lore which in times past was matter of grave belief, and held sway over people's conduct has since been transformed into ornament for 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Fairy Queen,' and endless small tales and poems; and still affords subjects for children's story books . . . amuses boys and girls, . . . and becomes matter for jocose allusion." Thus, also, Sir Walter Scott, in a note to "The Lady of the Lake": "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next, and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages;" and Max Muller, in his "Chips from a German Bookshop," says, "The

gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demigods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and these demigods again became at a later age the principal characters of our nursery tales." These thoughts may help to a better understanding of some of the uses of such stories, and of their proper place in children's reading.

PAGE 24. — "The Wind" is taken (with slight changes) from the poem of the same name in "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892.

PAGE 25. — "The City Mouse" and the other poems in this volume by Miss Rossetti are taken from "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme Book," 1871.

PAGE 34. — "Tom Thumb" is an English variant of "Little Thumb," "Petit Poucet" in Perrault's collection (vide ante), though the details of both differ very widely. The germ of this story occurs in various forms in the oldest books of the Far East, — whence comes more than a third of our Fairy Tales, Rhymes, and Jingles, including even the original of "The Tar Baby," — and is found also among the oral legends of the American Indians, and of the Zulus of Africa, as well as in the older literature of every country of Europe, North, East, South, and West.

"Tom Thumb" is a very old character in English nursery literature, and has become less confused with foreign versions than almost any other. In 1611 the ancient tales of "Tom Thumb" were said to have been "in the olde time the only revivers of drouzy age at midnight: old and young have with his tales chim'd mattens till the cocks crow in the morning: Batchelors and Maides with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the Curfew-bell rings, Candle out: the old Shepheard and the young Plow boy after their days' labour have carol'd out a Tale of Tom Thumbe to make them merry with: and who but little Tom hath made long nights seem short and heavy toyles easie?"

PAGE 51. — This poem by Coleridge is sometimes called "Answer to a Child's Question." It was first printed in the *Morning Post*, Oct. 16, 1802, with the heading, — "*The Language of Birds: Lines spoken extempore to a little child in early spring.*"

PAGE 62. — "Jack and the Beanstalk" is as ancient and widespread as "Tom Thumb," and our version of the story is the English one which has been the longest current and is the least corrupted with incidents from its variants in other countries.

PAGE 122. — The text of "Whittington and his Cat" is based upon a careful collation of three of the oldest versions, found in the Boswell collection of chap-books in the Harvard College Library.

It is astonishing how complete a picture of the life and times of a character that has become a hero of popular legend, can be constructed from the abundant records preserved by the pious care of the citizens of London for more than five hundred years. For Sir Richard Whittington was a real character. He served as Lord Mayor of London in part of the year 1396, in 1397, in 1406, and in 1419. He was one of London's merchant princes: a wise, generous, and just man. He left rich endowments for learning and for city improvements; he founded a college and built a library for the city; he restored St. Bartholomew's Hospital; he improved the prisons, which were pest houses in his day; and enforced simple sanitary legislation. The story of his life, with a picturesque and vivid description of the conditions of life, the manners and customs of the fourteenth century in London, is told by Sir Walter Besant and James Rice in a volume entitled "Sir Richard Whittington," London, Marcus Ward & Co., 1881. While this little book throws much interesting light on the question of what is fact and what is fiction in the story, it is still difficult to say how much of the cat story is true. The same tale is told in a dozen different ways, and of a dozen different people, and they all refer to about the same period.

This, however, is clear: that his executors associated Whittington's memory with a cat, and that many of the records concerning him have connected him with a cat. It is also clear, from contemporary history, that tame cats were much scarcer then than now, and that in many distant countries they were unknown. There is also plenty of evidence that they were about this period valuable articles of merchandise; and there is little doubt that in some way or other Whittington did make a fortunate venture with a cat, and thus laid the foundation of his riches; and of this oft repeated legend.

PAGE 138. — "Goody Two Shoes" was published in April, 1765, and few nursery books have had a wider circulation, or have retained their position so long. The number of editions that have been published both in England and America is legion. Even in 1802, Charles Lamb, in writing to Coleridge, said: "'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery, and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about."

The authorship of this famous little story has been attributed to Goldsmith by many authorities, conspicuous among whom are Washington Irving and William Godwin. The Misses Bewick, daughters of the celebrated engraver, who illustrated an edition of the book for T. Saint, of

Newcastle, understood from their father that it was by Oliver Goldsmith. A group of six-penny books for children, ingeniously and quaintly named, published by John Newbery in 1765, is characterized by a distinct literary flavor; and one of the number, "The Lilliputian Magazine," is attributed in the British Museum Catalogue to Oliver Goldsmith. So strong is the family likeness in all the books, that it is believed that they are all by the same hand. The title of "Goody Two Shoes," with its quaint phrasing, shows no common genius, and, as Washington Irving says, "bears the stamp of his [Goldsmith's] sly and playful humor." Since the book was published in 1765, it is most likely to have been written just at the time when Goldsmith was working most industriously in the service of Newbery (1763-4), at which period he was living near Newbery at Islington, and his publisher was paying for his board and lodging.

The text of the extracts here published is from a photographic facsimile of the earliest complete copy, edited by Charles Welsh (Griffith and Farran. *Successors to Newbery and Harris*, West Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, 1880). The quaint title reads as follows, — "THE HISTORY of Little GOODY TWO-SHOES; Otherwise called, Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES. WITH The Means by which she acquired her Learning and Wisdom, and in consequence thereof her Estate; set forth at large for the Benefit of those,

*Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair;
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in a Coach and Six.*

See the Original Manuscript in the *Vatican* at *Rome*, and the Cuts by *Michael Angelo*. Illustrated with the Comments of our great modern Critics. The THIRD EDITION. LONDON: Printed for J. Newbery, at the *Bible and Sun* in *St. Paul's-Church-Yard*. 1766. [Price Six-pence.]"

The dedication is, "To ALL Young Gentlemen and Ladies Who are good, or intend to be good, This BOOK Is inscribed by their old Friend In *St. Paul's Church-yard*." With slight changes, the book was reprinted in America under the same title: "The First Worcester Edition. Printed at Worcester, *Massachusetts*, by *Isaiah Thomas*, And sold Wholesale and Retail, at his Book Store. MDCCLXXXVII."

Mr. Welsh's later researches into the history of the book have led him to the conclusion that it was planned by John Newbery and written by Goldsmith.

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