

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES,  
No. 47.

THE HISTORY OF  
THE YELLOW DWARF.

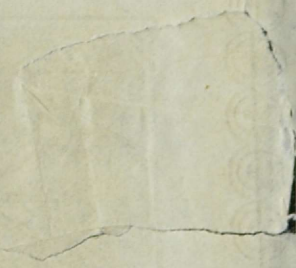
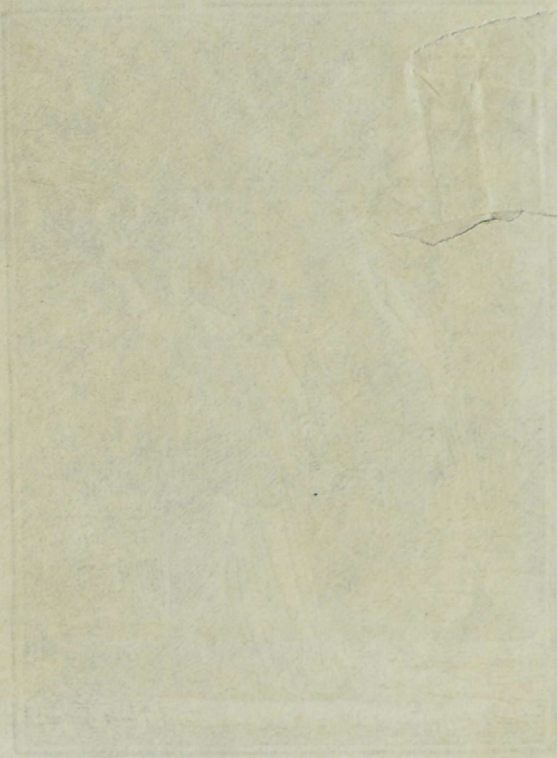


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THE YELLOW DWARF  
THE HISTORY OF  
THE YOUNG MAN



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## THE HISTORY

OF

## THE YELLOW DWARF.

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THERE was once a Queen, who, though she had born many children, they all died but one daughter, and being left a widow, without the hopes of any more, she was so very fond of her, that she completely spoiled her with indulgence. This Princess was so exceedingly beautiful, that she went by the name of All-Fair; but flattery, and knowing she was born to a crown, made her so proud and vain, that she thought every person was born only to serve her.

When the Princess had reached her fifteenth year, the Queen, who was anxious to get her married, caused her picture to be drawn, and then sent it to all the neighbouring courts. Such was the power of All-Fair's beauty, that every one who saw the picture fell desperately in love with her, and above twenty kings came to pay their addresses to her. Never was a court more brilliant; for these princes vied with each other in giving splendid and expensive entertainments in honour of All-Fair, and thought themselves richly recompensed, if she deigned to bestow on them a look or a smile. However desirous they were to please the Princess, yet none of them had the power to touch her heart, and she was so vain of her charms, that she refused every offer of marriage with disdain.

The Princess's lovers complained to the Queen of her cruelty, and she tried to persuade her daughter to marry one of them; but it was all to no purpose, for All-Fair told her, that she was resolved never to marry; and so conceited was this Princess, that she did not think there was any prince in the world a good enough match for her.

The Queen was in great distress at the stubbornness

of her daughter, and she found, too late, the error she had committed in honouring her so much. However, she determined to go and consult the Desert Fairy, who lived at a considerable distance, and to ask her advice concerning the Princess.

Now, as this powerful fairy was guarded by two fierce lions, it was impossible to pass them without appeasing their fury, and this could only be done by giving them a cake made of millet, sugar-candy, and crocodiles' eggs. The Queen having provided herself with a cake made for the purpose, put it in a little basket, which she hung upon her arm, and set out for the abode of the fairy. After travelling for some time she felt very weary, and lay down under a tree to rest herself, where she fell insensibly asleep.

On awakening, she heard the roaring of the lions which guarded the fairy, and she immediately seized



her basket, but alas! the cake was gone; and almost frightened to death, she sunk down at the foot of the tree. She was roused by hearing a voice crying, "Hem! hem!" and looking up, she saw a little yellow man, about half a yard in height, sitting on the tree picking and eating oranges.

"Ah! Queen," said the Yellow Dwarf, who was called by this name on account of his complexion, and the orange-tree he lived in, "how will you escape from the lions that are now approaching you, when you have no cake to pacify them? I know the business that brought

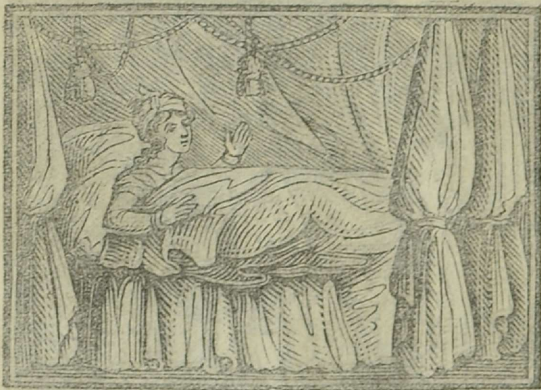
you here, and as I am in want of a wife, and you are anxious to get your daughter settled in life, if you promise her to me in marriage, I will save you." The Queen looked at the frightful little wretch, and was struck with such horror at his disgusting appearance, that she could not utter a word; but at that moment the lions making their appearance, she was so dreadfully frightened, that she cried out, "Save me, good Sir Dwarf, and my daughter is yours." Immediately the



Dwarf caused the tree to open, and the Queen having entered, it closed again.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Queen, for she instantly found herself in her own palace, dressed in a superb robe of curious lace, and attended by the Princess and the other ladies of the court. At first the Queen began to think all that passed was only a dream;

but the rich dress she wore having convinced her of the reality of it, and the sight of All-Fair, she was seized with such a fit of melancholy, as to be unable either to speak, eat, or sleep. The Princess, who loved her mother, was much grieved at her distress, and having in vain endeavoured to find out the cause of her dejection, determined to go and consult the Desert Fairy about the state of the Queen. Accordingly, after preparing a cake to appease the lions, which she put into a basket, the Princess set forward on her journey for the abode of the Fairy. As she went exactly the same road her mother had taken before, she came to the fatal orange-tree, which was loaded with fine fruit, and feeling a great desire to gather some, she set down her basket, and began to pluck and eat the oranges. In the mean-



time the lions fell a-roaring, and the terror and grief of the Princess was inexpressible, on looking down, to find that both her basket and cake were gone. While she was lamenting her deplorable situation, the Yellow Dwarf presented himself to her with these words: "Lovely Princess, dry up your tears, and hear what I am going to say: You need not proceed to the Desert Fairy to know the reason of your mother's indisposition, she is ungenerous enough to repent of having promised you, her adorable daughter, to me in marriage."—"How!" interrupted the Princess; "my mother promised me to you in marriage! you! such a fright!"—"Nay, none of your scoffs," returned the Yellow Dwarf,

“I wish you not to stir up my anger: if you will promise to marry me, I will be the tenderest and most loving husband in the world—if not, save yourself from the lions if you can.” In short, the Princess was forced to give her word that she would have him, but with such an agony of mind, that she fell into a swoon, out of which when she recovered, she found herself in her own bed, finely adorned with ribbons, and a ring of a single red hair so fastened round her finger that it could not be got off.

This adventure had the same effect upon All-Fair as the former had upon her mother. She grew melancholy, which was remarked and wondered at by the whole court. The best way to divert her, they thought, would be to urge her to marry; which the Princess, who was now



become less obstinate on that score than formerly, consented to; and thinking that such a pigmy as the Yellow Dwarf would not dare to contend with so gallant a person as the King of the Golden Mines, she fixed upon this king for her husband, who was exceedingly rich and powerful, and loved her to distraction. The most superb preparations were made for the nuptials, and the happy day being fixed, the king's rivals, who were in the utmost despair at his good fortune, left the court, and returned to their dominions, not being able to be eye-witnesses to the Princess's marriage.

At last the long-wished-for day came, and the nuptials were proclaimed by the sound of trumpets and other

ceremonies, the balconies were all adorned with tapestries, and the houses bedecked with flowers ; when, as they were proceeding to the ceremony, they saw moving towards them a box, whereon sat an old woman remarkable for her ugliness. — “Hold, Queen and Princess,” cried she, knitting her brows, “remember the promises you both made to my friend the Yellow Dwarf. I am the Desert Fairy, and if All-Fair does not marry



him, I swear by my coif I will burn my crutch.” The Queen and Princess were struck motionless by this unexpected greeting of the Fairy ; but the Prince of the Golden Mines was exceedingly wroth ; and, holding his sword to her throat, “Fly, wretch !” said he, “or thy malice shall cost thee thy life.” No sooner had he uttered these words, than the top of the box flying off, out came the Yellow Dwarf, mounted upon a large Spanish cat, who placing himself between the King and the Fairy, uttered these words : “Rash youth, thy rage shall be levelled at me, not at the Desert Fairy ; I am thy rival, and claim her by promise, and a single hair round her finger.”

This so enraged the King, that he cried out, “Contemptible creature ! wert thou worthy of notice, I would sacrifice thee for thy presumption.” Whereupon the Yellow Dwarf, clapping spurs to his cat, and drawing a large cutlass, defied the King to combat ; when they went into the court-yard. The sun immediately turned red as blood, and it became dark : thunder and light-



ning followed, by the flashes whereof were perceived two giants vomiting fire on each side of the Yellow Dwarf.

The King behaved with such undaunted courage, as to give the Dwarf great perplexity ; but was dismayed, when he saw the Desert Fairy, mounted on a winged griffin, with her head covered with snakes, strike the Princess so hard with a lance, that she fell into the Queen's arms all covered with blood. This tender mother, who was touched to the very soul to see her daughter in this condition, made most sad complaints ; and for the King, he lost both his reason and courage, left the combat, and ran to the Princess, to succour her, or die with her ; but the Yellow Dwarf would not allow him time to get to her, but flew on his Spanish cat into the balcony where she was, and took her out of her mother's arms, and from all the ladies, and then leaping upon the top of the palace, disappeared with his prize.

As the King stood confused and astonished at this strange adventure, he suddenly found a mist before his



eyes, and himself lifted up in the air by some extraordinary power : for the Desert Fairy had fallen in love with him. To secure him for herself, therefore, she carried him to a frightful cavern, hoping he would there forget All-Fair, and tried many artifices to complete her designs. But finding this scheme ineffectual, she resolved to carry him to a place altogether as pleasant as the other was terrible ; and accordingly sat him by herself in a chariot drawn by swans. In passing through

the air, he had the unspeakable surprise to see his adored Princess in a castle of polished steel, leaning her head on one hand, and wiping away the tears with the other. She happened to look up, and had the mortification to see the King sitting by the Fairy, who then by her art made herself appear extremely beautiful. Had not the King been sensible of the Fairy's power, he would certainly then have tried to free himself from her, by some means or other ; but he knew it would be in vain, and therefore pretended to have a liking for her. At last they came to a stately palace, fenced on one side by walls of emeralds, and on the other by a boisterous sea.

The King, by pretending to be in love with the Fairy, obtained the liberty to walk by himself on the shore ; and, as he was one day invoking the powers of the sea, he heard a voice, and presently after was surprised with the appearance of a Mermaid, which, coming up with a



pleasant smile, spoke these words—"O King of the Golden Mines, I well know all that has passed in regard to you and the fair Princess. Don't suspect this to be a contrivance of the Fairy's to try you, for I am an inveterate enemy both to her and the Yellow Dwarf ; therefore, if you will have confidence in me, I will lend you my assistance to procure the release not only of yourself, but of All-Fair also."

She then cut down some sea-rushes, and blowing upon them, said, "I order you not to stir off from this beach, till the Desert Fairy comes and takes you away."

Whereupon a skin grew soon over the rushes, and they became an inanimate likeness of the King of the Golden Mines. After this, the Mermaid made the King sit upon her tail, and they sailed away in a rolling sea, with all imaginable satisfaction.

When they had sailed some time, "Now," said the Mermaid to the King, "we draw near the place where your Princess is kept by the Yellow Dwarf. You will have many enemies to fight before you come to her; take, therefore, this sword, with which you may overcome every thing, provided you never let it go out of your hand." The King returned her all the thanks that the most grateful heart could suggest; and the Mermaid landed and took leave of him, promising him farther assistance when necessary.



But to return to the Desert Fairy: When she saw that her lover did not return, she hastened after to find him, running along all the shore, attended with a hundred young damsels, loaded with presents for him: some brought great baskets full of diamonds, some golden vessels of admirable work, some ambergris, coral, and pearls, and some carried great pieces of stuffs upon their heads of prodigious riches; in short, every thing that might be acceptable. But in what a sad condition was the Fairy, when, following this noble troop, she saw the rushes in the shape of the King of the Golden Mines: she was so amazed and grieved, that she gave a terrible shriek, that made the hills echo again: she

threw herself upon the body, cried, howled, and tore fifty of the persons that were with her in pieces, as a sacrifice to the manes of the dear deceased.

The King, in the meantime, after parting with the Mermaid, advanced boldly forward, and meeting with two terrible sphinxes, who flew at him, would have torn him in a thousand pieces, had it not been for the Mermaid's sword, which glittered so in their eyes, that they fell down at his feet without any strength, when he gave each a mortal wound. He then attacked six dragons,



which opposed his passage, and despatched them also. Then he met with four-and-twenty nymphs, holding in their hands long garlands of flowers, with which they stopped his passage: "Whither are you going, sir?" said they; "we are appointed to guard this place, and if we let you pass, it will be bad both for you and us; therefore pray be not obstinate,—you would not imbrue your victorious arm in the blood of so many innocent young damsels, who have done you no wrong." At these words, the King, who was a great admirer of the fair sex, and had professed himself always their protector, was so confounded to think that he must force his passage through them, that he knew not what to resolve on; when he heard a voice say, "Strike! strike! or you will lose your Princess for ever!" upon which he threw himself into the midst of them, and soon dispersed them. This being the last obstacle he had to meet with, he went into the grove where the Princess lay pale and

languishing by a brook-side; and upon his fearfully approaching towards her, she flew from him with as much terror as if he had been the Yellow Dwarf. "Condemn me not, madam," said he, "before you hear me; I am neither false nor guilty of what you imagine, but only an unfortunate wretch, that has displeased you with repugnance to himself." "Ah! barbarous man!" cried she, "I saw you traversing the air with a beautiful person; was that against your consent?" "Yes, Princess," said he, "it was: the wicked Desert Fairy, not satisfied with chaining me to a rock, took me with her in her chariot, and conveyed me to a distant part of the world, where I should have languished out my days, had it not been for a kind Mermaid that brought me hither. I come, my Princess, to deliver you out of the hands of those that detain you here: refuse not the assistance of the most faithful of lovers." Thereupon he threw himself at her feet, and catching hold of her gown, unfortunately let fall the magic sword; and the Yellow



Dwarf, who lay behind some small shrubs, no sooner saw it out of the King's hand, than, knowing its power, he ran and seized it.

The Princess, at the sight of the Dwarf, gave a terrible shriek. "I am now," said the Dwarf, "master of my rival's fate; however, I will grant him his life and liberty, on condition that he consents to my marriage." "No, I will die a thousand deaths first,"

cried the amorous King in a rage. "Alas!" replied the Princess, "the thoughts of that is the most terrible of them all." "Nothing shocks me so much," answered the King, "as that you should become a victim to this monster." "Then," said the Princess, "let us die together." "No, my Princess," said the King, "let me have the satisfaction of dying for you." "I would sooner," said she, "consent to the Dwarf's desires." "Oh! cruel Princess!" interrupted the King, "should you marry him before my face, my life would ever after be odious to me." "No, it shall not be before thy face," replied the Dwarf, "for a beloved rival I cannot bear;" and at these words he stabbed the King to the heart. The disconsolate Princess, aggravated to the last degree at such barbarity, thus vented her grief—"Thou hideous creature! since entreaties could not avail thee, perhaps



thou now reliest upon force: but thou shalt be disappointed, and thy brutal soul shall know perpetual mortification from the moment I tell thee I die for the love I have for the King of the Golden Mines!" And so saying, she sunk down upon his body, and expired without a sigh.

Thus ended the fate of these two faithful lovers, which the Mermaid very much regretted; but, all her power lying in the sword, she could only change them into two palm-trees, which, preserving a constant mutual affection for each other, caress and unite their branches together.

# THE HISTORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

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NEAR a village called Roseville, in the South of France, dwelt an infirm aged woman, who had nothing to subsist on but the savings of former industry; her chief comfort was a grand-daughter, who resided with her parents, about three miles distant in a fertile valley. Her name was Celia, but she was better known by that of Little Red Riding-Hood, from her grandmother having made her one of cherry-coloured silk, which very much became her pretty face and delicate form. Celia kept constant to her school, but every holiday she, in general, went to visit the old lady, and take her some little present, which was a pleasing grateful act of duty. The weather proved cold and rainy, so that Red Riding-Hood had not seen her grandmother for more than a fortnight, which was a great grief to the little girl; more so, as she knew the former was ill. At length to her joy came a fine morning, and her kind parents gave her a holiday that she might visit the old lady, and take a pot of butter, some home-baked cakes, and a bottle of currant wine to comfort her.

When Red Riding-Hood was leaving the cottage, her mother told her not to loiter on the road, to talk with no strangers, and to be home before dusk; all which commands she promised to obey, but was not so dutiful in performing. More than an hour was spent before she even left the village, in talking to the little girls who were playing about, letting them know that she was going to take her grandmother a pot of butter, some cakes, and a bottle of wine. This was very wrong, as it did not in the least concern them, and was likewise disobeying the commands of her indulgent parent.

As she pursued her way by the wood side, Red Riding-Hood was startled on beholding a wolf, (a beast of prey with which the South of France is infested,) who came from amongst the trees; she was on the point of flying to some reapers who were in the next field, to seek protection, when the wolf speaking civilly to her,

she stopped to hear what he had to say. The wolf was treacherous and designing, therefore laid his plans accordingly. Willingly would he have eaten up Red Riding-Hood that minute, for he was almost famished with hunger, but he was fearful her cries would bring some of the workmen to her assistance, when it was most likely he would be put to death.

“Good morning to you, my pretty Miss,” said he, “where are you going, and what have you in that basket that hangs on your arm?”

“I am going, Sir Wolf,” said she, “to see my grandmother, who is very fond of me. It was her who made me this pretty red riding-hood; and I am going to take her a pot of butter, some cakes, and a little of our best wine, as she is ill; I wish we could spare more.”

“That is very good of you,” said the wolf, “pray does she live far from hence?”

“Yes, Sir, she resides alone in the white cottage behind the mill you can see yonder.”

“My dear little girl,” said the wolf, “I know the old lady very well, and I shall call and see her shortly.— Good bye, do not hurry yourself, the sun is hot and you may get a fever.”

How very civil the wolf is, thought the silly girl; how wrong people are to be afraid of him and give out that he eats children. I dare say it is an untruth. I am sure he was very kind to me; the day is indeed warm, and why should I fatigue myself, there is plenty of time between this and dusk. So she amused herself with catching butterflies, and filling the top of her basket with field flowers, to make bow pots for the mantel-piece; and, in fact, tired herself three times more than the length of the walk would have done.

At length, having collected a store of butter-cups, blue-bells, violets and daises, she hastened on,—

Her basket o'er her arm she hung  
And as she went she sweetly sung—  
A lady liv'd beneath the hill,  
And if not gone she is there still.

In the meantime, the artful wolf ran as swift as four legs could convey him, to the white cottage, and tapped at the door.



"Who is there?" said the old woman.

"It is me, your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, imitating Celia's voice.

"I am ill in bed, child," called the grandmother, "so pull the bobbin, and the door will open."

The wily wolf the bobbin drew,  
The cottage door wide open flew.

Alas! poor old woman, instead of beholding a tender dutiful grandchild, it was a ravenous wolf, who having made no prey for three or four days, sprang upon her, and eat her up.

The wolf having closed the door, put on the old woman's night-cap and gown, and got into bed, where he lay quite snug, waiting the arrival of Red Riding-Hood.

When he had lain about an hour, she came with two or three gentle raps.

"Who is there?" said the wolf, with such a rough voice that poor Celia was startled, until she recollected hearing that her grandmother had a severe cold. She answered, "It is me, Little Red Riding-Hood, with a pot of butter, some cakes, and a bottle of wine."

"Thank you kindly, darling," said the wolf, "pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Celia did so, and the door opened.

As she entered the room the wolf said, "Put your basket on the table, take off your clothes, and come into bed, that you may rest a little after your long walk."

"So I will, grandmother," said the poor innocent, "as soon as I have put these pretty flowers, that I have gathered for you in the pots."

"That is a good child," said the wolf, softening his voice as much as possible.

"Shall I sweep up your room dear grandmother, and undraw your curtains, it is so dark," asked little Celia, to whom great merit was due for cleanliness and activity in domestic affairs: who now thought her grandmother's room looked unusually disturbed.

Ill health, in fact, accounted for this change, and she would most willingly have exerted herself in making it tidy.

This proposal did not please the wolf, darkness suited

him best; and pleading a violent headache as an excuse for not undrawing the curtain, said, cleaning should be left until the following week, when she trusted to be better.

"Do so," said Celia, who dearly loved her grandmother; "then I will come and bring you some custards, and every thing we have got that is nice."

The cruel wolf heard all she said without feeling the least pity or desisting from his plan; for though he had made a hearty meal of the poor grandmother, Red Riding-Hood was too dainty a treat for the glutton to withstand; he accordingly again desired her to come to bed.

"Only look up dear grandmother, and see how nicely I have decorated your chimney-piece, I know you are fond of flowers," said the artless girl.

"True, darling," replied the wolf, burying his head under the clothes lest he should betray himself, "but my head aches so sadly I cannot raise it from the pillow."

"How sorry I am," said Celia, "and how grieved my parents, mother in particular, will be, to hear you are so ill; when they know it they will soon be here. Shall I help you to some of the nice white cake, and a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you," answered he, "I can take none just now, for I made a hearty meal, which I relished much, just before you came and I heard your welcome voice."

Here the wolf spoke true; he had so filled his stomach with poor granny, that at present he had no appetite for another repast, or he would not have spared Little Red Riding-Hood so long.

Celia had not been long in bed when she thus began;—"Grandmother, as I was coming along, who do you think I met?"

"I cannot guess, child, so pray tell me, that is the readiest and most proper way."

"I met the wolf of the wood; and at first I was so frightened that I thought to hasten to some farmer's men who were near, and cry for aid, as you and my mother have often told me if any thing happened on the road to alarm me, to do."

"So you ought to have done," said the wolf, "If

children always acted according to the advice of their best friends, wolves seldom would have a treat."

"Ah, grandmother, he spoke so kind and civil, my fears ended. I dare say he meant me no more harm than you do at this moment."

"I dare say not," answered the exulting animal with a malicious grin.

"Then I hope you are not angry with me for speaking to him," said the poor girl, "and telling him that I was coming to you with some wine and cake, and a nice pot of new churned butter."

"I never was better pleased, you may believe me," said the wolf, "but go to sleep, my little prattler, for I feel tired with talking, and am faint with illness."

"Do not let me slumber long," said Celia, "for my mother told me to be home long before dusk."

"Very well," replied the supposed old woman, "you do not, however, always obey your mother, or you would not have talked to the wolf; but for the reapers in the field he might have eaten you up."

So thought Red Riding-Hood.—"Then my grandmother is angry, though I understood just now she was never better pleased. It certainly was very wrong for me to loiter and stay on the road; and still worse to talk with the wolf of the wood. I hope my mother will pardon me when I tell her, and promise never to offend again by disobedience; no I will be wiser in future."

Celia was too good a child to strive to conceal any transaction in which she was concerned from her parents; and this is an example worthy of imitation. Candidly tell your faults to those friends who have authority over you, they will the more readily pardon the past, and assist you with advice as to the future.

"Concealment oft becomes a crime,  
So pray young friends attend my rhyme:  
Frankness displays a noble mind,  
And when with virtuous deeds combin'd  
I give it praise beyond all worth,  
Of glittering gems or gold on earth."

Celia continued to sleep, till the wolf, feeling a return of appetite, threw aside the curtains to gaze on his delicious feast, and pressed her so tight in his fore paws as to awaken her.

“Dear grandmother,” said Celia, “how rough and long your arms have grown.”—“The fitter to fondle you, my dear.”—“How your ears stand up in your cap,”—“The better to hear thy sweet voice, my love.”—“How large and bright your eyes are, grandmother.”—“The more proper to gaze on you my darling.”—“But how huge and frightful your teeth are.”—“All the better to devour with.”—And he sprang on the child, who screamed out, “Oh! you are not my dear, kind, grandmother, but the wicked wolf of the wood.” She had not time to say more, for he ate her up in a few minutes.

The cruel wolf did not long survive these horrid deeds; for falling asleep after he had despatched his victim, he neglected to secure a timely retreat, and was caught in the bed by Celia’s parents, and other persons, who, alarmed by her stay, came late at night in search of her. A slight search disclosed the horrid deeds he had committed, and just vengeance overtook him; he died on the spot covered with wounds.

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## THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

MICK PURCELL rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of Mallow, in the county of Cork. Mick had a wife and family? they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, milk the one cow, boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market; but with all they could do, ’twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they managed it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—*she* was sold for almost nothing; and poor Mick hadn’t enough to half pay his rent, and two terms were due.

“Why, Molly,” says he, “what’ll we do!”

“Wisha, then, mavourneen! what would you do but sell the cow?” says she; “and Monday is Cork fair-day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor baste may be rested *again* the fair.”

“And what’ll we do when she’s gone?” says Mick, sorrowfully.

“Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won’t lave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he has been to us many a time when our backs have been sore enough at the wall.”—“Och! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won’t be sorry for selling the cow.”

Mick drove his cow slowly along the road, and through the stream which crosses it, under the old walls of Mourne.

After six long miles he came to the top of a hill—Bottle-hill ’tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. “Good morrow,” says he. “Good morrow, kindly,” says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man,—you’d almost call him a dwarf.

“Where are you going with the cow, honest man?”

“To the fair of Cork, then,” answered Mick, trembling at his shrill and piercing voice.

“Are you going to sell her?” said he.

“Why then, what else am I going for?”

“Will you sell her to me?”

Mick started—he was afraid to have anything to do with him, and more afraid to say no.

“What’ll you give for her?” at last says Mick.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you this bottle,” said the little one, pulling it out.

Mick, in spite of his terror, could not help laughing.

“Laugh if you will,” said the little man, “but I tell you this bottle is better than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork.”

Mick laughed again. “Why then,” says he, “do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one too? indeed, then, I won’t.”

“You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you’ll not be sorry for it.”

“Why, then, and what would Molly say? I’d never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rint?”

“I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell.”

Mick started.

"How does he know my name?" thought he.

"Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you; therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. Your cow may die before you go to Cork. There may be many cattle at the fair, and you get a bad price, or you may be robbed when you are coming home; but I see you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell."

"Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir, and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, I'd give you the cow."

"Give me the cow!" said he; "I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and do exactly what I direct."

Mick hesitated.

"Well, then, good bye, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, with your children in poverty and your wife dying for want!" said the little man with a grin.

"May be 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating; he did not know what to do,—at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—"Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

"I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what's that?" says Mick.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife be angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty!'"

"And is this all?" says Mick.

"No more," said the stranger, "Good bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"God grant it!" said Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and he retraced the road towards his cabin. He could not help turning to look after his cow; but none was to be seen.

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick: "*He* can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

At last Mick reached his home. "Oh! Mick, are you come back?" said his wife. "Sure you weren't at Cork all the way? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? Tell us every thing about it."

So Mick had nothing left but to tell the whole story of his meeting with the little man, and how he had told Mick that the bottle was the only thing for him.

Mick's wife was grieved and angry at her husband's folly; but at last becoming pacified, she got up, and began to sweep the floor; put out the table, and spread the cloth upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty!"

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, "look there! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done, went into the bottle again. After a long pause of astonishment, they sat down and made a hearty meal, though they could not taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Mick next day went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money. His landlord at last found out the secret, and offered him a deal of money for the bottle; but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever; so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle: but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly day-break when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill, where he was fortunate enough to meet again with his queer little friend. Mick told his story, and after some parley got another bottle.

"Good bye to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back;

“and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle-hill.—Good bye, sir, good bye;” so Mick walked back as fast as he could, calling out as soon as he saw Molly—“Och! sure I’ve got another bottle.”

In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, “Bottle, do your duty!” In a twinkling two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle, and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him.

“Well, what do you want now?”

“Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle.”

“Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?”

“Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen.”

“Come along, then.” So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high up on a shelf; “Ah! ha!” says he to himself, “may be I won’t have you by and by.”

“Now,” says his landlord, “show us your bottle.” Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running, and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking, until the landlord called out, “Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I’ll have you hanged!”

“They never shall stop,” said Mick, “till I get my own bottle that I see up there at the top of that shelf.”

“Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!” says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home, where he got richer than ever, and much wiser; for he did not, as before, make any show of wealth or grandeur to draw upon him the observation and envy of neighbours, but contented himself with a plain supply of those things which best befitted his station.