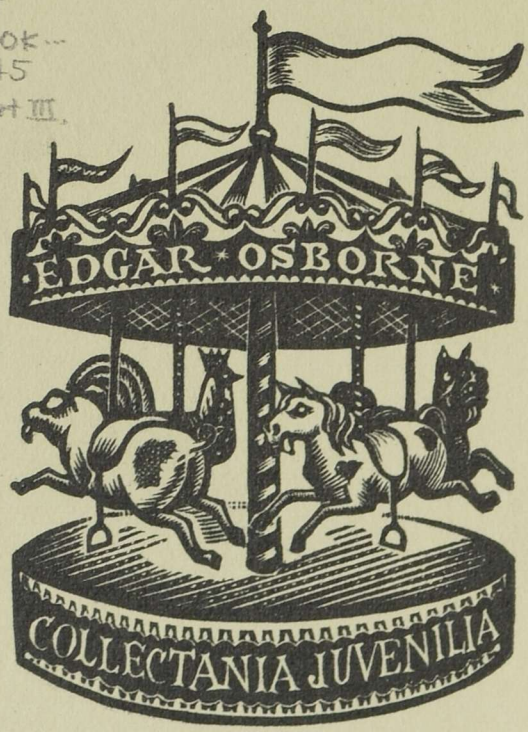




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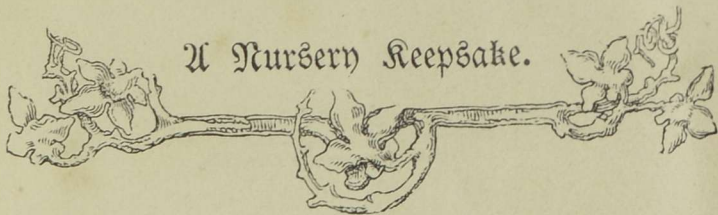








A Nursery Keepsake.



LONDON :  
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,  
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.





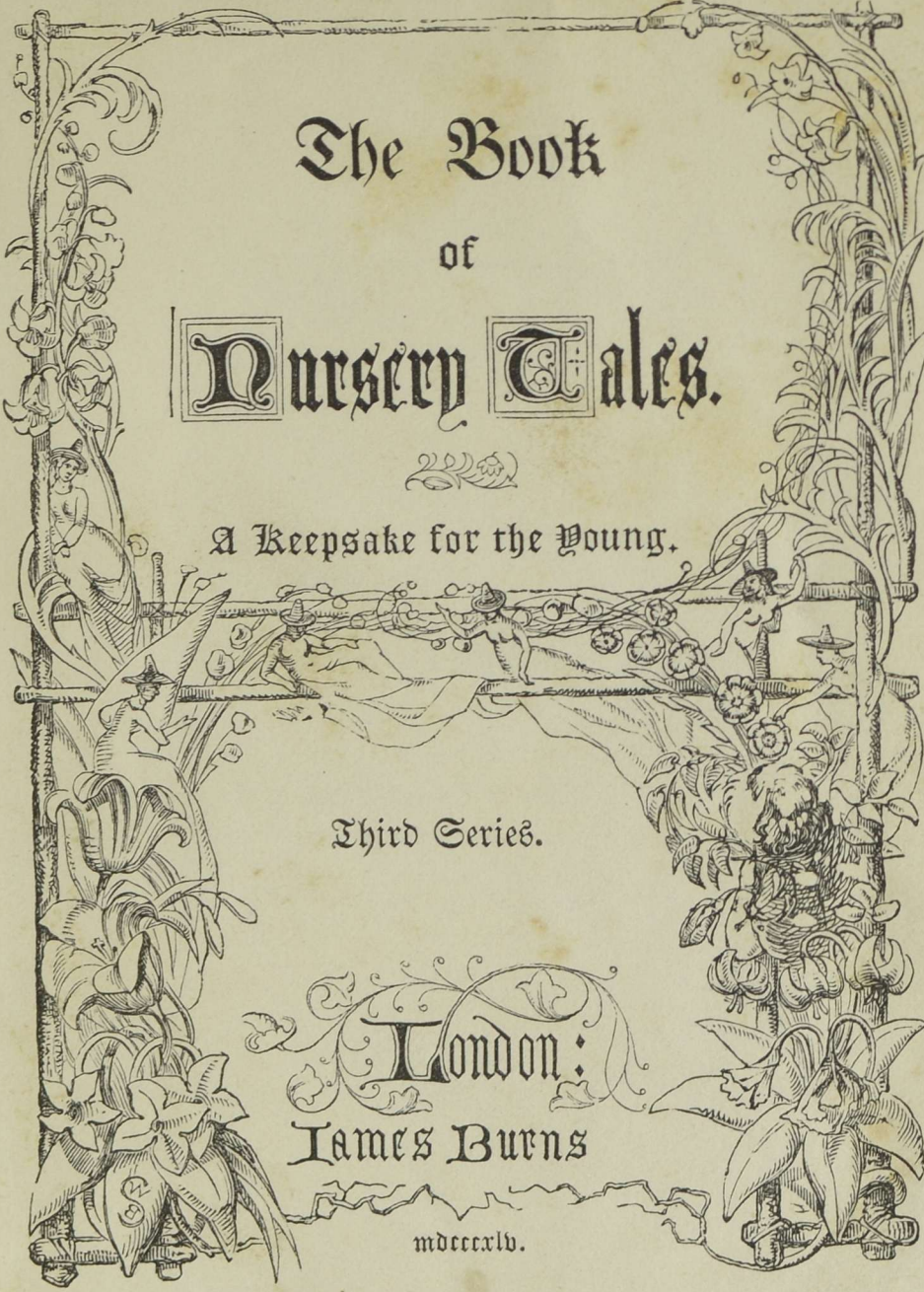


LITTLE  
RED RIDING HOOD

J. BURNS. LONDON.

W. BRANTON. SC.





The Book  
of  
**Nursery Tales.**

A Keepsake for the Young.


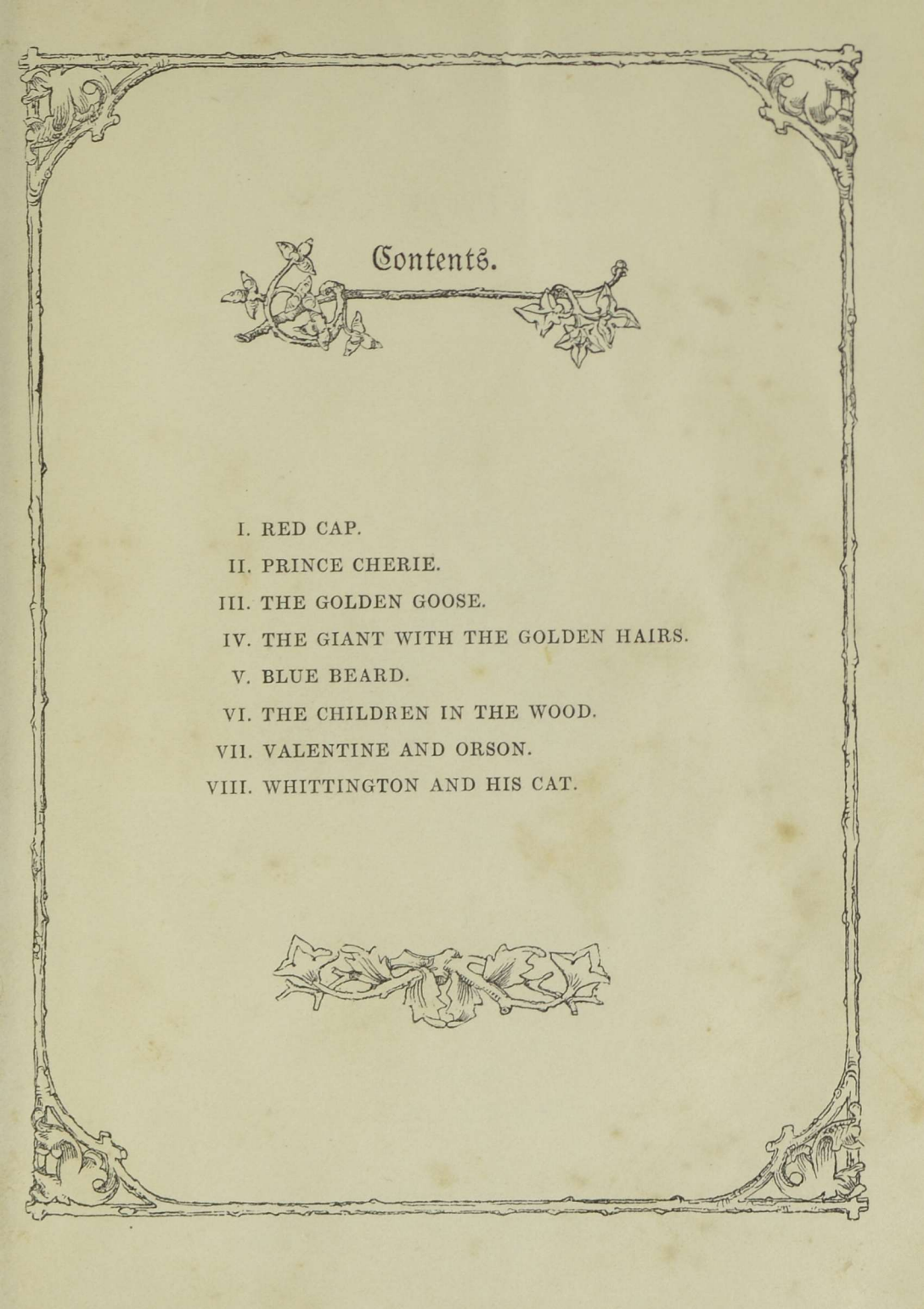
Third Series.

London:  
James Burns

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- IV. THE GIANT WITH THE GOLDEN HAIRS.
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- VI. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.
- VII. VALENTINE AND ORSON.
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THE STORY OF  
LITTLE RED CAP,


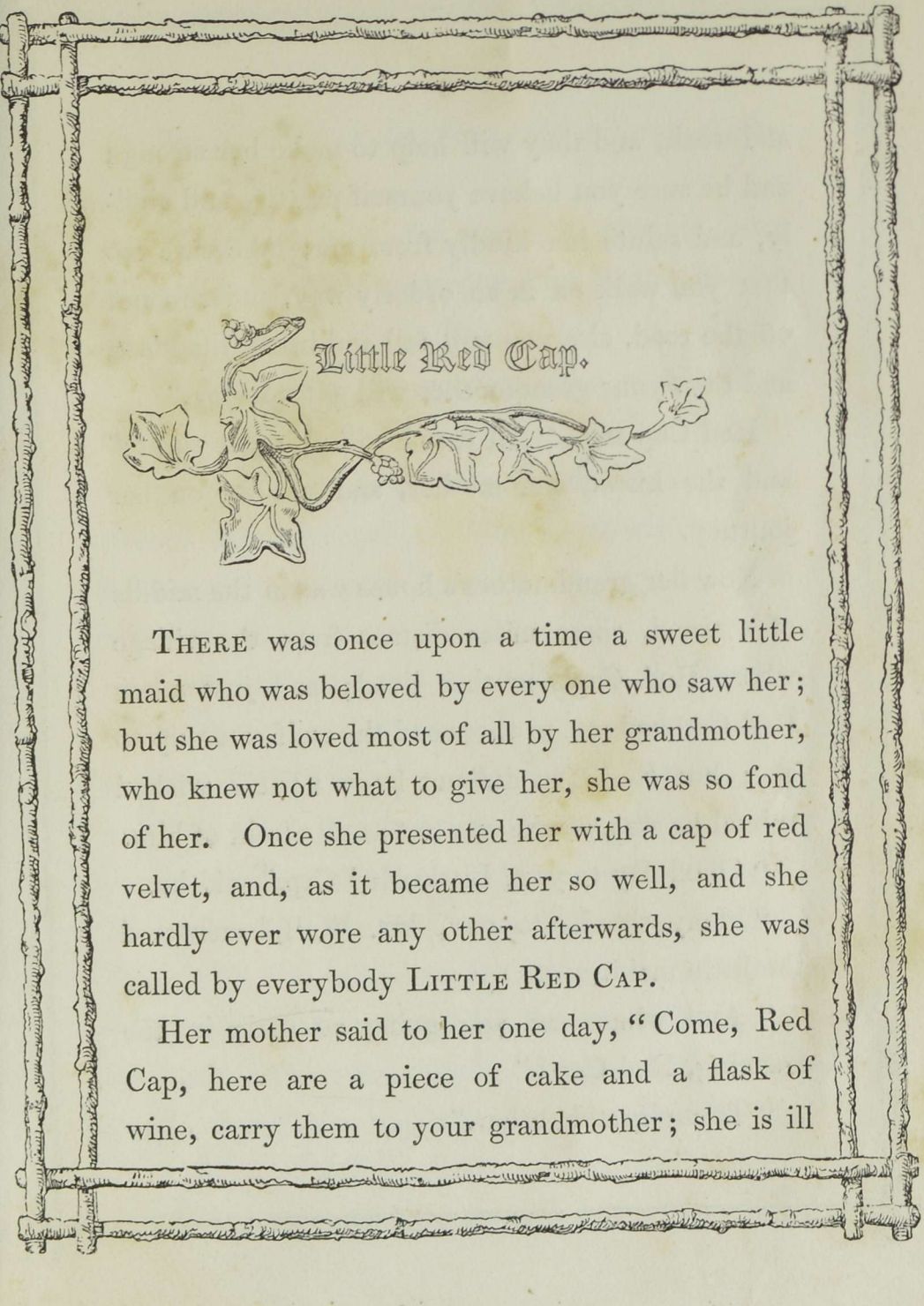


COMMONLY CALLED LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

LONDON:  
JAMES BURNS.



LONDON:  
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,  
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.



## Little Red Cap.

THERE was once upon a time a sweet little maid who was beloved by every one who saw her ; but she was loved most of all by her grandmother, who knew not what to give her, she was so fond of her. Once she presented her with a cap of red velvet, and, as it became her so well, and she hardly ever wore any other afterwards, she was called by everybody LITTLE RED CAP.

Her mother said to her one day, "Come, Red Cap, here are a piece of cake and a flask of wine, carry them to your grandmother ; she is ill

and weak, and they will help to make her strong ; and be sure you behave yourself prettily and civilly, and salute her kindly from me ; take care too that you walk on in an orderly way, and run not off the road, else you will fall and break the glass, and then your grandmother will get nothing.”

Red Cap said, “All that I will quite right ;” and she kissed her mother, and set off on her journey.

Now her grandmother’s house was in the middle of a wood, some miles distant from the village where Red Cap’s mother lived ; and just when Red Cap had got to the wood the wolf came up to her : but Red Cap did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not at all afraid of him.

“Good day to you, Little Red Cap,” said he.

“Many thanks to you, Mr. Wolf,” answered the little maid.

“And where are you going so early in the morning, Red Cap ?”

“To my grandmother.”



“What are you carrying under your apron, Red Cap?”

“Wine and cake, for my sick grandmother; we baked the cakes yesterday, that they might be nice and firm.”

“But, Red Cap, where does your grandmother live?”

“A good way farther on, in the wood,” answered the little maid;—“there you will see the house, and you may know it by the tall tree which grows up to the chimney top.”

When he heard this, the wolf said to himself: “This nice young maid will be a sweet morsel for me, if I can only catch her.” But he was afraid to touch her just then lest the wood-cutters or the hunters should see him; so he thought of a scheme. He went on a little way by Red Cap’s side, and talked to her again. “Red Cap, only look at these beautiful flowers which grow all about in the wood;—why don’t you look round you? I believe, too, you are not listening to

the birds,—as they sing so sweetly? You walk along just as if you were going to school; and yet it is so pleasant out here, in the wood!”

Red Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw how the bright sun darted his rays here and there through the trees, and how beautifully the flowers bloomed all around her, she thought to herself, “Ah, if I could bring a nosegay to my grandmother;—this would indeed please her much; it is still early, and I shall be sure to get there by the right time;” so she set down her cakes and wine, sprang into the wood, and sought all about for the prettiest flowers. And when she had pulled one, it seemed as if there was a still prettier one beyond it; so she ran and ran, first after one and then after another, farther and deeper into the wood.

But the wolf went as straight as his legs could carry him to the grandmother’s house, and tapped at the door.

“Who is there?” said she.



“Little Red Cap,” answered he. “I have brought you some cakes and a flask of wine — open the door to me.”

“Pull the latch,” cried the grandmother, “I am ill, and cannot get up.” The wolf pulled the latch and without speaking a word, went straight to the bed, and swallowed the poor grandmother up. Then he took her clothes and put them on, placed her great cap on his head, and lay down in the bed and drew the curtains before it.

Red Cap all this time was running about gathering flowers in the wood, and looking at the little birds which were perched upon the bushes around her, and when she had got as many in her lap as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother, and hastened back to the road. When she got to the house she could not help wondering that the door stood open, and when she came into the room, everything seemed so strange that she said to herself, “Oh dear, how dull I feel to-day, when before I used to be so glad to be



with my grandmother!" Then she went to the bed and drew back the curtains, and there was her grandmother (as she thought), with her cap pulled deep over her face, and looking so strange. "Ah, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"That is that I may hear you the better, child."

"Ah, grandmother, what large eyes you have!"

"That is to see you the better."

"Ah, grandmother, what great hands you have!"

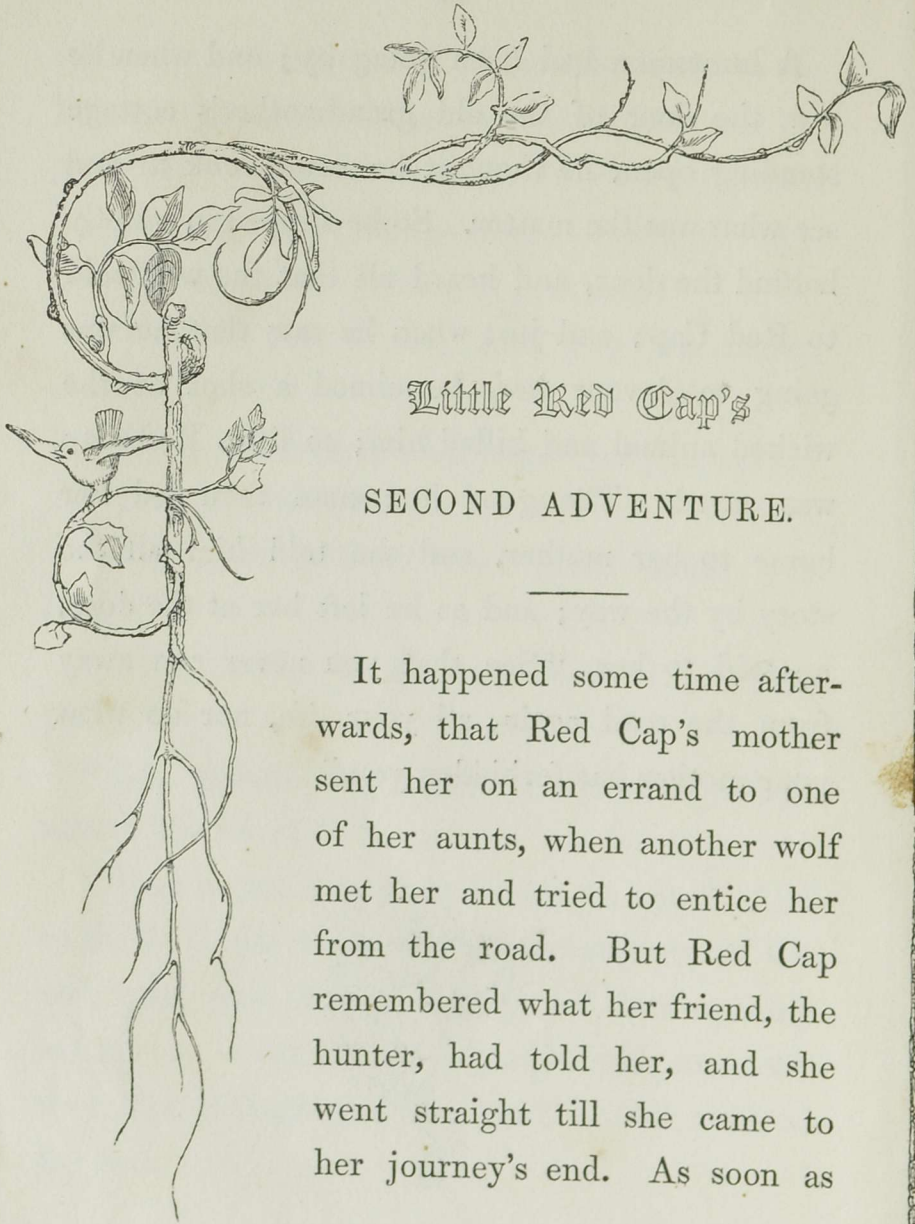
"That is that I may lay hold of you the better."

"Ah, grandmother, what a dreadfully large mouth you have!"

"That is that I may the better eat you." And as the wolf said these words he sprang out of the bed upon poor little Red Cap, and was opening his mouth to eat her up, when, behold, an arrow shot him through the body, and he fell dead at her feet.

A huntsman had been going by; and when he saw the door of the old grandmother's cottage standing open, he thought he would look in and see what was the matter. So he slipped in quietly behind the door, and heard all that the wolf said to Red Cap; and just when he saw that he was going to devour her, he aimed a shot at the wicked animal and killed him; so little Red Cap was saved. The good huntsman then led her home to her mother, and she told him all the story by the way; and as he left her at the door, he said to her, "See that you never run away from the road again, all your life, nor do what your mother has forbidden you."





## Little Red Cap's

### SECOND ADVENTURE.

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It happened some time afterwards, that Red Cap's mother sent her on an errand to one of her aunts, when another wolf met her and tried to entice her from the road. But Red Cap remembered what her friend, the hunter, had told her, and she went straight till she came to her journey's end. As soon as



she saw her aunt, she told her that she had met the wolf, who had wished her good morning, but that he stared so fiercely at her all the time, with his large eyes, that she believed if she had not been on the high road he would have eaten her up.

“Come,” said her aunt, “we will fasten the door and the windows carefully, so that he cannot get in.”

Soon after this there came a knock at the door; and the wolf called out, “Open the door, dear aunt, I am Red Cap;—I have brought you some nice cakes.”

But they kept quite still and did not open the door. Then the wolf ran round and round the house to see if there was any other way of getting in; and at last, when he found he could not get into the house, he jumped upon the roof, and seated himself there to wait till Red Cap set off to go home, when he thought to slip quietly after her, and eat her up in the dark. But her

aunt heard what was going on, and guessed what the wolf was about.

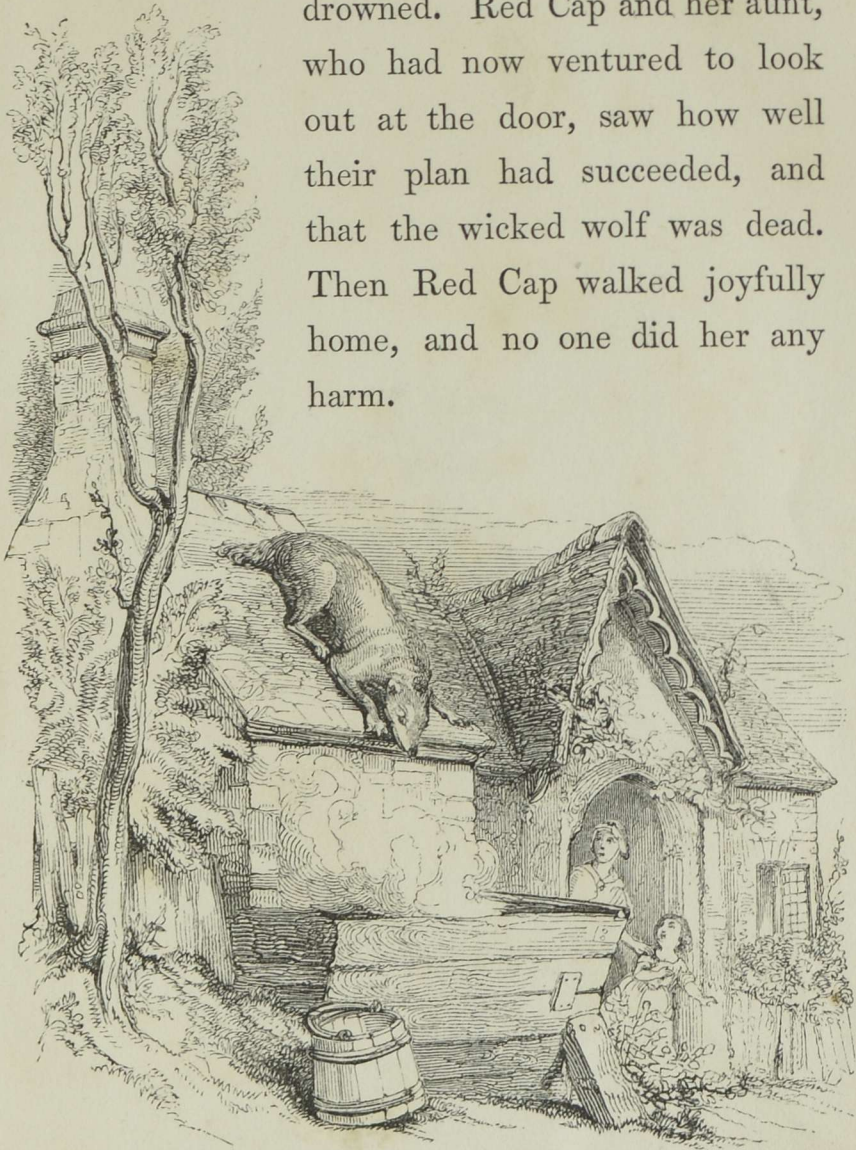
Now there stood before the house a large and very deep stone trough, and her aunt said to Red Cap, "let us get the buckets and fill the trough up to the very brim." So they went to work, and when they had filled it almost to the top, her aunt said, "Red Cap, take your bucket, and go into the kitchen and fill it with the water in which the pudding was boiled, and pour that too into the trough."

Red Cap did as she was bid, and by this time the great trough was quite full.

They then opened the window very quietly and peeped out to see what would happen. But now the smell of the pudding began to reach the wolf's nose; he snuffed and snuffed, and looked round about, and down; and at last he made such a long neck that he lost his balance, and began to slip; so he slipped down from the roof, straight into the great trough, and was



drowned. Red Cap and her aunt, who had now ventured to look out at the door, saw how well their plan had succeeded, and that the wicked wolf was dead. Then Red Cap walked joyfully home, and no one did her any harm.













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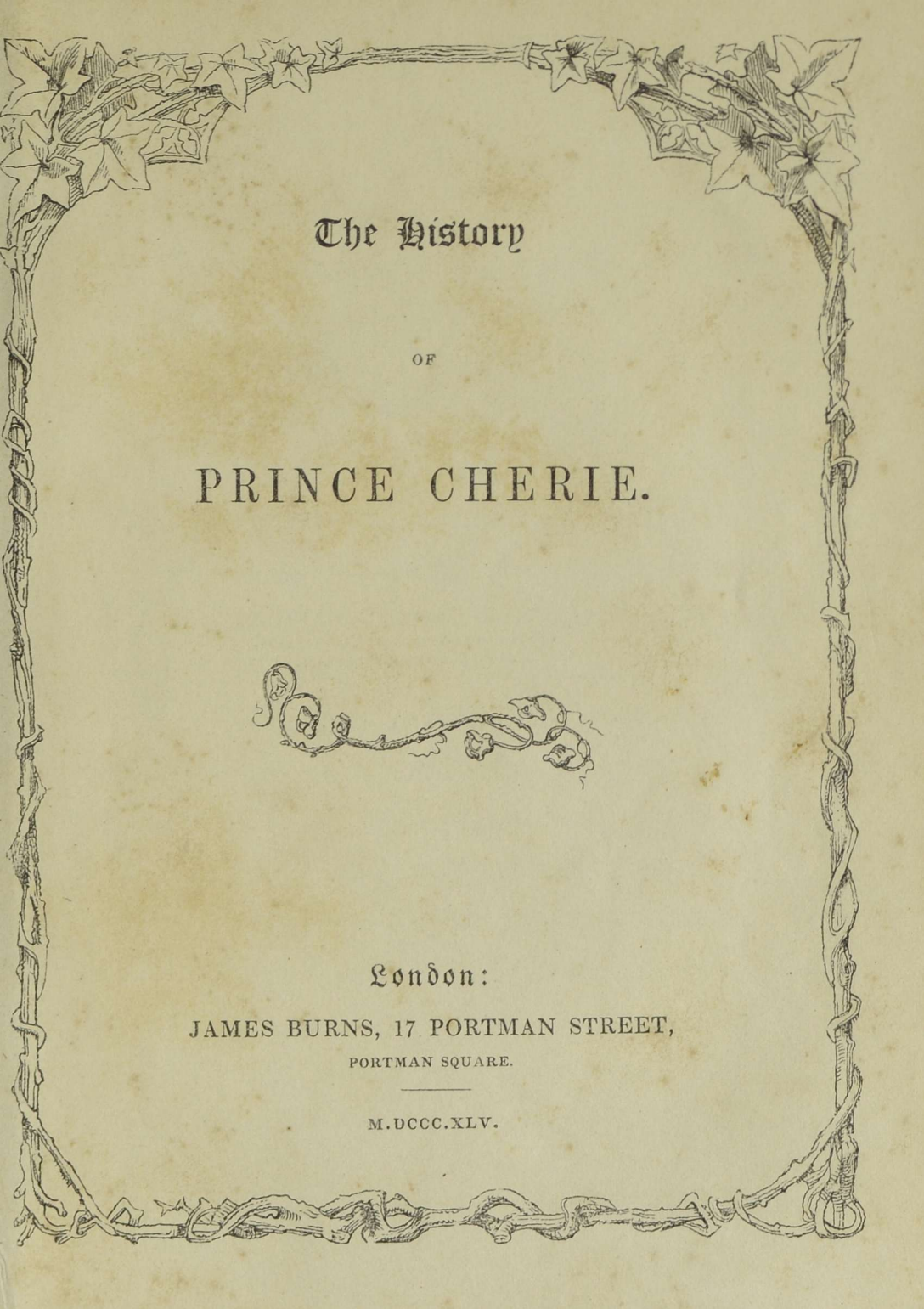


PRINCESS CHERIE  
AND THE  
FAIRY  
CANDID

W. J. LINTON SC.

p. 26.



A decorative border of intertwined vines and leaves surrounds the text. The top corners feature clusters of flowers. The border is composed of a repeating pattern of leaves and stems.

The History

OF

PRINCE CHERIE.



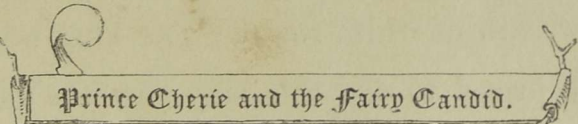
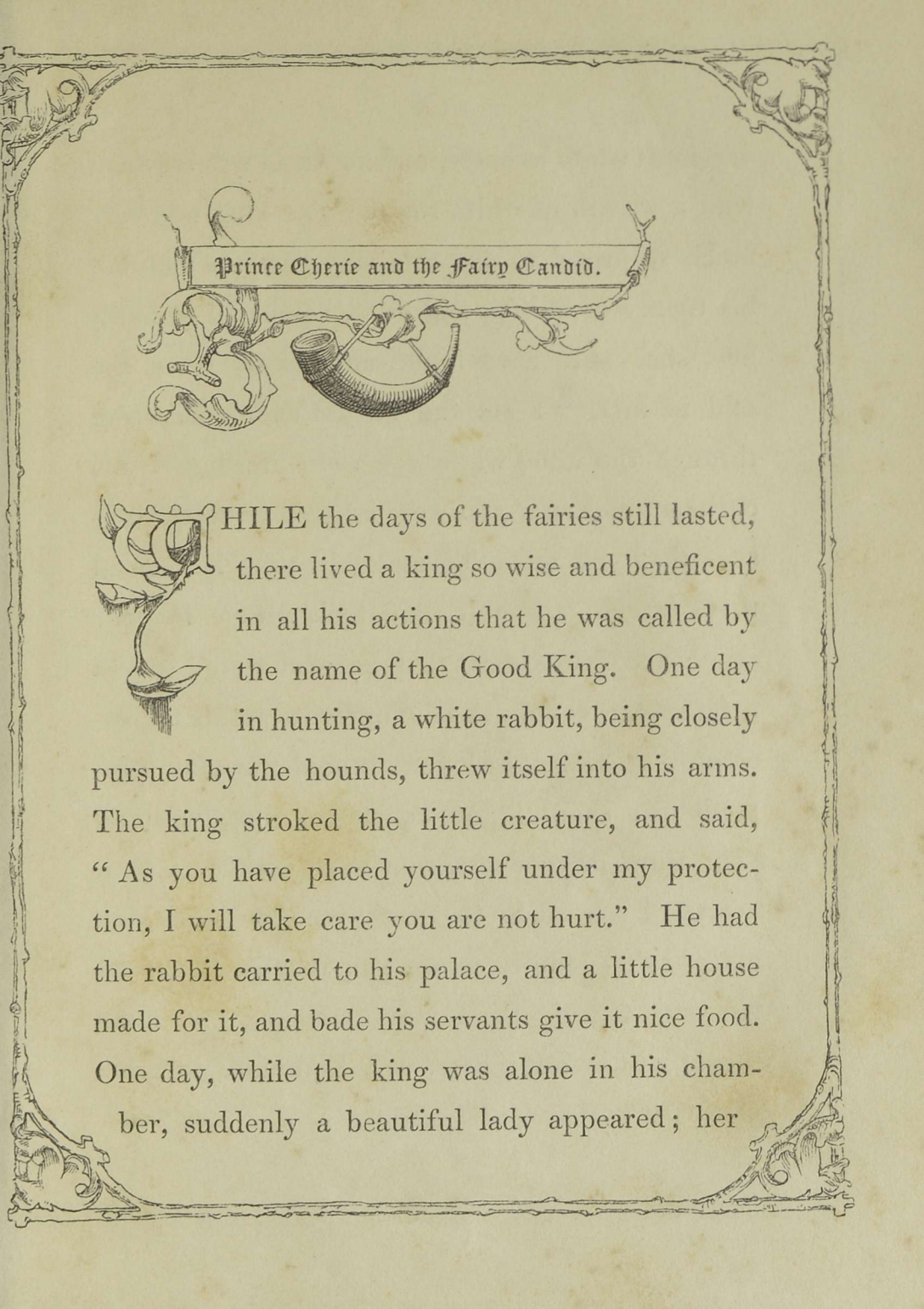
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JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET,  
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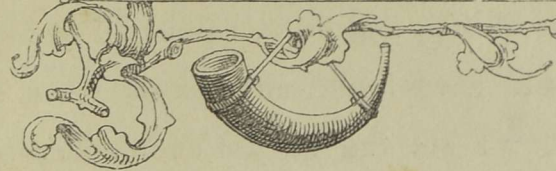
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LONDON :

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,  
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.



Prince Cherie and the Fairy Candid.



WHILE the days of the fairies still lasted, there lived a king so wise and beneficent in all his actions that he was called by the name of the Good King. One day in hunting, a white rabbit, being closely pursued by the hounds, threw itself into his arms. The king stroked the little creature, and said, "As you have placed yourself under my protection, I will take care you are not hurt." He had the rabbit carried to his palace, and a little house made for it, and bade his servants give it nice food. One day, while the king was alone in his chamber, suddenly a beautiful lady appeared; her



dress was white as snow, and her head was crowned with a wreath of white roses. The king was very much surprised to see this lady, for the door of his room was closed, and he was puzzled to know how she could have found admission; when she said to him, "I am the fairy Candid. Passing through the wood while you were hunting, I was curious to know if you were as good as every body says that you are. To ascertain this, I assumed the shape of a rabbit, and took refuge in your arms; for I was sure that he who would pity a little rabbit, could not be unmerciful to his fellow-creatures; while, had you refused me your protection, I should have concluded that, with all your show of goodness, you were wicked in your heart. I am come to thank you for your kind offices to me, and to assure you that I will always be your friend. You may command me in all things within my power, and I promise to grant you what you desire."

“Madam,” said the king, “I have an only son, who is called Prince Cherie; and if you have any affection for me, become, for my sake, his friend and protector.”

“Willingly,” said the fairy; “I can make your son the handsomest, the richest, or the most powerful prince in the world; choose whichever of these gifts you like best for him.”

“I desire none of them for my son,” answered the good king; “but I shall be very much obliged to you if you will make him *the best* of all princes. Of what service to him would be his beauty, or his riches, or the possession of all the kingdoms in the world, if he were wicked?”

“You have well spoken,” said Candid; “but it is not in my power to make the prince a good man in spite of himself. All that I can promise you is, to give him good advice, to point out his faults to him, and to punish him if he will not correct them and punish himself by repentance.”



The good king was very well satisfied with this promise, and shortly afterwards he died. Prince Cherie wept very much for his father, for he loved him dearly, and would have given all his gold and his silver, and all his kingdoms, to have saved his life. Two days after the good king's death, as Cherie was reclining on a sofa, the fairy Candid appeared to him. "I promised your father," said she, addressing herself to him, "to be your friend; and to keep my word, I am come to make you a present." She then placed on his finger a gold ring, and continued, "Take great care of this ring; it is plain, but it is more precious than any diamond: whenever you are about to commit a bad action, it will prick your finger; but remember that if, in spite of its warning, you persevere in an evil deed, you will forfeit my friendship; nay, I shall become your enemy." As she finished these words, Candid disappeared, and left the prince very much astonished and de-



lighted with his present. He was for some time so wise and good that the ring did not prick him at all. After a while, as he was one day hunting, he was so unsuccessful as not to take any thing whatever. This put him in rather an ill humour, and he thought that he felt his ring pricking his finger, but so gently that he did not take much notice of it. As he was returning to his chamber, his little dog ran as usual to meet him, and leaped round him to be caressed; but the prince was not in a humour to play with him, and in his anger he gave the little dog a kick, when instantly the ring pricked him as sharply as if it had been a pin. Ashamed and confused, he seated himself in a corner of his chamber, saying to himself, "Surely the fairy is making sport of me; for what great crime have I committed in kicking an animal that was teasing me? To what purpose do I rule over a large empire, if I may not even beat my dog?"

“I am not making sport of you,” said a voice in answer to the thoughts which were thus passing in Cherie’s mind; “you have, instead of one, committed three faults. You first lost your temper, because you cannot bear to be crossed, even in trifles, but think that men and beasts are made to obey you. You next put yourself in a passion with your dog, who could not understand you; and lastly, you were cruel enough to kick the poor animal, who did not deserve ill-treatment. I know that you are much above a dog, and that you are the king of a great empire; but the advantage of being a ruler over others does not consist in the power of committing all the evil to which we feel disposed, but in the practice of all the good that lies within our power.”

Cherie had not yet lost his sense of right; he acknowledged his faults, and promised to correct them. He did not, however, keep his word.

His ring soon pricked him very often: some-



times he stopped at its warning, and at others continued his course without heeding it. The nature of the ring was such that it only pricked him gently for a slight fault; but when he was very wicked, it actually made his finger bleed. At last, growing impatient of this check, and wishing to be wicked at his ease, he threw the ring from him. He now thought himself the happiest of men. He gave himself up to all the folly that entered into his mind; so that he soon became the terror and the disgust of his subjects.

One day as Cherie was walking in the fields, he saw a young woman, so extremely beautiful, that he at once felt a desire to marry her. She was called Zelia, and was as wise as she was beautiful. Cherie accosted her, thinking that Zelia would esteem herself very happy to become a great queen; but to his surprise she at once replied to his addresses, "Sire, I am but a shep-



herdess, and have no fortune ; but notwithstanding that I will never marry you."

"Is my appearance, then, displeasing to you?" asked Cherie.

"No, my prince," answered Zelia; "I find you, as you really are, very handsome. But of what use to me would be your beauty, your riches, the fine clothes, the magnificent carriages that you would give me, if the evil actions of which I hear should force me to despise and to hate you?"

Cherie was so enraged at this that he commanded his officers to carry Zelia by force into his palace. He was occupied all day with reflections on the contempt that she had shewn for him; but, as he still loved her, he could not determine to ill-treat her. One of Cherie's favourites, on seeing him very sorrowful, inquired the subject of his grief; and the prince having answered him that he could not endure Zelia's con-

tempt, and that he was resolved to correct his faults, the wicked man said to him, "This is a very pretty business indeed; if I were in your place, I would compel this girl to obey me. Remember that you are king, and that it would be a disgrace for you to submit to the whims of a poor shepherdess, who should be too happy to be admitted into the number of your slaves. Put her into prison, and feed her on bread and water; and if she still refuses you, put her to death at once, and thus teach others to yield to your wishes. It would be disgraceful, were it known that you could thus be so easily turned from your course; your subjects would forget that they are born to attend upon you and obey."

"But," said Cherie, "shall I not be disgraced if I put an innocent person to death? for, after all, Zelia is guilty of no crime."

"No one can be innocent who refuses to yield to your wishes," replied the cunning villain; "but



supposing that you committed an unjust action, even that would be better than that it should be said you allowed any one to shew you a want of respect, or to contradict you."

Cherie was moved; and the fear of seeing his authority diminished made so much impression upon him, that he stifled his first impulse to correct himself. He resolved to go to the room in which the shepherdess was confined, and not to spare her if she still refused to marry him.

On entering the shepherdess's room, Cherie was much surprised not to find her there, for he had kept the key in his own pocket. He was in a terrible rage, and vowed vengeance on all that he suspected of having favoured her escape. His confidants, hearing him talk thus, resolved to take advantage of his anger to sacrifice a lord who had been Cherie's guardian. That good man had sometimes taken the liberty of telling the king of his faults, for he loved him as his son. At first the



prince thanked him ; he gradually, however, grew impatient at his remonstrances ; and at last thought that it was in the spirit of opposition only that his guardian found fault with him when every body else praised him. He ordered him to withdraw from the court ; but, notwithstanding that order, he would say from time to time that he was a good man ; and although perhaps he no longer loved him, he could not help esteeming him in spite of himself. The confidants, therefore, were continually in fear lest he should take it into his head to recall his guardian, and they believed that they had now found a favourable opportunity to get rid of him for ever. They gave the king to understand that Suliman (which was this worthy guardian's name) had boasted that he would set Zelia at liberty ; and three men were induced by rich bribes to say that they had heard Suliman affirm as much. The prince, in a transport of rage, ordered his soldiers to fetch the

old man chained like a criminal. After giving this order, Cherie retired to his chamber; but he had no sooner entered it than the earth began to shake, and after a loud peal of thunder the fairy appeared before him. "I promised your father," said she to him, in a stern voice, "to give you good advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it; you have treated my counsel with contempt; you still preserve the outward appearance of a man, but your crimes have changed you into a monster, the horror of earth and of heaven. It is now time that I fulfil my promise to your father by punishing you for your guilt. You are doomed to become like the beasts whose inclinations you have adopted. You have made yourself like the lion by your fury, like the wolf by your gluttony, like the serpent by outraging him who was your second father, like the bull by your ferocity. Bear, then, in your new form, the character of all these animals."



The fairy ceased to speak, and Cherie saw with horror that her sentence was accomplished. He had a lion's head, a bull's horns, a wolf's feet, and a serpent's tail. In a moment he found himself in a large forest, and on the border of a rivulet, in which he saw reflected his horrible transformation.

Cherie thought that by removing from the rivulet he should lessen his troubles, since he would no longer have his ugliness and deformity before his eyes; so he penetrated into the wood; but he had not advanced many steps when he fell into a pit that had been dug to entrap bears. In an instant the huntsmen, who had been concealed in the trees, came down, and having bound him in chains, they conducted him to the capital city of his own kingdom. On the road, instead of acknowledging that he had drawn this punishment on himself by his faults, he cursed the fairy, gnashed his chains between his teeth, and aban-



doned himself to his fury. As he approached the capital he perceived every where great rejoicings; and on the huntsmen asking what had occurred, they were informed that Prince Cherie, who only took delight in tormenting his people, had been destroyed in his chamber by a thunderbolt; for thus it was believed. "Heaven," added their informants, "could no longer endure the excess of his wickedness, and has rid the earth of the monster." It was stated also, that four lords, his accomplices in crime, thought to profit by his destruction and to share the empire between them; but that the people, who knew that it was by their evil advice that the king had fallen, had cut them in pieces, and had offered the crown to Suliman, the good man whom the wicked prince wished to put to death.

"That worthy guardian of the late king has just been crowned," said an old man, "and we celebrate the day as that of the kingdom's deliver-

ance; for he is virtuous, and will restore peace in abundance to the land.”

Cherie groaned with rage at overhearing this discourse; but it was much worse for him when he arrived at the large square before his palace. He saw Suliman on a superb throne, and heard all the people bless him, and pray for his long life, that he might repair the evils they had suffered under his predecessor. Suliman then expressed by signs that he wished to be heard, and thus addressed the multitude:—“ I have accepted the crown you have offered me,” said he; “ but it is only to preserve it for our prince. I have reason to believe that he is not dead, and perhaps you may yet see him return as virtuous as he was in his youth. Alas!” he continued, weeping, “ flatterers seduced him; I know his heart—it was formed for virtue; and but for the poisonous discourse of those around him, he would have been the father of us all. Detest, therefore, his vices,



but pity his misfortunes; and let us all unite to pray that he may repent of them and be restored to us.”

Suliman's words touched Cherie's heart. He then felt how sincere had been the fidelity and attachment of this good old man; and for the first time since his punishment he felt remorse for his crimes. Softened by this good feeling, he felt the rage that had agitated him gradually cool: he reflected on the many crimes of his life, and acknowledged that he was not punished so rigorously as he deserved. He ceased to struggle in the iron cage in which he was confined, and became as quiet as a lamb. He was conducted to a large menagerie, in which were kept all sorts of monsters and wild beasts, and he was chained up among the rest.

Cherie resolved that he would lose no opportunity of repairing his faults; he therefore conducted himself very obediently towards the man



who had the care of him. This man was a ruffian ; and although the monster was very gentle, he yet beat him without reason. One day as his keeper was lying asleep, a tiger, having broken his chain, sprung upon him to devour him. Cherie could not for a moment prevent a slight emotion of joy at seeing himself about to be thus delivered from his persecutor ; but he immediately repressed this feeling, and anxiously regretted that he was not at liberty. “ I would return,” said he, “ good for evil by saving the life of this unfortunate man.”

No sooner had he thus determined, than he saw his cage-door open ; he sprang to the assistance of the man, who was awakened and defending himself against the tiger. The keeper thought he was lost indeed, when he saw the monster ; but his fear was soon changed to joy ; for Cherie sprang upon the tiger, strangled it, and crouched himself humbly at the feet of the man whom he had just saved. Penetrated with gratitude, the

keeper would have caressed the monster who had done him so signal a service; but as he stooped, he heard a voice saying, "A good action must not go unrewarded;" at the same moment, to his great surprise, he saw but a pretty little dog at his feet. Cherie, charmed at his change, leaped upon and caressed his keeper, who took him in his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related the wonderful occurrence that had just taken place. The queen, charmed with his goodness, wished to have the dog; and Cherie would have been very well contented with his new condition, could he but have forgotten that he was once a man and a king.

One day, directly after his bread had been given to him for his breakfast, he took it into his head that he would go and eat it in the palace garden. He took it in his mouth, therefore, and went straight towards a stream which he recollected as being a short distance from the palace.

But to his surprise the stream was no longer there, and in its place he saw a large house, the outside of which was brilliantly ornamented with gold and precious stones.

He observed an immense number of men and women, magnificently dressed, all going into this house; and from the interior he heard singing, dancing, and other indications of the good cheer that was to be found there: but he observed that all those who quitted the house were pale, thin, covered with sores, and nearly naked, for their clothes were torn to tatters. Some fell dead as they crossed the threshold, apparently entirely exhausted; others remained stretched on the ground at a short distance from the door, dying with hunger; and a few only had sufficient strength to drag themselves away. The poor creatures who were lying on the ground begged with tears for a morsel of bread from those who were going into the house, but were passed by without even a



look. Cherie observed a young girl who was trying to gather some grass to eat; and, touched with compassion, said to himself, "I have a good appetite, it is true, but I shall not die of hunger before my dinner-time; and if I sacrifice my breakfast to this poor creature, perhaps I may be the means of saving her life." He resolved to obey this good impulse, and put his bread into the young girl's hand, who carried it with avidity to her mouth. She soon appeared to be entirely restored, and Cherie, transported with joy at having succoured her so opportunely, was thinking of returning to the palace, when he heard loud cries: it was Zelia in the hands of four men, who were dragging her towards the fine house, and were about to force her into it.

Cherie then regretted that he had lost the shape and powers of the monster, which would have enabled him to rescue her; but, as a weak dog, he was only driven away with kicks and

curses. He resolved, however, not to leave the place, in order that he might ascertain what became of Zelia. He upbraided himself with her misfortunes.

“ Alas !” said he to himself, “ I am irritated against those who are now carrying her off, but have I not committed against her the same crime ? And if the justice of Heaven had not frustrated my intentions, should I not have treated her with as much or more indignity ?”

Cherie's reflections were interrupted by a noise which he heard over his head. He saw a window opened, and his joy was extreme at perceiving Zelia, who threw out of the window a plate full of victuals, so nicely cooked, that the very sight of them was enough to create an appetite. The window was immediately closed again ; and Cherie, who had not eaten all day, thought that he might as well take advantage of this opportunity. He was just about to eat, when the young girl, to

whom he had given his bread, uttered a cry; and taking him in her arms, "Poor little animal," said she, "touch not those tempting viands: that house is the palace of luxury, and all that comes from it is poisoned." At the same time Cherie heard a voice saying, "You see again that a good action does not go unrewarded;" and he was immediately changed into a little white pigeon. His first wish now was to go to Zelia; and, rising in the air, he flew all round the house. He saw with joy that there was a window open; he flew all over the house, but in vain. He resolved, however, not to rest until he should meet with her. He flew onwards for many days; and having at last entered on a desert, he perceived a cavern, into which he entered, when, behold, Zelia was seated therein by the side of a venerable old woman, and was sharing her frugal meal. Cherie, transported, flew on the shoulder of the shepherdess, and expressed, by his caresses, the plea-



sure he felt at seeing her again. Zelia, who was charmed with the bird's gentleness, softly stroked him with her hand; and although she thought he could not understand her, she told him that she accepted the gift that he made of himself, and said she would always love him.

"What have you done, Zelia?" said the hermit; "you have just pledged your faith."

"Yes, charming shepherdess," said Cherie to her, resuming at that moment his natural form, "the end of my enchantment, then, depended on your consent to our union. You have promised to love me always; confirm my happiness, or I will conjure the fairy Candid, my protectress, to restore to me that form under which I had the happiness to please you."

"You need not fear," said Candid, who, quitting the figure of the old woman, under which she had been concealed, appeared in her proper person. "The change that has taken place in

your heart allows her to give way to that tenderness which she has long felt. Live from henceforth happily together, since your union will be founded on virtue."

Cherie and Zelia threw themselves at the fairy Candid's feet. The prince could not sufficiently thank her for her goodness; and Zelia, delighted to learn that the prince had abandoned his errors, confirmed to him the pleasing confession of her love. "Rise, my children," said the fairy to them, "I will transport you to your palace; I will restore to Cherie a crown, of which his vices had rendered him unworthy." She ceased, and Cherie found himself with Zelia in the chamber of Suliman. This good man, charmed to see his master return, restored to himself and to virtue, joyfully gave up to him his throne; after which Cherie and Zelia enjoyed a long and prosperous reign.



THE  
GOLDEN GOOSE.



LONDON:  
JAMES BURNS.



LONDON :

Printed by S. & J. BENILEY, WILSON, and FLEY,  
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The Story  
OF THE  
Golden Goose.





## The Golden Goose.

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THERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dummling (Simpleton), and who was always ill-treated and neglected by the whole family.

It happened one day that the eldest son wished to go into the forest to cut wood; and his mother gave him a piece of meat and a bottle of wine to take with him for refreshment.

As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty."

But the saucy young man said, "If I should give you my meat and wine, I should not have enough left for myself—so be off about your business."

He now began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his aim, and cut himself in the arm, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him, too, some meat and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for a part of his good cheer. But he, too, thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever I give to you, I shall lose myself; so be off!"

The little man departed, but the youth had his punishment; the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, fell on his leg; so that he was forced, like the other, to go home and get his wound dressed.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like

to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both hurt themselves; you had better stay at home, for you are not fit for the business."

But, Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go then, perhaps you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some coarse bread, and a bottle of sour beer.

When he went into the wood, he also met the little old man, who said, "Give me something to eat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty."

Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if you don't mind such poor fare, we will sit down and eat it together."

So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a pasty, and his sour beer was turned into wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have such a



kind heart, and have been willing to share what you had with me, I will put you in the way of good fortune. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found under it a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he intended to sleep for the night.

The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very eager to know about this wonderful bird, and to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail.

At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling went out, and then seized the goose by the wings; but neither hand nor finger could she get away again.

Then in came the second sister, and meant to take a feather, too; but the moment she

touched her sister, she became fastened to her.

At last came the third, and wanted a feather ; but the other two cried out, "Keep away ! for pity's sake, keep away !" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may be there too." So she ran up to them ; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast to them. And so they were obliged to stop with the goose all night.

The next morning Dumpling carried off the goose under his arm ; and gave himself no trouble about the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind ; and wherever he went, they, too, were forced to follow, now here, now there, whether they would or no.

In the middle of a field the parson met them ; and when he saw this strange procession, he called out, "For shame, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields ! Is that

proper behaviour?" He then took hold of the youngest by the hand to pull her away; but as soon as he touched her he hung fast, and was obliged to follow in the train.

Presently up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and shouted out, "Stop! stop! your reverence! whither so fast? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took hold of him by the sleeve, and there he stuck fast, too.

As the five were thus trudging along, one after another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from the field; and the parson cried out to them to set them free. But scarcely had they touched the clerk, when they, too, fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so melancholy a turn of mind that no one



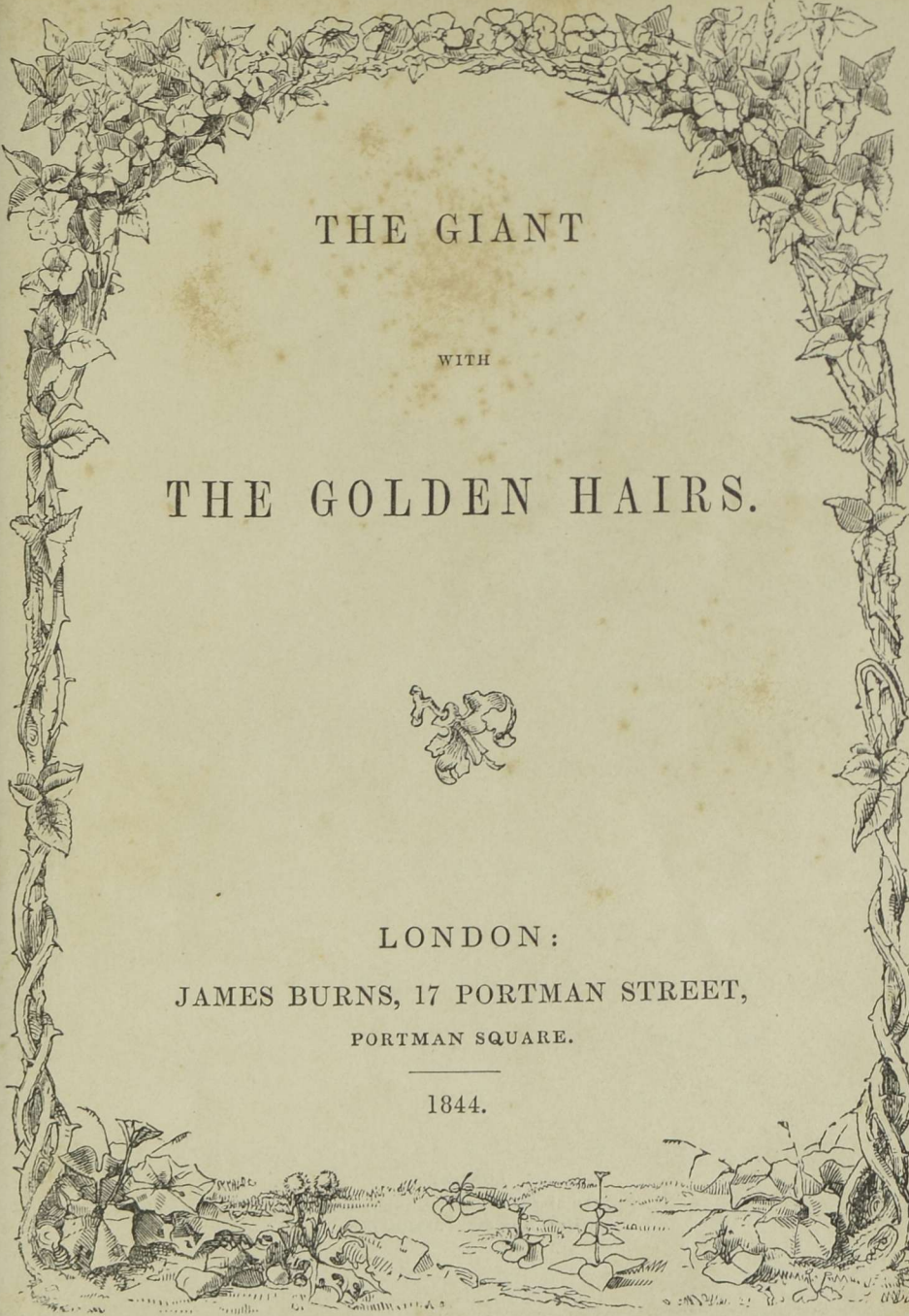
could make her laugh ; and the king had made a proclamation, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife.

When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train ; and as soon as she looked out of the window, and saw the seven all hanging together, and treading on each other's heels, she burst into such a fit of laughter as if she would never give over.

Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and they were immediately married, and led a long and happy life together.







THE GIANT

WITH

THE GOLDEN HAIRS.



LONDON :

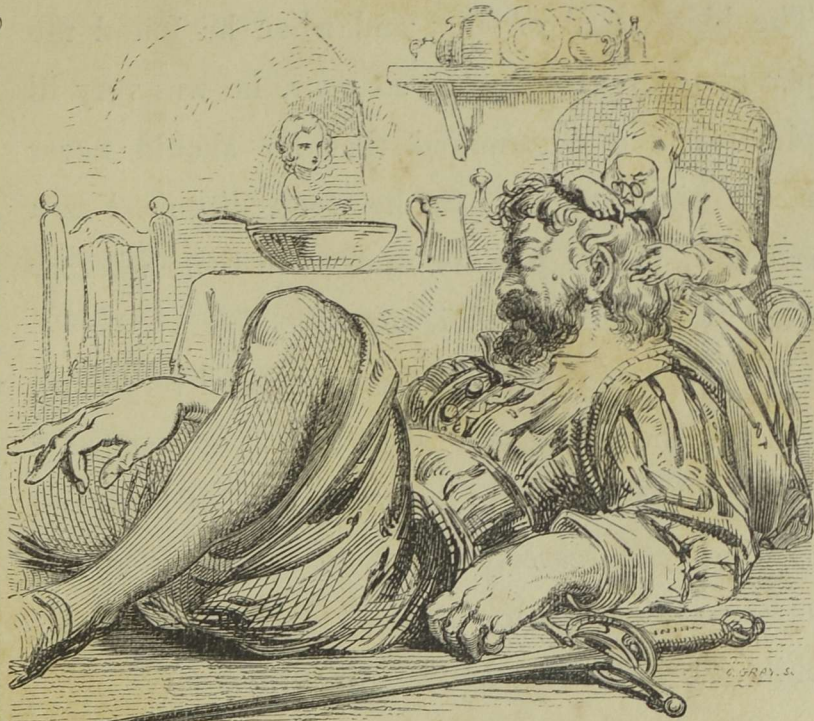
JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET,  
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1844.



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Great New Street, Fetter Lane.



The Giant with the Golden Hairs.



HERE was once a poor man and his wife, and they had a son, of whom it was foretold that he should prosper in all that he undertook, and that he should one day marry the king's daughter.



The king heard of this; and when he found the parents of the boy were so poor, he was very ill pleased, and determined that he should never marry his daughter. So he went, disguised as a stranger, to the parents, and asked them whether they would sell him their son.

“No,” said they; but as he begged very hard, and said he would give a great deal of money for the child, and would take great care of him, and as they had scarcely bread to eat, they at last agreed, thinking to themselves, he is a lucky child, no harm will happen to him.

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rode away; but when he came to a deep stream, he threw it into the water, saying to himself, “My daughter shall never have you for a husband.” So the box floated down the stream, but no water reached the child; till, at last, about two miles from the king’s capital, it stopped at a mill-dam. The miller soon saw it, and took a



long pole, and drew it towards the shore, and finding it heavy, thought it was full of money; but when he opened it, he found a pretty little boy. Now the miller and his wife had no children, and they rejoiced to see the foundling, saying, "Heaven has sent it to us;" so they treated the boy very kindly, and brought him up carefully in virtuous principles.

About thirteen years afterwards the king came by chance to the mill, and asked the miller if that was his son.

"No," said he; "I found him, when a babe, in a box in the mill-dam."

"How long ago?" asked the king.

"About thirteen years," said the miller.

"Indeed!" said the king: "can you spare him to carry a letter to the queen? it will give me much pleasure, and I will present him with two gold pieces for his trouble."

"As your majesty pleases," said the miller.

Now the king had soon guessed that this was the child whom he had tried to drown; and he wrote a letter by him to the queen, saying: "As soon as the bearer of this letter reaches you, give orders to kill and bury him, so that all may be over before I return."

The young man set out with this letter, but missed his way, and came in the evening to a great wood. Though it was quite dark he saw a light afar off, to which he directed his steps, and found that it came from a little cottage. There was no one within except an old woman, who was alarmed at seeing him, and said: "What brings you here, and where are you going?"

"I am going to the queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but I have lost my way, and shall be glad if you will give me a night's rest."

"You are very unlucky," said she, "for this is a robbers' hut; and if the band come back while you are here, they will murder you."



“ I am so tired, however,” replied he, “ that I can go no farther ;” so he laid the letter on the table, stretched himself out upon a bench, and fell asleep.

When the robbers came home and saw him, they asked the old woman who the strange lad was.

“ I have given him shelter for charity,” said she ; “ he has a letter to carry to the queen, and has lost his way.”

The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders contained in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader tore it, and, thinking to play the king a trick, wrote another letter, desiring the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the king's daughter. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning, and then shewed him the right way to the queen's palace ; who, as soon as she had read the letter, made all ready for the wedding ; and as the young



man was very handsome, the princess took him willingly for her husband, and they lived happily together.

After a while the king came back; and when he saw the prediction fulfilled, and that this child of fortune was married to his daughter, he asked eagerly how this had happened, and what his letter had said.

“Dear husband,” said the queen, “here is your letter, read it for yourself.”

The king took it, and seeing that another letter had been sent instead of his, asked his son-in-law what he had done with the letter which he had given into his charge.

“I know nothing of it,” said he; “it must have been taken away in the night while I slept.”

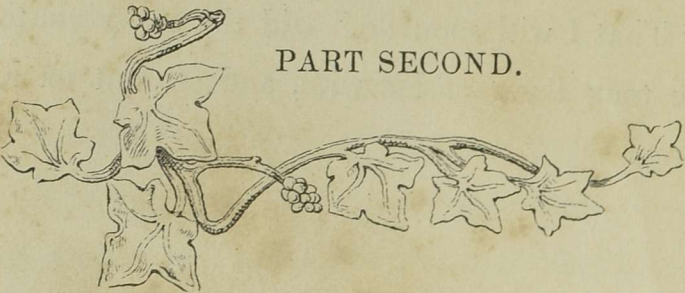
Then the king was in a great rage, and said: “No man shall have my daughter who does not go down and bring me three golden hairs from the head of the giant who reigns in the wonder-

ful mountain; do this, and you shall have my daughter.”

“ That I will soon do,” said the lucky youth : so he took leave of his wife, and set out on his journey.







PART SECOND.

By and by our hero came to a great city, where the guard of the gate stopped him, and asked what trade he followed, and what he knew.

“ I know every thing,” said he.

“ If that be so,” replied they, “ be so good as to tell us why our fountain in the market-place, that used to flow with wine, will now not even give water? tell us this, and we will give you two asses laden with gold.”

“ With all my heart,” said he, “ when I come back.”

He then continued his journey and came to



another city, and there the guard also asked him what trade he followed, and what he understood.

“ I know every thing,” answered he.

“ Then pray oblige us by saying how it happens that a tree which used to bear golden apples, does not now even bear a leaf?”

“ Most willingly,” said he, “ when I return.”

His way next led him to the side of a great lake, over which he must pass. The ferryman asked, as the others had done, what was his trade, and what he knew.

“ Every thing,” said he.

“ Then,” said the other, “ pray tell me why it is that I am bound for ever to ferry people over this water, and cannot get free? I will reward you handsomely.”

“ I will tell you all about it,” said the young man, “ as I come home.”

When he had passed the water, he came to

the great mountain, which looked very black and gloomy. The giant lived in a cave hollowed out of the solid rock. When the youth knocked at the door, he found the giant was not at home, but his grandmother was sitting in her easy chair.

“What do you seek?” said she to the prince.

“Three golden hairs from the giant’s head,” answered he; “otherwise I shall lose my wife.”

“I am sorry for you,” said she; “when he returns home, I am afraid he will kill you; yet I will try what I can do.”

Then she shewed him a hole in the wall, and told him to hide himself there; and if he kept himself quite quiet, he might be safe.

“Very well,” said he; “but I want also to know why a fountain that used to flow with wine is now dry; why the tree that bore golden apples is now leafless; and why it is that the ferryman cannot get away.”

“You ask three questions that are difficult to



answer," said the old lady; "but lie quiet and listen to what the giant says when I pull the golden hairs."

As soon as night set in, the giant himself appeared. When he entered he began to snuff up the air, and cried: "What's the matter here? surely some stranger is in my cave."

Then he searched all round in vain; and the old dame scolded and said: "Don't be turning every thing topsy-turvy that I have just set in order."

Upon this he took his supper, laid his head in her lap, and soon fell asleep, as he was very tired. As soon as he began to snore, she seized one of the golden hairs and pulled it out.

"Woman!" cried he, starting up, "what are you about?"

"Oh, I have heard that the fountain in the market-place that used to run with wine, has become dry; what can be the reason?"



“ Ah! if they but knew that,” said the giant: “ under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; when they kill him, it will flow again.”

This said, he fell asleep, and snored so loud that the window shook, and then the old lady pulled out another hair.

“ What would you be at?” cried he in a rage.

“ Don't be angry,” said she; “ I want to ask you another question.”

“ What is that?” said he.

“ Oh! in a great kingdom there was a fruit-tree that used to bear golden apples, and now has not even a leaf upon it; what is the reason of that?”

“ Aha!” said the giant, “ they would like very well to know that secret. At the root of the tree a mouse is gnawing; if they were to kill him, the tree would bear golden apples again; if not, it will soon die. Now have done with your questions,

and let me sleep in peace ; if you wake me again, I shall box your ears."

Then he fell once more asleep ; and when she heard him snore she pulled out the third golden hair, and the giant jumped up and was going to make sad work ; but she soothed him, and said : " Only this once, and I will never trouble you again. There is a ferryman who is doomed to ply backwards and forwards over a lake, and can never be set free ; what is the charm that binds him ? "

" He is a silly fool ! " said the giant : " let him give the rudder into the hand of the first passenger : he will then be free, and the other will take his place. Now let me sleep. "

In the morning the giant arose and went out ; and the old woman having released the young man from his prison, gave him the three golden hairs, asked him if he had heard and understood all that the giant had said, and, on his replying that he had, she sent him on his way.



He now left the mountain, and soon came to the ferryman, who knew him again, and asked for the answer which he had said he would give him.

“Ferry me over first,” said he, “and then I will tell you.”

When the boat reached the other side, he told him to give the rudder to the first passenger, and then ran away.

He next came to the city where the barren tree stood. “Kill the mouse,” said he to the watchman, “that gnaws the root, and you will have golden apples again.” They gave him two ass-loads of gold; and he journeyed on to the city where the fountain had dried up, and the guard asked his answer to their question. So he told them to kill the toad; and they thanked him, and gave him also two asses laden with gold.

And now at last the youth reached home, and his wife rejoiced exceedingly to see him, and to



hear of his good fortune. He gave the three golden hairs to the king, who could no longer raise any objection to him; and when he saw the four asses laden with gold, cried out in a transport of joy (for he was very fond of money): "Dear son-in-law, where did you find all this gold?"

"Beyond a lake," said the youth, "where, no doubt, there is still plenty to be had."

"Pray, tell me," said the king, quite anxiously, "may I go and get some too?"

"As much as you please," replied the other; "you will see the ferryman on the lake; tell him to carry you across, and you will soon arrive at the cities from whence the gold came."

Away went the greedy old king with all speed; and when he came to the lake he beckoned to the ferryman, who took him into his boat; and when he was about to quit, he put the rudder into his hand and ran off, leaving the old king to ferry away as a punishment.

“ And is his majesty plying there still ? ”

No doubt of it ; for who, do you think, would take the rudder out of his hands ?





The Story  
OF  
BLUEBEARD.



LONDON:  
JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET,  
PORTMAN SQUARE.

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1844.



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Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

# BLUE BEARD

J. BURNS. LONDON.



HERE lived in ancient times a very rich man.

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He had many houses and castles; his dishes and plates were of gold and silver; his rooms were hung with embroidered tapestry; in short, every thing was in the most princely style. Unfortunately, however, he had a blue beard, which made him look so very frightful, that none of the ladies around would venture to go into his company.

Now, a certain lady, who lived very near him, had two daughters, both very beautiful. Blue-beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him for his wife, leaving it to herself to choose which of the two it should be. Both the young ladies said, over and over again, that they would never marry a man with a blue beard; yet, in order to be as civil as they could, each of them said that she only objected to him because she was loath to hinder her sister from so honourable a match: the truth was, that, besides the circumstance of his blue beard, they knew that he had already married several wives, and nobody could tell what had



become of any of them. Some people, indeed, did not scruple to say that he had put them to a violent death.

Bluebeard, in order to gain their favour, asked the lady and her daughters, with some of their friends and acquaintances, to accompany him to one of his castles; the invitation was accepted, and a whole week was passed in feasts and merry-makings of all kinds. The time rolled on so pleasantly, that the youngest of the two sisters began to think that the beard was not so very blue, and that the gentleman who owned it was a very civil and obliging person; in short, the marriage was celebrated not long after.

About a month after the wedding, Bluebeard told his lady that he was obliged to leave her for six weeks at least, as he had some business of importance which called him to a distance. He desired her to be sure to make herself happy, and to deny herself nothing during his absence; to

invite as many of her friends as she liked, and to treat them with all sorts of dainties.

“ Here,” said he, “ are all the keys of the castle; as for this little key, it belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery. I give you free leave,” he continued, “ to open and do what you like with all the rest; but this closet I forbid you to enter, or even to put the key into the lock, on any account whatever. If you do not obey me in this particular, but open the closet-door, I warn you to expect the most terrible of punishments.”

The wife promised to obey his orders in the most punctual manner; and Bluebeard, bidding her adieu, mounted his horse and rode away.

When Bluebeard was gone, the friends of his wife did not wait to be invited, so eager was their curiosity to behold all the riches and rarities that she had become mistress of by her marriage; for none of them had dared to go to the wedding, or



to visit her since, on account of the bridegroom's blue beard, which inspired them all with terror. As soon as they arrived, they ran over Bluebeard's castle from tower to tower, from room to room, from closet to closet, observing, with surprise and delight, that each one they came to was richer and more beautiful than the one they had just quitted. In a word, nothing could exceed the splendour of what they saw, and they failed not to admire and envy the good fortune of the lady of the house. The wife, meanwhile, hardly thought of the fine speeches they made to her; she was so intent all the time upon discovering the secrets of the closet which she had been strictly forbidden to open.

At last her curiosity became so great, that, without thinking more of her guests, she slipped away down a private staircase that led to the gallery, and her haste was so great that she was two or three times in danger of falling and breaking



her neck. When she reached the door of the closet she stopped a few minutes, and the thought occurred to her that her disobedience might perhaps be attended by fatal consequences. But curiosity impelled her so powerfully that, resolved to gratify it at all hazards, she quickly put the little key into the lock and turned it, and the door flew wide open.

The closet had but one small window of dark-coloured glass, so that at first she could see nothing distinctly; but in a short time, her eyes growing accustomed to darkness, she saw with horror that the floor was covered all over with blood, as if several persons had been killed there. She immediately remembered what she had heard of Bluebeard's former wives, and now she believed that this was the very room in which he had put them to death.

The poor young lady, as may be supposed, was ready to faint with fear; and, in her confu-

sion, the key of the closet, which she had drawn from the lock, fell from her hand on the floor.

When she had a little recovered from her fright, she picked up the key, locked the door, and hastened back to the company; but she trembled so greatly that she could hardly speak to them. Finding that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she endeavoured to cleanse it by wiping it with her handkerchief; but the blood was immovable: she then washed it, and afterwards scoured it with sand and brick-dust, but the blood still remained on the key, in spite of all her efforts. The truth is, the key was an enchanted one, the gift of a fairy, and could not be cleansed: as fast as the blood was rubbed off one spot, it appeared on another.

The company soon after this returned home, wondering at the altered appearance of the bride. Her sister Anne only remained behind to keep her company.



Bluebeard shortly arrived at home, and his wife received him as cheerfully as she could. The next morning he asked her for the keys; she gave them to him, but her hand trembled so much, that Bluebeard at once guessed that something was wrong.

“How is it,” said he, “that the key of the closet is not here, with the others?”

“I must have left it up stairs on my dressing-table,” said the wife.

“Bring it me immediately,” replied Bluebeard.

After walking backwards and forwards several times, not knowing what to do, she at last took it up and brought it to Bluebeard. Having taken it into his hands and examined it, he asked his wife, “How came this stain on the key?”

“I am sure I do not know,” was all that the poor terrified lady could reply.

“You do not know!” returned Bluebeard



sternly; "you know too well, madam! You have been in the closet which I forbade you to enter. Very well; you shall go there again, for your disobedience, and you shall be dealt with as I have already done with your predecessors."

The poor lady threw herself on her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly and displaying all the signs of a true repentance for having disobeyed him, and supplicated his pardon for her first fault in the most affecting terms. Her beauty and distress would have melted a rock; but Bluebeard was immovable.

"No, madam," said he, "you shall die this very minute."

"Alas! if it must be so," answered she, regarding her relentless husband with streaming eyes, "at least let me retire for a short time to prepare myself for death."

"You shall have half a quarter of an hour," retorted Bluebeard, "but not a minute longer."

When Bluebeard had left her she ran up to her room and said to her sister, who was still with her, "Sister Anne, pr'ythee run up to the top of the tower and see if my brothers are in sight; this is the day they promised to visit me. If you see them, make signs to them to gallop hither as fast as they can."

The sister immediately ascended to the battlements of the tower, and looked far and wide over the country; while the poor trembling lady cried out to her, "Anne! sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

Her sister said, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a mist, and the grass, which looks green."

In the mean while, Bluebeard, with a great sword in his hand, called in a voice of thunder to his wife, "Come down at once, or I will fetch you!"

"One moment, I beseech you," replied she;



and again called softly to her sister, "Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

To which she answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a mist, and the grass, which looks green."

Bluebeard now again cried out, "Come down, I say, this very moment, or I will come and fetch you."

"I am coming; indeed I will come in one minute," sobbed his wretched wife. Then she once more cried out, "Anne! sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust a little to the left."

"Do you think it is my brothers?" said the wife.

"Alas, no! dear sister," replied she; "it is only a flock of sheep."

"Will you come down, madam?" said Bluebeard, in the greatest rage.



“ Only one single moment more,” said she. And then she called out for the last time, “ Sister Anne! sister Anne! do you see no one coming?”

“ I see,” replied her sister, “ two men on horseback coming, but they are still a great way off.”

“ Thank God!” cried she, “ it is my brothers; beckon them to make haste.”

Bluebeard now cried out so loud for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house. The poor lady, with her hair loose, and all in tears, now came down, and fell on her knees, begging him to spare her life; but he stopped her, saying, “ It is of no use; you shall die:” and seizing her by the hair, he raised his sword to kill her. The poor woman now begged a single moment to say one prayer. “ No, no,” said Bluebeard, “ I will give you no more time; you have had too much already.” He again raised his sword; but just at this instant a loud knocking

was heard at the gates, which made Bluebeard wait for a moment to see what it was. The door flew open, and two knights in full armour came in, with their swords in their hands, and ran straight to Bluebeard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, tried to escape from their presence; but they pursued and seized him before he had gone twenty steps, and plunging their swords into his body, he fell down dead at their feet.

The poor wife, who was almost dead too with fear, was not able at first to rise and embrace her brothers; but she soon came to herself, and told them the whole story. As Bluebeard had no heirs, she now found herself by his death the owner of great wealth. She gave a part of her riches as a marriage-dowry to her sister Anne, who was soon afterwards married to a neighbouring count. Some of the money she laid out for her two brothers; some she gave to the poor, and to



the service of religion, in remembrance of her happy deliverance. She became wiser than she had ever been before, and spent the rest of her life in great peace and happiness.





THE  
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

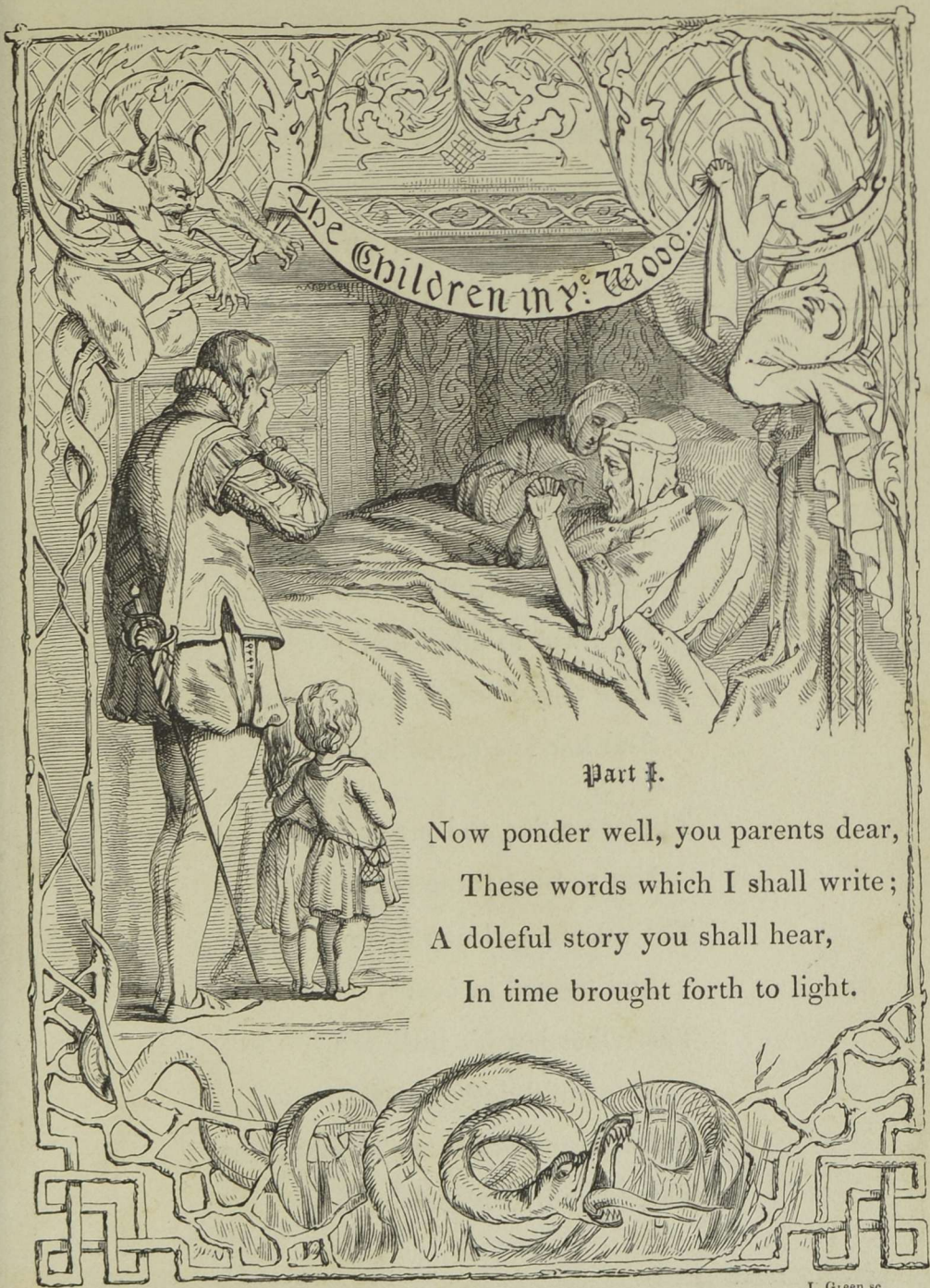


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The Children in y<sup>e</sup> Wood.

Part I.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate,

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
No help his life could save ;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possess'd one grave,  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind ;  
In love they lived, in love they died,  
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old ;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And framed in beauty's mould,  
The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year.



And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid down on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controll'd :  
But if the children chance to die  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;  
For so the will did run.

“ Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
“ Look to my children dear ;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friends else have they here :  
To God and you I recommend  
My children dear this day ;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one ;  
God knows what will become of them  
When I am dead and gone.”



With that bespake their mother dear :

“ O brother kind,” quoth she,

“ You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or misery :

And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will you reward ;

But if you otherwise should deal,

God will your deeds regard.”

With lips as cold as any stone

They kiss'd their children small :

“ God bless you both, my children dear ;”

With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake

To this sick couple there :

“ The keeping of your little ones,

Sweet sister, do not fear :

God never prosper me nor mine,

Nor aught else that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear

When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slay them in a wood.  
He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in fair London,  
With one that was his friend.







C. PEN. SC.

The Children  
Who  
Were  
Poor  
and  
Hungry

WAY then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that tide,  
Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
They should on cockhorse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be  
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,  
Made murder's heart relent :  
And they that undertook the deed  
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hirèd him  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife ;  
With one another they did fight  
About the children's life :  
And he that was of mildest mood  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood ;  
The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow him,  
And look they did not cry :  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain :  
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I'll bring you bread  
When I come back again.”



These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town :  
Their pretty lips with blackberries  
Were all besmear'd and dyed,  
And when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their grief,  
In one another's arms they died,  
As wanting due relief ;  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till robin-redbreast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

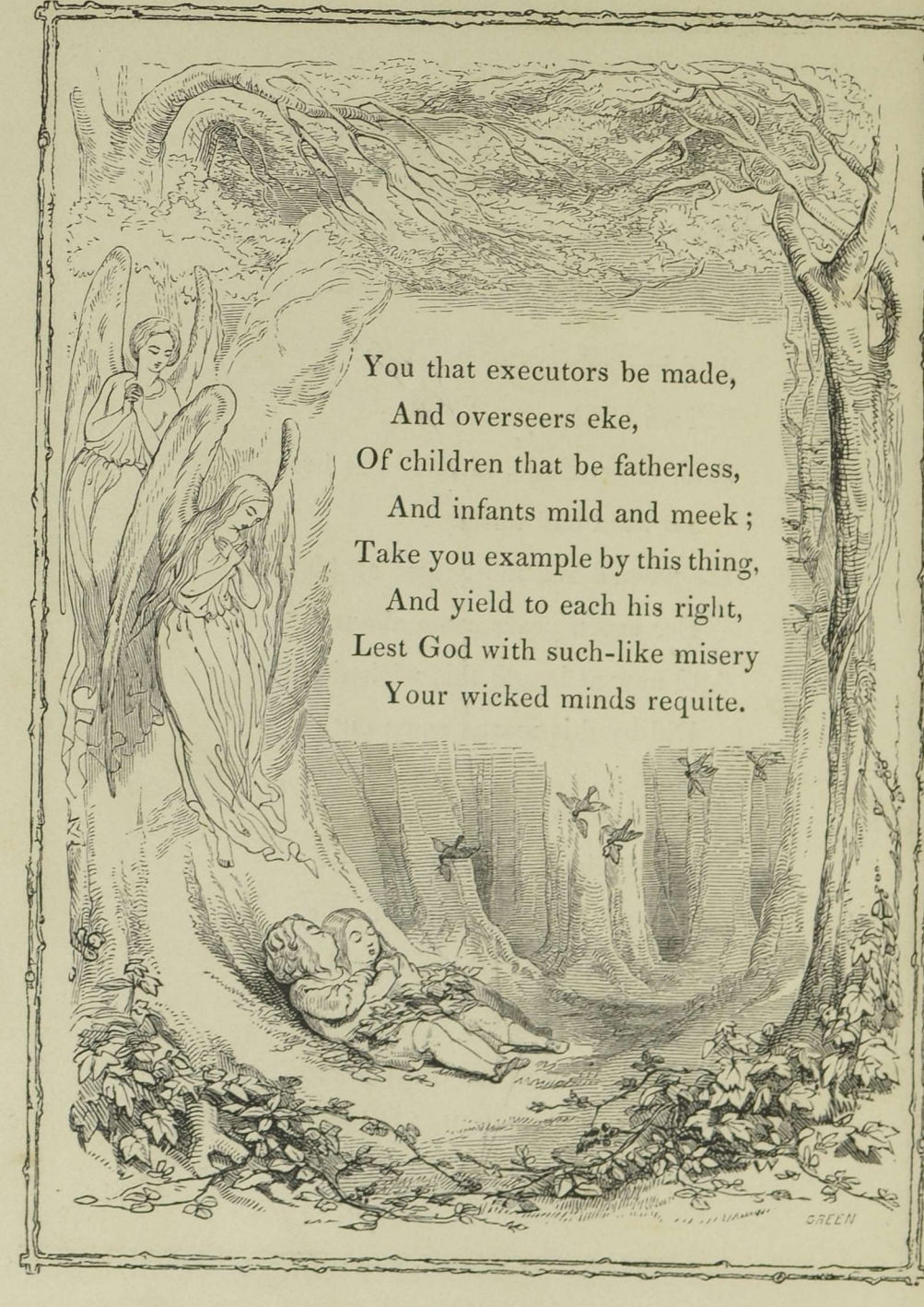
And now the heavy wrath of God  
Upon their uncle fell ;  
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell :

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
His lands were barren made,  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sons did die ;  
And, to conclude, himself was brought  
To want and misery :  
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven years came about ;  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judged to die,  
Such was God's blessed will :  
Who did confess the very truth,  
As here hath been display'd :  
Their uncle having died in jail,  
Where he for debt was laid.



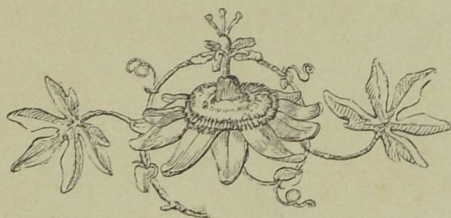


You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke,  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek ;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such-like misery  
Your wicked minds requite.

VALENTINE

AND

ORSON.

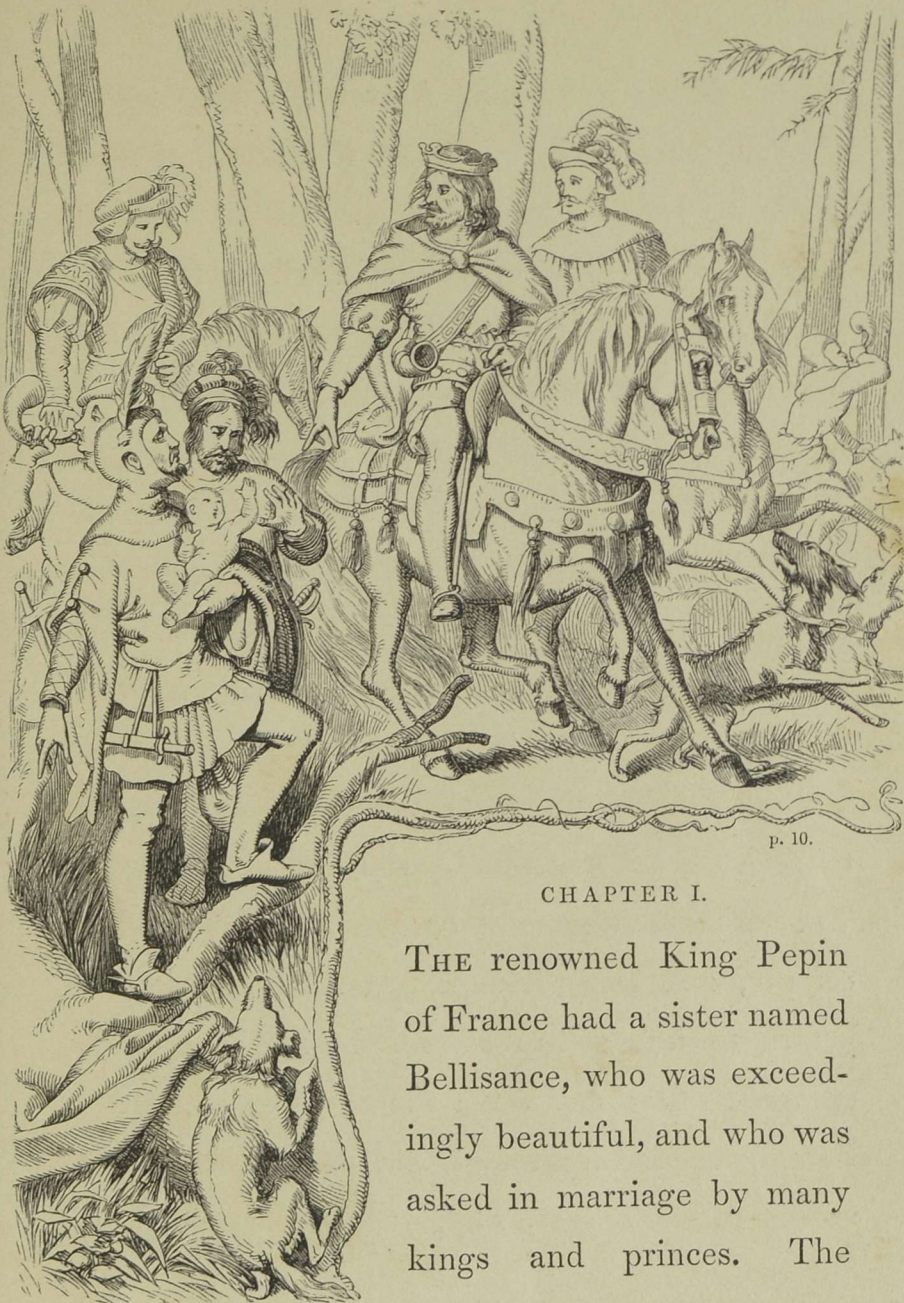


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p. 10.

CHAPTER I.

THE renowned King Pepin of France had a sister named Bellisance, who was exceedingly beautiful, and who was asked in marriage by many kings and princes. The



lady's choice fell upon Alexander, emperor of Constantinople, who came to the court of King Pepin to espouse the princess. Great rejoicings took place on the occasion, in all parts of the kingdom; and soon after the marriage the emperor took his leave, and carried his lovely bride in great splendour and triumph to Constantinople.

The Emperor Alexander's prime minister was a selfish and tyrannical man; but unhappily his influence with the emperor was very great. This man, observing the gentleness and sweetness of the Lady Bellisance, began to fear that she would undermine his influence, and he wickedly resolved to seek the destruction of the innocent empress. The emperor was of a credulous and suspicious temper, and the prime minister found means at length to infuse into his mind suspicions of the empress. One day when the emperor was alone, he entered the apartment, and prostrating himself at his master's feet, said, "May heaven guard

your majesty from the base attempts of the wicked and treacherous! I seek not the death of any man, nor may I reveal the name of the person who has intrusted to me a dreadful secret; but, in the most solemn manner, I conjure your majesty to beware of the designs of your empress; for that beautiful and attractive lady is faithless and disloyal, and is even now planning your overthrow and dethronement. Alas! my heart is ready to burst with indignation, to think that a lady of such charms, and the sister of a great king, should become so dishonourable and wicked."

The emperor, giving implicit faith to his favourite's tale, could no longer restrain his fury; and abruptly leaving him, he rushed into the apartment of the empress, and in the fiercest manner dragged the fair Bellisance about the chamber by her long and beautiful hair. "Alas! my dear lord," she cried, "what moves you to this outrage?"



“Base wretch!” he exclaimed, “I am but too well informed of your wicked proceedings;” then dashing her with violence upon the ground, he left her speechless. The attendants of the empress, finding her lying senseless on the floor, uttered loud screams, which presently brought all the courtiers into the chamber. Every one was sorry for their amiable queen; and the nobles demanded an audience of the emperor, to represent to him the wrongs he had done to an honourable lady, with whom no one before had ever found any fault. But the emperor was yet mad with passion, and to their representations he answered, “Let no man dare to defend her who has basely betrayed me. She shall die; and they who interfere in her behalf shall partake in the dreadful punishment that awaits disloyalty and treason.”

The empress being recovered from her swoon, then fell upon her knees, and thus addressed the

emperor: "Alas! my lord, take pity on one who never harboured an evil thought against your person or dignity; and if not upon me, at least I implore you have compassion on your two children. Let me be imprisoned or put to death, if it so pleaseth you; but, I beseech you, save my poor children."

The rash emperor, misled by the false tales of the prime minister, would not hearken to her; and the courtiers, perceiving that nothing could mitigate his rage, removed Bellisance from his presence.

Her faithful servant, Blandiman, now threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Ah! madam, let me prevail on you to quit this unhappy place, and suffer me to conduct you and your children to your brother, the good King Pepin. Innocent and noble lady, follow my counsel; for if you stay here, the emperor will bring you to a shameful death."



“No, my faithful servant,” replied she; “I cannot follow your advice. If I should steal away privately from the court, it might be said I had fled because I was guilty. No; I had rather die the most cruel death than bear the blame of that of which I am innocent.”

The emperor so far relented, that he would not pronounce sentence of execution upon his queen; yet, as his mind was continually excited by false accusations against her, he resolved to banish her from his dominions; and immediately commanded her to quit Constantinople. At the same time he published an edict, forbidding all persons, on pain of death, to assist or succour the unfortunate lady, allowing her no other attendant than her servant Blandiman, whom she had brought with her from France. Sentence being thus pronounced, the queen, Blandiman, and the two children, hastened away. As she passed through the city, she was met by multitudes of people lament-

ing the loss of so good an empress. When she had left Constantinople, "Alas!" cried she, "in what unhappy hour was I born, to fall from so high an estate to so low a condition as I am now in!"

As she was thus complaining and weeping with anguish, her servant said to her, "Madam, be not discomfited, but trust in Providence, who will keep and defend you."

Having thus spoken, he espied a fountain, towards which he and his lady took their way. After refreshing themselves at the fountain, they proceeded towards France. Many weary days and nights had been travelled, when, arriving at the forest of Orleans, the disconsolate princess was so overcome with grief and fatigue, that she sunk down, and was incapable of proceeding farther. Her faithful attendant gathered the fallen leaves and the moss to make a couch for her to rest on, and then hastened quickly away, to seek some



habitation where he might procure food and assistance for his unfortunate mistress.

During Blandiman's absence the empress fell asleep, while her two infant boys were laid in the couch beside her, when suddenly a huge bear rushed out, and snatching up one of the children in its mouth, hastened into the thickest part of the forest. The wretched mother, distracted at the fate of her child, pursued the bear with shrieks and lamentations, till, overcome with anguish and terror, she fell into a swoon near the mouth of the cave into which the bear had carried her child.

It happened that King Pepin, accompanied by several great lords and barons of his court, was that same day hunting in the forest of Orleans, and chanced to pass near the tree where the other little boy lay sleeping on its bed of moss. The king was astonished with the beauty of the child, who opened his eyes as the king

stood gazing on him, and, smiling, stretched out its little arms, as if to ask protection. "See, my lords," said King Pepin, "this lovely infant seems to solicit my favour. Here is no one to claim it, and I will adopt it for my own."

The king little imagined it was his nephew, the son of his sister Bellisance, that he now delivered into the hands of one of his pages, who took the babe to Orleans to be nursed, and gave it, by the king's orders, the name of Valentine, because it was found on St. Valentine's day.

Blandiman, who had now returned, after looking in vain for assistance, missed his mistress; and after searching the forest for her, he at length espied her on the ground, tearing her hair, and uttering piercing cries of grief. "Ah! Blandiman," she exclaimed, "can there exist in the world a being more encompassed with grief and sorrow? I left Constantinople the mother of two beautiful children, my only comfort under my



bitter sorrow. A ravenous bear has now snatched one from my arms, and a no less cruel beast of prey has doubtless devoured the other. At the foot of yonder tree I left it when I pursued the bear; but no trace of either of my children remains. Go, Blandiman, leave me here to perish, and tell the emperor of Constantinople to what a horrible fate he, by listening to evil counsel, has destined his innocent wife and children."

At this moment they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a huge giant, who immediately attempted to seize the empress. Blandiman sprung to his feet, stepped in before him, and began to draw and defend himself. His efforts, however, were unavailing: the giant prevailed, and slew him; and throwing the unfortunate lady over his shoulder, he proceeded towards his castle.





THE GIANT CARRYING OFF THE EMPRESS.



## CHAPTER II.

MEANTIME the bear that had carried away the infant bore it to its cave and laid it down unhurt before her young ones. The young bears, however, did not devour it, but stroked it with their rough paws; and the old bear perceiving their kindness for the little babe, gave it milk, and nourished it in this manner for the space of a whole year. The child became hardy and robust; and as he grew in strength he began to range the forest, and attack the wild beasts with such fury that they used to shun the cave where he continued to live with the old bear, who loved him with extreme fondness. He passed this kind of life during eighteen years; growing to such wonderful strength, that he was the terror of the neighbouring country. The name of Orson was

given to him because he was nurtured by a bear; and the renown of this wild man spread over all France. He could not speak, and uttered no other sounds than a wild kind of howl to express either his anger or his joy. King Pepin often entertained a great desire to see this wild man of the woods; and one day rode with his retinue into the forest of Orleans in hopes of meeting him. The king, leaving his train at some distance, rode on, and passed near the cave which Orson inhabited. On hearing the sound of horses' feet, the wild man rushed upon the king, and would have strangled him in an instant but for a valiant knight, who galloped up and wounded Orson with his sword. Orson then quitted the king, and running furiously upon the knight, caught him and his horse and overthrew both. The king being quite unarmed could not assist the knight, but rode away to call the attendants to his rescue. However, before they arrived on the spot, the



unfortunate knight was torn to pieces, and Orson had fled to the thickest part of the forest, where all their endeavours could not discover him. The noise of this adventure increased every one's terror of the wild man, and the neighbouring villages were nearly abandoned by their inhabitants.

Valentine, in the mean while, had been educated in all kinds of accomplishments with the king's two sons and his fair daughter, Eglantine. Nothing could exceed the fondness of the young people for each other; indeed, there never was a lovelier princess than Eglantine, or a more brave and accomplished youth than Valentine. The king observing his inclination for arms, indulged him with armour and horses, and after creating him knight gave him a command in his army that was about to march against the Saracens. Valentine soon distinguished himself above the other leaders in battle. He fought near the king's side; and when his majesty was taken by a troop of the

Pagans, Valentine rushed through their ranks, slew hundreds of them, and, replacing the king on his horse, led him off in triumph. Afterwards, when the Saracen city was besieged, he was the first to scale the walls and place the Christian standard on the battlements. By his means a complete victory was obtained, and peace restored to France.

Valentine having conquered the Saracens returned to the court of King Pepin, and was received with loud acclamations by the people, and joyfully welcomed by the Princess Eglantine. The distinctions and favour showered on him raised the envy and hatred of the king's sons, who plotted together to destroy Valentine.

It happened very shortly after the return of Valentine from his victory over the Saracens, that a petition was presented to the king by a deputation of peasants, praying relief against Orson, the wild man of the woods; the fear of whom was



now become so great that the peasants dared not go out to till their fields, nor the shepherds to watch their flocks. The king immediately issued a proclamation, saying, if any man would undertake to bring Orson dead or alive to the city, he should receive a thousand marks of gold.

“Sire,” said his sons, “we think no person is so proper to undertake this enterprise as the founding Valentine, on whom your majesty lavishes such great favours, and who, it seems, aspires to the hand of your daughter. Perhaps if he conquers the savage with his sword, you will not think it then too much to reward him with the hand of our sister Eglantine.”

Valentine saw through the malicious design of the king's sons; and the king himself wished to protect him, and advised him not to encounter such an enemy.

“Pardon me, my liege,” replied Valentine; “it concerns my honour that I go. I will en-

counter this danger, and every other, rather than not prove myself worthy of your majesty's favour and protection. To-morrow I will depart for the forest at the break of day."

When the Princess Eglantine heard of Valentine's determination, she sought to divert him from his purpose; but finding him inflexibly resolved to attack the wild man, she adorned him with a scarf, embroidered with her own hands, and then retired to her chamber to pray for his safety.

At the first dawn of morning Valentine arose, and putting on his armour, having his shield polished like a mirror, he departed for the forest and having arrived there, he alighted, and tying his horse to a tree, penetrated into the thickest part of the wood in search of Orson. He wandered about a long time in vain; and being come near the mouth of a large cave, he thought that might be the hiding-place of the wild man. Va-



lentine then climbed a high tree near the cave; and scarcely was he seated among the branches, when he heard Orson's roar in the forest. Orson had been hunting, and came with a swift pace, bearing a buck he had killed upon his shoulders. Valentine could not help admiring the beauty of his person, the grace and freedom of his motions, and his appearance of strength and agility. He felt a species of affection for the wild man, and wished it were possible to tame him without having recourse to weapons. Valentine now tore off a branch of the tree, and threw it at Orson's feet; who looking up, and espying Valentine in the tree, uttered a growl of fury, and darted up the tree like lightning. Valentine as quickly descended on the other side. Orson seeing him on the ground leaped down, and opening his arms, prepared in his usual manner to rush upon and overthrow his antagonist; but Valentine holding up the polished steel, Orson suddenly beheld, in-

stead of the person he meant to seize, his own wild and terror-striking figure. Upon Valentine's lowering the shield, he again saw his enemy, and with a cry of transport prepared to grasp him in his arms. The strength of Orson was so very great, that Valentine was unable to defend himself without having recourse to his sword. When Orson received a wound from his sword, he uttered loud shrieks of anger and surprise, and instantly tearing up by the roots a large tree, furiously attacked Valentine. A dreadful fight now ensued, and the victory was a long time doubtful, Orson receiving many dreadful wounds from the sword of Valentine, and Valentine with great difficulty escaping from being crushed to death beneath the weighty club of Orson. At last Valentine's skill prevailed, and the wild man was conquered, and lay prostrate on the ground at his feet.

Valentine now made signs to Orson that he



wished him to accompany him, on which he quietly suffered him to bind his hands; and Valentine having mounted his horse, the two brothers proceeded towards Orleans.



### CHAPTER III.

WHEREVER they passed, the people, perceiving the wild man, ran into their houses and hid themselves. On arriving at an inn where Valentine intended resting during the night, the terrified inhabitants fastened their doors, and would not suffer them to enter. Valentine made signs to Orson, who, placing his shoulder against the door, forced it open in an instant; upon which the people of the inn all ran out at the back-door, and would not venture to return. A great feast was in preparation, and there were plenty of fowls and good provisions roasting at the fire. Orson tore the meat off the spit with his hands, and devoured it greedily; and espying a cauldron of water, he put his head into it and drank like a horse.



In the morning, Valentine resumed his journey, leading Orson as before. On arriving at the city, the inhabitants shut their doors, and ran into the highest rooms to gaze upon the wild man. Being come to the outer court of King Pepin's palace, the porter in a great fright barred the gate with heavy chains and bars of iron, and would not be prevailed upon to open it. After soliciting admittance for some time, and being still denied, Valentine made a sign to Orson, who, tearing up one of the large stone-posts that stood by, shattered the gate to pieces. The queen, the Princess Eglantine, and all their attendants, fled to hide themselves when they heard that Orson was arrived; and Valentine had the greatest difficulty to persuade them to believe that Orson was no longer furious and savage as he had been in the woods. At length the king permitted him to be brought in; and the whole court soon gathered in a crowd in the apartment, and were

much amused by his wild actions and gestures, although very cautious not to come near him. On Valentine's making signs, he kissed the king's robe, and the hand of the Princess Eglantine; for Orson had now become so attached to Valentine that he would obey him in all things, and would suffer no other person to attempt to control him. If Valentine went for a moment out of his sight, he would utter cries of distress, and overturn every one that stood in his way, while he ran about the palace in search of him; and he slept at night in Valentine's chamber, on the floor, for he could not be prevailed on to lie on a bed.

Very soon after the capture of Orson, a herald appeared at the court of King Pepin, from the Duke of Aquitain, summoning all true knights to avenge the cause of the Lady Clerimont, daughter to the noble duke, who was held in cruel captivity by Atramont, the black knight: the herald proclaiming, that whoever should conquer him should



receive the hand of the lady in marriage, together with a princely dowry. This knight was so famous for his cruelty and his victories, that the young lords of the court all drew back, and were unwilling to enter the lists; for it was known that he was defended by enchantment; and it was his practice to hang upon a high tree all the knights whom he had defeated. Valentine, however, offered himself without hesitation; and though he did not intend to ask the lady in marriage, he nevertheless determined to attempt her rescue from the hands of the giant.

Valentine, followed by Orson as his squire, soon reached the castle of the black knight, and immediately demanded the freedom of the captive lady. This was refused, and the two knights at once began the combat. The fight was long and equal. At length Atramont demanded a parley: "Knight!" said he to Valentine, "thou art brave and noble; behold, yonder hang twenty knights

whom I have subdued and executed: such will be thy fate; I give thee warning."

"Base traitor," replied Valentine, "I fear thee not; come on—I defy thee."

"First," rejoined the black knight, "fetch me yonder shield; for, in pity to thy youth, I tell thee, unless thou canst remove that shield, thou never canst rescue the lady, or conquer me."

Valentine approached the shield; but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not loosen it from the tree, though it appeared to hang but on a slender branch. Valentine, breathless with his exertions to pull down the shield, stood leaning against the tree, when Atramont, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "Fly and save thyself, fair knight; for since thou canst not move the shield, thou art not destined to be my victor. Further, know there is no one living who can subdue me, unless he be the son of a mighty king, and yet has been suckled by a wild beast."



Valentine started on hearing these last words, and immediately ran to Orson, and led him to the enchanted shield. On Orson's raising his arm towards it, it dropped instantly from its place. A loud blast of wind rushed through the trees, the ground rocked beneath their feet, and the black knight trembled and turned pale; then gnashing his teeth, he seized his sword, and attacked Orson with desperate fury. At the first blow, Atramont's sword broke in pieces upon the enchanted shield. Next he caught up a battle-axe, which also snapped instantly in two. He then took a lance, which was shivered to atoms in the same manner. Furious with these defeats, he threw aside his weapons, and trusting to his great strength, attempted to grasp Orson in his arms, but Orson, seizing him as if he had been a mere child, dashed him on the ground, and would have instantly destroyed him, had not Valentine interposed to save his life. Orson continued to hold

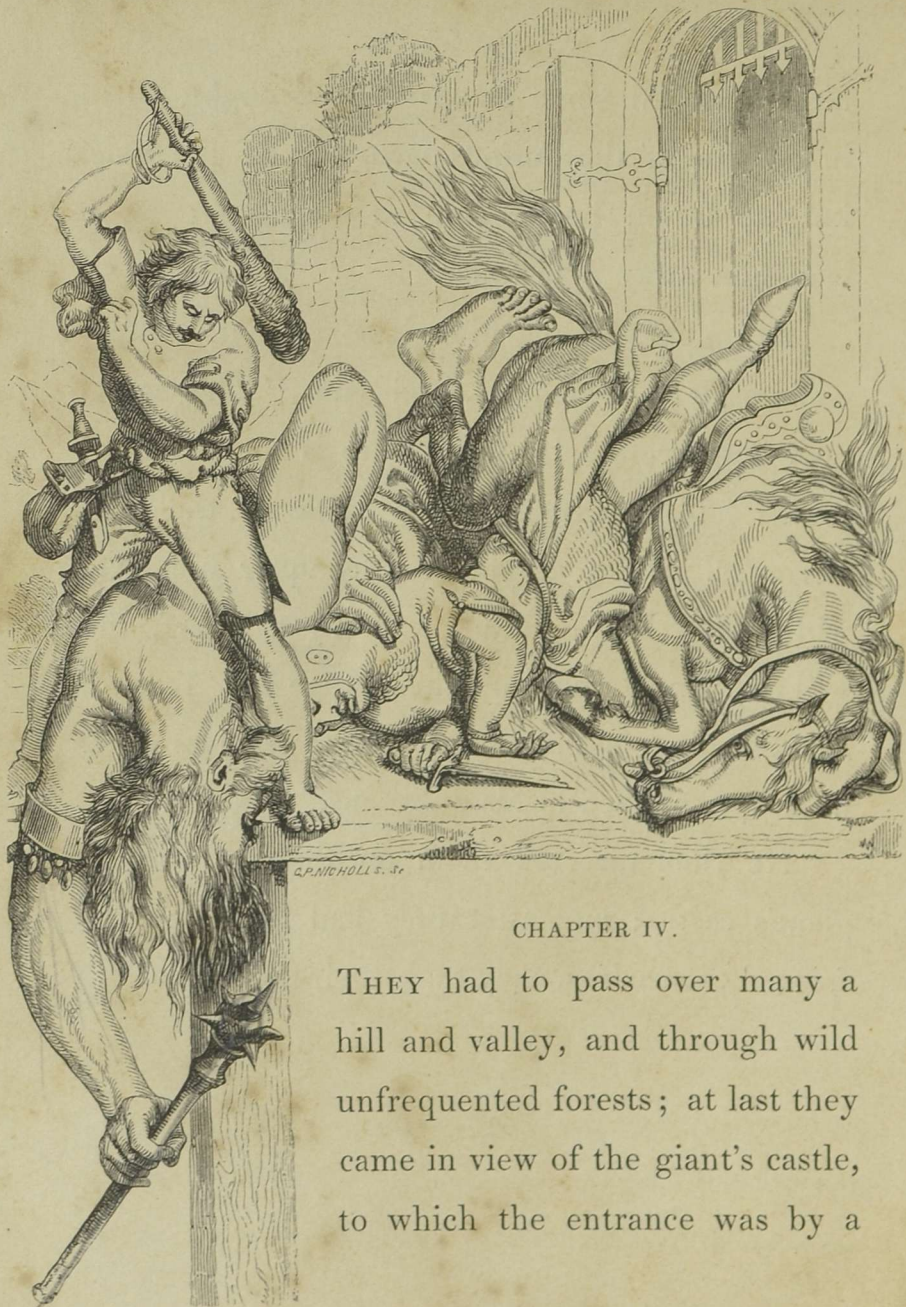
him down till some chains were brought, when, in despite of the furious struggles of the black knight, Orson bound him in strong fetters, to lead him away a prisoner.

Atramont, finding himself conquered, addressed himself to Valentine, and said, "This savage man is my conqueror, and there is some mystery in his fate. Hasten to the castle of the giant Ferragus, where, if you can conquer him, you will find a brazen head, kept by a dwarf, that will explain to you who this savage is. You will also be able to set at liberty all the captives whom he keeps confined in his dungeons."

He then directed them on their way to the giant's castle; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, they took their departure.







#### CHAPTER IV.

THEY had to pass over many a hill and valley, and through wild unfrequented forests; at last they came in view of the giant's castle, to which the entrance was by a

bridge of brass. The building itself was of marble, and the battlements were surmounted by golden pinnacles, which glittered richly in the evening sun as the two brothers approached the castle. Beneath the bridge of brass a hundred bells were fastened by a strange device, so that neither man nor beast might pass over without a loud alarm being given. The moment the two travellers began to cross the bridge the bells sounded, and immediately the great gates of the castle were thrown open, and a huge giant stalked forth, bearing in his hand a knotted club of steel. He immediately summoned them in a voice of thunder to lay down their arms.

“Yield, you caitiffs!” said he, “or I will make you food for the wolves and birds of prey. No one comes here and escapes with his life as long as I can wield my good club.”

“Vain boaster,” replied Valentine, “I scorn you and your threats. I come determined to



force the brazen gates of your castle and to set free your prisoners."

With these words he put spurs to his steed, and aimed his trusty spear at the giant's head. The first thrust made the giant bleed, who, in his turn, aimed a desperate blow at the knight. This happily missed, and left Valentine an opportunity of attacking the giant with his sword, which he did with the greatest courage, aiming blow after blow, first on one side, then on another, with the utmost agility and skill. But at last the giant, mad with pain and rage, saw that his adversary was beginning to flag, and found opportunity to deal him a tremendous blow with his mace, which laid both horse and rider senseless on the ground. He now grinned a hideous grin, and, stooping down, he was about to aim a second blow, exclaiming, "Now, caitiff, breathe thy last." But before he could raise his arm to strike, two tremendous blows descended upon his own head,

and the monster fell groaning to the earth. These blows came from the knotty club of Orson, who, seeing his friend's danger, ran up just in time to save him. The giant was dead; and Valentine soon began, with Orson's care and attention, to recover.

They now began to search the giant's castle, both to set free his captives and to search for the dwarf who should give the promised explanation. As they went through the gloomy apartments and dungeons, they found the bones of many murdered knights who had been overcome by the giant, and at last, in a little dim cell lighted by one small window, they found a lady lying on the ground and bathed in tears. At their entrance she lifted up her eyes and begged for mercy. Valentine gently raised her, and assured her that they were come to succour her, that the giant was killed, and that the castle-gates were thrown open. They then led her out of the dungeon into one of the



apartments of the castle, and supplied her with food and wine, and attended to all her wants.

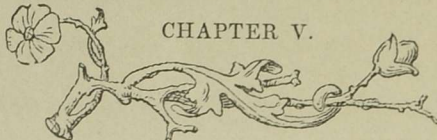
They then inquired her name and her story, when she related to them her whole history, as it has been already told, from the time of her marriage to the hour when the fierce giant slew her trusty attendant, and carried her off by force to the castle. But, when they heard her name, and that she was sister to King Pepin, they were beyond measure amazed and overjoyed; for they had often heard the sad story of the Empress of Constantinople, and how the emperor, after she had gone, had discovered the treachery of his prime minister, and had made long and anxious search for his wife and children, but in vain.





VALENTINE RELIEVING THE EMPRESS.



A decorative floral ornament featuring a central stem with several leaves and two flowers, one on the left and one on the right, with smaller buds and leaves extending from the main stem.

CHAPTER V.

VALENTINE and Orson determined therefore to set out for the coast of France as soon as the Lady Bellisance was able to travel, knowing how overjoyed the old king would be to see his long-lost sister. But, before taking their departure, they went to search for the dwarf, who at last was found in one of the turrets of the castle, and who immediately expressed his willingness to serve his deliverer, now that his cruel master was dead.

They desired him to lead them to the chamber where the brazen head was kept, which he immediately did. Valentine fixed his eyes upon the head, anxious to hear what it would say

concerning his birth. At length it spake thus:  
“Thou, O renowned knight, art called Valentine the Brave, and art the man destined to be the husband of the Princess Eglantine of France. Thou art son to the Emperor of Greece, and thy mother is Bellisance, sister to King Pepin of France. She was unjustly banished from her throne, and, after many wanderings, she was seized by a giant and confined in a dungeon of this castle, where she has been for twenty years. The wild man, who hath so long accompanied thee, is thy brother. You were both lost in the forest of Orleans. Thou wert found and brought up under the care of King Pepin thy uncle, but thy brother was stolen and nurtured by a bear. Proceed to France with the innocent empress, thy hapless mother. Away, and prosper! These are the last words I shall utter. Fate has decreed, that when Valentine and Orson enter this chamber, my power ends.”



Having thus spoken, the brazen head fell from its pedestal, and in the fall was broken into a thousand pieces.

The two youths stood for a moment fixed with astonishment; they then joyfully embraced each other, and rejoined the empress to tell her the extraordinary news they had just heard. Imagine her surprise when she saw before her her two long-lost sons. To describe her emotions on this joyful occasion would be impossible.

After the first transports were over, they prepared for their departure. The stables of the giant's castle furnished them with horses; and every thing else necessary for their journey was found in its well-stored recesses. So, taking with them the dwarf as their servant, the whole party proceeded towards France.

The meeting of King Pepin and his dear sister was, we need not say, a happy and joyful one. A courier was immediately despatched to Con-

stantinople to inform the Emperor Alexander of the arrival of his empress at the capital of France. The messenger found him still mourning the loss of his innocent queen, and refusing all comfort from those around him, from the thought that by his own folly and rashness he had been the cause of her banishment and death. The news was like life to the dead; and the emperor, as soon as he had sufficiently collected himself to give the proper orders, set off with his whole court to meet his long-lost queen, and to bring her back in triumph to her throne. His delight was still further increased when he saw the two youths his sons, and embraced them for the first time since they were children.

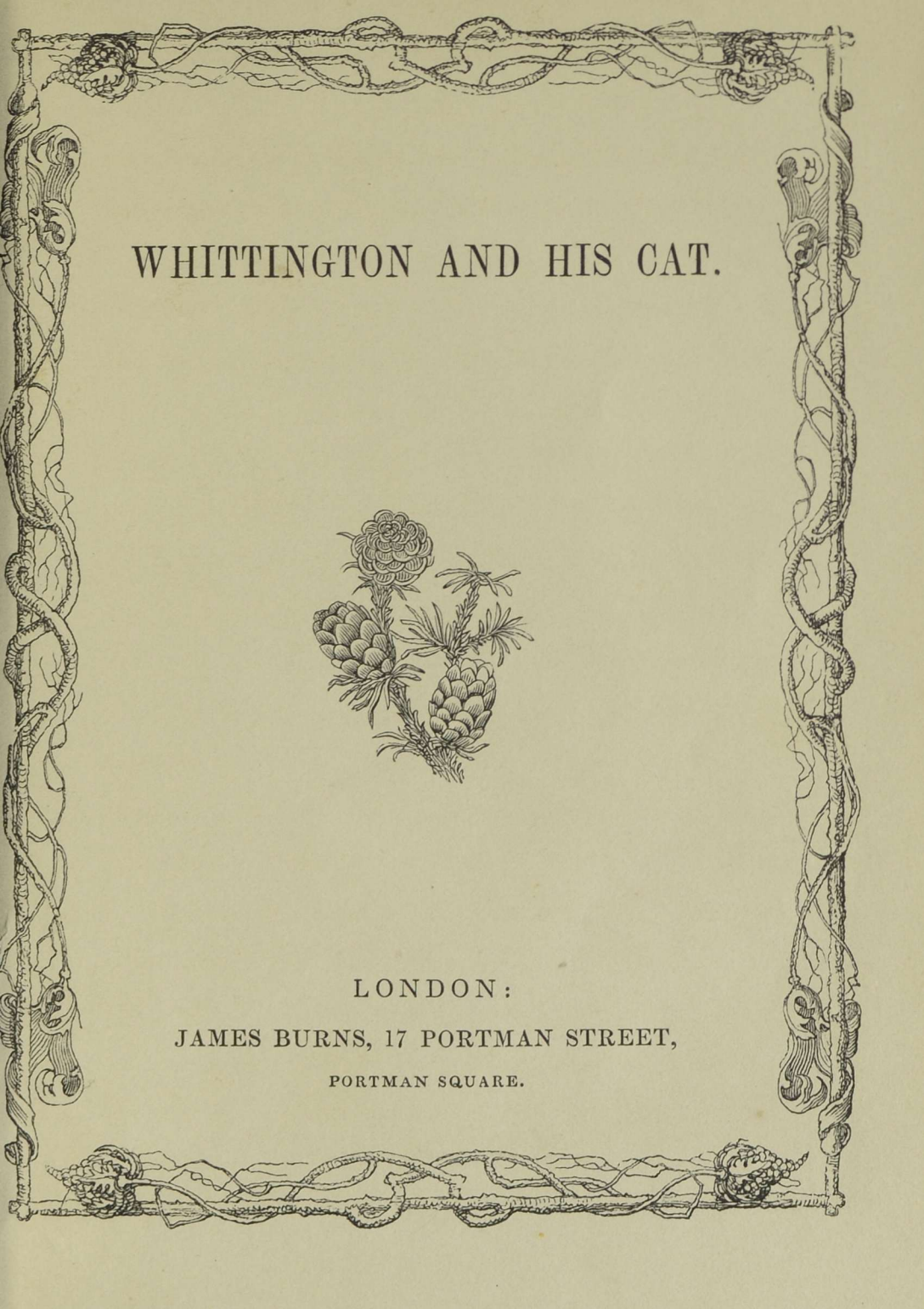
Great rejoicings, feasts, dances, and tournaments were held in honour of these events in all parts of the French king's dominions; and, in due time, the emperor and his queen, accompanied by Orson, took their departure for their own country.



Valentine remained at the court of his uncle, and was shortly after married to the fair Princess Eg-lantine.

At the death of the monarch they succeeded to the empire, and were blessed with a long and prosperous reign.





WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.



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## WHITTINGTON & HIS CAT.

A MERCHANT once upon a time,  
who had great store of gold,  
Among his household placed a youth  
sore pinch'd by want and cold;  
No father and no mother watch'd  
with love o'er this poor boy,



Whose dearest treasure was a cat,  
his pet and only joy,  
That came to him beseechingly  
when death was at the door,  
And kindly to relieve her wants  
he shared his little store.  
A grateful cat! no mice might live  
where she put up to dwell,  
And Whittington could sweetly sleep  
while puss watch'd o'er his cell,  
That once o'erran with vermin so,  
no rest had he by night,  
Placed in this garret vile to please  
a vulgar menial's spite.  
Now by the strand a gallant ship  
lay ready to set sail,  
When spoke the merchant, "Ho! prepare  
to catch the fav'ring gale;

And each who will his fortune try,  
    haste, get your goods on board,  
The gains ye all shall share with me,  
    whate'er they may afford ;  
From distant lands where precious musks  
    and jewels rare are found,  
What joy to waft across the seas  
    their spoils to English ground !”  
So hasted then each one on board,  
    with what he best could find,  
Before the ship for Afric's strand  
    flew swiftly with the wind.  
The little boy he was so poor,  
    no goods had he to try,  
And as he stood and saw the ship,  
    a tear bedimm'd his eye,  
To think how fortune smiled on all  
    except on his sad lot—



As if he were by gracious Heaven  
neglected and forgot !  
The merchant and his daughter too,  
fair Alice, mark'd his grief,  
And with a gentle woman's heart,  
intent on kind relief,  
She bade him bring his cat to try  
her fortune o'er the sea ;  
“ Who knows,” she said, “ what she may catch  
in gratitude to thee !”  
With weeping and with sore lament  
he brought poor puss on board.  
And now the ship stood out for sea,  
with England's produce stored ;  
And as she sped far out of sight,  
his heart was like to break ;  
His friend was gone that shared his crust,  
far sweeter for her sake.

Humble his lot the merchant knew,  
but knew not that the cook  
With blows and cuffs the boy assail'd,  
and surly word and look,  
Until his life a burden seem'd,  
too grievous to be borne,  
Though Alice oft would pity him,  
so lowly and forlorn.  
Now musing long, the thought arose  
his plight could scarce be worse,  
And forth he rush'd into the fields,  
regardless of his course.  
The cutting winds blew bleak and cold  
upon his shiv'ring breast,  
His naked feet were pierced with thorns,  
on every side distress'd;  
He sank, o'erpower'd with grief and pain,  
upon a wayside stone,



Bethinking there to end his days,  
     with none to make him moan :  
 And calling upon God for aid  
     in this last hour of need—  
 On God, who never yet refused  
     to hear the wretched plead.  
 And now the bells sound loud and clear,  
     as thus he lay forlorn,  
 Seeming to say, “ O Whittington,  
     thou foolish boy, return !  
 Lord Mayor of London thou shalt be,  
     Dick Whittington, if thou  
 Wilt turn again, and meet thy lot  
     with bold and manly brow.”\*

\* The six bells of Bow Church rung, and seemed to say to him,—

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

Up sprang the boy to hear such sounds,  
so cheerful and so sweet,  
He felt no more the piercing winds,  
the thorns beneath his feet,  
But raising up his eyes to Heaven,  
he pray'd for strength to bear  
Whatever in His wisdom God  
might please to make him share.  
And now his steps retracing fast,  
good news he quickly hears,  
How that a richly-laden ship,  
amid ten thousand cheers,  
Had enter'd port from distant climes  
full freighted with their gold,  
By traffic gain'd for English wares  
in honest barter sold.  
With shout and song the crew rejoiced—  
not less the folk on shore—



Told of adventures strange and rare  
Among the blackamoor ;  
And how their king was glad to see  
our English sailors bold,  
Who sat and ate and drank with him  
from cups of purest gold.  
Once on a day, amid their cheer,  
when healths went gaily round,  
How were the crew amazed to see,  
in swarms upon the ground,  
Unnumber'd rats and mice rush forth  
and seize the goodly cheer,  
While stood the wond'ring guests aloof,  
o'erwhelm'd with dread and fear.  
" Oh ! " said the king, " what sums I'd give  
to rid me of such vile  
Detested brutes, whose ravages  
our bed and board defile ! "

Now hearing this, the sailors straight  
bethought them of the cat,  
And said, " O king, we'll quickly rid  
your palace of each rat."

" Indeed !" the king delighted said ;  
" go fetch her, quick as thought,  
For such a treasure, many a year,  
I've long and vainly sought ;  
And should she prove as ye have said,  
your ship shall loaded be  
With gold in heaps, so rich a prize  
I deem your cat to be."

And now the cat did soon perform  
such feats as ne'er were seen :  
Oh, how the scampering, mangled rats  
amused the king and queen !  
Rich treasures now for Whittington  
were sent on board the ship,



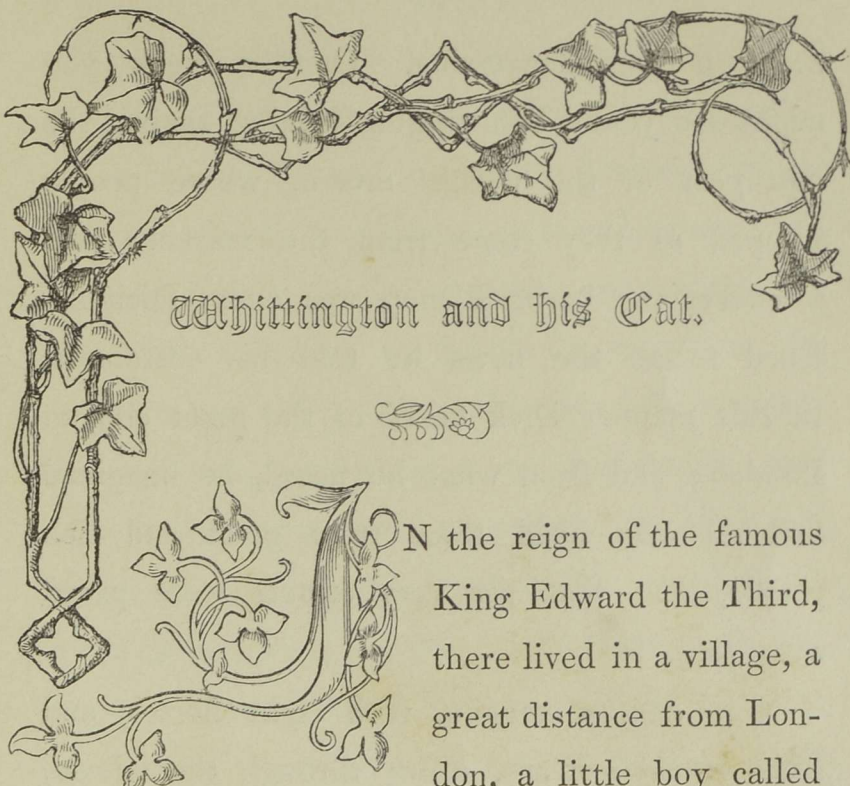
That laden with a golden freight  
did let her cables slip,  
And stood for England, while the breeze  
a fav'ring impulse lent,  
As if for sake of Whittington  
both ship and breeze were sent.  
And soon again the bells rang forth  
a loud and merry strain,  
For wealth and honours crowded now  
on Whittington amain :  
With gentle Alice for his bride  
he stands before the priest,  
And after holy rites and vows  
comes next the wedding feast.  
The poor were feasted well, I ween,  
on that auspicious day,  
And never from his door did go  
the poor uncheer'd away.

“Lord Mayor of London,” spoke the bells,  
—they spoke both well and true:  
And still the stone is pointed out  
unto the traveller’s view  
Where Whittington in prayer to God  
cast all his fears aside,  
And rose and braced him for the strife,  
whatever might betide.

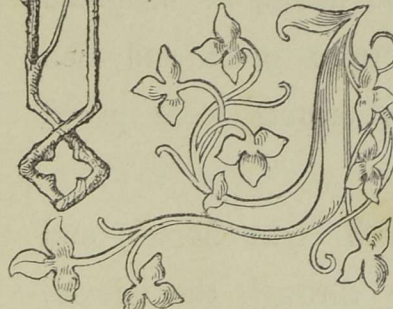
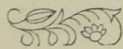








Whittington and his Cat.



IN the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there lived in a village, a great distance from London, a little boy called Dick Whittington. He was born in the year 1360; but his father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing of them, and he was left a poor ragged boy, running about from village to village.

Dick, however, was a sharp boy, and was always asking questions, or listening when he



heard persons conversing. Once a week you might see young Whittington leaning against the sign-post of the village tavern, where people stopped as they came from the market; and whenever the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news he told his customers. In this manner Dick heard of the great city of London; and from what he heard, he imagined that all who lived there were great and rich people, and that the very streets were paved with gold.

One day, a waggon, with eight horses, and bells at their heads, drove through the village, while Dick was leaning against the sign-post. The thought immediately struck him that it must be going to London; so he took courage, and asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. The man finding that the poor boy had no parents, and seeing by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was,

told him he might go with him if he pleased : so they set off together.

How Dick got on, on his long journey, history does not tell us ; but he got safe to London ; and so eager was he to see the fine streets and the gold, that, thanking his friend the waggoner, he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, through several streets, expecting every moment to come to those that were paved with gold ; for Dick had sometimes seen a gold piece in his own village, and observed what a great deal it brought in exchange ; so he fancied he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement, to have as many fine things as he could desire.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired ; at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned, he found nothing but stones and dirt, instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself to sleep.

Dick remained all night in the streets ; and



next morning finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to bestow something upon him to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, so that the poor boy was almost dead with hunger.

At length, a good-natured-looking gentleman observed his hungry looks. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Whittington.

"That I would," replied the boy, "but I do not know where to get any."

"If you are willing," said the gentleman, "come along with me;" and so saying, he took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily, till the hay was all made.

He now found himself again in the same condition; and being almost starved, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing

dinner for her master and mistress; so seeing poor Dick, she called out: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? If you do not get away, we will see how you will like a sousing with some dish-water I have here, which is hot enough to make you jump."

Just at this moment, Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner, and seeing a poor ragged boy lying at his door, said to him: "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work; I fear you are an idle boy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Whittington, "that is not true, for I would work with all my heart; but I know nobody, and I am very sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "prythee get up, and let us see what ails thee."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had not eaten anything for a long time, and was no



longer able to run about and beg of people in the streets; so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into the house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what kitchen or scullery work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in his place, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who found fault with him, and scolded him from morning till night; and was, as the old story says, withal so fond of basting, that, when she had no roast to baste, she would be basting poor Dick's head and shoulders.

But though the cook was ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was just the contrary; he had lived in the family many years, and once had a little son of his own, who died when he was about the age of Dick; so he could not help having a liking for the boy. This footman, too, was a very good reader; and he used often to enter-

tain his fellow-servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure Whittington took in hearing him, made him wish very much to learn to read too; and with a little of this good man's help, and the use of his book, Dick soon learned.

About this time, his master's daughter was going out one morning to pay a visit to a neighbour; and the footman being unwell, little Dick was ordered to put on his new clothes (for his master had just given him a suit as a reward for his good behaviour), and to walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms, and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money; and, as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily, Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and, like an honest boy, immediately gave the purse to his mistress.



Another time, as Miss Alice was sitting at an open window, amusing herself with her parrot, it suddenly flew away, and lighted upon a branch of a high tree, where all the servants were afraid to venture after it. As soon as Dick heard of this, he pulled off his jacket, and climbed up the tree as nimbly as a squirrel; and, after a great deal of trouble,—for Poll hopped about from branch to branch,—he caught her, and brought her down in safety to his mistress. Miss Alice was much pleased, and praised him for his cleverness.

Besides the ill-treatment of the cook, Whittington had another hardship to endure. His bed was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls, that he was awakened in his sleep every night by great numbers of rats and mice, which often ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling about him.

One day, a gentleman, who paid a visit to Mr.

Fitzwarren, happened to have dirtied his boots, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them look well, and the gentleman gave him a silver penny. With this he determined to buy a cat; and the next day, seeing a little girl with one under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny; to which the girl agreed, adding, that her mother had more at home than she could keep.

Whittington took the cat to his garret, and always carried her a part of his own dinner; and thus, in a short time, he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as soundly as he could wish.

Soon after this, Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail, richly laden; and thinking it right that his servants should have some chance of good fortune as well as himself, he called them into the hall, and asked them what they chose to send.



They all had something to venture but poor Whittington, who, having neither money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come in with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. The merchant then asked him what he wished to send. Upon which poor Dick answered, that he had nothing but a cat, which he bought with a penny that had been given him.

“Fetch the cat, then, boy,” said Mr. Fitzwarren, “and let her go.”

Whittington went up stairs and brought down poor puss, and gave her to the captain, with tears in his eyes; for he thought he should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice, as he had so often been before he had her.

All the company laughed at Whittington's strange venture; but Miss Alice, who felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him a penny

to buy another cat with; and she lent him her Psalter to read, whenever he had leisure, which was now more frequently the case; for Miss Alice had obtained her father's permission to have Dick to attend upon her as her own page or servant.

This, and several other marks of kindness shewn him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favours poor Dick received, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea, asking him, if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him with.

At last Whittington, unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to leave the house; he accordingly packed up his few things, and set out very early in the morning of All-hallows day, which is the 1st of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there he sat down on a stone,



which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to consider what road he should take.

While he was thus thinking what he should do, Bow-bells, of which there were then six, began to ring; and he fancied that their sounds addressed him in these words:

“ Turn again, Whittington,  
Thrice Lord-mayor of London.”

This idea made such an impression upon his mind, that he exclaimed, “ Lord-mayor of London! why, to be sure I would bear anything to be Lord-mayor of London! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord-mayor of London in the end.” So Dick went back; and was fortunate enough to get into the house and set about his work before the cook came down stairs.

The ship with Whittington's cat on board was long at sea, and was at last driven by con-

trary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, who were then almost unknown to the English.

The people of this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board ship,—who were all of so different a colour from themselves,—and treated them with great civility; and as they became better acquainted, they shewed great desire to purchase the fine silks, and other things, with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of all his choicest articles to the king of the country; who was so pleased with them, that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were seated, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets; and the king and queen sitting at the upper end of the room. Dinner was brought in, which consisted of a great many of the rarest dishes; but before they had been set on the table a minute, an amazing number of



rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering the meat and gravy all about the room. The captain wondered very much at this, and asked the king's servants if these vermin were not very troublesome.

“ Oh, yes,” they said, “ and the king would give half his treasures to be rid of them : for they not only often destroy his dinner, as you see, but they even disturb him in his sleep ; and he is obliged to be guarded, for fear of them.

The captain, who was overjoyed when he remembered poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had entrusted to his care, told them he had a creature on board the ship that would destroy them all.

The king was still more overjoyed than the captain. “ Bring this creature to me,” said he ; “ and if she can really do as you say, I will load your ship with pieces of gold in exchange for her.”

The captain, to make quite sure of his good luck, observed that she was a cat of such uncommon skill in catching rats and mice, that he could hardly bear to part with her; but added, that, to oblige his majesty, he would fetch her.

“Run,” said the queen, “for I am impatient to see the creature that will do us so great a service.”

The captain proceeded to the ship, while another dinner was getting ready; and taking the cat under his arm, he returned to the palace, where he saw the table covered with rats and mice, as before.

The cat, at the sight of them, did not wait for a bidding; but, springing from the captain's arm, in a few moments laid a great part of the rats and mice dead at her feet: while the rest, with the greatest haste possible, scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were delighted to get rid



of their enemies so easily, and desired that the creature who had done them such a service might be brought for them to look at.

Accordingly, the captain called out "Puss, puss," and the cat went up to him and jumped on his knee; he then presented her to the queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who was able to kill so many rats and mice; but when she saw how gentle she looked, and how pleased she was to be stroked, she ventured to touch her too.

The king having seen and considered the wonderful exploits of the cat, bargained with the captain for the greater part of his cargo, and afterwards gave as many wedges of gold as the ship could carry for the cat, as he at first promised; with which, after taking leave of their majesties and their court, the captain set sail with a fair wind for England, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, when somebody knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” said Mr. Fitzwarren. “A friend,” was the answer; and on opening the door, who should it be but the captain and first mate of the ship, which had just arrived from the coast of Barbary, followed by several men, bringing with them a prodigious quantity of solid lumps of gold, which had been paid by the king of Barbary in exchange for the cargo.

They then related the adventures of the cat, and produced the rich present the king had sent to Whittington in exchange for her; upon which the merchant called out to fetch Dick immediately, that he might tell him of his good fortune. Some of his clerks said, so great a treasure was too much for such a boy as Whittington; but he replied, “God forbid that I should keep back the value of a single penny! It is all his own,



and he shall have every farthing's worth of it for himself."

He then sent for Whittington, who at that time happened to be cleaning the harness of his young mistress's palfrey, and very dirty, so that he wished to excuse himself.

Mr. Fitzwarren, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be set for him; so that poor Dick, thinking they were making sport of him, as they too often did in the kitchen, began to beg his master to let him go down to work again.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest; and most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you, for the captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you great riches in return; and may you long enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the treasures they had brought, and added, that

Mr. Whittington had now nothing to do but to put them in some place of safety.

Poor Dick scarcely knew how to behave himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole.

“No, no; this wealth is all your own, and justly so,” answered Mr. Fitzwarren; “and I have no doubt you will use it well.”

Whittington next entreated Miss Alice to accept a part of his good fortune; but this she refused, at the same time assuring him of the joy she felt at his good success. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep all himself, and accordingly made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his good friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting the old ill-tempered cook.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to



send for the proper tradesmen, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's hair was curled, his hat feathered, and he was dressed in a suit of gentleman's clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had formerly looked upon him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her companion, and soon afterwards her suitor, and the more so, no doubt, because Mr. Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

He sent a sum of money to the poor people in the village where he was born; and he caused the good-natured waggoner who brought him to town to be inquired for, and made him a handsome present. After shewing his gratitude to

every one from whom he had received the least kindness, he entered into partnership with his worthy master, and pursued the business of a merchant with the utmost attention and success.

At the end of three years Mr. Fitzwarren, perceiving the affection of Mr. Whittington and his daughter for each other, consented to unite them in marriage; and accordingly a day for the wedding was soon fixed, and they were attended to church by the lord-mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London. There was a grand entertainment afterwards, at which the poor were feasted as well as the rich.

History tells us that Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was sheriff of London, and three times afterwards lord-mayor; that in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his return from



the battle of Agincourt; upon which occasion, the king, in consideration of Whittington's gallantry, knighted him by the style and title of Sir Richard Whittington.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly fed great numbers of the poor: he built a church, and added a college to it, with lodgings, and a yearly allowance to thirteen poor scholars. He also erected a great part of St. Bartholomew's hospital in Smithfield.

History has not told us what became of the property left by him for the support of the church and the thirteen poor scholars; but it is believed it was seized by King Henry VIII. at the time of the Reformation, as that king seized upon many of the lands which were left for religious purposes; but those which Whittington left for building and endowing almshouses met with a better fate. These have lately been rebuilt, from the rents of the lands left by Whittington, nearly

opposite to the stone called Whittington's Stone, at Holloway, near Highgate, in Middlesex; and are well known as Whittington's Almshouses.

Here ends the history of Whittington and his Cat, from which we may see how honesty, kindness, and industry meet with success, and that charity and piety are the best ornaments of the rich and great.























