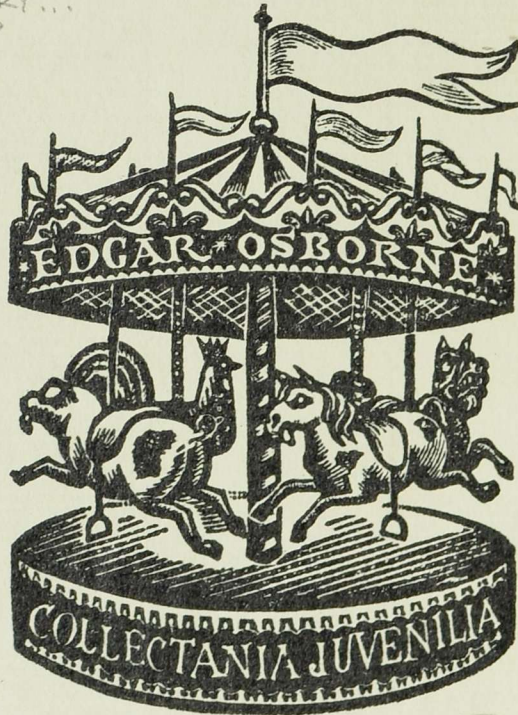


THE
FAIRY ALBUM
FOR GOOD
LITTLE FOLK



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1859



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W. Kyle



THE THREE BEARS.

THE
FAIRY ALBUM
FOR
GOOD LITTLE FOLK.



WITH
ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS.
LONDON : WARD & LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

T O M T H U M B .

HERE is a tale
Of the doughty knight
Who in Arthur's court
Tom Thumb was bright.

He must have been
But a tiny elf,
And seen many mice
As big as himself.

And yet we find
He earned some fame,
And every child
Has heard his name.

Great Arthur loved him—
It pleased the king
To see him dance,
And hear him sing.

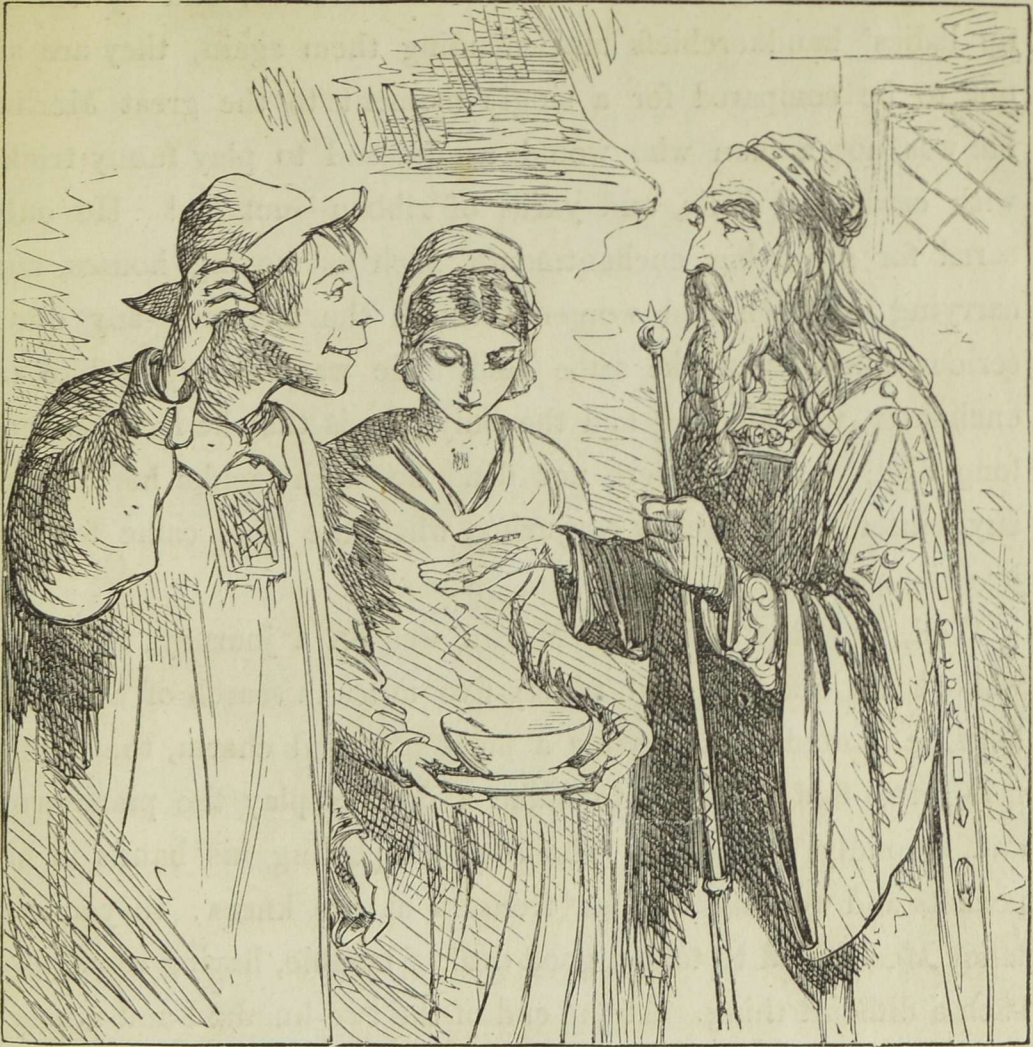
They liked him well
In Arthur's court—
That merry urchin
Who made them sport.

Now, good little friends,
When this you read,
To one thing, I pray,
You'll give good heed.

This good little Tom,
Although so small,
Was FOR HIS GOOD TEMPER
Beloved by all.

So each little child,
If it only tries,
May for its good temper
Be loved likewise.





T O M T H U M B .

EVERYBODY who reads fairy tales ought to know something about the enchanter Merlin; for this personage was a man of great note in King Arthur's time. He was a mighty magician or conjuror. As to the men who amuse us at Christmas by

making watches go from one box into another, and by tearing up ladies' handkerchiefs and mending them again, they are all not to be compared for a single moment to the great Merlin. He was not a man who would condescend to play funny tricks with cards and balls, and yards of ribbon—not he! He only cared for great big enchantments, such as moving houses, and carrying off men and women through the air, and any other serious business of the same kind. He was something like an enchanter, was Merlin; and the only pity is that he lived so very long ago; for if he were not dead he might make his fortune any winter he choose by conjuring, when the time came for the juvenile parties.

Well, one day this great Merlin was on a journey. He had walked two hundred and ninety-five miles in search of a certain herb he wanted. It was for a most powerful charm, the object being two-fold: firstly, to make a donkey play the pianoforte, and secondly, to cure a school-boy of putting his hands in his pockets and wearing out his trousers at the knees; so you can fancy Merlin had to take a good deal of trouble, having to achieve such a difficult thing. At the end of the two-hundred-and-ninety-fifth mile he found the herb he wanted. It was called "STYCKE," or by others—"CUDD'GELLE," and Merlin had always found it useful both for donkeys and school-boys. In fact, since the time of the great enchanter, schoolmasters have found it so handy that they have been in the habit of keeping a variety of this herb, called "KAYNE," constantly in use in their establishments. Well, Merlin trudged on with the herb in his pocket, but he began



to feel hungry and tired, as it was only natural for even a conjuror to do who had walked two hundred and ninety-five miles. So he looked around for a place to rest and refresh himself and soon caught sight of a labourer's cottage.

Merlin walked in; and whether it was that his long beard inspired respect, or whether it was that the good people of the

house were nice hospitable folks, it is certain that the enchanter could not have been better received if he had been King Arthur himself. The best bread and the freshest bowl of milk were placed at his service; and the good woman, in particular, seemed most anxious to do honor to her guest.

Merlin, however, saw that something was weighing heavily on the spirits of his entertainers; and questioned them concerning the cause of their grief. The wife would not reply; but her husband, after scratching his head a long time without finding any ideas there, at length answered—"that they were sorry because they had no children."

"If I'd only a son, yer honor, I'd love 'un—gin he were only as big as my thumb;" and the honest labourer held up his own thumb, which was certainly a rather big one.

"You shall have your wish, my friend," said Merlin with a smile; and he bade them farewell, and departed.

You may fancy that such a clever man as Merlin had good friends among the fairies. This was the case; and the enchanter was moreover intimately acquainted with the queen of the fairies herself. He told her what the peasant had said; and they agreed that it would be a fine jest to let the good man have just exactly what he wished for, neither more nor less. The queen of the fairies took the matter in hand—and in due time the peasant's wife had a son; but what was that worthy man's surprise when for the first time he saw his son and heir! The baby was no bigger than the ploughman's thumb—though in every respect it was the prettiest little doll baby you could wish



to see. The queen of the fairies herself came in very soon after it was born, and certain of the most skilful of her followers were appointed to the task of clothing the little stranger as a fairy child should be dressed. The following verse, written by one of the fairies at the time will show you how this was performed. The fairy verse tells us:—

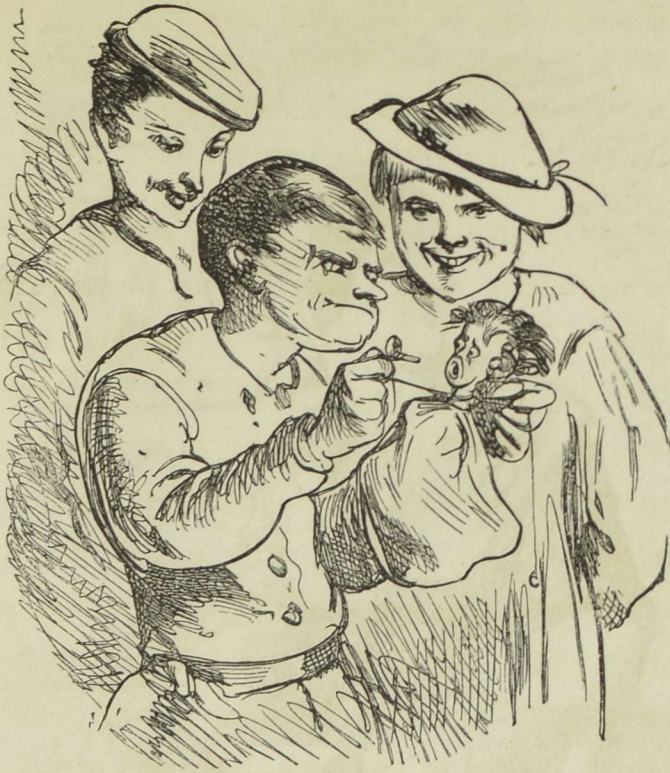
An acorn hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by the spider spun,
His coat was woven of thistle down,
His trowsers with tags were done.

His stockings of apple-rind, they tie,
With eye-lash pluck'd from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned, with the hair within.

Tom was, as I have told you, as big as his father's thumb; and he never grew any bigger, so that the ploughman sometimes wished he had merely asked for a son without saying anything at all about his thumb; or that Merlin had not granted his wish so exactly to the letter. For he feared such a little fellow as his son would never be able to defend himself against the attacks of the rude boys in the village, who would, he thought, take advantage of their superior size to illtreat and annoy little Tom, or as his father expressed it to "punch 'un." But the ploughman need have been under no fear as to the punching process; for what Tommy lacked in strength he made up for in cunning, and this latter quality made him a match for any urchin in the whole place.

There was a popular sport called cherry-stones, still played at times by English youths, and which was immensely popular among them at the time of which we write.

Now Master Tom used to play at cherry-stones, with the village boys; and when he had lost all his property, he would creep into the bags of the fortunate winners, and steal his losings back again. But at last he was caught in the fact, and the owner of the bag from which he was filling his, an ugly ill-natured boy, cried out "Ah! Master Tom Thumb, I've caught you at last—and now won't I give it you for thieving!" and he



pulled the strings of the bag so tightly round Tom's neck as almost to strangle that unlucky young gentleman. Look at the picture and you will see him with his hair standing on end, and his mouth open, and his eyes starting almost out of his head with fright.

But the boy let him go after giving the bag a shake, which knocked all the cherry-stones against Tom's legs like so many pebbles, and bruising him sadly; and Tom ran home, rubbing his shins ruefully, and promising he would "play fair" next time. But the boys saved him all trouble in the matter, by refusing to play with him any more at all. And so may every little boy be served who cheats at marbles—say I.



The next scrape Tom got into was rather a serious one. His mother was one day making a batter pudding; and Tom, who was like a good many children I know—rather too fond of putting his little nose into what did not concern him—climbed to the edge of the bowl to see if his mother mixed it all right, and to remind her, if necessary, about such little matters as putting



plenty of sugar into it; for Master Tom was rather nice and whimsical about what he ate. This time, however, he put his nose into the pudding a good deal closer than was at all agreeable to him; for his foot slipped as he sat on the edge of the bowl and he went into the batter head foremost. His mother happened to be looking round at the time and did not see Tom's

disaster. He was stirred into the batter, which was put on the fire to boil. But the water soon began to grow hot, and Tom feeling very uncomfortable began to kick and plunge with all his might, and his mother could not think what made her pudding go “bump!—bump!” against the top and sides of the pot in such a strange impatient way; and she popped off the lid to see. Greatly surprised was the good woman, I can tell you, when she beheld the pudding bobbing up and down in the pot, dancing a sort of hornpipe all by itself. She could scarcely believe her eyes, and at last fancied the pudding must be bewitched, and accordingly determined to give it away to the first person who came by, and who cared to take it off her hands. You will think this was not very generous of the good woman to part with what she did not care to keep in the house; but I know a good many boys and girls who want to be thought liberal merely because they give away the plaything they are tired of, or the old broken doll with one eye which has been lying about in the lumber room for months. Here’s a little remark by the wayside:—If you want to be really kind, dear children, give away *something of which you will feel the loss.*

Well, Tom’s mother had not to wait long for an opportunity to show how liberal she was; for a quarter of an hour after, a travelling tinker came by, crying, “Pots and kettles to mend, oh!—Pots and kettles to mend, oh!” Tom’s mother beckoned him in, and gave him the pudding. The tinker was glad enough to have such a fine batter pudding for his dinner; and he thanked the good woman, put it in his wallet, and trudged



merrily onwards. Some say that Tom's mother made him mend a frying-pan for her in return for the bewitched pudding; but I do not believe that, for it would have been mean. The tinker had not gone far before he felt a funny sort of motion—"bump—bump—bump!" in his wallet. At first he thought a rat must have got in there, and opened his bag to see. But, to his horror, he heard a voice from inside the pudding crying out most distinctly "Hullo—I say—you let me ou-u-ut!—You let me o-u-t!" and the pudding began to kick and dance in a most alarming manner.

The tinker was horribly frightened; and he certainly granted the request made, as he thought, by the pudding; he not only "let" it out, but "flung" it out of his wallet right over the

hedge; and took to his heels and ran as hard as he could for more than a mile without once stopping to look behind him.

As for the pudding it fell into a ditch with a great "splodge." It was broken into five or six pieces by the fall; and Tom crept out of the batter pudding in rather a battery—if not a battered—condition. He managed to get home, creeping along as a fly creeps when it has just been rescued out of a cream jug. His mother was only too glad to see him; and she washed the batter off him, with a great deal of trouble, and put him to bed.

A short time after, Tom went with his mother to milk the cow; that is to say, his mother was to milk the cow, and Tom to make remarks and observations upon the subject. As it was a very windy day, his mother very prudently tied her little son to a thistle with a bit of thread, for fear he should be blown over and over. But the cow, in cropping up the thistles, happened to choose the very one to which our little friend was tied, and all at once he found himself in a great red cavern with two rows of white pillars going "champ—champ!" all round him in a very alarming manner. Tom began to cry out with fright when he saw where he was, and roared at the top of his little voice, for his mother.

"Where are you, my dear son—my own Tommy?" cried the good woman, in terrible alarm.

"Here, mother!" screamed Tom in reply. "Here, in the red cow's mouth!"

The mother began weeping and wringing her hands, for she thought her dear little boy would be crushed into a shapeless

mass; but the cow, being very much surprised at having met a noisy thistle, opened her mouth widely and dropped out Master Tom upon the grass. His mother was only too glad to clap him up in her apron and run home with him.

Master Tom was rather a forward boy for his age, and still more so for his size; and he soon thought he ought to have some employment by which he might make himself useful. I believe he wanted to be put to ploughing or threshing, or some light labour of that kind; but his father, though he admired the boy's spirit, did not care to bring him on quite so fast. To indulge the little man, however, his father told him he should be driver, and he made him a whip of a barley-straw to drive along the plough horse. Tom thought this very grand, and used to halloo at the horses, and crack his whip in a most valiant manner; but as he could never strike higher than the horse's hoof, it is doubtful whether he was really of much use. One day, however, as he stood upon a clod of earth to aim a mighty blow at one of the horses, his foot slipped, and he rolled over and over into a furrow. A raven, hovering near, picked up the barley-straw whip and little Tommy together. Up through the air the poor little man was whisked, so swiftly that it took his breath away; but luckily the raven stopped to rest on the terrace of a castle belonging to the giant Grumbo; and here the raven dropped Tom, who was, as you may suppose, very glad to be set down, and very much flurried by the speed at which he had been compelled to travel. Presently old Grumbo came upon the terrace for a walk; and when he spied Master



Tom perched upon a stone and looking contentedly around him, the voracious monster snapped him up and swallowed him, clothes and all, as if he had been a pill. But Grumbo would have done better to have left Tom alone; for Tom, finding himself very uncomfortable in the interior of Grumbo, began to jump about and dance in such a way as to make that greedy giant almost



beside himself with pain. If you wish to judge of the nature of Grumbo's feeling, just look at the picture of him, taken from an old portrait; and you will be able to see for yourselves.

The giant kicked and roared, and rubbed himself just below his chest in a most wonderful manner; but the more he rubbed, the more Tom danced;—until at last the giant became dreadfully unwell; and he opened his mouth, and his inside passenger came flying out, and flew right over the terrace into the sea.

A great fish happened to be swimming by just at the time, and seeing little Tom whirling through the air, took him for a particular kind of May fly, or some big beetle with which he was unacquainted, but which, he had no doubt, tasted very nice. So he opened his mouth and swallowed Tom down. Poor Tom was in a worse plight than ever; for if he had compelled the fish to set him free, as the giant had done, he would only have been shot out into the sea and must have perished by drowning; so his only chance was to wait patiently in hope that the fish might be caught. And it was not long before this happened; for the fish was a greedy kind of fellow, always in search of something to eat, and never satisfied; and so one day he snapped up a bait hanging at the end of a fishing line, though if he had been less eager he might easily have seen the hook peeping through. And that makes me think how many greedy children have enjoyed themselves like this at Christmas parties, and never thought of the hook that peeped through what they ate, in the shape of headache and sickness next day, and the doctor, and rhubarb powders, and the feeling of having acted like a piggy. However, the fish made a snap at the bait, and in another instant was wriggling and writhing with the hook through his gills; he was dragged up, and the fisherman, seeing what a fine fellow he was, thought he would present him to King Arthur, and accordingly set off towards the court to carry his intention into effect.

The fish was much admired in the royal kitchen, and the cook took a knife and proceeded to rip him up. But what



was her surprise when Master Tom popped up his head, and politely hoped cookee was—"quite well!"

You may fancy what amazement this unexpected arrival caused in King Arthur's court. His Majesty was quickly informed that a wee knight, of extraordinary height, had come to his court; and Master Tom met with a very hearty reception. The king



made him his dwarf, and he soon gained the favor of the whole court as the funniest, merriest little fellow who had ever been seen there.

In dancing, Tom greatly excelled ; and it became a favourite custom with the king to place his little dwarf on the table and set him dancing for the diversion of the company. There was not a dance that he did not understand—from the cobbler's horn-pipe to the Highland fling or the Irish jig—and I think when any one can dance the two latter dances well, and without feeling giddy, he knows something to boast of.

But his dancing was not the only accomplishment little Tom possessed. He had, at least, as much cleverness in his head as in his heels—if not more. All the people of the court thought him a very good little man. The queen was very fond of him ; and as for King Arthur he scarcely ever went out hunting with-



out having Tom Thumb riding astride on his saddle-bow. If it began to rain, the little man would creep into the king's pocket, and lie there snug and warm until the shower was over; and sometimes the king would set him to ride upon his thumb, with a piece of silk cord passed through a ring for a bridle, and a whip made of a tiny stalk of grass.

King Arthur would frequently question Tom about his family; and Tom replied that they were poor people; and added, that he should be very glad of an opportunity to see his parents. This the good king freely permitted him to do; and that he should not go away empty-handed, he gave him an order on the treasury for as much money as he could carry. Tom made choice of a silver three-penny piece; and though this burden considerably retarded his progress, he managed, by dint of great patience and perseverance, to arrive safe home with it.



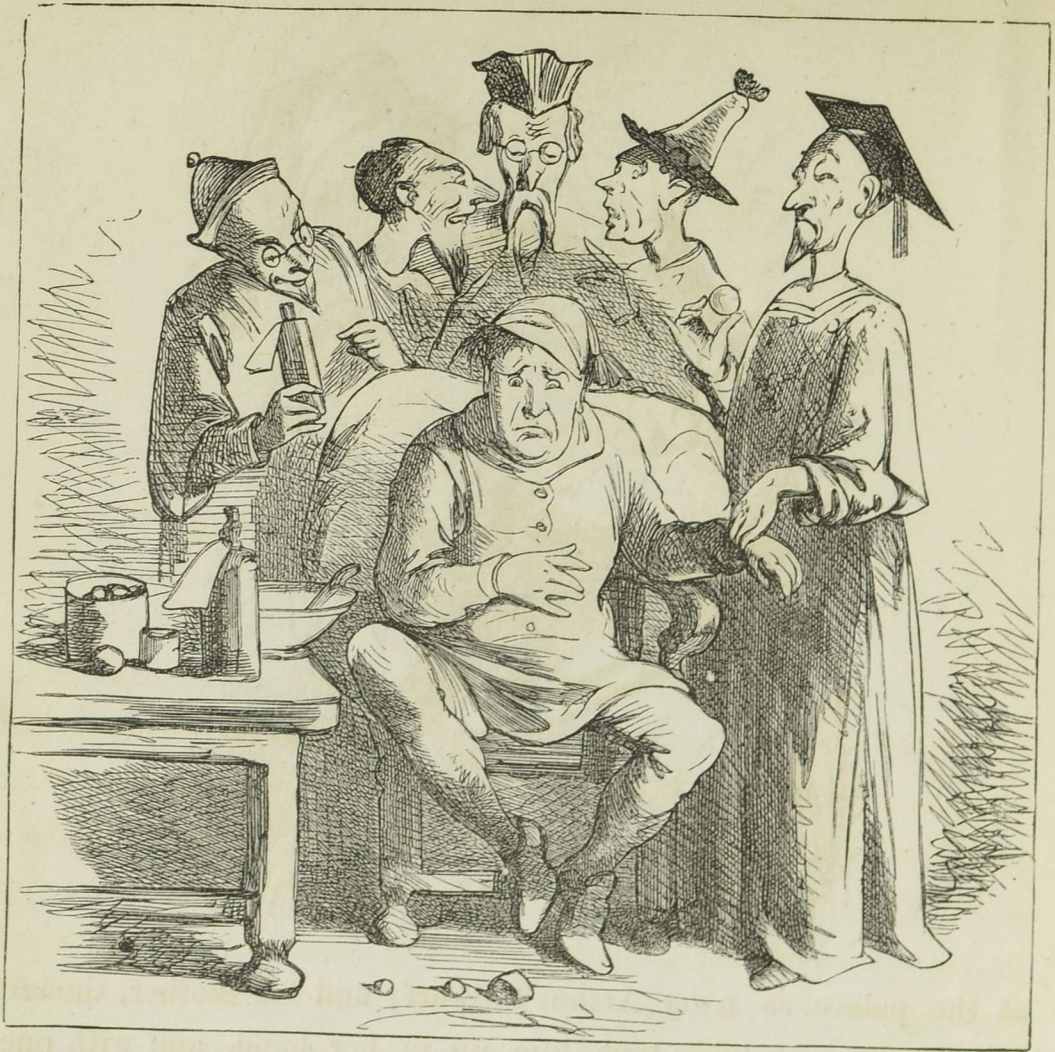
There was great rejoicing on the part of his parents when they saw Tom again, for they had entertained great fears for his safety. They were elated and surprised at the large sum of money he had brought with him, and received him with great honor; a walnut-shell was placed for him by the fire-side, and in this the little man sat as merry as the day was long. But, in one respect, his parents were not so careful as they might have been. They feasted him on an hazel nut in such a manner, that the whole nut was gone in three days. The consequence was, that little Tommy had to lie three days in bed in the walnut-shell.

When he got well he thought it time to return to his duties

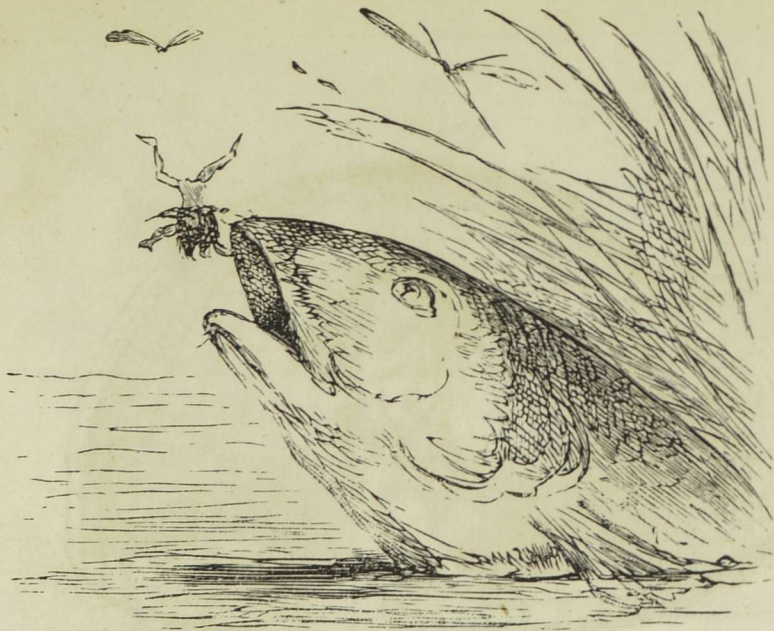


at the palace as King Arthur's dwarf; and his mother, though loth to part with him, took him up in her hand, and with one puff, blew him quite away into King Arthur's court.

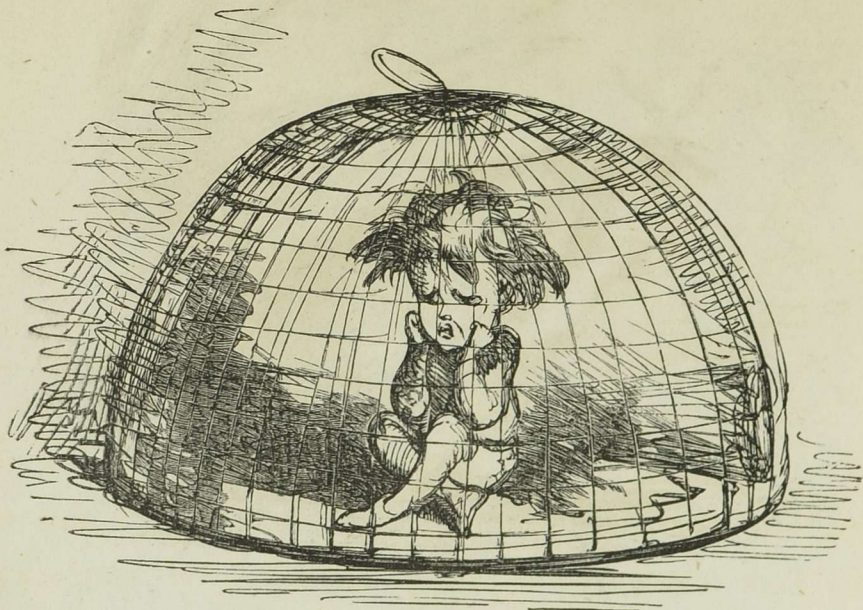
Here a sad disaster was in store for Tom; a greater one than he had as yet met with. His mother had hoped he would have alighted in the vicinity of the court, but instead of doing so the little man came down—splash!—into a bowl of fermenty the royal cook was carrying across the court-yard, and which had been prepared for the king's especial enjoyment.



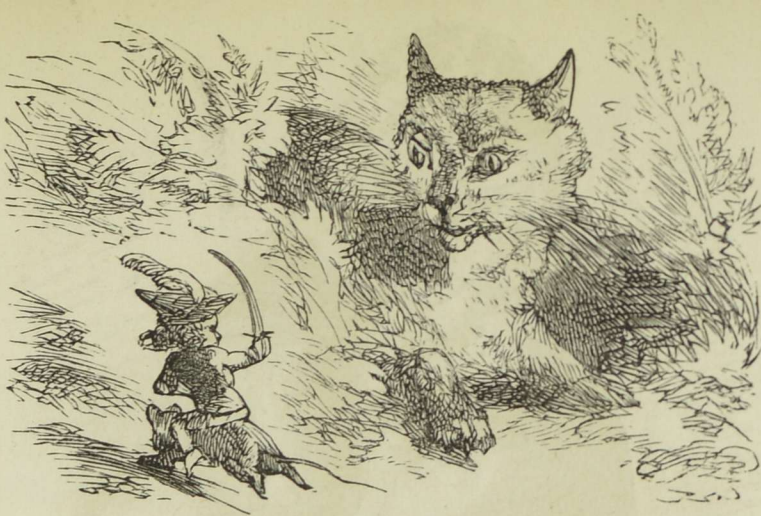
The malicious cook artfully represented the accident to the king, as gross disrespect to his majesty, and poor little Tom was placed upon his trial for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to lose his head. Terribly alarmed at the cruel sentence, Tom looked around for a means of escape; and seeing a miller listening to the proceedings with his mouth wide open, with a sudden bound Tom sprang down the miller's throat, unseen by all.



The prisoner having escaped, the court broke up; and the miller, who had got a touch of the hiccups, hastened home. Now Tom having effected his escape from his stern judges at the court, was equally desirous to do so from the miller's stomach; to this end he danced so many jigs and cut so many capers that the miller, in a state of great consternation and alarm, despatched messengers in every direction for medical aid; and he soon had the satisfaction of being surrounded by five learned men who knew as little about what was the matter with him as the poor miller did himself. A fierce dispute arose amongst the doctors as to the nature of the miller's extraordinary complaint; which dispute lasted so long that the miller, getting tired of it, gave a great yawn; Tom saw his opportunity, and sprang out of the miller's mouth, right through the open window, and fell into the jaws of a large fish which was snapping at flies in the river below.



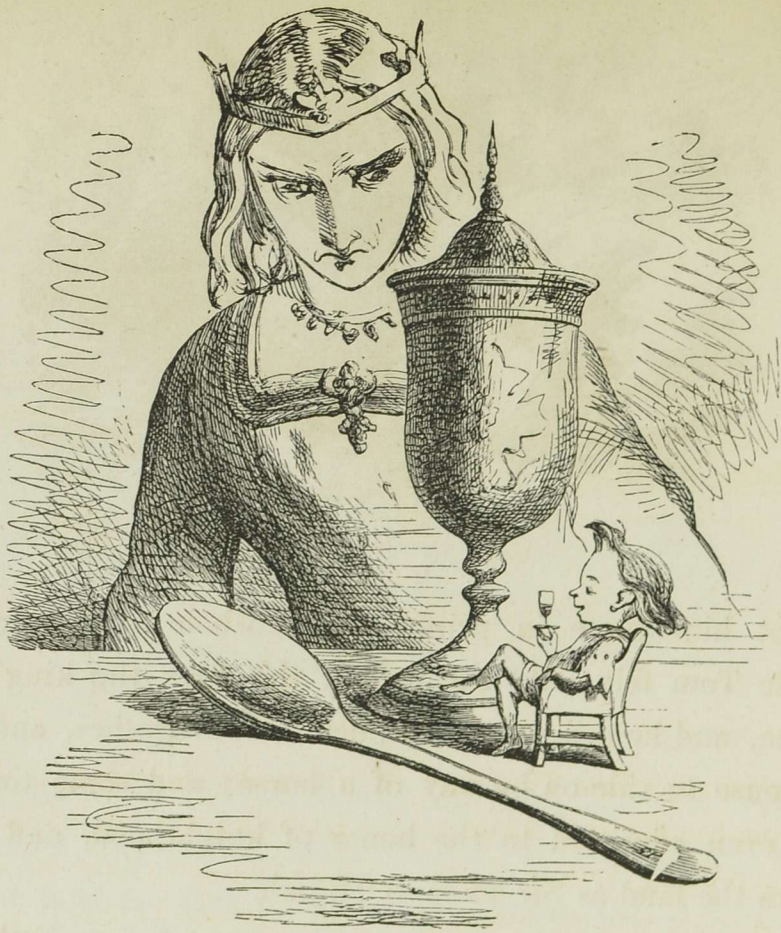
The salmon which had swallowed up Tom was soon captured, and exposed in the market place for sale. It was bought by the steward of a great lord; but this nobleman, thinking it a right royal fish, did not eat it himself but sent it to King Arthur as a present. The cross old cook had the fish entrusted to him to prepare for dinner; and when he came to cut it open, out jumped his old acquaintance, Tom Thumb. The cook was glad to be able to wreak his spite once more upon little Tommy. He seized him and carried him at once to the king, expecting that Arthur would order the culprit to be executed; but the king had no such idea; and besides, he was fully occupied with state dinners, so he ordered the cook to bring Tommy another day. The cook was obliged to obey, but he was determined to serve Tom out while he could; and so he shut him up in a mouse-trap,



and kept him there in prison for a whole week—and very miserable Tom felt. By the end of the week the king's anger was gone, and he ordered Tom a new suit of clothes, and a good sized mouse to ride on by way of a horse; and some time after he was even admitted to the honor of knighthood, and became known in the land as Sir Thomas Thumb.

The mouse steed was a very pretty present for our little Tom; and he rode about on it, morning, noon, and night, until at last it was the means of bringing him into very great danger. It happened in this manner:—

One day, when Tom was riding by a farm-house, a large cat, seeing the mouse, rushed out upon it; Tom drew his sword and defended himself in the bravest manner possible, and kept the cat at bay until King Arthur and his followers came up. But little Sir Thomas had not passed through the combat unhurt; some of his wounds were deep and dangerous. They took him home and laid him on an ivory couch; but still, with all possible



care and kindness, he grew worse, and his life was despaired of. But the queen of the fairies appeared and bore him away to fairy land, where he remained several years; and, by the time he returned to King Arthur's court, that good monarch had died, and a king named Thunstone sat on the throne in his stead.

The people flocked together from far and near to see the wonderful little hero. King Thunstone asked who he was, where he lived, and whence he came; and the little man replied in the following verse:—

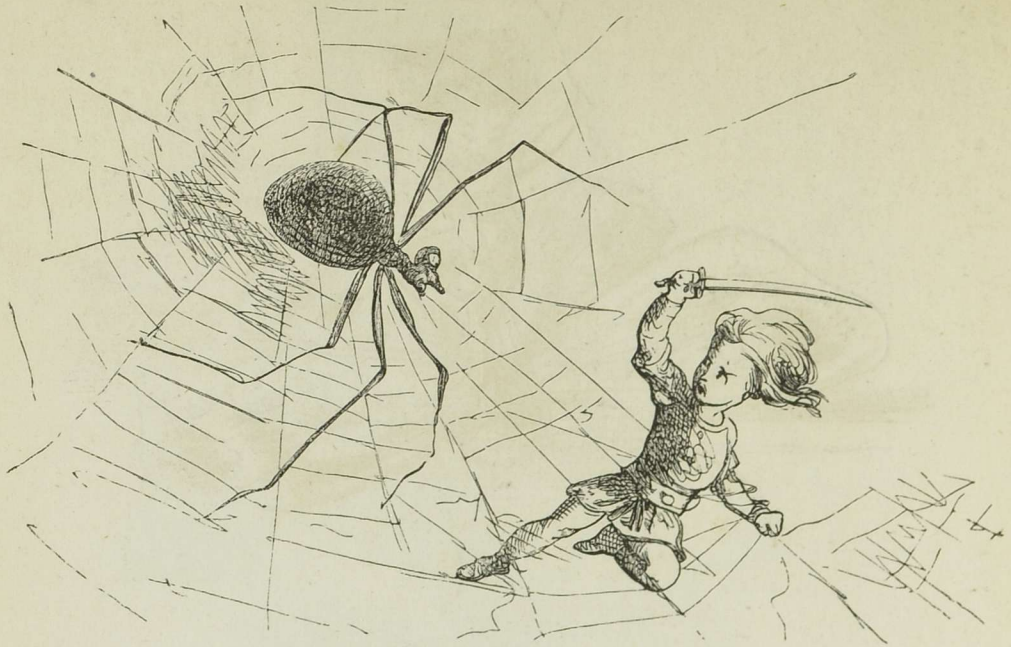


My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.

In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted.
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?

King Thunstone welcomed the little man most cordially to his court, and entertained him right royally. But the queen was jealous of the favors bestowed upon him by her husband, and so prejudiced the king against him by falsehoods, that our hero had to fly from the court to hide from the danger he was in. A friendly snail-shell afforded him a secure retreat for a long time, and he did not venture out of it till he was nearly starved.

At last the tiny fellow saw a butterfly approach his hiding-place. He suddenly sprang upon its back, and it bore him, in gallant style, straight into King Thunstone's court; Tom was



re-instated in the royal favor, and passed many years as a great favorite; he saw many more wonderful adventures which I have not time or space to relate. I must hasten on to the last scene of his life, and tell you how poor little Tom came by his death. It was in this way:—

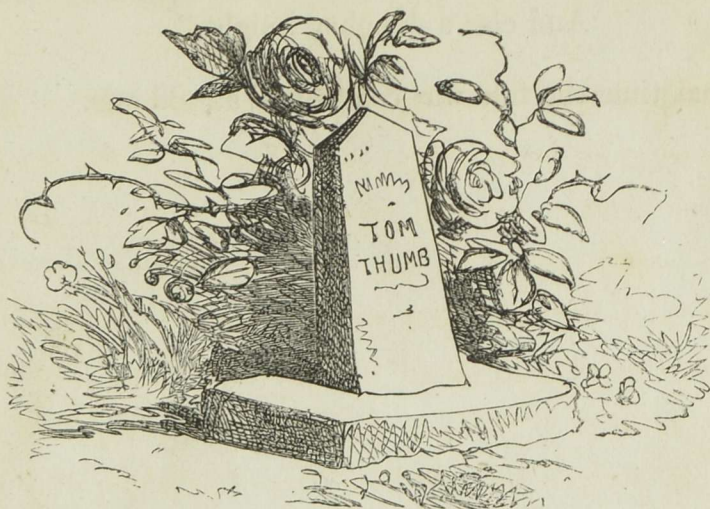
One day he was walking through the palace garden, in a merry mood, not thinking of any danger, when he felt himself seized from behind by two long skinny arms, and a puff of poisonous breath came in his face; he turned round and drew his sword, and for the next quarter of an hour was employed fighting valiantly against an immense spider. The combat was long and doubtful; at last the spider having had five of his legs cut off, turned on his back, kicked out as well as he could

TOM THUMB.

with the remainder, and—died! Tom was pronounced victor; his victory, however, was dearly bought. The spider's poisonous breath had been too much for our brave little hero; and he fell into a wasting sickness from which he never recovered.

A neat marble slab was raised to his memory by the king, and an epitaph inscribed upon it which ran as follows:—

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



NOTE.

Tom Thumb is essentially an English story, and all the incidents of the tale are English in their character. The German tales of "Daumling" refer to Hop-o'-my-Thumb; the adventures of the English hero seem to have escaped translation. In the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, in an old black-letter copy of the "Life and Death of Tom Thumb," printed in 1630, which tells us how—

"In Arthur's court, Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the table round,
And else a doughty knight."

Even at that time the tale was considered an old one.

THE THREE BEARS.

WHEN you are in a stranger's house,
Be it mansion of man or bear,
Don't touch, dear children, the pretty things
That you may find stored up there.

Consider, a moment may destroy
What took long years to prepare ;
That you may cause a great deal of woe,
For want of a little care.

Inquisitiveness is a fault, my dears,
And one you should beware ;
For see what trouble it might have caused
Our bright Little Silverhair.





THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a thick forest, three bears. The first was a great big bear, with a big head and large paws, and a thick gruff voice. Next came a bear of middle-size, with

a middle-sized head, and a middle-sized body, and a voice that was neither very loud nor very low—for a bear. The third bear was a funny little wee bear, with a strange little head, and a queer little body, and an odd little voice between a whine and a squeak.

Now these three bears had a home of their own; and though it was rather a rough one, they had in it all the things they wanted. There was a great chair for the big bear to sit in, and a large porridge pot from which he could eat his dinner, and a great bed, very strongly made, on which he laid himself to sleep at night. The middle-sized bear had a middle-sized porridge pot, and a chair and bed to match. For the little bear there was such a nice little chair, and a neat little bed, and a little porridge pot that held just enough to fill the little bear's little stomach. So you see they were a very happy company of bears, for they had all they wanted, and what need any bear desire more.

There lived near the house of these three bears, a child whose name was Silverhair. She was a pretty child, with long curls of the lightest flaxen color, that shone and glittered in the sunshine like silver. From this circumstance she took her name. She was round and plump, very merry and light-hearted, always running and jumping about. When she laughed (and she was always laughing), her laugh rang out with a clear silvery sound. It was really pleasant to hear the merry ringing laugh of little Silverhair. One day she ran off into the woods to gather flowers—for this child was fond of flowers, as all children



ought to be. When she had got a good way in the wood, she began to make pretty wreaths and garlands of the wild roses and honeysuckles, and other flowers, and very pretty they looked I can assure you, with their delicate pink bloom, and the bright dew-drops hanging like diamonds upon them. At last the child came to a place where there was a great wild rose bush, with hundreds of blossoms drooping down, and smelling, oh! so sweet in the morning air; and Silverhair began plucking these roses



as fast as she could, and did not stop plucking them till she had quite a lap full of flowers, and till her hands were scratched with the thorns. She did not mind the smart of the thorns, but ran gaily on, singing as she went. All at once she came to such a funny house made of rough wood. There was a hole in the wall, and little Silverhair peeped through to see if any one might be at home. She strained her eyes, and stood on tiptoe till her toes ached, to get a better view; but no one was there, the house seemed quite empty. The hole through which she looked was too small to give her a fair view of the inside



of the house ; and the longer she peeped, the greater became the child's wish to know more about the house she had found out. At last the desire to see the house became so strong that she could not resist it any longer ; there seemed to be some one pushing her forward, and a voice seemed to be calling out in her ear—"Go in, Silverhair, go in ;" so, after a little more



peeping, the door was opened softly, and with a timid look, and yet with a smile on her face, right into the bears' house popped little Silverhair.

But where were the bears all the time? and why did they not welcome their pretty little guest? It was for this reason:—

Every morning the bears used to get up early—like wise bears as they were—and get dressed as quickly as they could. The great bear and the middle-sized bear could dress themselves; and then the middle-sized bear would wash the face of the little bear,

THE THREE BEARS.

and sometimes rub the soap in his eye; and then the great bear would seize him and brush his hair with a very hard brush made out of a birch broom; and sometimes scrubbed so hard that the poor little bear whined and grumbled, as one might expect a bear with a sore head to do. Then the middle-sized bear would put on the little bear's gloves while the big bear looked on with delight; and then they would all go out for a walk together. That is how they came to be absent the morning when little Silverhair called in upon them.



Here you have these three bears altogether; and I think you will agree with me that they are a very fine company of bears indeed. The she bear is particularly worthy of your notice. It is not every she bear, let me tell you, who can put such a bonnet on her head as the one you have before you in the picture, nor are there many she bears either able or willing to pay that particular attention to the comfort and toilet of the smaller class of their species that the lady before us appears to take so much pleasure in. Observe the air with which the big bear is about to put on his three-cornered hat, you can well imagine how grand he will look in it and how well it will match with his elevated shirt collars. The little bear is a picture of simplicity and contentment.



Silverhair wondered much when she came into the bear's room, to see a great porridge pot, a middle-sized porridge pot, and a little porridge pot, all standing by the fire. "Well," thought she, "some of the people who live here must eat a good deal more than the others. I wonder who breakfasts out of that great



pot in the middle! And I wonder how the porridge tastes!" And without stopping to think, she put the great spoon into the large pot and ladled out a big spoonful of the big bear's breakfast.

She drew back with a scream; for the great bear liked to have his porridge terribly warm; and it was heated so much that it burned poor little Silverhair's mouth. So she stuck the

spoon straight up in the big bear's porridge, and wondered who liked to eat such a hot breakfast.

Silverhair tried the middle-sized porridge pot next; and I warrant you she took care to blow upon the spoon before she put it into her mouth. But she need not have been afraid. The porridge was quite cold and sticky; for so the middle-sized bear, who had rather odd notions of her own, loved to take it. The child stuck the second spoon upright in the second porridge pot, and wondered again what strange fellow ate such cold clammy stuff.

There now remained only the little porridge pot; and Silverhair, as hungry as ever, tried that. It was just right. The porridge was neither too hot nor too cold; and the little dainty bear had added plenty of sugar and a little nutmeg, instead of

the pepper which the big bear used to scorch his rough throat, or the salt with which the middle-sized bear spoiled her breakfast every day. So Silverhair took one spoonful, then a second, and then a third; and so she went on until she found all the porridge gone, and stood with the empty vessel in her hand wondering what clever person could prepare himself such a nice meal.



All this while the bears were walking along arm-in-arm through the wood, little thinking what a busy guest had come to



their home. They marched gaily on, not fearing wind or weather (for the great bear had an umbrella under his arm, so that he could not get wet or spoil his complexion); until at last they thought it might be time to turn back and think of breakfast.

In the meantime, Silverhair had been looking about for a nice seat in which to finish her breakfast off the little bear's porridge. So first she scrambled up into the big bear's chair. It was cold and hard—much too hard for her. So next she tried the middle-sized bear's chair. This was just as bad the other way; it was so soft and bulging, that Silverhair jumped out of it laughing; and casting her eyes round the room, she found a pretty natty chair looking as if it had been made expressly for her. It was, in fact, the personal property and the favorite seat of the little bear.



In this chair sat Silverhair, merrily eating the last spoonful of porridge; and there she would have sat much longer, she liked it so much; but the chair had not been made to bear a heavier weight than that of the tiny little bear; it gave a crack, and a groan, and a crash! and down went the bottom of the chair, and down went the little girl upon the floor.

You may fancy that Silverhair, who had so boldly come into a strange house and made herself at home there, was too brave a child to care for a fall. She soon scrambled up again; and laughing at the mishap, danced a jig upon the chair bottom as it lay upon the ground.



Dancing makes people tired; and the more so when they dance after eating a pot of porridge. Silverhair soon felt as if she should like to lie down for a little while; and so she looked round for a bed on which she might rest. A ladder stood



in the middle of the room, and there was a hole in the ceiling at one end of it. Silverhair climbed up the ladder and through the hole; for she thought this must lead to the bed room.

She was right. In the upper room stood three beds side by side. In one respect they were like the porridge pots; there was a large one, a middle-sized one, and a little one.

More and more the child wondered, as she went on. "They must be funny people in this house!" she thought, "to have things of such different sizes!" and at last she settled in her own mind that the one who owned the large bed must be some very grand personage, indeed—perhaps the parish beadle. The

one who ate the porridge out of the middle-sized pot she considered to be a person of strange habits, like Tim O'Raffety, the Irish tinker, who used to quarrel and fight, and say it was for the pleasure of getting his head broken, a kind office his friends always showed themselves ready to do for him. The third person, she concluded, must be a nice little old maid, like her own aunt Rachael, who always liked to have things neat and natty, and would not even sit down on a chair until it had been dusted for her, or till she had spread her handkerchief to sit down upon. But all this while she was growing more and more tired. She looked round at the beds to see which one she should choose to rest upon. Silverhair tried the great bed first. It would not do, the big bear had such a high pillow for his great head that it hurt the little girl; so she tried the next one. This was just as bad. The second bear, who liked always to be different from the big one, had no pillow at all, but a wisp of straw with the sheet drawn tightly over it: so off went Silverhair to the third bed.

It was exactly what she wanted. The dainty little bear had a dainty little bed, very white and very soft, with snowy sheets, and a pillow just the right height. On this bed Silverhair lay down, and thought the little old maid who owned the bed knew at any rate how to make herself comfortable.

The child lay quite still for a time, enjoying the softness of the couch, and the feeling of rest after the exercise she had taken. Every now and then she could not help feeling a little uneasy as to what the owners of the house and the porridge



pots, and the beds would say, when they saw what a free-and-easy person had come to visit them; but at any rate she thought the little old maid would not be very angry, whatever the parish beadle and the Irishman might say. Oh, if she had only known that she was spoiling the property of a fiery little bear, with

little grey twinkling eyes, how terrified she would have been. But now a large bee buzzed about her, singing his drowsy song—hum—hum—hum—and in ten minutes she was fast asleep.

But now footsteps sounded in the room below. A great heavy foot went bump—bump—bump! and a sturdy foot went tramp—tramp! and a little light foot rang pit-pat—pit-pat! The three bears were coming home to breakfast.

Now when the great bear came to where his porridge pot stood, and found the spoon sticking upright in it, he fancied that some one must have meddled with it. So he gave a roar to let the others know he was going to say something, and then he growled in his great hoarse voice:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!”

And he cocked up his hat over one ear, and he swung his umbrella three times round his head, and brought the end of it down on the floor with a great thump; and if he had been the parish beadle himself he could not have looked fiercer.

When the middle-sized bear heard this (she was a lady bear), she ran across the room to look at her own breakfast; and when she found the spoon sticking up in HER porridge pot she also was of opinion that some one had meddled with it. So she agreed with the big bear, and cried out, though not so loudly as the first one had done:—

“Somebody has been at MY porridge!”

And stood looking terribly vexed, and very much puzzled, twiddling the strings of a new bonnet the great bear had bought

her, and which was quite a stylish bonnet, looking very like a coal-scuttle turned upside down, as you will see if you turn to the picture which gives you the portraits of the three bears walking out together.

When the little bear heard this, he ran to his porridge pot in a great fluster; and when he found all his porridge gone and not enough left for the spoon to stand up in, he felt very certain indeed that some one had meddled with his; and he squeaked out in a poor piteous little voice:—

“Somebody *has* been at my porridge *and eaten it all up!*”

And the poor little bear tilted up his porridge pot to shew the others, and stuffed his forepaws into his eyes, and began to cry; for he thought some one had tricked him because he was so little, and the bare idea was more than the little bear could bear.

The big bear felt very angry that any one should take such liberties in his house, and he made use of the occasion to read the two other bears a long lecture, showing how he would punish any one he caught playing him such tricks. And as he spoke very loudly and very angrily, and gave a loud thump on the ground with his umbrella at the end of every sentence; and as he talked a great deal and did nothing at all, he was really more like a parish beadle than anything else.

But everything must come to an end, and even the great bear's speech did not last for ever. He finished his last sentence, gave a last whack with his umbrella on the floor, and went to sit down in his chair. But when Silverhair tried the seat, she had

pushed the hard cushion on one side and had not put it to right again; there it lay, all awry. So the great bear growled out:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

And sat down in a very bad temper.

The middle-sized bear wanted to sit down, but in the middle of the soft cushion in her chair was a great hollow where Silverhair had sat down. So the second bear said:—

“Somebody has been sitting in MY chair!”

But she did not lose her temper, but sat down contentedly with her legs crossed, which I dare say you will think was a much wiser thing to do, because, after all, there was no great harm done, and it is always wrong to make a fuss about trifles.

The little bear began to get very fidgetty. If the visitor has sat down in the other chairs, thought he, I am sure he has not left mine alone, but perhaps has broken it all to pieces, for he treats me worse than the rest because I am little; and the little bear got quite hot all over with anger at the idea.

Up started the little bear, and saw at a glance what had been done to his dainty little chair.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!” he cried dolefully, and sat down on the floor for want of something better to sit on.

But the big bear was too angry to let the matter rest here. He said they must make search to find who had come into their house without leave; and went stumping up the ladder with the middle-sized bear at his heels and the little bear trotting after them.

Silverhair had tumbled the great bear's great bolster in trying to make it low enough for her head. The large bear noticed it at once, and growled:—

“SOMEBODY has been LYING IN MY BED!”

They went to the bed of the middle-sized bear. Little Silverhair had almost destroyed the wispy pillow in trying to double it up and make it high enough for her head, so the second bear said:—

“Somebody has been lying in MY bed!”

Then they passed to the third bed, and the little bear saw something that made all the hair on his head stand on end with wonder.

There was the bed all smooth and white. The coverlet was in its place, and the pillow was there too, but beneath the coverlet was the outline of a slender figure; and on the pillow rested the fair head of little Silverhair, who lay there fast asleep.

“Somebody HAS been lying in my bed!” shrieked the little bear; “and here she's lying still!”

The big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the little bear all stood with their mouths wide open staring in surprise at the pretty child whom they found there. The big bear remembered the long speech he had made, the thumps he had given on the floor with his umbrella, and the revenge he had promised to take on the offender, when he found him out, and he felt rather ashamed of himself. The middle-sized bear was pleased to think how coolly she had borne her share of the misfortune, and she whispered as much to the little bear, who said, “it



was all very well, but no one had hurt her property." No doubt he thought himself very much illused, and took it very ill that the big bear and the middle-sized bear should have got better off under the circumstances than himself; which was both wrong and foolish, for we should never be angry at others because they escape the misfortunes that fall upon ourselves. But the little bear never gave this a thought; he only saw his broken property before him, and again he gave a doleful whine.

Up started the little sleeper, alarmed at the bear's shrill cry; and if she had wondered at seeing the three porridge pots, and the three chairs, and the three beds, you may fancy her surprise was still greater when she saw the big bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the little bear, all peering at her in a



very strange and alarming manner. There was no time to lose, so little Silverhair ran towards the window, which the bears had left open, as clean wholesome bears should do; and with a one—two—three—and away! she jumped out into the forest, leaving the bears staring out of window after her.



They lifted up their paws, as well they might, to see little Silverhair go out of window. The great bear gasped for breath and almost fainted; the middle-sized bear leaned so far out of window, that she nearly tumbled on her nose; and as for the poor little wee bear, he got such a fright that he fell backwards off the bed and lay there for nearly three minutes before he dared look out of the window again. But the middle-sized bear tweaked his nose and threw a pail of cold water over him, and the big bear held the pepper box under his little friend's nose instead of a smelling bottle, and poked him in the ribs with the brass point of his umbrella. And these little remedies soon brought the little bear round; and I dare say he was much obliged to his friends for the trouble they had taken with him. But he only

rubbed his sides and shook his head, and sneezed dolefully, which caused the big bear to say that the little bear never was grateful for kindness shown to him; whereat the little bear gave another doleful whine.

Little Silverhair soon came to the ground; and there she rolled over and over, as you may see in this picture, until she hardly knew whether she stood on her head or on her heels. At last she got a little better, and sat on the ground to consider what she had best do.

At this moment, the little bear, who had just got up from the ground, poked his queer little head out of the window, and behind him appeared the faces of the middle-sized bear and of the great big huge bear. When Silverhair saw the three hairy faces looking at her, and thought of the piece of work



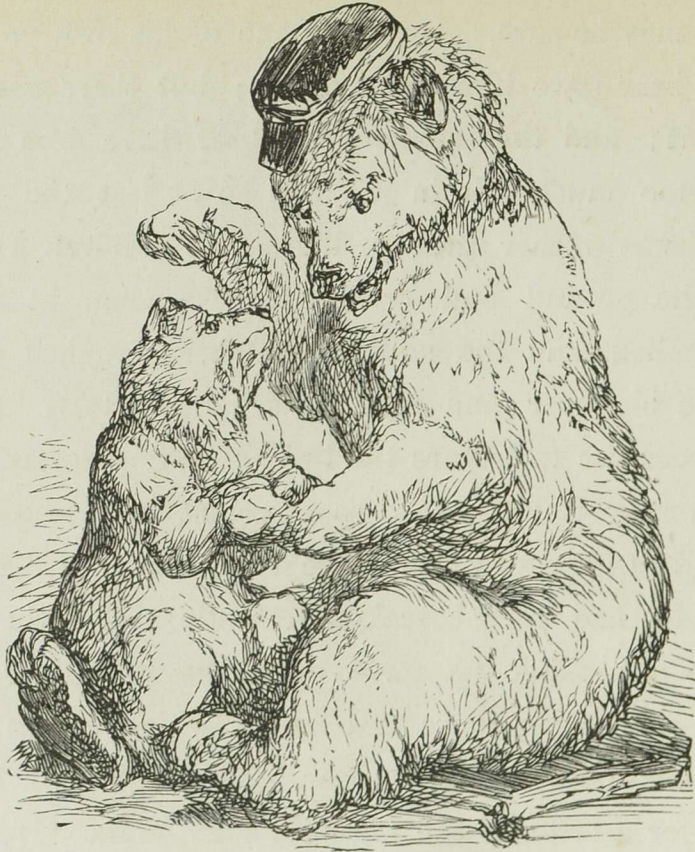


she had made in the bear's abode, she fancied it best not to wait till the three came down to her, but ran off as fast as ever she could. She never looked behind her till she got clear out of the forest. And I fancy that she did not forget the fall she had had; and the next time she passed a house in the wood, she waited till the owner had asked her to walk in before she walked in and ate porridge, and broke chairs, and went to sleep on beds which did not belong to her.

As for the poor little bear, his breakfast for that morning was spoilt, you may be sure. He had none of his own porridge left, so the big bear gave him some of his; but there was too much pepper in it; and the middle-sized bear gave him some, but there was too much salt in it; and so at last the poor little bear, who was rather greedy, like some children I know, sat down on the ground and cried with vexation, at which the big bear smiled, and the middle-sized bear laughed out aloud. And as the big bear and middle-sized bear ate their porridge, they took occasion to lecture the little bear very severely; telling him how wrong it was to be so angry at a little mishap, and how he ought to learn to bear these things with patience. But as they both had their breakfasts, while the little bear had none, I do not think he gave much heed to their talk, but only went on crying more and more; which makes me think he was rather a foolish little bear, and would have been none the worse for a taste of the big bear's umbrella. If you doubt what I say, turn to the first picture in this story, and you will see the big bear smiling, and the middle-sized bear with her head back, laughing, and the little bear rubbing its eyes with its paws, and crying.

But after awhile, the little bear got over his grief; and when he thought how pretty the child looked when she lay asleep in his bed, and how he and the other bears had frightened her, he felt sorry that she had not stayed longer.

When the big bear had finished his breakfast, and the big porridge bowl stood empty (he was always in a good humour



when he had had his breakfast), he began to talk over the adventures of the morning.

“She was a very pretty child, that little girl,” he began; and the middle-sized bear, his sister, looked lovingly at him, and agreed with what he said, as she always did. “She had very pretty hair,” the big bear went on; “It shone like silver as she lay on the bed,” and again the middle-sized bear nodded, for she fully agreed with her brother, like a good sister as she was, even when he got angry and stirred her up with his um-

brella, which was his way of telling her that he did not approve of something she said or did.

“ I’m sure I should be very glad if such a pretty child rested herself on my bed, or sat in my chair,” the great bear resumed.

“ And so should I,” chimed in the middle-sized bear, with a nod.

The little bear’s face began to brighten, and he thought that after all he could not have given his breakfast to a nicer little visitor ; but still he could hardly help laughing to hear the big bear talk so, when he remembered how angry he had been at first, when he found the cushion of his chair pushed a little on one side. But the big bear saw the effect he had produced on the little one, and went on—and I cannot tell you how sly he looked—“ Well,” said he, “ I cannot help fancying that little girl with the silver hair and bright blue eyes, must have heard what a nice little bear lived here, and so she came to see him, and to spend some little time in his company ; and she would have staid longer if she had not been scared away by our great ugly faces—or perhaps it was your bonnet,” he continued, looking at the middle-sized bear. “ Why will you wear that horrid coal-scuttle bonnet ? ” and the middle-sized bear looked nervously at his umbrella.

But when the little bear heard this, he was vain enough to believe that Silverhair had come on purpose to see him ; and all his anger and sulkiness vanished away. He turned quite red underneath his thick hairy coat, only you could



not see it through his fur, and felt quite delighted to think himself a person of such an attractive kind; and ever since that day he has brushed his hair every morning, and once even asked the middle-sized bear to curl it for him, getting dreadfully burnt with the curling-tongs for his pains.

But if little Silverhair should go to see the bears again, I think she will enjoy her visit, for the very last words the great bear said at the end of his speech, which lasted exactly twenty-five minutes and a quarter, were:—

“ Well, if she comes again, we will treat her to the best we have; and as for the chair she has broken, we’ll mend it as well as we can, and for the future, like sensible bears, we will endeavour to remember how much wiser it is to learn how

TO BEAR AND FORBEAR.”

“ A capital moral ! ” cried the little bear. “ And not without wit, in our case, ” mildly said the middle-sized bear. Now they all felt very happy, so they joined hands and had a good dance, as you may see by this picture.



NOTE.

This story cannot boast the high antiquity which invests many of our nursery legends with additional interest. The adventure of Silverhair with the three bears is evidently a tale of modern origin. But though we cannot make a guess at the author's name, we think the source whence he has derived the idea of the child's visit to the bear's domicile is manifest enough. In the old German story "Schneeweisschen," or "Schneewittchen," so pleasingly told in the collection of the Brothers Grimm, and in Bechstein's delightful "Märchenbuch," and translated into our own language under the title of "Snowdrop," the heroine of the tale, persecuted by a wicked queen takes refuge in a little house in the wood, inhabited by seven dwarfs. The owners are absent on her arrival, and she behaves herself somewhat in the style of Silverhair; but she distributes her favors more equally, eating out of all the seven plates, drinking from each of the seven mugs, &c. The dwarfs come home, and one says, "Who has been eating from my plate?" Another, "Who has been picking at my bread?" A third, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" &c.; and finally, the intruder is found asleep on the seventh dwarf's bed, like Silverhair on the couch of the little bear. It is this idea, we doubt not, that has been worked out by the gifted but anonymous author of "The Three Bears," who has merely altered the characters, in deference, perhaps, to English juvenile taste, which delights in the adventurers of animals, while in German nurseries dwarfs, brownies, and cluricaunes, under the general names of "Zwerge" and "Kobolde," are greater favourites than even the brute creation.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

HERE's a pretty story,
Written long ago—
And what may it tell us ?
Listen, you shall know.

'Tis designed to teach you—
Goods obtained by wrong
Don't enrich the finder—
Will not prosper long.

Better to be needy,
Quite of wealth bereft,
Than to bask in riches,
Produce of a theft.

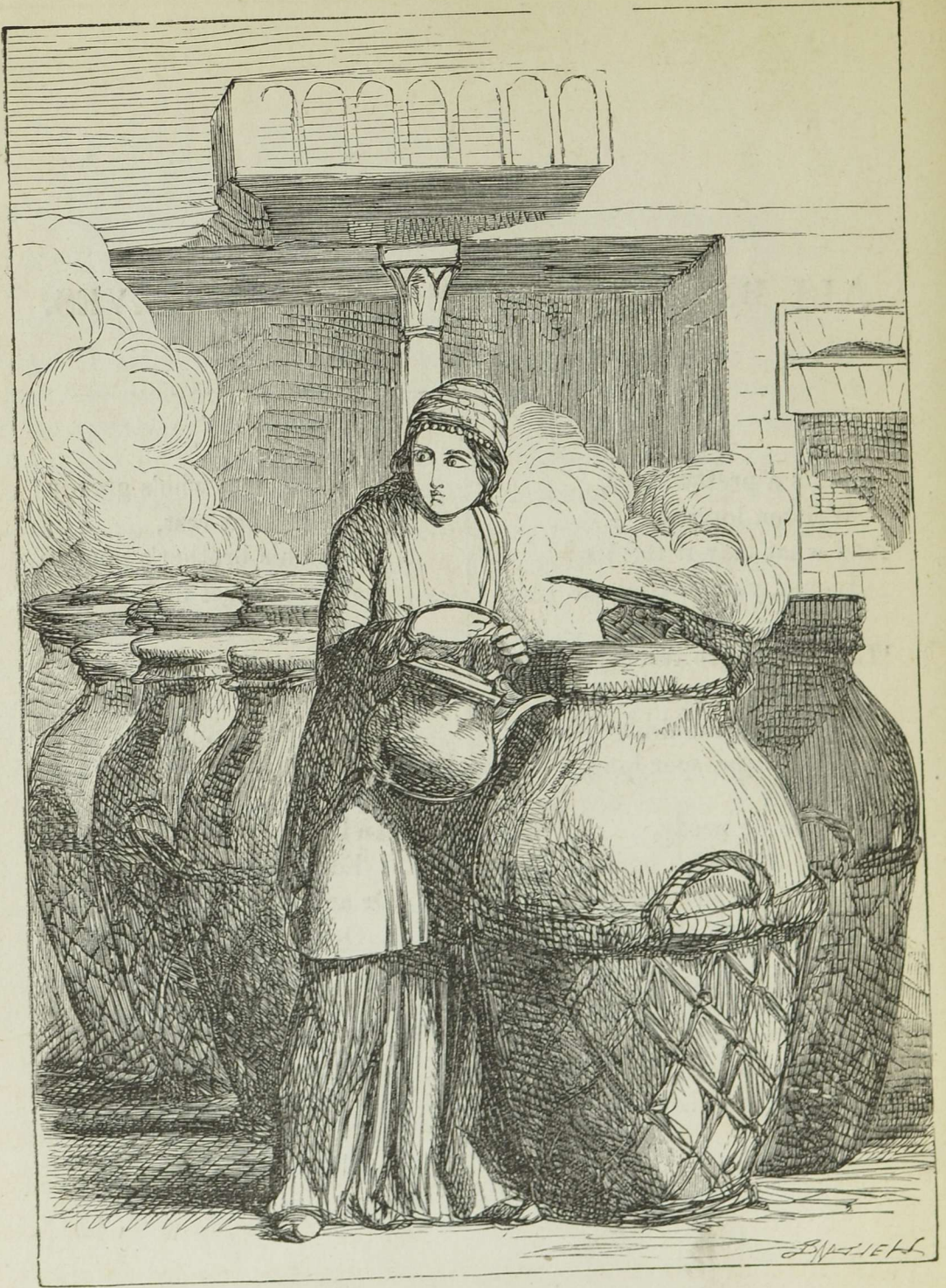
From rich brother Cassim,
And his wretched fate,
You may learn a lesson
Worthy to relate.

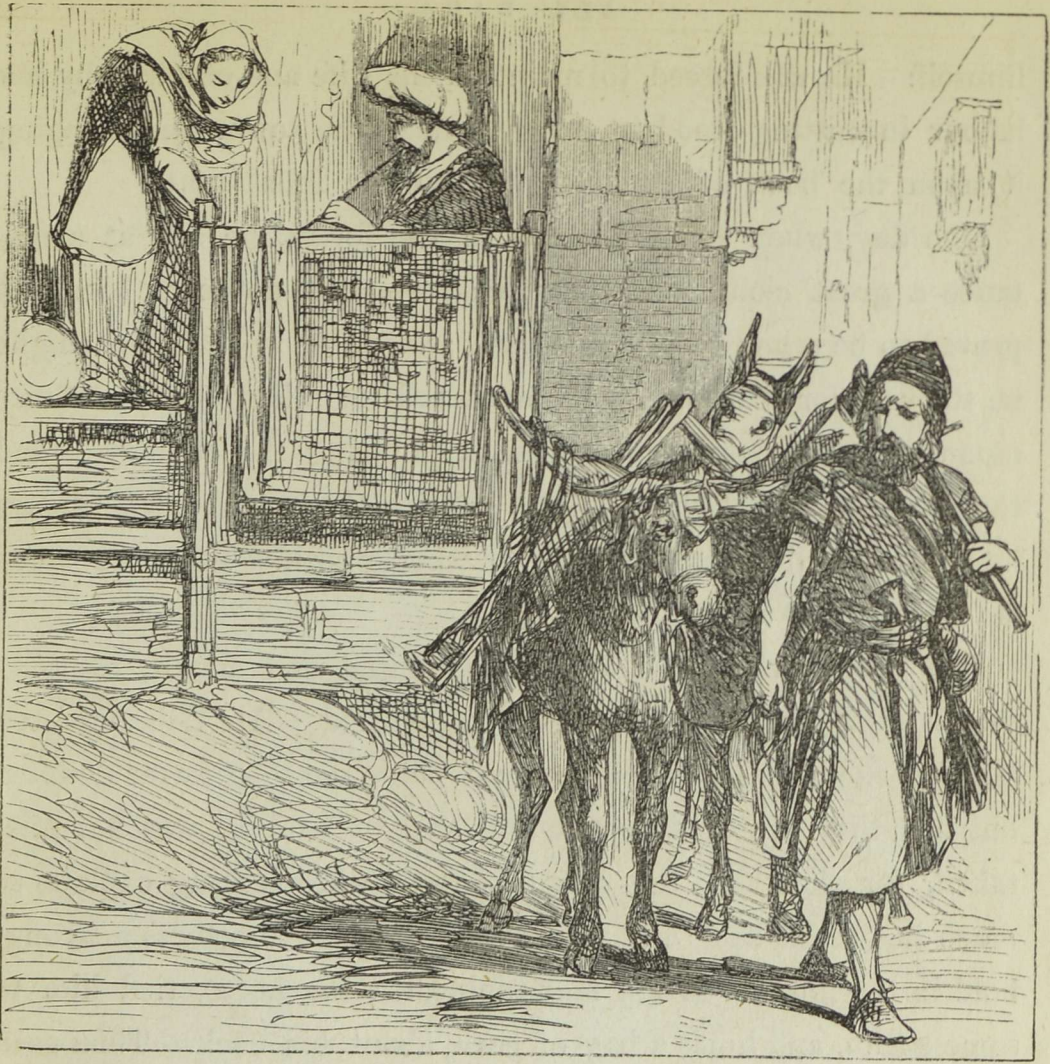
That the man who's greedy
Never is at rest,
Thinks his brother's portion
Always must be best.

That the grasping miser
Never can enjoy
Wealth he is unable
Wisely to employ.

And be ne'er ungrateful
For a service done—
Or an act of kindness,
Or a favour won.

Think of Ali Baba,
And how well he knew
To reward with honour
Service good and true.





ALI BABA.

IN a town in Persia there lived two brothers, called Cassim and Ali Baba. Their substance was but small; yet they were not alike favorites of fortune. Cassim had married a rich wife, so that he became a prosperous merchant and lived at his ease. Ali Baba, on the other hand, had married a woman as poor as

himself. He was forced to maintain his wife and children by his labour in cutting wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon the back of asses for sale to the inhabitants.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust which seemed to approach him. It proved to be a large body of horse; and thinking that they might be thieves, for there had been much talk of a large body of fierce mounted marauders who had been pillaging the country round that neighbourhood, he climbed a large thick tree from whence he could see all that passed without being seen. This tree stood at the foot of a very high rock.

The troop, who were all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them. By their mien and equipment he never doubted but that they were thieves, and in this opinion he was not mistaken, for they were the very thieves of whose daring exploits so much had been said, and who were supposed to possess a stronghold in the forest. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung a bag of corn about his neck. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba by the weight to contain gold and silver, and followed one who appeared to be their captain. This man came under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid; and pronounced distinctly the words—"SESAME, OPEN." Hereupon a door opened in the rock. After the captain had made all his troop go in, he followed them himself, and the door shut again.

Ali Baba sat patiently in the tree; but was nevertheless



tempted once or twice to get down, mount one of the horses, and make his way to town, but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safest way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see that all passed by him. He then pronounced the words—"SHUT SESAME!" the door closed, and the troop departed.

Ali Baba, all this time, had never stirred out of the tree; for, said he to himself, they may have forgotten something, and return again, and then I shall be discovered. So he watched them until they were completely out of sight, and even after that he staid some time before he came down, and remembering the words the captain of the thieves had used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went to the door, and said, "OPEN SESAME!" It instantly flew wide open before him.

Ali Baba, who expected to behold a dark and dismal place, was surprised to find it both light and capacious; it had evidently been cut out in the form of a vault by the hand of man, and received the light from an opening artfully contrived in the top of the rock. He saw all sorts of provisions, rich bales of merchandise of silks, stuffs, brocades, and fine tapestries, piled upon one another; and, above all, great bags and heaps of gold and silver. Such a sight might well make him believe that this cave, by the riches it contained, had been possessed, not for years, but for ages, by robbers, who resorted there in succession.

Ali Baba did not stand long considering what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he had got in, the door shut again, but this never disturbed him, because he knew the secret to open it. He did not regard the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of that gold which was in large bags, at several times, as he thought his asses could carry. When he had done so, he gathered together



his asses, which were dispersed about, loaded them, covered the bags with green boughs; and pronouncing the words "SHUT SESAME!" the door closed after him, and he made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and showed them to his wife.



His wife was seized with a sudden fear that her husband had been tempted to commit a robbery, and cried—"Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to—"

"Be quiet, wife," interrupted Ali Baba; "do not frighten yourself; I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from thieves." Then he emptied the bags, and told her the whole adventure from beginning to end.

The wife rejoiced with her husband at their good fortune, and wanted to count all the gold, piece by piece. "Wife," said Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you begin



to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole, and bury it; there is no time to be lost” “You are right, husband; I will borrow a small measure to measure it, while you dig the hole.” “You had better let it alone,” said Ali Baba, “but be sure and keep the secret, and do what you please.” Away she ran to the house of her brother-in-law Cassim, who was not at home; so addressing herself to his wife, she asked her for the loan of a small measure. As the sister-in-law knew how poor Ali Baba was, she was very curious to know what sort of grain

his wife could want to measure, so she slyly rubbed some suet at the bottom of the measure, trusting that some of the grain might adhere thereto.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filling it, and emptying it often, at a small distance, upon the floor. She was very well satisfied to find the number of measures run so high as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished the hole he was digging. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show exactness and respect to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back, but without noticing a piece of gold that stuck at the bottom. "Sister," said she, "you see I have not detained the measure long; I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure and was greatly surprised to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold in such plenty, as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold from?" Cassim, her husband, not being in the habit of coming home until he closed his shop in the evening, she was compelled to restrain her impatience until his return.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, I warrant you think yourself rich, but you are very much mistaken. Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim requested her to explain her meaning, which she did, by telling him the stratagem by which she had made the discovery, and showing him the coin.

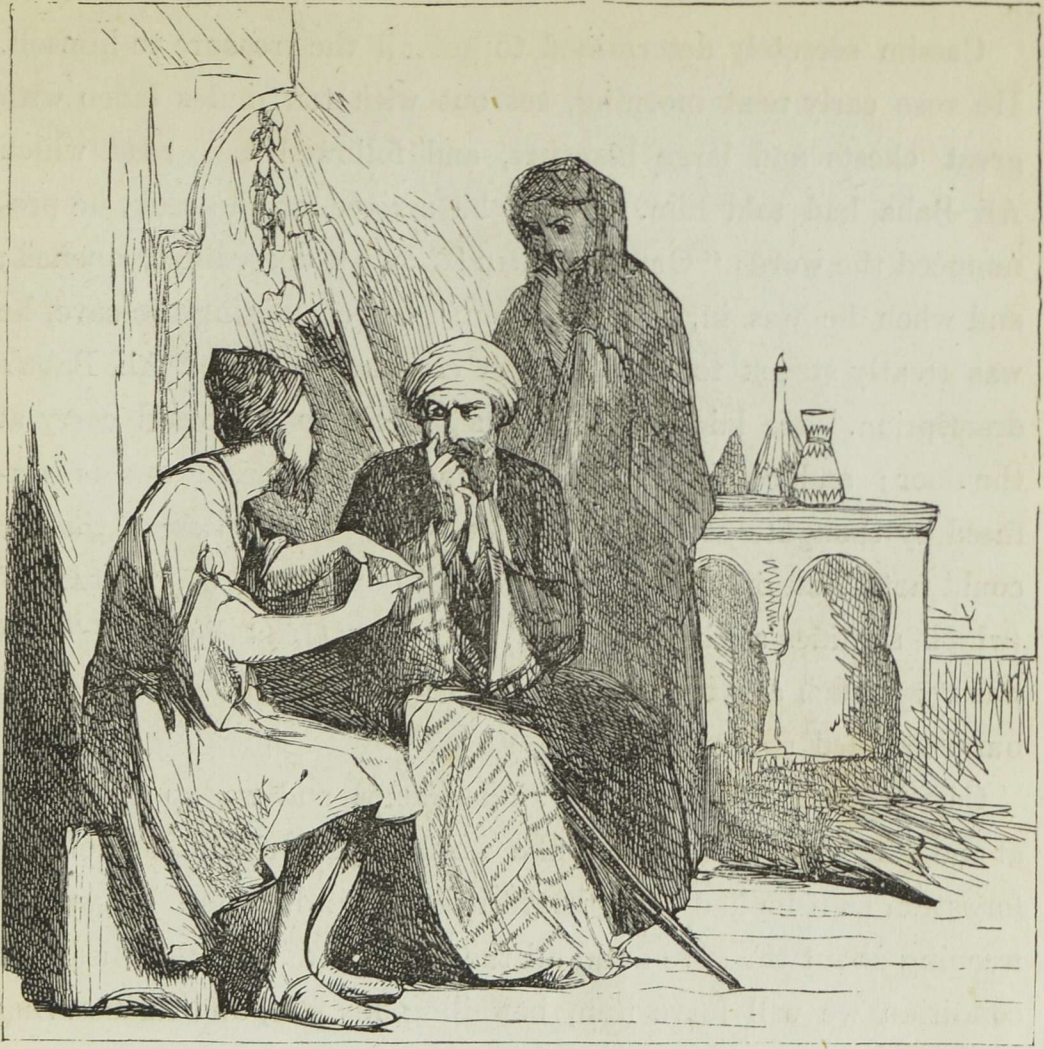


Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, could not sleep all that night, but went to him in the morning before sun-rise. Now Cassim, after he married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot that name. "Ali Baba," said he, accosting him, "you are very reserved in your affairs: you pretend to be miserably poor and yet you measure gold!" "How, brother?" replied Ali Baba, "I do not know



what you mean ; explain yourself.” “ Do not pretend ignorance,” replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him ; “ How many of these pieces have you ? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.”

Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife knew what he had so much reason to keep secret. So he confessed all ; and told him by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and concluded by offering him part of his treasure to keep the secret. “ That is not sufficient,” replied Cassim, haughtily ; “ I



must know exactly where this is, and the signs and tokens, that I may go to it myself when I have a mind ; otherwise I will inform against you, and then you will lose all you have got, and I shall have half for my information.”

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good nature than fright at his wicked brother's threat, told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to get in and out of the cave.

Cassim secretly determined to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early next morning, set out with ten mules laden with great chests and large hampers, and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. When he arrived at the rock, he pronounced the words "OPEN SESAME!" and it accordingly opened; and when he was in, it shut again. On examining the cave, he was greatly struck to find its rich contents exceeded Ali Baba's description. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door; and coming at last to open it, his mind was so confused by thoughts of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word, but instead of "SESAME," (which signifies a kind of corn), he said, "OPEN BARLEY!" and was very much amazed and alarmed to find the door did not open, but remained shut.

Cassim never expected such an accident; and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the word "Sesame" was completely forgotten as if he had never heard it before in his life. He walked weeping about the cave amid all the riches; and in this miserable condition we will leave him, bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About midnight the thieves returned to their cave. At some distance from it they found Cassim's mules straggling about with great chests and hampers on their backs, and were very anxious to know to whom they belonged. The captain and others went directly to the door, with their naked sabres in their hands, and on pronouncing the words "OPEN SESAME," it opened.

Cassim was resolved to make one effort to escape from them.



He stood ready at the door; and no sooner heard the word "SESAME," and saw the door open, than he jumped out so briskly that he threw the captain down; but he could not escape the other thieves, who with their drawn sabres and infuriated looks completely blocked up the entrance to the cave; the fall of their captain was followed by the passing of their sabres through the body of the unfortunate Cassim.



The thieves found the bags which Cassim had brought to the door; but never missed the gold Ali Baba had formerly taken away; but it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches; therefore they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang two on one side and two on the other within the door of the cave, to terrify any future intruder.

Cassim's wife was very uneasy, when night came and her husband had not returned; she ran to Ali Baba in a terrible fright, to tell him of it. Ali Baba, who never doubted that his brother had gone to the forest, told her that she need not frighten herself,



for that certainly Cassim would not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled, and she repented of her foolish curiosity, and bewailed her desire of penetrating into the affairs

of her brother and sister. When it was day she went to Ali Baba and told, with tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba never waited to be asked to go and see what was become of Cassim, but went immediately with his asses. When he came to the rock, he pronounced the words "OPEN SESAME!" and the door opened; he was terribly startled at the dismal sight of his brother's quarters. He wrapped them in pieces of cloth, loaded one of his asses with them, and covered the load over with green wood; the other asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with boughs also; and then came away. When he got home, he drove the asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and led the other to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a cunning, artful slave, celebrated for her cleverness and tact. Taking Morgiana aside, he said to her, "the first thing I ask of thee is an inviolable secrecy, which you will find is necessary both for thy mistress's sake and mine. Thy master's body is contained in these two bundles; and our business is to bury him as if he died a natural death. Go tell your mistress I want to speak with her, and mind what I say to you."

Then Ali Baba told his sister the success of his journey, and how he came to find Cassim's body. The grief of the widow was great; but she saw the necessity of keeping the manner of his death a secret; to do this, they had recourse to Morgiana's aid.

Morgiana went out to an apothecary, and asked him for medicine for her good master Cassim, who was sick. Next morning she went again to the same apothecary's, and, with tears in her



eyes, asked for an essence with which they rub sick people at the last extremity. In the meantime, on the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen to go often between Cassim's and their own house all that day with melancholy looks, so nobody was surprised, in the evening, to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told it everywhere that her master was dead.

The next morning, Morgiana, who knew a certain old cobbler who opened his stall early, went to him, and bidding him "Good morrow," put a piece of gold into his hand. "Well," said merry old Baba Mustapha, "this is good pay; what am I to do for it?" "Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana, "you must take your sewing-tackle, and go with me; but you must be blind-folded." After a little hesitation, Baba Mustapha consented, and Morgiana, binding his eyes, led him to Cassim's house and into the room where the mutilated body lay. Here she gave him another piece of gold and bade him sew the quarters of the body together. After Baba Mustapha had done as she wished him, the bandage was again placed over his eyes and he was conducted back to the spot near his stall from whence he was brought. The body of Cassim being now in a condition for the performance of the funeral rites peculiar to Eastern customs, they were proceeded with in a manner least likely to awaken curiosity or suspicion among the neighbours. Morgiana, who took upon herself the chief direction of this affair, acted with such caution, that no one had the slightest suspicion her master had not died a natural death.

To return to the thieves; at the usual hour they came to their retreat, and great was their surprise to find Cassim's body had been taken away, and also some of their gold. A consultation was immediately held, when it was decided to lay aside their ordinary occupations and devote all their skill and attention to the discovery of the person or persons who evidently held possession of their secret. All the thieves approved and agreed that



they must follow this closely, and not desist until they had succeeded. To this end, one of the band volunteered to enter the town in disguise, and so confident was he of success in his mission, that he entered into a compact with the band to forfeit his life if he failed to discover the intruder.

The robber, having disguised himself, set out at once and entered the town just at day-break; no one was stirring at that early hour except Baba Mustapha, the sound of whose hammer attracted the attention of the thief. Coming up to the stall, he accosted Baba Mustapha as follows:—"Good morrow, honest friend; you are an early riser for so aged a man; I should have thought your eyesight was scarcely strong enough to see to work

so early." "Well, stranger," answered Mustapha, "I have most extraordinary eyesight. Why it was but a day or so since that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not half so much light as I have now!" This communication assured the thief that his good fortune had directed him to the very man he wanted. Pretending to doubt Mustapha's story, he learned from him the particulars of his having been blindfolded both on his way to the house where the body lay and on his return. This decided the thief at once; by strong persuasion, and the promise of two gold pieces, Baba Mustapha consented to have his eyes bound and endeavour to remember the road he had formerly traversed under similar circumstances. He rose from his seat, led the thief to the spot where Morgiana had bound his eyes, and where the thief did so likewise; when blindfold, Mustapha said, "This was the way I turned," and followed by the thief he proceeded with great deliberation until he arrived directly opposite Cassim's house; "I went no further than here," said he. The thief gave him the promised reward, marked the door of the house with a piece of chalk, and returned, highly pleased with his success, to the forest. The captain highly commended his diligence, and it was decided that the whole troop should enter the town, two or three at a time, and await the further orders of their captain in the great square.

Ali Baba had removed to Cassim's house soon after the funeral, and Morgiana was now in his service. Just as the thief and Baba Mustapha had parted, she returned from an errand she had been upon for her master, and instantly detected the mysterious chalk mark upon the door. Her suspicions of danger were aroused, but



having no clue by which to direct them, she contented herself by marking two or three of the neighbour's doors on either side in a similar manner.

Meanwhile the robbers had all entered the town, the captain and the spy last; and when they came to the street where Ali Baba lived, he showed the captain one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, and said that was it; but the captain observed that the next doors were chalked as well, and showing it to his guide, demanded to know which was the house. The guide was

so confounded that he knew not what to answer, and the captain seeing five or six houses all similarly marked, ordered his troop to return to their stronghold in the forest. On arriving at the cave, they held a council to discuss the failure of their expedition, and to decide what further steps to take. Exasperated at their present failure, they demanded the forfeited life of their baffled comrade; and he was accordingly executed. Another of the gang came forward and undertook the same task, on the same conditions. He went to Baba Mustapha, bribed him as the other had done, and marked the door with red chalk in a place which, as he imagined, was remote from sight. But Morgiana, whose eyes nothing it appears could escape, saw the red chalk, and marked the neighbour's houses in the same place and manner. On the arrival of the captain and his guide they found the same difficulty; at which the captain was enraged, and his guide in as great confusion as as his predecessor was before him. The band, on their return to the forest, awarded the same death to this robber as they had done to the other. Unwilling to sacrifice the lives of his men, the captain himself undertook the task. By the aid of Baba Mustapha he found the house, and took so careful a survey of it that it was impossible he could mistake it. Returning to his band, he procured nineteen mules and eight-and-thirty large jars, filling one of their number with oil. In each of the other jars he placed one of his men, until the whole troop were secreted, leaving them room to breathe by making holes under the places where the jars were tied at the top. Things being thus prepared, the captain drove the mules into town in the dusk of the evening, and passed



in the direction of Ali Baba's house. Finding Ali Baba seated at his door, the pretended oil merchant civilly requested a place for his goods and a lodging for himself until to-morrow's market, as he had travelled far that day, and had arrived in town too late to find accomodation. Ali Baba told him he was welcome to place the merchandize in his court-yard for safety during the night, not having the slightest suspicion of treachery; for though he had seen the robber captain in the forest, and heard his voice when pronouncing the secret words which opened the gates of the cave, he appeared now in so different a character that it would have been next to impossible to have recognized him.

So Ali Baba opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard, and ordered Morgiana to prepare a good supper and a bed for his guest. When the captain had unloaded his mules, Ali Baba went to him and invited him into the hall, telling him he would not permit him to stay in the yard all night. The captain made an apology for the trouble he was giving, and accepted the invitation. Ali Baba not only bore him company, but entertained him with many things to divert him until the hour for retiring to rest had arrived. Morgiana, who had been very busy during the evening, had still some work to do after the household had retired. Finding the oil in her lamp exhausted, and having none handy, she bethought her of the merchant's oil in the court-yard, and ran out with her lamp to fill it from one of the jars; when she came to the first jar, the thief within said softly—"Is it time?" Though very much astonished, she answered, "Not yet," and went in the same manner to the other jars, giving the same answer, until she came to the jar of oil. She was now aware that her master was watched by foes, and determined to save him from them. She placed a great kettle upon the fire, filled it with oil from the full jar, and as soon as it boiled she went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the thief within. As soon as this was accomplished, she heard the captain giving a signal to his band by throwing stones at the jars. Receiving no answer he descended to the court-yard, and looking into the jars discovered what had happened. Enraged, and in despair at being foiled in his design, he forced the lock of the garden door and made his escape.



Knowing that all immediate danger was over, Morgiana did not consider it necessary to inform her master of the occurrences of the night until his return from the bath in the morning. His astonishment at her narrative was great in the extreme ; but when, at her request, he inspected the oil jars, he was almost frightened out of his wits. Morgiana then informed him of the mysterious chalk marks which had been placed upon his door, and the means she had adopted to foil the evident evil intentions of his enemies. Ali Baba listened to every word she said



with amazement; and a feeling of gratitude for the faithful services of his devoted slave led him to pour forth a flood of thanks; "You have preserved my life," he added, "and depend upon it your future happiness shall be the study of my life. From this moment you are free! And now we must consider as to the disposal of the robbers bodies." At Morgiana's suggestion, he dug a deep trench at the bottom of the garden, in a spot overshadowed with trees, and buried the bodies there; the jars and mules were removed to a distance and sold.



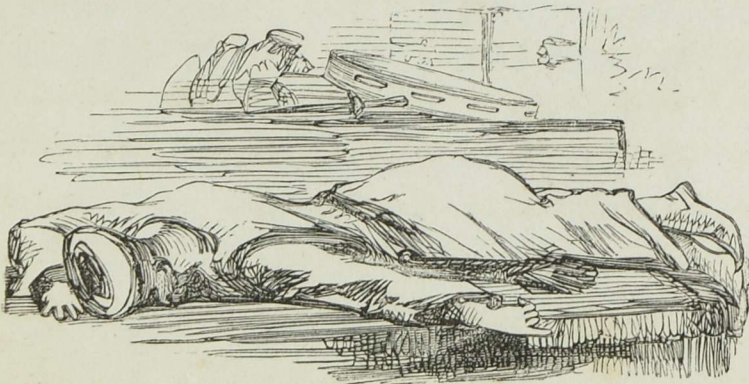
Meanwhile the robber captain sat alone in his cave. The loneliness of the place seemed frightful to him. His stubborn nature was much moved by the loss of his companions, and he formed a stern resolve to avenge them or perish in the attempt. This resolution being taken, he became more settled in his mind, and slept soundly. The next morning he went to the town, and took a lodging at a khan or inn; he took upon him the name of Cogia Houssain, and opened a shop for the sale of merchandize directly opposite one kept by the son of Ali Baba.



He next set to work to cultivate the friendship of Ali Baba's son, with the view of getting introduced to his father's house. In this he succeeded. Ali Baba, hearing of the intimacy which had sprung up between his son and the rich merchant, Cogia Houssain, invited the latter to sup with him. The invitation

was very gladly accepted; but no sooner had he arrived, than the quick eye of Morgiana knew him to be the captain of the robbers. She also observed that he had a dagger secreted in his robe. Confident that he sought her master's life, she formed the resolution of baffling him at all hazards. Having armed herself with a sharp dagger, and attired herself as a dancer, she entered the room and solicited her master's permission to display her skill before his guest; this was readily given, and to the accompaniment of a tabor, she executed several dances of so graceful a character as to obtain the applause of all present. But having observed the robber chief's hand beneath his robe, she moved toward him with the tabor as if to solicit a gift; then, with a sudden movement, she started up to her full height and plunged her dagger in his heart.

Once more Ali Baba acknowledged he owed his life to Morgiana, and this time he determined it should not pass without reward. Morgiana and his son had long been attached to each other. They were married the next day; and from the treasures of the robber's cave, Ali Baba gave her a dowry fit for a princess, whilst to her husband he imparted the secret of replenishing it, should it ever become exhausted.



NOTE.

Of this tale of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," it is only necessary to observe, that it has been selected for the present series, as forming, together with "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," the most popular and pleasing among the stories of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments"—a series which could not pass unrepresented in a volume like the present one.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

WHO has not heard
Of Bold Robin Hood,
Who dwelt in the forest
Of merry Sherwood?

Who has not heard
Of his rollicking life?
Of his man Little John?
Of Maid Marian, his wife?

And how he used force
When persuasion did fail,
And how he assisted
Bold Allan-a-dale?

And how he could shoot;
And how he'd the luck
To get for his chaplain
The Bold Friar Tuck?

How King Richard himself
To Sherwood went out,
To see Robin Hood
And his yeomen so stout?

Although but an outlaw,
His name is still known,
And is held in respect
By many a one.

For no second archer
E'er dwelt in Sherwood,
Who could shoot with the bow
Like the Bold Robin Hood.

And then in his favour
Was one great thing more,
HE HELPED THE UNHAPPY,
AND PITIED THE POOR.





ROBIN HOOD.

ROBIN HOOD was born in the reign of King Henry the Second, at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, and of good

family; indeed, it is said, that one time of his life he was Earl of Huntingdon. His father was very fond of archery and other field sports, and he taught them all to his son. Robin learned so fast and so well, that at the age of fifteen he was the best archer in the whole country side, and victor at all games of skill or trials of strength, but he was a very wild young fellow, and cared little what he did or what he spent. One day he met some foresters, and they made a bet with him that he could not shoot a deer which was standing at a very great distance; he did it, but they refused to pay their bet, so he was offended and left them, and when he was a little way off they laughed at him, which made him very angry, so in the heat of passion he turned round and shot at them with his arrows until he had killed them all. Almost before he was a man he had spent all his fortune and got deeply in debt by keeping three hundred bowmen to be his companions in his sports, and so many were the pranks he played, and so great were his debts, that the abbot of a monastery close by became his enemy and caused him to be outlawed. He then went and lived in the woods and killed the king's deer for food. Some other young men, who were wild like himself, went with him, others joined them, and in a few years there was about one hundred of them, with Robin for their captain. They were all dressed exactly alike—in coats of Lincoln green and scarlet caps with feathers in them. They were generally armed with bows and arrows, in the use of which they were very expert, not only when shooting the king's fat deer in



the forest of Sherwood when they wanted it for food, or in protecting themselves or others against their enemies—for they had a great many, some of whom often pursued them to take them prisoners or to kill them—but also in shooting for prizes at the fairs or festivals and rejoicings of neighbouring towns and villages, where they sometimes went in disguise. Some wonderful tales are told of their skill; shooting the fleet stag when it was running at its fullest speed being the least of their exploits; shooting the swallows when they were flying, or the topmost leaf off the highest tree when the branch



was blown about by the wind. Any of them could hit the centre of a target a hundred yards off, but Robin, who was the cleverest of them all, could, with his own arrow, split any of theirs whilst they stuck in the target, or split a thin willow wand at an equal distance. They spent most of their time in robbing the rich and proud, and in assisting the poor and needy, for Robin never would let them take anything from anybody who could not well spare it, and always gave what he could to those who needed it; indeed, it is said of him, that although he was a robber, he never missed an opportunity of doing good to the poor.



The fame of their actions spread far and near, and they were known every where as Robin Hood and his merry men. One of the chief of them was John Little, whom Robin one day met on a narrow bridge, and as neither would allow the other to pass peaceably, they fought with sticks until they were tired, when Little John knocked Robin over into the water, and when

he had swam ashore they both admired each others courage and skill so much, that they became friends and were scarcely ever parted afterwards. John Little was nearly seven feet high, so the companions of Robin called him Little John, for fun, and he went by that name ever after. There was another named Scarlet, whom Robin met with in much the same way, and after shooting, quarreling, and fighting, he found out that he was his own relation, who had done something very wicked and had run away from home to find Robin and live with him in the forest; and a third called Much, or Midge, a miller's son, these three were the fast friends of Robin for life; they always went with him wherever he went, and always remained near enough to him to be ready at a call to assist, to protect, or to defend him.

Having heard of a friar named Tuck, who lived near, as a merry fellow and a very strong fellow, Robin went to see him. The friar was walking by the waterside, and Robin called out that he must come and carry him over. The friar very patiently took him upon his back and carried him over quite easily, but he then said that Robin in return for being taken across ought to carry him back again; Robin consented, and taking up the friar, went through the stream with him, but he said that the friar was twice as heavy as himself and so he ought to have two rides for the other's one. The friar took him up again, but when they were about half way over, hitched him off into the water and left him to get out how he could. This vexed Robin so much that he shot arrows at the friar until he had



not one left; but the friar was not hurt, for he had armour under his frock. After that they fought for a long time with swords, but Robin gained no advantage, so he blew his horn for his men to come and help him; but when they appeared, the friar gave a loud whistle, and a great many large dogs came round him and began to tear Robin Hood's clothes.



Little John shot two or three of them, and the other men shot at them also, and the dogs flew at them and bit them, but the friar and Robin thought it better to agree to be friends than the noble men should be bitten or the fine dogs slain, so they shook hands very heartily, and Robin persuaded the friar to go and live with him as his chaplain. This was just the way with Robin, when he found any one to be as strong, as brave, and as skilful as himself, instead of continuing the fight, he made a bargain to be friends, and it was much better than fighting until one of them was killed.



Some time after this, when Robin, disguised as a peasant, was walking in the forest, he met a young page, and as he liked to try the courage of every one by pretending to quarrel, he soon provoked the page to fight with him, although Robin was much the biggest and strongest man of the two. When they fought until they were weary, the page's cap fell off, and

a lot of fair hair fell from under it, and to Robin's surprise it was no page at all, but a beautiful lady called Maid Marian, whom he had loved and promised to marry before he was made an outlaw; so he threw off his own disguise, and they were both highly delighted to find each other again. Then she told him how miserable she had been when he was banished; that her father had shut her up in a room, locked her in, and set rough fellows to guard her, treating her very ill because she would love Robin; at last he threatened to marry her to an old man, so she bribed the rough guard to let her escape, and had come to the forest that she might find Robin and live with him and love him, and never leave him more. So Friar Tuck married them, and Robin made a great feast, and the men made garlands for the captain's wife, and treated her so kindly she had no need of bridesmaids. They called her their queen, because they were proud of her beauty and loved her gentle manners, and they kept up the merry makings in honor of the wedding for many days.

Robin had many personal quarrels, but although he was one of the strongest of men and one of the most skilful in defending himself, still he sometimes met with one who was too much for him; one of these was a beggar man with whom he fought, and the beggar man beat him until he was sore. Another was only a shepherd and fought with his crook, but he conquered both Robin Hood and Little John one after the other. And a third called the "Pinder of Wakefield," but he was the bravest of all, for he fought Robin Hood, Little John,



and Scarlet for a whole day long, and beat them in the end, so you see they did not always get the best of it.

Robin Hood had a very great dislike to priests, because of the abbot having caused him to be outlawed, so he punished them whenever he had a chance. He once sent Scarlet and Little John to see if one should pass; in a little while two black monks came riding by on mules, so Little John told them "The Master" wanted them to dine with him; they did not know who "The Master" was, but seeing that Scarlet and Little John were armed, and they were not, they had no



choice, and suffered themselves to be led to where Robin was, he treated them very civilly and made them eat a good dinner and drink wine, but when it was over and he asked them to pay, they said they had only a few coins about them; Robin did not believe it, but said that if it were true he would let them go, but if not, he would keep all they had and beat them into the bargain. Little John made a search and found eight hundred pounds in their saddle bags; at this Robin laughed, but when he found it was his enemy, the abbot's, money, he laughed still more; so the monks seeing that their money was



lost, and that they were likely to get knocked about for telling lies, ran away as fast as they could go, Robin Hood and his men laughing at them all the time. The abbot was very angry when he heard of it, and complained to the king. The king offered a reward to any one who would take Robin prisoner; of course a great many tried but none of them could do it, and Robin grew so daring that one day he and his men being in the wood and meeting with several of the king's own servants who were taking home a good deal of money to the king, they fell upon them, beat them very severely till they



were almost dead, took all the money from them, and told them that when they could crawl home again they might tell the king, THEIR master, that Robin Hood, the Master of Sherwood, had taken the money to pay his men with. At this the king was very angry, and said he would give twice what he offered before to any one who would take Robin Hood.



One Sir Guy of Gisborne, a very valiant knight, and very confident, promised the king he would take him. He soon rode to the Forest of Sherwood, and meeting with Robin called out to him to yield as a prisoner, but Robin said he would not, so the knight drew his sword and attacked him, but Robin fought so well that he soon killed Sir Guy, and cutting off his head he hung it upon a tree. Another brave fellow, a tinker, got a copy of the king's warrant against Robin and

sought him out, but as he did not know him when they met, Robin pretended to be somebody else, and said he would help the tinker, so they went to an alehouse together where the tinker got drunk and fell asleep, and Robin stole both his warrant and his money, and left him, so when the tinker awoke and found out the trick he was very vexed, and being a strong man he followed Robin, and when he came up with him he made him stand and fight, and beat him so severely that he was glad to blow his horn for his men. Little John, Scarlet, and Midge would soon have made short work of it with the tinker, but Robin forbid them, and offered him a share of all they had if he would be one of them, and, strange to say, the tinker consented; so Robin got another man and the king could not get Robin; so the king found it better just to leave Robin alone. It is said that Robin some time after got the king's pardon, and in this manner:—Robin having rendered the queen some slight service on an occasion when she was crossing a flooded stream; she, to reward him, at the first opportunity, when the king was going to give a grand feast, invited Robin and some of his men to be present and display their skill in archery before the king. So they went in disguise, and not only in archery, but in every other game that was played for the amusement of the court, Robin and his men beat every one else; they could always do something more, and something far cleverer than the cleverest of the others, and if anyone said anything to make the king and the company laugh, Robin and his men would say something to make them



laugh far more; so they carried off all the prizes, attracted so much attention, and so pleased the king, that he offered to grant them any request they choose to make. The queen, who heard him, said he had better grant them his pardon, and leave to live as they had done. The king asked where they had lived, and what they had done to require pardon. Then Robin and his men kneeling, confessed who they were and begged mercy, but the king, pretending to be angry, asked about the robbery of the money, when the queen came forward and said that Robin had sent it all to her, requesting her to give it to the poor, and

that it had saved many families from want in the cold winter. So the king pardoned them and sent them away with presents, but said that they must not rob his treasurers any more. They returned to Sherwood Forest and lived a much quieter life for some time.

When Richard the First, who was king after Henry, went to the Holy Land to fight in the Crusades, Robin Hood again became known for the boldness of his deeds and his kindness to the distressed; and although he was a robber he was pious, and had prayers said to him every day; indeed, it is said that he was so sincere in his devotions that he would not leave off before his set service was finished even to defend himself against the attack of his enemies; he would never allow a woman to be injured, nor any one in woman's company. One story of him is that he sent his men as usual to watch for passers by, and they, seeing a knight on horseback riding along weary and dejected, invited him to dine with their master. Robin treated him very kindly, made him eat and drink of the best, trying to cheer him because he looked so sad, and at last asked what made him so uneasy; then the knight said that an abbot had lent four hundred pounds upon his house and land for a year, that it must be paid again the next day or the house and land would be the abbot's, and he, his wife, and children, beggars; that he had been in foreign countries to seek for aid to pay it, and could get none, and was riding home with only ten shillings in his pocket. Robin so pitied him, that he not only gave him enough money to redeem



his land, but a handsome horse, and a great deal of fine stuff for dresses for himself and family besides, and sent him away happy and full of gratitude.

Another story is, that he one day saw a young knight riding by very gay and singing merrily, but the day after saw him returning very sad indeed, so he invited him to take a cup of wine, and to tell him why he was so changed in so short a time. The young knight told him his name was Alan-a-Dale, that the day before he was on his way to marry a sweet young lady, but when he arrived he found her father was



going to marry her to a very old man against her will, and that it was to take place that very day at a church not far off. Robin gathered together some of his men and told the young knight to follow to the church in their company, and he would go before in the disguise of a minstrel. He arrived just as the priest was about to proceed with the

marriage, and in a loud voice forbid him to go on; before the company could recover from their surprise, the young knight arrived with Robin's men, and the young lady said she loved Alan-a-Dale better than either the old man or any one else; so Robin and his men turned the whole party out of the church, Friar Tuck married the young couple, and they went away happy. On another occasion Robin and his men rescued three young men from the officers who were taking them to be hanged: they were a poor widow's sons, and this is how it occurred:—He was walking in the streets of Nottingham disguised, when he saw an old woman sitting on a step rocking herself to and fro, weeping, and looking very much distressed; he went up to her, asked her what was the matter, and offered her some money, but she said it was not money she wanted, and fell to weeping more and more. Then he begged of her to tell him what was the cause of her sorrow and misery; after some little time she answered that HE was the cause of it all, which surprised him very much, and he desired her to tell him how he could be the cause of her distress who was a stranger to her; she said he was no stranger for she knew him well enough by his voice, and as to her grief he alone was to blame for it all; he begged of her again to tell him how; so she told him that her three sons, the only sons she had, were followers of his and had lived with him in the forest, were fine brave fellows and her only support, that they had been taken prisoners by the men belonging to the Sheriff of Nottingham, had been tried and sentenced to be hanged for

killing the king's fallow deer in the wood, and that they were to be hanged that day; that she knew not what she would do when they were dead, but she thought she would die too. Then he told her to take comfort and not to fret, for he would take care that her sons should not be hanged, that they were such noble fellows, so faithful and so true to him, that he would not lose them for anything. Then the old woman fell down on her knees and would have thanked him for his promises, and blessed him too, but he would not allow her lest it should attract the attention of the people in the street, who, if they found out who he was, might collect such a crowd as would bring down the sheriff and his men upon him, and make it difficult for him to escape and impossible to release her sons; so they separated and went different ways, she hoping he would be able to keep his promise, and he determined to do it. Presently he met an old monk; "What news?" says Robin. "Three squires are to be hanged for killing the king's fallow deer," was the reply; so Robin offered the old man a lot of money if he would exchange clothes with him, which he accepted; he then dressed himself in the monk's gown, went his way, and soon met the proud sheriff. "Oh, what will you give to a poor old man that is willing to act as your hangman," said Robin; the sheriff promised him a new suit of clothes and some money if he would act as hangman, so Robin promised to do so, but when the three young brothers were brought out, Robin put his horn to his mouth and a hundred and fifty stout fellows with bows and arrows soon came rushing



forward. Then he blew a second blast, and sixty more men came rushing over the plain. "Oh, who are these?" says the proud sheriff. "They are my attendants," says Robin, "and they have come to pay you a visit." Now the sheriff was a bad man who never gave anything to the poor, so they bound him and hung him on the gallows, and set their own brave fellows free.

Robin having heard that the Bishop of Hereford was to pass through the wood, he and his men killed a fat deer and dressed it by the way-side to attract his attention; when he came by he, feeling very confident because he had a good many armed servants and some few soldiers with him, and seeing that Robin had but few, and being haughty and arrogant as well, he stopped his horse and abused Robin and his men for killing the deer, and said he would take them to the king, but Robin blew his horn for a hundred of his men who soon put the bishop's followers to flight, and they seized the bishop and led him away to their haunts in the wood, and there they made him eat and drink whether he would or no, and made him pay for it with all the bags of gold he had with him, and then dance in his boots for their amusement as long as he was able. This, and other tricks, caused the Bishop of Ely, who was a great man when the king was away, to go with a number of soldiers to take him, and he attacked Robin Hood in the forest; but Robin and his men won the fight and the bishop was obliged to fly. This reaching the king's ears on his return from the war, he said he would go himself and see if he could subdue this famous Robin Hood, but liking adventures, he went in disguise as a monk, and so did those who went with him. When Robin met them, he thought the king was an abbot and that the others were monks in his company, so he seized the king's horse by the bridle and said he had a spite against all such as abbots, who lived in pomp and pride, and therefore he must away with him into the wood; but the king answered

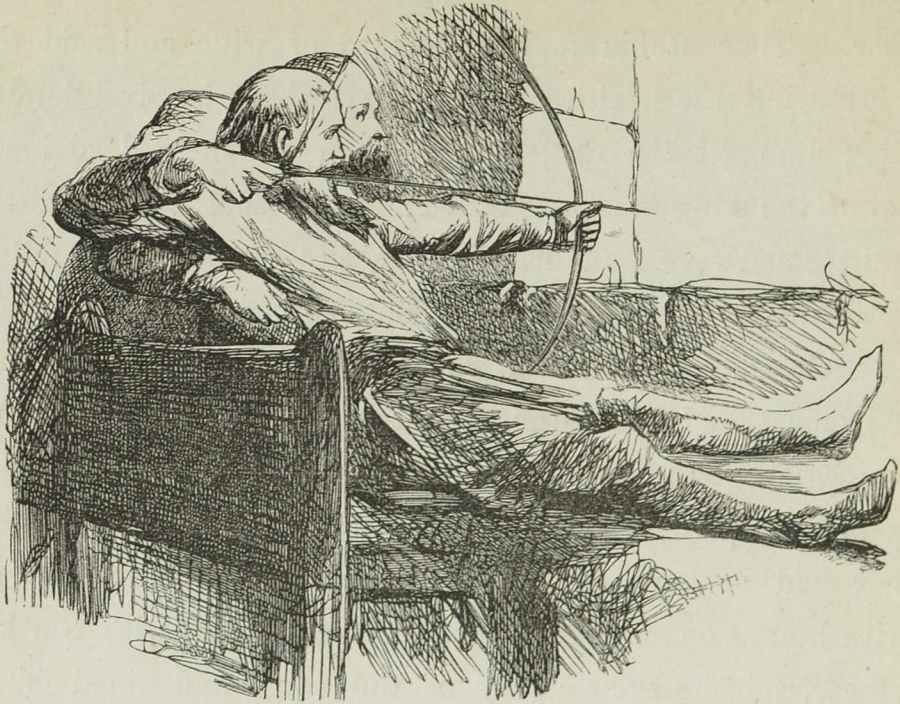


that they were messengers, whom the king, who was not far off, had sent to say that they wished to speak with him, and Robin said he loved the king, and would do anything for him, and as they were the king's messengers they should be well treated; then he took them into the wood, and blowing his horn a hundred and ten of his men came and knelt down before him, which made the king wonder and say to his followers that it was a finer sight than could be seen at court. Robin then told his men to display their skill in the sports of the forest for the amusement of the king's messengers, and to do



it as if it were to please the king himself; they did so many wonderful things, and so many brave things, that the king declared such men could not be found elsewhere. Robin then set his visitors down to a splendid feast of venison, fowls, and

fish, with plenty of ale and wine, and they were all very merry together. Then Robin took a tankard of wine and said they must all drink the health of the king; when they had done so, the king amongst the rest, Robin's men all cheered so loudly that even the king was astonished; so he said to Robin that they all seemed very fond of the king, and would be fine fellows to serve the king if they could but get his pardon: Robin replied that they would, and would serve him truly, for there was no man they loved so much as the king; so the king threw off his disguise, and Robin and his men knelt down before him and asked for pardon. The king said they should be pardoned all they had done if Robin would leave the forest and go and live with him at court. So Robin went and lived with the king for a year, but he grew weary of the court and pined for his merry green wood and his merry companions, so he begged of the king to let him go back, and the king did so. So he went back and lived the same life he did before until he was an old man. One day, being unwell, he said to his old friend Little John, "We have shot many a pound, but I am not able to shoot one shot more, my arrows will not flee." He said that he felt so ill that he must go to his cousin, at Kirkley Hall, that she might bleed him. Now Robin's cousin was not a good woman, yet when he arrived at the Hall she pretended to be very kind, and begged that he would have some wine, but Robin said that he would neither eat nor drink until she bled him; so she led him to a private room, and when she had bled him, she locked him in the room and left him



alone. Now this was a very wicked thing to do. About the middle of the next day, poor Robin, finding that no one came near him, knew that all was not right, so he thought he might escape by the window, but he was so weak and ill that he could not jump down; he then thought of his horn, so he blew three blasts, and although they were very weak, still they were strong enough to be heard by his constant and kind friend Little John, who soon broke the locks open and was quickly at his master's side. "Oh, master, grant me a boon!" said Little John. "What is the boon?" said Robin. "That I may burn this fair Kirkley Hall for the injury that has been done to you, my kind master," said Little John. Then

Robin answered, "No, I have never injured a woman in my life, nor man in woman's company, and I will not do so now." This was right of Robin, who, although he had been an outlaw, knew how to RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

Feeling himself dying, he asked for his bow and arrows, and begged Little John to prop him up that he might shoot one arrow more before he died, and when he had shot it through the window he said they were to bury him where it fell; that they were to lay a green sod under his head, and another under his feet; that his bow and arrows should be laid by his side, and that his grave was to be made of "gravel and green," that the people might say, "Here lies bold Robin Hood." All this was readily promised, which pleased him very much, and "there they buried bold Robin Hood, near to the fair Kirkleys."



NOTE.

“ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZTOOTH, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into ROBIN HOOD. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, EARL of HUNTINGDON; a title to which, in the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire; Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; and, according to some, Plumpton-park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances, who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favorites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were LITTLE JOHN (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor*), WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock, or Scarlet), GEORGE A GREEN, pinder (or pound-keeper), of Wakefield, MUCH, a miller's son, and a certain monk or frier, named TUCK. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was MARIAN.

“Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkleys-nunnery in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present), by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the thirty-first year of King Henry III. and, (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.”—*Ritson*.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE moral of this little tale,
As it appears to me,
Lies in the proven foolishness
Of fraud and treachery.
The wicked Fairy's guileful arts,
The cruel words she says—
Shows how revenge will always work
By dark and crooked ways.

The hundred years the princess slept,
As though a single night,
Show that a time must still elapse,
Ere wrong gives place to right.
The kindly Fairy's diligence
In doing all she could—
Shows evil must be combated,
And overcome by good.





THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WHEN people have had to wait for a long time for anything they very much want, they are apt to prize it all the more, whenever it does come, than if their wish had been fulfilled directly it was uttered. It is so with the letters we

get at school, written by our friends at home; the longer we have to wait for them, the more we value them; it is the same thing with prizes and rewards of all kinds; and so it was also with the king and queen about whom I am going to tell you, if you will sit down and listen, and not interrupt me.

Well,—once upon a time there lived a king and queen, who loved each other tenderly. They had only one drawback to their happiness, and this consisted in the fact that they had no children; so they were very glad indeed when a fairy came one day to court and announced to the king and queen that their wish was at length to be fulfilled, and that a little daughter would be sent them.

When the baby came there were great rejoicings. It was a beautiful little chubby baby, with blue eyes, and a fair skin; and it was wonderfully good, and scarcely ever cried. Great preparations were at once made for the christening, and every good fairy in the neighbourhood was invited to act as god-mother to the little princess, that she might be under the especial protection of the fairies in after life, and that they might shower gifts and graces upon her.

But in sending out the list of invitations, a great mistake was made. One old fairy, of great power and a very crabbed temper, was by accident left out. She had been travelling abroad, and the king's chamberlain did not know she had yet returned. That is how it happened.

When the christening was over, the guests all went into a great hall to partake of a splendid banquet. The king and



queen had made every effort to do honor to their company; and each of the seven fairies, who had come to act as god-mothers, was provided with a plate of pure gold to eat from, and a case containing a knife, fork, and spoon, enriched with rubies and emeralds, as a token of the parent's respect and gratitude. They had only just begun their feast, when the old fairy came hobbling in, and in a sulky tone, desired that room should be made for her among the other fairies. This was done at once, and she sat down to table. But when she



saw that her knife and fork were inferior to those used by the other fairies, she was angry indeed, and began muttering between her teeth in a very ill-tempered way.

Luckily, one of the fairies had noticed these black looks, and knowing the old hag's character, she felt sure she would cast some wicked spell over the little innocent baby. So when the banquet was over, she went and hid herself behind the tapestry hangings of the dining room, so that when the other fairies offered their gifts to the princess, she might come last, and try to avert any mischief the old hag, in her malice, might try to do.

The fairies came forward and bestowed their gifts upon the little baby princess. The first promised her splendid and brilliant beauty; the second, cleverness and ability to learn; a third, kindness of heart and gratitude; and so they went on, each giving her some good quality or other, until it came to the turn of the wicked old hag to speak.

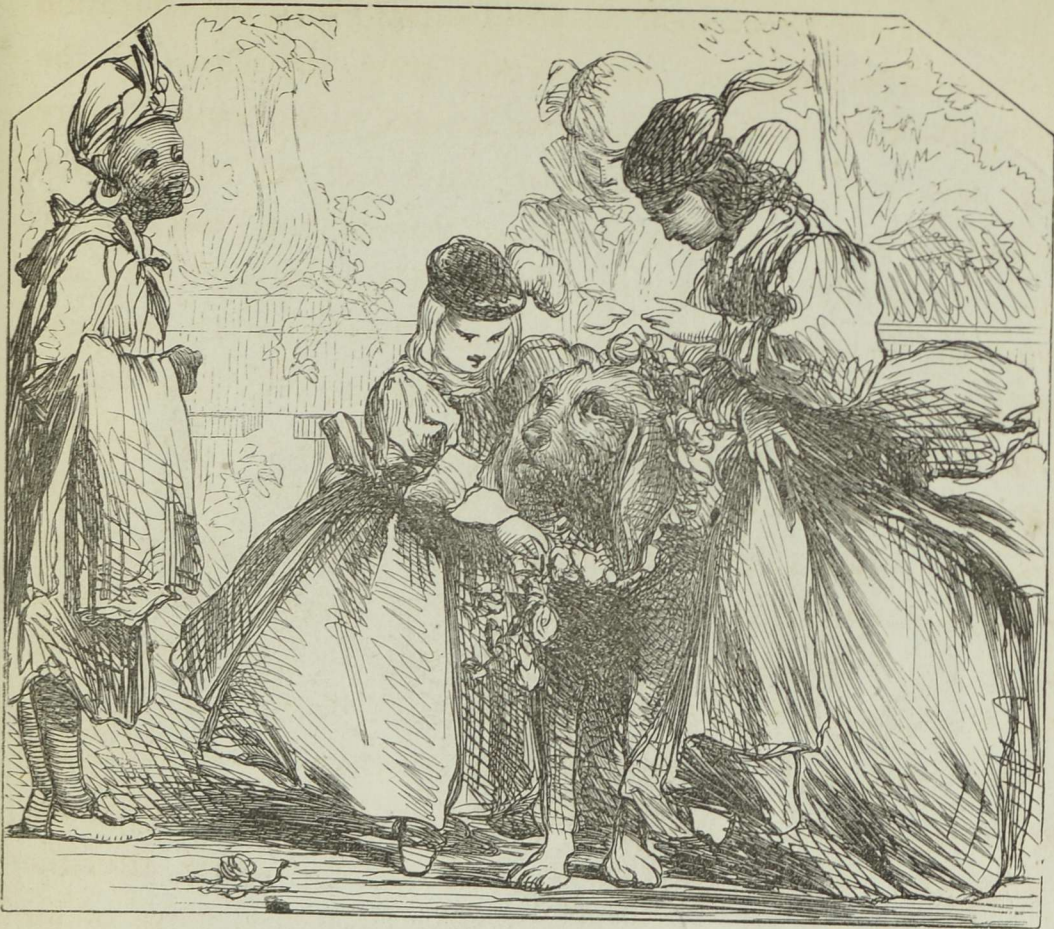
That bad fairy came straight into the middle of the floor, and stretching out her hand, exclaimed:—"My gift to the princess is—that she shall pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound!" Then, with a yell of laughter, and a look of the deadliest spite, she vanished.

All present were seized with horror and amazement; from the king who sat on the throne, to the little scullion who peeped at the festivities from behind the door. The king and queen were so much grieved that they wept, and many of the courtiers expressed their sympathy in a similar manner. But at this moment the young fairy stepped from behind the tapestry where she had been concealed, and said, in a gentle voice—"Do not grieve, my good friends, for things are not so bad as you imagine. The old fairy has spoken in hate and malice; but I can partly avert the effect of her anger—though not completely. Your daughter shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle," she continued, turning to the king and queen. "But she shall not die of the wound. She shall only be cast into a deep sleep. For one hundred years she shall slumber, until, at the appointed time, the appointed person comes to wake her." Thus spoke the good fairy, and vanished; and the christening party broke up in sadness.

The king and queen took all possible pains with the education of their little daughter; and, as she grew, the effects of the fairy gifts were clearly visible. She became more beautiful every day; and, what was of more consequence still, she became kind and gentle to every one about her, so that all loved and admired her. Nurses and governesses had no trouble at all with her; and even the domestic animals seemed somehow to know how kind and good she was. The great gruff house dog who lived in the kennel in the castle yard, and who barked at every one else, would snigger, and wag his tail, and tumble with delight, directly the little princess came in view; and he would let her put garlands of flowers round his neck, and play with him by the hour together; and the more she pulled his ears the better he liked it. She was indeed a most lovely and loveable little girl.

One precaution, however, the king was careful to take. He had every spindle in the palace destroyed, and forbade every one, under pain of death, to use one. Nobody was even to utter the word "spindle," and the king actually discharged three of his footmen because they had spindle-shanks, and thus reminded him of the fairy's prediction.

But all these precautions were fruitless. When the princess was just sixteen years old, the king and queen left the palace for a day or two, on a visit to one of the courtiers; and the princess, being in a merry mood, amused herself with running from room to room in the castle, and exploring all the holes and corners where she had never been before. At last, on the top story of all, she found a little room; and running in, she saw an old woman

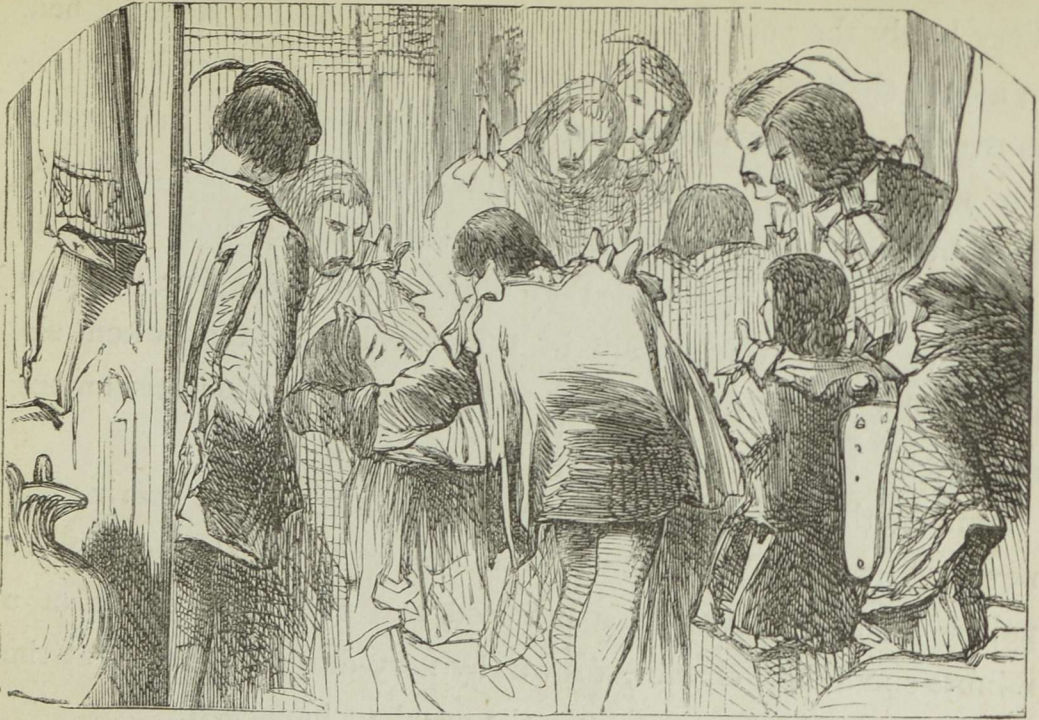


spinning with a distaff and spindle. The poor old creature had been allowed for years to inhabit this turret-room; and as she seldom left her chamber except to go into the kitchen to fetch away the broken victuals that were allowed her, she had never heard of the king's edict, and did not dream, worthy soul, that she was doing wrong.

“What are you doing, goody?” asked the princess. “I am spinning, my pretty lady,” was the reply. The old dame had no idea she was speaking to the princess, or she would have said



“your royal highness.” “Oh, how pretty it looks,” continued the princess; “I wish I could spin, too;—will you let me try?” Of course the old woman consented, and the princess took the distaff in her hand. But a moment after she pricked herself, uttered a little scream, and fell down into a deep sleep.



The old woman was much alarmed, as well she might be. She called out lustily for help, and in a few moments there were all the attendants and inhabitants of the castle offering their assistance. One loosened the princess's girdle; another sprinkled cold water on her face; another tried to revive her by rubbing her hands; and a fourth wetted her temples with Eau-de-Cologne. But it was all in vain; and in the midst of the confusion the king and queen came home.

On being informed of the misfortune that had befallen him, the king saw at once that there was no remedy but patience. He thereupon ordered that his daughter should be laid on a magnificent couch, in a costly apartment of the palace, and that guards should be stationed at the chamber door night and day.

Very lovely the young girl looked as she lay on her splendid bed, in a deep sleep, with her cheeks as blooming, and her breathing as regular, and her lips as red as ever; and very sad the parents felt when all the arrangements had been completed and they thought that they would be dead long before their beautiful daughter awoke—and that they should never see her smile or hear her merry voice again in this world—and that when she awoke she would find herself quite alone and friendless among strangers.

But for this also the good fairy had a remedy. On hearing the news of her godchild's misfortune, she travelled at once to the palace at the rate of nine hundred and fifty-seven miles in a minute; and her chariot, drawn by fiery dragons, arrived at the king's palace the very day after the accident happened.

Invisible to all, she passed through the palace, touching every living thing with her wand as she went by; and a deep sleep fell immediately upon all she touched. With the exception of the king and queen, who left the palace when the ceremony was over, all the inhabitants of the palace were served alike—the ladies in waiting, maids of honor, ladies' maids, officers, gentlemen-in-waiting, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, porters—in fact, every one fell asleep—and the strangest circumstance was, that they went to sleep in a moment, without having time to finish what they were about. All the domestic animals were enchanted in the same manner; and the old king and queen quitted the palace accompanied by the fairy.

The king gave strict orders that no one should approach the



building on any pretext whatever ; but he need not have given himself so much trouble, for in a few days a thick hedge grew up all round the place, and the forest trees seemed to intertwine their branches, and form a kind of wall. This grew thicker and thicker with surprising quickness ; and at last the very existence of the castle was forgotten, except that now and then one peasant would tell another the tale of the wonderful enchanted castle, which was said to be situated somewhere in the wood.

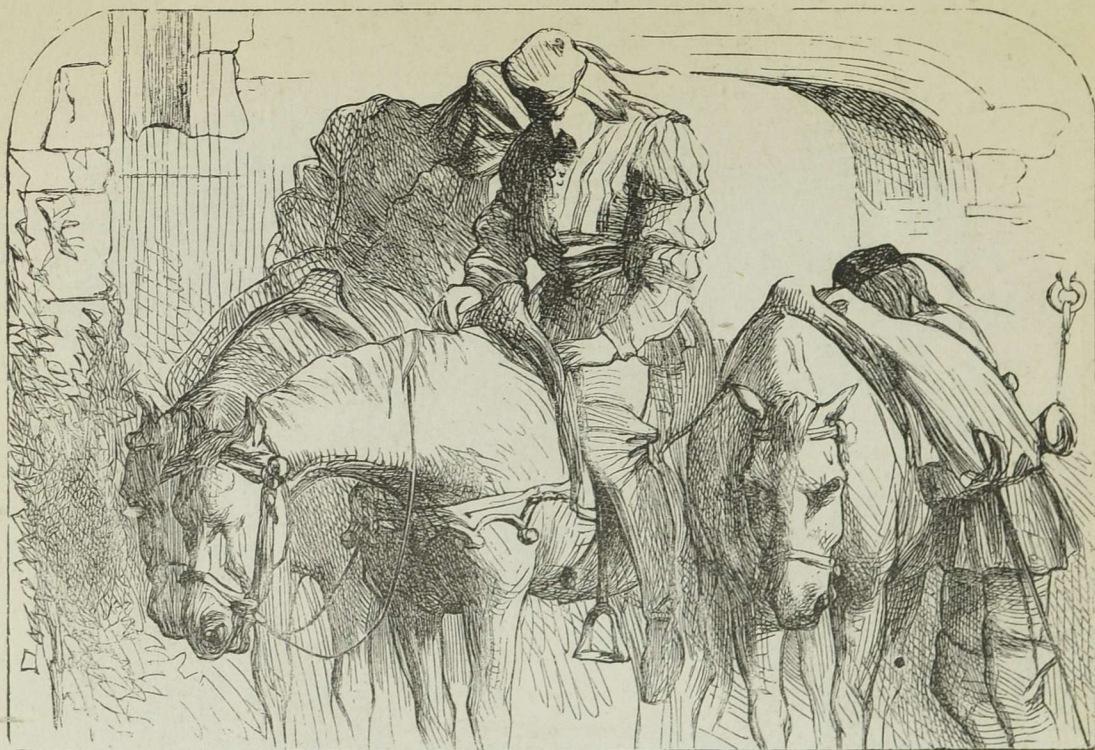
One year after another went by, until at last a century had passed away. Great changes had taken place in this time. The old king and queen had been dead more than eighty years, and another family sat on the throne of the country. One day



the son of the king was hunting in the woods, and went more deeply into the forest than usual. All at once he fancied he saw the turrets of a castle at a distance among the trees. He questioned his attendants on the subject; but they could give him no information. On passing through a neighbouring village, the



prince inquired of the peasants, when a very old man came forward and detailed to the prince the history of the enchanted palace. "My old father," added the aged peasant, "told it to me when a boy—full fifty years ago—he himself was young when it occurred, so that, to my thinking, the hundred years have passed



and your royal highness may be the prince destined to awaken the enchanted sleepers.

The next day, the prince set forth alone to endeavour to penetrate to the castle. The brambles and thorns which grew so thickly round the place, appeared to open a passage for him as he proceeded, and close behind him as dense as ever. He went on wondering, and reached the castle porch. Here a company of musicians had been playing, and the king's fool, in his suit of motley, had been listening. They were fast asleep, and the man who had been singing had not even had time to shut his mouth.

Just inside the gateway a hunting-party had arrived. One of them had alighted, and the others were still in the saddle. But they were all asleep, men and horses.



A little further on sat a court lady and gentleman. The gentleman had been amusing himself with a tame raven, and the lady had been occupied in doing nothing. A page stood by with refreshments for them when their present amusement should have afforded them leisure to partake of them.

On went the prince through the lower or basement story; he passed by a groom, who stood, fast asleep, with his ear at a key hole, and a very sly look of wisdom in his face. He would not have listened at doors, I fancy, if he could have known that he should have to stand at one for a hundred years, and be caught in the fact at last. Let this prove a lesson, that when we are guilty of a mean action we are seldom prepared for anything that may befall us.



It was a very comfortable room through which the prince next passed. When I say it was the butler's apartment its comfortable appearance will be at once accounted for. If there is one man more than another in a household who knows how to make himself cosy, that man is the butler. He had been arrested by the fairy's touch while in the act of producing from his private cabinet a flask of the choicest vintage the cellars of the castle afforded. From the position in which he was discovered by the prince, which is accurately represented in the next picture, we may infer that he was a good-natured old gentleman, and occasionally shared his comforts with his friends who favored him with



a visit; in the present instance his visitor appears to have been of the gentler sex; and butlers have ever been celebrated for their politeness to the ladies.

Whilst the butler was thus pleasantly employed, his assistants in the castle cellars were engaged as you see in the picture,



drinking the wine instead of attending to their business ; a fact which proves the truth of the old adage, that “when the cat is away the mice will play.” But these men do not seem to have contented themselves with only one glass ; particularly the one in the left hand corner of the picture, with the bottle in his hand. Observe the stupid heavy look in his face which stamps him a drunkard. What a degrading position for a man to remain fixed in for one hundred years !

The scullery maid was the next person the prince encountered ; she was fast asleep, of course, with a dish she had been wiping a hundred years before, in her hand ; and to judge by her fat



and rather lazy appearance, I should think it was not by any means an uncommon occurrence for her to have fallen asleep over her work.

Through the servant's hall the prince went next; and there were all the footmen and grooms as fast asleep as possible. One of them sat behind the door; he had been drawing on his boots when the fairy threw him into the enchanted sleep, and there he sat with one boot off and the other on—like "My man John" in the nursery rhyme.

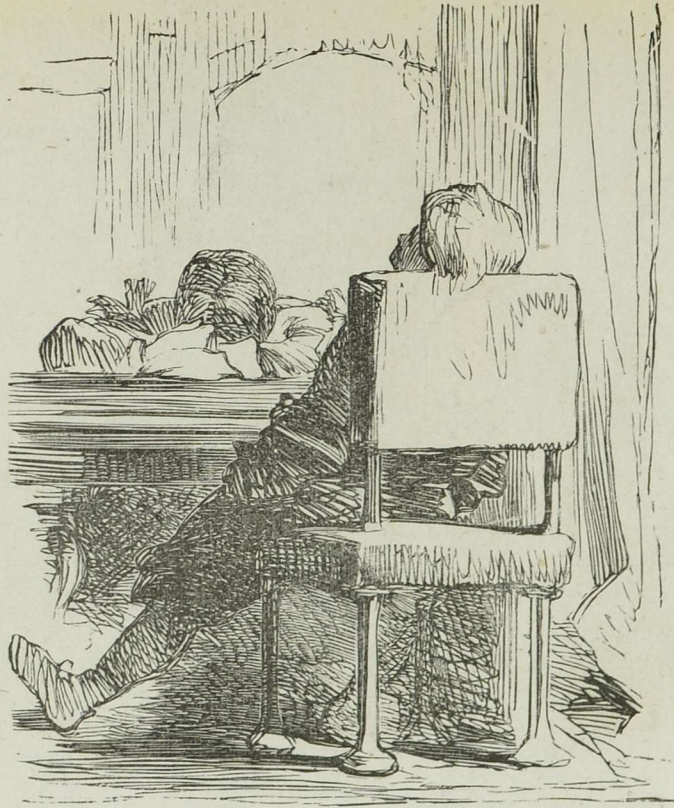
But it was in the great kitchen of the castle that a most impressive sight appeared. The great, large, broad man cook



sat in the chair before the fire, with the dripping ladle in one hand, and a sop in the other. One bite he had taken out of it in the shape of a great half-moon; then the sleep had come upon him, and he sat in his big chair before the fire, the very picture of contentment and repose. The kitchen-maid stood behind him with a bottle and glass in her hand, (they seemed to have been very extravagant with the wine in that castle). She was fast asleep too, and so was also a huntsman, with a horn and pouch by his side, who had come into the kitchen (where he had no business) for a glass of wine, and little thought he



would have to stay there a hundred years. At the servant's tables, the men were asleep with their heads on the table, or hanging over the backs of their chairs. Never was such a sleepy household since first kings kept castles, and servants to attend to them.



In the corridor, on the first floor, some one had rung for refreshment. A spruce man-servant in a handsome livery stood there with a tray, with a flagon and glasses, (what a quantity of wine they did drink there, to be sure). The bottle had fallen half off the tray, when the fairy's spell came upon it; and there it hung, toppling off towards the ground, but not falling completely down. In the apartment at the end of the corridor sat two young ladies, and a gentleman who had been telling them a story. They looked just as if the story had been stupid, (not like this one), and they had gone to sleep over it. The

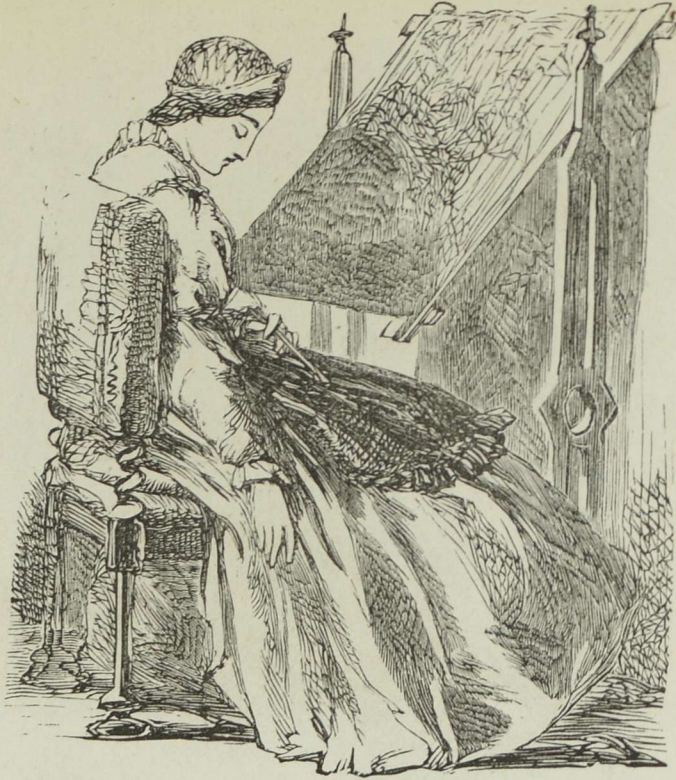


gentleman was asleep too, and so was the great dog that lay on the carpet, with his nose on the floor.

In the next room sat a lady. She had been working at a large tambour frame making a sofa cushion for the old king, to surprise him with on his birthday; for he had been gouty, and loved to have something soft to rest his poor old leg on. Need I say that she was in the same condition as all the other inhabitants of the castle; and now the poor old king had been dead many years, and could never have the birthday present intended for him. But it had been kindly meant, and like many other good actions, brought its own reward.



The next door the prince came to, he only peeped in it for a moment, and immediately retired, for it was a lady's bedroom. There sat a lady before a looking glass. She had been dressing her hair, and beautiful long hair it was. She was fast asleep too, with her hands still upraised adjusting her plaits. On the opposite side of the passage was a man's bed room. The occupant looked comical enough. He had been brushing his hair with two brushes, one in each hand, and was just looking in the glass to see if his whiskers were not beginning to come; so he had stood, leaning forward and staring at his own face for a hundred years. He ought to have known pretty well how he looked, I should think, and would doubtless have done so if he



had not been asleep all the time. And during the hundred years his whiskers had not grown in the least; for his chin and cheeks were still perfectly smooth.

At the end of a long passage appeared the grand staircase of the castle; and at the end of the staircase was a tall arched doorway, with a nice velvet curtain spread before it. A number of soldiers in full armour, with helmets, breast-plates, and tall spears called partisans, kept watch here, and very handsome and martial they looked. But each man's head was sunk upon his breast; and if the old Roman law had been put into force which denounces death against every soldier who falls asleep at

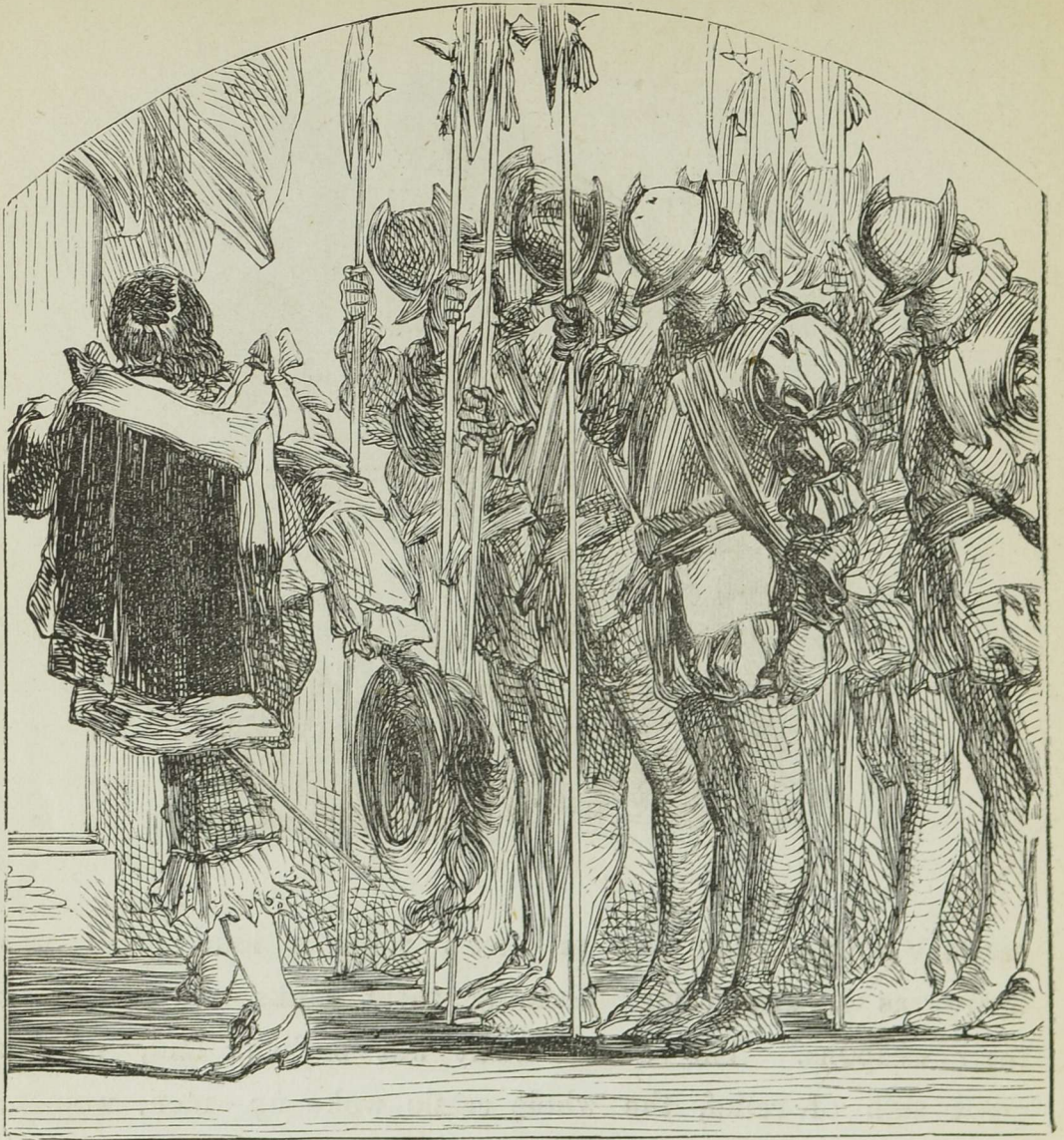


his post, I should not like to have been one of the princess's guards. The prince walked past them and lifted the curtains; there, on a couch in the centre of a splendid apartment lay the princess, as fresh and blooming as if she had gone to sleep but an hour before; and I could not describe, if I tried ever so hard, how beautiful she looked. The prince could not restrain his admiration of her; he bent forward, and did what ninety-nine young men out of a hundred would have done; that is to say—he gave her a kiss!

In a moment there was a stir and a hum all through the



castle; and outside the princess's room a loud clash was heard, as of armed men dressing their ranks and clattering their weapons. The enchantment was broken, and, with a great sigh of relief, the whole castle woke up—men, women, children, and animals. The fat cook in the kitchen finished the sop, from which he had taken but one bite. The butler had his choice glass of wine, and smacked his lips. The scullery maid finished wiping the plate. The gentleman sitting between the two ladies lifted up his head and finished his story. The servant finished pulling on his boot; and the young man



proceeded with his toilet. The animals in the palace seemed glad to wake up once more.

The prince quickly appeared, leading the beautiful princess by the hand; and this time the guards were not asleep I promise you. Every man among them was standing at his post with



his pike firmly grasped in his right hand, and his head well up. The young maidens of the castle strewed flowers in the path of the prince and princess; and there was a general rejoicing.

They had a grand wedding, you may be sure, and lived a hundred years afterwards without one quarrel, which is so very satisfactory to think upon, that we had better end the story with it. I think it was a very pretty fairy tale, and I hope my readers think so too.

NOTE.

The incidents of this story are all to be found in the tale of "Rosaline," in Grimm's collection of Hausmarchen—a sufficient guarantee for its antiquity—for nearly all the stories in the valuable work of the brothers Grimm, were communicated by the peasants of the neighbourhood of the Rhine, among whom they had been handed down from one generation to another. In many instances a great similarity is noticed in the traditional tales of various nations; but seldom are the incidents so completely preserved as in this case. The cause of the fairy's jealousy, the sentence upon the princess, and the *denouement* of the story, are exactly the same in "Rosaline" as in our English story of "The Sleeping Beauty." Stories of enchanted sleepers have been popular among the German peasantry from the time of Frederick Barbarossa, downwards.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

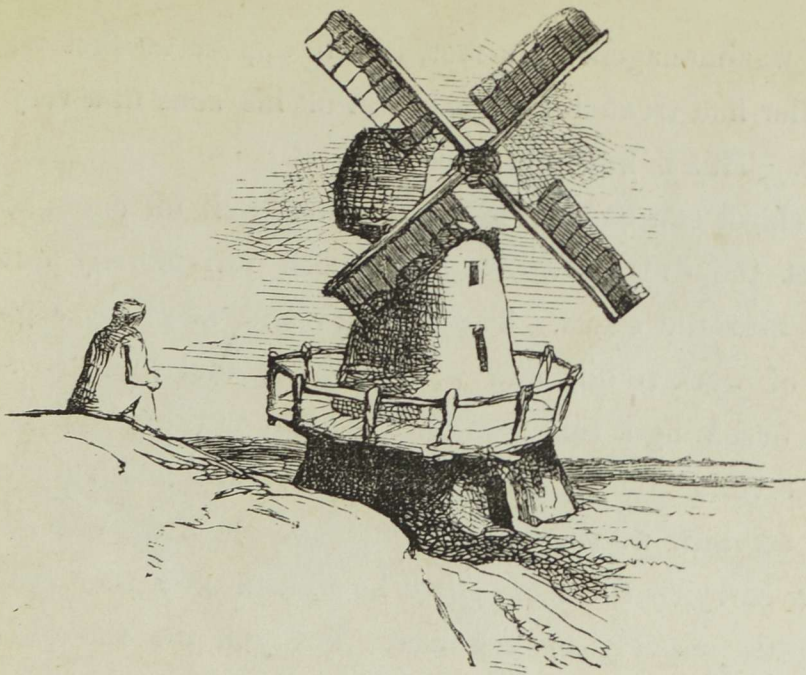
If ever there was cat
Gave mouse and gave rat
Just cause to quake with fear,
It is—I surely say—
That pussy sly and gray,
Whom you'll see pictured here.

If ever there was man
Since time first began,
Had a servant brisk and true,
I think that lucky one
The miller's youngest son
In "Puss and Boots,"—don't you ?

His master was left,
Of all wealth bereft,
But Puss cared not a bit ;
" If a living," said he,
" Is not left to me,
I'll earn one by my wit."

I think, my little dears,
The tale that here appears,
This moral justly suits—
OUR REAL FRIENDS WE SEE,
IN DARK ADVERSITY—
Learn this from Puss in Boots.





PUSS IN BOOTS.

HERE is a story of a wonderful cat! Come and listen to it. Every child who has not heard it before should hear it now, and those who have heard it may hear it again. For of all the clever cats that ever existed, the cat of which I am going to tell you now, was certainly the head and chief; and I think none of you will like to annoy cat or kitten again, from the respect you will feel for the whole race when you have once heard this marvellous, tremendous, and astonishing tale of PUSS IN BOOTS!

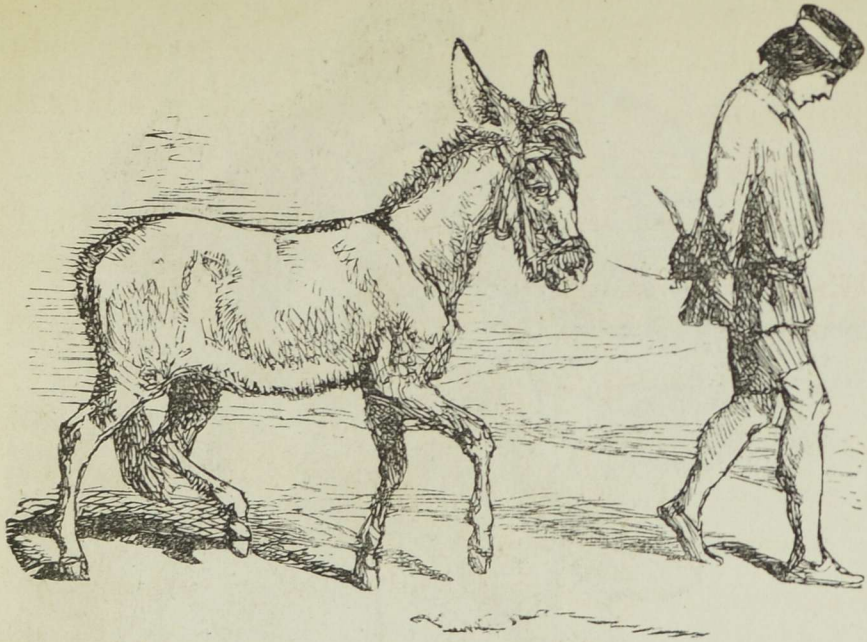
There was once an old miller who had three sons. In course of time he died, and his sons divided the property he left behind him, as is usual in such cases. But you will think the old miller's goods were not quite equally shared when I tell you

how it was managed. In fact, it will appear at first sight as if the miller had treated the youngest of his sons in a very shabby manner. This is how it was:—

The eldest son had the mill. He was well off enough, for he soon set the sails going, and the corn ran merrily out of the hopper into the sacks. The farmers and neighbours gave him plenty of work to do; and with industry and honesty he could look to becoming a rich man. So he had nothing to complain of.

The second son was not so lucky. He had only a useful steady servant, in the shape of the ass which the old miller had used for carrying the sacks; and he walked off rather crest-fallen, leading his property by a halter. For you see though donkey-riding is a very capital amusement, a man ought not to be obliged to depend on an ass for his living. The ass is very well as far as he goes, but the difficulty is to find out how to make him go far enough. And this is how it was in the case of the millers' second son; he had however some hopes of getting employment from his brother, who would require some beast of burden to carry corn sacks to the mill, and the sacks of flour back to the customers; so that there was some hope of the second son being able to earn his living, and his father had left him at any rate a useful legacy, though not a very brilliant one.

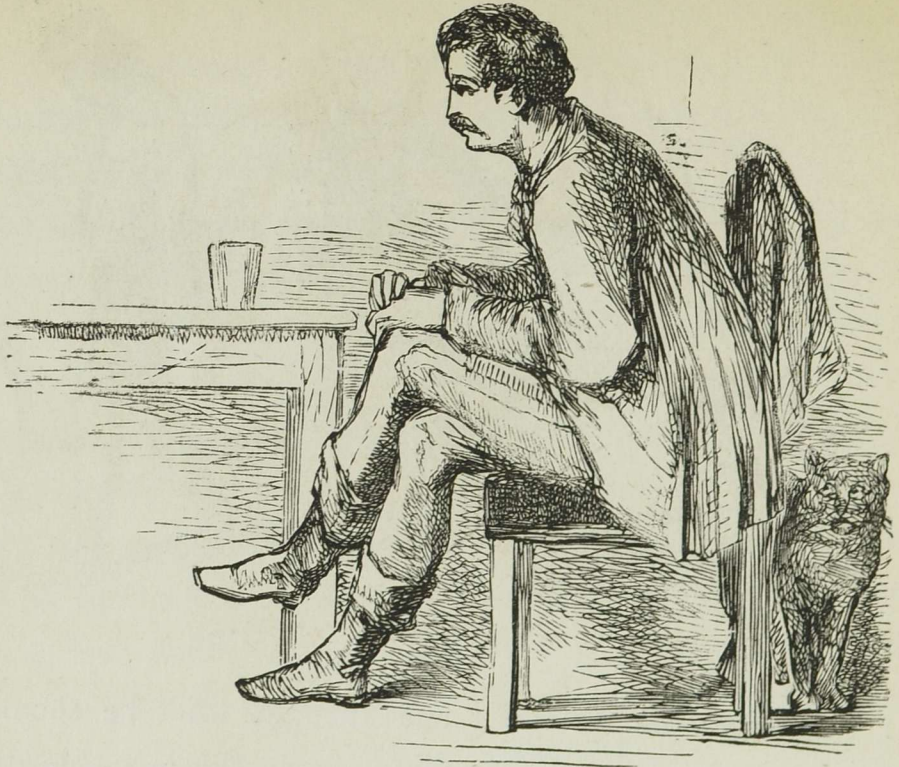
But the third son was in a sorry plight, and my readers will think with me, that the old miller had been unjust towards his youngest boy, when I inform them that this young man's whole property consisted in—a cat—a fine cat certainly, with a thick fur and a handsome tail, but after all, only a



cat! Therefore he sat down and thought what he should do to gain a living; and the more he thought, the less able did he seem to come to any decision.

At last he began to bemoan himself aloud:—"My brothers," he said, "may join as partners, and get on very well, if they are industrious and obliging;—but what am I to do? When I have killed my cat, and made a fur cap or a pair of mittens of her skin, I shall have disposed of all my property, and may go and die of hunger."

The cunning cat had been sitting behind her master's chair listening to every word he said; and when he paused for a short time in his complainings, he came forward, and in a clear treble voice, said—"Dear master, don't be so out of spirits. If you will only give me a pair of boots, and a canvas bag, you shall



see you have no cause for complaint.” The young man did not quite understand how this would better his condition; but as the cat had always been a very clever puss, and very dexterous in catching mice, he thought it best to humour him.

A bootmaker was sent for to measure puss, and the directions he gave him in reference to the boots were very explicit; he was to be sure and give them a good high heel, the very best of leather, and superior workmanship. The bootmaker obeyed his orders to the letter, and when the new boots came home, great was the triumph of the cat. He sat down on the corner of a box, and after surveying them for some time in silent admiration, he



proceeded to draw them on in an highly scientific manner, as if he had been used to boots all his life. The canvas bag came home at the same time, and this met with pussy's approval; being now equipped for adventures, he sat down before the fire with a very grave face, and was evidently busily employed in thinking over some great project he had to carry out on the morrow.

The next morning he rose with the sun, licked himself carefully all over, pulled on his new boots, hung the bag round his neck, —and very stylish he looked, I can assure you. He cautiously crept to a rabbit warren, taking care to keep out of sight of the bunnies. He opened his canvas bag, into which he had carefully put a little bran and parsley, and, with the long strings of the bag in his hand, he waited patiently for a visit from the rabbits.

Puss had not long to wait. Presently a couple of giddy young bunnies came hopping up, twitching their long ears. They sniffed at the entrance of the bag for a moment or so, and then hopped



gaily in and began munching and nibbling at the bran and parsley as hard as they could, little thinking, poor simple things, of the sad fate that awaited them.

Whisk!—the cat pulled the string, and the bag was shut, while the poor bunnies inside kicked frantically to be let out. Master Puss lost no time in killing them, and slinging the bag over his shoulder, set off to the king's palace. He went up to the guard at the gate, twirling his whiskers with a martial air, and desired to speak with the king.

Puss looked so determined that the sentinels let him pass without any demur. The cat walked straight into the king's



private room, took off his cap, and gracefully waving his tail, said—"My master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas—(this title was out of the cat's own head)—presents his most dutiful respects to your majesty, and has commanded me to offer the accompanying slight present of game for the gracious acceptance of your majesty, as a slight token of the overflowing sensation



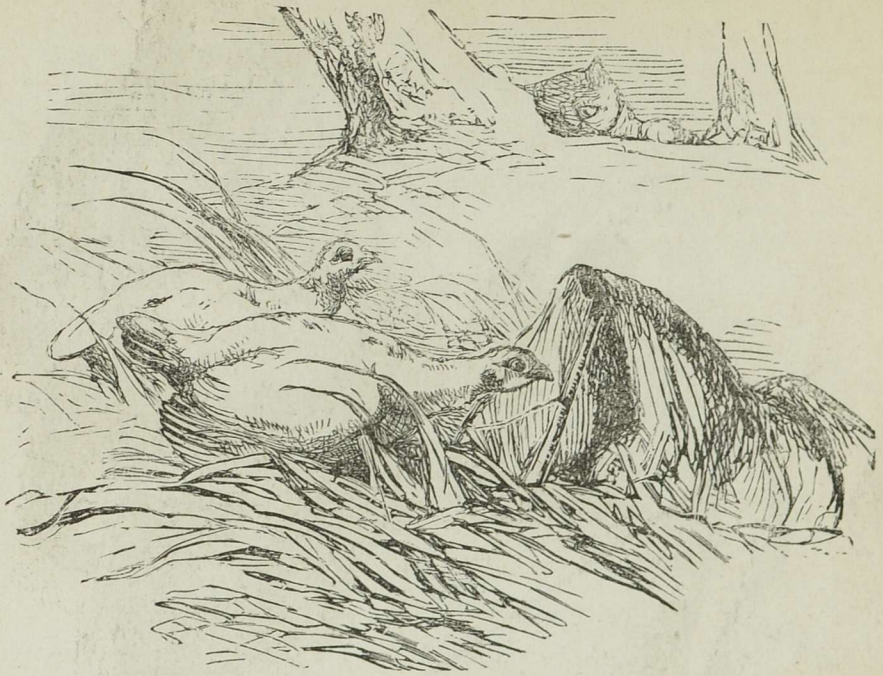
of affectionate veneration, with which your majesty's reputation for kindness and consideration, has inspired my master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas." There was a speech for a cat to make!

The king, who was not so eloquent as his visitor, could not help feeling impressed by the beautiful long words the cat used, and replied, with a kind smile: "Tell, my lord marquis, that I accept his present with great pleasure, and am much obliged to him." And he could not help wondering that he had never heard of the Marquis of Carabas before. But the countenance of Puss wore such a look of unaffected sincerity that not the slightest shadow of suspicion that he was being imposed upon entered his mind; and certainly the aristocratic air, manner, and



speech of the cat appeared to be a sufficient guarantee that he belonged to a master of high rank.

The interview with his majesty having succeeded beyond Master Puss's most sanguine expectations, he very politely waved his cap, flourished his tail, and retired with all the grace and air of a thorough-bred courtier.



A day or two afterwards, he went out again with his boots and his canvas bag, to try his fortune in the chase. This time a couple of young partridges, unused to the world and its deceptions, poked their beaks into the trap, and were quickly bagged and killed. These the cat also presented to the king, as coming from the Lord Marquis of Carabas, and the speech he made upon the occasion was so eloquent, and had so many hard words in it, that I am quite afraid to write it down here lest I should not do justice to its beauty. So I must leave you to imagine how fine it must have been.

For three or four weeks the cat continued to bring a present of game to the king every day or two: and hearing, one day, that the king and his lovely daughter were going to take a ride by



the river side, he concocted a very clever scheme and carried it out in the following way.

He rushed into his master's presence, and said to him—
“Go and bathe in the river, dear master, and I will make your fortune for you. Only bathe in the river, and leave the rest to me.”

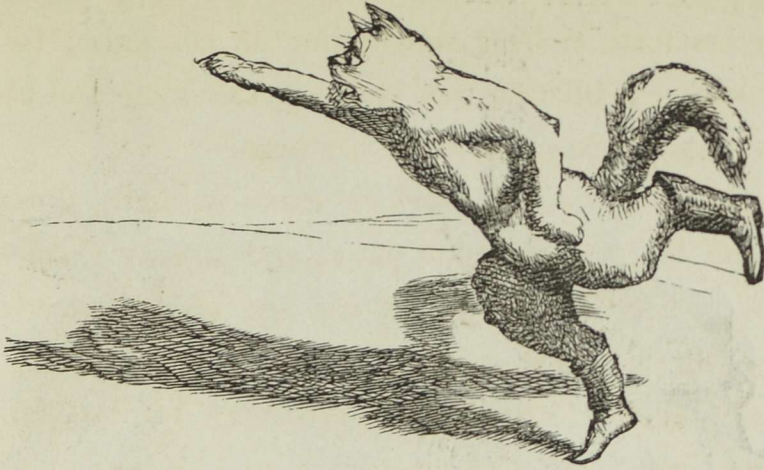
The Marquis of Carabas did not very clearly see how he was to make his fortune by bathing; but he consented to follow the cat's advice. Whilst he was bathing, the king and his daughter were seen approaching in their carriage.

As soon as the royal carriage came in sight, Puss began to run to and fro, wringing his paws, and tossing them wildly over his head, while he bawled at the top of his voice:—"Help! Help! My Lord Marquis of Carabas is in danger of being drowned! Come hither and h-e-l-p my Lord—Marquis—of—Ca-ra-ba-a-as!"

The king looked out of the carriage window, when he heard this pitiful wail; and recognising the cat who brought the presents of game and made the beautiful speeches, he at once ordered several of his guards to go and assist the lord marquis.

But this was only the beginning of the cat's scheme. The rogue knew his master's shabby clothes would never do for a marquis, so he hid them under a big stone, and ran to the carriage window to inform his majesty, "that my lord marquis's clothes had been stolen while that nobleman was bathing; and that the marquis was in the water shivering very much, with nothing to put on." He described to the king how he had pursued the thief at the top of his speed across the country, shouting "Stop thief!" the whole of the way, but had failed in his endeavours to arrest him. The king at once ordered a suit from his own wardrobe to be brought for the Marquis of Carabas.

The young man, who was a handsome fellow, looked very well indeed in his new garments, as he came up to the carriage to



thank the king for his kindness. His majesty was so taken with him, that he insisted my lord marquis should come into the carriage and take a drive with them; and the beautiful daughter looked as if she were not at all displeased at the proposal. In fact she was rather struck with the appearance of the Marquis of Carabas.

My lord marquis felt rather bashful in his new position. But this was perhaps to his advantage; for the old king thought the marquis was so silent out of gratitude at the honour he had received, in being asked to ride in the king's carriage; while the lovely daughter had no doubt the marquis was speechless with admiration of her beauty. The king told a good many long stories as they rode along—and as the marquis said, “yes your majesty”—to everything and seemed to be very much interested, the king was perfectly satisfied and thought him a very well-informed and modest young man. The fact was, the marquis



was thinking all the time of the scrape he had got into, and wondering what the king and his daughter would say to that rogue Puss, if they only knew how he was imposing on them.

But Puss was not the cat to leave his master in the lurch—not he. He knew that people judge by appearances; and so he determined his master should appear to be a wealthy man



As soon as he had seen the young man safely seated in the king's carriage, he struck across the fields by a short cut, and soon got a long way **in** advance of the royal party. In a wheat field a party of reapers were gathering in the harvest. The cat came running up to them, and doubling up his paw in a most expressive manner, said:—"Now—good people—if you don't say, when the king asks, that this field belongs to the Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as small as minced meat!"

The reapers were rather startled at the appearance of the fierce little booted creature, and promised to do as they were told. Thereupon the cat reminded them once more of his hint about the minced meat, and took his departure.

When the royal carriage passed the field soon afterwards, the king stopped—as the cat had supposed he would do. He beckoned one of the reapers to come to him, and asked to whom



all that fine wheat belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas your majesty," answered all the reapers. "You have a fine crop of wheat my lord marquis," said the king; "I am rather a judge of wheat!" "Yes, your majesty," replied the marquis; and the king thought again, what a nice young man he was.

When the king passed through the fields after the cat, he did not fail to ask to whom they belonged; and was very much sur-



prised at being answered, each time, "To the Marquis Carabas, your majesty." "Really, my lord marquis, your possessions are very extensive!" said the king; whereat the young man blushed and answered, "Yes, your majesty." And the princess thought he looked handsomer than ever. In fact, she was falling in love with him very fast.

But if the marquis had no castle, there was a personage dwelling in those parts who had—and a very fine castle too. This personage was an ogre, a giant, and a magician, all in one. The cat had a slight acquaintance with him, and posted off to his castle, rang a loud peal at the bell, and told the ogre he had come to pay him a friendly visit and inquire after his health, which had been reported as very weak. (The fact was, the ogre had eaten a hunter, top boots and all, a few weeks before; and the spurs had disagreed with him). The ogre was much obliged to the cat for his politeness, and invited him to walk in. This was what the cat wanted. He at once accepted the invitation,

and sitting down on a table, with his boots tucked neatly between his fore-paws, began a conversation with his host in a very polite and urban manner.

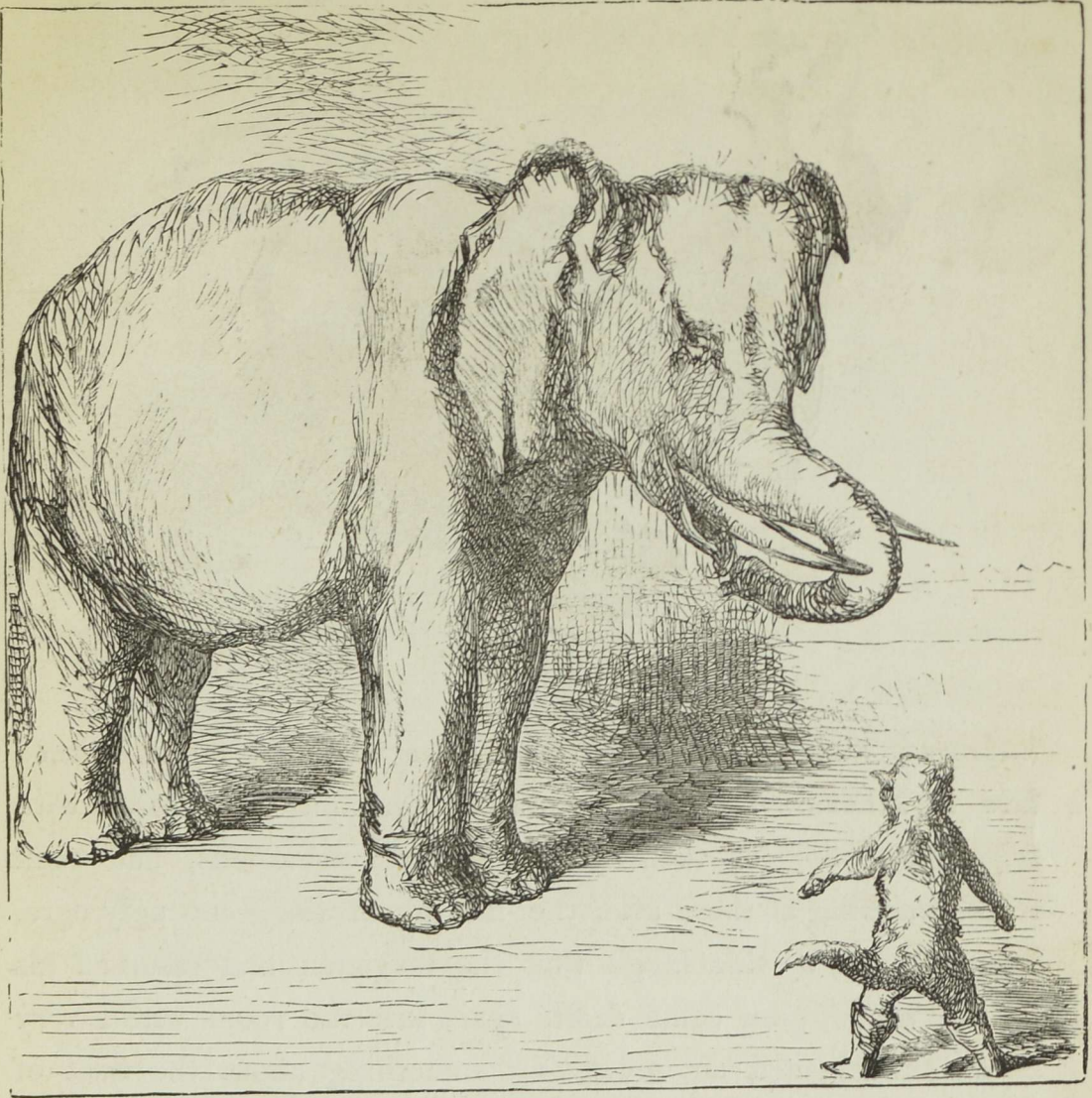
“Sir,” he began; “every one says you are a very clever magician” “That is true, sir,” answered the ogre.

“Sir,” continued the cat, “I have heard it reported that you are able to transform yourself into the shape of various animals. “That is very true, sir,” answered the ogre.

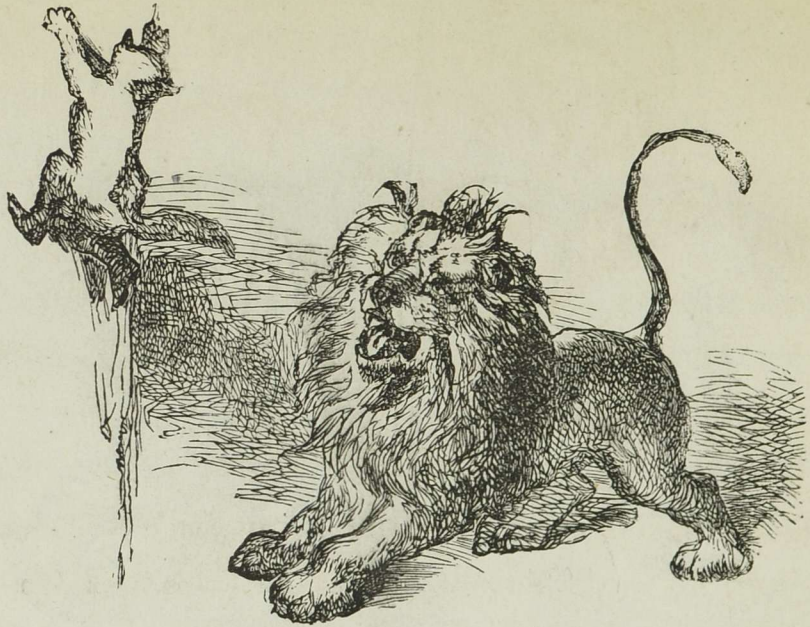
“But, sir,” continued the cunning cat, “I mean large animals, such, for instance, as an elephant.” “Exceedingly true, sir,” answered the ogre. “Judge for yourself—you shall see.” And he muttered some magical words, and stood before the cat in the shape of an elephant, with large flapping ears, sharp tusks, little eyes, and long trunk—all complete.

The cat was a little startled at this sudden change, but he mustered courage, and went on—“Well, sir, that is marvellous indeed! But can you change your shape at will and represent whatever animal you choose?” You will see directly why Puss put this question.

The elephant waved his trunk three times in the air, and presently stood before our astonished friend in the shape of a huge African lion, with waving mane, huge head, and a most formidable set of white teeth. The cat stood gazing at him with astonishment and fear; but when the lion opened his mouth and gave a great roar, the cat was so awe-struck that he climbed straight up the wall, and reaching a friendly window, escaped on to the roof of the castle. His polished boots were a great impediment to

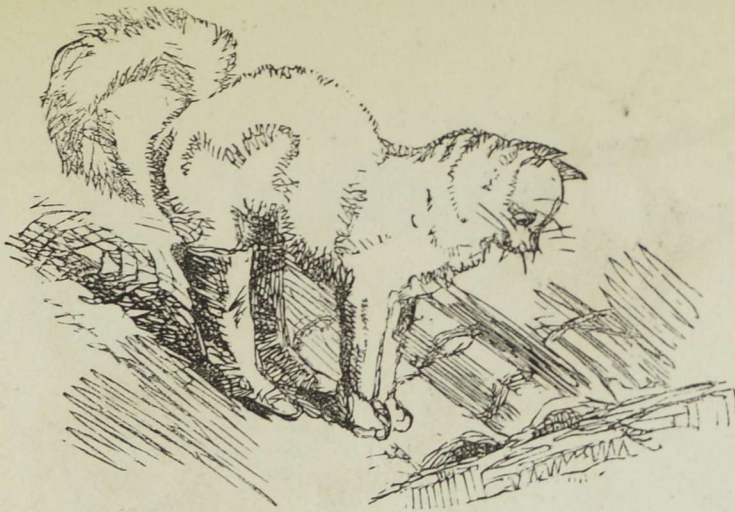


his course, but terror lent him wings, and his boots scarcely received a thought in his upward flight. There he stood on the roof, quaking, and yet spitting and snarling, as it is a cat's nature to do, while every hair on his tail stood on end with horror. He could hear the great ogre laughing to himself in the room below, at the thought of having frightened his guest—which was very



improper, and only worthy of an ogre who had never learned how to behave. I hope my readers never amuse themselves with frightening any of their playmates or companions, and then stand laughing at them after the manner of the great ugly ogre. The cat knew by this laugh that the magician had resumed his natural shape, puss came down again into the room with a very cool and collected air muttering something about the heat of the room, which had compelled him to run out abruptly for a little fresh air. At this explanation the giant laughed louder than ever; and the cat felt very indignant. But he sat down again and resumed the conversation with as much ceremony and politeness as before.

“Sir,” he began, “I should not have believed these wonders possible, if I had not seen them with my own eyes. You are



the most wonderful and tremendous magician with whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet. (The ogre made a deep bow, and seemed gratified.) But once I read of a marvellous conjuror who could not only assume the shape of a large animal like a lion or tiger, but that of the smallest also—for instance, he would appear as a cat or a mouse. But then, you know he was an old magician, who had been practising for a great number of years, and I never expected to find any one who could come up to him.” “Did you not, indeed!” cried the ogre, “and you fancy he was a greater man than I am—ha! ha!—I’ll show you, in less than half a minute, that I can do the same thing.” And within the time he had mentioned, the ogre was capering about the room, in the shape of a little mouse.

It was a most unfortunate thing for him; for in a moment the cunning cat had sprung upon him, and a single nip with her sharp teeth sufficed to put an end to the ogre. He was gobbled up in less than no time; and his fate is a distressing instance of the effects of vanity and a love of display.



But the cat, cunning fellow, had gained his point. There was now a castle for the Marquis of Carabas; a sumptuous mansion in which no king need be ashamed to rest after a long ride; and the cat thought, with immense glee, how surprised the marquis would be on his arrival. And sure enough, just as Puss sat sily licking his lips after swallowing down the ogre, the king's carriage came in sight. The cat had only just time to run upstairs and dress himself up in a little pages' doublet out of the giant's wardrobe, with a pointed collar and a hat with a drooping feather, all very neat, and to give his face and paws a hasty wash, when the king's coach appeared in front of the castle.

There, to the great astonishment of the Marquis of Carabas, stood the cat gallantly attired, and looking as much at his ease as if he had done nothing else but superintend the arrangements



in the castle all his life long. Not only did his clothes give him a very dignified air, but he wore them with a kind of natural grace which greatly increased their effect; and nothing could exceed the courtly air with which he welcomed the king and princess to the Marquis of Carabas's castle. I am afraid I shall never be equal to describing the scene, but I will try:—With one paw the cat raised his cap from his head, and laid the other on his heart, as he stood on the steps of the door bowing profoundly. The carriage then stopped; and the cat advancing, made the following neat and appropriate speech.

“Welcome!” he said, “Welcome! your majesty and your royal highness, to the poor castle of my master, the Lord Marquis of Carabas! As the great honor of your majesty's visit is an unexpected one, your majesty will be pleased to excuse

the hasty nature of the arrangements made for your reception. In fact, my Lord Marquis of Carabas has not been long in possession of the castle, (which was quite true, as the cat had only just eaten up the last tenant). But if your majesty and the gracious princess will please to alight and take some refreshment this will indeed be the proudest day of my life, and of my master's, the Lord Marquis of Carabas." And the cat made another deep bow, and waved his cap, and laid his paw upon his heart again.

"Upon our royal word, my lord marquis," cried the king, "you have a splendid castle here; and we shall have great pleasure in alighting that we may view it more closely. We are always happy to visit the houses of our loving subjects; and moreover we shall be glad to stretch our royal legs, which have become benumbed through sitting so long, moreover our ride has given us an appetite. (The king said this as a hint that some luncheon would be acceptable, and the sly cat took the hint as you will see). What say you, daughter, will you be of the party?"

The princess, whose curiosity had been raised by the aspect of the castle, was quite willing; and the king graciously commanded the marquis to give the princess his hand, and lead her into his dwelling. The marquis obeyed more bewildered than ever, and more than ever impressed with the combined genius and impudence of his wonderful cat, who led the way into the interior, walking backwards and bowing with the grace of a perfect lord chamberlain. The castle was splendidly furnished, for the ogre

had been an ogre of taste. Every apartment was hung with costly tapestry; and in the closets and cupboards there was a great store of fine clothes, which the princess especially admired. While they were walking through the upper rooms, the cat slipped away for a moment or two; and when the party returned to the great hall—lo! and behold—that wonderful Puss had spread out a collation for them such as any king might have been glad to sit down to after a long ride.

The marquis invited the king to be seated, and himself handed the princess to a chair. If the king had been good humoured before, he was radiant now; for he was rather fond of his meals, and the luncheon was a superb one. With each glass of wine he drank the king became more jovial; and seemed to conceive a greater affection for the Marquis of Carabas, who seemed as popular with him, as the little boy at school whose mamma has just sent him a cake, frequently is with his companions. At first he treated the marquis with mingled condescension and kindness; then with kindness without condescension; and at last he began to treat him almost as a father might a son. After luncheon he absolutely said to the marquis, “It will be your own fault, my Lord of Carabas, if you do not become our son-in-law, provided of course, our daughter has no objection.” At this plain speech the young lady became scarlet with confusion and modesty—but she made no objection, and did not look displeased—and the Lord Marquis of Carabas made a little speech, (but not so fine a one as the cat’s), in which he thanked the king for the proffered honor, and accepted that honor gratefully. And



as for the cat, he was obliged to go out into the court-yard to hide his joy, which was so great, that he stood on his head on the flag-stones and kicked up his hind legs in the air.

Little more remains to be told. The marquis returned with the king and the princess to the palace; and the marriage was soon solemnized with great magnificence, the lovely bride appearing to great advantage in a Honiton lace veil and orange blossoms, attended by twelve lovely bridesmaids, all dressed exactly alike. The king, of course, gave away his daughter, and the cat was present at the wedding in an elegant court suit.

The two brothers of the Marquis of Carabas were at the wedding too; they wanted to come into the church, but the cat, who foresaw that the lord marquis's relations would not do him great honor by their manners and appearance, contrived a little

scheme which very much surprised those gentlemen. He had six stalwart policemen posted near the door of the church, who took the two brothers into custody on the charge of having snub noses (which was, it appears, considered an offence in that country), and they were not released until after the ceremony was over, when they were only too glad to slink home to their mill, taking their ass with them. And to tell you the truth, I was very glad the cat served out the two brothers in this way, for as they had left the Marquis of Carabas quite alone in his poverty, they decidedly had no right to expect they should come in for a share of his wealth. However, he returned good for evil, as a good brother should do, and gave each of them a large piece of very fine land to cultivate. They established farms, and in due time became wealthy men. But they always regretted that they had not taken a little more notice of their younger brother in the days when he sat disconsolate, without knowing how he should set about getting his living; and the two young men felt that they did not deserve the kindness they received at his hands, which was rather an unpleasant reflection.

The Marquis of Carabas made a good and kind husband, and neither he nor the princess had cause to repent the liberal offer the old king had made over his luncheon. As for the cat, he became a great lord, and never had occasion to hunt rats and mice except for his amusement. He used to go about the court dressed in a handsome doublet of amber satin, which showed off his fine figure to great advantage, a pair of trunk hose, buff boots, and a velvet cap and feather completing his costume. He was

quite a favorite with the ladies, who admired the elegance of his manners, and his soft and insinuating address. He never missed an occasion for making a speech, and was consequently in great request at wedding parties, when he always proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. At Christmas parties too, he was quite invaluable. He could do anything from playing at snapdragon to dancing the polka. So that, at last, no party was considered complete if he did not grace it by his presence and his talents and talons, (for you will perceive this cat had natural talents as well as natural talons). With children he was especially a favorite, and has even been known to allow them to stroke his fur the wrong way to see the electric spark. He was looked upon as the original inventor of the game of puss-in-the-corner. In short, there was not a more noted or popular character about the court than my Lord Cat; who at last was made inspector general of milk-pails.

Judging from the previous conduct of Master Puss, my little readers will expect that he did not fail to avail himself of the opportunity this high appointment afforded him to make a rapid fortune; but I am Lappy to say such was not altogether the case. A fortune he certainly did acquire, but it was by strictly honest and legal means. He was a zealous servant of the king and government, and was both beloved and respected by all whom his official position brought him in contact with. Full of years and honor, Lord Cat retired from public life to enjoy the ease an active and useful career had entitled him to; and although I cannot say that his early efforts in his master's behalf were

altogether of the honest character that could be desired, still justice to his memory demands it should be made known that in later days he did his best to render atonement for his deceptions. At all events, we may learn from his life the useful lesson never to give way to despondency while energy and hope offer a field for exertion, which, if properly directed and resolutely persevered in, are certain to be crowned with ultimate success.

On the death of Puss, which occurred at a more than ordinary advanced age, his grateful master and the king vied with each other in doing honor to his memory; the Marquis of Carabas employed the first historians of that age to hand down Lord Cat's wondrous deeds to posterity, and the king was compelled to content himself with erecting a handsome monument to his memory and directing that his orphan kittens should be educated in a manner to fit them to emulate the example of their worthy parent. How far the latter experiment proved successful, I leave my little readers to judge for themselves, when I record the fact, that the celebrated Whittington's Cat, (through whose exertions her master became three times Lord Mayor of London), descended in a direct line from the famous PUSS IN BOOTS!



NOTE.

Le maitre chat, ou le chat botté, is an old French story. In Germany, a satirist, writing nearly three centuries ago, has given us the tale in rhyme, under the title *Der gestiefelte Kater*, almost in the form in which it is known to us in England at the present day. In Perrault's collection of Fairy Tales, as given in the *Cabinet des Fées*, published in Paris in 1787, we have two morals in verse added to the story. We give them for the benefit of our readers.

MORAL.

Though the advantage must be great,
To have and hold a rich estate,
That goes from sire to son—
Yet by young people still we see,
Through cleverness and industry,
May better goods be won.

SECOND MORAL.

If a miller's son can so soon ensnare,
The gentle heart of a princess fair,
We safely may judge, I say,
That youthful manners, grace, and dress,
As means to a maiden's tenderness,
Are not to be thrown away.

