

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—XLIX.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

49

# THE ENCHANTED DOLL.

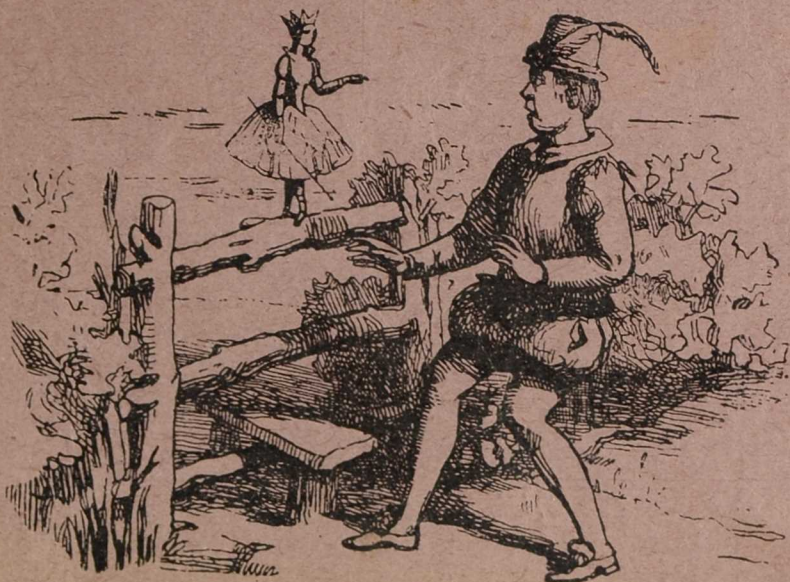
A FAIRY TALE

By MARK LEMON

(The first Editor of "Punch").

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AND

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"DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your letter, in which you intimate that the boys and girls of St. Luke's National Schools have contributed towards the purchase of one of 'The Children's Bookshelves,' and desire to offer it for the acceptance of the Royal children who are now at Osborne. The acceptance of such offerings is contrary to rule, but the Queen has approved of a special exception being made in this instance. I, therefore, beg that you will express to all those children who have taken part in the presentation the sincere thanks of Her Majesty's grandchildren for their kindly thought in giving to them the interesting and comprehensive selection of little books which are included in the bookshelf. The colouring of the pictures in the copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' does great credit to your little pupils. With your permission, the book will be retained with the others.

"Yours very faithfully,

"ARTHUR BIGGE."

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A FAIRY TALE. BY MARK LEMON.



## PREFACE.

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MY DEAR BAIRNS,

Most of the fairy tales are old, old stories that have been told in one shape or another to bairns who played and laughed and cried thousands of years ago. This fairy tale is not an old one. It was written by a wise and witty gentleman who used to write a great deal for the comic weekly paper called *Punch*. It is, however, a very pretty tale, and it has many very pretty pictures, some of which were drawn by Mr. Richard Doyle, a clever artist who is now dead, and the others by Mr. Le Fanu, who makes most of the pictures for "Books for the Bairns."

The story is only a tale, it is true. But it is a tale which is true not in its facts, but in its moral. The Black Fairy of Malice still comes to us all, and rejoices when we are discontented. And all of us have little Black Enchanted Dolls that grow heavier and heavier the more we sulk and grumble, and make ourselves unhappy by thinking of other people's happiness. We do not *see* the Enchanted Doll, but we *feel* it. And it is worse to feel its heavy weight than to see it.

Do you think it is not true? Well, now, just try and look back to the last time when you were in an ugly temper, and envied somebody something they had and you had not. Did you not feel wretched and bad and miserable? Did you not feel as if the light had gone out of the sky and the gladness out of your life? And the more nasty you felt towards the other one, the more wretched you felt inside.

It was the Black Enchanted Doll sitting on your heart, and making you feel horrid.

There is only one cure for such trouble. Try to love the boy or the girl you dislike, and crush the nasty feeling of grudging envy. For Love is the Good Fairy of Life.

W. T. STEAD.



# THE ENCHANTED DOLL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.



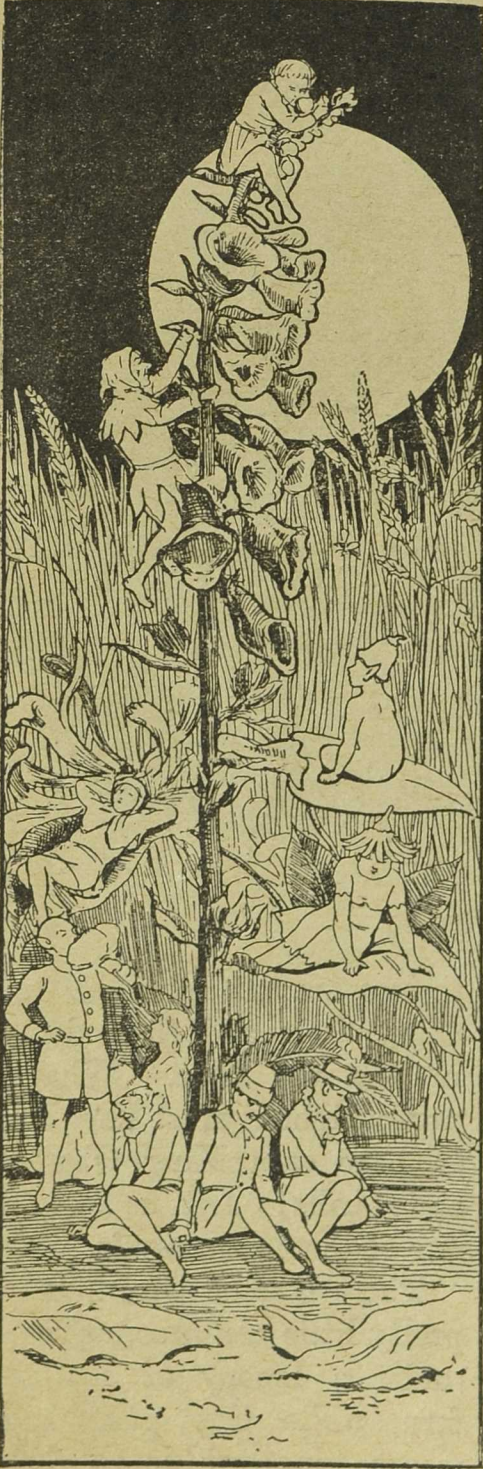
## CHAPTER I.

THE story I am about to tell you happened many years ago, long before the railroads had cut up the dancing-grounds of the fairies, or the shrill whistle of the locomotive had frightened the "good people" from the green dells and quiet nooks wherein they are said to have held their merry-makings by the clear moonlight. We never see a fairy nowadays; never-

theless we are glad to talk about them and their doings in the old time. What a pretty sight it must have been to have seen King Oberon's state balls! Let us imagine one of those elfin revels.

There Oberon sits upon his pretty little mushroom throne, under a canopy of feathery fern, while tiny gnats hum merry tunes within the bells





of the foxglove and wild convolvulus. See how his courtiers dance round and round until the grass shows a circle of the deepest green! How gracefully their robes of film float in the air, or twine about their fragile limbs! And now, tired with their sport, they throw themselves at the root of some huge field-flower, and drink bright dew from cups gathered from the yellow cowslip.

As I have said, the story I am about to tell you happened years ago, long before the fairies had left us, and begins at that pleasant time of the year when the trees (like good little folk at school) are putting forth the blossoms which give promise of fruit hereafter. The doors and shutters of Jacob Pout's booth (as a shop was called in those days) were thrown open to let in the little breeze that was playing among the lavender in the garden.

Jacob Pout was a doll-maker, and the cleverest craftsman in his trade. He made wooden dolls only—for no one had as yet thought of making dolls out of wax—but they were



considered marvels of beauty by all the young ladies who were fortunate enough to possess one. They had such red cheeks, such curly hempen wigs, and legs and arms as good as any wooden doll could wish for. And then they were such dolls to last! You might leave them on the window-sill, in the broad sunshine, without their noses melting away; or you might drop them out of the nursery window without damaging more than a leg or an arm. Ah! Jacob Pout ought to have been a happy man, for his customers were always satisfied with their purchases, and his lathe might have been going every working-day of the week if its owner had not been rather lazy and very envious.

Opposite the doll-maker lived Anthony Stubbs, a clever worker in gold and silver, and an industrious, good-tempered fellow. The shutter of his booth was always the first to be taken down, and there he might be heard whistling and hammering all day, as cheerful as a lark and as busy as a bee. True, he had not many cus-







B. LE FANU.

tomers, but then his wares were costly in their material, and took a long time to work into cups and salvers and spoons.

Jacob Pout never thought of this as he stood idling his time away at the door of his booth, grumbling that he had been brought up to doll-making, whilst Tony Stubbs never worked upon anything baser than silver. And then, when he saw the alderman of the ward count down upon Tony's counter twenty pounds for a silver tankard, he nearly choked

with envy at his neighbour's good fortune, never thinking how many long days it had cost the honest silversmith to hammer into form the dogs and horsemen which made the cup so valuable. Neither did he think how much time had been spent by Tony Stubbs before he acquired the art of chasing gold and silver; for he had gone over the seas as far as Florence to study in the workshop of the great Cellini, the most renowned craftsman of his time.



Jacob had passed the greater part of a fine summer's afternoon in this discontented spirit, and, having closed his booth, had taken a walk into the country. London was not the large city that it is now, and its suburbs were not all brick and mortar as they are at present, but shady woods and open meadows were to be found everywhere around it, and thither would the good citizens resort on high days and holidays. Jacob Pout, idler that he was, made twice as many holidays as any of his neighbours,

and there was not a pleasant place in wood or field but Jacob knew of it.

There was no pleasanter spot round London than Maude's Dingle, in the middle of the small wood which skirted the boundary wall of the Priory Garden at Kilbourne (now called Kilburn). When the wind set in that direction you could hear Bow Bells plain enough; but at other times not a sound of the city could be heard. Here, on the summer's evening to which our tale refers, at the foot of an old







oak tree, was seated Jacob Pout. A solitary thrush was singing its hymn to the evening; no other sound was heard, except the soft murmurs of the little stream Bourne, which gave a name to the locality. The song, both of bird and brook, was lost upon Jacob Pout, for his mind was full of envious and discontented thoughts, which destroyed the charm of all things round about him. His eye saw only visions of the glittering wares of Tony Stubbs. The twilight came and went, yet there he

lay sulky and miserable. The thrush had long since finished its hymn, and was at rest; but the little brook could not be silent until it reached the distant river. Jacob heard it at last, and, as he listened, the sounds seemed to become more and more distinct, until he thought he could define a tune. Yes, it was a march, and played—so it seemed, at least—by drums, trumpets, and cymbals. Every moment it became more loud, and evidently proceeded from a hollow beech tree not twenty yards from him.



As he looked in the direction of the sound, he saw—bless me! how he rubbed his eyes!—he saw, coming from a little hole at the foot of the hollow beech, a procession of pigmy people, all gaily dressed, and marching to the music of a full band of elfin players. In the midst, seated in a car not bigger than a walnut shell, was a lady, black as an Ethiopian. She wore armlets and bracelets of gold, and bands of the same precious metal were round her ankles; her dress was of the costliest materials, and made in the picturesque fashion of the East. Jacob felt rather frightened when the procession stopped opposite to him, and his teeth fairly chattered when he saw the Black Fairy descend from her car and advance, with her maids of honour, directly towards the place where he was lying.

The Black Fairy evidently saw that he was afraid, for she smiled, as though to give Jacob courage; but as her smile appeared to have a contrary effect to that which it was intended to produce, she





spoke. Oh, what a voice she had! It was sharp and small, and sounded like the noise produced by blowing in the barrel of a watch-key.

"I have often wished to speak to you," said the Black Fairy, "but it would not be considered etiquette in one of my degree to venture abroad, except by moonlight. I have taken a great fancy to you; I have often heard you grumbling in a manner which has done my heart good. I hate people to be contented and grateful; it shows a mean spirit. For my own part, I have never felt satisfied since I was born, and I am now nearly five thousand years old."

"You look remarkably well for your age," remarked Jacob.

"Not I," said the black lady; "I've seen fairies looking much better, who are my senior by a day or two. But I have come to take you under my protection. You are delightfully envious of that miserable milksop, Tony Stubbs. Ha! ha! Depend upon it, Jacob, it's not all gold that glitters in that quarter; half his wares are sham, rely upon it. How-

ever, you are a good subject of mine, and deserve to be encouraged."

"Who are you?" thought Jacob.

"I am the Fairy Malice," said the black lady; "and I am only sorry that, as you are a mortal, I cannot make you my Prime Minister; you are well qualified for the post. But, never mind; if you can't serve me in Elf-land, you can do so in your own sphere. Tony Stubbs can't be worth more than three hundred pounds."

"Not that!" shouted Jacob; "not that! If he were sold up to-morrow two hundred pounds would buy him."

"So much the worse for you, then," said the Black Fairy; "you are one hundred pounds the poorer, for I intend to make you just as rich as Tony Stubbs."

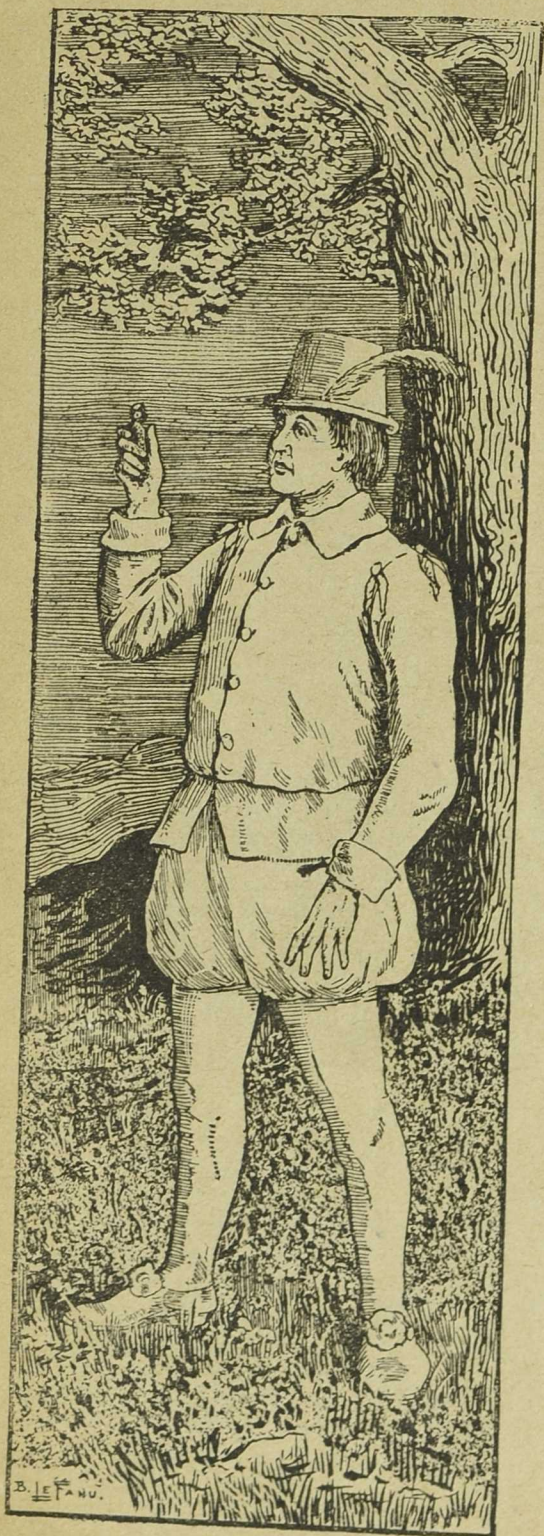
"What a fool I've been!" thought Jacob. "This black hag shouldn't have got off so easily had I known that!"

"That's right, abuse me—grumble away," said the fairy. "I can hear your thoughts, and like you the better for having









them. Oh, how I love ingratitude! Now, see what I am going to do for you—look at this.” And Jacob saw in the fairy’s hand an ebony doll not bigger than his little finger; it was beautifully carved, and had bracelets and armlets and ankle-bands of silver. Jacob had never seen anything so well done since he had been a doll-maker.

“What do you think that is?” said the Fairy Malice. “That is an Enchanted Doll. Take it home with you; it will sell for just one hundred pounds, and that sum, with what you are worth already, will place you on an equal footing with Tony Stubbs.”

Jacob’s eyes glistened with delight.

“So long as you are contented the Enchanted Doll will be of no service to you; but should you again deserve my assistance, it will return to you, though her then possessor be living at the Antipodes. Good-night!” And then the procession departed, in the same order in which it had arrived.



Jacob went home to bed, and slept soundly until day-break. When he awoke, he thought he must have been dreaming. No, there was the Enchanted Doll upon the table.

He soon dressed himself and opened the shutter of his booth. He placed the fairy gift upon his board, and sat down to breakfast; but before he had swallowed a mouthful, a strange-looking person entered the shop, and inquired the price of the little black doll.

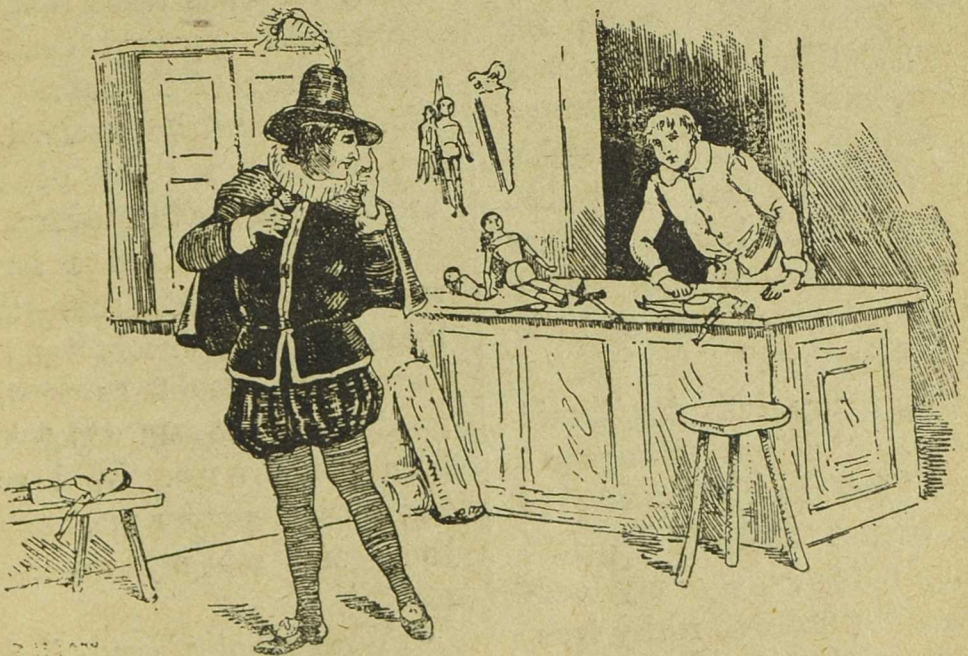
“One hundred and fifty pounds,” answered Jacob.

“Too much,” said the stranger; “I am ordered not to exceed one hundred.”

There was something in his customer’s manner that made Jacob anxious to get rid of him, and therefore he did not chaffer about the matter, but took the stranger’s money and gave him the Enchanted Doll.

“What a lucky fellow I am!” said Jacob, as the stranger turned to depart.

“Very,” said the doll-buyer — “at present.”





## CHAPTER II.

WHEN the stranger was out of sight, Jacob put his money into his pouch, and, placing his cap jauntily upon one side of his head, took two or three turns in front of the silversmith's booth, rattling the money in his pouch every time that he passed; but his trick was lost upon Tony Stubbs, who never once looked up from his work. Jacob grew desperate, and entered the silversmith's booth.

"Good morrow, neighbour Stubbs," said the doll-maker.

"Ah!" replied Tony, "is it you, neighbour Pout? I am very glad to see you; for though we live opposite to each other, we seldom exchange more than a nod from week's end to week's end. But that is my fault, I believe; I am always so hard at work that I have no time for a little friendly gossip."

"Just my case too," said Jacob. "I am always at work" (what a fib that was!); "I cannot make dolls fast enough to supply my customers" (that was really true, but he might have done so had

he been less idle). "But I have no right to grumble; I make money faster than I can spend it;" and Jacob rattled the coins in his pouch.

"I am rejoiced to hear of your well-doing, neighbour," said Tony, but showing neither by look nor word that he envied Jacob his good fortune. "We have both great reason to be grateful to God, neighbour."

Jacob gave a short cough, and answered, "Yes!" but gratitude had no place in his heart. He was vexed that the silversmith appeared deaf to the jingling of the money in his pouch, and he resolved to try what the sight of the bright coins would produce.

"I have received a large sum—a very large sum—this morning," said Jacob, "and I have some doubt as to the goodness of the coin which has been paid to me. Will you test a few pieces for me, neighbour, and set my mind at rest?"

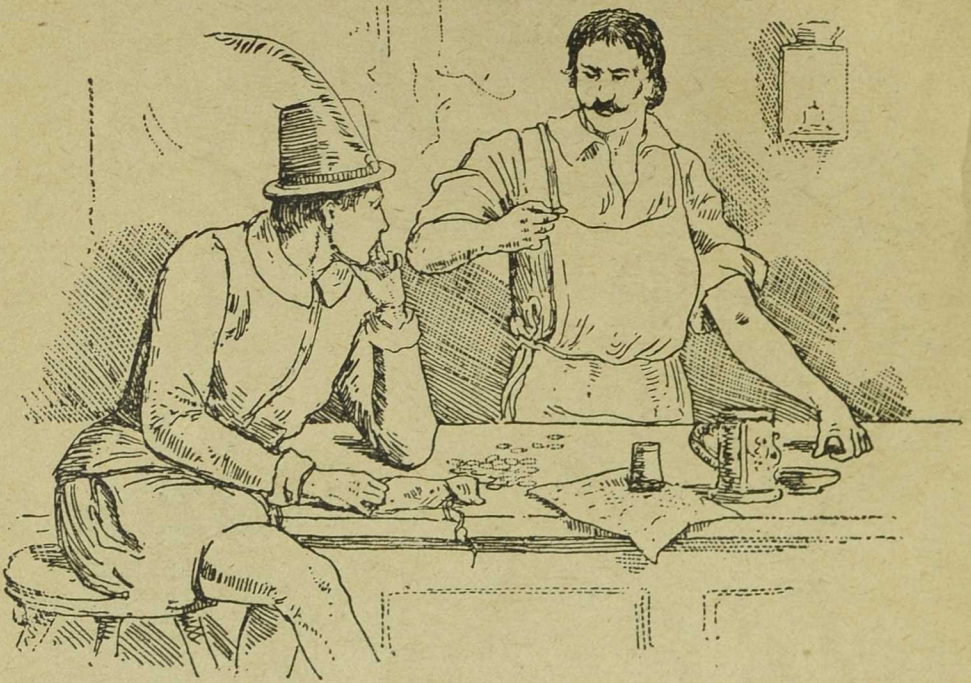
"With great pleasure," replied Tony; "let me see them."





"WILL YOU TEST SOME OF THESE COINS FOR ME?"





“There is a small portion of them,” said Jacob, throwing down upon the counter a handful of coins, all looking new and bright.

Tony examined them carefully, and tested them by means known in his art. When he had done so, he pronounced them to be of the finest silver, and worth even more than their rateable value. “Unless,” said Tony, laughing, “they are made of fairy silver, and if so, neighbour, you have made a bad bargain.”

“How?” inquired Jacob.

“Some morning you will find them turned into dirt and stones—at least, so it runs in the legend,” answered Tony.

“I have no fear of that,” said Jacob, gathering up his money, and pouring it into his pouch with as much display as possible. He then wished the silversmith a good morning, and crossed over to his own booth.

“Fairy silver—ha! ha! dirt and stones!” thought Jacob. “I have made him envious at last.” And with this bad thought the wicked doll-maker was contented.



At twelve o'clock the next day Tony Stubbs was seen to close the shutter of his booth, and then hurriedly walk eastward.

"Just like me," thought Jacob; "when I have a fit of the spleen I can never rest at home. I will be bound he is off to the woods for the rest of the day. Just like me."

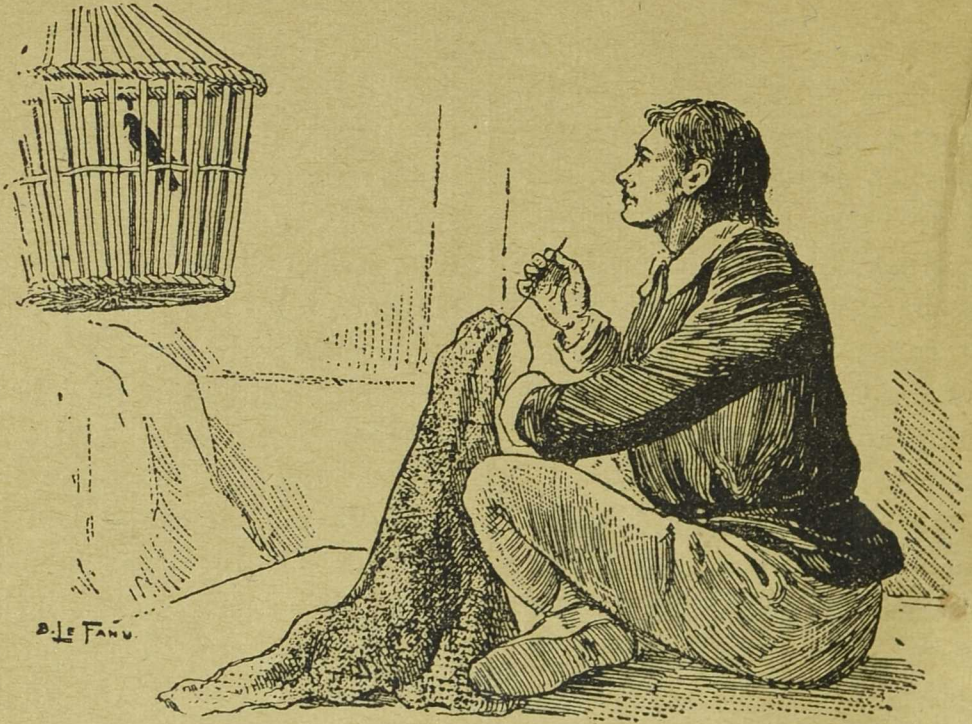
Jacob was mistaken; in an hour or two the silversmith returned, and his hammer was heard ringing long after the usual hour of work. Again, in the morning, his neighbours were awakened before cock-

crow by the sounds which proceeded from Tony's anvil. And so it was, day after day, the noise only ceasing at very long intervals, except about mid-day, when Tony closed the shutter of his booth and took his hurried walk eastward. All the neighbours remarked that he looked fatigued and unhappy, and the stock of his booth became less and less in spite of his incessant labour. Something was wrong with the silversmith, and every one pitied him except the doll-maker.

I dare say you would like to







D. LE FANU

know what took him away from home every day, and made him work early and late, and yet grow poorer and poorer? Well, I will tell you.

In the easternmost part of the city was a booth, above which was the sign of the Golden Shears, a sure indication that the owner pursued the ancient and honourable trade of tailor. The place was very clean, but scantily furnished with broadcloth, serge, and taffety, and for some days no one had been seen at work on the tailor's board but little Tom Tit, the apprentice. A good

little fellow he was, for though he had no one to keep an eye upon him, he never idled away his time. It was to this shop that the silversmith paid his daily visit, for the tailor was Tony's father.

"Master is better to-day," said Tom Tit, about a week after Tony's first journey, "and the alderman has been here who wanted to put Master in the Fleet prison, and said that, as you had paid some of the money, he need not be frightened any longer about going to prison."

"The alderman has been



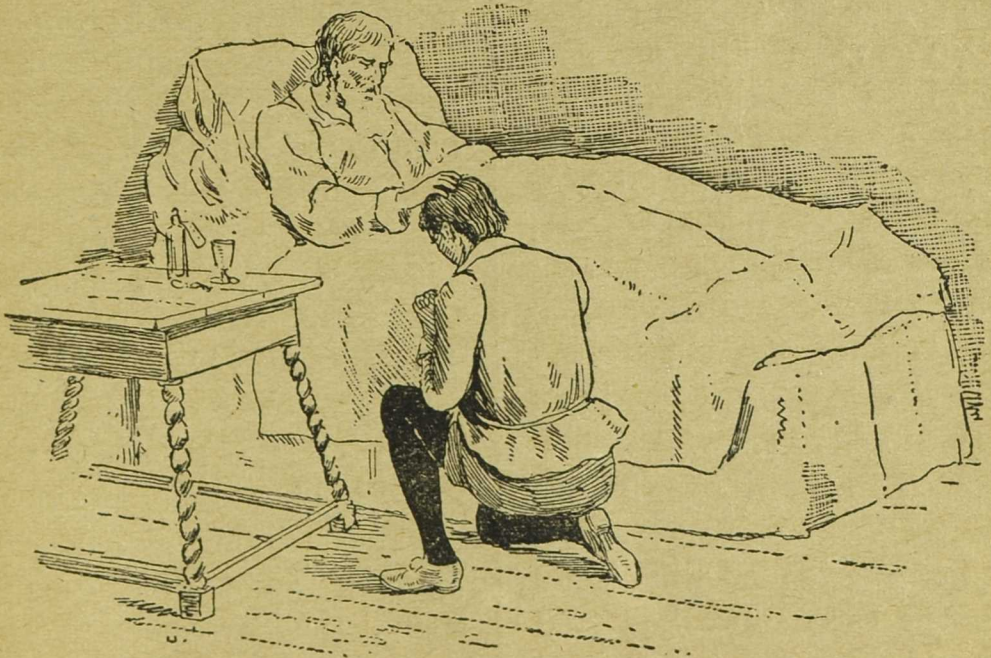
very kind, Tom," remarked Tony; "he has given me time to pay his debt, and in a month or so I hope to see my father a free man again. You are a good boy, Tom, and I shall not forget your kindness."

Tom tried to say "Thank you, Master Tony," but something in his throat would not let him; he only wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and then stitched away ten times harder than ever.

While Tom was doing this, Tony had entered a room upstairs, and, kneeling down by

the bedside, had asked his father's blessing. The sick man laid his thin hand upon the head of his son, and prayed in silence. When he had finished, the old man's eyes filled with tears, whilst a faint smile lighted up his pale face. "Anthony," said he, "but for your filial love I should now be in a gaol."

"I hardly think that, father," replied Tony, gaily, "for I had no sooner told the alderman how cruelly you had been cheated of your goods, than he offered to forego part of the







debt; but this I declined, as the money was justly due."

"You did rightly, my dear son, but it grieves me to think that my misfortunes should have made you almost a beggar," replied the old man; "but I know that the good God will bless you, perhaps not with wealth, for that is not always a blessing, but with a happy and contented mind, the sure reward of virtuous actions."

You know now why Tony worked early and late, and why he became poorer and

poorer every day, until he had made his father a free man.

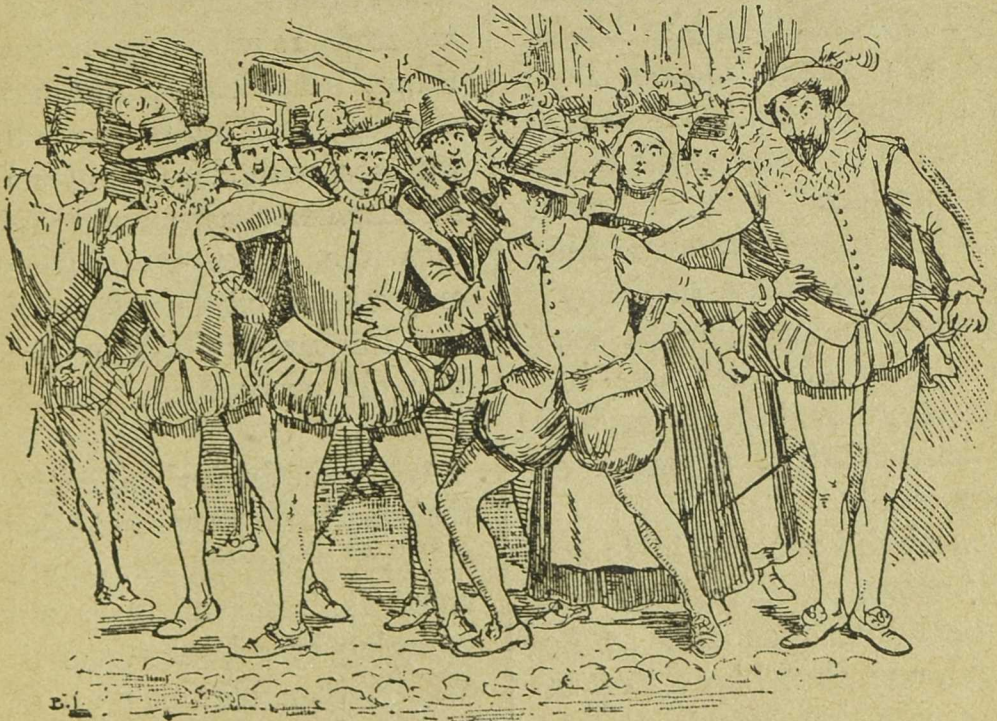
Well, it was on May-day that Tony went to the alderman to make the last payment of his father's debt. May-day was a great holiday in the old time, and the young Londoners used to go to the neighbouring woods to bring home the May-pole, which was a straight tree shorn of its branches and dressed out with gay streamers of ribbons and garlands of flowers. They used to dance round the May-pole to the music of a pipe and tabor, and



sing merry songs in praise of Maid Marian and Robin Hood; but I question whether the lady or gentleman deserved such honour. Sometimes there were grand pageants of knights in armour and morris-dancers covered over with bells and ribbons.

There had never been a grander pageant than the one in Fenchurch Street on the morning when Tony Stubbs paid Alderman Kersey the balance of his father's debt; "all the world and his wife" had come out to see it, and

where there was a sight to be seen there Jacob Pout was sure to be. Yes; he was the foremost in the crowd, shouting more loudly and pushing more rudely than any one else. He had received one or two blows on his crown from the staves of the javelin-men, who were keeping clear the passage to the stand set apart for the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and some of their friends, the richest merchants in the City. As the different aldermen passed along they were cheered and saluted by the bystanders,





for in those days it was considered a great honour to be a member of the Corporation of London. Even Jacob Pout took off his cap as Alderman Kersey passed by, and it was not until the worthy magistrate stopped to speak to some one he recognized in the crowd, that Jacob perceived he was hanging on the arm of—Tony Stubbs. On they went, until they came to the Lord Mayor's stand, the steps of which they ascended together. There they stood, in the midst of the grandees of the great City of London, many of whom came to Tony and took him kindly by the hand. Jacob Pout could hardly believe his eyes; but what he saw was the truth, nevertheless. The alderman had told a great number of his friends the story of Tony's conduct, and so pleased were they with his filial love and honesty, that they all resolved to befriend him as much as they could.

Jacob did not remain to see any more of the show, but walked home as fast as he could, and shut himself up in his workshop. His heart was

full of envy, and the pleasant sunlight annoyed him. At last twilight came, and then night; the moon shone clear and bright, and sent a light into the room in spite of the curtain. As Jacob sat brooding over what he had seen, the wheel of his lathe turned round, slowly at first, and then revolved with great rapidity. Jacob started up in surprise, and saw a swarm of little fairies engaged in shaping a large block of ebony into the rude form of a doll. The chips of hard wood flew about in all directions, and the wheel whizzed round like a mad thing. At length the lathe stopped, and Jacob saw the pigmies, with chisels and mallets, fashion the head and limbs into the exact resemblance, only a hundred times larger, of the Enchanted Doll he had brought away from Maude's Dingle.

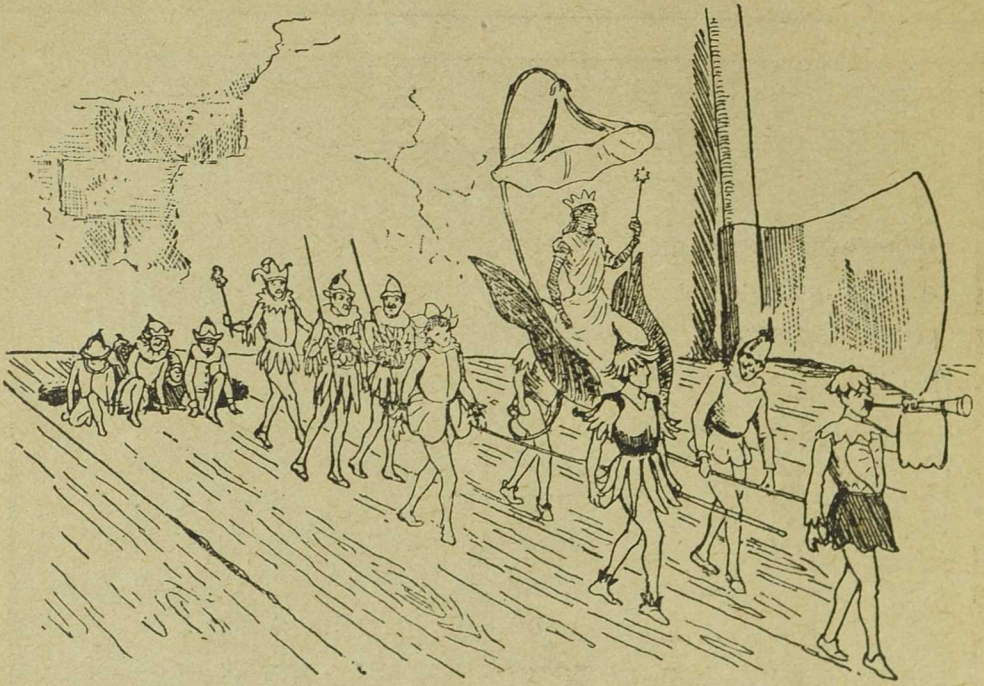
When the fairies had finished their work, they expressed their delight by playing about in the most fantastic manner, now swinging by cobwebs from the ceiling, then climbing up the legs of the table, and turning





THE FAIRIES AT WORK IN THE DOLL-MAKER'S SHOP.





head over heels from that frightful precipice on to the ground. At length Jacob heard the same music he had heard in the woods, and saw the Fairy Malice and her elfin train come forth from a mouse-hole in the corner of the room.

“Well, Jacob, my dear child,” said the black lady, “I am glad you have come to your senses again; I was afraid you would never more be envious enough to release the Enchanted Doll from the power of her last possessor. You see, it gives my people some trouble

to restore her—but never mind about that; you are such a dear envious creature that I could do anything for you.”

“But what can this lump of wood do for me? Can it introduce me to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and make me as great a man as Tony Stubbs seems likely to be?” said Jacob, with a sneer. “Besides, who will buy such a lumbering thing as this? The Enchanted Doll was a wonder in doll-making, but this is a clumsy—ugly—”

“Stop, dear, stop!” said the



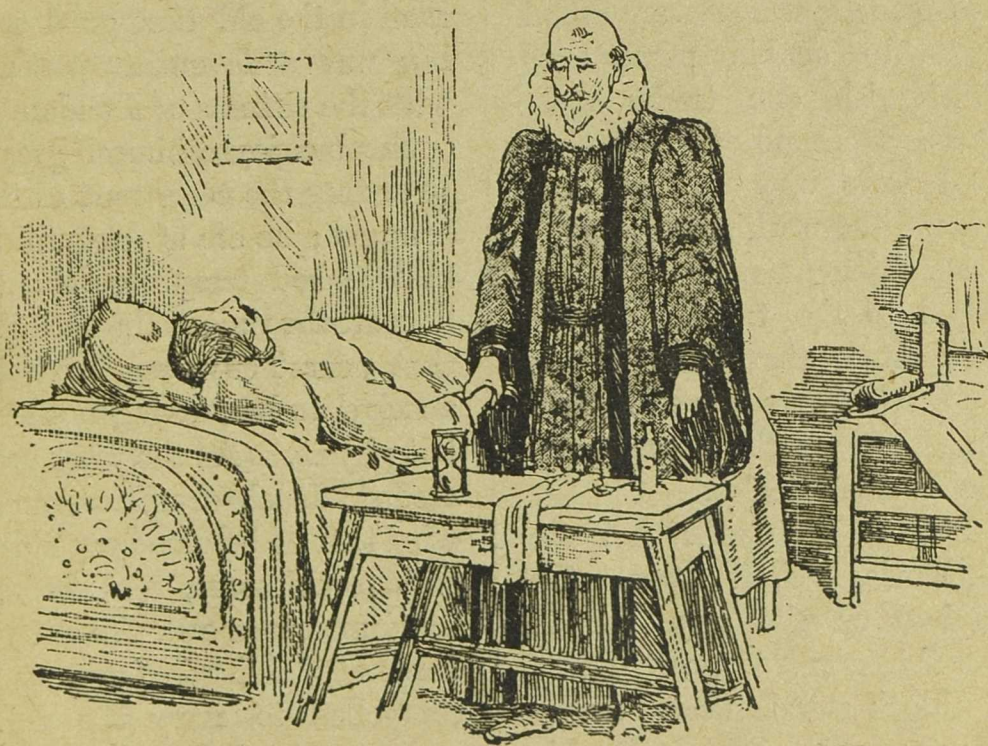
Fairy. "The increased size of the doll is all owing to the increase of your desires; and so it will be, my pretty one, until—but you must excuse me for the present." And, without further ceremony, she and her elfin troop disappeared down the mouse-hole.

In the morning Jacob placed the Enchanted Doll on his board; but though a number of persons stopped to look at it, no one seemed disposed to become a purchaser.

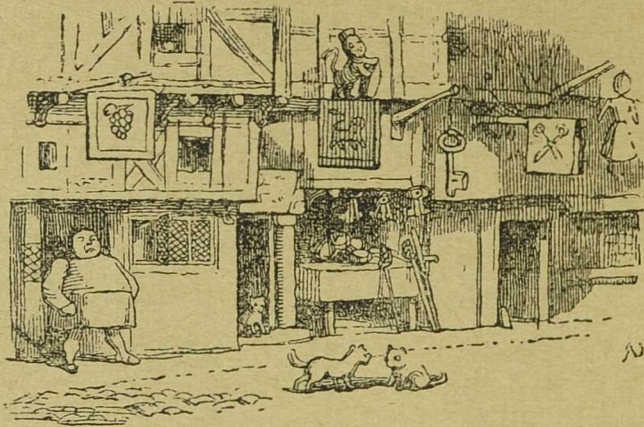
Meanwhile, the shop of the

silversmith began to assume a very improved appearance, for the alderman and his friends had given Tony as much work as he could do; and such was Jacob Pout's envy, that I think he would never have sold his Enchanted Doll (for it was only when he was contented that he could part with it), had not Tony fallen dangerously sick, and Jacob envied him no longer.

When reading was a much rarer accomplishment than it is now, and when few of the







porters and servants of the citizens knew even the letters of the alphabet, the shopkeepers of London used to hang up in front of their houses pictures and models, which were called signs, to enable persons to distinguish one trader from another. Some of the devices used were very curious, and among those which have come down to us, none seems less suited to the trade which it designates than the Black Doll, which we have all seen hanging over the door of the marine-store dealer.

I have no doubt that our Enchanted Doll was the original of the sign, for it was Tristram Tattersall, dealer in ships' stores, who became the new possessor of Jacob's

fairy gift. He had it a great bargain, for it only cost him a few pounds and, at Jacob's earnest solicitation, a seat at the Lord Mayor's dinner; for even in the old time good eating was a favourite pastime with the citizens of London.

Jacob enjoyed himself greatly during the early part of the banquet; he ate of everything that looked tempting, chuckling all the time at the thought that poor Tony was lying in a sick chamber, taking nothing but physic. As the feast proceeded, Jacob drank so much wine that he became very noisy and troublesome, and before the dinner was over the attendants of the Lord Mayor were compelled to carry the doll-maker out of the Guildhall.



It was even said that, for more than an hour, he sat in the stocks, to the great delight of a number of little boys in Cheap (now called Cheapside).

Before we finish this chapter, you will be glad to know that Tony became a great deal better, and that Alderman Kersey called upon him daily; and at

length, when Tony was able to sit up, the good alderman took his only daughter, Dorothy, to see him, and there is great reason to believe that the silversmith improved rapidly after the visit.

And Jacob Pout was more envious of his neighbour than ever.





## CHAPTER III.



THE money which Jacob had received from Tristram Tattersall was soon expended, for the

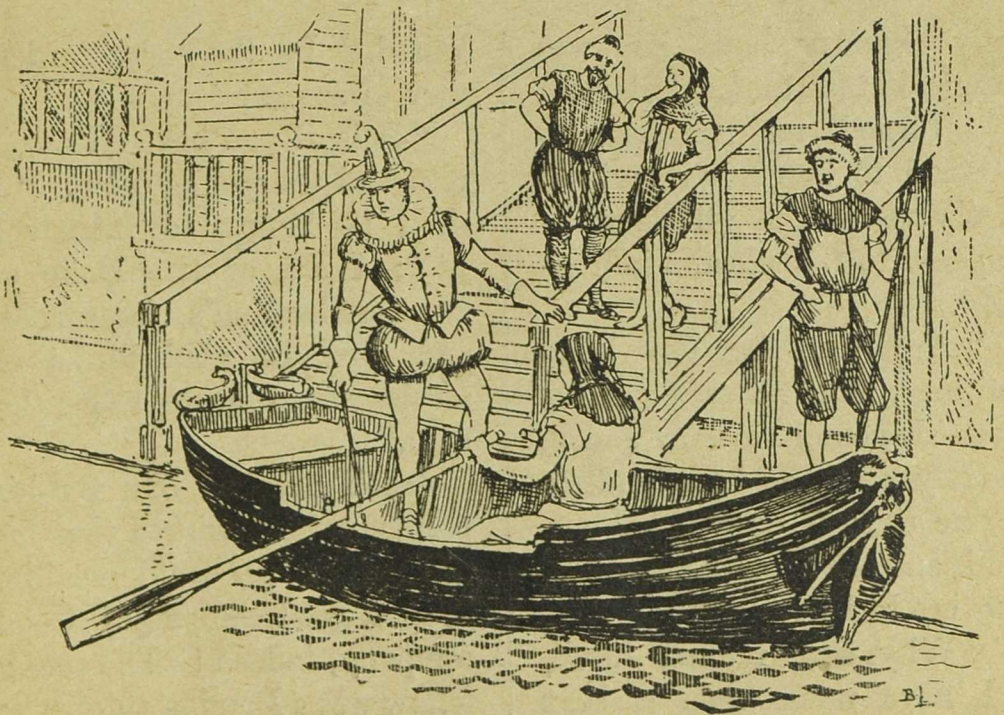
doll-maker had resolved to make what he called "a figure in the world"; and he did so, to the great amusement of his neighbours, among whom he was no favourite, as his envy and selfishness were well known. He dressed himself in the height of fashion, which was most fantastic and ridiculous. He had a monstrous ruff

round his neck, which made his closely cropped head look like a small dumpling in a large platter. He wore stockings of two colours, and bows in his shoes. His breeches were so puffed out about the hips with buckram and wadding that his body seemed to rest upon two drumsticks. How the plain, sober citizens laughed at him as he strutted up and down the street! Then he resolved to favour the Court end of the town with a visit. As he could not walk with any comfort, he made his way to London Bridge stairs, and, hailing a waterman, got into a boat, and desired to be taken to the palace at Westminster.



There were no cabs in those days, and persons of all ranks used "the silent highway" (as the River Thames has been called) when they wished to avoid the bustle and noise of the streets. The watermen were generally quick-witted fellows, and, being bold and impudent, you can imagine how Jacob fared in his progress up the river, seated, as he was, in the stern of the boat, in his large breeches and ruff, and a little peaked hat with a cock-

tail feather in it. Some of the watermen said he looked like a peg-top turned upside down, whilst others compared him to a Dutch dram-bottle. When they arrived at Westminster, Jacob was astonished at the large sum demanded by the waterman for rowing him so short a distance, but when he was assured that the scullers "never carried noblemen for less," Jacob pulled out his purse with a grand air, and paid the money. Poor fool! if he had







only known how he was laughed at the moment his back was turned, for persons who pretend to be other than they really are will at all times be exposed to ridicule and imposition.

“Are you for the bear-baiting to-day?” said a gaily-dressed young man to Jacob, shortly after he had landed; “rare sport is expected, I am told, and the best of the nobility are to be present.”

“Why, sir,” replied Jacob, “I have never seen a bear

baited. Is the bear-garden easy of access?”

“It is, if you have friends,” returned the young man. “I shall be happy to introduce you; I am of the Duke of Northumberland’s household, and shall be glad to be of service to so brave a gentleman.”

Jacob thanked him for his politeness, and wished that his city neighbours could see him in such good company. Good company, indeed! The young fellow was a London thief, who

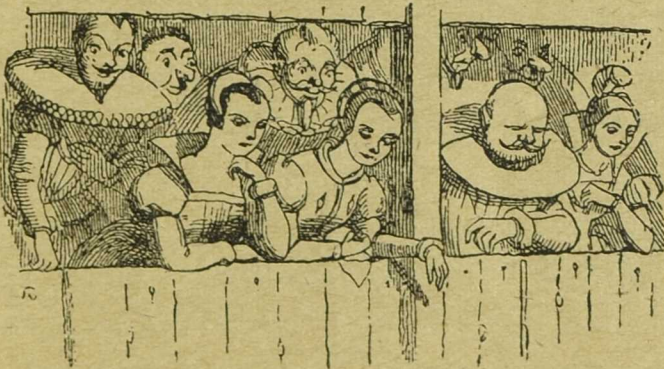


instantly saw that Jacob was a very likely person to be imposed upon; so, whilst the conceited doll-maker thought he was in the society of a duke's gentleman, he was but the companion of a rogue and a vagabond.

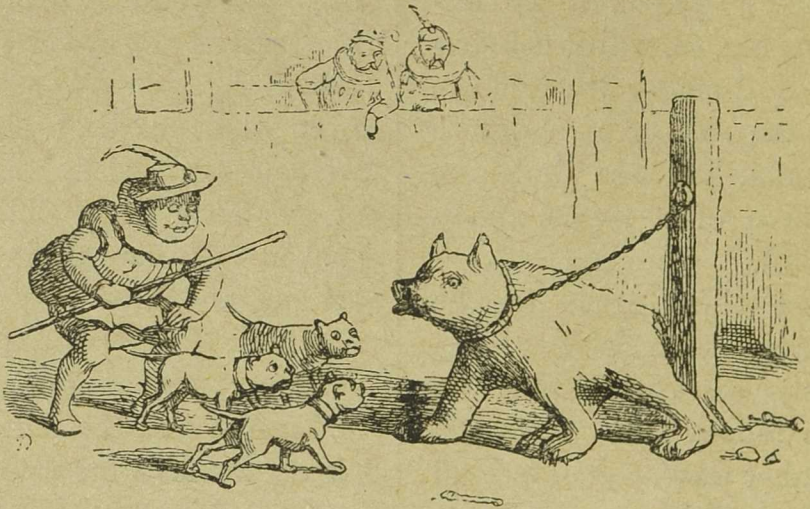
When they came to the bear-garden, Jacob's friend suddenly discovered that he had no money: of course the doll-maker was too glad to lend a piece of gold to such a desirable acquaintance. None but the best seats would serve the turn of Jacob and his friend, and they were therefore conducted by one of the bear-wards, or attendants, to the gallery set aside for the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen.

“Ladies in a bear-garden?”

Yes, in the “good old times,” of which we hear so much, the most cruel sports were witnessed by gentlewomen, who from their earliest childhood were accustomed to hear deeds of violence and bloodshed spoken of as praiseworthy actions, and thus they learned to think lightly of physical suffering, and to applaud the endurance and the infliction of pain. Books were rare things in those days, and few had the means of knowing what vast stores of elevating enjoyment were to be found among the stars, among the flowers, and in the earth, and under the waters. It was the ignorance of the past which made cruelty endurable, and it will be the increase of knowledge in the time to come, teaching us that







God is everywhere, which will make the meanest creature of value in the eyes of men, and thus preserve from wanton outrage or wicked neglect all things endowed with the consciousness of suffering. Be diligent, therefore, my little friends, to gain and to diffuse knowledge, that you may help on that good time, when kindness and goodwill shall inhabit the hearts of all the human race.

I will not describe the sufferings of the bear or the dogs, for the victim and its tormentors were alike subject to pain

and injury, but proceed with my story. The visitors were leaving their seats, when a loud outcry was raised in that part of the garden where Jacob and his friend had taken their position. "Here's a thief!" cried one, seizing the duke's gentleman.

"Here's his comrade!" shouted another, taking a firm hold of Jacob's ruff.

The bear-wards were not slow in securing the two persons thus denounced, and without much parley they hurled Jacob and his distinguished acquaintance into the



arena, where the bear was still chained to the post. The poor brute, smarting from his previous ill-treatment, and fearing, no doubt, that the new-comers were also his enemies, made two or three blows at the doll-maker, who chanced to roll near to him, and rent Jacob's fine clothes into shreds, and with his sharp claws scratched the face of the duke's gentleman. The ridiculous appearance of the suspected thieves roused the mirth of the company, and even the angry bear-wards could not help laughing.

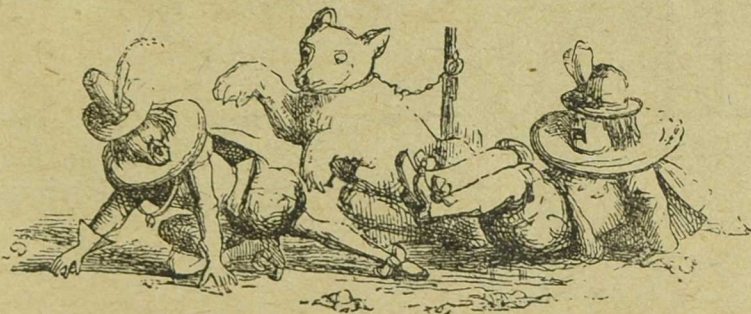
"Let them go now, Robert," said a young nobleman and a great patron of the bear-

garden; "they are well served for their knavish practices."

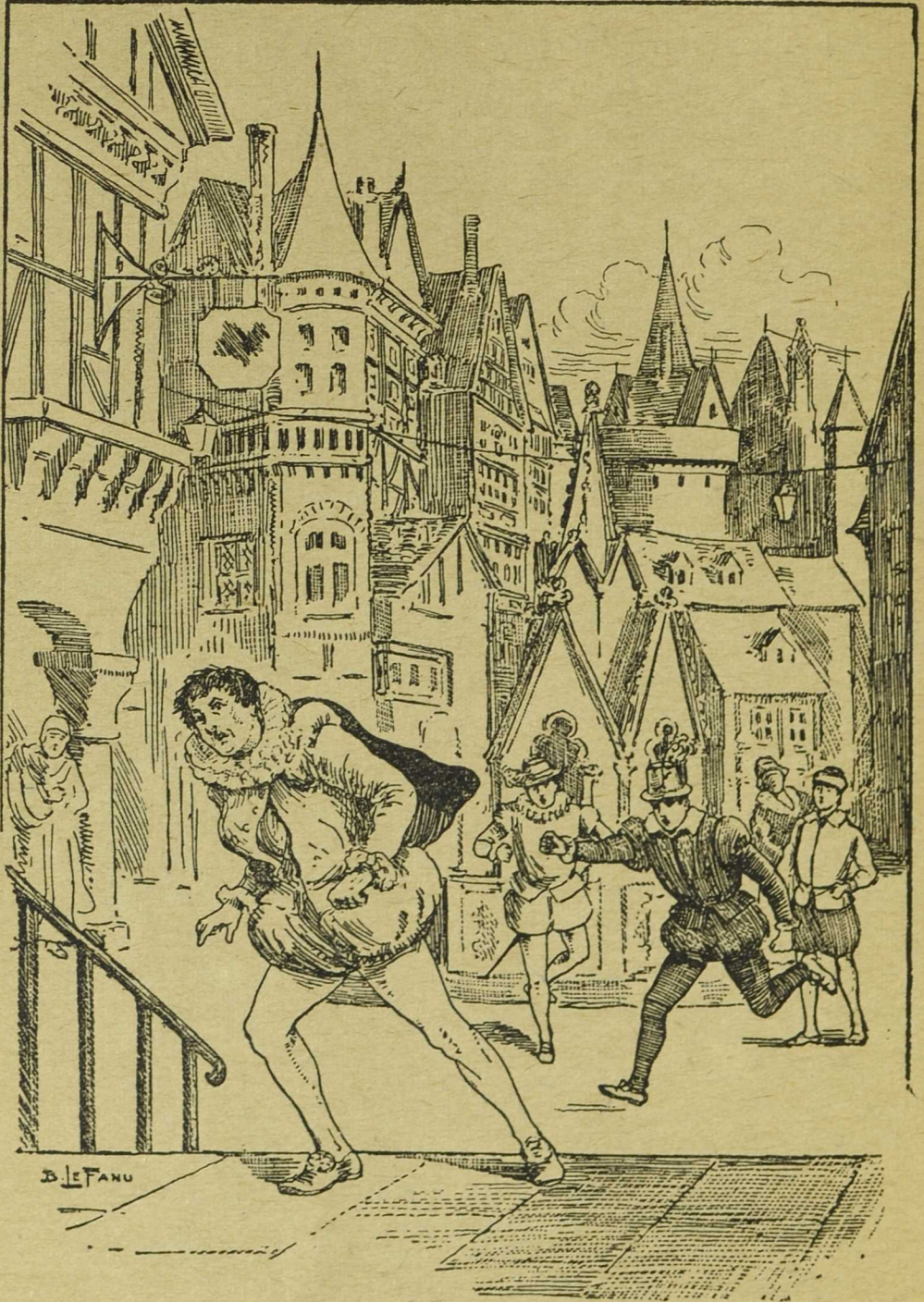
The bear-ward, obedient to his patron's command, conducted the two suspected rogues to the door, and giving each a sound rap with his quarter-staff, bid them not venture within his walls again, at the peril of their ears.

The duke's gentleman took to his heels, and Jacob, ragged, bruised, and disgraced, walked homeward, accompanied by a troop of the rabble, who are always inclined to enjoy the misfortunes of any one.

More than a week had passed since this unlucky occurrence, and Jacob Pout had never crossed the threshold of







The duke's gentleman took to his heels,



his booth, for he thought that the story was known among his neighbours, and he feared their jokes and laughter. The good-natured silversmith became greatly concerned for his neighbour, and resolved to pay him a visit. When Tony got to the doll-maker's door, he was surprised to see Jacob with a large axe endeavouring to cut in pieces a beautiful black doll, dressed like an Eastern princess, but the hard ebony resisted every effort made to destroy it. Jacob's old friend had come back to him, but larger than before, for his envy and hatred of his neighbours had increased greatly since his own misfortune. During the week that Jacob had shut himself up he had had no other companion but the Enchanted Doll, and that at last became so intolerable to him that he resolved to cut it in pieces and burn it; but his fairy gift was not to be so easily disposed of.

"Good morrow, neighbour Pout," said Tony, holding out his hand. "What a capital piece of workmanship! I think I never saw anything so exquisitely made. Surely you were not cutting this up for firewood."

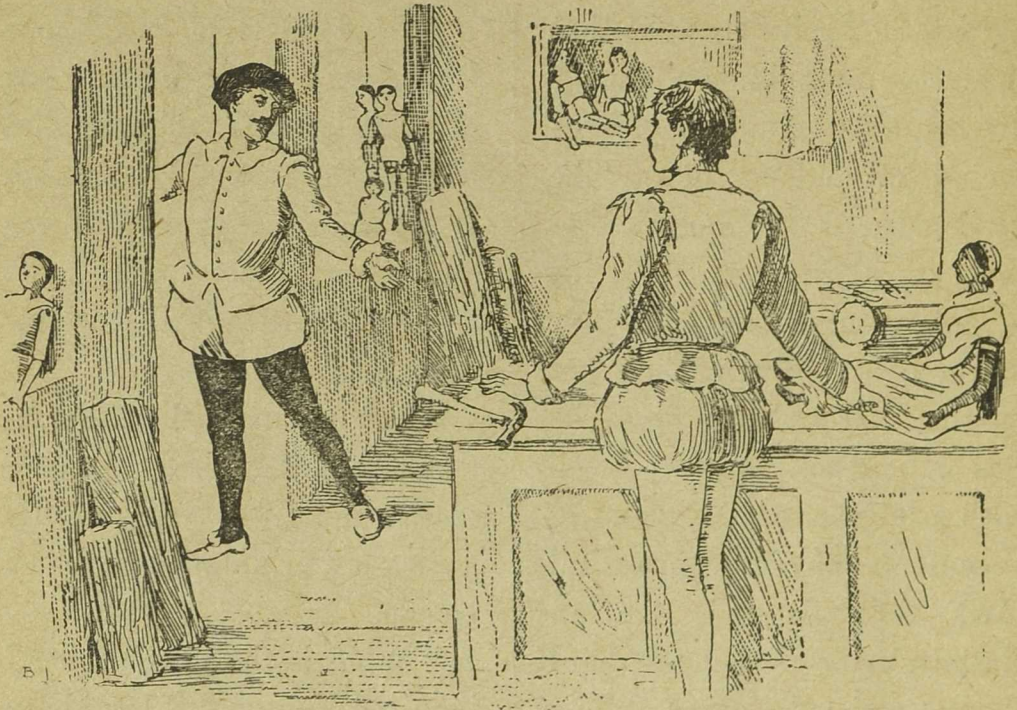
Jacob stammered out something about nobody buying black dolls, as silly little girls were frightened at black people.

"What is the price of it?" inquired Tony. "I have been thinking for a long time of a sign for my booth, and the Indian Princess would be a very good one for my craft. What is the price, neighbour?"

Jacob was delighted at the thought of getting rid of what had become to him a horrible thing, and he named a very small sum.

"Agreed!" said Tony, "I will buy it of you, provided you go with me to-night and spend Christmas Eve at the house of a kind friend of mine.





I will promise you a hearty welcome. Bring the sign over to my booth, and I will pay you the money."

Tony shook Jacob by the hand, and then took his leave.

"You shall not wait long for your bargain," said the doll-maker, as soon as Tony's back was turned. "An Indian Princess, forsooth! Will nothing suit you for a sign but an Indian Princess? Well, I'll gratify your proud stomach, and rid me of this odious piece of fairy work."

Jacob Pout took the Enchanted Doll in his arms, with the intention of carrying it to the silversmith, but at every step he made towards his own door the doll became heavier and heavier, until he was unable to carry it any farther. The Enchanted Doll could only be parted with when Jacob ceased to be envious and discontented, and at that moment he envied everybody.

The doll did not remain long quiet, but hopped back in



the oddest way imaginable to the little room at the back of the shop.

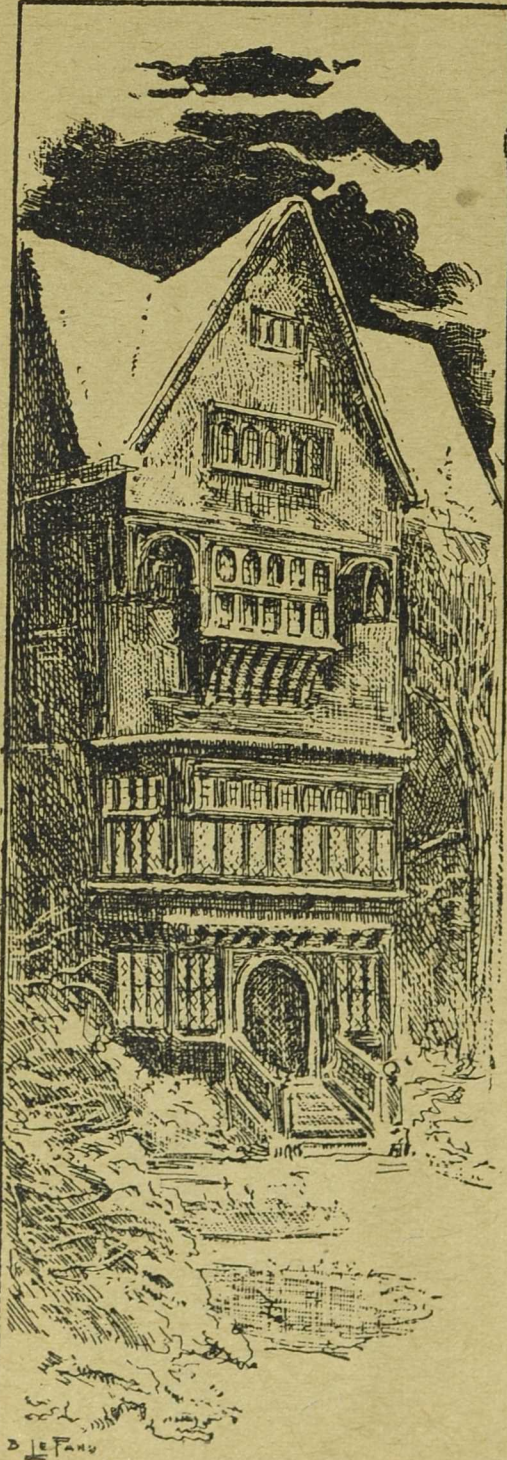
“I’ll not endure this!” cried Jacob, in a fury; “I will take it to Tony Stubbs, and he shall keep it!” But the doll then began to hop about the room, over the chairs, and on to the bed, and the great walnut-tree chest in which Jacob kept his Sunday clothes. The doll-maker pursued it as fast as he was able, but the Enchanted Doll always eluded his grasp, until, heated and exhausted, Jacob threw himself on a chair and fairly cried with vexation.

We will leave him to himself, if you please, and take an imaginary stroll to Holbourne, as it was then, but which we now call Holborn.

There are very few houses to be seen, but all belong to persons of large means. The gardens in front are kept with great care, and, though it is winter time, the broad gravel paths have not a withered leaf







upon them. In the parlour windows of one or two of the houses a scarlet geranium is to be seen, in others are ostrichs' eggs suspended by silk cords from the ceiling, and here and there are beautiful yellow canary birds, and in one that rare creature, a cockatoo—all presents, no doubt, from sea captains who make the long voyage to the warm countries of the East. That clear, swift stream is the Fleet River (the time will come when it will be a foul ditch), and that large brick house with the bow windows, lighted from within by a blazing fire, is the dwelling of Alderman Kersey. As we are friends of Tony Stubbs, I am sure he will be glad to welcome us. Here we are in the hall. As it is Christmas time, there is a table loaded with good cheer, to which all comers are welcome. This way leads to the principal sitting - room. The floor is strewn with dried rushes and lavender, for the rich Turkey carpet is thought too beautiful



to tread upon, and it is therefore thrown over the carved table which stands in the centre of the room. The embroidery on the high backs of the chairs is all the work of Miss Dorothy's fingers, who stands arranging her pretty curls by that mirror of polished steel in a velvet-covered framework, whilst her mother and the maids decorate the buffet with the "white plate," which is only displayed on high-days and holidays. From the bosses and pendants of the ceiling hang bunches of holly and mistletoe, intermingled with bows of gay-coloured ribbons. The door opposite leads to the kitchen, which looks like a green bower, so thickly is it covered with ivy and holly. The pewter platters on the shelves shine as brightly as the silver ware in the parlour, and as dinner has been long past (for it is nearly four o'clock), the servants are preparing for the dance, which is to take place in the evening. Here are the







fiddlers, and here come the guests. Those are the alderman's apprentices, and the persons just entering the hall are neighbours and old customers of the house, with their wives, sons, and daughters. There are old Mr. Stubbs and good little Tom Tit! Those two who have just entered I hope you know by this time. Tony Stubbs is heartily welcomed by the Alderman and Mrs. Kersey, whilst both Dorothy and the silversmith meet each other kindly, but rather sheepishly. What can be the reason? For he has

asked her to dance the first dance with him, and Dorothy has answered, "Yes, thank you," although her face is red with blushes. Jacob Pout has been introduced to the alderman and his family by Tony, but the doll-maker seems to be ill at ease with his new friends.

There go the fiddles! The alderman and a buxom dame of forty lead off, whilst old Mr. Stubbs has the honour of following with Mrs. Kersey; Tony and Dorothy are in the middle of the set and dancing merrily, to the great admira-



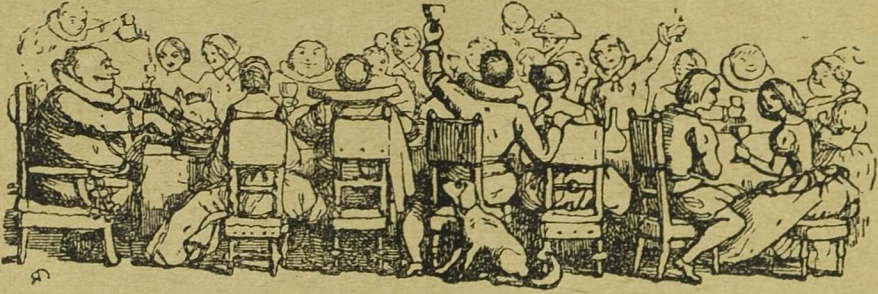
tion of the servants, who one and all take part in the dance. What peals of laughter are heard every now and then as some blunder is made in the figure, when Charles, who should have turned to the right, wheels round to the left, and bumps against Mary, who nearly tumbles over Kate, who falls into the arms of Walter, whilst Frank, and Alfred, and Sidney clap their hands and declare that Kate did it on purpose! What a shout of laughter! Huzza! Alderman Kersey has kissed his partner under the mistletoe. All the women are pretending to run away from the kissing-bough, and all the men are dragging

them back again—all but Jacob Pout.

Another dance, and another, and blind man's buff and hot cockles have brought us to supper time. All the young men assist in laying out the tables, and placing the benches round them. What a huge Christmas pie is drawn from the oven, where it has been quietly baking unknown to every one but the good-tempered cook and her mistress. There's the baron of beef which was roasted yesterday, and yonder comes John, the alderman's apprentice, bearing the pride of the Christmas feast, the boar's head, decked out with twigs of rosemary. Can







you not smell the spiced wine that is steaming in the silver flagon which the alderman bought of Tony, who thought not when he sold it that he should ever drink from it as a guest, and perhaps something more, for pretty Dorothy has nodded to him before she tastes the steaming liquor.

Supper is over, and the kitchen again cleared for dancing; certainly the fiddlers play better than they did before, and everybody dances with twice as much spirit. Everybody seems merrier and

happier, except Jacob Pout, who is stealing away from the house and taking the road to the Fields of Finsbury.

You had better remain with the pleasant people at Alderman Kersey's, and join in the carol which will be sung at midnight to usher in the coming Christmas Day. Besides, there will be other games of blind man's buff, hot cockles, and forfeits, and, I have no doubt, snap-dragon and hunt-the-slipper. I will follow Jacob Pout, and tell you all that happened in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Jacob went forth from the house of Alderman Kersey, the snow was falling fast; but, nevertheless, the doll-maker pursued his way to the fields, quite regardless of the weather. "It is as plain as the nose on my face," thought Jacob, "the alderman's daughter is to be the wife of Tony Stubbs, and then, of course, the alderman's wealth will all come to Tony, and who knows but some day or other he may become Lord Mayor of London. Just like his luck! A mean, sneaking

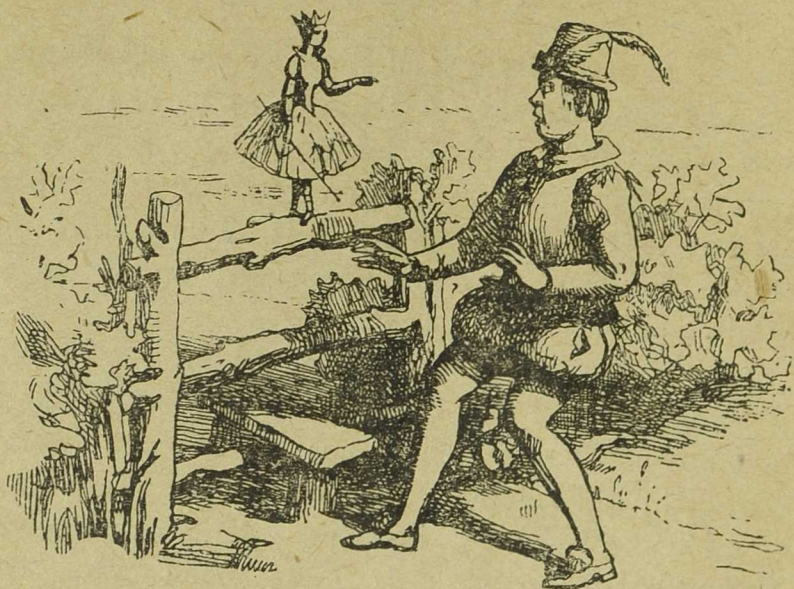
fellow as he is, always pretending to be at work; never taking a day's holiday except upon the regular feasts and festivals. I hate him! I don't know why, but I can't help it."

I could have told him the reason. Jacob was like many other people in the world who envy and hate every one more successful than themselves.

The moon was shining brightly in the heavens, and the snow (which seems to have been made for moonlight)







sparkled like powdered diamonds. The path (which Jacob had tracked with some difficulty) was crossed by a stile, and as he felt wearied by his walk, he resolved to rest there for a time, and then return home. As he drew near to the stile, he saw on the topmost rail some living thing, which moved rapidly from one end to the other. He continued to approach, until he was close enough to discover that it was no other than the Fairy Malice. She was evidently in a very ill humour, in fact she seemed

to be in a positive rage, for she walked with her arms folded together, and her little black lips compressed as closely as though they had been glued to each other. Now and then she would stop, stamp her tiny foot, and shake her clenched pigmy hand in the air. Jacob was about to make a hasty retreat, but the fairy was too quick for him.

“Stay where you are!” she screamed; “stay where you are, or I will rack every nerve in your body!”

Jacob felt quite powerless.



“So, you graceless fellow,” continued the fairy, “you thought to go unpunished for your cruel treatment of that priceless treasure, the Enchanted Doll. You thought you could hack its beautiful limbs and batter its delicate body with impunity, did you? You thought that precious creature was only hewn out of an insensible log, like your own abominable toys, and could be made into firewood at your will and pleasure? Look

here, every blow that you inflicted on that incomparable being was by elfish sympathy endured by me,” and the fairy pointed to her bandaged arms and legs, which had hitherto escaped the notice of Jacob.

“But I will be avenged! I am here to-night to punish your ingratitude. It is not often that you find fairies out on a snowy night like this, but my people shall have plenty of work to keep them warm, I







warrant you. Advance, archers! and give this ungrateful mortal a proof of your ability.”

Jacob heard the old march played, and the surface of the snow swarmed with black fairies. Their bright helmets and breastplates glittered in the moonlight as they deployed before their potent ruler, until at last they formed themselves into columns, and marched past the terror-stricken Jacob, who, in a few minutes, found himself surrounded by the pigmy army. The officers of the different companies conferred together, and, at a signal from the commander, led their men still closer to Jacob. They then halted, and a myriad of arrows, as fine as hairs, flew

from their bows into the body of the unhappy doll-maker. Jacob roared with pain.

The Fairy Malice rubbed her hands with delight, and laughed long and loud at the torture of the unhappy doll-maker.

“Well done, my gallant archers! well done!” cried the black lady. “Let our cavalry acquit themselves as well and they shall be rewarded. Charge!”

As she screamed out her command a humming noise was heard in the air, and a legion of fairies, mounted upon horned beetles, flew at the head and hands of the doll-maker; who, powerless to defend himself, endured in-



tolerable pain from the lances of his foes. Malice was more delighted than before, and laughed so much that she was obliged to lean upon her attendants. When she had recovered her breath, she addressed Jacob as follows:—  
 “Master Doll-maker, you now know what it is to injure a fairy, and especially the Fairy Malice. As I think I have punished you sufficiently this time, you may go home, Jacob. We are friends again.”

“Never!” cried Jacob.  
 “Never!” I will throw your horrible gift into the river.”

“Don’t,” said Malice; “if you do it will swim, and come back to you again.”

“I will burn it, then!” ex-

claimed Jacob, almost beside himself with rage.

“Try such a thing at your peril!” screamed the fairy.

“I defy you!—you and your enchantments!” roared Jacob.

“Ha! ha!”—and all the fairies laughed in concert.

“Your own bad heart gives me the power over you, and until *that* changes you are the slave of my servant.”

So saying, the fairy waved her wand, and the bright moonlight was instantly changed into darkness. At first Jacob thought a black cloud had passed between him and the moon, but he discovered, to his dismay, that he was surrounded by myriads of bats.







He found, however, that the power of motion was restored to him, and began to run homewards, as he thought ; but the bats flew with him, and, unable to see his path, he was presently crashing through the thin ice of a pond, from which he emerged dripping with water and shivering with cold. It was not until the church bells of London rang out in concert the advent of the day of promise of "Peace and goodwill to men," and from mansion and cottage a thousand voices were heard carolling a welcome to the blessed Christmas-tide, that his tormentors quitted him. Jacob found he was some dis-

tance from home, and it was not without great difficulty, bruised and tired as he was, that he reached the door of his own booth as the sun rose on the Christmas morning. When he entered his bed-chamber, there was the Enchanted Doll, larger and more hideous than ever !

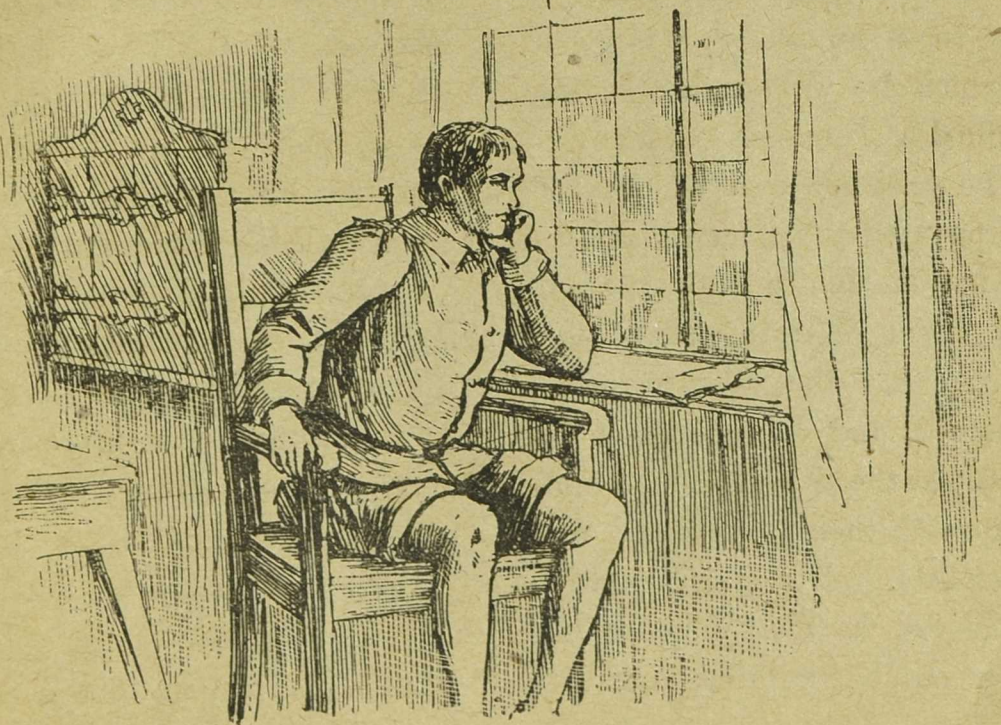
The morning wore on, and Jacob, very miserable, still sat at the window, gazing intently at his neighbour's house. By and by the door opened, and Bridget, Tony's old house-keeper, came out dressed in her best bib and tucker, a sure sign she was going to make holiday. In a few minutes



more the silversmith made his appearance, and locking the door, strangely enough walked away leaving the key in the lock. Perhaps he was thinking of pretty Dorothy Kersey—no matter.

Jacob saw all this, but instead of doing the part of a good neighbour by calling Tony back, the wicked doll-maker hoped that the key would attract the attention of some thief who would not hesitate to plunder the silversmith. With this bad feeling

Jacob Pout watched all day at the window, but no one passed and saw the key. As the evening set in, Jacob's thoughts grew worse and worse, until at last it occurred to him to carry the doll over to his neighbour's house, and there, by kindling a fire, destroy at once the wealth which he envied and the creature which he dreaded. To his surprise, he found the Enchanted Doll as light as a feather, and, taking it in his arms, he carried it over to his neighbour's house. In a few





minutes he returned, and, taking his seat again at the window, prepared to watch the result of the wickedness he had done. Presently smoke issued from the crevices in the shutters of Tony's booth, and then a bright red flame showed that the fire was raging fiercely within. Jacob Pout was rejoicing in the success of his malice and wickedness, when, to his great horror, he saw Tony's door fly open, and from it come the Enchanted Doll, a glowing mass of fire, and make directly for his own booth.

In a minute the room in which he was sitting became filled with smoke, and he heard the wood in his workshop crackling with the flames. At the same moment a great noise at a distance in the street told him that the fires were observed, and Jacob rushed out just as the city watchmen came up with their ladders and fire-buckets. By great exertion the fire in Tony's house was put out, but nothing seemed to

have power over that which was consuming the booth of the doll-maker.

Jacob stood stupefied for some time; at last it occurred to him that the first money which he had received for the Enchanted Doll was locked up in his old walnut-tree chest, and, without a moment's pause, he dashed through the flames to secure his treasure, although the room was full of fire and smoke. Jacob contrived to open the chest, but lo! there was nothing but dirt and stones, for the coins he had received were all of fairy silver! His disappointment was so great that he remained kneeling by the side of the chest until the flames gathered all around him, and he would no doubt have perished, had not a young man forced his way through the fire, and dragged the bewildered doll-maker into the street.

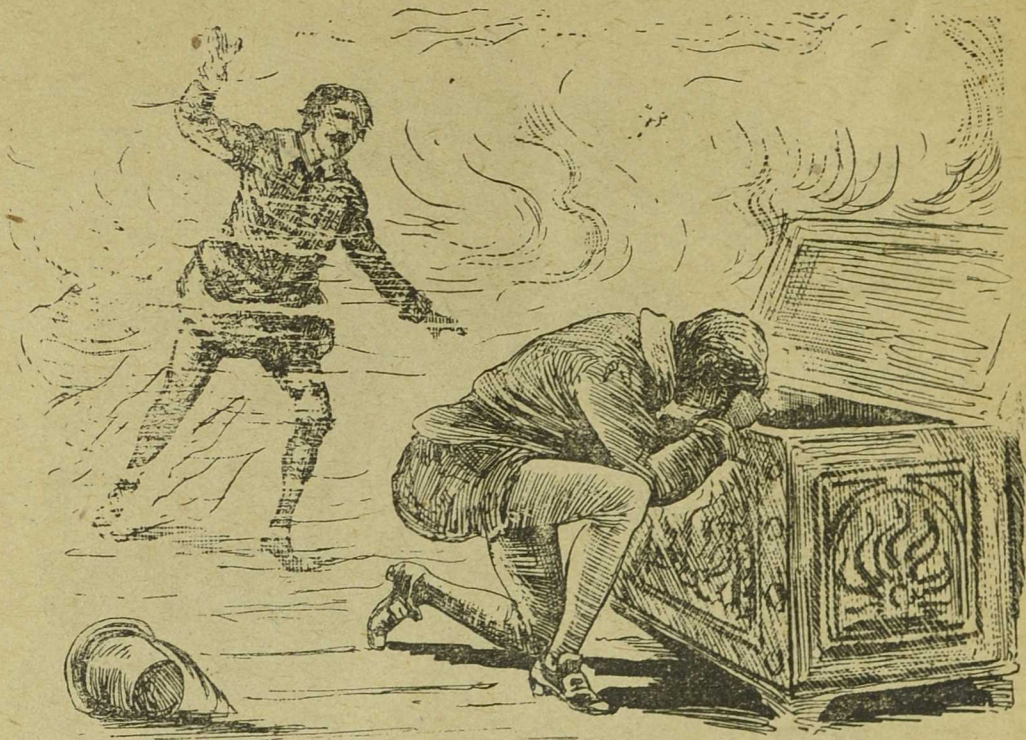
Both were nearly suffocated, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that Jacob





“JACOB CARRIED THE DOLL OVER TO HIS NEIGHBOUR’S HOUSE.”





could find words to thank his preserver. What must have been his feelings when he found that to Tony Stubbs he was indebted for his preservation!

“This is a sad night for us both, neighbour Pout,” said the silversmith, “but worse for you than for me. You have lost all, but my shop has only suffered by the flames; some of my wares are damaged, but a little later to bed and a little earlier to rise will put all that right. But, neighbour,” and Tony paused, greatly moved by

the expression of Jacob’s face, “you are in great pain; and, no wonder, for your arm is flayed bare. Here! some one run for a surgeon, whilst I help him to bed.”

The doll-maker, from shame and suffering, could make no answer, but allowed the much injured Tony to lead him to bed. The surgeon came, and pronounced Jacob’s state to be desperate, and desired that he should be kept perfectly quiet. And so for many days Tony Stubbs devoted all his time



to watching by Jacob's bedside.

Some three weeks had passed since the time of the fire. One night Tony had retired to rest after talking very cheerfully, and telling how little damage the fire had done his wares, and promising Jacob that as soon as he was well enough to pursue his calling a new lathe should be bought and a booth furnished for him. One would have thought that so much kindness from a person he had wronged so deeply

would have awakened nothing but feelings of gratitude in Jacob Pout, but envy, hatred, and malice had been too long the cherished passions of his breast to be dismissed without a struggle.

"So," thought Jacob, "it seems I am to be indebted for my daily bread to the man I have most hated and envied! Just like my luck! Whilst not one stick of my booth or stock is left unconsumed, this fellow can laugh at his loss, and afford to lend me money







to boot. He will be richer shortly, for everybody says he is to marry pretty Dorothy Kersey. What has he done to deserve this?"

"What, indeed!" said a shrill voice close to his ear.

Jacob shook from head to foot, for he knew it was the Black Fairy who had spoken.

"What, indeed!" repeated the fairy. "He envies nobody! He sets fire to no man's dwelling! He thinks not only of his own dear self—fool that he is! But you deserve all you get, and a great deal more into the bargain."

"Leave me!" cried Jacob; "I wish to have done with you for ever!"

"How very cruel of you!" sobbed the fairy, "after all I have suffered for you. Why,

I have not yet recovered from the effects of the fire; neither has your pretty pet, the Enchanted Doll!"

"Recovered!" gasped Jacob. "Surely it was consumed in the flames!"

"Not so," replied the fairy, with a horrible grin; "I was afraid at one time that this silversmith might have been the death of her, but your love and constancy have quite worked a cure. She is beside you!"

And there it was, sure enough, charred and almost shapeless, but still with enough of form left to distinguish the Enchanted Doll.

The next morning Jacob was much worse. He was in a high state of fever, and wandering and raving in his sleep



like one mad. The doctor could not account for the change, and appeared greatly perplexed what to do. Jacob continued in this state for more than three days. When at last his reason returned to him, he heard the sweet voice of a woman earnestly engaged in prayer for his recovery.

Jacob's heart was softened, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as fast as they did down those of Dorothy (for it was she who prayed for him); and when the prayer was

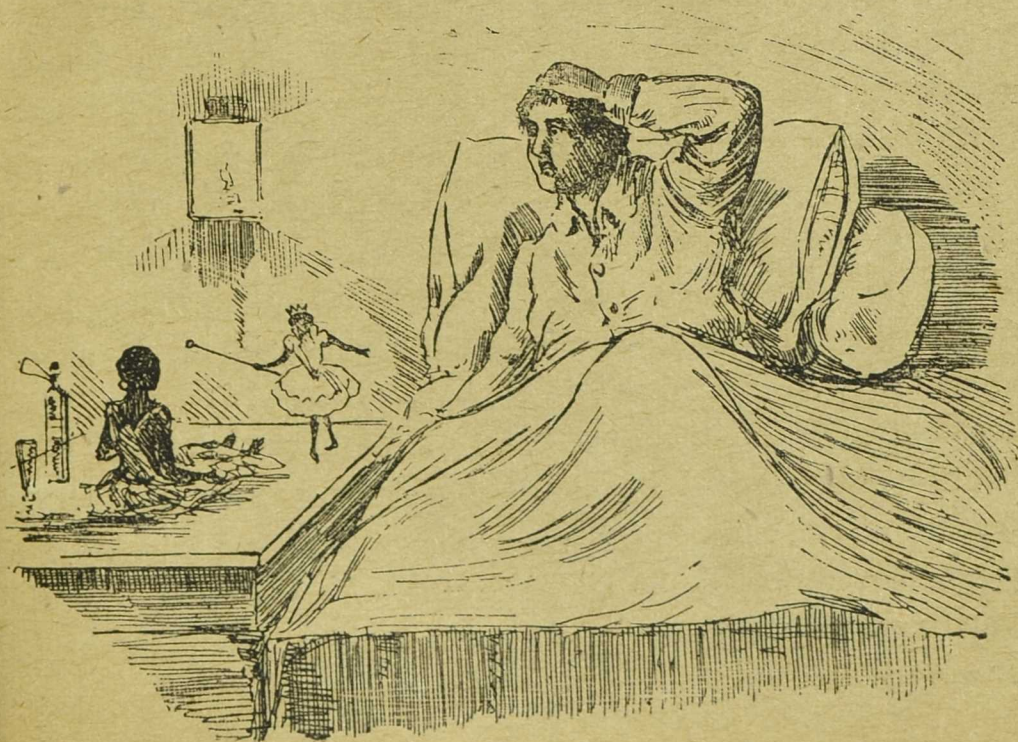
finished, Jacob breathed a fervent "Amen!"

As country air was considered to be necessary for Jacob's recovery, Alderman Kersey had him taken in a litter to his house at Holbourne, where—thanks to the careful nursing of Mrs. Kersey and the gentle Dorothy—he was gradually restored to health.

And what became of the Enchanted Doll?

You shall hear.

From the hour that Jacob said "Amen!" to Dorothy's





prayer, his cruel tormentor began to diminish in size, until the day before his removal to the house of Alderman Kersey it had dwindled down to the length of a little finger. It would have gone away altogether, but Jacob could not help (from long habit) at times contrasting his conditions with that of Tony Stubbs, and wishing—for a very little while—that he and the silversmith could change places.

One morning, towards the end of May, the bells of Holbourne Church were ringing merrily. All the people at Alderman Kersey's were dressed in their holiday clothes, decked out with large bows of white ribbon, and went smiling about the house, as though some happy event had occurred in the family. And so there had! Dorothy Kersey had become the wife of Tony Stubbs. There never was a happier bridal party. Never was? There never could be! And

Jacob Pout had been to church to see the marriage ceremony performed; and as he knelt beside them at the altar, he had prayed that God would bless them and reward them for all the good they had done to him, and pardon him all the evil he had done them.

From some strange impulse Jacob (who was now quite strong again) resolved in the afternoon to go to Maude's Dingle. When he arrived there he soon found the knoll on which he had sat when he received his fatal fairy gift, and down he threw himself, rather wearied by his walk. The thrush was singing, and Jacob thought the bird's song seemed full of thankfulness, and that the little brook ran babbling on of a thousand happy things!

He wondered he had never thought so before, until he remembered the evil passions which had hitherto been his companions when he visited the pleasant dingle.





THE MARRIAGE OF TONY STUBBS AND DOROTHY KERSEY.



Jacob went back with a light heart to the alderman, and joined heartily in the merry-making. He bade the musicians play their merriest tunes, and was, in fact, the last person left dancing at the end of a jovial reel.

When the guests had left, Jacob went up to his bed-chamber and opened a little box, in which he kept his Enchanted Doll, but to his great joy he discovered that it had vanished. For Jacob had ceased to envy—even a little.

The doll-maker was set up in business by his kind friends, Alderman Kersey and Tony Stubbs, and, through the influence of the former, Jacob received a commission from the Lord Mayor to execute two of the largest dolls in the kingdom. I will not vouch for the fact, but it is more than suspected that Gog and Magog, which occupy so prominent a position in the Guildhall of London, are the identical dolls made by Jacob Pout.





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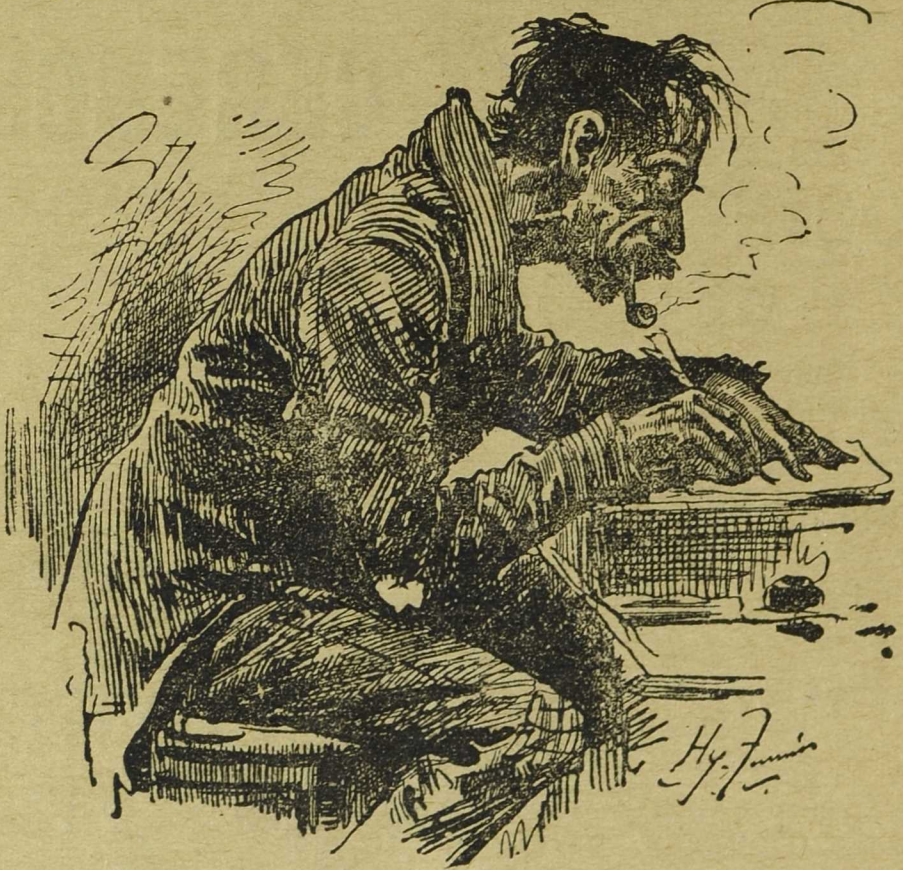
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