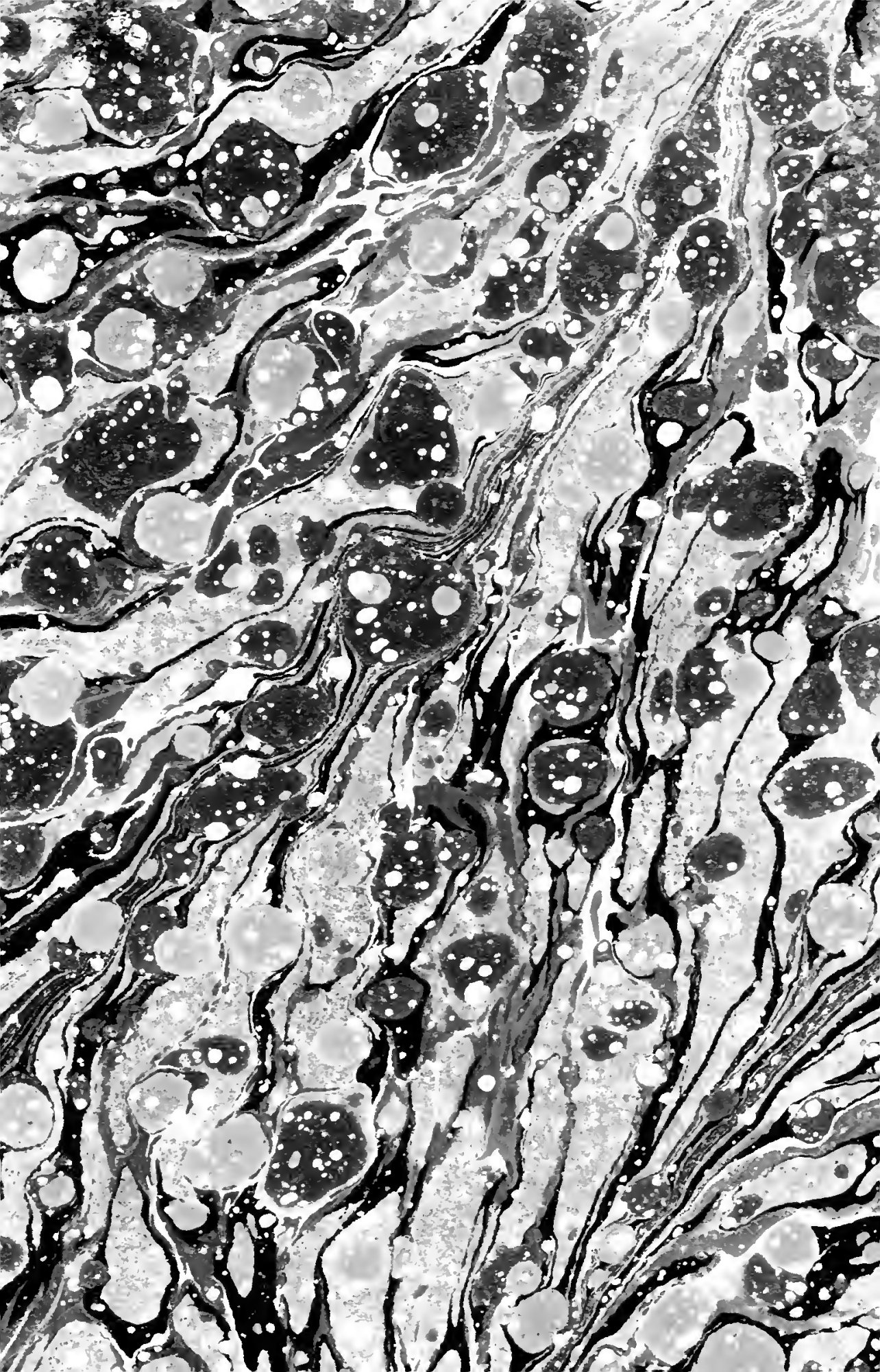


PLEASURE BOOKS.

" Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

" I'm going a-milking, kind sir," she said.

A TREASURY

OF

PLEASURE BOOKS

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

WITH MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JOHN ABSOLON AND HARRISON WEIR.

LONDON:
GRANT AND GRIFFITH,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND
JOSEPH CUNDALL, OLD BOND STREET.
1850.

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

To my dear Children, Maja, Harry, and Herbert,

THE Tales that are printed in this little book were nearly all of them written many years ago. Your mamma and your grandmamma learned them when they were little children like yourselves, and I dare say they will be great favourites with boys and girls for many, many years to come. The "*Wonderful Story of Henny-Penny*," and "*The Robin's Yule Song*," are tales told by nurses in Scotland; and I have to thank Mr. Robert Chambers for his allowing me to reprint them for you in English. The "*Story of the Three Bears*" is a very old Nursery Tale, but it never was so well told as by the great poet Southey, whose version I have (with permission) given you, only I have made the intruder a little girl instead of an old woman. This I did because I found that the tale is better known with SILVER-HAIR, and because there are so many other stories of old women.

Your friends Mr. Absolon and Mr. Weir have made a great number of famous pictures for this book, and I am sure you will be very much pleased with them. When you are old enough to learn to draw men and animals, these pictures will serve you excellently well as copies; but you must begin with some that are more easy to draw. You must also try to copy the patterns of the outside cover and the inside lining, which I think are very pretty. They were designed by Mr. Owen Jones.

As you already know some of these tales by heart, I hope you will soon learn the others. I do not mean word for word, but only the stories of them, so that when you go out to see other little boys and girls, or other little boys and girls come to see you, you may be able to amuse them, and then I dare say they will tell you tales as good as those you have told them.

Your loving Father,

J. C.

Kentish Town, Nov. 1849.

CONTENTS.

THE HISTORY

OF

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Illustrated with Four Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON.

Engraved by W. T. GREEN.

LITTLE BO-PEEP'S LOSS.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

LITTLE BO-PEEP'S DREAM.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

LITTLE BO-PEEP'S DETERMINATION.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

LITTLE BO-PEEP'S DISCOVERY.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Under a meadow hard by:
There she espy'd their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

LITTLE BO-PEEP'S REMEDY.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks went race-o;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its place-o.

THE SIMPLE STORY

OF

SIMPLE SIMON.

Illustrated with One Drawing by JOHN ABSOLON.

THE SIMPLE STORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Shew me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."


W.G.MASON

SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Then Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode on a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

Simon made a great snow ball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

And Simon he would honey eat
Out of the mustard-pot;
He bit his tongue until he cried,—
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had got a little calf;
She threw him down upon the ground,
And made all the people laugh.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simple Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all run through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

THE HISTORY

OF

MOTHER GOOSE

AND

HER SON JACK.

Illustrated with Two Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON.

Engraved by WALTER G. MASON.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JACK.

Old Mother Goose,
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,

A smart-looking lad,

He is not very good,

Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
" Here, mother," says he,
" It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came close at his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea,
But Jack he jump'd in,
And got it back presently.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,

And caught the goose soon,

And mounting its back,

Flew up to the moon.

THE HOUSE

THAT JACK BUILT.

Illustrated with Twelve Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON *and* HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by RUSSELL SEDGFIELD, WALTER G. MASON, *and* HORACE HARRALL.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

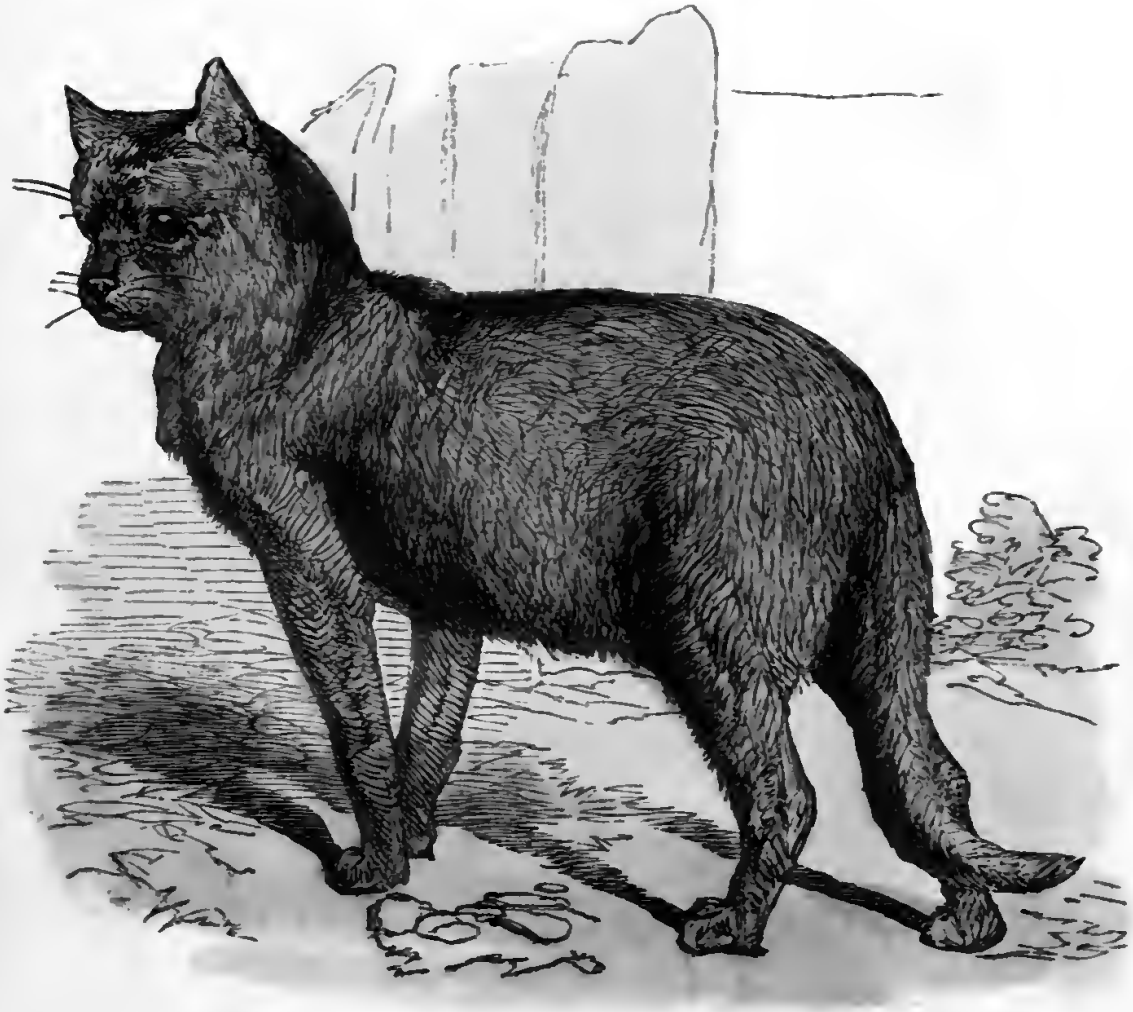
This is the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,

That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cat,

That kill'd the rat,

That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,

That worried the cat,

That kill'd the rat,

That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,

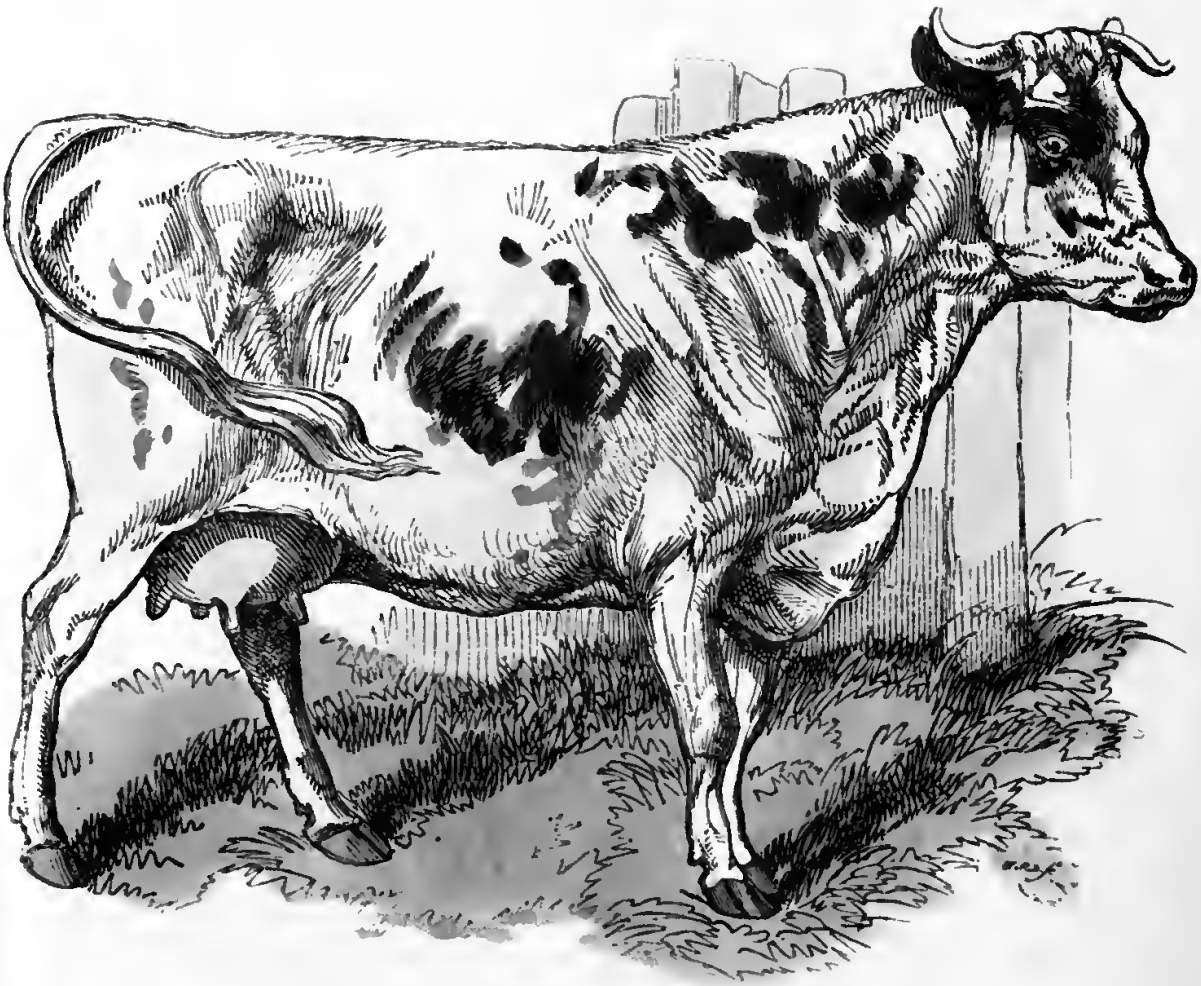
That toss'd the dog,

That worried the cat,

That kill'd the rat,

That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.

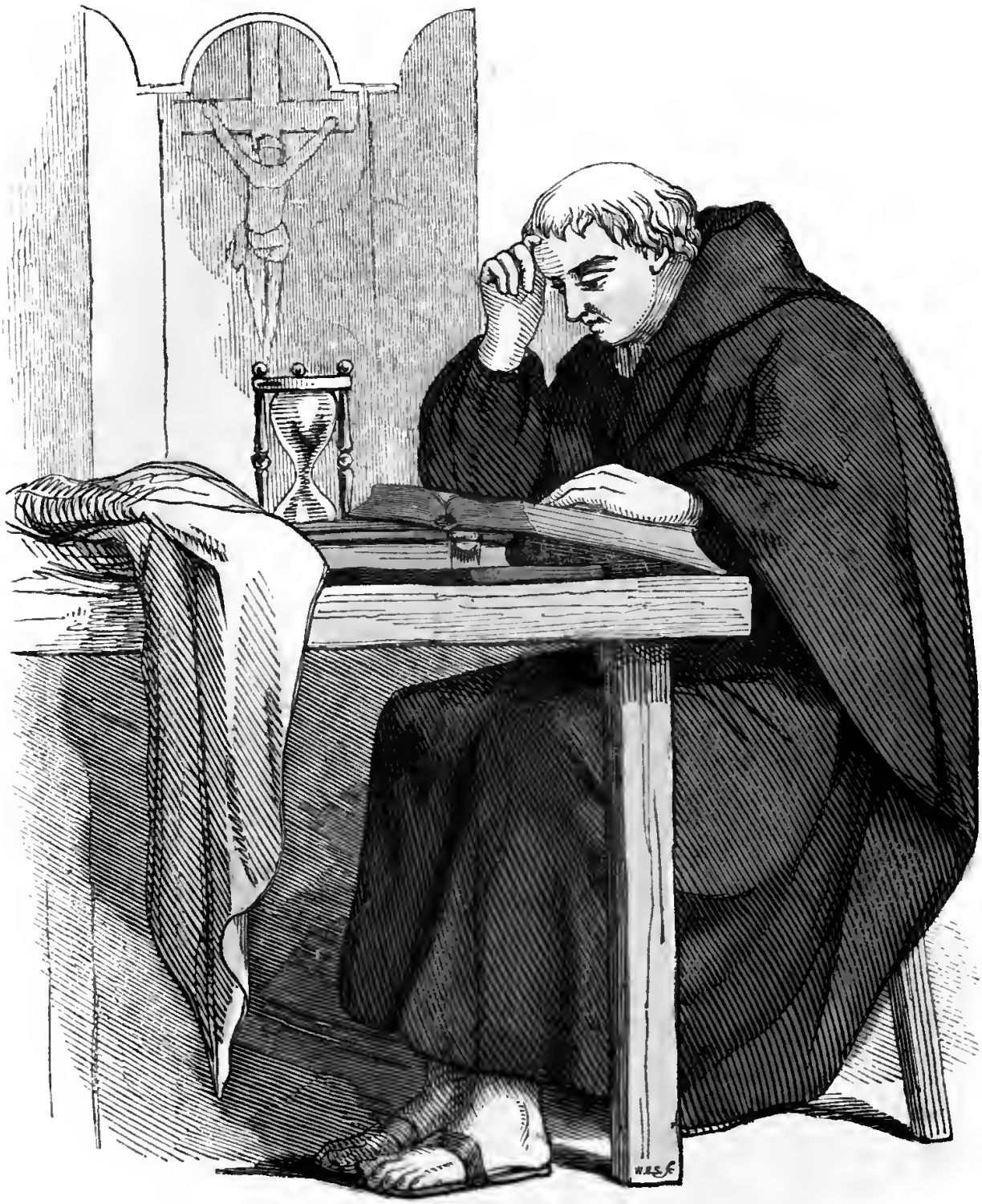


This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

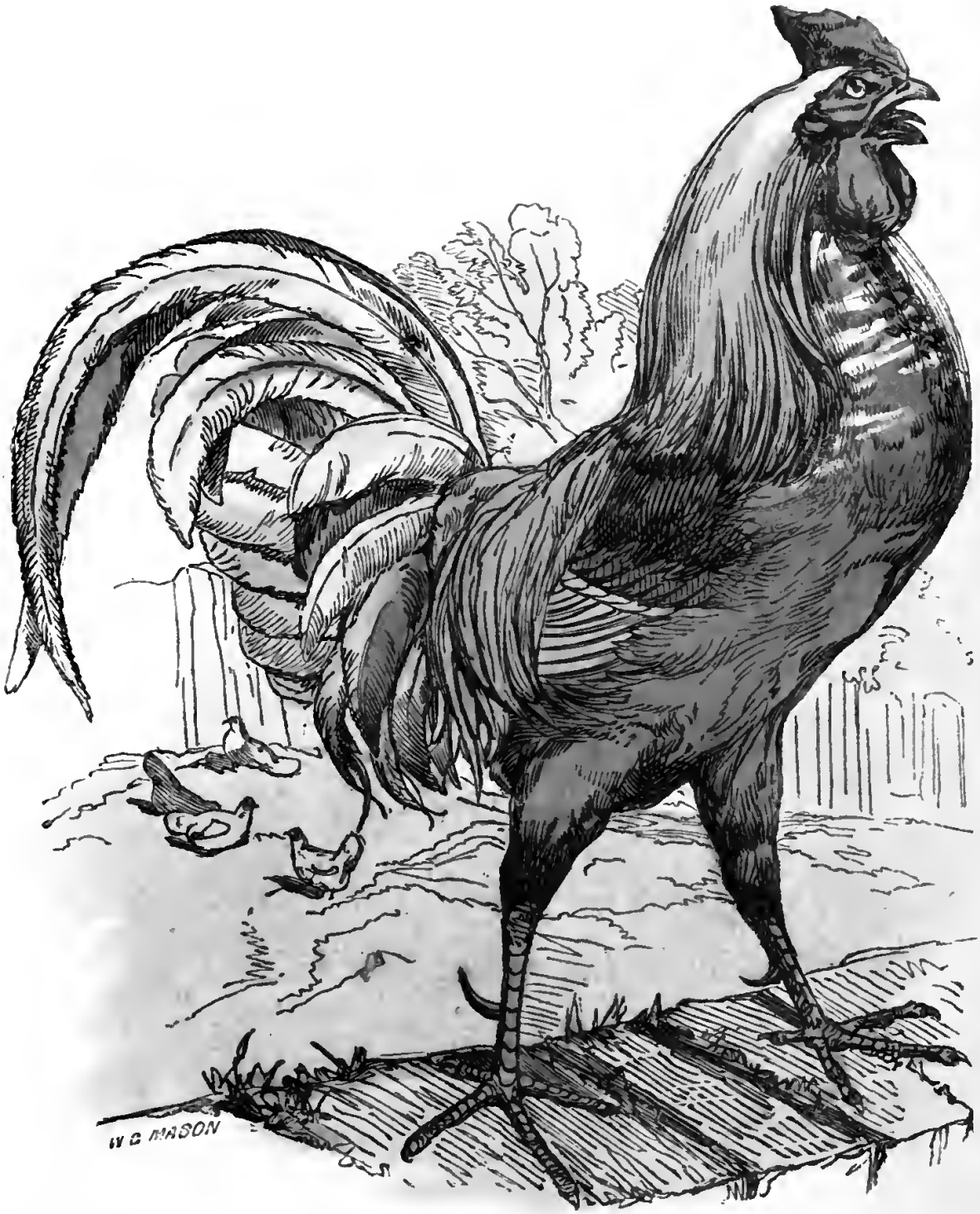
This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

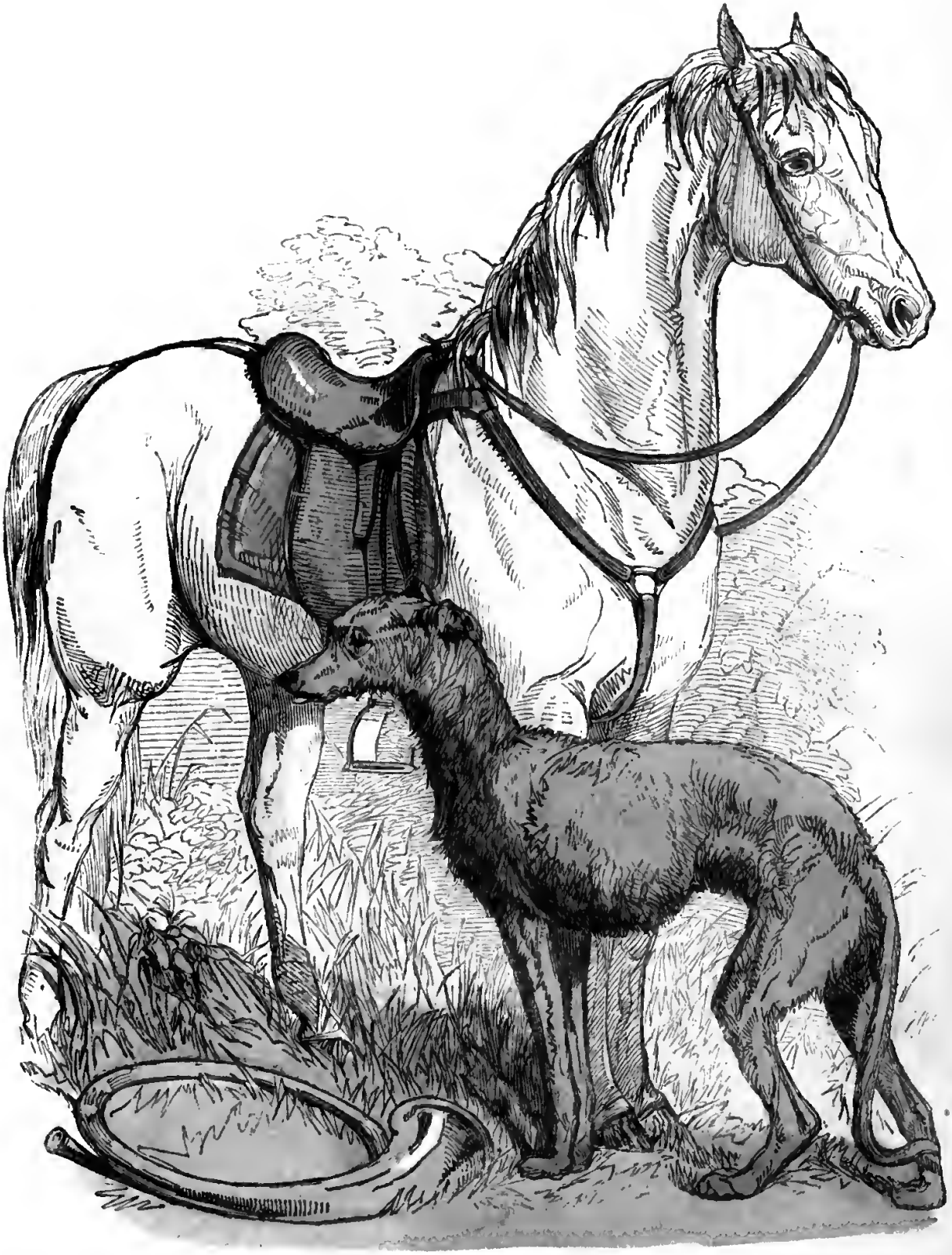

W C MASON

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the horse, and the hound, and the horn,
That belong'd to the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



AND THIS IS THE END

OF THE HOUSE

THAT JACK

BUILT.

MAJA'S ALPHABET.

A is for Ann, who is milking a cow.

B is for Benjamin, making a bow.

C is for Charlotte, gathering flowers.

D is for Dick, who is one of the mowers.

E 's for Eliza, feeding a hen.

F is for Frank, who is mending his pen.

G 's Georgiana, shooting an arrow.

H is for Harry, wheeling a barrow.

I 's Isabella, gathering fruit.

J is for John, who is playing the flute.

K is for Kate, who is nursing her dolly.

L is for Lawrence, feeding Poor Polly.

M is for Maja, learning to draw.

N is for Nicholas, with a jackdaw.

O 's for Octavius, riding a goat.

P 's for Penelope, sailing a boat.

Q is for Quintus, armed with a lance.

R is for Rachel, learning to dance.

S is for Sarah, talking to cook.

T is for Thomas, reading a book.

U is for Urban, rolling the green.

V 's named Victoria, after our Queen.

W 's for Walter, flying a kite.

X is for Xerxes, a boy of great might.

Y 's for Miss Youthful, eating her bread.

AND

Z 's Zachariah, a going to bed.

THE

COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

OF

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE DOLEFUL DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.
Engraved by WALTER MASON.

THE MARRIAGE OF

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

It was on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,—

Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doff'd his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

" My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry-pie,
And drink nice currant-wine.

I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
" Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind;

Cherry-pie is very good!
So is currant-wine!
But I will wear my brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early,
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbours know
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.

And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band;
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then follow'd him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

The Bulfinch walk'd by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
" Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dress'd so gay;

What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

Then came the Bride and Bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dress'd,
And blush'd so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheer'd her up;
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the Bride;
The Linnet, being bride's-maid,
Walk'd by Jenny's side;

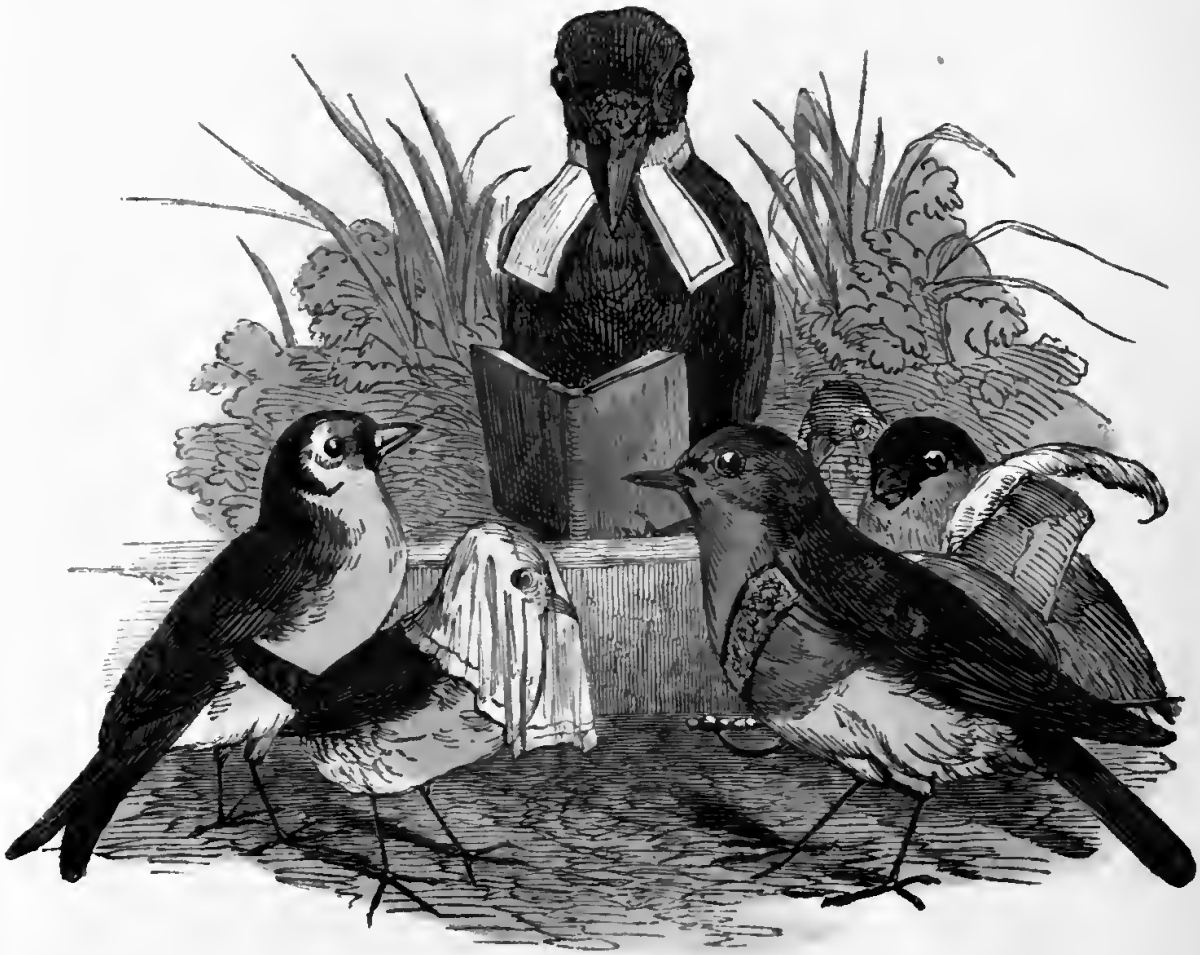
And as she was a-walking,
Said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."

"And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;

The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more, were there:
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren the fair.



"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

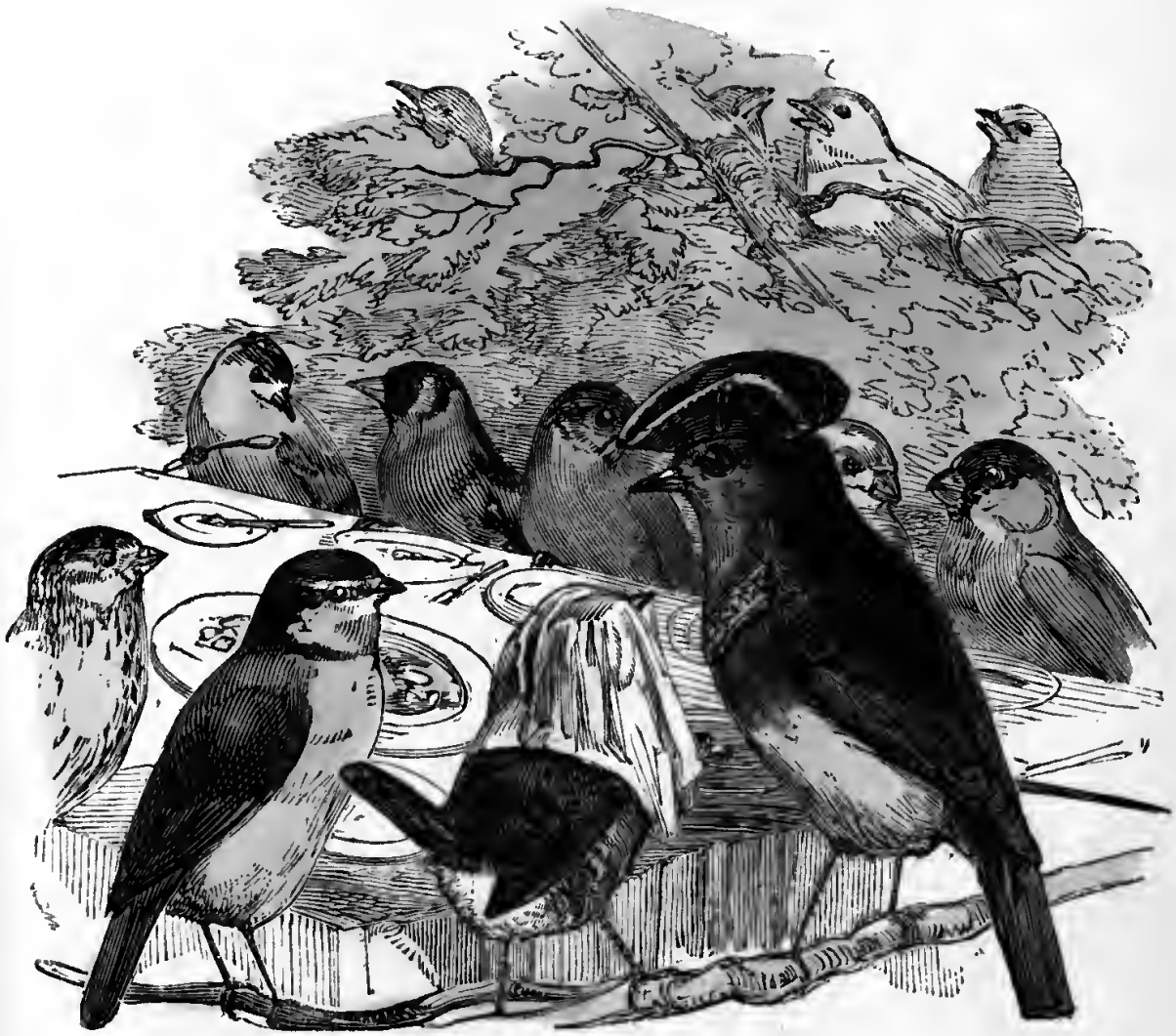
Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!"

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says Parson Rook:
While the Lark aloud did sing,

"Happy be the Bridegroom,
And happy be the Bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were ask'd to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry-pie,
Besides some currant-wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.



Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happen'd to think.

They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,
Cock Robin the Bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.

The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best should sing for Robin,
And Jenny Wren the Bride.

When in came the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pull'd her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetch'd in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright;

For the Cuckoo he miss'd,
But Cock Robin he kill'd!—
And all the birds mourn'd
That his blood was so spill'd.

AND THIS WAS THE END

OF THE COURTSHIP

AND MARRIAGE OF

COCK ROBIN

AND JENNY

WREN.

Printed by Robson, Levey, and Franklyn,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

THE

CAT AND THE MOUSE,

WHO

PLAY'D IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON *and* HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by WALTER G. MASON.

THE

CAT AND THE MOUSE.

ONCE on a time a Cat and a Mouse were playing together in the kitchen of the farm-house at Spring Vale, when, quite by accident, the Cat bit off the Mouse's tail.

It was very strange that the Cat did not bite off the Mouse's head; but this Mouse was a good Mouse, and never stole any cheese, and so the Cat only bit off her tail. Mousey was very much vexed to see that her tail was gone, so she said to Pussy,—

"Oh, dear Pussy!" "do give me my tail again."

"No, that I will not," said Pussy, "till you get me some milk for my breakfast."

"Oh, Brindle will give me some," said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to old Brindle, and thus began:—

"Please, Brindle, give me some milk; I want to give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some hay for my breakfast," said Brindle.

"Oh, Bob Rose will give me some," said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Bob Rose, and thus began:—


W.G.MASON

"Please, Mr. Rose, give me some hay; I want to give Brindle hay. Brindle will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some bread for my breakfast," said Bob Rose.

"Oh, Jack Hardy will give me some," said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Jack Hardy, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Hardy, give me some bread; I want to give Bob Rose bread. Bob Rose will give me some hay, I will give Brindle hay; Brindle will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some meat for my breakfast," said Jack Hardy.

"Oh, Ned Lambkin will give me some," said Mousey.

So she frisked, and jumped, and then she ran
Till she came to Ned Lambkin, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Lambkin, give me some meat; I want to give Jack Hardy meat. Jack Hardy will give me some bread, I will give Bob Rose bread; Bob Rose will give me some hay, I will give Brindle hay; Brindle will give me some milk, I will give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you will eat up the crumbs that have fallen at my breakfast," said Ned Lambkin.

"Oh, that I will," said Mousey; and she soon cleared the floor of every crumb.


W.G.M.

Then Ned Lambkin gave Mousey some meat, and Mousey gave Jack Hardy the meat, and Jack Hardy gave Mousey some bread, and Mousey gave Bob Rose the bread, and Bob Rose gave Mousey some hay, and Mousey gave Brindle the hay, and Brindle gave Mousey some milk, and Mousey gave Pussy milk, and then Pussy gave Mousey

HER OWN TAIL AGAIN.

And she frisked, and jumped, and away she ran,
And cried out to Pussy, "Catch me if you can!"

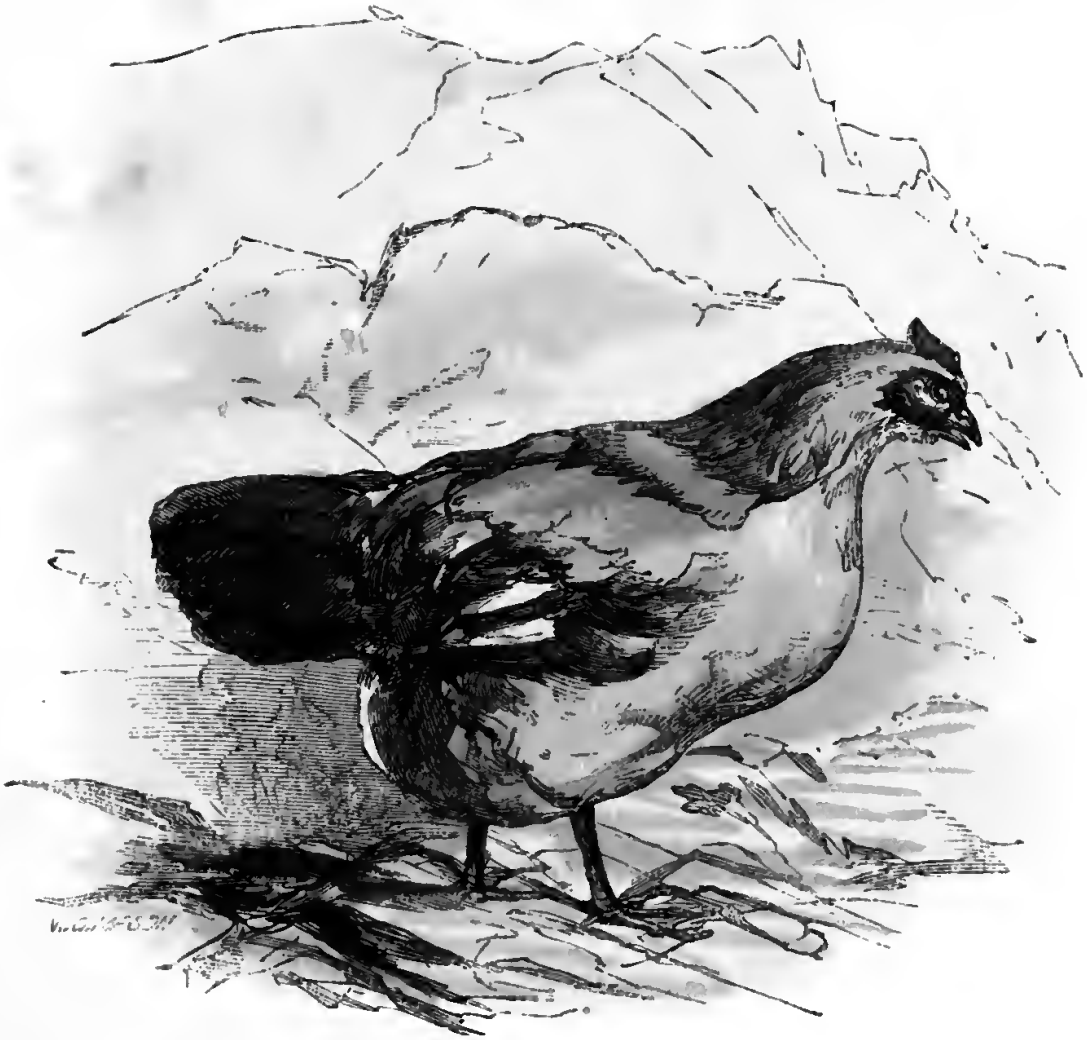
THE

WONDERFUL STORY

OF

HENNY-PENNY.

Illustrated with Two Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.



HENNY-PENNY.

One fine summer morning a hen was picking peas in a farm-yard under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head such a thump that she thought a cloud had fallen. And she thought she would go to the court and tell the king that the clouds were falling: so she gaed, and she gaed, and she gaed, and she met a Cock, and the Cock said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Henny-penny?"

And she said,—

"Oh, Cocky-locky, the clouds are falling, and I am going to tell the king."

And Cocky-locky said,—

"I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Duck. So the Duck said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Ducky-daddles, the clouds are falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Ducky-daddles said,—

"I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Goose. So the Goose said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Goosie-poosie, the clouds are falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Goosie-poosie said,—

"I will go with you, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Turkey. So the Turkey said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Turkey-lurky, the clouds are falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And Turkey-lurky said,—

"I will go with you, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-poosie, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Fox. So the Fox said,—


GREENAWAY & WRIGHT Sc

"Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Mr. Fox, the clouds are falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And the Fox said,—

"Come with me, Turkey-lurky, Goosie-poosie, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will shew you the road to the king's house."

So they all gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they came to the Fox's hole, and the Fox took them all into his hole, and he and his young cubs eat up first poor Henny-penny, then poor Cocky-locky, then poor Ducky-daddles, then poor Goosie-poosie, and then poor Turkey-lurky; and so they never got to the king to tell him that the clouds had fallen on the head of poor Henny-penny.

THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

A Fox jump'd up on a moonlight night,
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!"

The Fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listen'd awhile;
"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, e-oh!"

The Fox when he came to the Farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the Farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, e-oh!"

The grey goose ran right round the hay-stack,
"Oh, ho!" said the Fox, "you are very fat;
You'll do very well to ride on my back
From this into yonder town, e-oh!"

The Farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head;
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the Fox has been through the town, e-oh!"

The Farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a Fox through the head:
"Ah, ha!" said the Farmer, "I think you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!"

THE

DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

COCK ROBIN.

Illustrated with Thirteen Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by W. T. GREEN, &c.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF

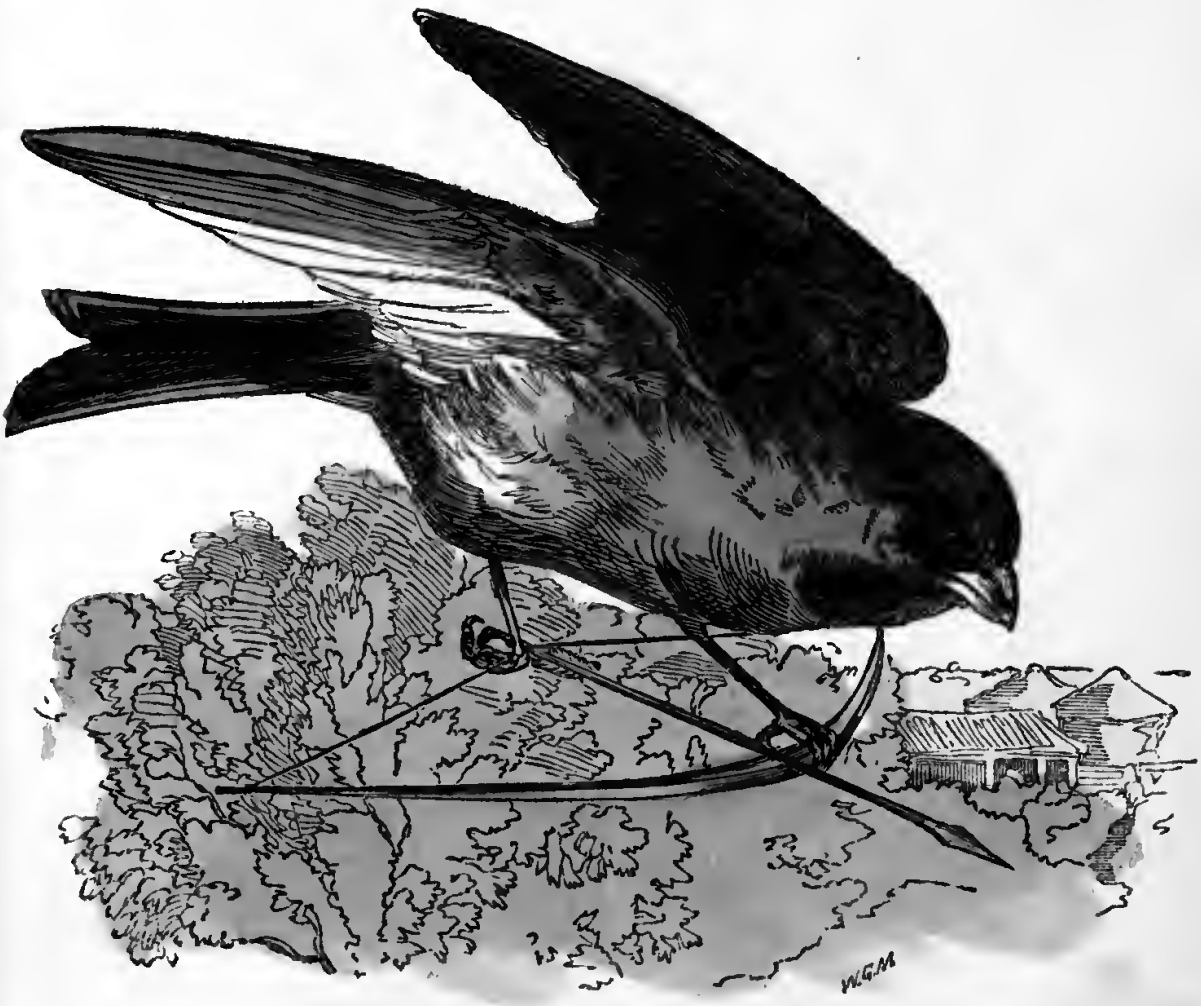
COCK ROBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

And I kill'd Cock Robin.



Here is the Sparrow,

With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

Here is the little Fly

Who saw Cock Robin die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.

Here is the Fish,

Holding the dish.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I'll make his shroud.

Here is the Beetle,

With his thread and needle.

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and showl,
And I'll dig his grave.

Here is the Owl,

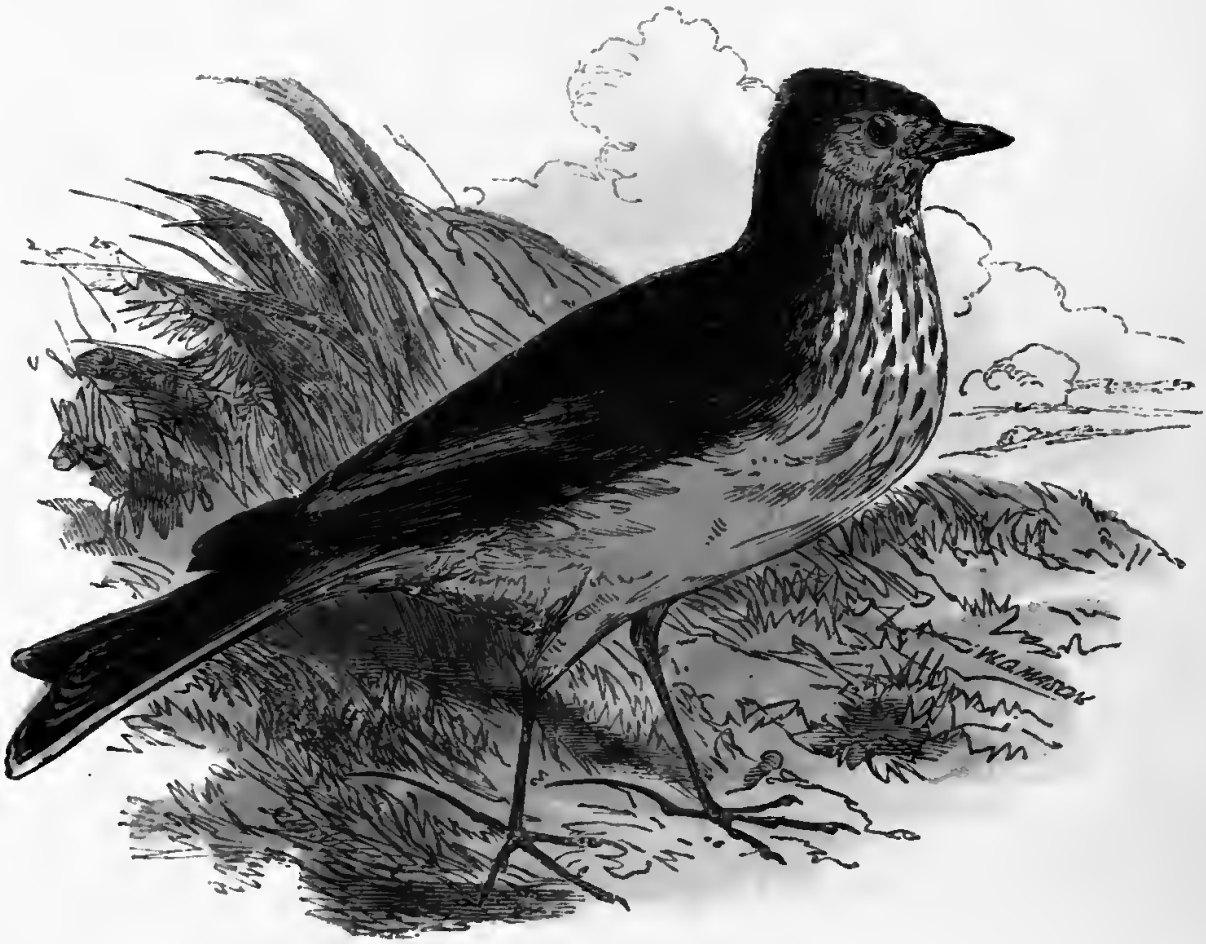
With his little showl.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

Here is the Rook,

Reading his book.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk.



Here is the Lark,

Saying "Amen" like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.

Here is the Kite,

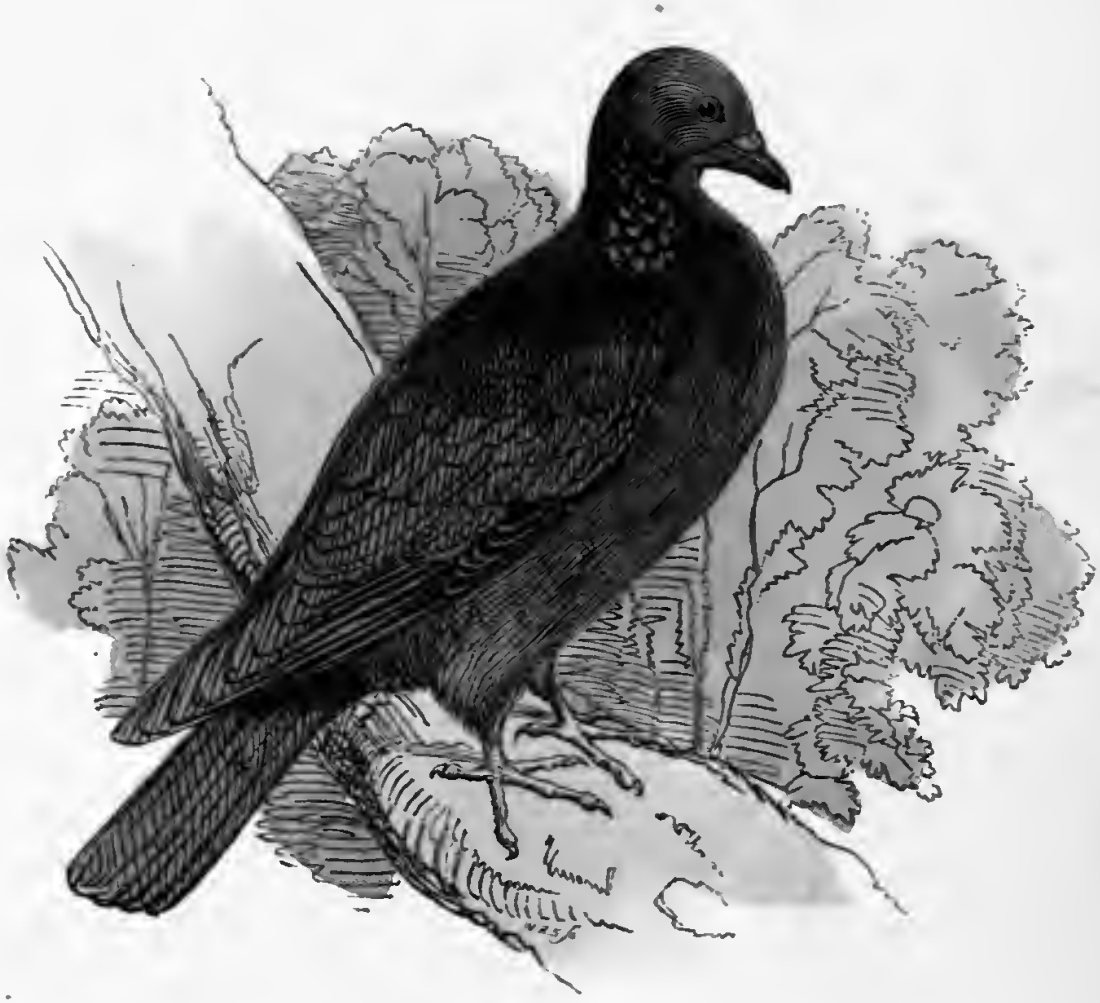
In the air in full flight.

Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link.

Here is the Linnet,

With a link with fire in it.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner.



Here is the Dove,

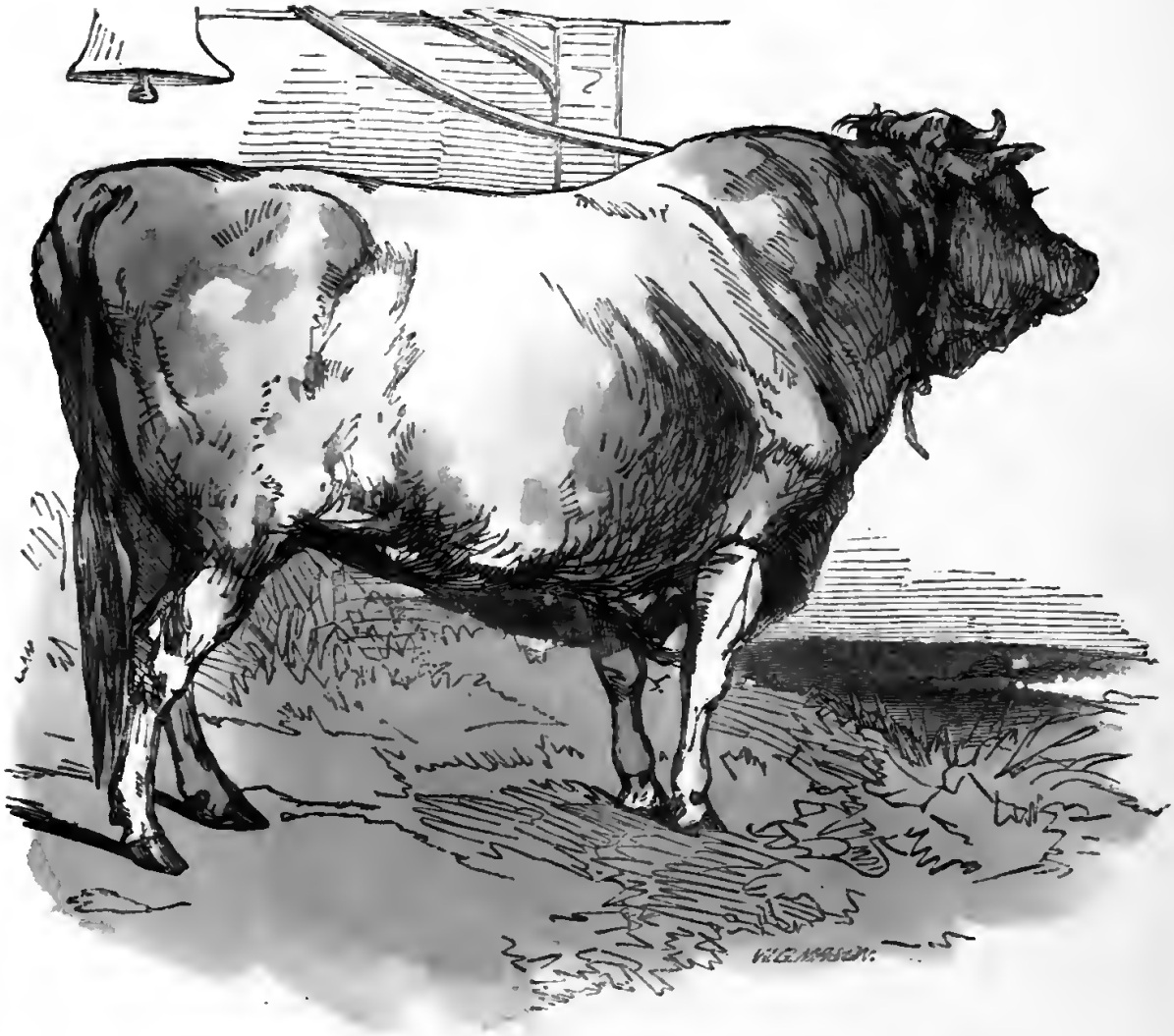
Who Cock Robin did love.

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.

Here is the Thrush,

Singing psalms from the bush.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell.



Here is the great Bull
Who the bell-rope did pull.

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbin,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

ALAS! POOR COCK ROBIN.

Printed by Robson, Levey, and Franklyn,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

THE

OLD DAME

AND

HER SILVER SIXPENCE.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON *and* HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by HORACE HARRALL.

THE OLD DAME

AND

HER SILVER SIXPENCE.

Once upon a time an old Dame was sweeping out her cottage, when, to her great joy, she found a silver sixpence. The good Dame sat down to think what she should do with such a good piece of luck, for you must know that in days gone by a silver sixpence was worth much more than it is now-a-days,

and first of all she thought she would buy a fat duck, and then she thought she would buy a hen that laid eggs well, but after thinking and thinking for a long, long time, she thought she would buy a pig! So the old Dame put up her broom in the closet, and then got out her best high-heeled shoes, and her best cap, and her steeple-crowned hat, and made herself very smart, and then taking her good old stick, the old Dame sat out for the market-town close by.

The way to the town was through green lanes and across large meadows, and as the old Dame clambered over the stile at the end of the meadow, she sat on the top to rest herself and to think again on her good luck. Then she went on again till she came to the town, and she went straight to the market-place, and there she found a boy with a nice

white pig to sell, so, after a little bargaining, she gave the boy the silver sixpence for the white pig, and then she tied a piece of string to one of the pig's hind legs, and began to drive him home.

Piggy went through the streets very well, only grunting sometimes and running into the gutter when he saw anything he could eat, until at last they came to the stile into the meadow. The old Dame tried to lift the pig over the lower bar of the stile, but he squeaked, and grunted, and wriggled about till the old Dame was quite tired, and then piggy laid down and would not stir. Just then a little dog came trotting up, so the old Dame said to him,—

"Good dog, bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

So the old Dame held up her stick and said,—

"Good stick, beat dog; dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

So the old Dame gathered some bits of wood together, and set them on fire, and then threw her stick into the fire, and said,—

"Good fire, burn stick; stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

So the old Dame fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said,—

"Good water, quench fire; fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the water would not.

So the old Dame turned round in a passion, and then she saw an ox coming; so she said,—

"Good ox, drink water; water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

So the old Dame turned round to the stile again, and then she saw a jolly butcher leaning on the stile; so she said to him,—

"Good butcher, kill ox; ox will not drink water, water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

So the old Dame took a rope out of her pocket, and said,—

"Good rope, hang butcher; butcher will not kill ox, ox will not drink water, water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

So the old Dame was in despair; but just then a large brown mouse ran across the meadow, and she said,—

"Good mouse, gnaw rope; rope will not hang butcher, butcher will not kill ox, ox will not drink water, water will not quench fire, fire will not burn stick, stick will not beat dog, dog will not bite pig, pig will not get over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night."

"Yes," said the mouse, "I will, if you will give me some cheese."

So the old Dame put her hand in her pocket and brought out a nice piece of cheese; and when the mouse had eaten it—

The mouse began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig,—the pig he rushed right through the stile,

And so the old Dame got home in time to boil her apple-dumplings.

THE

ROBIN'S YULE SONG.

THE ROBIN'S YULE SONG.

THERE was once an old grey Pussy, and she went down by the water side, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a brier; and Pussy says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning." And Pussy says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck." But wee Robin says, "No, no, grey Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee mousie; but you shall not worry me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a grey, greedy Hawk, sitting. And the grey, greedy Hawk, says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."

And grey, greedy Hawk, says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing." But wee Robin says, "No, no, grey, greedy Hawk, no, no! You pecked at the wee linnet; but you shan't peck me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. And the sly Fox says, "Where are you going to, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine Yule morning." And the sly Fox says, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail." But wee Robin says, "No, no, sly Fox, no, no! You worried the wee lamb; but you shan't worry me." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rivulet, and there he saw a wee boy sitting. And the wee Boy says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And

wee Robin says, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning." And the wee Boy says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll give you some little crumbs out of my pocket." But wee Robin says, "No, no, wee Boy, no, no! You twisted the goldfinch's neck, but you shan't twist mine." So wee Robin flew away till he came to the King, and there he sat on a window-sill, and sang the King a bonny song. And the King says to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee Robin for singing us this bonny song?" And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll give him the wee Wren to be his wife." So wee Robin and the wee Wren were married, and the King, and Queen, and all the court danced at the wedding, and afterwards wee Robin flew away home to his own water side and hopped on a brier.

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JENNY WREN.

Illustrated with Nine Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.

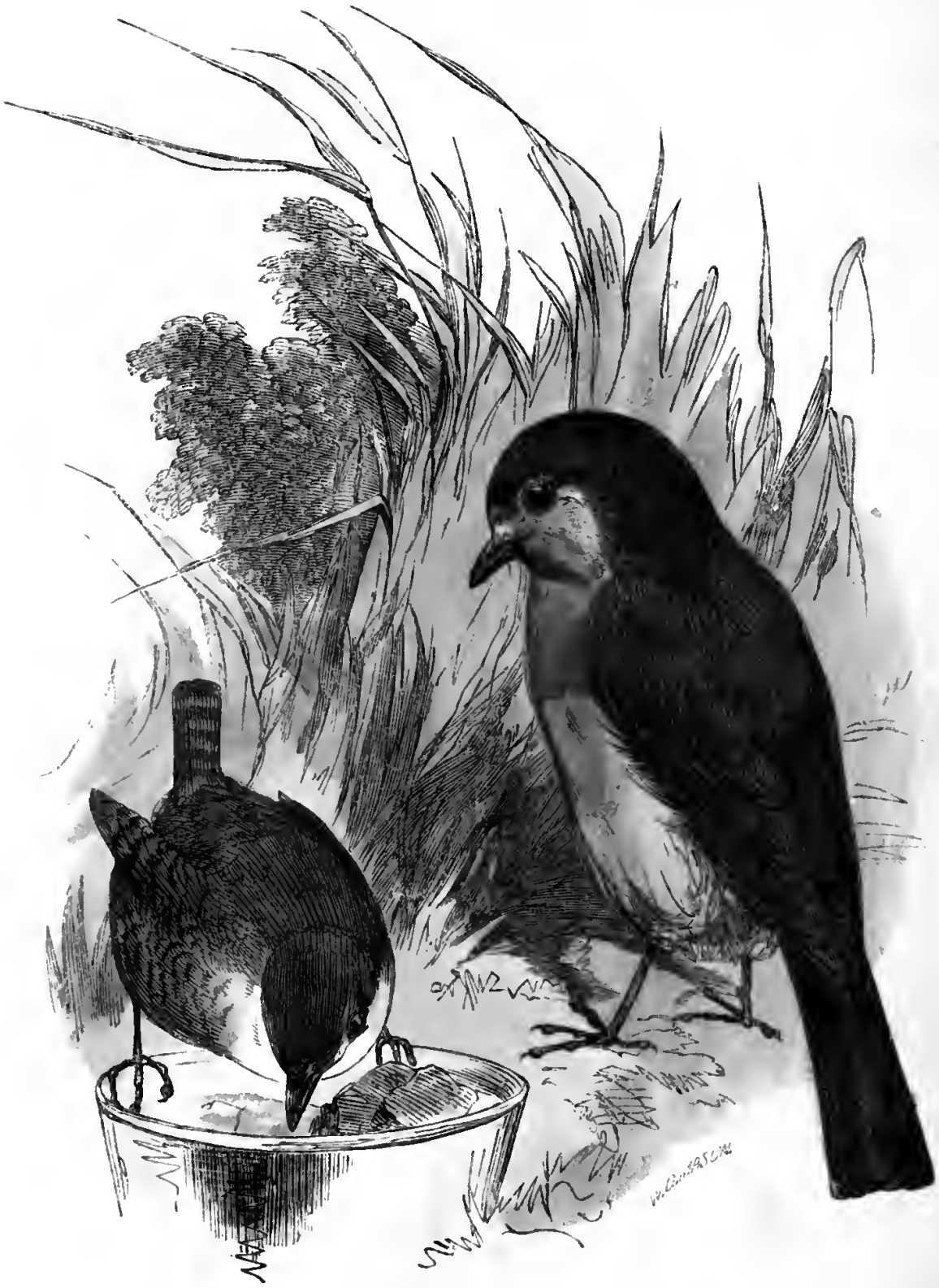
THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

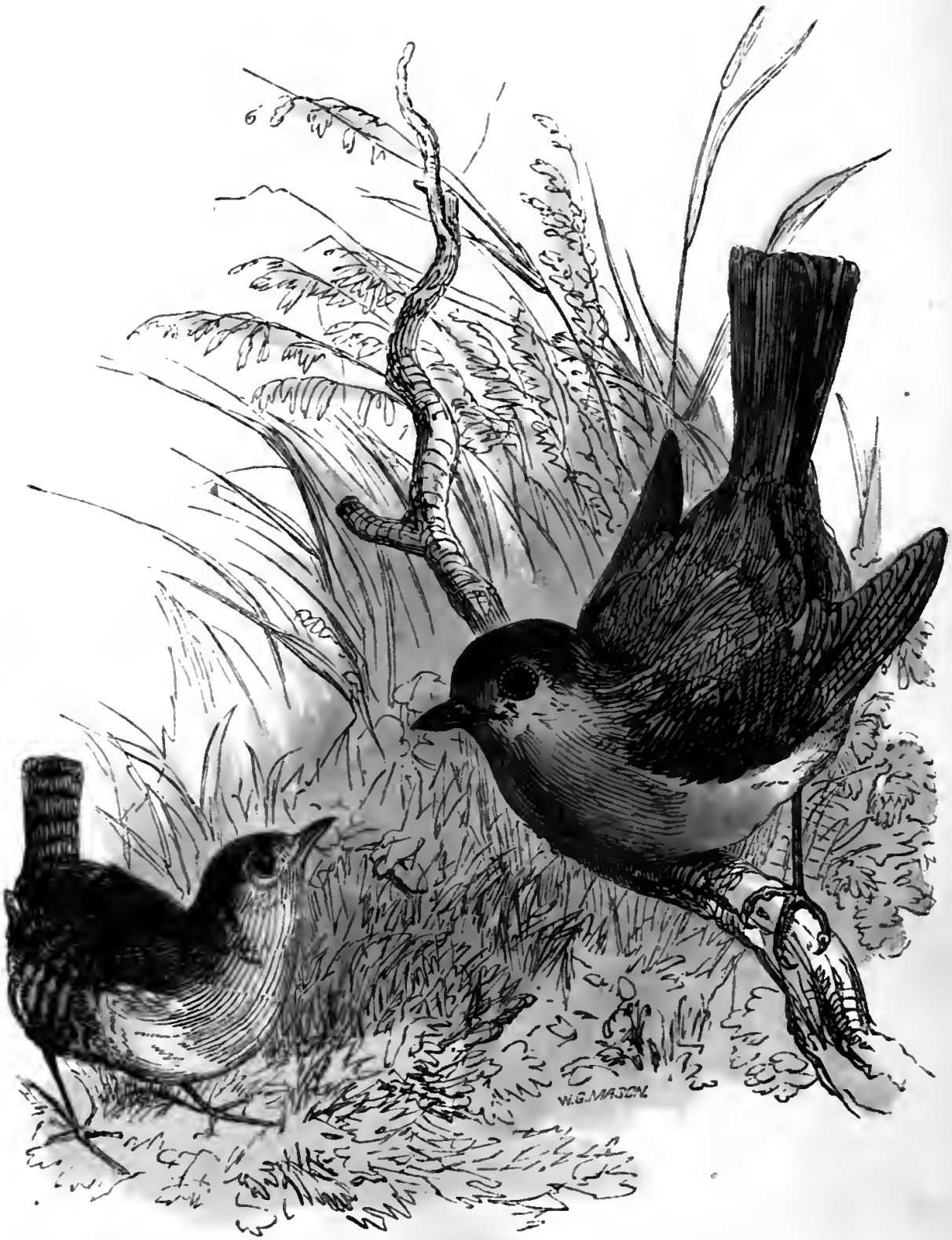
"Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine."
"Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine."

Then Jenny she got well
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
She loved him not a bit.



Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig,
Saying, "Out upon you,
Fie upon you, bold-faced jig!"

Jenny Wren fell sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die:
The doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.


W.G.MASON

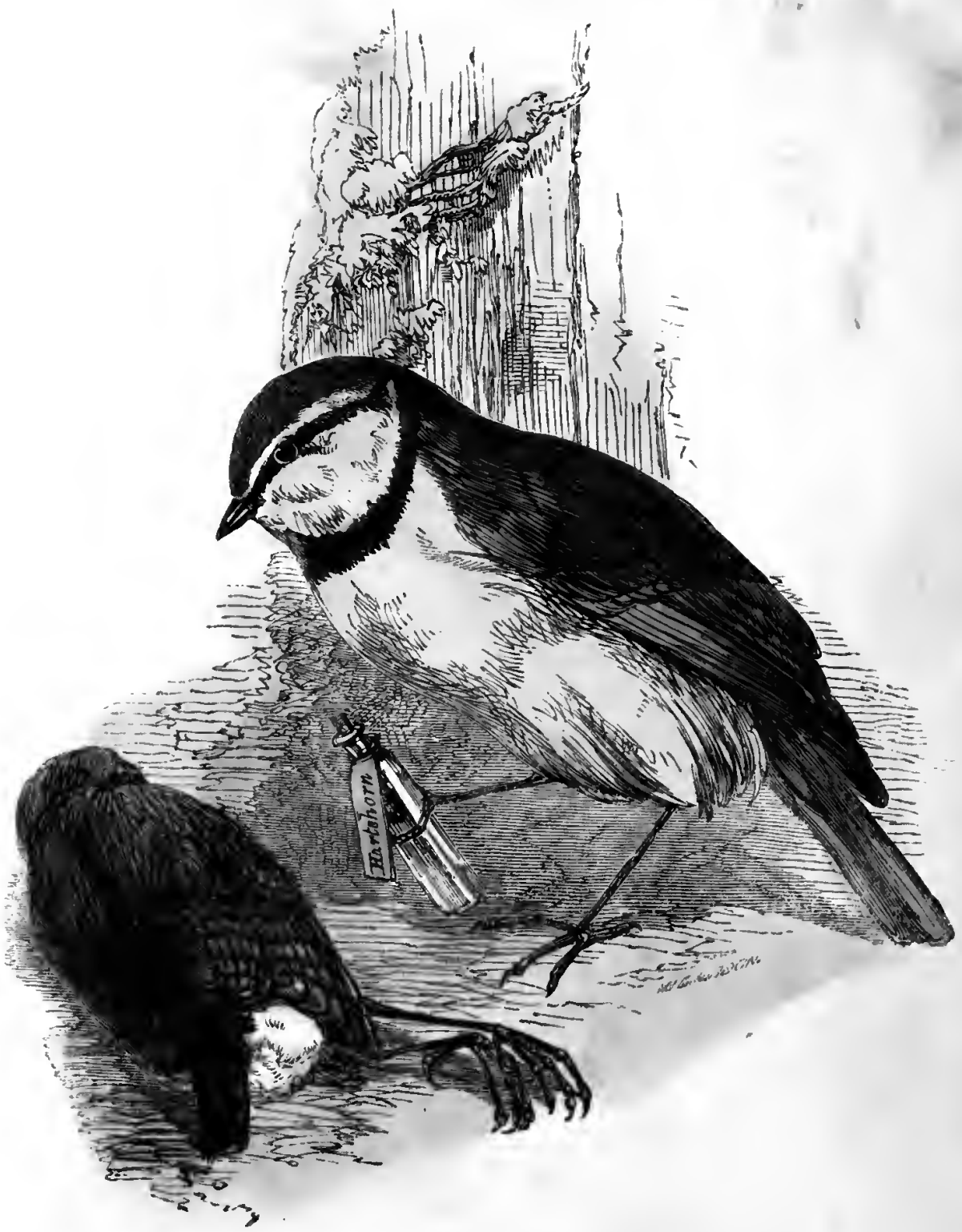
Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, "I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead."

"She'll do very well,"
Says sly Doctor Fox,
"If she takes but one pill
From out of this box."


W.C.MASON

With hartshorn in hand
Came Doctor Tomtit,
Saying, "Really, good sirs,
It's only a fit."

"You're right, Doctor Tit,
The truth I've no doubt of;
But death is a fit
Folks seldom get out of."


Barbhorn

Doctor Cat says, "Indeed,
I don't think she's dead;
I believe, if I try,
She yet might be bled."

"I think, Puss, you're foolish,"
Then says Doctor Goose;
"For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use."

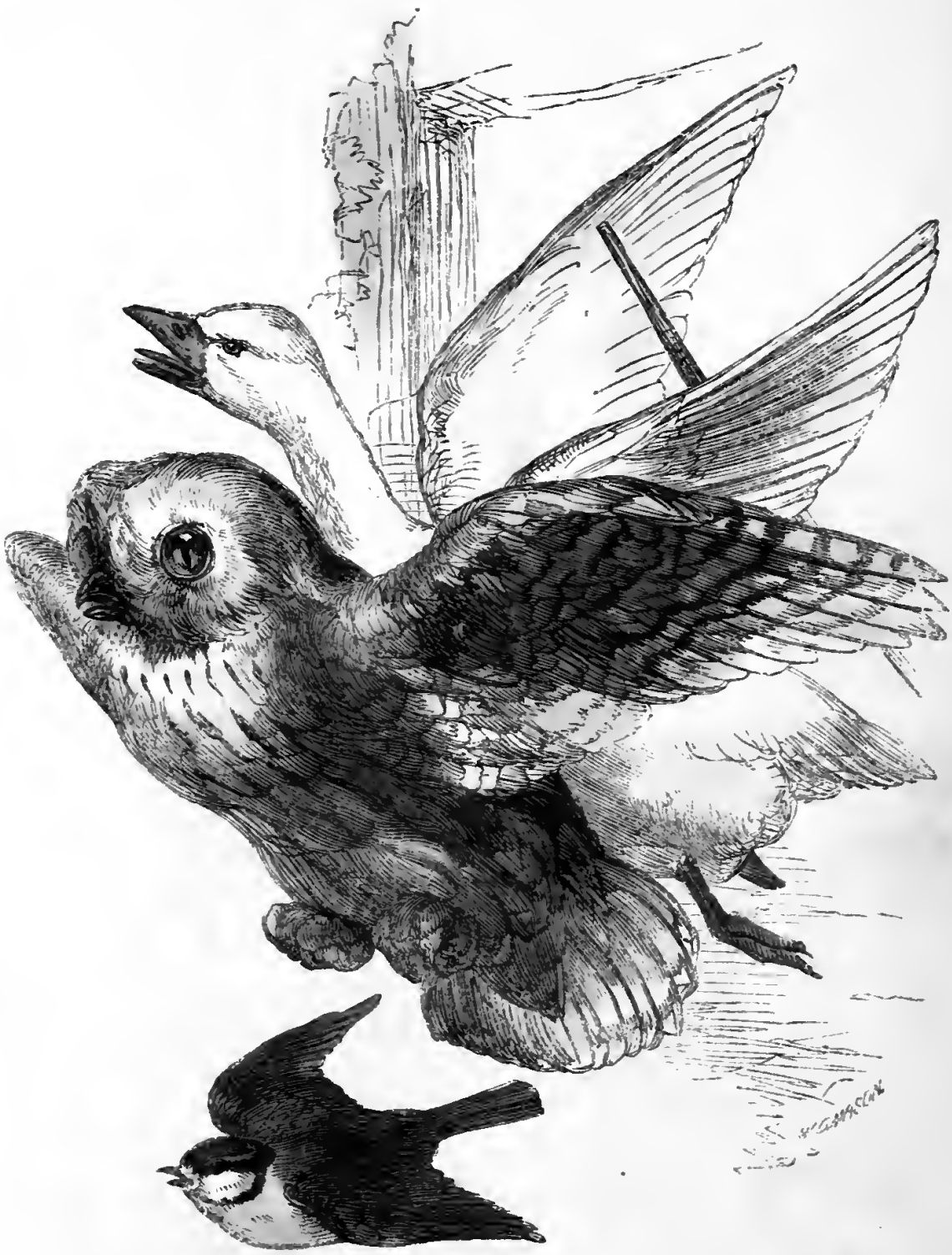
Doctor Owl then declared
That the cause of her death,
He really believed,
Was the want of more breath.

" Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right:
You might as well have said
That day is not night."


W.G. MASON

Says Robin, "Get out!
You're a parcel of quacks;
Or I'll lay this good stick
On each of your backs."

Then Robin began
To bang them about;
They staid for no fees,
But were glad to get out.



Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves,
At last he covers her with leaves;
Yet near the place a mournful lay
For Jenny Wren sings every day.

POOR JENNY WREN!


W.C. MARSON

AND THUS ENDETH

THE STORY OF

POOR JENNY

WREN.

THE FROG

WHO WOULD

A-WOOING GO.

A Frog he would a-wooing go,

Sing heigho says Rowley,

Whether his mother would let him or no.

With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,

Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

So off he march'd with his opera hat,

Heigho says Rowley,

And on the way he met with a rat,

With a rowley powley, &c.

And when they came to mouse's hall,

Heigho says Rowley,

They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,

With a rowley powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"

Heigho says Rowley,

"Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,"

With a rowley powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley powley, &c.

Now while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho says Rowley,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowley powley, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowley powley, &c.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho says Rowley,
So he took up his hat, and he wish'd them good night,
With a rowley powley, &c.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley powley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the little Frogg-ee!
With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.

OLD

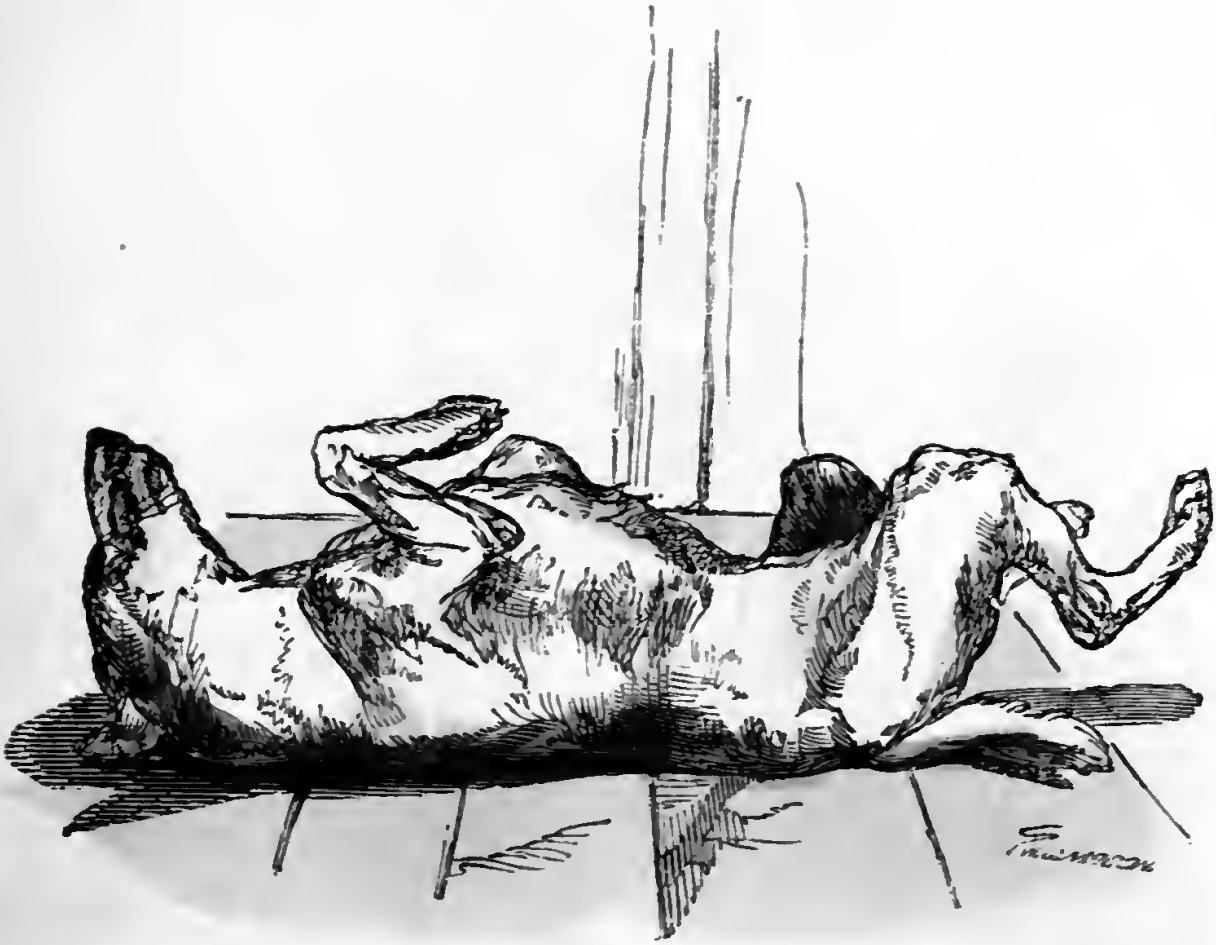
MOTHER HUBBARD

AND HER DOG.

Illustrated with Fourteen Drawings by H. WEIR.
Engraved by WALTER MASON.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

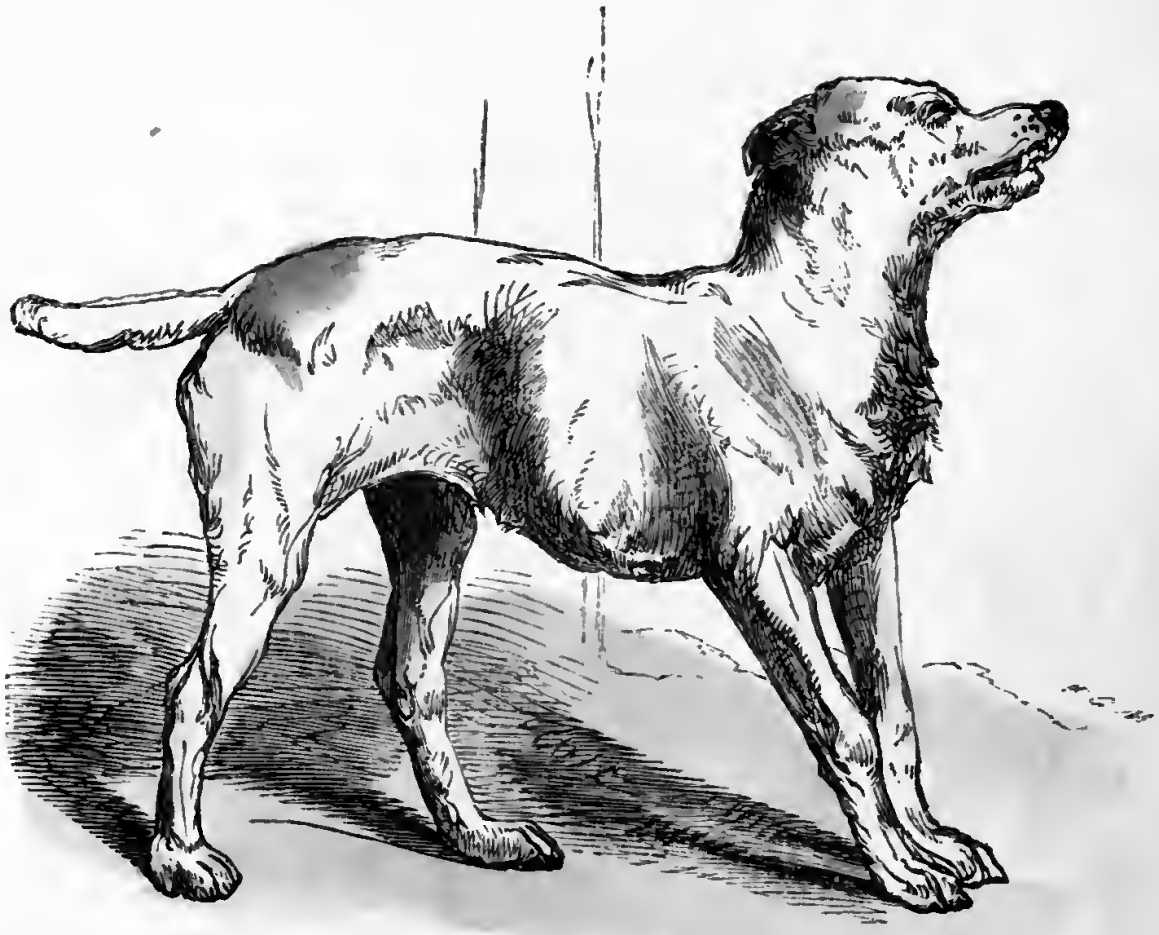


She went to the baker's,

To buy him some bread,

But when she came back

The poor Dog was dead.



She went to the joiner's,

To buy him a coffin,

But when she came back

The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,

To get him some tripe,

But when she came back

He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house,

To get him some beer,

But when she came back

The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern,

For white wine and red,

But when she came back

The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,

To buy him a hat,

But when she came back

He was feeding the Cat.

She went to the barber's,

To buy him a wig,

But when she came back

He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's,
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's,

To buy him a coat,

But when she came back

He was riding a Goat.

She went to the cobbler's,

To buy him some shoes,

But when she came back

He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress,

To buy him some linen,

But when she came back

The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow, wow."

THE END OF OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

THE BEAR

AND THE CHILDREN.

FROM ANDERSEN'S "PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES."

Translated by Meta Taylor.

THE

BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.

I WILL tell you a circumstance which occurred a year ago, in a country town in the south of Germany. The master of a dancing Bear was sitting in the tap-room of an inn, eating his supper; whilst the Bear, poor harmless beast! was tied up behind the wood-stack in the yard.

In the room upstairs three little children were playing about. Tramp, tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs: who could it be? The door flew

open, and enter—the Bear, the huge shaggy beast, with his clanking chain! Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, Bruin had at length found his way to the staircase. At first the little children were in a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the Bear found them all out, and put his muzzle, snuffling, up to them, but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children; and they began to stroke him familiarly. The Bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur of the beast. Then the eldest boy went and fetched his drum, and thumped away on it with might and main; whereupon the Bear stood erect upon his hind legs, and began to dance. What

glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket: the Bear must of course have one too; and he held it tight and firm, like any soldier. There's a comrade for you, my lads! and away they marched—one, two—one, two!

The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her—speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet, and her eyes fixed with horror. But the youngest boy nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried, "Mamma, we are only playing at soldiers!"

At that moment the master of the Bear appeared.

Printed by Robson, Levey, and Franklyn,

Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

THE

COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

OF

THE LITTLE MAN

AND

THE LITTLE MAID.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON.

Engraved by WALTER G. MASON.

THE COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

OF

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE MAID.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little mind
For to ask a little maid for to wed, wed, wed.

He hover'd near her door,
As he counted out his ore,
Dressed in his coat of red, red, red.

When the little maid came out,
He turned him about,
And begg'd she would look at him, him, him :

With his little heart so bold,
In his scarlet coat, and gold,
And all his other clothes in trim, trim, trim.

The little maid look'd mild,
And I think I've heard she smiled,
As she told him to call to-morrow, morrow, morrow.


W.G.M

The delay near broke his heart;
So great he felt the smart,
That he went to his home in sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

And when he got there,
He sat him in a chair,
And sadly began for to think, think, think,

Of what he should say
On the very next day,
For, alas! his little heart did sink, sink, sink.

For his offers, though sincere,
'Twas to him very clear,
Were but little to induce her to wed, wed, wed;

The thought was so severe,
That he shed many a tear,
As he laid himself down on his bed, bed, bed.

When the dawn began to peep,
He awoke from his sleep,
And ran to the door of his dove, dove, dove;

Said he, "I'm all on fire,
And afraid I shall expire,
If you do not come, my love, love, love."

She awoke from her nap,
And in her night-cap
She spoke from the window in haste, haste, haste,

"Will your flames assist a little
To boil water in the kettle,
That some breakfast I may chance for to taste, taste,
taste."


W.G.MASON

Then the little man he sat,
A-twirling of his hat,
On the upper step of the door, door, door.

She was really such a time,
That he thought he must resign
All hope of ever seeing her more, more, more.

At length she came to him,
And said, "Little sir, walk in,
And we'll talk this little matter o'er, o'er, o'er.


W G MASON

If I consent to be your bride,
Pray, how will you provide
For the things that I shall want by the score, score,
score?"

Then the little man replied,
"I have little else beside
But love that I can offer to you, you, you.

But be not afraid;
For the little that I have
Shall be yours, with a heart that is true, true, true."


W G MASON

Then the little maid him eyed
Until he almost cried,
So searching and so piercing was her look, look, look.

With a smile his sorrow cures;
At length she says, "I'm yours;
Go and bid the parson bring his book, book, book."

"I am come, sir, now
(Making a very low bow),
That I may acquaint you with the news, news, news:

I have taken it in my pate
To choose a loving mate,
So pray, Mr. Parson, do not muse, muse, muse."

He was going to say more,
When a rap at the door
Made them both for to jump with a start, start, start.

" 'Tis," said he, " a friend of mine,
Come to ask me to dine
On turkey, and chine, and on tart, tart, tart."

"What are turkey and chine
To love so hot as mine?"
Said the loving little man, as he sigh'd, sigh'd, sigh'd:

"Pray, think no more of it;
Love has got on her bonnet,
All ready to be my bride, bride, bride."

To the little man and maid
The parson no more said,
But to church with them quickly went, went, went.

And in presence of some
He soon made them one,
And happy to their home them sent, sent, sent.

To the little man's great joy,
She soon had a little boy,
Which made the little man quite glad, glad, glad.

And 'twas the mother's pleasure
To nurse her little treasure,
Which such rapture did impart to his dad, dad, dad.

Now every thing was smiling,
There was nothing like reviling,
While cheerful plenty crowned their labours, labours, labours.

The little man with joy
Would take his little boy,
And shew him all around to his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.

THE STORY

OF

THE THREE BEARS.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by
W. G. MASON *and* GREENAWAY & WRIGHT.

THE

STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to

sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to

breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came her's, plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she laid down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough,


W. C. MASON

gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"*Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!*"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had

heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

END OF THE STORY
OF THE THREE
BEARS.

THE

FOX AND THE GEESE.

AN

ANTIENT NURSERY TALE.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.

Engraved by GREENAWAY & WRIGHT.

THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

THERE was once a Goose at the point of death,
So she called her three daughters near,
And desired them all, with her latest breath,
Her last dying words to hear.

"There's a Mr. Fox," said she, "that I know,
Who lives in a covert hard by,
To our race he has proved a deadly foe,
So beware of his treachery.

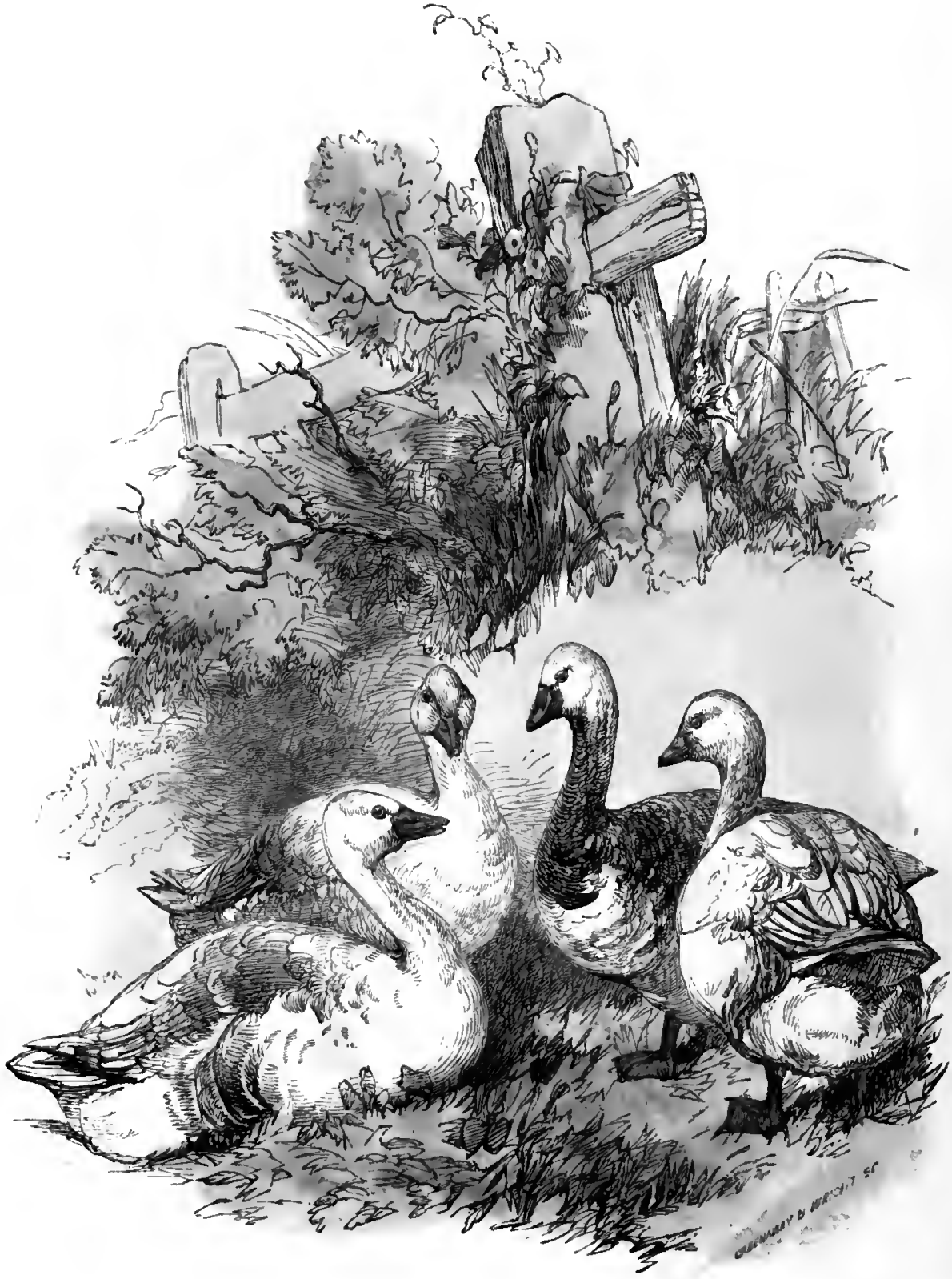
"Build houses, ere long, of stone or of bricks,
And get tiles for your roofs, I pray;
For I know, of old, Mr. Reynard's tricks,
And I fear he may come any day."

Thus saying, she died, and her daughters fair,—
Gobble, Goosey, and Ganderee,—
Agreed together, that they would beware
Of Mr. Fox, their enemy.

But Gobble, the youngest, I grieve to say,
Soon came to a very bad end,
Because she preferred her own silly way,
And would not to her mother attend.

For she made, with some boards, an open nest,
For a roof took the lid of a box;
Then quietly laid herself down to rest,
And thought she was safe from the Fox.

But Reynard, in taking an evening run,
Soon scented the goose near the pond;
Thought he, "Now I'll have some supper and fun,
For of both I am really fond."



Then on to the box he sprang in a trice,
And roused Mrs. Gobble from bed;
She only had time to hiss once or twice
Ere he snapped off her lily-white head.

Her sisters at home felt anxious and low
When poor Gobble did not appear,
And Goosey, determined her fate to know,
Went and sought all the field far and near.

At last she descried poor Gobble's head,
And some feathers, not far apart,
So she told Ganderee she had found her dead,
And they both felt quite sad at heart.

Now Goosey was pretty, but liked her own way,
Like Gobble, and some other birds.
"'Tis no matter," said she, "if I only obey
A part of my mother's last words."

So her house she soon built of nice red brick,
But she only thatched it with straw;
And she thought that, however the fox might kick,
He could not get in e'en a paw.

So she went to sleep, and at dead of night
She heard at the door a low scratch;
And presently Reynard, with all his might,
Attempted to jump on the thatch.

But he tumbled back, and against the wall
Grazed his nose in a fearful way,
Then, almost mad with the pain of his fall,
He barked, and ran slowly away.

So Goosey laughed, and felt quite o'erjoyed
To have thus escaped from all harm;
But had she known how the Fox was employed,
She would have felt dreadful alarm;

For Gobble had been his last dainty meat,—
So hungry he really did feel,—
And resolved in his mind to accomplish this feat,
And have the young goose for a meal.

So he slyly lighted a bundle of straws,
And made no more noise than a mouse,
Then lifted himself up on his hind paws,
And quickly set fire to the house.

'Twas soon in a blaze, and Goosey awoke,
With fright almost ready to die,
And, nearly smothered with heat and with smoke,
Up the chimney was forced to fly.

The Fox was rejoiced to witness her flight,
And, heedless of all her sad groans,
He chased her until he saw her alight,
Then eat her up all but her bones.

Poor Ganderee's heart was ready to break
When the sad news reached her ear.
"'Twas that villain the Fox," said good Mr. Drake,
Who lived in a pond very near.

"Now listen to me, I pray you," he said,
"And roof your new house with some tiles,
Or you, like your sisters, will soon be dead,—
A prey to your enemy's wiles."

So she took the advice of her mother and friend,
And made her house very secure.
Then she said,—"Now, whatever may be my end,
The Fox cannot catch me, I'm sure."

He called at her door the very next day,
And loudly and long did he knock,
But she said to him,—"Leave my house, I pray,
For the door I will not unlock;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" For you've killed my sisters I know full well,
And you wish that I too were dead."
" Oh dear," said the Fox, " I can't really tell
Who put such a thought in your head:

" For I've always liked geese more than other birds,
And you of your race I've loved best."
But the Goose ne'er heeded his flattering words,
So hungry he went to his rest.

Next week she beheld him again appear,
" Let me in very quick," he cried,
" For the news I've to tell you'll be charmed to hear,
And 'tis rude to keep me outside."

But the Goose only opened one window pane,
And popped out her pretty red bill,
Said she, " Your fair words are all in vain,
But talk to me here if you will."

"To-morrow," he cried, "there will be a fair,
All the birds and the beasts will go;
So allow me, I pray, to escort you there,
For you will be quite charmed I know."

"Many thanks for your news," said Ganderee,
"But I had rather not go with you;
I care not for any gay sight to see,"—
So the window she closed, and withdrew.

In the morning, howe'er, her mind she changed,
And she thought she would go to the fair;
So her numerous feathers she nicely arranged,
And cleaned her red bill with much care.

She went, I believe, before it was light,
For of Reynard she felt much fear;
So quickly she thought she would see each sight,
And return ere he should appear.

When the Goose arrived she began to laugh
At the wondrous creatures she saw;
There were dancing bears, and a tall giraffe,
And a beautiful red macaw.

A monkey was weighing out apples and roots;
An ostrich, too, sold by retail;
There were bees and butterflies tasting the fruits,
And a pig drinking out of a pail.

Ganderee went into an elephant's shop,
And quickly she bought a new churn;
For, as it grew late, she feared to stop,
As in safety she wished to return.

Ere, however, she got about half the way,
She saw approaching her foe;
And now she hissed with fear and dismay,
For she knew not which way to go.

But at last of a capital plan she bethought,
Of a place where she safely might hide;
She got into the churn that she just had bought,
And then fastened the lid inside.

The churn was placed on the brow of a hill,
And with Ganderee's weight down it rolled,
Passing the Fox who stood perfectly still,
Quite alarmed, though he was very bold.

For the Goose's wings flapped strangely about,
And the noise was fearful to hear;
And so bruised she felt she was glad to get out,
When she thought that the coast was clear.

So safely she reached her own home at noon,
And the Fox ne'er saw her that day;
But after the fair he came very soon,
And cried out in a terrible way,—

"Quick, quick, let me in! oh, for once be kind,
For the huntsman's horn I hear;
Oh, hide me in any snug place you can find,
For the hunters and hounds draw near."

So the Goose looked out in order to see
Whether Reynard was only in jest;
Then, knowing that he in her power would be,
She opened the door to her guest.

"I'll hide you," she said, "in my nice new churn."
"That will do very well," said he;
"And thank you for doing me this good turn,
Most friendly and kind Ganderee."

Then into the churn the Fox quickly got;
But, ere the Goose put on the top,
A kettle she brought of water quite hot,
And poured in every drop.


CRESWICK & WRIGHT SC

Then the Fox cried out, "O! I burn, I burn,
And I feel in a pitiful plight;"
But the Goose held fast the lid of the churn,
So Reynard he died that night.

MORAL.

Mankind have an enemy whom they well know,
Who tempts them in every way;
But they, too, at length shall o'ercome this foe,
If wisdom's right law they obey.

THE STORY

OF

TOM THE PIPER'S SON,

WHO PLAY'D HIS PIPE AND MADE GREAT FUN.

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
He pleased both the girls and boys;
They'd dance and skip while he did play
"Over the hills and far away."

Then Tom he learn'd to play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he play'd they began for to dance,—
E'en pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

And as Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
Poor Doll and the cow they danced a lilt,
Till her pail it fell down, and the milk it was spilt.

He met with Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till her eggs were all broke,
And Tom he thought 'twas a very fine joke.

Tom saw a cross fellow beating his ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He play'd them a jig, and they danced to the tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened soon.

Once a dog got a piggy fast hold by the ear,
The piggy squall'd murder, and Tom, being near,
He play'd them a tune, and they didn't dance bad,
Considering the little tuition they'd had.

Tom met with a Farmer in a sad dirty place,
Where he made him to dance (he had so little grace);
He danced in the dirt till he danced in a ditch,
Where he left him in mud as thick as black pitch.

Some little time after Tom slept on some hay,
The very same Farmer was passing that way;
He took poor Tom's pipe, and bade him prepare
To answer his crimes before the Lord Mayor.

To the Lord Mayor he took him, and told all Tom's art,
How he made people dance with a sorrowful heart;
Begg'd he'd send him abroad, and there teach to dance
All the men and the women and children of France.

Says Tom, "I am willing to go into France;
Only give me my pipe, and I'll give them a dance."
They gave him his pipe,—he began for to play,
And the Farmer and Mayor they went dancing away.

THE HISTORY

OF

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Illustrated with Six Drawings by JOHN ABSOLON.

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

All the world must know that Goody Two-Shoes was not a little girl's real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a large farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and the wickedness of Sir Timothy Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall, he was quite ruined.

Care and discontent shortened the life of little Margery's father. Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world; but, poor woman! it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she raised her head while she lay speechless, to survey with pitying looks her little orphans, as much as to say, "Do, Tommy,—do, Margery, come with me." They cried, poor things, and she sighed away her soul, and, I hope, is happy.

It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people,

and they slept every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them: no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who

lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy, and make him a little sailor; and, accordingly, had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

As soon as little Margery got up the next morning, which was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed, for he had gone away the night before. However, when the shoemaker came in with her shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order, she was very much pleased.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her

brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out, "Two Shoes, Ma'm! see Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following plan for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these:—

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

And six sets of these:—

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

And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, as they called it, was this: suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding (and who can suppose a better?), the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter p, the next l, the next u, the next m, and so on till the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door,—tap, tap, tap! "Who's there?" "Only little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy." "Oh, little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you! Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes?" says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the

small alphabet mixed together, and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order. She then threw down the alphabet of

capital letters, and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them rightly.

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

"Sirrah!" says his mistress, "why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables:—

ba be bi bo bu	ma me mi mo mu
da de di do du	sa se si so su

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

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

and pronounced them likewise.

After this, little Two-Shoes taught Sally to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, and all came round little Margery at once; who having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner. He answered, "Bread." "Well, then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next

added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus, Apple-Pie. The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were spelt, with many others, till the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we proceeded.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thompson's, where there were a great many little ones waiting for her. "So, little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes," says one of them, "where have you been so long?" "I have been teaching," says she, "longer than I intended, and am, I am afraid, come too soon for you now." "No, but indeed you are not," replied the other; "for I have learned my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all." And they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her. "Why, then," says she, "you are all very good; so let us begin our lessons."

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the

corner of the rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with little Margery, and said, laughing, "So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray, can you tell me what I shall do to get well?" "Yes, sir," says she; "go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning; earn as they do every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn, and you'll get health and keep it." The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussey.

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried in this parish? Well, I never saw so grand a funeral in all my life; but the money they squandered away would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor. All the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before it was over; after which, in the night, or rather very early in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously. They flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but William would not open the door. At length, Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the

village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. "I go, sir!" says William, "why I would be frightened out of my wits." "Give me the key of the church," says Mr. Long. Then he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, who do you think appeared? Why, little Two-Shoes, who being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boult's man go whistling by, she was in hopes he would have gone to the clerk for the key to let her out.

The people were ashamed to ask little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all she that had heard or seen.

"I went to the church," said Goody Two-Shoes, "as most of you did last night, to see the funeral, and being very weary, I sat down in Mr. Jones's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven o'clock I awoke; I started up, and could not at first tell where I was,

but after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut in in the church. It was dismally dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew something jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. Then I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit pat, pit pat, pit pat, come after me, and something touched my hand that seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what it was, yet I knew it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which something rushed by me, and almost threw me down. At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid down on the mat and cushion to sleep, when something pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cried, 'Bow, wow, wow!' and I knew it must be Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to the church; so I opened the door and called, 'Snip! Snip!' and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap; for when I awoke it was almost

light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm; and then I went to Lord Ducklington's tomb, and I stood looking at

his cold marble face and his hands clasped together, till hearing Farmer Boult's man go by, I went to the bells and rung them."

There was in the same parish a Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A B C, who was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour: namely, that little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

The room in which Mrs. Margery taught her scholars was very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word, when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

One day, as Mrs. Margery was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys who had

got a young raven, which they were going to throw at. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for

him, and brought him home. She called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he was.

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

Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields, she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little skylark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death."

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age (and a

very good one, let me tell you) to "Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb." This lamb she called Will, and a pretty fellow he was.

No sooner was Tippy, the lark, and Will, the ba-lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue Ralph, the raven, composed the following verse, which every good little boy and girl should get by heart:—

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

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper. He was always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he may be called the porter of a college, for he would let nobody go out nor any one come in, without leave of his mistress.

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

It was about this time that a farmer stopped one evening at Mrs. Margery's gate, and, to her great surprise, pulled out a letter, which, he said, the post-

man at the town had given him for her. Margery jumped for joy, for she knew the letter was from her brother Tommy. He had written from India to tell

her he was quite well, that he was getting some money, and that as soon as he had sufficient he meant to return to England to see his dear sister. This letter was a source of great comfort to Margery, and she read it very often.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently observed, was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled. This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school when she was walking about with

the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this, she, laughing, answered, "A conjurer! a conjurer!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life and less of the law, behaved very badly, and though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring *against* my character, sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer or weather-glass upon the table) it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they

could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch. And then gave such an account of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such an high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take the care of his family and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her, but, though poor, would not consent to be made a lady till he had provided for his daughter.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried,

"Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, and particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, desiring to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy, which immediately succeeded; for you must know that this gentleman so richly dressed was little Tommy Meanwell, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing as soon as he landed of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion-table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. Her ladyship continued to visit the school in which she had passed so many happy days, and always gave the prizes to the best scholars with her own hands. She also gave to the parish several acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for

all the poor who would come and fetch them for the use of their families; but if any took them to sell, they were deprived of that privilege ever after. And these roots were planted and raised from the rent arising from a farm which she had assigned over for that purpose. In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to all who were in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

AND THUS ENDED THE

HAPPY HISTORY OF

LITTLE GOODY

TWO-SHOES.