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The child's own book

Child
THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH NEARLY THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

HANS IN LUCK.

THE NINTH EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED, WITH ORIGINAL TALES TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG.

1861.
LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.
PREFAE.

It must be evident, to all who reflect much upon the subject of early education, that many little books have been written, which contain stories, anecdotes, legends, &c., well calculated to engage the infant mind; and to lead it gradually, by the flowery paths of amusement, and pleasing moral instruction, towards those higher branches of literature which must at a later period occupy the attention of the well-educated; but owing to the laxity of principle, in some of our most popular tales, careful instructors of youth are frequently compelled to withhold real sources of pleasure and improvement from the minds and hearts of their pupils, rather than run the risk of contaminating them. It is difficult to make a selection: besides which, many excellent compositions for childhood, by writers of high celebrity, are not to be procured in a detached state.

To exclude, therefore, everything injurious to the moral growth of the youthful reader, and to condense in one volume a complete Juvenile Library, has been the task (modest in its pretensions, but far from unimportant in its results) with
which the Editor has charged himself. Many of the pieces have been given entire, others again reduced and simplified to the comprehension of childhood. This plan has enabled the Editor to combine great variety with the utmost economy; and, that not even the youngest class of his little friends may have cause to complain that they are forgotten, a number of approved nursery songs, with which we can all recollect having been delighted, are introduced at the end of the volume; and to heighten the gratification of our readers, nearly every story and song has been illustrated.

It is trusted, in conclusion, that the labours of the Editor will have proved successful, in making easy to his little friends, the juvenile public, an important step in the ladder of knowledge; and that, in so doing, he has delighted the imagination without corrupting the heart.

** The present edition is revised and corrected with original Tales, translated from the German.

**WILLIAM TEGG.**

*Pancras Lane,*  
*Queen Street,*  
*Cheapside.*
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IN a town of Tartary, there lived a tailor, named Mustapha, who was so poor that he could hardly maintain himself, his wife, and his son Aladdin. When the boy was of proper years to serve as an apprentice, his father took him into his shop, and taught him how to work; but all his father could do was in vain, for Aladdin was incorrigible. His father was therefore forced to abandon him to his folly; the thoughts of this brought on a fit of sickness, of which he shortly died; and the mother, finding that her son would not follow his father's trade, shut up the
shop; and, with the money she earned by spinning cotton, thought to support herself and son.

Aladdin continued to give himself up to all kinds of folly; until one day as he was playing in the street, a stranger, passing by, stood to observe him. This stranger was a great magician. Knowing who Aladdin was, and what were his propensities, he went up to him, and said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha? and was he not a tailor?"—"Yes, sir," answered Aladdin, "but he has been dead some time." The magician threw his arms round Aladdin's neck, and said, "I am your uncle, I have been many years abroad: and now when I have come with the hope of seeing my brother, you tell me he is dead!" The magician caressed Aladdin, and gave him a very beautiful ring, which he told the youth was of great value. By these artifices he led Aladdin some distance out of the town, until they came between two mountains. He then collected dry sticks, and made a fire, into which he cast a perfume, and turning himself round, pronounced some magical words. The earth immediately trembled, and opened, and discovered a stone with a ring, by which it might be raised up. The magician said, "Under this stone is a treasure destined to be yours: take hold of this ring, and lift it up." Aladdin did as he was directed, and raised the stone with great care. When it was removed there appeared a cavern, into which the magician bade him descend; and told him at the bottom of the steps was a door open; which led into a large palace, divided into three great halls; at the end of these was a garden, planted with trees, bearing the most delicious fruits: "Across that garden," said he, "you will perceive a terrace, and in it a niche, which contains a lighted lamp. Take down the lamp; extinguish the light; throw out the wick; pour out the oil; put the lamp into your bosom, and bring it to me." Aladdin jumped into the cavern,
and found the halls; he went through them, crossed the garden, took down the lamp, and put it into his bosom. As he returned, he stopped to admire the fine fruits with which the trees were loaded. Some bore fruit entirely white, others red, green, blue, and yellow. Although he imagined they were coloured glass, he was so pleased with them, that he filled his pockets, and then returned to the entrance of the cavern. When he had come thither, he said to the magician, "Uncle, lend me your hand to assist me in getting up."—"Give me the lamp first," said the magician. "I cannot till I am up," replied Aladdin. The magician would have the lamp before he would help Aladdin to get out; and Aladdin refused to give it him before he was out of the cavern. The magician became so enragèd, that he threw some perfume into the fire, and, pronouncing a few magical words, the stone returned to its former place, and thus buried Aladdin, who in vain called out that he was ready to give up the lamp.

The magician, by the powers of art, had discovered that if he could become possessed of a wonderful lamp that was hidden somewhere in the world, it would render him greater than any prince. He afterwards discovered that this lamp was in a subterraneous cavern between two mountains of Tartary. He accordingly proceeded to the town which was nearest to this treasure, and knowing that he must receive it from the hands of some other person, he thought Aladdin very suitable to his purpose. When Aladdin had procured the lamp, the magician was in such extreme haste to become possessed of this wonderful acquisition, or was so unwilling that the boy should reveal the circumstance, that he defeated his own intention. In this manner he forgot also the ring which he had formerly given to Aladdin; and which, he had informed the youth, would always preserve him from harm; but went away without either.
When Aladdin found that he was immured alive in this cavern, he sat down on the steps, and remained there two days; on the third day he clasped his hands together in terror and despair at his unfortunate condition. In joining his hands, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him; and immediately a genius of awful stature stood before him. "What wouldst thou have with me?" said the terrific form: "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, whilst thou dost possess the ring that is on thy finger." Aladdin said, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able." He had no sooner spoken, than the earth opened, and he found himself at the place where the magician had performed his incantations. Aladdin returned home as fast as he could, and related to his mother all that had happened to him; she naturally uttered imprecations against the vile magician; and lamented that she had no food to give her son, who had not tasted any for three days. Aladdin then showed her the lamp, and said, "Mother, I will take this lamp and sell it to buy us food; but I think if I were to clean it first, it would fetch a better price. "He therefore sat down, and began to rub it with sand and water. Immediately an awful genius appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and as the slave of all who may possess the lamp in thy hand." Aladdin said, "I hunger: bring me food." The genius disappeared, but in an instant returned with some delicate viands, on twelve silver plates; he placed them on the table and vanished. Aladdin and his mother sat down and ate heartily. The victuals lasted them until the next night; when Aladdin took the plates and sold them. As they lived with frugality the money kept them some time.
One day Aladdin saw the princess Balroulboudour, as she was going to the baths. He was so struck with her beauty, that he ran home and requested his mother to go to the sultan, and ask for the princess in marriage. His mother thought he must be mad, and endeavoured to dissuade him from such a foolish desire; but he replied that he could not exist without the princess. He then brought his mother the fruit which he had gathered in the subterranean garden; and told her to take it as a present to the sultan, for it was worthy the greatest monarch; he having found, by frequenting the shops of jewellers, that, instead of being coloured glass, they were jewels of inestimable value. His mother being thus persuaded, set off for the sultan's palace; where, having obtained an audience, she presented the jewels to the sultan in a china vase. The sultan graciously received the present; and having heard her request, he said "I cannot allow my daughter to marry until I receive some valuable consideration from your son; yet, if at the expiration of three months from this day, he will send me forty vases like this one, filled with similar jewels, and borne by forty black slaves, each of them led by a white slave in magnificent apparel, I will consent that he shall become my son-in-law."

The sultan indeed was unwilling that his daughter should be married to a stranger; but supposing the demand he made would be greater than Aladdin could comply with, he considered that this condition would be as effectual as a refusal, and that without seeming to oppose the young man's request. Aladdin's mother returned home, and told him the stipulations upon which the sultan would consent to the match. His joy was therefore unbounded, when he found that he was so likely to espouse the princess. As soon as his mother left him, he took the lamp and rubbed it; when immediately the same genius appeared, and asked what he would have. Aladdin told him
what the sultan required, and that the articles must be provided by the time appointed; which the genius promised should be done. At the expiration of three months, the genius brought the fourscore slaves, and the vessels filled with jewels. Aladdin’s mother being attired in a superb robe, set out with them to the palace. When the sultan beheld the forty vases, full of the most precious and brilliant jewels; and the eighty slaves, the costliness of whose garments was as great as the dresses of kings, he was so astonished, that he thought it unnecessary to inform himself whether Aladdin had all the other qualifications which ought to be possessed by a monarch’s son-in-law. The sight of such immense riches, and Aladdin’s diligence in complying with his demand, persuaded the sultan that he could not want any other accomplishments; he therefore said to the young man’s mother, “Go, tell thy son that I wait to receive him, that he may espouse the princess, my daughter.” When Aladdin’s mother had withdrawn, the sultan arose from his throne, and ordered that the vases and jewels should be carried into the princess’s apartment.

The mother of Aladdin soon returned to her son: “You are arrived,” said she to him, “at the height of your desires. The sultan waits to embrace you, and conclude your marriage.” Aladdin, in ecstacies at this intelligence, retired to his chamber, and rubbed the lamp. The obedient genius appeared, “Genius,” said Aladdin, “I wish to bathe immediately: afterwards provide me with a robe more superb than monarch ever wore.” The genius then rendered him invisible, and transported him to a marble bath; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, and rubbed and washed with waters of the most exquisite fragrance. His skin became clear and delicate; he put on a magnificent garment which he found ready for him; and the genius then transported him to his chamber, where he inquired
if Aladdin had further commands for him. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a horse, and let it be furnished with the most costly and magnificent trappings; let there be a splendid retinue of slaves to attend me, and let them be attired in the most expensive habiliments. For my mother also provide an extensive equipage; let six female slaves attend her, each bearing a different robe, suitable even to the dignity of a sultana; let not anything be wanted to complete the splendour of her retinue. But, above all, bring ten thousand pieces of gold, in ten purses." The genius disappeared, and returned with a horse, forty slaves, ten purses of gold, and six female slaves, each bearing a most costly robe for Aladdin's mother. Aladdin entrusted six of the purses to the slaves, that they might distribute the money among the people as they proceeded to the sultan's palace. He then despatched one of the slaves to the royal mansion, to know when he might have the honour of prostrating himself at the sultan's feet.

The slave brought him word that the sultan waited for him with impatience. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, the grand vizier, the generals of the army, the governors of the provinces, and all the great officers of the court, attended him to the council hall; and having assisted him to dismount, they led him to the sultan's throne. The sovereign was amazed to see that Aladdin was more richly appareled than he was; he arose, however, from his throne and embraced him. He gave a signal, and the air resounded with trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments. He then conducted Aladdin into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided. After this splendid repast, the sultan sent for the chief law officer of his empire, and ordered him immediately to prepare the marriage contract between the princess and Aladdin. The sultan then asked Aladdin if the marriage should be solemnized
that day. To which he answered, "Sir, I beg your permission to defer it until I have built a palace, suitable to the dignity of the princess; and I therefore entreat you further to grant me a convenient spot of ground near your own palace; and I will take care to have it finished with the utmost expedition." "Son," said the sultan, "take what ground you think proper." After which he again embraced Aladdin, who respectfully took leave and returned home.

He retired to his chamber, took his lamp and summoned the genius as usual. "Genius," said he, "build me a palace near the sultan's, fit for the reception of my spouse the princess; but, instead of stone, let the walls be formed of massy gold and silver, laid in alternate rows; and let the interstices be enriched with diamonds and emeralds. The palace must have a delightful garden, planted with aromatic shrubs and plants, bearing the most delicious fruits and beautiful flowers. But in particular let there be an immense treasure of gold and silver coin. The palace, moreover, must be well provided with offices, store-houses, and stables full of the finest horses, and attended by equerries, grooms, and hunting equipage." By the dawn of the ensuing morning, the genius presented himself to Aladdin, and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it accords with your wishes." He had no sooner signified his readiness to behold it, than the genius instantly conveyed him thither. He found that it surpassed all his expectations. The officers and slaves were all dressed according to their rank and services. The genius then showed him the treasury, in which he saw heaps of bags full of money, piled up to the very ceiling. The genius then conveyed Aladdin home, before the hour arrived at which the gates of the sultan's palace were opened.

When the porters arrived at the gates of the royal mansion, they were amazed to see Aladdin's palace. The grand vizier,
who came afterwards, was no less astonished; he went to acquaint the sultan of it, and endeavoured to persuade the monarch that it was all enchantment. "Vizier," replied the sultan, "you know as well as I do, that it is Aladdin's palace, on the ground which I gave him." When Aladdin had dismissed the genius, he requested his mother to go to the royal palace with her slaves, and tell the sultan she came to have the honour of attending the princess towards the evening to her son's palace. Aladdin soon afterwards left his paternal dwelling; but he was careful not to forget his wonderful lamp, by the aid of which he had become so eminently dignified. Aladdin's mother was received at the royal palace with great honour; and was introduced into the apartment of the beautiful princess. The princess received her with great affection; and while the women were decorating her with the jewels Aladdin had sent, an elegant collation was laid before them. In the evening the princess took leave of the sultan her father, and proceeded to Aladdin's palace. She was accompanied by his mother, and was followed by a hundred slaves, magnificently dressed. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred black slaves, with appropriate officers. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side; these, with the radiant illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, rendered it as light as day.

When the princess arrived at the new palace, Aladdin, filled with delight, hastened to receive her. He addressed her with that reverence which her dignity exacted; but with that ardour which her extreme beauty inspired. He took her by the hand, and led her into a saloon, where an entertainment, far beyond description, was served up. The dishes were of burnished gold, and contained every kind of rarity and delicacy. Vases, cups, and other vessels, were also of gold, so exquisitely
carved, that the excellency of the workmanship might be said to surpass the value of the material. Aladdin conducted the princess and his mother to their appropriate places in this magnificent apartment; and as soon as they were seated, a choir of the most melodious voices, accompanied by a band of the most exquisite performers, formed the most fascinating concert during the whole of the repast. About midnight, Aladdin presented his hand to the princess to dance with her: and thus concluded the ceremonies and festivities of the day. On the next morning, Aladdin, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by a troop of slaves, proceeded to the sultan's palace. The monarch received him with paternal affection, and placed him beside the royal throne. Aladdin did not limit himself to the two palaces, but went about the city, and attended the different mosques. He visited also the grand vizier, and other great personages: his manners, which had become extremely pleasing, endeared him to his superiors; and his affability and liberality gained him the affection of the people.

He might thus have been happy, had it not been for the magician, who no sooner understood that Aladdin had arrived at this eminent good fortune, than he exclaimed, "This poor tailor's son has discovered the secret virtues of the lamp! but I will endeavour to prevent him in the enjoyment of it much longer." The next morning he set forward, and soon afterwards arrived at the town in Tartary where Aladdin resided. The first object he had to attain, was a knowledge of the place in which Aladdin kept the lamp: he soon found by his art that this inestimable treasure was in Aladdin's palace; a discovery which delighted him. He also learned that Aladdin was gone on a hunting excursion, which would engage him from home eight days. The magician then went to a manufacturer of lamps, and
purchased a dozen copper ones, which he put into a basket. He thus proceeded towards Aladdin's palace; and when he came near it, he cried, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?" This strange inquiry attracted a crowd of people and children about him, who thought he must be mad to give new lamps for old ones: yet still he continued to exclaim, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?" This he repeated so often near Aladdin's palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves to know what the man cried: "Madam," said the slave, "I cannot for-
he had placed upon the cornice before he set off on the hunting excursion: but neither the princess, nor those who were about her, had observed it. At all other times, but when hunting, Aladdin carried it about him. The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp, bade one of the slaves take it, and make the exchange. The slave went and called the magician; and showing him the old lamp, said, “Will you give me a new one in exchange?”

The magician, knowing that this was the lamp he wanted, snatched it from the slave and thrust it into his bosom, bidding her take that which she liked best: the slave chose one, and carried it to the princess. As soon as the magician got beyond the gates of the city, he stopped; and passed the remainder of the day, until it was night, in an adjoining wood; when he took the lamp and rubbed it. The genius instantly appeared. “I command thee,” said the magician, “to convey me, together with the palace thou hast built for Aladdin, with all its inhabitants, to a place in Africa.” The genius instantly transported him, with the palace and everything it contained, to the place in Africa which the magician had appointed.

The next morning the sultan went, as usual, to his closet window, to admire Aladdin’s palace, but when he saw an uncovered space of ground, instead of a palace, he could not retain his astonishment and indignation. He went into another apartment, and sent for the grand vizier, who was no less amazed than the sultan had been. The sultan exclaimed, “Where is that impostor, that I may instantly have his head taken off? Order a detachment of fifty horse-soldiers to bring him before me, loaded with chains.” The detachment obeyed the orders; and, about six leagues from the town, they met Aladdin returning home; they told him the sultan had sent them to accompany him home. Aladdin had not the least
apprehension, and pursued his way, but when they came within half a league of the city, the detachment surrounded him, and the officer said, "Prince Aladdin, I am commanded by the sultan to arrest you, and to carry you before him as a criminal." They then fastened both his arms, and in this manner the officer obliged Aladdin to follow him on foot into the town. When the soldiers came near the town, the people seeing Aladdin led thus a culprit, doubted not that his head would be cut off; but as he was generally beloved, some took sabres and other kind of arms; and those who had none, gathered stones, and followed the detachment; and in this manner they reached the palace. Aladdin was carried before the sultan; who, as soon as he saw him, ordered that his head should be instantly cut off, without hearing him, or giving him any opportunity to explain himself. As soon as the executioner had taken off the chains, he caused Aladdin to kneel down; then drawing his sabre, he waited only for the sultan's signal to separate the head from the body. At that instant the populace had forced the guard of soldiers, and were scaling the walls of the palace. The sultan ordered the executioner to unbind Aladdin; and desired the grand vizier to tell the people that Aladdin was pardoned. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he turned towards the sultan, and said to him in an affecting manner, "I beg your majesty to let me know my crime?"—"Thy crime?" answered the sultan: "follow me!" The sultan then took him into his closet. When he came to the door, he said to him, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look and tell me what has become of it."—"I beg your majesty," said Aladdin, "to allow me forty days to make my inquiries."—"I give you forty days," said the sultan.

For three days Aladdin rambled about till he was tired. At the close of the third day he came to a river's side; there, under
the influence of despair, he determined to cast himself into the water. He thought it right first to say his prayers; and went to the river side to wash his hands and face, according to the law of Mohammed. The bank of the river was steep and slippery; and, as he trod upon it, he slid down against a little rock. In falling down the bank, he rubbed his ring so hard, that the same genius appeared which he had seen in the cavern. Aladdin said, "I command thee to convey me to the place where my palace stands, and set me down under the princess's window." The genius immediately transported him into the midst of a large plain, on which his palace stood, and set him exactly under the window, and left him there fast asleep.

The next morning, one of the women perceived Aladdin, and told the princess, who could not believe her; but, nevertheless, she instantly opened the window, where she saw Aladdin, and said to him, "I have sent to have one of the private gates opened for you." Aladdin went into the princess's chamber, where, after they had affectionately embraced, he said to her, "What has become of an old lamp, which I left on the cornice when I went hunting?" The princess told him that it had been exchanged for a new one; and that the next morning she found herself in an unknown country, which she had been told was in Africa, by the treacherous man himself, who had conveyed her thither by his magic art. "Princess," said Aladdin, "you have informed me who the traitor is, by telling me you are in Africa. He is the most perfidious of all men: but this is not the time or place to give you a full account of his iniquity. Can you tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has placed it?"—"He carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom," said the princess; "and this I know, because he has taken it out and showed it to me."—"Princess," said Aladdin, "tell me, I conjure thee, how this wicked and treacherous man treats
you."—"Since I have been here," replied the princess, "he comes once every day to see me; and I am persuaded that the indifference of my manner towards him, and the evident reluctance of my conversation, induces him to withhold more frequent visits. All his endeavours are to persuade me to break that faith I pledged to you, and to take him for a husband. He frequently informs me that I have no hopes of seeing you again, for that you are dead, having had your head struck off by order of the sultan. He also calls you an ungrateful wretch; says that your good fortune was owing to him; besides many other things of a similar kind. He, however, receives no other answer from me than grief, complaints, and tears; and he is therefore always obliged to retire with evident dissatisfaction. I have but little doubt that his intention is to allow me some time for my sorrow to subside, in hopes that my sentiments may afterwards become changed; but if I persevere in an obstinate refusal, that he will use violence to compel me to marry him. But your presence, Aladdin, subdues all my apprehensions"—"I have great confidence," replied Aladdin, "since my princess's fears are diminished; and I believe that I have thought of the means to deliver you from our common enemy. I shall return at noon, and will then communicate my project to you, and tell you what must be done for its success. But that you may not be surprised, it is well to inform you, that I shall change my dress; and I must beg of you to give orders that I may not wait long at the private gate, but that it may be opened at the first knock." All which the princess promised to observe.

When Aladdin went out of the palace, he perceived a countryman before him, and having come up with him, made a proposal to change clothes, to which the man agreed. They accordingly went behind a hedge, and made the exchange.
Aladdin afterwards travelled to the town, and came to that part in which merchants and artisans have their respective streets, according to the articles which are the subject of their trade. Among these he found the druggists, and having gone to one of the principal shops, he purchased half-a-drachm of a particular powder that he named.

Aladdin returned to the palace, and when he saw the princess, he told her to invite the magician to sup with her. "Then," said he, "put this powder into one of the cups of wine; charge the slave to bring that cup to you, and then change cups with him. No sooner will he have drunk off the contents of the cup, but you will see him fall backwards." The magician came, and at table he and the princess sat opposite to each other. The princess presented him with the choicest things that were on the table, and said to him, "If you please we will exchange cups and drink each other's health." She presented her cup, and held out her hand to receive the other from him. He made the exchange with pleasure. The princess put the cup to her lips, while the African magician drank the very last drop, and fell backwards lifeless. No sooner had the magician fallen, than Aladdin entered the hall, and said, "Princess, I must beg you to leave me for a moment." When the princess was gone, Aladdin shut the door, and going to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, and rubbed it. The genius immediately appeared. Said Aladdin, "I command thee to convey this palace to its former situation in Tartary." The palace was immediately removed
into Tartary, without any sensation to those who were contained in it. Aladdin went to the princess's apartment, and embracing her, said, "I can assure you, princess, that your joy and mine will be complete to-morrow morning."

Aladdin rose at day-break in the morning, and put on one of his most splendid habits. At an early hour he went into the hall, from the windows of which he perceived the sultan. They met together at the foot of the great staircase of Aladdin's palace. The venerable sultan was some time before he could open his lips, so great was his joy that he had found his daughter once more. She soon came to him; he embraced her, and made her relate all that had happened to her. Aladdin ordered the magician's body to be thrown on a dunghill, as the prey of birds. Thus Aladdin was delivered from the persecution of the magician. Within a short time afterwards the sultan died at a good old age; and as he left no sons, the princess became heiress to the crown: but Aladdin being her husband, the sovereignty, it was agreed by the great officers of the state, should devolve upon him. Great preparations were made for Aladdin's coronation. Throughout the East there had never been so magnificent a ceremonial as this was to be. At length the morning arrived. The procession to the principal mosque was several hours proceeding. Aladdin was seated on a throne under a canopy of gold; the crown being placed on his head, when—he awoke, and found that he had been fast asleep on his father's shop-board!
ALI BABA;

or,

THE FORTY THIEVES.

In a town of Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba was as poor as himself; they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighbouring forest. One day when Ali Baba was in the forest, preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen approaching towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a large thick tree, which stood near the foot of a rock and hid himself among the branches. The horsemen soon galloped up
to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances. They each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse; and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, Open Sesame, and immediately a door opened in the rock, and all the robbers passed in, when the door shut itself. In a short time the door opened again and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, Shut Sesame. The door instantly closed; and the troop mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and, approaching close to the rock, said, Open Sesame. Immediately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of provisions, merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travellers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with some loose faggots of wood; and afterwards (not forgetting to say, Shut Sesame) he drove the asses back to the city, and having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, carried the bags into the house, and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife. His wife, delighted with possessing so much money, wanted to count it; but finding it would take up too much time, she was resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba’s brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure. Cassim’s wife was very proud and envious: “I wonder,” she said to herself, “what sort of grain such poor
people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom with some suet. Away ran Ali Baba's wife; measured her money; and having helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it. "Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure, "your brother there, who pretends to be so poor, is richer than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife, and hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he came by it. Ali Baba, without hesitation, told him the history of the robbers, and the secret of the cave, and offered to him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to have fifty times more than that out of the robbers' cave. Accordingly, he arose early next morning, and set out with ten mules laden with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said, Open Sesame, he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he even had expected to behold from his brother's account of it. He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocades, all of which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together, as much, or even more, than his ten mules could possibly carry, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which caused the door to open. In vain he tried Bame, Fame, Lame, Tetame, and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with
fatigue and vexation. Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst of riches. He resolved, however, to make one effort to escape; and when he heard Sesame pronounced and saw the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered. When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified: she watched at her window till day-break, and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba now hearing of his journey thither, went immediately in search of him. He drove his asses to the forest without delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave, he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces, and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him; but he took down the quarters, and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with faggots of wood; and, weeping for the miserable end of his brother, he regained the city. The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who Ali Baba knew was worthy to be trusted with a secret.

He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went him-
self to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim. The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband’s death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave everything to the management of Morgiana. Morgiana having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary’s, and asked for some particular medicine; saying it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim’s illness throughout the neighbourhood; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder. The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil, and went to a distant part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and told him he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be led blindfolded and go with her, carrying his tools with him. Mustapha the cobbler hesitated at first; but the gold tempted him, and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim’s house, and taking him to the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together. Mustapha obeyed her order; and having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfold the same way back to his own stall. Morgiana then covering the body with a winding-sheet, sent for the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; and Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day. Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought from the
cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim’s widow received every kind attention both from Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and everything else remaining in its usual order. “We are discovered,” said the captain, “and shall certainly be undone if you do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to search out the villain who is in possession of our secret?” One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; and was accepted on the following conditions: namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death. The bold robber readily agreed to the conditions; and having disguised himself, he proceeded to the city. He arrived there about day-break, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any other shop in the town. “Good morrow, friend,” said the robber, as he passed the stall, “you rise betimes; I should think, old as you are, you could scarcely see to work by this light.”—“Indeed, sir,” replied the cobbler, “old as I am, I do not want for good eye-sight; as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now.”—“A dead body!” exclaimed the robber, “you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body.”—“I mean no such thing,” replied Mustapha, “I tell you that I sewed the four quarters of a man together.”

This was enough to convince the robber he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was
in search of. However, he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the cobbler. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr. Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."—"I tell you," said Mustapha, in a loud and angry tone, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."—"Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business." Upon this Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, &c. "Well, my friend," said the robber, "tis a fine story I confess, but not very easy to believe: however, if you will convince me, by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief."—"I think," said the cobbler, after considering awhile, "that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turn we made; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it." Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha's eyes with his handkerchief, who led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping by Cassim's door, said, "Here it is, I went no further than this house."

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk; and giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold, dismissed him. Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana coming home from market, perceived the little mark, of white chalk on the door; suspecting something was wrong she directly marked four doors on the one side and five on the other, of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one. The robber meantime rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together. It was agreed
among them, that they were to meet in the market-place at the dusk of the evening; and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house, were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, being arrived in the street, and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found, to their confusion and astonishment, that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber, who was the captain’s guide, could not say one word in explanation of this mystery; and when the disappointed troop got back to the forest, his enraged companions ordered him to be put to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same condition as the former; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with a dark-red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such mark was upon any of them. But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana: scarcely had the robber departed,
when she discovered the red mark; and getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side, precisely in the same place and in the same manner. The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain having lost two of his troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services; and he resolved to employ no other of them, but to go himself upon the business. Accordingly he repaired to the city, and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the services for him he had done for the two other strangers; and the captain, much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again. He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain having put a man into each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes bored in them for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules, and, in the habit of an oil-merchant, entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded to the street where Ali Baba dwelt, and found him sitting in the porch of his house. "Sir," said he to Ali Baba, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late
for this day's market. As I am quite a stranger in this town, will you do me the favour to let me put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night."

Ali Baba, who was a good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard, and properly fed, he invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and, after supper, was shown into the chamber where he was to sleep. It happened that Morgiana was obliged to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing linen for the following morning: and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil-jars in the yard, and determined to take a little out of one of them for her lamp. She took her oil-pot in her hand, and approaching the first jar, the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?" Any other slave, on hearing a man in an oil-jar, would have screamed out; but the prudent Morgiana instantly recollected herself, and replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She passed on to every jar, receiving the same question, and making the same answer, till she came to the last, which was really filled with oil. Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen, and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled she went and poured into the jars sufficient of the boiling oil to
kill every man within them. Having done this, she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber. The captain of the robbers, finding everything quiet in the house, and perceiving no light anywhere, arose and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steams of the boiled oil; he ran hastily to the rest, and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden, and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning, Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity: and without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana, the next night, buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets and sold. While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length however he determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed by degrees all the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house. He furnished this shop with everything that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger; among others Ali Baba's son went every day to the shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents,
and often detained him to dinner, on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return to these civilities, and pressed his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba made no objection, and the invitation was accordingly given. The artful Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept the invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's house the next evening. A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner, and, as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew it was the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid under his coat. When supper was ended, and the dessert and wine on the table, Morgiana went and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow-slave, to play on his tabour while she danced. As soon as she appeared at the parlour-door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in to entertain his guest with some of her best dancing. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while in fact he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed, lest he should lose his opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she
performed many surprising things with it; sometimes presenting the point to one and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it into her own bosom. Suddenly she paused, and holding the poniard in the right hand, presented her left to her master, as if begging some money; upon which Ali Baba and his son each gave a small piece of money. She then turned to the pretended Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me and my family." "No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant who came once before to rob and murder you." Ali Baba having pulled off the turban and cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore, discovered that he was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers who had slain his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger. Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her, and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude must not stop there; I will also marry you to my son, who can esteem and admire you no less than does his father." Then turning to his son he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and family." The son far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night with great privacy, in the trench, along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards, Ali Baba cele-
brated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity towards her. During a twelvemonth Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey. When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having said *Open Sesame*, he went in, and judged, by the state of things deposited in the cavern, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse would carry; and afterwards he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honour and splendour, and served with dignity some of the chief offices of the city.
There was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three boys and three girls. As he was himself a man of great sense, he spared no expense for their education, but provided them with all sorts of masters for their improvement. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest; indeed she was so very beautiful, that in her childhood every one called her the Little Beauty; and being still the same when she was grown up, nobody called her by any other name, which made her sisters very jealous of her. This youngest daughter was not only more handsome than her sisters, but also was better tempered. The two eldest were vain of being rich, and spoke with pride to those they thought below them. They gave themselves a thousand airs, and would not visit other merchants' daughters; nor would they indeed be seen with any but persons of quality. They went every day
to balls, plays, and public walks, and always made game of their youngest sister for spending her time in reading, or other useful employments. As it was well known that these young ladies would have large fortunes, many great merchants wished to get them for wives; but the two eldest always answered, that, for their parts, they had no thoughts of marrying any one below a duke or an earl at least. Beauty had quite as many offers as her sisters, but she always answered, with the greatest civility, that she was much obliged to her lovers, but would rather live some years longer with her father, as she thought herself too young to marry.

It happened that by some unlucky accident the merchant suddenly lost all his fortune, and had nothing left but a small cottage in the country. Upon this he said to his daughters, while the tears ran down his cheeks all the time, "My children, we must now go and dwell in the cottage, and try to get a living by labour, for we have no other means of support." The two eldest replied, that, for their part, they did not know how to work, and would not leave town; for they had lovers enough who would be glad to marry them, though they had no longer any fortune. But in this they were mistaken; for when the lovers heard what had happened, they said, "The girls were so proud and ill-tempered, that all we wanted was their fortune: we are not sorry at all to see their pride brought down: let them give themselves airs to their cows and sheep." But everybody pitied poor Beauty, because she was so sweet-tempered and kind to all that knew her; and several gentlemen offered to marry her, though she had not a penny; but Beauty still refused, and said, she could not think of leaving her poor father in this trouble, and would go and help him in his labours in the country. At first Beauty could not help sometimes crying in secret for the hardships she was now
obliged to suffer; but in a very short time she said to herself,
"All the crying in the world will do me no good, so I will try
to be happy without a fortune."

When they had removed to their cottage, the merchant and
his three sons employed themselves in ploughing and sowing
the fields, and working in the garden. Beauty also did her part,
for she got up by four o'clock every morning, lighted the fires,
cleaned the house, and got the breakfast for the whole family.
At first she found all this very hard; but she soon grew quite
used to it, and thought it no hardship at all; and indeed, the
work greatly amended her health. When she had done, she
used to amuse herself with reading, playing on her music, or
singing while she spun. But her two sisters were at a loss
what to do to pass the time away: they had their breakfast in
bed, and did not rise till ten o'clock. Then they commonly
walked out; but always found themselves very soon tired;
when they would often sit down under a shady tree, and grieve
for the loss of their carriage and fine clothes, and say to each
other, "What a mean-spirited poor stupid creature our young
sister is, to be so content with our low way of life!" But their
father thought in quite another way: he admired the patience
of this sweet young creature: for her sisters not only left her
to do the whole work of the house, but made game of her every
moment.

After they had lived in this manner about a year, the mer-
chant received a letter, which informed him that one of his
richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into
port. This news made the two eldest sisters almost mad with
joy; for they thought they should now leave the cottage, and
have all their finery again. When they found that their father
must take a journey to the ship, the two eldest begged he would
not fail to bring them back some new gowns, caps, rings, and
all sorts of trinkets. But Beauty asked for nothing; for she thought in herself that all the ship was worth would hardly buy everything her sisters wished for. "Beauty," said the merchant, "how comes it about that you ask for nothing: what can I bring you, my child?" "Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father," she answered, "I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden." Now Beauty did not indeed wish for a rose, nor anything else, but she only said this that she might not affront her sisters, for else they would have said that she wanted her father to praise her for not asking him for anything. The merchant took his leave of them, and set out on his journey; but when he got to the ship, some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and after a deal of trouble he came back to his cottage as poor as he had gone away. When he was within thirty miles of his home, and thinking of the joy he should have in again meeting his children, his road lay through a thick forest, and he quite lost himself. It rained and snowed very hard, and besides, the wind was so high as to throw him twice from his horse. Night came on, and he thought to be sure he should die of cold and hunger, or be torn to pieces by the wolves that he heard howling round him. All at once, he now cast his eyes towards a long row of trees, and saw a light at the end of them, but it seemed a great way off. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a fine palace lighted all over. He walked faster, and soon reached the gates, which he opened, and was very much surprised that he did not see a single person or creature in any of the yards. His horse had followed him, and finding a stable with the door opened, went into it at once; and here the poor beast, being nearly starved, helped himself to a good meal of oats and hay. His master then tied him up, and walked towards the house, which he entered, but still without
seeing a living creature. He went on to a large hall, where he found a good fire, and a table covered with some very nice dishes, and only one plate with a knife and fork. As the snow and rain had wetted him to the skin, he went up to the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse me, for to be sure it will not be long now before I see them." He waited a good time, but still nobody came: at last the clock struck eleven, and the merchant, being quite faint for the want of food, helped himself to a chicken, which he made but two mouthfuls of, and then to a few glasses of wine, yet all the time trembling with fear. He sat till the clock struck twelve, but did not see a single creature. He now took courage, and began to think of looking a little more about him; so he opened a door at the end of the hall, and went through it into a very grand room, in which there was a fine bed; and as he was quite weak and tired, he shut the door, took off his clothes, and got into it.

It was ten o'clock in the morning before he thought of getting up, when he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him. instead of his own, which he had spoiled. "To be sure," said he to himself, "this place belongs to some good fairy, who has taken pity on my ill luck." He looked out of window, and instead of snow, he saw the most charming arbours covered with all kinds of flowers. He returned to the hall where he had supped, and found a breakfast table, with some chocolate got ready for him. "Indeed, my good fairy," said the merchant aloud, "I am vastly obliged to you for your kind care of me." He then made a hearty breakfast, took his hat, and was going to the stable to pay his horse a visit; but, as he passed under one of the arbours which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked him to bring back to her, and so he took a bunch of roses to carry home.
At the same moment he heard a most shocking noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him, that he was ready to drop with fear, “Ungrateful man!” said the beast in a terrible voice, “I have saved your life by letting you into my palace, and in return you steal my roses, which I value more than anything else that belongs to me. But you shall make amends for your fault with your life: you shall die in a quarter of an hour.” The merchant fell on his knees to the beast, and clasping his hands, said, “My lord, I humbly beg your pardon: I did not think it would offend you to gather a rose for one of my daughters, who wished to have one.”—“I am not a lord, but a beast,” replied the monster: “I do not like false compliments, but that people should say what they think: so do not fancy that you can coax me by any such ways. You tell me that you have daughters; now I will pardon you, if one of them will agree to come and die instead of you. Go: and if your daughters should refuse, promise me that you will return yourself in three months.”

The tender-hearted merchant had no thoughts of letting any one of his daughters die instead of him; but he knew that if he seemed to accept the beast’s terms, he should at least have the pleasure of seeing them once again. So he gave the beast his promise; and the beast told him that he might then set off as soon as he liked. “But,” said the beast, “I do not wish you to go back empty-handed. Go to the room you slept in, and you will find a chest there; fill it with just what you like best, and I will get it taken to your own house for you.” When the beast had said this, he went away; and the good merchant said to himself, “If I must die, yet I shall now have the comfort of leaving my children some riches.” He returned to the room he had slept in, and found a great many pieces of gold. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and mounting
his horse, left the palace as sorry as he had been glad when he first found it. The horse took a path across the forest of his own accord, and in a few hours they reached the merchant's house. His children came running round him as he got off his horse; but the merchant, instead of kissing them with joy, could not help crying as he looked at them. He held in his hand the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, saying, "Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think how dear they have cost your poor father;" and then he gave them an account of all that he had seen or heard in the palace of the beast. The two eldest sisters now began to shed tears, and to lay the blame upon Beauty, who, they said, would be the cause of her father's death. "See," said they, "what happens from the pride of the little wretch: why did not she ask for fine things as we did? But to be sure Miss must not be like other people; and though she will be the cause of her father's death, yet she does not shed a tear."—"It would be of no use," replied Beauty, "to weep for the death of my father, for he shall not die now. As the beast will accept of one of his daughters, I will give myself up to him; and think myself happy in being able at once to save his life, and prove my love for the best of fathers." "No, sister," said the three brothers, "you shall not die; we will go in search of this monster, and either he or we will perish."—"Do not hope to kill him," said the merchant, "for his power is far too great for you to be able to do any such thing. I am charmed with the kindness of Beauty, but I will not suffer her life to be lost. I myself am old, and cannot expect to live much longer; so I shall but give up a few years of my life, and shall only grieve for the sake of my children."—"Never, father," cried Beauty, "shall you go to the palace without me; for you cannot hinder my going after you: though young, I am not over-fond of life; and I would much rather be eaten up by
the monster, than die of the grief your loss would give me.’” The merchant in vain tried to reason with Beauty, for she would go; which, in truth, made her two sisters glad, for they were jealous of her, because everybody loved her.

The merchant was so grieved at the thoughts of losing his child, that he never once thought of the chest filled with gold; but at night, to his great surprise, he found it standing by his bed-side. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters, for he knew very well it would at once make them want to return to town: but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said, that while he was away, two gentlemen had been on a visit at their cottage, who had fallen in love with her two sisters. She then begged her father to marry them without delay; for she was so sweet-tempered, that she loved them for all they had used her so ill, and forgave them with all her heart. When the three months were past, the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the beast. Upon this, the two sisters rubbed their eyes with an onion, to make believe they shed a great many tears; but both the merchant and his sons cried in earnest: there was only Beauty who did not, for she thought that this would only make the matter worse. They reached the palace in a very few hours, and the horse, without bidding, went into the same stable as before. The merchant and Beauty walked towards the large hall, where they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had very little appetite; but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father; she then began herself to eat, and thought all the time that to be sure the beast had a mind to fatten her before he ate her up, as he had got such good cheer for her. When they had done their supper, they heard a great noise, and the good old man began to bid
his poor child farewell, for he knew it was the beast coming to them. When Beauty first saw his frightful form, she could not help being afraid; but she tried to hide her fear as much as she could. The beast asked her if she had come quite of her own accord; and though she was now still more afraid than before, she made shift to say, "Y-e-s."—"You are a good girl, and I think myself very much obliged to you." He then turned towards her father, and said to him, "Good man, you may leave the palace to-morrow morning, and take care never to come back to it again. Good night, Beauty."—"Good night, beast," said she; and then the monster went out of the room.

"Ah! my dear child," said the merchant, kissing his daughter, "I am half dead already, at the thoughts of leaving you with this dreadful beast; you had better go back and let me stay in your place."—"No," said Beauty, boldly, "I will never agree to that; you must go home to-morrow morning." They then wished each other good night, and went to bed, both of them thinking they should not be able to close their eyes; but as soon as ever they had lain down, they fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake till morning. Beauty dreamed that a lady came up to her, who said, "I am very much pleased, Beauty, with the goodness you have shown, in being willing to give your life to save that of your father, and it shall not go without a reward." As soon as Beauty awoke, she told her father this dream; but though it gave him some comfort, he could not take leave of his darling child without shedding many tears. When the merchant got out of sight, Beauty sat down in the large hall, and began to cry also; yet she had a great deal of courage, and so she soon resolved not to make her sad case still worse by sorrow, which she knew could not be of any use to her, but to wait as well as she could till night, when she
thought the beast would not fail to come and eat her up. She walked about to take a view of all the palace, and the beauty of every part of it much charmed her.

But what was her surprise, when she came to a door on which was written, Beauty’s room! She opened it in haste, and her eyes were all at once dazzled at the grandeur of the inside of the room. What made her wonder more than all the rest, was a large library filled with books, a harpsichord, and many pieces of music. “The beast takes care I shall not be at a loss how to amuse myself,” said she. She then thought that it was not likely such things would have been got ready for her, if she had but one day to live; and began to hope all would not turn out so bad as she and her father had feared. She opened the library, and saw these verses written in letters of gold on the back of one of the books:—

Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here’s no cause for sighs or fears;
Command as freely as you may,
Enjoyment still shall mark your way.

“Alas!” said she, sighing, “there is nothing I so much desire as to see my poor father, and to know what he is doing at this moment.” She said this to herself; but just then, by chance, she cast her eyes on a looking-glass that stood near her, and in the glass she saw her home, and her father riding up to the cottage in the deepest sorrow. Her sisters came out to meet him, but for all they tried to look sorry, it was easy to see that in their hearts they were very glad. In a short time all this picture went away out of the glass; but Beauty began to think that the beast was very kind to her, and that she had no need to be afraid of him. About the middle of the day she found a table laid ready for her, and a sweet concert of music played all the time she was eating her dinner, without her seeing a single
creature. But at supper, when she was going to seat herself at table, she heard the noise of the beast, and could not help trembling with fear. "Beauty," said he, "will you give me leave to see you sup?"—"That is as you please," answered she, very much afraid. "Not in the least," said the beast; "you alone command in this place. If you should not like my company, you need only to say so, and I will leave you that moment. But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?"—"Why, yes," said she, "for I cannot tell a story; but then I think you are very good." "You are right," replied the beast; "and, besides being ugly, I am also very stupid: I know well enough that I am but a beast."

"I should think you cannot be very stupid," said Beauty, "if you yourself know this."—"Pray do not let me hinder you from eating," said he; "and be sure you do not want for anything; for all you see is yours; and I shall be vastly grieved if you are not happy."—"You are very kind," said Beauty; "I must needs own that I think very well of your good-nature, and then I almost forget how ugly you are."—"yes, yes, I hope I am good-tempered," said he, "but still I am a monster."—"There are many men who are worse monsters than you are," replied Beauty; "and I am better pleased with you in that form, though it is so ugly, than with those who carry wicked hearts under the form of a man."—"If I had any sense," said the beast, "I would thank you for what you have said: but I am too stupid to say anything that would give you pleasure." Beauty ate her supper with a very good appetite, and almost lost all her dread of the monster; but she was ready to sink with fright, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?" For a few minutes she was not able to speak a word, for she was afraid of putting him in a passion, by refusing. At length she said, "No, beast:" the beast made no reply, but
sighed deeply, and went away. When Beauty found herself alone, she began to feel pity for the poor beast. "Dear!" said she, "what a sad thing it is that he should be so very frightful, since he is so good-tempered!"

Beauty lived three months in this palace very well pleased. The beast came to see her every night, and talked with her while she supped; and though what he said was not very clever, yet, as she saw in him every day some new mark of his goodness, instead of dreading the time of his coming, she was always looking at her watch, to see if it was almost nine o'clock; for that was the time when he never failed to visit her. There was but one thing that vexed her, which was that every night, before the beast went away from her, he always made it a rule to ask her if she would be his wife, and seemed very much grieved at her saying "No." At last, one night, she said to him, "You vex me greatly, beast, by forcing me to refuse you so often; I wish I could take such a liking to you as to agree to marry you: but I must tell you plainly, that I do not think it will ever happen. I shall always be your friend; so try to let that make you easy."—"I must needs do so then," said the beast, "for I know well enough how frightful I am; but I love you better than myself. Yet I think I am very lucky in your being pleased to stay with me: now promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me." Beauty was quite struck when he said this, for that very day she had seen in her glass that her father had fallen sick of grief for her sake, and was very ill for the want of seeing her again. "I would promise you, with all my heart," said she, "never to leave you quite; but I long so much to see my father, that if you do not give me leave to
visit him, I shall die with grief."—"I would rather die myself, Beauty," answered the beast, "than make you fret: I will send you to your father’s cottage; you shall stay there, and your poor beast shall die of sorrow."—"No," said Beauty, crying, "I love you too well to be the cause of your death; I promise to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers are gone for soldiers, so that my father is left all alone. Let me stay a week with him."—"You shall find yourself with him to-morrow morning," replied the beast; "but mind, do not forget your promise. When you wish to return, you have nothing to do but to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-bye, Beauty!" The beast then sighed as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed very sorry to see him so much grieved. When she awoke in the morning, she found herself in her father’s cottage. She rang a bell that was at her bed-side, and a servant entered; but as soon as she saw Beauty, the woman gave a loud shriek; upon which the merchant ran up stairs, and when he beheld his daughter he was ready to die of joy. He ran to the bed-side, and kissed her a hundred times. At last Beauty began to remember that she had brought no clothes with her to put on; but the servant told her she had just found in the next room a large chest full of dresses, trimmed all over with gold, and adorned with pearls and diamonds.

Beauty, in her own mind, thanked the beast for his kindness, and put on the plainest gown she could find among them all. She then told the servant to put the rest away with a great deal of care, for she intended to give them to her sisters; but, as soon as she had spoken these words, the chest was gone out of sight in a moment. Her father then said, perhaps the beast chose for her to keep them all for herself: and as soon
as he had said this, they saw the chest standing again in the same place. While Beauty was dressing herself, a servant brought word to her that her sisters were come with their husbands to pay her a visit. They both lived unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. The husband of the eldest was very handsome, but was so very proud of this, that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and did not attend to the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of great learning; but he made no use of it, only to torment and affront all his friends, and his wife more than any of them. The two sisters were ready to burst with spite when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess, and look so very charming. All the kindness that she showed them was of no use; for they were vexed more than ever when she told them how happy she lived at the palace of the beast. The spiteful creatures went by themselves into the garden, where they cried to think of her good fortune. "Why should the little wretch be better off than we?" said they. "We are much handsomer than she is."—"Sister!" said the eldest, "a thought has just come into my head: let us try to keep her here longer than the week that the beast gave her leave for; and then he will be so angry, that perhaps he will eat her up in a moment."—"That is well thought of," answered the other: "but to do this, we must seem very kind to her." They then made up their minds to be so, and went to join her in the cottage, where they showed her so much false love, that Beauty could not help crying for joy.

When the week was ended, the two sisters began to pretend so much grief at the thoughts of her leaving them, that she agreed to stay a week more; but all that time Beauty could not help fretting for the sorrow that she knew her staying would give her poor beast; for she tenderly loved him, and
much wished for his company again. The tenth night of her being at the cottage, she dreamed she was in the garden of the palace, and that the beast lay dying on a grass-plot, and with his last breath put her in mind of her promise, and laid his death to her keeping away from him. Beauty awoke in a great fright, and burst into tears: "Am not I wicked," said she, "to behave so ill to a beast who has shown me so much kindness? Why will not I marry him? I am sure I should be more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. He shall not be wretched any longer on my account; for I should do nothing but blame myself all the rest of my life."

She then rose, put her ring on the table, got into bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning she with joy found herself in the palace of the beast. She dressed herself very finely, that she might please him the better, and thought she had never known a day pass away so slow. At last the clock struck nine, but the beast did not come. Beauty then thought to be sure she had been the cause of his death in earnest. She ran from room to room all over the palace, calling out his name, but still she saw nothing of him. After looking for him a long time, she thought of her dream, and ran directly towards the grass-plot; and there she found the poor beast lying senseless and seeming dead. She threw herself upon his body, thinking nothing at all of his ugliness; and finding his heart still beat she ran and fetched some water from a pond in the garden, and threw it on his face. The beast then opened his eyes, and said: "You have forgot your promise, Beauty. My grief for the loss of you has made me resolve to starve myself to death; but I shall die content, since I have had the pleasure of seeing you once more."—"No, dear beast," replied Beauty, "you shall not die; you shall live to be my
husband: from this moment I offer to marry you, and will be only yours. Oh! I thought I felt only friendship for you; but the pain I now feel, shows me that I could not live without seeing you."

The moment Beauty had spoken these words, the palace was suddenly lighted up, and music, fire-works, and all kinds of rejoicings, appeared round about them. Yet Beauty took no notice of all this, but watched over her dear beast with the greatest tenderness. But now she was all at once amazed to see at her feet, instead of her poor beast, the handsomest prince that ever was seen, who thanked her most warmly for having broken his enchantment. Though this young prince deserved all her notice, she could not help asking him what was become of the beast. "You see him at your feet, Beauty," answered the prince, "for I am he. A wicked fairy had condemned me to keep the form of a beast till a beautiful young lady should agree to marry me; and ordered me, on pain of death, not to show that I had any sense. You alone, dearest Beauty, have kindly judged of me by the goodness of my heart; and in return I offer you my hand and my crown, though I know the reward is much less than what I owe you." Beauty, in the most pleasing surprise, helped the prince to rise, and they walked along to the palace, when her wonder was very great to find her father and sisters there, who had been brought by the lady Beauty had seen in her dream. "Beauty," said the lady, (for she was the fairy,) "receive the reward of the choice you have made. You have chosen goodness of heart rather than sense and beauty; therefore you deserve to find them all three joined in the same person. You are going to be a great queen;
I hope a crown will not destroy your virtue. As for you, ladies,” said the fairy to the other two sisters, “I have long known the malice of your hearts, and the wrongs you have done. You shall become two statues; but under that form you shall still keep your reason, and shall be fixed at the gates of your sister’s palace; and I will not pass any worse sentence on you than to see her happy. You will never appear in your own persons again till you are fully cured of your faults; and, to tell the truth, I am very much afraid you will remain statues for ever.”

At the same moment, the fairy, with a stroke of her wand, removed all who were present to the young prince’s country, where he was received with the greatest joy by all his subjects. He married Beauty, and passed a long and happy life with her, because they still kept in the same course of goodness that they had always been used to.

BLANCH AND ROSALINDA.

In a pleasant village, some miles from the metropolis, there lived a very good sort of woman, who was much beloved by all her neighbours, because she was always ready to assist every one who was in need. She had received in her youth a better education than the inhabitants of the little
village in which she dwelt, and for this reason the poor people looked up to her with a degree of respect. She was the widow of a very good man, who, when he died, left her with two children. They were very pretty girls. The eldest, on account of the fairness of her complexion, was named Blanch, and the other Rosalinda, because her cheeks were like roses, and her lips like coral. One day, while Goody Hearty sat spinning at the door, she saw a poor old woman going by, leaning on a stick, who had much ado to hobble along. "You seem very much tired, dame," said she to the old woman, "sit down here and rest yourself a little;" at the same time she bid her daughters fetch a chair: they both went, but Rosalinda ran faster and brought one.—"Will you please to drink?" said Goody Hearty. "Thank you," answered the old woman, "I don't care if I do; and methinks if you had anything nice, that I liked, I could eat a bit."—"You are welcome to the best I have in my house," said Goody Hearty; "but as I am poor, it is homely fare."

She then ordered her daughters to spread a clean cloth on the table, while she went to the cupboard, from whence she took some brown bread and cheese, to which she added a mug of cider. As soon as the old woman was seated at the table, Goody Hearty desired her elder daughter to go and gather some plums off her own plum-tree, which she had planted herself, and took great delight in. Blanch, instead of obeying her mother readily, grumbled, and muttered as she went, "Surely," said she to herself, "I did not take all this care and pains with my plum-tree for that old greedy creature." However, she durst not refuse gathering a few plums; but she gave them with a very ill-will, and very ungraciously. "As for you, Rosalinda," said her mother, "you have no fruit to offer this good dame, for your grapes are not ripe,"—"That's true," said Rosalinda, "but my hen has just laid, for I hear her cackle,
and if the gentlewoman likes a new-laid egg, 'tis very much at
her service;” and without staying for an answer, she ran to the
hen-roost, and brought the egg; but just as she was presenting it
to the old woman, she turned into a fine beautiful lady! “Good
woman,” said the old dame, to Goody Hearty, “I have long seen
your industry, perseverance, and pious resignation, and I will re-
ward your daughters according to their merits: the elder shall be
a great queen; the other shall have a country farm;” with this
she struck the house with her stick, which immediately disap-
peared, and in its room up came a pretty little snug farm.
“This, Rosalinda,” said she, “is your lot. I know I have given
each of you what you like best.”

Having said this, the fairy went away, leaving both mother
and daughters greatly astonished. They went into the farm-
house, and were quite charmed with the neatness of the furni-
ture: the chairs were only wood, but so bright, you might see
your face in them. The beds were of linen-cloth, as white as
snow. There were forty sheep in the sheep-pen; four oxen and
four cows in their stalls; and in the yard all sorts of poultry—
hens, ducks, pigeons, &c. There was also a pretty garden, well
stocked with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. Blanch saw the
fairy’s gift to her sister, without being jealous, and was wholly
taken up with the thoughts of being a queen; when, all of a
sudden, she heard some hunters riding by, and going to the
gate to see them, she appeared so charming in the king’s
eyes, that he resolved to marry her. When Blanch was a
queen, she said to her sister Rosalinda, "I do not wish you
should be a farmer. Come with me, sister, and I will
match you to some great lord."—"I am very much
obliged to you, sister," re-
plied Rosalinda, "but I am
used to a country life, and I
choose to stay where I am."
Queen Blanch arrived at her
palace, and was so delighted
with her dignity, that she
could not sleep for several nights: the first three months, her
thoughts were wholly engrossed by dress, balls, and plays, so
that she thought of nothing else. She was soon accustomed to
all this, and nothing now diverted her; on the contrary, she
found a great deal of trouble. The ladies of the court were all
very respectful in her presence, but she knew very well that they
did not love her; and, when out of her sight, they would often
say to one another, "See what airs this little country girl gives
herself; surely his majesty must have a very mean fancy, to
make choice of such a consort." These discourses soon reached
the king's ears, and made him reflect on what he had done: he
began to think he was wrong, and repented his marriage. The
courtiers saw this, and accordingly paid her little or no respect:
she was very unhappy, for she had not a single friend to whom
she could declare her griefs: she saw it was the fashion at court
to betray the dearest friend for interest; to caress and smile
upon those they most hated; and to lie every instant. She was
obliged to be always serious, because they told her a queen ought
to look grave and majestic. She had several children; and all
the time there was a physician to inspect whatever she ate or drank, and to order everything she liked off the table; not a grain of salt was allowed to be put in her soup, nor was she permitted to take a walk, though she had ever so much a mind to it. Governesses were appointed to her children, who brought them up contrary to her wishes; yet she had not the liberty to find fault. Poor queen Blanch was dying with grief, and grew so thin, that it was a pity to see her. She had not seen her sister for three years, because she imagined it would disgrace a person of her rank and dignity to visit a farmer's wife. Her extreme melancholy made her very ill, and her physicians ordered change of air. She therefore resolved to spend a few days in the country, to divert her uneasiness, and improve her health.

Accordingly she asked the king leave to go, who very readily granted it, because he thought he should be rid of her for some time. She set out, and soon arrived at the village. As she drew near Rosalinda's house, she beheld, at a little distance from the door, a company of shepherds and shepherdesses, who were dancing and making merry. "Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "there was once a time when I used to divert myself like those poor people, and no one found fault with me." The moment Rosalinda perceived her sister, she ran to embrace her. The queen ordered her carriage to stop, and, alighting, rushed into her sister's arms: but Rosalinda had grown so plump, and had such an air of content, that the queen as she looked on her, could not forbear bursting into tears.

Rosalinda was married to a farmer's son, who had no fortune of his own; but then he ever remembered that he was indebted to his wife for everything he had; and he strove to show his gratitude by his obliging behaviour. Rosalinda had not many servants; but those she had, loved her as though she had been
their mother, because she used them kindly. She was beloved by all her neighbours, and they all endeavoured to show it. She neither had, nor wanted, much money: corn, wine, and oil, were the growth of her farm: her cows supplied her with milk, butter, and cheese. The wool of her sheep was spun to clothe herself, her husband, and two children she had. They enjoyed perfect health; and when the work of the day was over, they spent the evening in all sorts of pastimes. “Alas!” cried the queen, “the fairy made me a sad present in giving me a crown. Content is not found in magnificent palaces, but in an innocent country life.” Scarcely had she done speaking, before the fairy appeared. “In making you a queen,” said the fairy, “I did not intend to reward, but punish you, for giving me your plums with an ill-will. To be contented and happy, you must, like your sister, possess only what is necessary, and wish for nothing else.”—“Ah! madam,” cried Blanch, “you are sufficiently revenged: pray put an end to my distress.”—“It is at an end,” said the fairy; “the king, who loves you no longer, has just married another wife; and to-morrow his officers will come to forbid you returning any more to the palace.”—It happened just as the fairy had foretold; and Blanch passed the remainder of her days with her sister Rosalinda, in all manner of happiness and content: never thought again of court, unless it was to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her native village.
BLUE BEARD.

There was, some time ago, a gentleman who was very rich; he had fine town and country houses; his dishes and plates were all of gold or silver; his rooms were hung with damask; his chairs and sofas were covered with the richest silks, and his carriages were all gilt with gold in a grand style. But it happened that this gentleman had a blue beard, which made him so very frightful and ugly, that none of the ladies, in the parts where he lived, would venture to go into his company. Now there was a certain lady of rank, who lived very near him, and had two daughters, both of them of very great beauty. Blue Beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him for a wife, and left it to herself to choose which of the two it should be. But both the young ladies again and again said they would never marry Blue Beard; yet, to be as civil as they could, each of them said, the only reason why she would not have him
was, because she was loth to hinder her sister from the match, which would be such a good one for her. Still the truth of the matter was, they could neither of them bear the thoughts of having a husband with a blue beard; and, besides, they had heard of his having been married to several wives before, and nobody could tell what had ever become of any of them. As Blue Beard wished very much to gain their favour, he asked the lady and her daughters, and some ladies who were on a visit at their house, to go with him to one of his country seats, where they spent a whole week, during which they passed all their time in nothing but parties for hunting and fishing, music, dancing, and feasts. No one even thought of going to bed, and the nights were passed in merry-makings of all kinds. In short, the time rolled on in so much pleasure, that the younger of the two sisters began to think that the beard, which she had been so much afraid of, was not so very blue, and that the gentleman who owned it was vastly civil and pleasing. Soon after their return home, she told her mother that she had no longer any dislike to accept of Blue Beard for her husband; and in a very short time they were married.

About a month after the marriage had taken place, Blue Beard told his wife that he should be forced to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some affairs to attend to in the country. He desired her to be sure to indulge herself in every kind of pleasure; to invite as many of her friends as she liked, and to treat them with all sorts of dainties, that her time might pass pleasantly till he came back again. "Here," said he, "are the keys of the two large wardrobes; this is the key of the great box that contains the best plate, which we use for company; this belongs to my strong box, where I keep my money; and this belongs to the casket, in which are all my jewels. Here, also, is a master-key to all the rooms in the
house; but this small key belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground-floor. I give you leave," said he, "to open, or do what you like with all the rest, except this closet; this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into the lock for all the world. If you do not obey me in this one thing, you must expect the most dreadful of punishments." She promised to obey his orders in the most faithful manner; and Blue Beard, after kissing her tenderly, stepped into his coach and drove away.

When Blue Beard was gone, the friends of his wife did not wait to be asked, so eager were they to see all the riches and fine things she had gained by marriage; for they had, none of them, gone to the wedding, on account of their dislike to the blue beard of the bridegroom. As soon as ever they came to the house, they ran about from room to room, from closet to closet, and then from wardrobe to wardrobe, looking into each with wonder and delight, and said, that every fresh one they came to was richer and finer than what they had seen the moment before. At last they came to the drawing-rooms, where their surprise was made still greater by the costly grandeur of the hangings, the sofas, the chairs, carpets, tables, sideboards, and looking-glasses; the frames of these last were silver-gilt, most richly adorned; and in the glasses they saw themselves from head to foot. In short, nothing could exceed the richness of what they saw; and they all did not fail to admire and envy the good fortune of their friend. But all this time the bride herself was far from thinking about the fine speeches they made to her, for she was eager to see what was in the closet her husband had told her not to open. So great, indeed, was her desire to do this, that, without once thinking how rude it would be to leave her guests, she slipped away down a private staircase that led to this forbidden closet, and
in such a hurry, that she was two or three times in danger of falling down stairs and breaking her neck.

When she reached the door of the closet, she stopped for a few moments to think of the order her husband had given her; and how he had told her that he would not fail to keep his word, and punish her very severely, if she did not obey him. But she was so very curious to know what was inside, that she made up her mind to venture in spite of everything. She then, with a trembling hand, put the key into the lock, and the door straight flew open. As the window-shutters were closed,

she at first could see nothing; but, in a short time, she saw that the floor was covered with clotted blood, in which the bodies of several dead women were lying.

These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married, and killed one after another. At this sight she was ready
to sink with fear; and the key of the closet door, which she held in her hand, fell on the floor. When she had a little got the better of her fright, she took it up, locked the door, and made haste back to her own room, that she might have a little time to get into a humour to amuse her company; but this she could not do, so great was her fright at what she had seen. As she found that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she wiped it two or three times over to clean it, yet still the blood kept on it the same as before. She next washed it; but the blood did not move at all. She then scoured it with brick-dust, and after with sand; but, in spite of all she could do, the blood was still there; for the key was the gift of a fairy, who was Blue Beard's friend; so that as fast as she got off the blood on one side, it came again on the other. Early in the same evening Blue Beard came home, saying, that before he had gone far on his journey he was met by a horsemanship, who was coming to tell him that his affair in the country was settled without his being present; upon which his wife said everything she could think of, to make him believe she was in a transport of joy at his sudden return.

The next morning he asked her for the keys: she gave them to him; but, as she could not help showing her fright, Blue Beard easily guessed what had been the matter. "How is it," said he, "that the key of the closet upon the ground-floor is not here?"—"Is it not?" said the wife, "then I must have left it on my dressing-table."—"Be sure you give it me by and by," replied Blue Beard. After going a good many times backwards and forwards, as if she was looking for the key, she was at last forced to give it to Blue Beard. He looked hard at it, and then said, "How came this blood upon the key?" "I am sure I do not know," replied the poor lady, at the same time turning as white as a sheet. "You do not know?" said
Blue Beard, sternly: "but I know well enough. You have been in the closet on the ground floor! Very well madam; since you are so mighty fond of this closet, you shall be sure to take your place among the ladies you saw there." His wife, who was almost dead with fear, now fell upon her knees, asked his pardon a thousand times for her fault, and begged him to forgive her; looking all the time so very mournful and lovely, that she would have melted any heart that was not harder than a rock. But Blue Beard only said, "No, no, madam: you shall die this very minute!"—"Alas!" said the poor trembling creature, "If I must die, give me, at least, a little time to say my prayers."—"I give you," replied the cruel Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, not a moment longer." When Blue Beard had left her to herself, she called her sister; and after telling her, as well as she could for sobbing, that she had but half a quarter of an hour to live, "Pr'ythee," said she, "sister Anne" (this was her sister's name), "run up to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not in sight, for they said they would visit me to-day; and, if you see them, make a sign for them to gallop on as fast as ever they can." Her sister straight did as she was desired; and the poor trembling lady every minute cried out to her, "Anne! sister Anne! do you see any one coming?" Her sister said, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."
In the meanwhile, Blue Beard, with a great scimitar in his hand, bawled as loudly as he could to his wife, "Come down at once, or I will fetch you."—"One moment, I beseech you," replied she; and again called softly to her sister, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" To which she answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green." Blue Beard now again bawled out, "Come down, I say, this very moment, or I shall come and fetch you."—"I am coming; indeed I will come in one minute," sobbed his wretched wife. Then she once more cried out, "Anne, sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"—"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust a little to the left."—"Do you think it is my brothers?" said the wife. "Alas! no, dear sister," replied she, "it is only a flock of sheep."—"Will you come down, madam?" said Blue Beard in the greatest rage. "Only one single moment more," said she. And then she called out for the last time, "Sister Anne! sister Anne! do you see no one coming?"—"I see," replied her sister, "two men on horseback coming, but they are still a great way off."—"Thank God," cried she, "it is my brothers; beckon them to make haste." Blue Beard now cried out so loudly for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house. The poor lady, with her hair loose, and all in tears, now came down, and fell on her knees, begging him to spare her life; but he stopped her, saying, "All this is of no use, for you shall die." And then, seizing her by the hair, raised his scimitar to strike off her head. The poor woman now begged a single moment to say one prayer.
"No, no," said Blue Beard, "I will give you no more time. You have had too much already." And again raising his arm;—just at this instant a loud knocking was heard at the gates, which made Blue Beard wait for a moment to see who it was. The gates now flew open, and two officers, dressed in their uniform, came in, and with their swords in their hands, ran straight to Blue Beard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, tried to escape from their presence; but they pursued and seized him before he had gone twenty steps, and plunging their swords into his body, he fell down dead at their feet.

The poor wife, who was almost as dead as her husband, was not able at first to rise and embrace her brothers; but she soon came to herself; and, as Blue Beard had no heirs, she found herself the owner of his great riches. She gave a part of his vast fortune as a marriage dowry to her sister Anne, who soon after became the wife of a young gentleman who had long loved her. Some of the money she laid out in buying captains'
commissions for her two brothers; and the rest she gave to a worthy gentleman whom she married shortly after, and whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard’s cruelty.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A great many years ago there lived in the county of Norfolk a gentleman and his lady. The gentleman was brave, kind, and of a noble spirit; and the lady was gentle, beautiful, and virtuous. They were very much loved by all who knew them; for they were always trying to do service to everybody who came near them, or who had anything at all to do with them. This lady and gentleman lived together very happily for many years, for they loved each other most tenderly. They had two children, who were as yet very young; for the elder, who was a boy, was about three years old, and the younger, who was a girl, not quite two years old. The boy was very much like his father, and the girl was
like her mother. By the end of this time the gentleman fell sick, and day after day he grew worse. His lady, as I have just said, loved him with the greatest fondness; and she was so much grieved by his illness that she fell sick too. No physic, nor anything else was of the least use to them, for their illness got worse and worse; and they saw that they should be soon taken away from their two little babes, and be forced to leave them in the world without a father or mother. They bore this cruel thought as well as they could; and trusted that, after they were dead, their children would find some kind friend or another to bring them up. They talked to one another tenderly about them, and at last agreed to send for the gentleman's brother, and give their darlings into his care.

As soon as ever the gentleman's brother heard this news, he made all the haste he could to the bed-side where the father and mother were lying sick. "Ah! brother," said the dying man, "you see how short a time I can expect to live; yet neither death nor pain can give me half so much grief as I feel
at the thought of what these dear babes will do without a parent’s care. "Brother, brother," continued the gentleman, putting out his hand as well as he could, and pointing to the children, "they will have none but you to be kind to them; none but you to see them clothed and fed, and teach them to be good and happy."—"Dear, dear brother," said the dying lady, "you must be father, mother, and uncle too, to these lovely little lambs. First let William be taught to read; and then he should be told how good his father was. And little Jane,—Oh! brother, it wrings my heart to talk of her. Think of the gentle usage she will stand in need of, and take her fondly on your knee, brother, and she and William too will repay your care with love."

The uncle then answered, "Oh! how it grieves my heart to see you, my dearest brother and sister, in this sad state! but take comfort, there may still be hope of your getting well; yet, if we should lose you, I will do all you can desire for your darling children. In me they shall find a father, mother, and uncle. William shall learn to read; and shall be often told how good his father was, that he may turn out as good himself when he grows up to be a man. Jane shall be used with the most tender care, and shall be kindly fondled on my knee. But, dear brother, you have said nothing of the riches you must leave behind. I am sure you know my heart too well to think that I speak of this for any other reason than your dear children’s good, and that I may be able to make use of all your money only for their sake."—"Pray, brother," said the dying man, "do not grieve me with talking of any such thing; for how could you, who would be their father, mother, and uncle too, once think of wronging them? Here, here, brother, is my will. You will see that I have done the best thing I could for my babes." A few moments after the gentleman had said these
words, he pressed his cold lips to his children; the lady did the same, and in a short time they both died. The uncle shed a few tears at this sad sight, and then broke open the will; in which he found that his brother had left the little boy, William, the sum of three hundred pounds a-year, when he should be twenty-one years old, and to Jane, the girl, the sum of five hundred pounds in gold, to be paid to her the day of her being married. But if the children should happen to die before coming of age, then all the money was to belong to their uncle. The will of the gentleman next ordered that he and his dear wife should be buried side by side in the same grave.

The two little children were now taken home to the house of their uncle; who, for some time, did just as their parents had so lately told him upon their death-bed; and so he used them with great kindness; but when he had kept them about a year, he forgot by degrees to think how their father and mother looked when they gave their children to his care, and how he himself had made a promise to be their father, mother, and uncle, all in one. After a little more time had passed, the uncle could not help thinking that he wished the little boy and girl would die, for then he should have all their money for himself; and when he had once begun to think this, he went on till he could hardly think of anything else. At last he said to himself, "It would not be very hard for me to kill them, so as for nobody to know anything about the matter, and then the money will be mine at once."—When the cruel uncle had once brought his mind to kill the helpless little creatures, he was not long in finding a way to bring it about. He hired two sturdy ruffians, who had already killed many travellers in a dark thick wood, some way off, for the sake of robbing them of their money. These two wicked creatures now agreed with the uncle, for a large sum of money, to do the
most cruel deed that ever yet was heard of; and so the uncle began to get everything ready for them. He told an artful story to his wife, of what good it would do to the children to put them forward in their learning; and how he had a friend in London who would take care of them. He then said to the poor little things, "Should you not like, my pretty ones, to see the famous city of London; where you, William, can buy a fine wooden horse to ride upon all day long, and a whip to make him gallop, and a fine sword to wear by your side? And you, Jane, shall have pretty frocks, and dolls, and many other pretty play-things; and a nice gilded coach shall be got to take you there."—"Oh, yes, I will go, uncle," said William: "Oh, yes, I will go, uncle," said Jane: and the uncle, with a heart as hard as stone, soon got them ready for the journey. The harmless little creatures were put in a fine coach a few days after; and along with them the two cruel wretches, who were soon to put an end to their merry prattle, and turn their smiles into tears. One of them drove the coach, and the other sat inside, between little William and little Jane.

When they had reached the entrance to the dark thick wood, the two ruffians took them out of the coach, telling them they might now walk a little way and gather some flowers; and while the children were skipping about like lambs, the ruffians turned their backs to them, and began to talk about what they had to do.

"In good truth," said the one who had been sitting between the children all the way, "now I have seen their sweet faces,
and heard their pretty talk, I have no heart to do the cruel deed, let us fling away the ugly knife, and send the children back to their uncle.”—“But indeed I will not,” said the other; “what is their pretty talk to us?”—“Think of your own children at home,” answered the first. “Yes, but I shall get nothing to take back to them, if I turn coward, as you would have me do,” replied the other. At last the two ruffians fell into such a great passion about killing the poor babes, that the one who wished to spare their lives took out the great knife he had brought to murder them, and stabbed the other to the heart, so that he fell down dead at his feet. The one who had killed him was quite at a loss what to do with the children; for he wanted to get away as fast as he could, for fear of being found in the wood. At last he thought the only thing he could do was, to leave them in the woods by themselves, and trust them to the kindness of anybody that might happen to pass by and find them there. “Come here, my pretty ones,” said he, “you must take hold of my hands and go a little way along with me.” The poor children each took a hand, and went on; but the tears burst from their eyes, and their little limbs shook with fear all the while. In this way he led them for about two miles further on in the wood; and then told them to wait there till he came back from the next town, where he would go and get them some food. William took his sister Jane by the hand, and they walked in fear up and down the wood. “Will the strange man come with some cakes, Billy?” said little Jane. “By and by, dear Jane,” said William; and soon after, “I wish I
had some cakes, Billy," said she. They then looked about
with their little eyes to every part of the wood; and it would
have melted a heart as hard as a stone, to see how sad they
looked, and how they listened to every sound of wind in the
trees. After they had waited a very long time, they tried to
fill their bellies with blackberries; but they soon ate all that
were within their reach. Night was now coming on; and
William who had tried all he could to comfort his little sister,
at last wanted comfort himself. So when Jane said once
more, "How hungry I am, Billy, I b-e-l-ieve—I cannot help
crying;" William burst out a-crying too; and down they
lay upon the cold earth; and putting their arms round each
other's necks, there they starved, and there they died.

Thus were these two pretty harmless babes murdered; and
as no one knew of their death, so there was no one to dig
a grave and bury them. In the meantime the wicked uncle
thought they had been killed as he ordered; so he told all the
folks who asked about them, an artful tale of their having died
in London of the small-pox; and he then took all their fortune
to himself, and lived upon it as if it had been his own by good
right. But all this did him very little service; for soon after
his wife died; and as he could not help being very unhappy,
and was always thinking, too, that he saw the bleeding children
before his eyes, he did not attend at all to his affairs; so that
instead of growing richer, he grew poorer every day. Besides
this, his two sons had gone on board a ship to try their fortune
abroad, but they were both drowned at sea, and he became
quite wretched, so that his life was a burden to him. When
things had gone on in this manner for some years, the ruffian,
who took pity on the children, and would not kill them, robbed
some person in that very wood; and being pursued, he was laid
hold of and brought to prison, and soon after was tried before a
judge, and was found guilty: so that he was condemned to be hanged for the crime. As soon as he found what his death must be, he sent for the keeper of the prison, and owned to him all the crimes he had been guilty of in his whole life.

Thus he made known the story of the two children; and, at the same time, told what part of the wood he had left them to starve in. The news of this matter soon reached the uncle's ears, who was already broken-hearted for the many ills that had happened to himself, and could not bear the load of public shame that he knew must now fall upon him, so he lay down upon his bed, and died that very day. As soon as the tidings of the death of the two children were made public, proper persons were sent to search the wood for them; and after a great deal of trouble, the pretty babes were at last found stretched in each other's arms; with William's arm round the neck of Jane, his face turned close to hers, and his frock pulled over her body. They were quite covered with leaves, which in all that time had never withered; and on a bush near this cold grave there sat a robin redbreast, watching and chirping; so that many gentle hearts still think it was this kind bird that did bring the leaves and cover the little babes over with them.
CINDERELLA;

or,

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

There was once a very rich gentleman who lost his wife; and having loved her exceedingly, he was very sorry when she died. Finding himself quite unhappy for her loss, he resolved to marry a second time, thinking by this means he should be as happy as before. Unfortunately, however, the lady he chanced to fix upon was the proudest and most haughty woman ever known; she was always out of humour with every one; nobody could please her, and she returned the civilities of those about her with the most affronting disdain. She had two daughters by a former husband, whom she had brought up to be proud and idle; indeed, in temper and behaviour, they perfectly resembled their mother. They did not love their books, and would not learn to work; in short, they were disliked by everybody. The gentleman on his side, too, had a daughter, who, in sweetness of temper and carriage, was the exact likeness of her own mother, whose death he had so much lamented, and whose tender care of the little girl he was in hopes to see replaced by that of his new bride. But scarcely was the marriage ceremony over, when his wife began to show her real temper; she could not
bear the pretty little girl, because her sweet obliging manners made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times the more odious and disagreeable.

She therefore ordered her to live in the kitchen; and, if ever she brought anything into the parlour, always scolded her till she was out of sight. She made her work with the servants in washing the dishes, and rubbing the tables and chairs. It was her place to clean madam's chamber, and that of the misses her daughters, which was all inlaid, had beds of the newest fashion, and looking-glasses so long and so broad, that they saw themselves from head to foot in them; while the little creature herself was forced to sleep up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, without curtains, or anything to make her comfortable. The poor child bore this with the greatest patience, not daring to complain to her father, who, she feared, would only reprove her, for she saw that his wife governed him entirely. When she had done all her work, she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the cinders; so that in the house she went by the name of Cinderbreech; the younger of the two sisters however, being rather more civil than the elder, called her Cinderella. And Cinderella, dirty and ragged as she was, as often happens in such cases, was a thousand times prettier than her sisters, dressed out in all their splendour. It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the people of fashion in the country. Our two misses were of the number; for the king's son did not know how disagreeable they were; but supposed, as they were so much indulged, that they were extremely amiable. He did not invite Cinderella, for he had never seen or heard of her.

The two sisters began immediately to be very busy in preparing for the happy day. Nothing could exceed their joy. Every moment of their time was spent in fancying such gowns, shoes, and head-dresses, as would set them off to the greatest
advantage. All this was new vexation to poor Cinderella, for it was she who washed and ironed her sisters' linen. They talked of nothing but how they should be dressed. "I," said the elder, "will wear my scarlet velvet with French trimming." —"And I," said the younger, "shall wear the same petticoat I had made for the last ball; but then to make amends for that, I shall put on my gold muslin train, and wear my diamonds in my hair: with these I must certainly look well." They sent several miles for the best hair-dresser that was to be had; and all their ornaments were bought at the most fashionable shops. On the morning of the ball they called up Cinderella to consult with her about their dress, for they knew she had a great deal of taste. Cinderella gave them the best advice she could, and even offered to assist in adjusting their head-dresses, which was exactly what they wanted, and they accordingly accepted her proposal. While Cinderella was busily engaged in dressing her sisters, they said to her, "Should you not like, Cinderella, to go to the ball?"—"Ah," replied Cinderella, "you are only laughing at me; it is not for such as I am to think of going to balls."—"You are in the right," said they; "folks might laugh, indeed, to see a Cinderbreech dancing in a ball-room." Any other than Cinderella would have tried to make the haughty creatures look as ugly as she could; but the sweet-tempered girl, on the contrary,
did everything she could think of to make them look well. The sisters had scarcely eaten anything for two days, so great was their joy as the happy day drew near. More than a dozen laces were broken in endeavouring to give them a fine slender shape, and they were always before the looking-glass. At length the much-wished-for moment arrived; the proud misses stepped into a beautiful carriage, and, followed by servants in rich liveries, drove towards the palace. Cinderella followed them with her eyes as far as she could; and, when they were out of sight, she sat down in a corner and began to cry. Her godmother, who saw her in tears, asked her what ailed her. "I wish—I w-i-s-h—" sobbed poor Cinderella, without being able to say another word. The godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "You wish to go to the ball, Cinderella, is not this the truth?"—"Alas! yes," replied the poor child, sobbing still more than before. "Well, well, be a good girl," said the godmother, "and you shall go." She then led Cinderella to her bed-chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella flew like lightning, and brought the finest she could lay hold of. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind; she then struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin instantly became a fine coach gilded all over with gold. She then looked into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive and brisk. She told Cinderella to lift the door of the trap very gently; and, as the mice passed out, she touched them one by one with her wand, and each immediately became a beautiful horse of a fine dapple grey mouse colour. "Here, my child," said the godmother, "is a coach, and horses too, as handsome as your sisters'. But what shall we do for a postilion?"—"I will run," replied Cinderella, "and see if there be not a rat in the trap; if I find one, he will do very well for a postilion."—
"Well thought of, my child," said her godmother, "make what haste you can."

Cinderella brought the rat-trap, which, to her great joy, contained three of the largest rats ever seen. The fairy chose the one which had the longest beard; and, touching him with her wand, he was instantly turned into a handsome postilion, with the finest pair of whiskers imaginable. She next said to Cinderella: "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them hither." This was no sooner done, than with a stroke from the fairy's wand they were changed into six footmen, who all jumped up behind the coach in their laced liveries, and stood side by side as cleverly as if they had been used to nothing else the whole of their lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella: "Well, my dear, is not this such an equipage as you could wish for to take you to the ball? Are you not delighted with it?" "Y-e-s," replied Cinderella, with hesitation; "but must I go thither in these filthy rags?" Her godmother touched her with the wand, and her rags instantly became the most magnificent apparel, ornamented with the most costly jewels in the whole world. To these she added a beautiful pair of glass slippers, and bade her set out for the palace. The fairy, however, before she took leave of Cinderella, strictly charged her on no account whatever to stay at the ball after the clock had
struck twelve, telling her that, should she stay but a single moment after that time, her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, her footmen lizards, and her fine clothes be changed to filthy rags. Cinderella did not fail to promise all her godmother desired of her; and almost wild with joy, drove away to the palace. As soon as she arrived, the king's son, who had been informed that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come to the ball, presented himself at the door of her carriage, helped her out, and conducted her to the ball-room. Cinderella no sooner appeared than everybody was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and every one was employed in gazing at the uncommon beauty of this unknown stranger; nothing was heard but whispers of "How handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not keep his eyes from her, and continually repeated to the queen, that it was a long time since he had seen so lovely a creature. The ladies endeavoured to find out how her clothes were made, that they might get some of the same pattern for themselves by the next day, should they be lucky enough to meet with such handsome materials, and such good work-people to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honourable seat, and soon after took her out to dance with him. She both moved and danced so gracefully, that every one admired her still more than before, and she was thought the most beautiful and accomplished lady they ever beheld. After some time a delicious collation was served up; but the young prince was so busily employed in looking at her, that he did not eat a morsel. Cinderella seated herself near her sisters, paid them a thousand attentions, and offered them part of the oranges and sweetmeats with which the prince had presented her: while they, on their part, were quite astonished at these civilities.
from a lady whom they did not know. As they were conversing together, Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters: she rose from her seat, curtseied to the company, and hastened away as fast as she could. As soon as she got home she flew to her godmother, and, after thanking her a thousand times, told her she would give the world to be
able to go again to the ball the next day, for the king's son had entreated her to be there. While she was telling her godmother every thing that had happened to her at the ball, the two sisters knocked a loud rat-tat-tat at the door; which Cinderella opened. "How late you have stayed!" said she yawnung, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself, as if just awakened out of her sleep, though she had, in truth, felt no desire for sleep since they left her. "If you had been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "let me tell you, you would not have been sleepy: there came thither the handsomest, yes, the very handsomest princess ever beheld! She paid us a thousand attentions, and made us take a part of the oranges and sweetmeats the prince had given her." Cinderella could scarcely contain herself for joy: she asked her sister the name of this princess: to which they replied that nobody had been able to discover who she was; that the king's son was extremely grieved on that account, and had offered a large reward to any person who could find out where she came from. Cinderella smiled, and said: "How very beautiful she must be! How fortunate you are! Ah, could I but see her for a single moment! Dear Miss Charlotte, lend me only the yellow gown you wear every day, and let me go to see her."—"Oh! yes, I warrant you; lend my clothes to a Cinderbreech! Do you really suppose me such a fool? No, no; pray, Miss Forward, mind your proper business, and leave dress and balls to your betters." Cinderella expected some such answer, and was by no means sorry, for she would have been sadly at a loss what to do if her sister had lent her the clothes that she asked of her.

The next day the two sisters again appeared at the ball, and so did Cinderella, but dressed much more magnificently than the night before. The king's son was continually by her side,
and said the most obliging things to her imaginable. The charming young creature was far from being tired of all the agreeable things she met with: on the contrary, she was so delighted with them that she entirely forgot the charge her godmother had given her. Cinderella at last heard the striking of a clock, and counted one, two, three, on till she came to twelve, though she thought it could be but eleven at most. She got up and flew as nimbly as a deer out of the ball-room. The prince tried to overtake her; but poor Cinderella's fright made her run the faster. However, in her great hurry, she dropped one of her glass slippers from her foot, which the prince stooped down and picked up, and took the greatest care of possible. Cinderella got home tired, out of breath, in her old clothes, without either coach or footmen, and having nothing left of her magnificence but the fellow of the glass slipper which she dropped. In the meanwhile, the prince had inquired of all his guards at the palace gates, if they had not seen a magnificent princess pass out, and which way she went. The guards replied, that no princess had passed the gates; and that they had not seen a creature, but a little ragged girl, who looked more like a beggar than a princess. When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been as much amused as the night before, and if the beautiful princess had been there? They told her that she had; but that as soon as the clock struck twelve, she hurried away from the ball-room, and, in the great haste she made, had dropped one of her glass slippers, which was the prettiest shape that could be; that the king's son had picked it up, and had done nothing but look at it all the rest of the evening; and that everybody believed that he was violently in love with the handsome lady to whom it belonged.

This was very true; for a few days after, the prince had it
proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that he would marry the lady whose foot should exactly fit the slipper he had found. Accordingly the prince's messengers took the slipper, and carried it first to all the princesses; then to the duchesses; in short, to all the ladies of the court, but without success. They then brought it to the two sisters, who each tried all she could to squeeze her foot into the slipper, but saw at last that it was quite impossible. Cinderella, who was looking at them all the while, and knew her slipper, could not help smiling, and ventured to say, "Pray, Sir, let me try to get on the slipper." The gentleman made her sit down; and putting the slipper to her foot, it instantly slipped in, and he saw that it fitted her like wax. The two sisters were amazed to see that the slipper fitted Cinderella, but how much greater was their astonishment when she drew out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on! Just at this moment the fairy entered the room, and touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made her all at once appear more magnificently dressed than they had ever seen her before. The two sisters immediately perceived that she was the beautiful princess they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, and asked her forgiveness for the ill treatment she had received from them. Cinderella helped them to rise, and, tenderly embracing them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and begged them to bestow on her their
affection. Cinderella was then conducted, dressed as she was, to the young prince, who, finding her more beautiful than ever, instantly desired her to accept of his hand. The marriage ceremony took place in a few days; and Cinderella, who was as amiable as she was handsome, gave her sisters magnificent apartments in the palace, and a short time after married them to two great lords of the court.

FORTUNATUS.

In the city of Famagosta, in the Island of Cyprus, there lived a very rich gentleman. His name was Theodorus: he married a lady who was the greatest beauty in Cyprus, and she was as rich as himself; she
was called Graciana. They both had every pleasure that
wealth could buy, and lived in the highest style. Besides
all this, the lady Graciana brought her husband a fine
little son, who was named Fortunatus; so that one would
think nothing could have kept Theodorus from being the
most happy person in the world. But this was not long
the case; for when he had enjoyed all these pleasures for
some time, he grew tired of them, and began to keep company
with young noblemen of the court, with whom he sat up all
night drinking, and playing cards, so that in a few years he
spent all his fortune. He was now very sorry for what he had
done, but it was too late; and there was nothing he could do,
but to work at some trade to support his wife and child. For
all this the Lady Graciana never found fault with him, but
still loved her husband the same as before; saying, "Dear
Theodorus, to be sure I do not know how to work at any
trade; but, if I cannot help you in getting money, I will help
you to save it." So Theodorus set to work; and though the
Lady Graciana had always been used only to ring her bell
for everything that she wanted, she now scoured the kettles
and washed the clothes with her own hands.

They went on in this manner till Fortunatus was sixteen years
of age. When that time came, one day as they were all sitting
at dinner, Theodorus fixed his eyes on his son, and sighed
deeply. "What is the matter with you, father?" said For-
tunatus. "Ah my child," said Theodorus, "I have reason
enough to be sorry, when I think of the noble fortune which I
have spent, and that my folly will force you to labour for your
living."—"Father," replied Fortunatus, "do not grieve about
it. I have often thought that it was time I should do some-
thing for myself; and though I have not been brought up to
any trade, yet I hope I can contrive to support myself some-
how." When Fortunatus had done his dinner, he took his hat and walked to the sea-side, thinking of what he could do, so as to be no longer a burthen to his parents. Just as he reached the sea-shore, the Earl of Flanders, who had been to Jerusalem, was embarking on board his ship with all his servants, to set sail for Flanders. Fortunatus now thought he would offer himself to be the earl's page. When the earl saw that he was a smart-looking lad, and heard the quick replies which he made to his questions, he took him into his service; so at once they all went on board. On their way the ship stopped a short time at the port of Venice, where Fortunatus saw many strange things, which made him wish still more to travel, and taught him much that he did not know before.

Soon after this they came to Flanders; and they had not been long on shore, before the Earl, his master, was married to the daughter of the Duke of Cleves. The wedding was kept with all sorts of public feasting, and games on horseback, called tilts, which lasted many days; and, among the rest, the earl's lady gave two jewels as prizes to be played for, each of them the value of a hundred crowns. One of these was won by Fortunatus, and the other by Timothy, a servant of the Duke of Burgundy; who after ran another tilt with Fortunatus, so that the winner was to have both the jewels. So they tilted and, at the fourth course, Fortunatus hoisted Timothy a full spear's length from his horse, and thus won both the jewels; which pleased the Earl and Countess so much, that they praised Fortunatus, and thought better of him than ever. At this time, also, Fortunatus had many rich presents given him by the lords and ladies of the court. But the high favour which was showed him made his fellow-servants jealous; and one of them named Robert, who had always been used to pretend that he had a great friendship for Fortunatus, made him believe
that for all his seeming kindness, the Earl in secret envied Fortunatus for his great skill in tilting. Robert said, too, that he had heard the Earl give private orders to one of his servants to find some way of killing Fortunatus next day, while they should all be out hunting.

Fortunatus thanked the wicked Robert for what he thought a great kindness: and the next day at day-break, he took the swiftest horse in the Earl’s stables, and left the country. When the Earl heard that Fortunatus had gone away in a hurry, he was much surprised, and asked all his servants what they knew about the matter: but they all denied knowing anything of it or why he had left them. The Earl then said, “Fortunatus was a lad for whom I had a great esteem, and that he was sure some of them must have given him an affront; but if he found it out to be so, he would not fail to punish any person who had been guilty of doing this.” In the meantime Fortunatus, when he found himself out of the Earl’s country, stopped at an inn to refresh himself: here he began to reckon how much he had about him. He took out all his fine clothes and jewels, and could not help putting them on. He then looked at himself in the glass, and thought that to be sure he was quite a fine smart fellow. Next he took out his purse and counted the money that had been given him by the lords and ladies of the Earl’s court. He found that in all he had five hundred crowns; so he bought a horse, and took care to send back the one that he had taken from the Earl’s stable.

He then set off for Calais, crossed the channel, landed safely at Dover, and went on to London, where he soon made his way into genteel company; and had once the honour to dance with the daughter of a duke at the lord mayor’s ball. This sort of
life, as anybody may well think, soon made away with his little stock of money. When Fortunatus found that he had not a penny left, he began to think of going back again to France; and soon after went on board a ship bound to Picardy. He landed in that country; but finding no employment for himself he set off for Brittany, when he lost his way in crossing a wood, and was forced to stay in it all night. The next morning he was but little better off than before, for he could find no path. So he walked about from one part of the wood to another: till at last, on the evening of the second day, he met with a spring, at which he drank very heartily; but still he had nothing to eat, and was ready to die with hunger. When night came on, he heard the growling of wild beasts, so he climbed up a high tree for safety; and he had hardly seated himself in it, before a lion walked fiercely up to the spring to drink. This made him very much afraid. When the lion had gone away, a bear came to drink also; and, as the moon shone very bright, he looked up and saw Fortunatus, and straight began to climb up the tree to get at him.

Fortunatus drew his sword, and sat quiet till the bear was come within arm's length; and then he ran him through the body with it several times. This drove the bear so very savage, that he made a great spring to get at him; but the bough broke, and down he fell, and lay sprawling and making a shocking yell on the ground. Fortunatus now looked around on all sides; and as he saw no more wild beasts near, he thought this would be a good time to get rid of the bear at once; so down he came, and killed him at a single blow. Being almost starved for want of food, he stooped down, and was going to suck the blood of the bear; but looking round once more, to see if any wild beast was coming, he on a sudden
beheld a beautiful lady standing by his side, with a bandage over her eyes, leaning upon a wheel, and looking as if she was going to speak. The lady did not make him wait long before she said these words: "Know, young man, that my name is Fortune; I have the power to bestow wisdom, strength, riches, health, beauty, and long life; one of these I am willing to bestow on you, choose for yourself which it shall be." Fortunatus was not a moment before he answered, "Good lady, I wish to have riches in such plenty that I may never again know what it is to be so hungry as I now find myself." The lady then gave him a purse, and told him that in all the countries where he might happen to be, he need only put his hand into the purse as often as he pleased, and he would be sure to find in it ten pieces of gold; that the purse should never fail of yielding the same sum as long as it was kept by him and his children; but that when he and his children should be dead, then the purse would lose its power.

Fortunatus now did not know what to do with himself for joy, and began to thank the lady very much; but she told him that he had better think of making the best of his way out of the wood. She then directed him which path to take, and bade him farewell. He walked by the light of the moon as fast as his weakness and fatigue would let him, till he came near an inn. But before he went into it, he thought it would be best to see whether the lady Fortune had been as good as her word; so he put his hand into his purse, and to his great joy he counted ten pieces of gold. Having nothing to fear, Fortunatus walked boldly up to the inn, and called for the best supper they could get ready in a minute, "for," said he, "I must wait till to-morrow before I am very nice. I am so hungry now, that almost anything will do." Fortunatus very soon ate
quite enough, and then called for every sort of wine in the house; and, after supper, he began to think what sort of life he should lead. "For," said he to himself, "I shall now have money enough for everything I can desire." He slept that night in the very best bed in the house; and the next day he ordered the finest victuals of all kinds. When he rang his bell, all the waiters tried who should run fastest to ask him what he pleased to want; and the landlord himself, hearing what a noble guest was come to his house, took care to be standing at the door to bow to him when he should be passing out.

Fortunatus asked the landlord whether any fine horses could be got near at hand; also, if he knew of some smart-looking clever men-servants, who wanted places. By chance the landlord was able to provide him with both to his great liking. As he had now got everything that he wanted, he set out on the finest horse that was ever seen, with two servants, for the nearest town. There he bought some grand suits of clothes, and put his two servants in liveries laced with gold; and then he went on to Paris. Here he took the best house that was to be got, and lived in great pomp. He invited the nobility, and gave grand balls to all the most beautiful ladies of the court. He went to all public places of amusement, and the first lords in the country invited him to their houses. He had lived in this manner for about a year, when he began to think of going to Famagosta to visit his parents, whom he had left very poor. "But," thought Fortunatus, "as I am young and have not seen much of the world, I should like to meet with some person of more knowledge than I have, who would make my journey both useful and pleasing to me." Soon after this he met with an old gentleman, called Loch Fitty, who was a native of Scotland, and had left a wife and ten children a great
many years ago, in hopes to better his fortune; but now, owing to many accidents, was poorer than ever, and had not money enough to take him back to his family.

When Loch Fitty found how much Fortunatus wished to obtain knowledge, he told him many of the strange adventures he had met with; and gave him an account of all the countries he had been in, as well as of the customs, dress, and manners of the people. Fortunatus thought to himself, "this is the very man I stand in need of:" so at once he made him a good offer, which the old gentleman agreed to, but made the bargain that he might first go and visit his family. Fortunatus told him that he should. "And," said he, "as I am a little tired of being always in the midst of such noisy pleasures as we find at Paris, I will, with your leave, go with you to Scotland, and see your wife and children." They set out the very next day, and came safe to the house of Loch Fitty; and, in all the journey, Fortunatus did not once wish to change his kind companion for all the pleasures and grandeur he had left behind. Loch Fitty kissed his wife and children; five of whom were daughters, and the most beautiful creatures that were ever beheld. When they were seated, his wife said to him, "Ah! dear Lord Loch Fitty, how happy I am to see you once again! now I hope we shall enjoy each other's company for the rest of our lives. What though we are poor! we will be content if you will but promise not to think of leaving us again to get riches, only because we have a noble title."

Fortunatus heard this with great surprise. "What," said he, "are you a lord? Then you shall be a rich lord too. And that you may not think I lay you under any burden in the fortune I shall give you, I will put it in your power to make me your debtor instead. Give me your youngest daughter, Cassandra, for a wife, and accompany us as far as to Famagosta,
and take all your family with you, that you may have pleasant company on your way back, when you have rested in that place from your fatigue.” Lord Loch Fitty shed some tears of joy to think he should at last see his family again raised to all the honours which it had once enjoyed. He gladly agreed to Fortunatus being the husband of his daughter Cassandra, and then told him the reasons that had forced him to drop his title and live poor at Paris. When Lord Loch Fitty had ended his story, they agreed that the very next morning the lady Cassandra should be asked to accept the hand of Fortunatus; and that, if she should consent, they would set sail in a few days for Famagosta. The next morning the offer was made to her, as had been agreed on; and Fortunatus had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the beautiful Cassandra, that the very first time she cast her eyes on him she thought him the most handsome gentleman in the world.

Everything was soon ready for them to set out on the journey. Fortunatus, Lord Loch Fitty, his lady, and their ten children, then set sail in a large ship: they had a good voyage, and landed safe at the port of Famagosta. They spent a few days after this in making ready for the wedding; and it then took place with all the grandeur and joy that could be. As Fortunatus found that his father and mother were both dead, he begged that Lord Loch Fitty would be so kind as to stay and keep him and his lady company; so they lived altogether in Famagosta, and in very great style. By the end of the first year, the lady Cassandra had a little son, who was christened Ampedo; and the next year another, who was christened Andolocia. For twelve years Fortunatus lived a very happy life with his wife and children, and his wife’s kindred; and as each of her sisters had a fortune given her from the purse of Fortunatus, they soon married very well. But by this time he began to long to travel again; and he
thought, as he was now so much older and wiser than when he was at Paris, he might go by himself, for Lord Loch Fitty was at this time too old to bear fatigue. After he had, with great trouble, got the consent of the Lady Cassandra, and made her a promise to stay away only two years, he made all things ready for his journey; and taking his lady into one of his private rooms, he showed her three chests of gold. He told her to keep one of these for herself, and take charge of the other two for their sons, in case anything bad should happen to him. He then led her back to the room where the whole family were sitting, embraced them all tenderly one by one, and set sail with a fair wind for Alexandria.

When Fortunatus came to this place, he was told it was the custom to make a handsome present to the sultan; so he sent him a piece of plate that cost five thousand pounds. The sultan was so much pleased with this, that he ordered a hundred casks of spices to be given to Fortunatus in return. Fortunatus sent these straight to the Lady Cassandra, with the kindest letters, by the same ship that brought him, which was then going back to Famagosta. Fortunatus soon told the sultan that he wished to travel through his country by land; so the sultan gave him such passports and letters as he might stand in need of, to the other princes in those parts. He then bought a camel, hired proper servants, and set off on his travels. He went through Turkey, Persia, and from thence to Carthage; he next went into the country of Prester John, who rides upon a white elephant, and has kings to wait on him. Fortunatus made him some rich presents, and went on to Calcutta; and, in coming back, he took Jerusalem in the way, and so came again to Alexandria, where he had the good fortune to find the same ship that had brought him, and to learn from the captain that his wife and family were all in perfect health. The first thing that he did was to pay a visit to his old friend the sultan.
He again made a handsome present to him, and was invited to dine at his palace. After dinner, the sultan said, "It must be vastly amusing, Fortunatus, to hear an account of all the places you have seen; pray favour me with a history of your travels." Fortunatus did as he was desired, and pleased the sultan very much, by telling him the many odd adventures he had met with; and, above all, the manner of his first becoming known to the Lord Loch Fitty, and the desire of that lord to maintain the honours of his family. When he had ended, the sultan said he was greatly pleased with what he had heard; but that he had a more curious thing than any that Fortunatus had told him. He then led him into a room almost filled with jewels, opened a large closet, and took out a cap, which he told Fortunatus was of greater value than all the rest. Fortunatus thought the sultan was joking, and told him he had seen many a better cap than that. "Ah!" said the sultan, "that is because you do not know its value. Whoever puts this cap on his head, and wishes to be in any part of the world, will find himself there in a moment."—"Indeed!" said Fortunatus; "and pray is the man living who made it?"—"I know nothing about that," said the sultan. "One would hardly believe it," said Fortunatus. "Pray, sir, is it very heavy?"—"Not at all," replied the sultan, "you may feel it." Fortunatus took up the cap, put it on his head, and could not help wishing himself on board the ship that was going back to Famagosta. In less than a moment he was carried through the winds on board of her, just as she was ready to sail; and there being a brisk gale, they were out of sight in half an hour; while the sultan all the time began to repent of his folly for letting Fortunatus try the cap on his head. The ship came safe to Famagosta, after a happy passage, and Fortunatus found his wife and children well; but Lord Loch Fitty and his lady had died of old age, and were buried in the same grave.
Fortunatus now began to take great pleasure in teaching his two boys all sorts of useful learning, and also such manly sports as wrestling and tilting. Now and then he thought about the curious cap which had brought him home, and then he would wish he could just take a peep at what was passing in other countries; but at those times he always made himself content with staying only an hour or two; so that the Lady Cassandra never missed him, and was not uneasy any more about his love of travelling. At last, Fortunatus began to get old, and the Lady Cassandra fell sick and died. The loss of her caused him so much grief, that soon after he fell sick too. As he thought he had not long to live, he called his two sons to his bed-side, and told them the secrets of the purse and the cap, which he begged they would not, on any account, make known to others. "Follow my example," said Fortunatus; "I have had the purse these forty years, and no living person knew from what source I obtained my riches." He then told them to make use of the purse between them, and to live together in friendship; and embracing them, died soon after. Fortunatus was buried with great pomp by the side of Lady Cassandra, in his own chapel; and was for a long time mourned by the people of Famagosta.
GOODY TWO-SHOES.

All the world must have heard of Goody Two-Shoes; so renowned did this little girl become, that her life has been written by more than one author, and her story has been told differently by different writers. The father of Goody Two-Shoes was born in England; and everybody knows, that in this happy country the poor are as much protected by our excellent laws, as are the highest and the richest nobles in the land; and the humble cottager enjoys an equal share of the blessings of English liberty with the sons of the king himself. The real name of little Goody Two-Shoes was Margery Meanwell. Her father was a farmer in the parish of Mouldwell, and at one time in very good circumstances; but it pleased Providence to afflict him with so many misfortunes, that he became very poor, and was at last reduced to want. The farm of poor Mr. Meanwell was sold to pay his creditors; for he was too noble-minded to retain a property which now could not justly be called his. His creditors admired such conduct, and all cheerfully accepted their dividend as a compensation of their debt, except Sir Thomas Gripe, who, though possessed of great riches, was of a very penurious disposition; in short, he
was a miser, and resolved to have a law-suit against poor Meanwell, in order to obtain the money which was due to him, or throw him into prison. Poor Meanwell, to avoid the persecutions of this unfeeling man, retired with his wife and children into another county. Here, his upright conduct not being known, he could not readily obtain employment; and having caught a severe cold, for want of necessary covering, this, added to the grief and anxiety he felt for the distress of his family, soon caused his death; his poor wife lived only two days after him, leaving little Margery and her brother Tommy to the wide world.

After their mother was dead, it would have done any one's heart good to have seen how fond those two little ones were of each other; and how, hand in hand, they trotted about. They loved each other though they were very poor; and having neither parents nor friends to provide for them, they were very ragged; as for Tommy, he had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them for several days but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly-pated boy as Tommy. Some people's relations and friends seldom take notice of them when they are poor, but as we grow rich, they grow fond; and this will always be the case while people love money better than virtue. But such wicked folks who love nothing but money, and are proud and despise the poor, seldom come to a good end, as we shall see by and by. Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery was born; but having a very small curacy, he could not follow the dictates of his heart, in relieving the distresses of his fellow-
creatures. As he knew farmer Meanwell in his prosperous days, he wished much to be of service to his poor orphan children.

It happened that a relation came on a visit to him, who was a charitable good man; and Mr. Smith, by his desire, sent for the poor children to come to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave her some money to buy 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 went to London, and took little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more hereafter, for we shall, at a proper time, present you with some part of his adventures. The parting between these two little children was very affecting; Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other a great number of times; at last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bade her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea. When night came, little Margery grew very uneasy about her brother, and after sitting up as late as Mr. Smith would let her, she went crying to bed. Little Margery got up in the morning very early, and ran all round the village crying for her brother, and after some time returned greatly distressed: however, at this instant, the shoemaker came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the afflictions she was in but the pleasure she took in her new shoes; she ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and, stroking down her frock, cried out, "Two shoes, madam! see, Two shoes!" and so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means she obtained the name of Goody Two-Shoes; though her playmates called her old Goody Two-Shoes. Mr. and Mrs. Smith would have been
happy if they could have afforded to have kept poor little Margery; but, finding that impossible, they were obliged to leave her to the mercy of the all-wise Providence. Little Margery having seen how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted, above all things, to learn to read, but then there were no Sunday-schools for children; and Margery was much at a loss, at first, how to learn; but at last concluded to ask Mr. Smith to have the goodness to teach her at his leisure moments. He very readily agreed to do so; and little Margery attended him one hour every morning, which was the only time he could spare.

By this means she soon got more learning than her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words in the world; but, as some of these letters are large, and some small, she cut out of several thin pieces of wood ten sets of each. And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose sentences. You know what a sentence is, my dear: "I will be good" is a sentence, and is made up of several words. The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this. Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding, which is a very good thing, 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 spelled; and if any one brought a wrong letter he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was getting instruction at their play; and every morning she used to go round to teach the children, with these letters in a basket. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted on the occasion.—The first house we came to was
Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran 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; and she accordingly went in, and proceeded in her usual manner to give Billy his lesson.

After leaving farmer Wilson's, the next place we came to was farmer Simpson's. "Bow, wow, wow," said the dog at the door. "Sirrah!" said his mistress, "why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly; she has learned all the alphabet;" and, after giving little Sally her lesson, away she trotted to old gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round little Margery; and having pulled out her letters, she asked the little boy next her what he had for dinner? Who answered, "Bread."—"Then set up the first letter," she said. He put up the B, to which the next added r, the next e, the next a, the next d, and that was 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 words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus—Apple-pie. As she passed through the 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 hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called him Ralph and a fine bird he was. And remember what Solomon says: "The eye that despiseth his father, and regardeth not the distress of his mother, the ravens of the valley shall peck it out,
and the young eagles shall eat it.” 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 this Ralph’s Alphabet:

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.

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 animal 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; and he performed all those extraordinary things which are recorded of the famous bird that was some time since advertised in the Haymarket, London, and visited by most of the great people of the kingdom. This
pigeon 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, of which he composed this alphabet:—

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.

Mrs. Williams, who kept a school for instructing folks in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he desired Mrs. Williams to examine little Two-Shoes. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour:—“That little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and 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 Miss Margery, for so we must now call her. Miss Margery thought this the happiest period of her life; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love him, and though for a time he may suffer them to be poor and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here; and no one can doubt that they are so hereafter. No sooner was she settled, than she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare of her neighbours, and especially of her little ones, in whom she took great delight; and those whose parents could not afford to pay, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company, for they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

We have already informed our readers that the school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was large; 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 spell a word when it came to his turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and their points firmly in their minds. The school was in a very ruinous condition, which Sir William Dove being informed of, he ordered it to be rebuilt at his own expense; and, till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let Miss Two-Shoes have his large hall to teach in.

The house built by Sir William had a statue erected over the door, of a boy sliding on the ice; and under it were some beautiful lines written by Miss Two-Shoes, and engraved at her expense. While Miss Two-Shoes was at Mr. Grove’s, which was in the middle of the village, she not only taught the children in the day time, but the farmers’ servants, and all the neighbours, to read and write in the evening. The neighbours, knowing that Miss Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little sky-lark. Now, as many boys and girls had learned to lie in bed long in the morning, she thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell her when 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 lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought it 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 to—

“Rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.”

This lamb she called Will, and a pretty creature he was. No sooner were Tippy the lark, and Will the baa-lamb, brought into the school, but that sensible rogue, Ralph the raven, com-
posed 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 Miss Margery of a little dog, who was always in a good humour, and jumping about; and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, for he would not let anybody either in or out, without the leave of his mistress. Billy the baa-lamb was a cheerful fellow, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Miss Two-Shoes made it a rule, that they who behaved the best should have Will home at night to carry their satchel or basket on his back, and bring it in the morning. It happened one day, when Miss Two-Shoes was diverting the children, after school, with some innocent games, or entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery; nay, the messenger said that he was seemingly dying when he came away. All the school was in tears, and the messenger was obliged to return; but before he went, Miss Two-Shoes ordered Tom Pigeon to go home with the man, and bring a letter to inform her how Mr. Jones did. Soon after the man was gone, the pigeon was missed, and the concern the children were under for Mr. Jones and little Sally, was in some measure diverted, and part of their attention turned after Tom, who was a great favourite, and consequently much bewailed. She then told them a story of Mr. Lovewell, father to Lady Lucy, and of the losses and misfortunes he met with. After she had concluded the story, something was heard to flap at the window. "Bow, wow, wow," says Jumper, and attempted to
leap up and open the door, at which the children were surprised; but Miss Margery, knowing what it was, opened the casement, as Noah did the window of the Ark, and drew in Tom Pigeon with the letter. As soon as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried, "Coo, coo, coo;" as much as to say, "there, read it." Now this pigeon had travelled fifty miles in about an hour, and brought the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Jones was out of danger. Miss Margery was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently recompense those who had done anything to serve her. These grateful sentiments naturally led her to consult the interests of Mr. Grove, and the rest 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 wet weather, she procured 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 other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Gooscap (a busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find out evidence against her. The wise-acre 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 so surprised the man, that in astonishment he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!" Upon this, she, laughing, answered, "A conjuror! a conjuror!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus; for a warrant was issued against Miss 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 much less of the law, behaved very idly; and though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked whom she could bring to her character? "Whom can you bring against my character, sir?" said she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed any one here could be so weak as to believe that there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm; (and laying a barometer or weather-glass on the table) it is with this," said 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 that there was any such thing as a witch! "It is true," continued he, "many innocent and worthy people have been abused, and even murdered, on this absurd and foolish supposition, which is a scandal to our religion, to our laws, to our nation, and to common sense;—but I will tell you a story.—There was in the west of England a poor industrious woman, who laboured under the same evil report which this good woman is accused of. Every hog that died of the murrain, every cow that slipped her calf, she was accountable for. If a horse had the staggers, she was supposed to be in his head; and whenever the wind blew a little harder than usual, Goody Giles was riding upon a broomstick in the air. These, and many other phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possessed the pates of the common people: horses' shoes were nailed with the heels upwards, and many tricks made use of to mortify her. Such was their rage against her, that they petitioned Mr. Williams, the parson of the parish, not to let
her come to church; and at last even insisted upon it; but
this he overruled, and allowed the poor old woman a nook in
one of the aisles to herself, where she muttered over her prayers
in the best manner she could. This parish, thus discòncerted
and enraged, withdrew the small pittance they allowed for her
support, and would have reduced her to the necessity of
starving, had she not been still assisted by the benevolent Mr.
Williams. But I hasten to the sequel of my story, in which
you will find that the true source from whence witchcraft
springs, is poverty, age, and ignorance; and that it is impos-
sible for a woman to pass for a witch unless she is very poor,
very old, and lives in a neighbourhood where the people are
void of common sense. Some time after, a brother of hers died
in London, who, though he would not part with a farthing
while he lived, at his death was obliged to leave her five thou-
sand pounds, that he could not carry with him. This altered
the face of Jane's affairs prodigiously; she was no longer Jane,
but Madam Giles; her old garb was exchanged for one that
was new and genteel; her greatest enemies made their court to
her; even the justice himself came to wish her joy; and
though several hogs and horses died, and the wind frequently
blew afterwards, yet Madam Giles was never supposed to have
a hand in it. And from hence it is plain, as I observed before,
that a woman must be very poor, very old, and live in a neigh-
bourhood where the people are very stupid, before she possibly
can pass for a witch. It was a saying of Mr. Williams, who
would sometimes be jocose, and had the art of making even
satire agreeable, that if ever Jane deserved the character of a
witch, it was after this money was left her; for that, with her
five thousand pounds, she did more acts of charity and friendly
offices, than all the people of fortune within fifty miles of the place."

After this Sir William inveighed against the absurd and
foolish notions which the country people had imbibed concerning witches; and having proved that there was no such thing, but that all was the effect of ignorance, he gave the court such an account of Miss Margery, and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present were enamoured with her, and returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. Sir Charles Jones had by this time conceived such a high opinion of Miss Margery, that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he was very ill, 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, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour intended her; but, though poor, she could not consent to be made a lady, till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation. 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 virtuous and good woman was about to be made a lady; but just as the clergyman had opened his book and was proceeding to read the service, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried "Stop! stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, and desired to speak to them immediately apart. After they had been talking some time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in his arms. This seeming grief, however, was only the prelude to a flood of joy, which immedi-
ately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was the identical little boy whom you before heard of, wiping his sister’s face with the corner of the sailor’s jacket; in short it was little Tommy Two-Shoes, Miss Margery’s brother, who was just come from beyond sea, where he had made a large fortune; and hearing as soon as he landed, of his sister’s intended wedding, had ridden 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, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy. The affection that subsisted between this happy couple is inexpressible; but time, which dissolves the closest union, after six years severed Sir Charles from his lady; for, being seized with a violent fever, he died, and left her full of grief, though possessed of a large fortune.

We forgot to remark, that, after her marriage, Lady Jones ordered a house in the village to be fitted up for a school, and placed a poor man and his wife there, who were well acquainted with the English language, and set good examples to the whole village in sobriety and honesty; here she permitted all the poor children to be taught to read and write, strictly desiring the school-mistress to instruct the girls in useful needle-work; and the school-master, having been a turner by trade, taught many of the lads his art, so that they could make several useful articles; some of which were presented annually to Lady Jones, as specimens of good workmanship, and which induced her to recommend several ingenious boys to tradesmen as apprentices, many of whom became good men, and had great cause for thankfulness to God who raised them a friend in the late Goody Two-Shoes; and by her care had been instructed to fear their Maker, to love their neighbours, and to be kind and not revengeful to their enemies, and withal, to live soberly and
honestly in this world. She not only furnished the house of
the school-master and mistress, but allowed them a competent
salary for their support, and supplied the school with books.
Lady Margery Jones did not forget her old friend Mr. Smith,
for whom she procured a very good living, which happened to
become vacant, in the gift of the family; and to which she added
a good sum of money to furnish the parsonage and to repair it.
As he was oppressed by Sir Thomas Gripe, the justice, she
defended him, and the cause was tried in Westminster-Hall,
where Mr. Smith gained a verdict; and it appearing that Sir
Thomas had behaved most scandalously as a justice of the
peace, he was no longer permitted to act in that capacity.
This was a sharp stroke to a man of his imperious disposition;
and this was followed by one yet more severe; for a relation
of his, who had an undoubted right to the Mouldwell estate,
laid claim to it, brought his action, and recovered the whole
manor of Mouldwell; and being afterwards inclined to sell it,
he made Lady Margery the first offer. She purchased the
whole, and threw it into small farms, that the poor might be
no longer under the dominion of an overgrown man. This was
a great mortification to Sir Thomas, who, from this time,
experienced nothing but misfortunes, and was soon dispossessed
of all his wealth; but Lady Margery wished his children to be
treated with tenderness; “for they,” said she, “are no ways
accountable for the actions of their father.” She paid great
regard to the poor; and to induce them to go regularly to
church, she ordered a loaf to be given to any one who would
accept it. This brought many to church, who by degrees learned
their duty, and then came from a more noble principle. She also
took care to encourage matrimony; and, in order to induce her
tenants and neighbours to enter into that happy state, she always
gave the young couple something towards housekeeping, and
was kind to their children, whom she had frequently at her house on a Sunday evening, to instruct them in religion and morality; after which she treated them with a supper, and gave them such books as she thought were likely to teach them to be good, and to instruct them in the way of happiness; nor did she forget them at her death, but left each a legacy. There is one bequest, however, so singular, that we cannot help taking some notice of it in this place, which is, that of her giving so many acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor of any parish 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 from the rent of 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 was ever felt in the neighbourhood.
GULLIVER'S VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

My father, who was a gentleman of Northamptonshire bound me apprentice to a surgeon. Having an inclination for travelling, I expended the money allowed me by my parents, in learning navigation and the mathematics; and, after I had acquired a competent knowledge of physic, I made several voyages as surgeon, and at length went in that capacity on board the Antelope, bound for the East Indies. In the course of our voyage the ship was driven upon a rock, and immediately split; six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat, got clear of the ship; but presently afterwards the boat was overset by a monstrous wave. What became of my companions in the boat, or of those who were left in the ship, I cannot tell, but I swam, pushed forward by wind and tide, till I reached the shore; where, perceiving no inhabitants or houses, and being both faint and weary, I lay down to sleep. I suppose I slept nine or ten hours; for, when I awoke, it
was broad day-light. I attempted to rise, but found my arms, legs, and hair, fastened to the ground. I heard a confused noise around me; but as I lay stretched on my back, I could only look upwards. At length I felt something move on my left leg, which, advancing over my breast, came close up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downwards as much as my position would allow, I perceived it to be a human creature, not more than six inches high, very perfect in its form with a bow and arrow in its hand, and a quiver at its back; and in an instant I found at least forty of the same species running over all parts of my body.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright: and some of them, as I afterwards understood, were hurt by the falls they got in leaping from my sides to the ground. I lay all this time in great pain, and struggling to get loose; I at length had the good fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm and my hair to the ground, so that I was able to turn about; but the creatures ran away before I could seize any of them; and I heard one of them call aloud, Tolgo phonec! when, in an instant, I felt an hundred arrows sticking into my hands and face, which pricked like so many needles. I now thought it most prudent to lie still; and the people observing I was quiet, discharged no more arrows at me; but by the noises that buzzed about me, I perceived their numbers to increase; and about four yards from me I heard a knocking, and on turning my head that way, perceived they were erecting a stage about four feet from the ground, capable of holding about four of the inhabitants; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality (for his train was borne by a page about the size of my little finger), made a long oration, in which, by his gestures, he seemed to express pity and kindness,
but I could not understand his language; I therefore signified by signs, that I was almost famished with hunger, and the *hurgo*, or lord, understood me very well. He commanded that ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat which had been provided by the king’s orders. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like mutton, but so small, that I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and the loaves were about the size of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and amazement at my bulk and appetite; and when I made a sign that I wanted drink, they very ingeniously slung up one of their largest hogsheads, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught, for it did not hold above half a pint. They brought me a second hogshead, which I swallowed, and then made signs for more, but they had no more to give me.

When they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank, from the king of the country. This ambassador having come close to my face, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards understood, was towards the capital, whither it was agreed by his majesty’s council I must be conveyed. I made signs to signify that I desired my liberty, but he shook his head in token of disapprobation; however, he gave me to understand that I should have plenty of meat and drink, and very good treatment. I thought of attempting again to burst my bonds; but when I felt the smart of the arrows on my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and observing likewise that the number of my diminutive enemies every moment increased, I intimated that they might do with me as
they pleased; upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility of demeanor. They now spread over my hands and face a pleasant-smelling ointment, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of the arrows; and this, added to the refreshment I had received, disposed me to sleep. I was afterwards told that the physicians, by the emperor's order, had infused a sleepy potion into my wine, that I might be raised and slung into a vehicle prepared to convey me to the metropolis, without being able to resist. Five hundred men were employed in this operation, which was most ingeniously performed by means of ropes and pulleys; fifteen hundred horses were employed to draw me to the metropolis of Lilliput, which was half an English mile distant. I did not awake till we had been four hours upon our journey. We rested that night upon the road. Five hundred guards were placed on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows to shoot me if I offered to stir.

We recommenced our journey at sunrise, and about noon came within two hundred yards of the city gates. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us; but his great officers would not suffer his majesty to endanger his sacred person by coming too near me. The carriage by which I was conveyed stopped near an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the kingdom. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate was about four feet high and two wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, and through that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four-score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, which were locked with six-and-thirty padlocks. It was estimated that on this day above a hundred thousand of the inhabitants came out of the city to look at me; and not less than ten thousand mounted
by means of ladders upon my body. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid that, on pain of death. When the chains were fixed on my legs, the cords that bound me were cut, and I was allowed to get up; but the astonishment of the people on seeing me rise and walk, is not to be expressed.

When I was upon my feet, the emperor advanced on horseback; but the animal on which he rode, terrified at seeing a mountain, as it were, moving before him, plunged and ran back. His majesty therefore dismounted, and surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. The empress and young princes of the blood-royal sat in chairs near the emperor, who was taller than any one present by half the breadth of my nail. The fashion of his dress was between the Asiatic and European. He wore on his head a helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume of feathers, and held in his hand a drawn sword about three inches long, whose hilt was enriched with diamonds.

Towards night, I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, till the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred of their beds were brought, of which one hundred and fifty were sewn together to make the breadth and length, and these were four double. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships. Meantime an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver every morning, six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance, together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had tents built for them very
conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered
that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes
after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's
greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their
language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of
the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exer-
cised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these
orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I
made great progress in learning their language; during which
time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and
was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. My gentle-
ness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and
his court, and indeed upon the people in general, that I began
to conceive hopes of soon regaining my liberty. The natives
came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me.
I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance
upon my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture
to play at hide-and-seek in my hair; and I had now made
a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

One day there arrived an express to inform his majesty that
some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first
taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground,
very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his
majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a
man; that it was no living creature, as they at first appre-
hended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of
them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting
upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was
flat and even, and stamping upon it they found it was hollow
within; that they humbly conceived it might be something
belonging to the man-mountain; and, if his majesty pleased,
they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I
presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I fell asleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head, and which had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders that it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the nature and use of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition.—I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council, where it was agreed to by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor.

The conditions were drawn up and sent to me by two of the ministers of state; and, as the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"Golbasto Momarem Guadilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, monarch of all monarchs, at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees, pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain the fol-
lowing articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:

"1. The man-mountain shall not depart our dominions without our licence under our Great Seal.

"2. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

"3. The man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high-roads, and not walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"4. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the body of any of our beloved subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5. If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse, a six-days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7. That the said man-mountain shall, at his leisure, aid and assist in raising certain great stones towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other of our royal buildings.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink, sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the 12th day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with cheerfulness
and content: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself did me the honour to be present at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise, and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove an useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future. The first request made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis, which the emperor readily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret windows and the tops of the houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought I had never seen a more populous place. The emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; and having got into the inmost court, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most beautiful apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and young princes, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very
graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

It may, perhaps, divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having some knowledge of mechanics, and being likewise compelled by necessity, I had made myself a chair and table convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, holding a strong cord extended, while a third measured the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them as a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were in the same manner to make my clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, they
looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, the
only difference being, that they were all of one colour. I had
three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient
huts built about my house, where they and their families lived,
and prepared me two dishes a piece. I took up twenty waiters
in my hand, and placed them on the table; a hundred more
attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and
some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their
shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted,
in a very ingenious manner by certain cords, as we draw the
bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good
mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. I
have had a sirloin so very large that I have been forced to make
three bites of it; but this is rare. Their geese and turkeys I
usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours.
Of their smaller fowls, I could take up twenty or thirty of
them at the end of my knife.

One day, his Imperial Majesty, being informed of my way
of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the
young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the
happiness, as he was pleased to call it, of dining with me. They
came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon
my table, just over against me, with their guards about them.
Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, also attended there with
his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with
a sour countenance, which I did not seem to regard, but ate
more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to
fill the court with admiration.

One morning the Emperor's principal secretary came to me
and desired a private audience. I offered to lie down that he
might the more conveniently reach my ear, but he chose to
let me hold him in my hand during our conference. "The
Emperor,” he said, “expects an important service from you, for we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu. The two mighty empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu have been engaged in a most obstinate war for thirty-six moons, which began thus:—The grandfather of our present Emperor, when a boy, was eating an egg, and, breaking the shell at the broadest end, happened to cut his finger; upon which the Emperor, his father, published an edict, ordering all his subjects, on pain of death, to break their eggs at the narrow end. At that time, part of Blefuscu was tributary to the crown of Lilliput; and the Blefuscuadians would not conform to the law, but continued to break the large end of their eggs, and war was declared to compel them to their duty. In short, the Blefuscuadians have prepared a mighty fleet to make a descent upon us; and his Majesty, knowing your strength, relies solely on your assistance.” After considering the subject for some time, I proposed to seize the fleet of the enemy in their own port; and his Lilliputian Majesty, delighted with the project, ordered me to be provided with all that was necessary for its execution.

When my preparations were made, and I had learned that the channel, which separated the two countries, was not more than eight hundred yards wide, and at high water only six feet of European measure deep, I put off my coat, shoes, and stockings, and walked into the sea, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam, in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords
together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; which, beside the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of my spectacles. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose; and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull, but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul of each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw
me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given to me on my first arrival. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput. The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, as I was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded that I had been drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice "Long live the most puissant King of Lilliput!"—This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a nardac on the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded, upon terms very advantageous to our Emperor. When their treaty was finished, the ambassadors paid me a visit in form. Having for some time entertained their excellencies, I desired they would do me the honour to present my humble respects to the Emperor, their master, whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our Emperor, I desired his licence to wait on the Blefuscudian
monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner. But when I was preparing to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. "You must know," said he, "that Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, has an excessive hatred against you, for having been created a nardac, when he is only a gulgrum; and he has represented to his Majesty, that your desire of going to Blefuscu is a mark of your disaffection to our monarch. He has also represented to the council, that the expense of your support has already drained the royal treasury, and will impoverish the whole kingdom; and a meeting of all the members of the royal council is appointed to take place in three days, to consider in what manner it will be best to make away with you. I leave to your prudence what measures to pursue for your safety; and, to avoid the danger I should incur, were this visit known, I must leave you as privately as I came. His lordship did so, and I soon came to the resolution of setting out the next morning for Blefuscu. I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards
of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his Majesty's commands. I had an answer in about an hour, that his Majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The Emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the Empress and her ladies from the coaches; and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empress's hands. I told his Majesty, that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the Emperor, my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, or of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed. Three days after my arrival, walking, out of curiosity, to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, something that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I plainly saw it was a real boat, which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship. I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his Imperial Majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat, and I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the
forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove; and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me. The wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat; and, by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I turned it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged. A mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place, whence I might return to my native country, and begged his Majesty’s orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

While I was preparing to depart, an envoy arrived at the court of Blefuscu, representing that I had fled from justice; and that if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of nardac, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor. The Emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an
answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me, for many good offices I had done him in making the peace; that, however, both their Majesties would soon be made easy, for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped both empires would soon be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and this circumstance made me hasten my departure, to which the court readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was however, much assisted by his Majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work. In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his Majesty's commands, and to take my leave. His Majesty presented me with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. I stored the boat with the carcases of a hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and
rams, intending to carry them into my own country. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would not permit. Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning. On the next day, about three in the afternoon, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; I hailed her, and in about half-an-hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I felt at the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country and the dear pledges I had left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, and my heart leaped within me to see English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas: the captain was a very civil man, and an excellent sailor, and I experienced great kindness from him.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune—the rats on board carried away one of my sheep, the rest of my cattle got safe ashore, and I set them a-grazing on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass caused them to feed very heartily.
HOP-O’-MY-THUMB.

There once lived in a village a faggot-maker and his wife, who had seven children, all boys; the eldest was no more than ten years old, and the youngest was only seven. It was odd enough, to be sure that they should have so many children in such a short time; but the truth is, the wife often brought him two at a time. This made him very poor, for not one of these boys was old enough to get a living: and what was still worse, the youngest was a puny little fellow, who hardly ever spoke a word. Now this, indeed, was a mark of his good sense, but it made his father and mother suppose him to be silly, and they thought that at last he would turn out quite a fool. This boy was the least size ever seen; for when he was born he was no bigger than a man’s thumb, which made him be christened by the name of Hop-o’-my-thumb. The poor child was the drudge of the whole house, and always bore the blame of everything that was done wrong. For all this, Hop-o’-my-thumb was far more clever than any of his brothers; and though he spoke but little, he heard and knew more than people thought. It happened just at this time, that for want of
rain the fields had grown but half as much corn and potatoes as they used to grow; so that the faggot-maker and his wife could not give the boys the food they had before, which was always either bread or potatoes.

After the father and mother had grieved some time for this sad affair, which gave them more concern than anything had ever done yet, they thought that as they could contrive no other way, they must somehow get rid of their children. One night when the children were gone to bed, and the faggot-maker and his wife were sitting over a few lighted sticks, to warm themselves, the husband sighed deeply, and said, "You see, my dear, we cannot maintain our children any longer, and to see them die of hunger before my eyes, is what I could never bear. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning take them to the forest, and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back: this will be very easy; for while they amuse themselves with tying up the faggots, we need only slip away when they are looking some other way." Ah! husband," cried the poor wife, "you cannot, no, you never can consent to be the death of your own children." The husband in vain told her to think how very poor they were. The wife replied this was true, to be sure; but if she was poor, she was still their mother; and then, she cried as if her heart would break. At last she thought how shocking it would be to see them starved to death before their eyes; so she agreed to what her husband had said, and then went sobbing to bed. Hop-o'-my-thumb had been awake all the time; and when he heard his father talk very seriously, he slipped away from his brother's side, and crept under his father's bed, to hear all that was said without being seen. When his father and mother had left off talking, he got back to his own place, and passed the night in thinking what he should do the next morning. He rose early, and ran to the river's side, where he filled his pockets with
small white pebbles, and then went back home. In the morning they all set out, as their father and mother had agreed on; and Hop-o'-my-thumb did not say a word to either of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to a forest that was so very thick, that they could not see each other a few yards off. The faggot-maker set to work cutting down wood; and the children began to gather all the twigs, to make faggots of them.

When the father and mother saw that the young ones were all very busy, they slipped away without being seen by them, and got into a by-path, where they soon lost sight of the forest. In a short time the children found themselves alone, and began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-thumb let them cry on, for he knew well enough how to take them safe home, as he had taken care to drop the white pebbles he had in his pocket along all the way he had come. He only said to them, "Never mind it, my lads; father and mother have left us here by ourselves, but only take care to follow me, and I will lead you back again." When they heard this, they left off crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-thumb, who soon brought them to their father's house by the very same path which they had come along. At first they had not the courage to go in; but stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about. Just as the faggot-maker and his wife had come home without their children, a great gentleman of the village sent to pay them two guineas, which he had owed them so long for work they had done for him, that they never thought of getting a farthing of it. This money made them quite happy; for the poor creatures were very hungry, and had no other way of getting anything to eat.

The faggot-maker sent his wife out in a moment to buy some meat; and as it was a long time since she had made a hearty meal, she bought as much meat as would have been enough for six or eight persons. The truth was, she forgot that her
children were not at home when she was thinking what would be enough for dinner; but as soon as she and her husband had done eating, she cried out, "Alas! where are our poor children? how they would feast on what we have left! it was all your fault, Richard! I told you over and over that we should repent the hour when we left them to starve in the forest!—Oh mercy! perhaps they have already been eaten by the hungry wolves! Richard! Richard! I told you how it would be!"

At last the faggot-maker grew very angry with his wife, who said more than twenty times that he would repent what he had done, and that she had told him so again and again. He said he would give her a good beating if she did not hold her tongue. Now, indeed, the faggot-maker was quite as sorry as his wife for what he had done; but her scolding teased him: and, like other husbands, he liked his wife to be always in the right, but not to talk of being so. The poor woman shed plenty of tears: "Alas! alas!" said she, over and over again, "what is become of my dear children?" and once she spoke this so loud, that the children, who were all at the door, cried out all together, "Here we are, mother, here we are!" She flew like lightning to let them in, and kissed every one of them. "How glad I am to see you, you little rogues!" said she; "are you not tired and hungry? Ah! poor little Bobby; why thou art dirt all over, my child: come hither, and let me wash thy face." Bobby was the youngest of the boys, except Hop-o'-my-thumb; and as he had red hair, like his mother, he had always been her darling. The children sat down to dinner, and ate very heartily, to the great joy of the parents. They then gave an account, speaking all at once, how much they were afraid when they found themselves alone in the forest, and did not know their way home again.

The faggot-maker and his wife were charmed at having their
children once more along with them, and their joy for this lasted till their money was all spent; but then they found themselves quite as ill off as before. So by degrees they again thought of leaving them in the forest once more: and that the young ones might not come back a second time, they said they would take them a great deal farther than they did at first. They could not talk about this matter so slily but that Hop-o'-my-thumb found means to hear all that passed between them; but he cared very little about it, for he thought it would be easy for him to do just the same as he had done before. But though he got up very early the next morning to go to the river's side and get the pebbles, a thing that he had not thought of hindered him; for he found that the house door was double-locked. Hop-o'-my-thumb was now quite at a loss what to do; but soon after this, his mother gave each of the children a piece of bread for breakfast, and then it came into his head that he could make his share do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs of it all the way as he went. So he did not eat his piece, but put it into his pocket. It was not long before they all set out, and their parents took care to lead them into the very thickest and darkest part of the forest. They then slipped away by a by-path as before, and left the children by themselves again. All this did not give Hop-o'-my-thumb any concern, for he thought himself quite sure of getting back by means of the crumbs that he had dropped by the way; but when he came to look for them he found that not a morsel was left, for the birds had eaten them all up.

The poor children were now sadly off, for the further they went, the harder it was for them to get out of the forest. At last, night came on, and the noise of the wind among the trees seemed to them as if it was the howling of wolves, so that every moment they thought they should be eaten up. They hardly
dared to speak a word, or to move a limb, for fear. Soon after there came a heavy rain, which wetted them to the very skin, and made the ground so slippery, that they fell down almost at every step, and got dirty all over; for the little ones called out to their elder brother, to get the mud off their hands.

When it began to grow light, Hop-o'-my-thumb climbed up to the top of a tree, and looked round on all sides to see if he could find any way of getting help. He saw a small light, like that of a candle, but it was a very great way off, and beyond the forest. He then came down from the tree, to try to find the way to it; but he could not see it when he was on the ground, and he was in the utmost trouble what to do next. They walked on towards the place where he had seen the light, and at last reached the end of the forest, and got sight of it again. They now walked faster; and after being much tired and vexed, (for every time they got into a valley they lost sight of the light,) they came to the house it was in. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a very good-natured-looking lady, who asked what brought them there. Hop-o'-my-thumb told her that they were poor children, who had lost their way in the forest, and begged that she would give them a bed till morning. When the lady saw they had such pretty faces she began to shed tears, and said, "Ah! my poor children you do not know what place you are come to. This is the house of an Ogre, who eats up little boys and girls."—"Alas! madam," replied Hop-o'-my-thumb, who trembled from head to foot, as well as his brothers, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest, we are sure of being torn to pieces by the wolves; we would rather, therefore, be eaten by the gentleman: besides, when he sees us, perhaps he may take pity on us and spare our lives." The Ogre's wife thought she could contrive to hide them from her husband till morning; so she let them go in
and warm themselves by a good fire, before which there was a whole sheep roasting for the Ogre's supper. When they had stood a short time by the fire, there came a loud knocking at the door: this was the Ogre. His wife hurried the children under the bed, and told them to lie still, and she then let her husband in.

The Ogre asked if the supper was ready, and if the wine was fetched from the cellar; and then he sat down at the table. The sheep was not quite done, but he liked it so much the better. In a minute or two the Ogre began to snuff to his right and left, and said he smelt child's flesh. "It must be this calf which has just been killed," said his wife. "I smell child's flesh, I tell thee once more," cried the Ogre, looking all about the room; "I smell child's flesh; there is something going on that I do not know of." As soon as he had spoken these words he rose from his chair and went towards the bed. "Ah!

madam," said he, "you thought to cheat me, did you? Wretch! thou art old and tough thyself, or else I would eat thee up too!"
But come, come, this is lucky enough; for the brats will make a nice dish for three Ogres, who are my particular friends, and who are to dine with me to-morrow.” He then drew them out one by one from under the bed. The poor children fell on their knees and begged his pardon as well as they could speak; but this Ogre was the most cruel of all Ogres, and instead of feeling any pity, he only began to think how sweet and tender their flesh would be; so he told his wife they would be nice morsels, if she served them up with plenty of sauce. He then fetched a large knife, and began to sharpen it on a long whetstone that he held in his left hand; and all the while he came nearer and nearer to the bed. The Ogre took up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces; but his wife said to him, “What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to night? Will it not be time enough to-morrow morning?”—“Hold your prating,” replied the Ogre; “they will grow tender by being kept a little while after they are killed.”—“But,” said his wife, “you have got so much meat in the house already; here is a calf, two sheep, and half a pig.”—“True,” said the Ogre, “so give them all a good supper, that they may not get lean, and then send them to bed.” The good creature was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children were so afraid that they could not eat a bit.

The Ogre sat down to his wine, very much pleased with the thought of giving his friends such a dainty dish: this made him drink rather more than common, and he was soon obliged to go to bed himself. The Ogre had seven daughters, who were all very young, like Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers. These young Ogresses had fair skins, because they fed on raw meat like their father; but they had small grey eyes, quite round, and sunk in their heads, hooked noses, wide
moutnhs, and very long sharp teeth standing a great way off each other. They were too young as yet to do much mischief; but they showed that if they lived to be as old as their father, they would grow quite as cruel as he was, for they took pleasure already in biting young children, and sucking their blood. The Ogresses had been put to bed very early that night: they were all in one bed, which was very large, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the Ogre's wife put the seven little boys, and then went to bed herself along with her husband. Hop-o'-my-thumb took notice that all the young Ogresses had crowns of gold upon their heads; and he was afraid that the Ogre would wake in the night and kill him and his brothers while they were asleep. So he got out of bed in the middle of the night as softly as he could, took off all his brothers' nightcaps and his own, and crept with them to the bed that the Ogre's daughters were in: he then took off their crowns, and put the night-caps on their heads instead: next he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and got into bed again; so he thought, after this, that, if the Ogre should come, he would take him and his brothers for his own children. Everything turned out as he wished. The Ogre waked soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till the morning: so he jumped out of bed, and took hold of his large knife in a moment. "Let us see," said he, "what the young rogues are about, and do the job at once!" He then walked softly to the room where they all slept, and went up to the bed the boys were in, who were all asleep except Hop-o'-my-thumb, and touched their heads one at a time. When the Ogre felt the crowns of gold, he said to himself, "Oh, oh! I had like to have made a pretty mistake. I think, to be sure, I drank too much
wine last night." He went next to the bed that his daughters were in, and when he felt the night-caps, he said, "Ah! here you are, my lads:" and so in a moment he cut the throats of all his daughters.

He was very much pleased when he had done this, and then went back to his own bed. As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb heard him snore, he awoke his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly, and follow him. They stole down softly into the garden, and then jumped from the wall into the road: they ran as fast as their legs could carry them, but were so much afraid all the while, that they hardly knew which way to take. When the Ogre waked in the morning, he said to his wife, "My dear, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night." The Ogress was quite surprised at hearing her husband so kind to them, as she thought, and did not dream of the real meaning of his words. She supposed he wanted her to help them to put on their clothes; so she went up stairs, and the first thing she saw was her seven daughters with their throats cut, and all over blood. This threw her into a fainting fit. The Ogre was afraid his wife might be too long in doing what he had set her about, so he went himself to help her; but he was as much shocked as she had been, at the dreadful sight of his bleeding children. "Ah! what have I done?" he cried; "but the little varlets shall pay for it, I warrant them." He first threw some water on his wife's face; and, as soon as she came to herself, he said to her: "Bring me quickly my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch the little vipers." The Ogre then put on these boots, and set out with all speed. He strided over many parts of the country, and at last turned into the very road in which the poor children were on their journey towards their father's house, and which they had almost reached. They had seen the Ogre a good while striding from mountain
to mountain at one step, and crossing rivers with the greatest ease. At this Hop-o'-my-thumb thought within himself what was to be done; and spying a hollow place under a large rock, he made his brothers get into it. He then stepped in himself, but kept his eye fixed on the Ogre, to see what he would do next.

The Ogre found himself quite weary with the journey he had gone, for seven-league boots are very tiresome to the person who wears them; so he now began to think of resting, and happened to sit down on the very rock that the poor children were hid in. As he was so tired, and it was a very hot day, he fell fast asleep, and soon began to snore so loud, that the little fellows were terrified. When Hop-o'-my-thumb saw this he said to his brothers, "Courage, my lads! never fear! you have nothing to do but to steal away and get home while the Ogre is fast asleep, and leave me to shift for myself." The brothers now were very glad to do as he told them, and so they soon came to their father's house. In the mean time Hop-o'-my-thumb went up to the Ogre softly, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them on his own legs: for though the boots were very large, yet they were fairies, and so could make themselves small enough to fit any leg they pleased.

As soon as ever Hop-o'-my-thumb had made sure of the Ogre's seven-league boots, he went at once to the palace, and offered his services to carry orders from the king to his army, which was a great way off, and to bring back the quickest accounts of the battle they were just at that time fighting with the enemy. In short, he thought he could be of more use to the king than all his mail-coaches, and so should make his fortune in this manner. But before he had made many strides with his boots, he heard a voice that told him to stop. Hop-o'-my-thumb was startled a good deal, so he looked about him to
see whom the noise came from; and then he heard the same voice say, "Listen, Hop-o'-my-thumb, to what I am about to say to you. Do not go to the palace. Waste no time; the Ogre sleeps; he may awake. Know, Hop-o'-my-thumb, that the boots you took from the Ogre while he was asleep are two fairies, and I am the eldest of them. We have seen the clever things you have done to keep your brothers from harm, and for that reason we will bestow upon you the gift of riches, if you will once more employ your wits to a good purpose, and be as brave as before. But fairies must not speak of such matters as these: break the shell of the largest nut you can find in your pocket, and you will find a paper inside that will tell you all that you are to do." Hop-o'-my-thumb did not stand thinking about these strange things, but in a moment put his hand into his pocket for the nut. He next cracked it with his teeth, and found a piece of paper inside, carefully folded up, which he opened, and to his great surprise read as follows:—

Go unto the Ogre's door,
These words speak, and nothing more:
"Ogress, Ogre cannot come;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-thumb."

Hop-o'-my-thumb now began to say the last two lines over and over again, for fear he should forget them; and when he thought he had learned them by heart, he made two or three of his largest strides, and soon reached the Ogre's door. He knocked loudly, which brought the Ogre's wife down stairs; but at sight of Hop-o'-my-thumb she started back, and looked as if she would shut the door against him. Hop-o'-my-thumb knew he had not a moment to lose: so he seemed as if he did not think how much vexed she was at seeing him who had caused her daughters to be killed by their own father. Hop-o'-my-thumb then began to talk as if he was in a great hurry.
He said that matters were now changed; for the Ogre had laid hold of him and his brothers, as they were getting nuts by the side of a hedge, and was going to take them back to his house; but all at once the Ogre saw a number of men who looked like lords, and who were riding on the finest horses that were ever beheld, coming up to him full speed. He said the Ogre soon found they were sent by the king with a message, to borrow of the Ogre a large sum of money, which he stood in need of to pay his soldiers, as the king thought the Ogre was the richest of all his subjects. Hop-o'-my-thumb said this on purpose to find how rich the Ogre was. He then said that the lords found themselves very much tired with the long journey they had made; and the Ogre was vastly civil to them, and told them they need not go any farther, because he had a person with him who would not fail doing in a clever manner anything he was set about. He said that the great lords thanked the Ogre a thousand times when they heard this, and, in the name of the king, had granted to him the noble title of Duke of Draggletail; on which the Ogre had then taken off his boots, and helped to draw them on the legs of Hop-o'-my-thumb; and gave him this message, which he charged him by all means to make all the haste he could with, both in going and coming back again:—

Ogress, Ogre cannot come;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-thumb.

When the Ogress saw her husband's boots, she was quite proud at the thought of being made Duchess of Draggletail, and living at court, so that she was very ready to believe all that Hop-o'-my-thumb had told her; indeed so great was her joy, that she quite forgot her seven daughters with their throats cut, and bathed in their blood. She ran in a minute to fetch the great key, and gave it to Hop-o'-my-thumb, telling him at the same time where to find the chest of money and jewels that
it would open. Hop-o'-my-thumb took as much of these riches as he thought would be enough to maintain his father, mother, and brothers, without the fatigue of labour, all the rest of their lives; saying to himself all the while that it was better an honest faggot-maker should have part of such great riches, than an Ogre, who did nothing but eat children, and who kept all the money locked up, without spending it or giving any to the poor. In a short time Hop-o'-my-thumb came to his father's house, and all the family were glad to see him again. As the great fame of his boots had been talked of at court in this time, the king sent for him, and indeed employed him very often in the greatest affairs of the state, so that he became one
of the richest men in the kingdom. As for the Ogre, he fell in his sleep from the corner of the rock where Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers had left him, to the ground, and bruised himself so much from head to foot, that he could not stir: so he was forced to stretch himself out at full length, and wait for some one to come and help him.

Now a good many faggot-makers passed near the place where the Ogre lay; and, when they heard him groan, they went up to ask him what was the matter. But the Ogre had eaten such a great number of children in his life-time, that he had grown so very big and fat that these men could not even have carried one of his legs; so they were forced to leave him there. At last night came on, and then a large serpent came out of a wood just by, and stung him, so that he died in great pain. Before this time Hop-o'-my-thumb had become the king's favourite; and as soon as ever he heard of the Ogre's death, he told his majesty all that the goodnatured Ogress had done to save the lives of himself and brothers. The king was so much pleased at what he heard, that he asked Hop-o'-my-thumb if
there was any favour he could bestow upon her? Hop-o'-my-thumb thanked the king, and desired that the Ogress might have the noble title of Duchess of Draggetail given to her; which was no sooner asked than granted. The Ogress then came to court, and lived very happily for many years, enjoying the vast fortune she had found in the Ogre's chests. As for Hop-o'-my-thumb, he every day grew more witty and brave; till at last the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and set him over all his affairs.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK.

There was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England.
He had formerly been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground, which he made shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and other vegetables. Besides this, he sometimes gained a few halfpence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. In his walks over the common, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger: he took it home to his cottage, fed it with the produce of his garden, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog. She would nestle her little head in his bosom, and eat out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread, which he never failed to divide with his favourite. The old man often beheld her with silent joy; and, in the innocent effusion of his heart, would lift his hands to Heaven, and thank the Deity, who, even in the midst of poverty and distress, had raised him up one faithful friend.

One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable, he arose and struck a light, and going out of his cottage, examined on every side. It was not long before he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strolling beggar or gipsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. "Shall I," said he, "who find it so difficult to live at present, encumber myself with the care of a helpless infant, that will not, for many years, be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And
yet," added he, softening with pity, "can I deny assistance to a human being still more miserable than myself? Will not that Providence which feeds the birds of the wood and beasts of the field, and which has promised to bless all that are kind and charitable, assist my feeble endeavours? At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for, without I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning." Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy little boy, though covered with rags. The little foundling, too, seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and, smiling in his face, stretched out his chubby arms, as if to embrace his benefactor. When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food; but, looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk; he therefore called her to him, and presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat, too, seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted, without opposition, to discharge the duties of a nurse. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer, some time longer, the taking measures to be delivered from its care. "Who knows," said he, "but Providence, which has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in its future life, and may bless me as the humble agent of its decrees? At least as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel, and cultivating the garden." From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling, who, in a short time, learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted him with its innocent caresses.
LITTLE JACK.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to nature, increased in strength and vigour. Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications of perfect health; and at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. In a short time Little Jack was completely master of his legs; and, as the summer came on, he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together; sometimes rolling under her belly, now climbing upon her back, and frisking about as if he had been really a kid. As to his clothing, Jack was not much encumbered with it. He had neither shoes nor stockings; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence; and as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth; the battles and sieges he had been witness to, and the hardships he had undergone; all this he related with so much vivacity, that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure, was to see daddy shoulder his crutch, instead of a musket, and give the word of command:—"To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt." All this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak; and, before he was six years old, he poised and presented a broomstick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe. The old man, too, instructed him in such plain and
simple morality and religion as he was able to explain. "Never
tell an untruth, Jack," said he, "even though you were to be
flayed alive; a soldier should never tell lies." Jack held up
his head, marched across the floor, and promised that he would
always tell the truth like a good soldier. But the old man, as
he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his
darling should learn to read and write: and this was a work of
some difficulty, for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor
paper in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to over-
come difficulties: in the summer-time, as the old man sat
before his cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and teach
Jack to name them singly, until he was acquainted with the
whole alphabet. He then proceeded to syllables, and after
that to words: all which his little pupil learned to pronounce
with great facility; and, as he had a strong propensity to imitate
what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words,
but of tracing all the letters which composed them on the sand.

About this time, the poor goat which had nursed Jack so
faithfully, grew sick and died. She was buried in the old man's
garden, and thither Little Jack would often come, and call
upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him.
One day, as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by
in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate, but the lady stopped, and asked him "whom he was bemoaning so pitifully and calling upon?" Jack answered, that it was his poor mammy that was buried in the garden. The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial-place, and therefore proceeded to question him. "How did your mamma get her living?" said she.—"She used to graze here upon the common all day long," said Jack. The lady was still more astonished; but the old man came out of his hut, and explained the whole affair to her, which surprised her very much. She therefore looked on Jack with amazement, admired his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity, "Will you go with me, little boy?" said she, "and I will take care of you if you behave well."—"No," said Jack, "I must stay with daddy; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady." The lady was not displeased with Jack's answer; and, putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half-a-crown to buy him shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey. Jack was not unacquainted with the use of money, as he had been often sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessaries; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of shoes and stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bade him run to town, and lay his money out as the lady had desired; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffer it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned; but the old man was much surprised to see him come back as bare as he went out. "Heigh, Jack!" said he, "where are the shoes and stockings which you were to purchase?"—"Daddy," answered Jack, "I went to the shop,
and tried a pair for sport, but found them so cumbersome, that I could not walk, and I would not wear such things, even if the lady would give me another half-crown for doing it; so I laid my money out in a warm jacket for you, because the winter is coming on, and you seem to be more afraid of cold than formerly.” Many such instances of good conduct did Jack display, by which it is easy to perceive that he had an excellent soul and generous temper. One failing, indeed, Jack was liable to: though a very good-natured boy, he was a little too jealous of his honour. His daddy had taught him the use of his hands and legs; and Jack had such a disposition for boxing, that he could beat every boy in the neighbourhood of his age and size. Even if they were a head taller, it made no difference to Jack, provided they said anything to wound his honour; for otherwise he was the most mild, pacific creature in the world.

In this manner lived Little Jack until he was twelve years old: at this time, his poor old daddy fell sick, and became incapable of moving about. Jack did everything he could think of for the poor man: he made him broths, he fed him with his own hands, he watched whole nights by his bedside, supporting his head, and helping him when he wanted to move. But it was all in vain; his poor daddy grew daily worse, and perceived it impossible that he should recover. He one day, therefore, called Little Jack to his bedside, and pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information; but his daddy desired him to compose himself and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him. “I have lived,” said the old man, “a great many years in poverty, but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich. I have avoided, perhaps, many faults and many uneasinesses, which I should have incurred had I been in another situation; and
though I have often wanted a meal, and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually falls to the lot of my betters. I am now going to die; I feel it in every part; the breath will soon be out of my body; then I shall be put in the ground, and the worms will eat your poor old daddy.” At this Jack renewed his tears and sobs, for he was unable to restrain them. But the old man said:—“Have patience, my child; though I should leave this world, as I have always been strictly honest, and endeavoured to do my duty, I do not doubt but God will pity me, and convey me to a better place, where I shall be happier than I have ever been here. This is what I have always taught you, and this belief gives me the greatest comfort in my last moments. The only regret I feel is for you, my dearest child, whom I leave unprovided for. But you are strong and vigorous, and almost able to get your living. As soon as I am dead, you must go to the next village, and inform the people, that they may come and bury me. You must then endeavour to get into service, and work for your living; and, if you are strictly honest and sober, I do not doubt that you will find a livelihood; and that God, who is the common Father of all, will protect and bless you. Adieu, my dear child; I grow fainter and fainter. Never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you: but in every situation of life discharge your duty, and live like a good soldier and a Christian.” When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, his limbs grew cold and stiff, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. Little Jack, who hung crying over his daddy, called upon him in vain—in vain endeavoured to revive him. The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do: but one of the farmers who had been acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house, and give him
his victuals for a few months, till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months; during which time he learned to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But unfortunately, the good-natured farmer was taken with a fever, by over-heating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world with only his clothes, and a shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was very sorry for the loss of his master; but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farm-house for work. But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger; and though he lived with the greatest economy, he soon found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket, or a morsel of bread to eat. Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down; he walked resolutely on all the day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now poor Jack began to think of his old daddy, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him, and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations were vain; and therefore, as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of finding some barn or outhouse to creep into for the rest of the night. While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore
LITTLE JACK.

determined to approach it. When he came near he saw a large building which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him in his present forlorn condition; so, finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him roughly what business he had there. Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy, looking out for work; that he had not tasted food all day, and was wet to the skin with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck, the man he spoke to was good-natured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this, he laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till morning. He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, who, finding Jack, and hearing his story, began to reproach him as a lazy vagabond, and asked him why he did not work for his living? Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired; and that if he would please to employ him, there was nothing he would not do to earn a subsistence. "Well, my boy," said the master, "if this be true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here." So, calling his foreman, he ordered him to set the lad to work, and pay him according to his deserts. Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood,
and acquired the esteem of his master. But, unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was, great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge, who whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him Little Jack, the beggar-boy, and imitate the baaing of a goat. This was too much for his irascible temper, and he never failed to resent it.

It happened one day that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them, and explained with great politeness every part of his manufacture. Whilst they were busy in examining the different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building; and the master inquiring into the cause, was told that it was only Little Jack who was fighting with Tom the Collier. At this the master cried out in a passion, "There is no peace to be expected in the furnace while that little rascal is employed; send him to me, and I will instantly discharge him."

At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest, but resolute posture. "Is this the reward," said his master, "you little audacious vagabond, for all my kindness? Can you never refrain a single instant from broils and fighting? But I am determined to bear it no longer; and therefore you shall never, from this hour, do a single stroke of work for me."—"Sir,"

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replied Jack, with great humility, but yet with firmness, "I am extremely sorry to have disobliged you, nor have I ever done it willingly since I have been here; and if the other boys would only mind their work as well as I do, and not molest me, you would not have been offended now; for I defy them all to say, that since I have been in the house, I have ever given any one the least provocation, or ever refused, to the utmost of my strength, to do whatever I have been ordered."—

"That's true, indeed," said the foreman; "I must do Little Jack the justice to say, that there is not a more honest, sober, and industrious lad about the place. Set him to do what you will, he never skulks, never grumbles, never slights his work; and, if it were not for a little passion and fighting, I don't believe there would be his fellow in England."—"Well," said the master, a little mollified, "but what is the cause of all this sudden disturbance?"—"Sir," answered Jack, "it is Tom that has been abusing me, and telling me that my father was a beggarman, and my mother a nanny-goat; and when I desired him to be quiet he went baaing all about the house; and this I could not bear, for as to my poor father, he was an honest soldier, and if I did suck a goat, she was the best creature in the world; and I won't hear her abused while I have strength in my body."

At this harangue the whole audience were scarcely able to refrain from laughing, and the master, with more composure, told Jack to mind his business, and threatened the other boys with punishment if they disturbed him. But a lady who was in company seemed particularly interested about little Jack, and when she had heard his story, said, "This must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years past for me upon Morcot Moor; I remember being struck with his appearance, and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed
him; I was very much affected with his history; and since he
deserves so good a character, if you will part with him, I will
instantly take him into my service." The master replied, that
he should part with him with great satisfaction to such an
excellent mistress; that indeed the boy deserved all the com-
mandations which had been given, but since the other lads had
such a habit of plaguing, and Jack was of so impatient a
temper, he despaired of ever composing their animosities. Jack
was then called, and informed of the lady's offer, which he
instantly accepted with the greatest readiness, and received
immediate directions to her house. Jack was now in a new
sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was
clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart, active lad. His
business was to help in the stable, to water the horses, to
clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the
family; and in the discharge of these services he soon gave
general satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he
was ordered, never grumbled, nor appeared out of temper, and
seemed so quiet and inoffensive in his manner, that everybody
wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrel-
some. In a short time he became both the favourite and the
drudge of the whole family; for speak but kindly to him, and
call him a little soldier, and Jack was at every one's disposal.
This was Jack's particular foible and vanity: at his leisure
hours he would divert himself, by the hour together, in poising
a dung-fork, charging with a broom-stick, and standing sentry
at the stable door. Another propensity of Jack's, which now
discovered itself, was an immoderate love of horses. Jack was
never tired with rubbing down and currying them; the
coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box; all
the operations of the stable were intrusted to Little Jack,
 nor was it ever known that he neglected a single particular.
But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack, too, discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanic arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufactory of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a soldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron. "How would you plough the ground," said Jack; "how would you dig your garden; how would you even light a fire, dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or do the least thing in the world, if we workmen at the forge did not take the trouble of preparing it for you?" These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith, and in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses, he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neat as any artist in the country. Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufacture of iron; his love of horses was so great, and his interest in everything that related to them, that it was not long before he acquired a competent knowledge in the art of saddlery. There was in the family where he now lived, a young gentleman, nephew of his mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him, and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention; for, although he could not boast any great advantage of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower class of people are subject: Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency. He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly good-natured to his equals. Master Willets had a little horse
which Jack looked after; and not contented with looking after him in the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours, with so much care and address, that in a short time he made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge partly from his own experience, and partly from paying particular attention to an itinerant riding-master, that had lately exhibited various feats in the neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good a use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost everything he saw, and used to divert the servants and his young master with acting the tailor’s riding to Brentford.

The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him arithmetic, writing, and geography. Jack used to be sometimes in the room while the lessons were given, and listened, according to custom, with so much attention to all that passed, that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens and paper and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate everything he had heard and seen in the day; and his little master, who began to love him very sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived under one pretence or other to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself. In this manner he went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty, very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who, having been educated in France, and among genteel people in London, had a very great taste for finery, and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress too was a little particular, as well as his manners; for he spent half his time in adjusting his head, wore a large black bag tied
to his hair behind, and would sometimes strut about for half an hour together, with his hat under his arm, and a little sword by his side. This young man had a supreme contempt for all the vulgar, which he did not attempt to conceal, and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for him, and at first endeavoured to remove it by every civility in his power; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly showed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that, as he was walking along the road, he met with a showman, who was returning from a neighbouring fair with some wild beasts in a cart. Among the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks, and made so many grimaces, as engaged all Jack's attention, and delighted him very much; for he had always a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation the showman who probably wanted to be rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to sell him for half-a-crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll, diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him. As there was, however, no other remedy, Jack brought him carefully home, and confined him safe to an out-house, which was not applied to any use. In this situation he kept him several days without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among other tricks which the monkey had been
taught to perform, he would rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and bow with the greatest politeness to the company. Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them subservient to his resentment. He therefore one day procured some flour, with which he powdered his monkey's head, fixed a large paper bag to his neck, put an old hat under his arm, and tied a large iron skewer to his side, instead of a sword; and, thus accoutred, led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Monsieur, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very unluckily that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at one glance the intended copy of himself, and all the malice of Little Jack, who was leading him along and calling to him to hold up his head and look like a person of fashion. Rage instantly took possession of his mind, and drawing his sword, which he happened to have on, he without consideration ran the poor monkey through with a sudden thrust, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more might have been done is uncertain, for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal whom he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury, and wresting the sword out of his hand, broke it into twenty pieces. The young gentleman received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was sorry to have offended; but when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused. He owned, indeed,
that he was much to blame for resenting the provocations he had received, and endeavouring to make his mistress's company ridiculous; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there were no possible arguments which could convince him he was the least to blame; nor would he have made submission to the king himself. This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of Master Willets. Jack therefore packed up his clothes in a little bundle, shook all his fellow-servants by the hand, took an affectionate leave of his kind master, and once more sallied out upon his travels.

He had not walked far before he came to a town, where a party of soldiers were beating up for volunteers. Jack mingled with the crowd that surrounded the recruiting serjeant, and listened with pleasure to the pleasing and heart-enlivening sound of the fifes and drums; nor could he help mechanically holding up his head and stepping forward with an air that showed the trade was not entirely new to him. The serjeant soon took notice of these gestures, and seeing him a strong, likely lad, came up to him, clapped him upon the back, and asked him if he would enlist. "You are a brave boy," said he, "I can see it in your looks: come along with us, and I don't doubt in a few weeks you will be as complete a soldier as those who have been in the army for years." Jack made no answer to this, but by instantly poising his stick, cocking his hat fiercely, and going through the whole manual exercise. "Prodigious, indeed!" cried the serjeant; "I see you have been in the army already, and can eat fire as well as any of us. But come with us, my brave lad: you shall live well, have little to do but now and then fight for your king and country, as every gentleman ought; and in a short time I don't doubt but I shall
see you a captain, or some great man, rolling in wealth which you have got out of the spoils of your enemies.”—“No,” said Jack: “captain! that will never do; no tricks upon travellers;—I know better what I have to expect if I enlist,—I must lie hard, live hard, expose my life and limbs every hour of the day, and be soundly cudgelled every now and then into the bargain.”—“O ho!” cried the serjeant, “where did the young dog pick up all this? He is enough to make a whole company desert.”—“No,” said Jack, “they shall never desert through me; for, though I know this, as I am at present out of employment, and have a great respect for the amiable character of a gentleman soldier, I will enlist directly in your regiment.”—“A brave fellow indeed,” said the serjeant: “here, my lad—here is your money and your cockade;” both which he directly presented, for fear his recruit should change his mind; and thus in a moment Little Jack became a soldier.

He had scarcely time to feel himself easy in his new accoutrements, before he was embarked for India in the character of a marine. This kind of life was entirely new to Jack; however, his usual activity and spirit of observation did not desert him here; and he had not been embarked many weeks before he was perfectly acquainted with all the duties of a sailor, and in that respect equal to most on board. It happened that the ship in which he sailed touched at the Cormo islands, in order to take in wood and water: these are some little islands near the coast of Africa, inhabited by blacks. Jack often went on shore with the officers, attending them on shooting parties, to carry their powder and shot, and the game they killed. All this country consisted of very lofty hills, covered with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which never lose their leaves, from the perpetual warmth of the climate. Through these it is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills
themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party, took aim at some great bird, and brought it down; but as it fell into a deep valley over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey. Jack immediately, with officious haste, set off and ran down the more level side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit, and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore, but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he in a short time buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company nor even reach the shore, or obtain a prospect of the sea. At length night approached, and Jack, who conceived it impossible to do that in the dark which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay down under a rock, and composed himself to rest as well as he was able. The next day he arose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore; but unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods, hills, and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry; but as he had a fowling-piece with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner; and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers, and dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day he indeed came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he had left the ship, and that neither
ship nor boat was to be seen. Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew that the ship was to sail at farthest on the third day, and would not wait for him. He therefore set himself to find a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence. The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy indeed, but with a resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods, and saw several kinds of fruits and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had pecked them, and found the taste agreeable. In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerably contented life for several months, during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the natives. He used several times a day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This at length happened by the boat of an English ship, that was sailing to India, which touched upon the coast. Jack instantly hailed the crew, and the officer, upon hearing his story, agreed to receive him: the captain, too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and promised him a gratuity besides if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident, and relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and before long was advanced to the rank of serjeant. In this capacity, he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks, through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length they entered upon some
extensive plains, which bordered upon the country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people, and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world: indefatigable in their attacks, though often repulsed, returning to the charge, and not to be invaded with impunity. He therefore took the liberty of observing to some of the officers, that nothing could be more dangerous than their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry, without any successful method of defence, or place of retreat, in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to; and, after a few hours' farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and firing several successive volleys, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance. But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss which they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead, therefore, of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them on every side, without exposing themselves to any considerable danger. The army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed; for another considerable body of the enemy appeared on that side, and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding-officer, therefore, judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negotiation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemy. The Tartar received the Europeans
with great civility, and after having gently reproached them with their ambition, in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very moderate conditions to their enlargement; but he insisted on having their arms delivered up, except a very few, which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans, as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars, Jack happened to be included; and, while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief's was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The Khan (for so he is called among the Tartars), seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans, to know if they could suggest anything for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery: but, when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse, by passing his hand within the animal's fore leg; which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity. Finding the animal was in a high fever, he proposed to let him blood, which he had learned to do very dexterously in England; and having, by great good luck, a lancet with him, he immediately let him blood in the neck. After this operation he covered him up, and gave him a warm potion, made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few days the horse began to mend, and, to the great joy of the Khan, perfectly recovered in a few days. This cure, so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high, that every-
body came to consult him about their horses, and in a short
time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The Khan
himself conceived so great an affection for him, that he gave
him an excellent horse to ride upon, and attend him in his
hunting parties; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horse-
manship, managed him so well as to gain the esteem of the
whole nation.

The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no
idea of managing their horses, unless by violence: but Jack, in
a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse
so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg, that
the Tartars themselves would gaze upon them with admira-
tion, and allow themselves to be outdone. Not contented with
this, he procured some iron, and made his horse-shoes in the
European taste: this also was a matter of astonishment to all
the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod.
He next observed that the Tartar saddles were all prodigiously
large and cumbersome, raising the horseman to a great distance
from the back of the horse. Jack set himself to work, and was
not long before he had completed something like an English
hunting-saddle, on which he paraded before the Khan. All
mankind have a great passion for novelty, and the Khan was
so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity, that, after paying
him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having
such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature
in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends: he went
to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more
elegant for the Khan. These exertions gained him the favour
and esteem both of the Khan and all the tribe; so that Jack
was a universal favourite, and loaded with presents, while the
rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or
horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference.

And now an ambassador arrived from the English settle
ments with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the restitution of the prisoners. The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to think of delaying an instant, and they were all restored; but before they set out, Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finish a couple of saddles, and a dozen of horse-shoes, which he presented to the Khan with many expressions of gratitude. The Khan was charmed with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a present of a couple of fine horses, and several valuable skins of beasts. Jack arrived without any accident at the English settlements, and selling his skins and horses, found himself in possession of a moderate sum of money. He now began to have a desire to return to England; and one of the officers who had often been obliged to him during his captivity, procured him a discharge. He embarked, therefore, with all his property, on board a ship, and in a few months was safely landed at Plymouth. But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of forging; and for that purpose made a journey into the north, and found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a foreman, engaged him. Jack was now indefatigable in his new office: inflexibly honest, where the interest of his master was concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much, as to gain a considerable fortune, and became one of the most respectable manufacturers
in the country. But, with all this prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness: on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he had formerly lived, and built himself a small but convenient house upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story, in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well and discharges his duty when he is in it.

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THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

There was a very ancient fisherman so poor, that he could scarcely earn enough to maintain himself, his wife, and three children. He went every day to fish betimes in the morning; and, imposed it as a law upon himself, not to cast his nets above
four times a day. He went one morning by moonlight, and, coming to the sea-side, undressed himself, and cast in his nets. As he drew them towards the shore, he found them very heavy, and thought he had a good draught of fish, at which he rejoiced within himself; but, in a moment after, perceiving that, instead of fish, there was nothing in his nets but the carcass of an ass, he was much vexed. When the fisherman, distressed in having made such a sorry draught, had mended his nets, which the carcass of the ass had broken in several places, he threw them in a second time: and, when he drew them, found a great deal of resistance, which made him think he had taken abundance of fish; but he found nothing but a basket full of gravel and slime, which grieved him exceedingly. He threw away the basket in a fret, and washing his nets from the slime, cast them in a third time—but brought up nothing except stone, shells, and mud. Nobody can express his disorder; he was almost beside himself. However, when day-light appeared, he did not forget to say his prayers like a good Mussulman. The fisherman having finished his prayers, cast his nets the fourth time; and, when he thought it was time, drew them as formerly with great difficulty; but instead of fish, found nothing in them but a vessel of yellow copper, which by its weight seemed to be full of something; and he observed that it was shut and sealed with lead, having the impression of a seal upon it. This rejoiced him: "I will sell it," says he, "to the founder, and, with the money arising from the produce, buy a measure of corn." He examined the vessel on all sides, and shook it, to see if what was within made any noise, but heard nothing. This circumstance, with the impression of the seal upon the leaden cover, made him think there was something precious in it. To try this, he took a knife, and opened it with very little labour. He presently turned the mouth downward,
but nothing came out, which surprised him exceedingly. He set it before him, and while he looked upon it attentively, there came out a very thick smoke, which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it. The smoke ascended to the clouds, and, extending itself along the sea and upon theshore, formed a great mist, which, we may well imagine, did mightily astonish the fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it re-united itself, and became a solid body, of which there was formed a genie, twice the size of the greatest of giants. At the sight of a monster of such gigantic bulk, the fisherman would fain have fled, but was so frightened that he could not go one step. "Solomon," cried the genie immediately, "Solomon, the great prophet, pardon! pardon! I will never more oppose your will; I will obey all your commands!"

The fisherman, when he heard these words from the genie, recovered his courage, and said to him, "Proud spirit, what is that you say? It is above eighteen hundred years since the prophet Solomen died, and we are now at the end of time. Tell me your history, and how you came to be shut up in this vessel." The genie, turning to the fisherman, with a fierce look, said, "You must speak to me with more civility; thou art very bold to call me a proud spirit." — "Very well," replied the fisherman, "shall I speak to you with more civility, and call you the owl of good luck?" — "I say," answered the genie, "speak to me more civilly, before I kill thee." — "Ah!" replies the fisherman, "why would you kill me? Did not I just now set you at liberty, and have you already forgotten it?" — "Yes, I remember it," says the genie, "but that shall not hinder me from killing thee: I have only one favour to grant thee." — "And what is that?" says the fisherman. — "It is," answers the genie, "to give thee thy choice, in what manner thou wouldst have me take thy life." — "But wherein have I offended you?"
replies the fisherman. "Is that your reward for the good services I have done you?"—"I cannot treat you otherwise," says the genie; and, that you may be convinced of it, hearken to my story. I am one of those rebellious spirits that opposed Solomon, the great prophet, and submitted not to him. Sacar and I were the only genii that would never be guilty of a mean thing; and to avenge himself, that great monarch sent Asaph, the son of Barakhia, his chief minister, to apprehend me. That was accordingly done. Asaph seized my person, and brought me by force, before his master's throne.

"Solomon, the son of David, commanded me to quit my way of living, to acknowledge his power, and to submit myself to his command: I bravely refused to obey, and told him, I would rather expose myself to his resentment, than swear homage, and submit to him as he required. To punish me, he shut me up in this copper vessel, and gave it to one of the genii who submitted to him, with orders to throw me into the sea, which was executed to my sorrow. During the first hundred years' imprisonment, I swore that if any one would deliver me before the hundred years expired, I would make him rich, even after his death, but that century ran out, and nobody did the good office. During the second I made an oath, that I would open all the treasures of the earth to any one that should set me at liberty; but with no better success. In the third, I promised to make my deliverer a potent monarch, to be always near him in spirit, and to grant him every day three requests of what nature soever they might be; but this century ran out as well as the two former, and I continued in prison. At last, being angry, or rather mad, to find myself a prisoner so long, I swore, that if afterwards any one should deliver me, I would kill him without mercy, and grant him no other favour but to choose what kind of death he would die. And, therefore, since you
have delivered me to-day, I give you that choice." This discourse afflicted the poor fisherman extremely: "I am very unfortunate," cries he, "to come hither to do such a piece of good service to one that is so ungrateful. I beg you to consider your injustice, and revoke such an unreasonable oath: pardon me, and Heaven will pardon you; if you grant me my life, Heaven will protect you from all attempts against yours."—"No, thy death is resolved on," says the genie, "only choose how you will die."

Necessity is the mother of invention.—The fisherman be-thought himself of a stratagem. "Since I must die, then," says he to the genie, "I submit: but, before I choose the manner of death, I conjure you to answer me truly the question I am going to ask you." The genie, finding himself obliged to give a positive answer, replied to the fisherman: "Ask what thou wilt, but make haste." The genie having promised to speak the truth, the fisherman says to him: "I would know if you were actually in this vessel?"—"Yes," replied the genie, "I was, and it is a certain truth."—"In good faith," answered the fisherman, "I cannot believe you; the vessel is not capable of holding one of your feet, and how is it possible that your whole body could lie in it?"—"I declare to thee, notwithstanding," replied the genie, "that I was there just as you see me here: is it possible that thou dost not believe me?"—"Truly, not I," said the fisherman; "nor will I believe you, unless you show it me." Upon which, the body of the genie was dissolved, and changed itself into smoke, extending itself, as formerly, upon the sea and shore; and then, at last, being gathered together, it began to re-enter the vessel, which it continued to do successively, by a slow and equal motion, after a smooth and exact way, till nothing was left out; and immediately a voice came forth, which said to the fisherman, "Well, now, incredulous
fellow, I am all in the vessel, do not you believe me now?" The fisherman, instead of answering the genie, took the cover of lead, and having speedily shut the vessel, "Genie," cries he, "now it is your turn to beg my favour, and to choose which way I shall put you to death: but not so, it is better that I should throw you into the sea, whence I took you; and then I will build a house upon the bank, where I will dwell, to give notice to all fishermen who come to throw in their nets to beware of such a wicked genie as thou art, who hast made oath to kill him that sets thee at liberty."

The genie, enraged at those expressions, did all he could to get out of the vessel again; but it was not possible for him to do it; so, perceiving that the fisherman had got the advantage of him, he thought fit to dissemble his anger. "Fisherman," said he, in a pleasant tone, "take heed you do not do what you say, for what I spoke to you before was only by way of jest, and you are to take it no otherwise."—"O, genie!" replies the fisherman, "thou who wast but a moment ago the greatest of all genii, and now art the least of them; thy crafty discourse will signify nothing to thee, but to the sea thou shalt return. If thou hast stayed there already so long as thou hast told me, thou mayest very well stay there some time longer. I begged of thee not to take away my life, and thou didst reject my prayers; I am obliged to treat thee in the same manner." The genie omitted nothing that could prevail upon the fisherman, "Open the vessel," says he: "give me liberty, I pray thee, and I promise to satisfy thee to thy own content." The fisherman replied, "O, genie! could I have prevailed with thee to grant me the favour I demanded, I should now have had pity upon thee; but since, notwithstanding the extreme obligation thou wast under to me for having set thee at liberty, thou didst persist in thy design to kill me, I am obliged, in my turn,
to be as hard-hearted to thee.”—“My good friend, fisherman,” replies the genie, “I conjure thee, once more, not to be guilty of such cruelty; consider, that it is not good to avenge one’s self; and that, on the other hand, it is commendable to do good for evil. Do not treat me as Imama treated Ateca, formerly.”

—“And what did Imama to Ateca?” replies the fisherman. “Ho!” says the genie, “if you have a mind to know it, open the vessel. Do you think that I can be in a humour to tell stories in so strait a prison? I will tell you as many as you please when you let me out.”—“No,” says the fisherman, “I will not let thee out; it is in vain to talk of it; I am just going to throw you into the bottom of the sea.”—“Hear me one word more,” cries the genie; “I promise to do thee no hurt; nay, far from that, I will show thee a way how thou mayest become exceeding rich.”

The hope of delivering himself from poverty prevailed with the fisherman. “I could listen to thee,” says he, “were there any credit to be given to thy word.” The genie promised him faithfully, and the fisherman immediately took off the covering of the vessel. At that very instant the smoke came out, and the genie having resumed his form, as before, the first thing he did was to kick the vessel into the sea. This action frightened the fisherman. “Genie,” says he, “what is the meaning of that? will you not keep your promise you just now made?” The genie laughed at the fisherman’s fear, and answered, “No, fisherman, be not afraid, I only did it to divert myself, and to see if thou wouldst be alarmed at it; but to persuade thee that I am in earnest, take thy nets and follow me.” When they came to the side of a pond, the genie says to the fisherman, “Cast thy nets and catch fish.” The fisherman did not doubt to catch some, because he saw a great number in the pond; but he was extremely surprised when he found they were of four
colours; that is to say, white, red, blue, and yellow. He threw in his nets and brought out one of each colour. Having never

seen the like, he could not but admire them; and, judging that he might get a considerable sum for them; he was very joyful. "Carry those fish," says the genie to him, "and present them to thy sultan; he will give you more money for them than ever you had in your life. You may come every day to fish in this pond; and I give thee warning not to throw in thy nets above once a day, otherwise you will repent it. Take heed, and remember my advice; if you follow it exactly, you will find your account in it." Having spoken thus, he struck his foot upon the ground, which opened, and shut again, after it had swallowed up the genie. The fisherman, being resolved to follow the genie's advice exactly, forebore casting in his nets a second time; and returned to the town very well
satisfied with his fish, and making a thousand reflections upon
his adventure. He went straight to the sultan's palace to
present him his fish. The sultan was surprised when he saw
the four fishes which the fisherman presented him. He took
them up one after another, and viewed them with attention;
and after having admired them a long time, "Take those fishes,"
said he, to his first vizier, "and carry them to the handsome
cook-maid, that the Emperor of the Greeks has sent me. I
cannot but imagine that they must be as good as they are fine."
The vizier carried them himself to the cook, and delivering
them into her hands, "Look ye," said he, "there are four
fishes newly brought to the sultan; he orders you to dress
them." And having said so, he returned to the sultan, his
master, who ordered him to give the fisherman four hundred
pieces of gold, of the coin of that country, which he did
accordingly.

The fisherman, who had never seen so much cash in his life-
time, could scarce believe his own good fortune, but thought it
must be a dream, until he found it to be real, when he instantly
provided necessaries for his family with it. But, having told
you what happened to the now happy fisherman, I must
acquaint you next with what befel the sultan's cook-maid,
whom we shall find in great perplexity. As soon as she had
gutted the fishes, she put them upon the fire in a frying-pan,
with oil; and when she thought them fried enough on one
side, she turned them upon the other; but, oh monstrous pro-
digy! scarce were they turned, when the walls of the kitchen
opened, and out came a young lady of wonderful beauty and
comely size. She was clad in flowered satin, after the Egyptian
manner, with pendants in her ears, a necklace of large pearls,
and bracelets of gold, garnished with rubies, and a rod of myrtle
in her hand. She came towards the frying-pan, to the great
amazement of the cook-maid, who continued immovable at the
sight, and striking one of the fishes with the end of the rod, says, "Fish, fish, art thou in thy duty?" the fish having answered nothing, she repeated these words, and then the four fishes lifted up their heads all together, and said to her, "Yes, yes; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we overcome, and are content." As soon as they had finished those words, the lady overturned the frying-pan, and entered again into the open part of the wall, which shut immediately, and became as it was before.

The cook-maid was mightily frightened at this; and, coming a little to herself, went to take up the fishes that fell upon the hearth, but found them blacker than coal, and not fit to be carried to the sultan. She was grievously troubled at it, and fell to weeping most bitterly. "Alas!" says she, "what will become of me?" If I tell the sultan what I have seen, I am sure he will not believe me, but will be enraged against me." While she was thus bewailing herself, in came the grand vizier, and asked her if the fishes were ready? She told him all that had happened, which we may easily imagine astonished him; but, without speaking a word of it to the sultan, he invented an excuse that satisfied him; and, sending immediately for the fisherman, bade him bring four more such fish, for a misfortune had befallen the others, that they were not fit to be carried to the sultan. The fisherman, without saying anything of what the genie had told him, in order to excuse himself from bringing them that very day, told the vizier he had a great way to go for them, but would certainly bring them to-morrow. Accordingly the fisherman went away by night; and, coming to the pond, threw in his nets betimes next morning, took four such fishes as the former, and brought them to the vizier at the hour appointed. The minister took them himself, carried them to the kitchen, and shutting himself up all alone with the cook-maid, she gutted them, and put them on the fire,
as she had done the four others the day before: when they were fried on one side, and she had turned them on the other, the kitchen wall opened, and the same lady came in with the rod in her hand, struck one of the fishes, spoke to it as before, and all four gave her the same answer. After the four fishes had answered the young lady, she overturned the frying-pan with her rod, and retired into the same place of the wall from whence she came out. The grand vizier being witness to what had passed, "This is too surprising and extraordinary," says he, "to be concealed from the sultan; I will inform him of this prodigy;" which he did accordingly, and gave him a very faithful account of all that had happened.

The sultan, being much surprised, was impatient to see this himself. He sent immediately for the fisherman, and says to him, "Friend, cannot you bring me four more such fishes?" The fisherman replied, "If your majesty will be pleased to allow me three days time, I will do it." Having obtained his time, he went to the pond immediately; and, at the first throwing in of his net, he caught four such fishes, and brought them presently to the sultan, who was so much the more rejoiced at it as he did not expect them so soon, and ordered him other four hundred pieces of gold. As soon as the sultan had the fish, he ordered them to be carried into the closet, with all that was necessary for frying them; and having shut himself up there with the vizier, the minister gutted them, put them in the pan upon the fire, and when they were fried on one side, turned them upon the other. Then the wall of the closet opened; but, instead of the young lady, there came out a black, in the habit of a slave, and of gigantic stature, with a great green baton in his hand. He advanced towards the pan, and touching one of the fishes with his baton, said to it, with a terrible voice, "Fish, art thou in thy duty?" At these words, the fishes
raised up their heads, and answered, "Yes, yes, we are; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we overcome, and are content." The fishes had no sooner finished these words, but the black threw the pan into the middle of the closet, and reduced the fishes to a coal. Having done this, he retired fiercely, and entering again into the hole in the wall, it shut, and appeared just as it did before. The sultan was very much surprised at what he had seen; and, as he was a brave man, he resolved to know what it all meant, by going himself to inquire; therefore he got the direction to the place from the fisherman, dressed himself in a suit of fur, and, with a cimeter in his hand, sallied forth alone upon the adventure. I cannot tell you all the wonderful escapes he had from the power of a magician; but merely will say he succeeded in discovering a palace, from which he released a very amiable young prince, who had been there confined a long time. He
found that the fishes were formerly the servants belonging to this prince, and had been changed into fishes for endeavouring to release their master. They now regained their proper form. The palace of the magician was destroyed; the prince married the sultan’s beautiful daughter; and the fisherman, who had been the cause of these happy events, was made a nobleman. Thus you see the Genie was as good as his word in making his fortune.

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KING PIPPIN AND HIS GOLDEN CROWN.

Mr. John Pippin, father to Peter Pippin, of whose history the following is an account, was a very industrious man, and a kind parent, always striving to do the best he could for his family. One fine summer’s evening, on his return home from labour, he sat himself down
by the door of his cottage, when up came his son Peter, who said, "Father, I wish I could purchase another little history; I have read all the books by me so often, that I can repeat every word in them."—"I am glad to hear it," replied the good man; "I only wish I could buy books as fast as you can learn them, since you pay such close attention. However, when Farmer Giles goes to town, next week, I will give him sixpence to buy the Ladder of Learning for you; I know he will be so kind as to bring it."—"Thank you, kindly, dear father," said Peter, "and I promise you I will soon climb up to the top of the ladder, step by step.

"All I desire is a store,
To lay up of learning's lore."

Peter, in the course of another week, could repeat to his father all that was in the Ladder of Learning, and began to sigh for an increase to his little library; but money he had none, nor could his father at that time spare another sixpence, having little employ. At length Peter earned a few pence by scaring the crows from Farmer Giles's corn-fields, and saved enough to buy the famous book of Work and Wages; but this, like others, he was master of. But good fortune in general attends the virtuous and diligent. One evening, as he was seated under a tree, lamenting the poverty that prevented his progressive knowledge, Lady Bountiful, who lived at the Manor House, and had often noticed Peter's good behaviour, as well as his constant attendance at the village church, drew near on this occasion, and in kind accents demanded the cause of his apparent sorrow. He frankly told her the truth, and gave such civil answers to every question she put to him, that quite delighted her. As soon as she returned home, she sent one of her footmen to Pippin's cottage, desiring the good man to come
to her the next morning, and bring Peter with him. The father and son were not a little surprised at this message; indeed, the latter could scarcely sleep all night at the thoughts of his visit to the Manor House. The morning was fine; and as soon as they had breakfasted, and put on their best clothes, Pippin, with his son, waited on her ladyship, who received them very kindly, and told the old man, that if he liked to part with Peter, she would board and clothe the boy at her own expense, in the school at the next town. Pippin received the offer with sincere gratitude. "I shall be rather sorry," said he, "to part with my only companion, for such he is, now my poor wife and the other children are no more; but it would be cruel in me to refuse an offer so much to his advantage."—"And I," said Peter, taking his father's hand, "will come and see you every holiday, when the weather permits; and should I live to be a great man, through my learning, I will make you comfortable in your old age, for you have been a kind parent to me." The father and son then embraced each other with such real tenderness, that it drew tears into the eyes of their benefactress, and some ladies of her acquaintance who were present. Her ladyship put an end to the scene by ringing the bell, and ordering the butler to give Pippin and his son some refreshments, while she wrote a letter for them to take to Mr. Teachwell, the schoolmaster.

The following day they set out for the next town; Pippin, as they walked along, kept giving his son good advice as to his conduct, particularly telling him to beware that improper pride crept not into his heart at this unexpected good fortune; as that, said he, will spoil all, and make the intended advantage turn to evil. They had not proceeded above a mile, when a coach passed them, which presently stopped, and a gentleman
looking out of the window, asked if that little boy was not named Peter Pippin? The father, with a low bow answered, "Yes, sir," "I thought so," said Mr. Worthy, "from the description Lady Bountiful gave me of him last night. It is fortunate I overtook you on the road; I am going to take my two sons to the same school; and, as Peter is such a good boy, he shall ride there in my carriage." Pippin took leave of his son with a pious blessing, and returned home; while the latter went forward with his new friends. Mr. Worthy, to amuse the time, asked the boys to spell several words, which led to the discovery that Pippin was the best scholar of the three. "Observe," said he to his sons, "how you have wasted your time. Here, Pippin, is a shilling for you. As for you, Charles and William, you shall have neither plum-pudding nor mince-pies when you come home at the Christmas holidays, if you cannot spell them in a proper manner. I will not encourage idleness." Peter soon gained the love of his school-fellows, and good-will of his master; and Mr. Teachwell, in his letter to Lady Bountiful, wrote highly as to his character and abilities. His temper was so sweet, and his judgment so excellent, that the rest of the boys fell into a habit of taking his advice when they were in any doubt, or referring their disputes to him. He was very fond of maxims; and one of his favourite ones was— "Blessed are the peace-makers." This made them elect him for their monarch; and he was always called Little King Pippin. They joined together to have a fine crown made for him, on which was placed in letters of gold, "Peter Pippin, King of the Good Boys." I am sorry to say that all Mr. Teachwell's children did not deserve the title of good: some incidents occurred, while our hero was at school, which displayed, in its true colours, the danger of truancy, and other
vicious habits. One day as George Graceless was playing with other boys, at marbles, in the court-yard, his brother accidentally stopped one of the marbles, on which the former threw himself into a most unbecoming rage, and called him a fool, at the same time taking the Lord's name in vain. King Pippin, who was present, could not avoid rebuking him. "Master Graceless," said he, "attend to your Bible, and you will find, 'He who calleth his brother fool, placeth himself in danger of hell-fire and the third commandment saith, 'take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' &c."—"Keep your preaching to yourself," said Graceless, very rudely; "mind your book and leave us to mind our play."—"Fie, fie, Master Graceless," said the little monarch, "I fear you will have cause to repent such language; God, if he pleases, can strike you dead in an instant, or bring some heavy suffering on you. He is everywhere present, and His all-seeing eye surveys

'Our secret thoughts, our words and ways.'"

At this moment the school-bell rung. "All in!" was the cry; and the good boys with Pippin at their head, ran to get into the room before their names were called over by the monitor, lest they should lose their places held in the classes to which they severally belonged. Graceless and his companions determined to finish their game, and were so long about it, that they were afraid of going into school. Foolish boys! instead of trusting to their master's mercy, or acknowledging the truth, and entreating pardon, they made bad worse, and went out birds-nesting. The first they found was that of a robin, when one of them, who had more tenderness than the others, endeavoured to persuade his companions to spare it, observing that it was these birds that covered over the babes in the wood with leaves, when they were starved to death. But he tried in vain to
save them; down went the nest, while the parent birds made
lamentable moans for their lost young.

"Callous must be the youthful breast,
Whose hands thus spoil the feathered nest,
And helpless innocence molest."

They proceeded in dooming nest after nest to destruction, till
they came to that of a turtle-dove, built in a tall spreading tree,
on one of the upper branches, that overhung a deep river.
Harry tried to persuade young Graceless to leave it untouched.
This advice was rejected with contempt. "There is no
danger," said he; and climbing the trunk, put forth his
hand to take the eggs. At
that instant the branch broke,
and the truant was precipitated into the stream. "Save
me! save me!" he cried:
"Oh that I had minded King
Pippin, this would not have
been." No aid was near, and
his companions tried their
efforts in vain to rescue him from a watery grave. They
were now conscious of the crime of which they had been guilty,
in absenting themselves from school; yet they were afraid to
return to Mr. Teachwell, in dread of his just displeasure;
not reflecting that every hour added to the cause of complaint,
and incurred severer punishment: they wandered about till
night surprised them in the midst of a wood, huddled together
as close as possible: they wished to sleep; the wind roared
loud among the trees, and every sound alarmed them: how
heartily did they wish themselves at home in a warm bed
protected from danger! "How glad I am," said one of them "that there are no wild beasts here to eat us, as would be the case in a distant clime; yet many dangers may assail." At length they arose, and prostrating themselves on their knees, fervently praying Heaven for pardon and assistance; and soon after morning dawned, they were fortunately discovered by an honest woodman, who conveyed them home to tell the disastrous fate that had attended one of the party. They each suffered a long illness, but it made them better boys, and they became firm friends to King Pippin, who was very kind to them while they were in a sick chamber, reading to them, praying with them, and sharing the fruit Lady Bountiful sent him, as she often did, when his father came to see him, or any of the servants were sent to the town. Such was the consequence resulting to four boys, who forgot the duty they owed to their Creator, their master, and all connected with them. As our hero advanced in years, he increased in the esteem of all worthy people. Mr. Worthy continued his notice of him, and often invited his Majesty, as he would merrily call him, to pass the holidays with his sons. At a proper age he took him into his counting-house; and when Pippin had been properly instructed in the necessary duties belonging to the situation, he sent him to manage an extensive sugar plantation in the West Indies. Lady Bountiful assisted in fitting him out very handsomely. She also promised, or he would not have been content to have gone, that she would take proper care of his poor father while he was absent; and she faithfully kept her word.

Pippin had nearly completed his voyage, when a dreadful storm arose, and the vessel, after having been tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves, three days and as many nights, was literally dashed to pieces on a rock, and every person on board perished in the ocean, except King Pippin, whom
it pleased Heaven, in its merciful goodness, to preserve; but he was cast on shore, insensible for some time to the horrors of his situation. When he recovered, he returned thanks to God for his deliverance from a premature grave, and prayed that his future life might be one of piety and honour: as soon as he was able to rise he looked around and perceived some huts at a distance; thither he repaired, and on making his case known, he was most hospitably entertained at one of them, while the owners of the rest all joined to promote his comfort. Happily for him, he was not above thirty miles distant from Mr. Worthy's plantation; and after three days' rest, to recover from the fatigues and bruises he had received, he was conducted there with great ceremony. By prudent management, Pippin increased the value of the estate to nearly treble its former amount; which conduct so pleased Mr. Worthy, that on the young man's return to his native land, he assisted him to open a mercantile house in the city, and bestowed on him the hand of his daughter Mary in marriage, an amiable and virtuous young lady with a handsome portion. Pippin wished his father to reside with them; but the good old man did not like to leave his native village: so the dutiful son fitted up a neat cottage for him, and provided him with a proper attendant, as well as every other comfort; he also went regularly to visit him every summer, as long as he lived. Pippin also erected a monument to the memory of Lady Bountiful, on her decease, which event did not occur till some years after his return to England; so that she had the pleasure of seeing the child whom she had raised from obscurity, become a rich and respectable man, surrounded by a blooming offspring, of whose education he took the greatest care, never neglecting the least opportunity that offered, of instilling into their minds, that the paths of virtue lead to the temple of happiness.
LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

There was in former times at Cashgar, upon the utmost skirts of Tartary, a tailor that had a pretty wife whom he doted on, and was reciprocally loved by her. One day as he sat at work, a little hunch-back came and sat down at the shop-door, and fell to singing and playing on a tabor. The tailor took pleasure to hear him, and resolved to take him to his house to please his wife. "This little fellow," said he to his wife, "will divert us both this evening." He invited him in, and the other readily accepted the invitation; so the tailor shut up his shop and carried him home. As soon as they came in, the tailor's wife, having before laid the cloth, it being supper-time, set before them a good dish of fish; but as the little man was eating, he unluckily swallowed a large bone, of which he died in a few minutes, notwithstanding all the tailor and his wife could do to prevent it. Both were heartily frightened at the accident, knowing it happened in their house; and there was reason to fear that if the magistrates happened to hear of it, they would be punished as murderers. However, the husband found an expedient to get rid of the corpse: he reflected that there was a Jewish doctor that lived just by, and having presently contrived a scheme, his
wife and he took the corpse, the one by the feet, and the other by the head, and carried it to the physician's house. They knocked at the door, from which a steep pair of stairs led to his chamber. The servant-maid came down without any light, and opening the door, asked what they wanted. "Go up again," said the tailor, "if you please, and tell your master we have brought him a man who is very ill, and wants his advice. Here," said he, putting a piece of money into her hand, "give him that beforehand, to convince him that we do not mean to impose on him." While the servant was gone up to acquaint her master with the welcome news, the tailor and his wife nimbly conveyed the hunch-back corpse to the head of the stairs, and, leaving it there, hurried away.

In the mean time, the maid told the doctor that a man and a woman waited for him at the door, desiring he would come down and look at a sick man whom they had brought with them, and clapping into his hands the money she had received, the doctor was transported with joy: being paid beforehand, he thought it was a good patient, and should not be neglected. "Light! light!" cried he to the maid; "follow me nimbly." So saying, without staying for the light, he got to the stair-head in such haste, that stumbling against the corpse, he gave him a kick that made him tumble down to the stair-foot; he had almost fallen himself along with him. "A light! a light!" cried he to the maid: "quick! quick!" At last the maid came with a light, and he went down stairs with her; but when he saw that what he had kicked down was a dead man, he was most dreadfully frightened. "Unhappy man, that I am!" said he, "why did I attempt to come down without a light? I have killed the poor fellow that was brought to me to be cured; questionless I am the cause of his death: I am ruined; they will be here out of hand, and drag me out of my house for a
murderer." Notwithstanding the perplexity and jeopardy he was in, he had the precaution to shut his door, for fear any one passing by in the street should observe the mischance of which he reckoned himself to be the author. Then he took the corpse into his wife's chamber, who was ready to swoon at the sight. "Alas!" cried she, "we are utterly ruined and undone, unless we can fall upon some expedient to get the corpse out of our house this night. Beyond all question, if we harbour it till morning, our lives must pay for it. What a sad mischance is this! What did you do to kill this man?"—"That is not the question," replied the Jew; "our business is now to find out a remedy for such a shocking accident."

The doctor and his wife consulted together how to get rid of the corpse that night. The doctor racked his brains in vain; he could not think of any stratagem to get clear; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said, "I have a thought just
come into my head: let us carry the corpse to the leads of our house, and tumble him down the chimney into the house of the Mussulman, our next neighbour." This Mussulman was one of the sultan's purveyors for furnishing oil, butter, and all sorts of fat articles, and had a magazine in his house where the rats and mice made prodigious havoc. The Jewish doctor approving the proposed expedient, his wife and he took the little Hunch-back up to the roof of the house; and clapping ropes under his armpits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber, so softly and so dexterously, that he stood upright against the wall, as if he had been alive. When they found that he had reached the bottom, they pulled up the ropes, and left the corpse in that posture. They were scarce got down into their chamber, when the purveyor went into his, being just come from a wedding-feast, with a lantern in his hand. He was greatly surprised when, by the light of his lantern, he descried a man standing upright in his chimney;
but being naturally a stout man, and apprehending it was a
thief, he took up a good stick, and making straight up to the
Hunch-back, "Ah," said he, "I thought it was the rats and
mice that eat my butter and tallow, but it is you come down
the chimney to rob me! I think you will not come here again
upon this errand." This said, he falls upon the man, and gives
him many strokes with his stick. The corpse fell down flat
on the ground, and the purveyor redoubled his blows; but,
observing the body not to move, he stood to consider a little,
and then, perceiving it was a corpse, fear succeeded his anger.
"Wretched man that I am!" said he, "what have I done? I
have killed a man! Alas! I have carried my revenge too far."
He stood pale and thunderstruck: he thought he saw the
officers already come to drag him to condign punishment, and
could not tell what resolution to take.

The sultan of Cashgar's purveyor had never noticed the little
man's hump-back when he was beating him; but as soon as he
perceived it, he threw out a thousand exclamations against
him, wishing he had been robbed of all his tallow, rather than
committed this murder. He took the crooked corpse upon his
shoulders, and carried him out of doors to the end of the
street, where he set him upright, resting against a shop, and so
trudged home again, without looking behind him. A few
minutes before break of day, a Christian merchant, who was
very rich, and furnished the sultan's palace with various
articles—this merchant, I say, having sat up all night
drinking, stepped, at that instant, out of his house to go to
bathe. Though he was drunk, he was sensible the night was
far spent, and that the people would quickly be called to their
morning prayers, at break of day: therefore he quickened his
pace to get in time to the bath, for fear any Mussulman,
meeting him on his way to the mosque, should carry him to
prison for a drunkard. As he came to the end of the street,
he brushes up against the little Hunch-back, who was there leaning against the wall. The merchant, thinking it was a robber that came out to attack him, knocked him down with a swingeing box on the ear, and after redoubling his blows, cried out "Thieves!" The outcry alarmed the watch, who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a Mussulman, (for Hunch-back was of that religion)—"What reason have you," said he, "to abuse a Mussulman after this rate?"—"He would have robbed me," replied the merchant.—"If he did," said the watch, "you have avenged yourself sufficiently; come, get off him." At the same time he stretched out his hand to help little Hump-back up; but observing he was dead,—"Oh!" said he, "is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulman?" So saying, he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the house of the lieutenant of the police, where he was kept till the judge was stirring, and ready to examine him. In the meantime, the Christian merchant grew sober, and the more he reflected upon his adventure, the less could he conceive how such single blows of his fist could kill the man.

The judge, having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the corpse, which they had taken care to bring to his house, interrogated the Christian merchant upon it, and he could not deny the crime, though he had not committed it. But the judge, considering that little Hump-back belonged to the sultan, for he was one of his buffoons, would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end, he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened, and received from the sultan this answer: "I have no mercy to show to a Christian that kills a Mussulman; go, do your office." Upon this the judge ordered a gibbet to be erected, and sent criers all over the city to proclaim, that they were about to hang a Christian for killing a Mussulman. At length, the merchant was brought out of gaol to the foot of
the gallows; and the hangman, having put the rope about his neck was going to give him a swing, when the sultan's purveyor pushed through the crowd, made up to the gibbet, calling to the hangman to stop, for that the Christian had not committed the murder, but himself had done it. Upon that, the officer who attended the execution, began to question the purveyor, who told him every circumstance of his killing the little Hump-back, and how he conveyed his corpse to the place where the Christian merchant found him. "You were about," added he, "to put to death an innocent person; for how can he be guilty of the death of a man who was dead before he came to him? It is enough for me to have killed a Mussulman, without loading my conscience with the death of a Christian, who is not guilty." The sultan of Cashgar's purveyor having publicly charged himself with the death of the little hunch-backed man, the officer could not avoid doing justice to the merchant. "Let the Christian go," said he to the executioner, "and hang this man in his room, since it appears, by his own confession, that he is guilty." Thereupon the hangman released the merchant, and clapped the rope round the purveyor's neck; but just when he was going to pull him up, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to come to the foot of the gallows.

When he appeared before the judge, he honestly related all that had passed in his house, by which means he supposed he had killed Hunch-back, and concluded by saying, "Pray dismiss him, and put me in his place, for I alone am the cause of the death of the little man." The chief justice being persuaded that the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave orders to the executioner to seize him and release the purveyor. Accordingly, the doctor was just going to be hanged up, when
the tailor appeared, crying to the executioner to hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the chief judge. Room being made—"My Lord," said he, "you have narrowly escaped taking away the lives of three innocent persons, but if you will have the patience to hear me, I will discover to you the real murderer of the crook-backed man. If his death is to be expiated by another, that must be mine. Yesterday, towards the evening, as I was at work in my shop, and was disposed to be merry, the little Hunchback came to my door tipsy, and sat down before it. He sang a little, and so I invited him to pass the evening at my house. He accepted of the invitation, and went in with me. We sat down to supper, and I gave him a plate of fish; but in eating, a bone stuck in his throat: and though my wife and I did our utmost to relieve him, he died in a few minutes. His death afflicted us extremely; and for fear of being charged with it, we carried the corpse to the Jewish doctor's house, and knocked at the door. The maid coming down, and opening the door, I desired her to go up again forthwith, and ask her master to come down and give his advice to a sick person that we had brought along with us: and withal, to encourage him, I charged her to give him a piece of money which I had put into her hand. When she was gone up again, I carried the Hunch-back up stairs, and laid him upon the uppermost step, and then my wife and I made the best of our way home. The doctor coming down, made the corpse fall down stairs, and thereupon he took himself to be the author of his death. This being the case," continued he, "release the doctor, and let me die in his room." The chief-justice and all the spectators could not sufficiently admire the strange events that ensued upon the death of the little crooked man. "Let the Jewish doctor go," said the judge, "and hang up the tailor, since he confesses the crime. It is certain this history is very uncommon,
and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold." The executioner having dismissed the doctor, made everything ready to tie up the tailor; which would certainly have been done, had not the sultan heard all the particulars, when he graciously sent a free pardon, as he sagaciously observed, that, after all, the fish-bone was the chief offender.

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JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

In the reign of the famous King Arthur, there lived, near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who had an only son named Jack. Jack was a boy of a bold temper; he took pleasure in hearing or reading stories of wizards, conjurors, giants, and fairies; and used to listen eagerly while his father talked of the great deeds of the brave knights of King Arthur's Round Table. When Jack was sent to take care of the sheep and oxen in the fields, he used to amuse himself with planning
battles, sieges, and the means to conquer or surprise a foe. He was above the common sports of children; but hardly any one could equal him at wrestling; or, if he met with a match for himself in strength, his skill and address always made him the victor. In those days there lived on St. Michael’s Mount, of Cornwall, which rises out of the sea at some distance from the main land, a huge giant. He was eighteen feet high, and three yards round; and his fierce and savage looks were the terror of all his neighbours. He dwelt in a gloomy cavern on the very top of the mountain, and used to wade over to the main land in search of his prey. When he came near, the people left their houses; and, after he had glutted his appetite upon their cattle, he would throw half-a-dozen oxen upon his back, and tie three times as many sheep and hogs round his waist, and so march back to his own abode. The giant had done this for many years, and the coast of Cornwall was greatly hurt by his thefts, when Jack boldly resolved to destroy him. He therefore took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, and a dark lantern, and early in a long winter’s evening, he swam to the Mount. There he fell to work at once, and before morning, he had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and almost as many broad. He covered it over with sticks and straw, and strewn some of the earth over them to make it look just like solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth, and blew such a loud and long tantivy, that the giant awoke, and came towards Jack, roaring like thunder:—

“You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest; I will broil you for my breakfast.” He had scarcely spoken these words, when he came advancing one step farther; but then he tumbled headlong into the pit, and his fall shook the very mountain. “O ho, Mr. Giant!” said Jack, looking into the pit, “have you found your way so soon to the bottom? How is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this cold
morning but broiling poor Jack?" The giant now tried to rise, but Jack struck him a blow on the crown of the head with his pick-axe which killed him at once. Jack then made haste back to rejoice his friends with the news of the giant's death. When the justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant action, they sent for Jack, and declared that he should always be called Jack the Giant Killer; and they also gave him a sword and belt upon which was written in letters of gold—

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's exploits soon spread over the western parts of England: and another giant, called Old Blunderbore, vowed to have revenge on Jack, if it should ever be his fortune to get him into his power. The giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood. About four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey into Wales, he passed through this wood; and, as he was very weary, he sat down to rest by the side of a pleasant fountain, and there he
fell into a deep sleep. The Giant came to the fountain for water just at this time, and found Jack there; and, as the lines on Jack's belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up and laid him gently upon his shoulder, to carry him to his castle; but, as he passed through the thicket, the rustling of the leaves waked Jack; and he was sadly afraid when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore. Yet this was nothing to his fright soon after; for, when they reached the castle, he beheld the floor covered all over with the skulls and bones of men and women. The giant took him into a large room where lay the hearts and limbs of persons who had been lately killed; and he told Jack, with a horrid grin, that men's hearts, eaten with pepper and vinegar, were his nicest food; and also, that he thought he should make a dainty meal on his heart. When he had said this, he locked Jack up in that room, while he went to fetch another giant, who lived in the same wood, to enjoy a dinner off Jack's flesh with him. While he was away Jack heard dreadful shrieks, groans, and cries, from many parts of the castle; and soon after he heard a mournful voice repeat these lines:

"Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey.
On his return he'll bring another,
Still more savage than his brother;
A horrid, cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you.
Oh valiant stranger! haste away,
Or you'll become these giants' prey."

This warning was so shocking to poor Jack, that he was ready to go mad. He ran to the window and saw the two giants coming along arm-in-arm. This window was right over the gates of the castle. "Now," thought Jack, "either my
death or freedom is at hand." There were two strong cords in
the room. Jack made a large noose with a slip-knot at the
ends of both these, and, as the giants were coming through
the gates, he threw the ropes over their heads. He then made
the other ends fast to a beam in the ceiling, and pulled with all
his might, till he had almost strangled them. When he saw
that they were both quite black in the face, and had not the
least strength left, he drew his sword, and slid down the ropes;
he then killed the giants, and thus saved himself from the cruel
death they meant to put
him to. Jack next took
a great bunch of keys
from the pocket of Blun-
derbore, and went into
the castle again. He made
a strict search through all
the rooms, and in them
found three ladies tied up
by the hair of their heads,
and almost starved to death. They told him that their husbands
had been killed by the giants, who had then condemned them
to be starved to death, because they would not eat the flesh of
their own dead husbands. "Ladies," said Jack, "I have put
an end to the monster and his wicked brother; and I give you
this castle and all the riches it contains, to make you some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt." He then very
politely gave them the keys of the castle, and went further on
his journey to Wales. As Jack had not taken any of the
giant's riches for himself, and had very little money of his own,
he thought it best to travel as fast as he could. At length he
lost his way; and, when night came on, he was in a lonely
valley between two lofty mountains, where he walked about
for some hours, without seeing any dwelling-place, so he thought himself very lucky at last in finding a large and handsome house. He went up to it boldly, and knocked loudly at the gate; when, to his great terror and surprise, there came forth a monstrous giant with two heads. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for he was a Welsh giant, and all the mischief he did was by private and secret malice, under the show of friendship and kindness. Jack told him that he was a traveller who had lost his way; on which the huge monster made him welcome, and led him into a room, where there was a good bed to pass the night in. Jack took off his clothes quickly; but though he was so weary, he could not go to sleep. Soon after this, he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself,—

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" thought Jack, "are these your tricks upon travellers? But I hope to prove as cunning as you." Then getting out of bed, he groped about the room, and at last found a large thick billet of wood; he laid it in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the middle of the night the giant came with his great club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed, in the very place where Jack had laid the billet, and then he went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all his bones. Early in the morning, Jack put a bold face upon the matter, and walked into the giant's room to thank him for his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and he began to stammer out—"Oh, dear me! is it you? Pray how did you sleep last night?—Did you hear or see anything in the dead of the night?"—"Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack, carelessly; "a rat, I
believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail, and disturbed me a little; but I soon went to sleep again." The giant wondered more and more at this; yet he did not answer a word, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty-pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as himself; so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, "Now I will show you a fine trick; I can cure all wounds with a touch; I could cut off my head one minute, and the next put it sound again on my shoulders: you shall see an example." He then took hold of the knife, ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty-pudding tumbled out upon the floor. "Ods splutter hur nails," cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, "hur can do that hurself." So he snatched up the knife, plunged it into his stomach, and in a moment dropped down dead.

As soon as Jack had thus tricked the Welsh monster, he
went further on his journey; and, a few days after, he met with king Arthur's only son, who had got his father's leave to travel into Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician, who held her in his enchantments. When Jack found that the young prince had no servants with him, he begged leave to attend him; and the prince at once agreed to this, and gave Jack many thanks for his kindness. The prince was a handsome, polite, and brave knight, and so good-natured, that he gave money to everybody he met. At length he gave his last penny to an old woman, and then turned to Jack, and said, "How shall we be able to get food for ourselves the rest of our journey?" — "Leave that to me, Sir," said Jack; "I will provide for my prince." Night now came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. "Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart; two miles further there lives a large giant, whom I know well; he has three heads, and will fight five hundred men, and make them fly before him."— "Alas!" replied the king's son, "we had better never have been born than meet with such a monster."— "My lord, leave me to manage him, and wait here in quiet till I return." The prince now stayed behind, while Jack rode on at full speed; and, when he came to the gates of the castle, he gave a loud knock. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" And Jack made answer, and said, "No one but your poor cousin Jack."— "Well," said the giant, "what news, cousin Jack?"— "Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news."— "Pooh!" said the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and can fight five hundred men, and make them fly before me."— "Alas!" said Jack, "here is the king's son coming with two thousand men to kill you, and to destroy the castle and all that you have."— "Oh, cousin Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy
news, indeed! But I have a large cellar under-ground, where I will hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Now when Jack had made the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched the prince to the castle; they both made themselves merry with the wine and other dainties that were in the house. So that night they rested very pleasantly, while the poor giant lay trembling and shaking with fear in the cellar under-ground. Early in the morning, Jack gave the king's son gold and silver out of the giant's treasure, and sent him three miles forward on his journey. The prince then sent Jack to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked him what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle. "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed's head."—Then said the giant, "You shall have them: and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through anything, and the shoes are of vast swiftness; they may be useful to you in all times of danger, so take them with all my heart." Jack gave many thanks to the giant, and then set off to the prince. When he had come up with the king's son, they soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady, who was under the power of a wicked magician. She received the prince very politely, and made a noble feast for him: and, when it was ended, she rose, and, wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said—"My lord, you must submit to the custom of my palace; to-morrow morning I command you to tell me on whom I bestow this handkerchief, or lose your head." She then went out of the room. The young prince went to bed very mournful, but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the
lady was forced, by the power of enchantment, to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack now put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her. When the lady came she gave the handkerchief to the magician. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, at one blow cut off his head; the enchantment was then ended in a moment, and the lady was restored to her former virtue and goodness.

She was married to the prince on the next day, and soon after went back with her royal husband, and a great company, to the court of king Arthur, where they were received with loud and joyful welcomes; and the valiant hero Jack, for the many great exploits he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table. As Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures, he resolved not to be idle for the future, but still to do what services he could for the honour of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly begged his majesty to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new and strange exploits. "For," said he to the king, "there are many giants yet living in the remote parts of Wales, to the great terror and distress of your majesty's subjects; therefore, if it please you, sire, to favour me in my design, I will soon rid your kingdom of these giants and monsters in human shape."—Now when the king heard this offer, and began to think of the cruel deeds of these blood-thirsty giants and savage monsters, he gave Jack everything proper for such a journey. After this, Jack took leave of the king, the prince, and all the knights, and set off; taking with him his cap of knowledge, his sword of sharpness, his shoes of swiftness, and his invisible coat, the better to perform the great exploits that might fall in his way. He went along over high hills and lofty mountains; and on the third day he
came to a large wide forest, through which his road led. He had hardly entered the forest, when on a sudden he heard very dreadful shrieks and cries. He forced his way through the trees, and saw a monstrous giant dragging along, by the hair of their heads, a handsome knight and his beautiful lady. Their tears and cries melted the heart of honest Jack to pity and compassion; he alighted from his horse, and tying him to an
oak tree, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant, he made several strokes at him, but could not reach his body, on account of the enormous height of the terrible creature; but he wounded his thighs in several places; and, at length, putting both hands to his sword, and aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant’s legs just below the garter; and the trunk of his body tumbling to the ground, made not only the trees shake, but the earth itself tremble with the force of his fall. Then Jack, setting his foot upon his neck, exclaimed, “Thou barbarous and savage wretch, behold I come to execute upon thee the just reward for all thy crimes;” and instantly plunged his sword into the giant’s body. The huge monster gave a hideous groan, and yielded up his life into the hands of the victorious Jack the Giant Killer, whilst the noble knight and the virtuous lady were both joyful spectators of his sudden death and their deliverance. The courteous knight and his fair lady, not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house, to refresh himself after his dreadful encounter, as likewise to receive a reward for his good services. “No,” said Jack, “I cannot be at ease till I find out the den that was the monster’s habitation.” The knight, on hearing this, grew very sorrowful, and replied, “Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard; this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his, more fierce and cruel than himself; therefore, if you should go thither, and perish in the attempt it would be a heart-breaking thing to me and my lady; so let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any farther pursuit.”—“Nay,” answered Jack, “if there be another, even if there were twenty, I would shed the last drop of blood in my body
before one of them should escape my fury. When I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you.” So when they had told him where to find them again, he got on his horse and went after the dead giant’s brother.

Jack had not rode a mile and a half before he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern; and, nigh the entrance of it, he saw the other giant sitting on a huge block of fine timber, with a knotted iron club lying by his side, waiting for his brother. His eyes looked like flames of fire, his face was grim and ugly, and his cheeks seemed like two flitches of bacon; the bristles of his beard seemed to be thick rods of iron wire; and his long locks of hair hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes. Jack got down from his horse, and turned him into a thicket; then he put on his coat of darkness, and drew a little nearer to behold this figure, and said softly, “Oh, monster! are you there? It will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard.”—The giant all this while could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat; so Jack came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness, but he missed his aim, and only cut off his nose, which made him roar like loud claps of thunder. And though he rolled his glaring eyes round on every side, he could not see who had given him the blow; yet he took up his iron club, and began to lay about him like one that was mad with pain and fury.

“Nay,” said Jack, “if this be the case I will kill you at once.”—So saying, he slipped nimbly behind him, and jumping upon the
block of timber, as the giant rose from it, he stabbed him in the back; when, after a few howls, he dropped down dead. Jack cut off his head, and sent it with the head of his brother, whom he killed before in the forest, to king Arthur, by a wagggon which he had hired for that purpose, with an account of all his exploits. When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he went into their cave in search of their treasure. He passed through many turnings and windings, which led him to a room paved with freestone; at the end fo it was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand stood a large table where the giants used to dine. He then came to a window that was secured with iron bars, through which he saw a number of wretched captives, who cried out when they saw Jack—"Alas! alas! young man, you are come to be one among us in this horrid den."—"I hope," said Jack, "you will not stay here long; but pray tell me what is the meaning of your being here at all?"—"Alas!" said one poor old man, "I will tell you, sir. We are persons that have been taken by the giants who hold this cave, and are kept till they choose to have a feast, then one of us is to be killed, and cooked to please their taste. It is not long since they took three for the same purpose."—"Well," said Jack, "I have given them such a dinner, that it will be long enough before they have any more." The captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," said Jack, "for I have killed them both with the edge of this sword, and have sent their large heads to the court of king Arthur, as marks of my great success."—To show them that what he said was true, he unlocked the gate, and set them all free. Then he led them to the great room, placed them round the table, and set before them two quarters of beef, with bread and wine; upon which they feasted to their fill. When supper was over, they searched the giant's coffers, and Jack shared the store in them among
the captives, who thanked him for their escape. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack to the knight's house, whom he had left with his lady not long before. It was just at the time of sunrise that Jack mounted his horse to proceed on his journey.

He arrived at the knight's house, where he was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady, who, in honour of Jack's exploits, gave a grand feast, to which all the nobles and gentry were invited. When the company were assembled, the knight declared to them the great actions of Jack, and gave him, as a mark of respect, a fine ring, on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair, with this motto round it—

"Behold in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command;
But gained our lives and liberty
From valiant Jack's victorious hand."

Among the guests then present were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives who had been freed by Jack from the dungeon of the giants. As soon as they heard that he was the person who had done such wonders, they pressed round him with tears of joy, to return him thanks for the happiness he had caused to them. After this the bowl went round, and every one drank the health and long life of the gallant hero. Mirth increased, and the hall was filled with peals of laughter and joyful cries. But, on a sudden, a herald, pale and breathless with haste and terror, rushed into the midst of the company, and told them that Thundel, a savage giant with two heads, had heard of the death of his two kinsmen, and was come to take his revenge on Jack; and that he was now within a mile of the house, the people flying before
him like chaff before the wind. At this news the very boldest
of the guests trembled; but Jack drew his sword, and said,
"Let him come, I have a rod for him also. Pray, ladies and
gentlemen, do me the favour to walk into the garden, and you
shall soon behold the giant's defeat and death." To this they
all agreed, and heartily wished him success in his dangerous
attempt. The knight's house stood in the middle of a moat,
thirty feet deep, and twenty wide, over which lay a drawbridge.
Jack set men to work, to cut the bridge on both sides, almost
to the middle, and then dressed himself in his coat of darkness,
and went against the giant with his sword of sharpness. As he
came close to him, though the giant could not see him for his
invisible coat, yet he found some danger was near, which made
him cry out:

"Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Let him be alive, or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

"Say you so, my friend?" said Jack; "you are a monstrous
miller, indeed."—"Art thou," cried the giant, "the villain that
killed my kinsman? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and
grind thy bones to powder." "You must catch me first," said
Jack; and throwing off his coat of darkness, and putting on
his shoes of swiftness, he began to run, the giant following him
like a walking castle, making the earth shake at every step.

Jack led him round and round the walls of the house, that
the company might see the monster; and to finish the work,
Jack ran over the drawbridge, the giant going after him with
his club: but when the giant came to the middle, where the
bridge had been out on both sides, the great weight of his body
made it break, and he tumbled into the water, where he rolled
about like a large whale. Jack now stood by the side of the moat and laughed and jeered at him, saying, "I think you told me you would grind my bones to powder; when will you begin?" The giant foamed at both his horrid mouths with fury, and plunged from side to side of the moat; but he could not get out to have revenge on his little foe. At last Jack ordered a cart-rope to be brought to him; he then drew it over his two heads, and by the help of a team of horses, dragged him to the edge of the moat, where he cut off the monster's heads: and before he either ate or drank, he sent them both to the court of King Arthur. He then went back to the table with the company, and the rest of the day was spent in mirth and good cheer. After staying with the knight for some time, Jack grew weary of such an idle life, and set out again in search of new adventures. He went over hills and dales without meeting any, till he came to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a small and lonely house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in. "Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveller who has lost his way?"—"Yes," said the hermit, "I can, if you will accept such fare as my poor house affords." Jack entered, and the old man set before him some bread and fruit for his supper. When Jack had eaten as much as he chose, the hermit said, "My son, I know you are the famous conqueror of giants; now, at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of a vile magician, gets many
knights into his castle, where he changes them into the shape of beasts. Above all, I lament the hard fate of a duke’s daughter, whom they seized as she was walking in her father’s garden, and brought hither through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and turned her into the shape of a deer. Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment, and deliver her; yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery griffins, who guard the gate of the castle, and destroy all who come nigh: but as you, my son, have an invisible coat, you may pass by them without being seen; and on the gates of the castle you will find engraved by what means the enchantment may be broken."

Jack promised that, in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment; and after a sound sleep, he arose early, put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the attempt. When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him because of his invisible coat. On the castle gate he found a golden trumpet, under which were written these lines:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,

Shall cause the giant’s overthrow."

As soon as Jack had read this, he seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open, and the very castle itself tremble. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, soon killed the giant, and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind; and every knight and beautiful lady, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Galligantus was sent to king Arthur.
The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and next day they set out for the court. Jack then went up to the king, and gave his majesty an account of all his fierce battles. Jack's fame had spread through the whole country; and at the king's desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this, the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and content.
In the days of king Alfred, there lived a poor woman, whose cottage was situated in a remote country village, a great many miles from London. She had been a widow some years, and had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged to a fault: the consequence of her blind partiality was, that Jack did not pay the least attention to anything she said, but was indolent, careless, and extravagant. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but that his mother had never checked him. By degrees, she disposed of all she possessed—scarcely anything remained but a cow. The poor woman one day met Jack with tears in her eyes: her distress was great, and for the first time in her life she could not help reproaching him, saying, "Oh! you wicked child, by your ungrateful course of life you have at last brought me to beggary and ruin!—Cruel, cruel boy! I have not money enough to purchase even a bit of bread
for another day—nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow! I am sorry to part with her; it grieves me sadly, but we must not starve." For a few minutes Jack felt a degree of remorse, but it was soon over; and he began teasing his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village, so much that she at last consented. As he was going along, he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home? Jack replied he was going to sell it. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colours, and attracted Jack's attention: this did not pass unnoticed by the butcher, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take an advantage of it; and determined not to let slip so good an opportunity, asked what was the price of the cow, offering at the same time all the beans in his hat for her. The silly boy could not conceal the pleasure he felt at what he supposed so great an offer: the bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached home, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans and heard Jack's account her patience quite forsook her: she kicked the beans away in a passion—they flew in all directions—some were scattered in the garden. Not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed. Jack awoke early in the morning, and seeing something uncommon from the window of his bed-chamber, ran down stairs into the garden, where he soon discovered that some of the beans had taken root, and sprung up surprisingly: the stalks were of an immense thickness, and had so entwined, that they formed a ladder nearly like a chain in appearance. Looking upward, he could not discern the top, it appeared to be lost in the clouds: he tried it, found it firm, and not to be shaken. He quickly formed the resolution of endeavouring to climb up
to the top, in order to seek his fortune, and ran to communicate his intention to his mother, not doubting but she would be equally pleased with himself. She declared he should not go; said it would break her heart if he did—entreated and threatened—but all in vain. Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the bean-stalk, fatigued and quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country; it appeared to be a desert, quite barren, not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature to be seen; here and there were scattered fragments of stone; and, at unequal distances, small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

Jack seated himself pensively upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother—he reflected with sorrow upon his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will; and concluded that he must die with hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink; presently a handsome young woman appeared at a distance: as she approached, Jack could not help admiring how beautiful and lively she looked; she was dressed in the most elegant manner, and had a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold. While Jack was looking with the greatest surprise at this charming female, she came up to him, and with a smile of the most bewitching sweetness, inquired how he came there. Jack related the circumstance of the bean-stalk. She asked him if he recollected his father; he replied he did not; and added, there must be some mystery relating to him, because if he asked his mother who his father was, she always burst into tears, and appeared violently agitated, nor did she recover herself for some days after: one thing, however, he could not avoid observing upon these occasions, which was, that she always carefully avoided answering him, and even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there
was some secret connected with his father's history which she must not disclose. The young woman replied, "I will reveal the whole story; your mother must not. But, before I begin, I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I command; I am a fairy, and if you do not perform exactly what I desire, you will be destroyed." Jack was frightened at her menaces, but promised to fulfil her injunctions exactly, and the fairy thus addressed him:—

"Your father was a rich man, his disposition remarkably benevolent: he was very good to the poor, and constantly relieving them: he made it a rule never to let a day pass without doing good to some person. On one particular day in the week, he kept open house, and invited only those who were reduced and had lived well. He always presided himself, and did all in his power to render his guests comfortable: the rich and great were not invited. The servants were all happy, and greatly attached to their master and mistress. Your father, though only a private gentleman, was as rich as a prince, and he deserved all he possessed, for he only lived to do good. Such a man was soon known and talked of. A giant lived a great many miles off: this man was altogether wicked, as your father was good; he was, in his heart, envious, covetous, and cruel; but he had the art of concealing those vices. He was poor, and wished to enrich himself at any rate. Hearing your father spoken of, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with him, hoping to ingratiate himself in your father's favour. He removed quickly into your neighbourhood, caused to be reported that he was a gentleman who had just lost all he possessed by an earthquake, and found it difficult to escape with his life; his wife was with him. Your father gave credit to his story, and pitied him; he gave him handsome apartments in his own house, and caused him and his wife to be treated like visitors.
of consequence, little imagining that the giant was meditating a horrid return for all his favours.

"Things went on in this way for some time, the giant becoming daily more impatient to put his plan into execution: at last a favourable opportunity presented itself. Your father's house was at some distance from the sea-shore, but with a glass the coast could be seen distinctly. The giant was one day using the telescope; the wind was very high; he saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rock; he hastened to your father, mentioned the circumstance, and eagerly requested he would send all the servants he could spare to relieve the sufferers. Every one was instantly despatched, except the porter and your nurse; the giant then joined your father in the study, and appeared to be delighted—he really was so. Your father recommended a favourite book, and was handing it down; the giant took the opportunity, and stabbed him; he instantly fell down dead. The giant left the body, found the porter and nurse, and presently despatched them; being determined to have no living witnesses of his crimes. You were then only three months old; your mother had you in her arms in a remote part of the house, and was ignorant of what was going on; she went into the study, but how was she shocked, on discovering your father's corpse writhing in his blood! She was stupefied with horror and grief, and was motionless. The giant, who was seeking her, found her in that state, and hastened to serve her and you as he had done her husband, but she fell at his feet, and in a pathetic manner besought him to spare your life and hers.

"Remorse, for a moment, seemed to touch the barbarian's heart: he granted your lives; but first he made her take a most solemn oath, never to inform you who your father was, or to answer any questions concerning him: assuring her, that if
she did, he would certainly discover her, and put both of you to death in the most cruel manner. Your mother took you in her arms, and fled as quickly as possible: she was scarcely gone when the giant repented that he had suffered her to escape; he would have pursued her instantly, but he had to provide for his own safety; as it was necessary he should be gone before the servants returned. Having gained your father's confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure: he soon loaded himself and his wife, set the house on fire in several places, and when the servants returned, the house was burned quite down to the ground. Your poor mother, forlorn, abandoned, and forsaken, wandered with you a great many miles from the scene of desolation; fear added to her haste; she settled in the cottage where you were brought up, and it was entirely owing to the fear of the giant that she never mentioned your father to you. I became your father's guardian at his birth; but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant went to your father's I transgressed; my punishment was a suspension of power for a limited time—an unfortunate circumstance, as it totally prevented my succouring your father.

"The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was restored. It was I who secretly prompted you to take the beans in exchange for the cow. By my power the bean-stalk grew to so great a height, and formed a ladder. I need not add, that I inspired you with a strong desire to ascend the ladder. The giant lives in this country: you are the person appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will have dangers and difficulties to encounter, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father, or you will not prosper in any of your undertakings, but will always be miserable. As to the giant's possessions, you
may seize on all you can; for everything he has is yours, though now you are unjustly deprived of it. One thing I desire—do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history, till you see me again. Go along the direct road, you will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. While you do as I order you, I will protect and guard you; but, remember, if you dare disobey my commands, a most dreadful punishment awaits you."

When the fairy had concluded, she disappeared, leaving Jack to pursue his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. This agreeable sight revived his drooping spirits; he redoubled his speed, and soon reached it. A plain-looking woman was at the door—he accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him; and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a large and very powerful giant, and that he would never eat anything but human flesh, if he could possibly get it; that he did not think anything of walking fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he again entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a compassionate and generous disposition, and took him into the house. First, they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, all in the same style of grandeur; but they appeared to be quite forsaken and desolate. A long gallery was next; it was very dark—just light enough to show that instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron which parted

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off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those poor victims whom the cruel giant reserved in confinement for his own voracious appetite. Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to have been with his mother again, for he now began to fear that he should never see her more, and gave himself up for lost; he even mistrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon. At the farther end of the gallery there was a spacious kitchen, and a very excellent fire was burning in the grate. The good woman bade Jack sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. Jack, not seeing anything here to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the street-door, which made the whole house shake: the giant's wife ran to secure him in the oven, and then went to let her husband in. Jack heard him accost her in a voice like thunder, saying: "Wife, I smell fresh meat."—"Oh! my dear," replied she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon." The giant appeared to believe her, and walked into the very kitchen where poor Jack was concealed, who shook, trembled, and was more terrified than he had yet been. At last, the monster seated himself quietly by the fire-side, whilst his wife prepared supper. By degrees Jack recovered himself sufficiently to look at the giant through a small crevice; he was quite astonished to see what an amazing quantity he devoured, and thought he never would have done eating and drinking. When supper was ended, the giant desired his wife to bring him his hen. A very beautiful hen was then brought, and placed on the table before him. Jack's curiosity was very great to see what would happen; he observed that every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The
giant amused himself a long time with his hen; meanwhile his wife went to bed. At length the giant fell asleep by the fire-side, and snored like the roaring of a cannon. At daybreak, Jack finding the giant still asleep, and not likely to awaken soon, crept softly out of his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He met with some difficulty in finding his way out of the house, but at last he reached the road with safety; he easily found his way to the bean-stalk, and descended it better and quicker than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him; he found her crying bitterly, and lamenting his hard fate, for she concluded he had come to some shocking end through his rashness. Jack was impatient to show his hen, and inform his mother how valuable it was. "And now, mother," said Jack, "I have brought home that which will quickly make us rich; and I hope to make you some amends for the affliction I have caused you through my idleness, extravagance, and folly." The hen produced as many golden eggs as they desired: they sold them, and in a little time became possessed of as much riches as they wanted. For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily together; but he being very desirous of travelling, recollecting the fairy's commands, and fearing that if he delayed, she would put her threats into execution, longed to climb the bean-stalk, and pay the giant another visit, in order to carry away some more of his treasures; for during the time that Jack was in the giant's mansion, whilst he lay concealed in the oven, he learned from the conversation that took place between the giant and his wife, that he possessed some wonderful curiosities. Jack thought of his journey again and again,
but still he could not summon resolution enough to break it to his mother, being well assured that she would endeavour to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly, that he must take a journey up the bean-stalk; she begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him; she told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power that he might put him to a cruel death, in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen. Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, pretended to give up the point, though resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared which would disguise him, and something to colour his skin; he thought it impossible for any one to recollect him in this dress.

In a few mornings after this, he arose very early, changed his complexion, and, unperceived by any one, climbed the bean-stalk a second time. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top and very hungry. Having rested some time on one of the stones he pursued his journey to the giant's mansion. He reached it late in the evening: the woman was at the door as before. Jack addressed her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting that she would give him some victuals and drink and also a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband being a powerful and cruel giant; and also that she one night admitted a poor, hungry, friendless, boy who was half-dead with travelling; that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures; and ever since that, her husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly, and continually upbraiding her with being the cause of his misfortune. Jack was at no loss to discover that he was attending to the account of a story in which he was the prin-
principal actor: he did his best to persuade the good woman to admit him, but found it a very hard task. At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack observed that everything was just as he had found it before: she took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber-closet. The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily, that the house was shaken to its foundation. He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed: "Wife, I smell fresh meat!" The wife replied, it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat, and left it at the top of the house. While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough; she, however, was always so fortunate as to elude the blow. He was also continually upbraiding her with the loss of his wonderful hen. The giant, at last, having ended his voracious supper, and eaten till he was quite satisfied, said to his wife: "I must have something to amuse me; either my bags of money or my harp." After a great deal of ill-humour, and having teased his wife some time, he commanded her to bring down his bags of gold and silver. Jack, as before, peeped out of his hiding-place, and presently his wife brought two bags into the room: they were of a very large size; one was filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings. They were both placed before the giant, who began reprimanding his poor wife most severely for staying so long: she replied, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy that she could scarcely lift them, and concluded, at last, that she would never again bring them down stairs; adding, that she had nearly fainted, owing to their weight. This so exasperated the giant, that he raised his his hand to strike her; she however escaped, and went to bed, leaving him to count over his treasure, by way of amusement. The giant
took his bags, and after turning them over and over, to see that they were in the same state as he left them, began to count their contents. First, the bag which contained the silver was emptied, and the contents placed upon the table. Jack viewed the glittering heaps with delight, and most heartily wished them in his own possession. The giant (little thinking he was so narrowly watched) reckoned the silver over several times; and then, having satisfied himself that all was safe, put it into the bag again, which he made very secure. The other bag was opened next, and the guineas placed upon the table. If Jack was pleased at the sight of the silver, how much more delighted he felt, when he saw such a heap of glittering gold! He even had the boldness to think of gaining both bags! but suddenly recollecting himself, he began to fear that the giant would sham sleep, the better to entrap any one who might be concealed. When the giant had counted over the gold till he was tired, he put it up, if possible, more secure than he had put up the silver before; he then fell back on his chair by the fire-side, and fell asleep. He snored so loud, that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in. At last, Jack concluding him to be asleep, and therefore secure, stole out of his hiding-place, and approached the giant, in order to carry off the two bags of money; but just as he laid his hand upon one of the bags, a little dog, which he had not perceived before, started from under the giant’s chair and barked at Jack most furiously, who now gave himself up for lost: fear riveted him to the spot. Instead of endeavouring to escape, he stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. Contrary, however, to his expectation, the giant continued in a sound sleep, and the dog grew weary of barking. Jack now began to recollect himself, and on looking round, saw a large piece of meat; this he threw to the
dog, which instantly seized it, and took it into the lumber-closet, which Jack had just left. Finding himself delivered from a noisy and troublesome enemy, and seeing the giant did not awake, Jack boldly seized the bags, and throwing them over his shoulders, ran out of the kitchen. He reached the street-door in safety, and found it quite daylight. In his way to the top of the bean-stalk, he found himself greatly incommoded with the weight of the money-bags; and really they were so heavy that he could scarcely carry them. Jack was overjoyed when he found himself near the bean-stalk; he soon reached the bottom, and immediately ran to seek his mother; to his great surprise, the cottage was deserted: he ran from one room to another, without being able to find any one; he then hastened into the village, hoping to see some of the neighbours, who could inform him where he could find his mother. An old woman at last directed him to a neighbouring house, where she was ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked at finding her apparently dying, and could scarcely bear his own reflections, on knowing himself to be the cause. On being informed of our hero's safe return, his mother, by degrees, revived, and gradually recovered. Jack presented her with his two valuable bags; they lived happily and comfortably; the cottage was rebuilt, and well furnished.

For three years Jack heard no more of the bean-stalk, but he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. She would not mention the hated bean-stalk lest it should remind him of taking another journey. Notwithstanding the comforts Jack enjoyed at home, his mind dwelt continually upon the bean-stalk; for the fairy's menaces, in case of his disobedience, were ever present to his mind, and prevented him from being happy; he could think of nothing else. It was in vain endeavouring to amuse himself; he became
thoughtful, and would arise at the first dawn of day, and view the bean-stalk for hours together. His mother saw that something preyed heavy upon his mind, and endeavoured to discover the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be, should she succeed. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the bean-stalk. Finding, however, that his inclination grew too powerful for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey; and, on the longest day, arose as soon as it was light, ascended the bean-stalk, and reached the top with some little trouble. He found the road, journey, &c., much as it was on the two former times. He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found his wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely, that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; however, when he pleaded hunger and poverty, in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper. When the giant returned, he said, "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, and he had said so before, and had been soon satisfied: however, the giant started up suddenly, and, notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all round the room. Whilst this was going forward, Jack was exceedingly terrified, and ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times; but when the giant approached the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. The giant ended his search there, without moving the lid, and seated himself quietly by the fire-side. This fright nearly overcame poor Jack; he was afraid of moving or even breathing, lest he should be discovered. The giant at last ate a hearty supper: when he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the copper-lid, and soon,
saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined. It was placed by the giant on the table, who said, "Play!" and it instantly played of its own accord, without being touched. The music was uncommonly fine. Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp into his possession than either of the former treasures. The giant's soul was not attuned to harmony, and the music soon lulled him into a sound sleep. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp, as the giant appeared to be in a more profound sleep than usual. Jack soon determined, got out of the copper, and seized the harp. The harp was enchanted by a fairy: it called out loudly—"Master! Master!" The giant awoke, stood up, and tried to pursue Jack; but he had drunk so much that he could hardly stand. Poor Jack ran as fast as he could: in a little time the
giant recovered sufficiently to walk slowly, or rather to reel, after him: had he been sober, he must have overtaken Jack instantly; but, as he then was, Jack contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk. The giant called after him in a voice like thunder, and sometimes was very near him. The moment Jack got down the bean-stalk, he called out for a hatchet; one was brought him directly. Just at that instant the giant was beginning to descend; but Jack, with his hatchet, cut the bean-stalk close off at the root, which made the giant fall headlong into the garden. The fall killed him, thereby releasing the world from a barbarous enemy. Jack’s mother was delighted when she saw the bean-stalk destroyed. At this instant the fairy appeared: she first addressed Jack’s mother, and explained every circumstance relating to the journeys up the bean-stalk. The fairy charged Jack to be dutiful to his mother, and to follow his father’s good example, which was the only way to be happy. She then disappeared. Jack heartily begged his mother’s pardon for all the sorrow and affliction he had caused her, promising most faithfully to be very dutiful and obedient to her for the future.
PUSS IN BOOTS.

There was a miller who had three sons, and when he died he divided what he possessed among them in the following manner: he gave his mill to the eldest, his ass to the second, and his cat to the youngest. Each of the brothers accordingly took what belonged to him, without the help of an attorney, who would soon have brought their little fortune to nothing, in law expenses. The poor young fellow who had nothing but the cat, complained that he was hardly used. "My brothers," said he, "by joining their stocks together, may do well in the world; but, for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a fur cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger!" The cat, who all this time sat listening just inside the door of a cupboard, now ventured to come out, and address him as follows: "Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master: you have only to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, so that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you are not so ill provided for as you imagine." Though the cat's master did not much depend upon these promises, yet, as he had often observed the cunning tricks puss used to catch the rats and mice, such as hanging by the hind legs, and hiding in the meal to make believe that he was dead, he did not entirely despair of his being of some use to him in his unhappy condition.

When the cat had obtained what he asked for, he gaily began to equip himself. He drew on his boots, and putting
the bag about his neck, he took hold of the string with his fore paws and bidding his master take courage, immediately sallied forth. The first attempt puss made was to go into a warren, in which there were a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag; and then stretching himself out at full length as if he was dead, he waited for some young rabbits, who as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the world, to come and get into the bag, the better to feast upon the dainties he had put into it. Scarcely had he lain down before he succeeded as well as could be wished. A giddy young rabbit crept into the bag, and the cat immediately drew the strings and killed him without mercy. Puss, proud of his prey, hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak to the king. On being shown into the apartment of his majesty, he made a low bow, and said: "I have brought you, sire this rabbit, from the warren of my lord the marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to present it to your majesty, with the assurance of his respect." (This was the title the cat thought proper to bestow upon his master.) "Tell my lord marquis of Carabas," replied the king, "that I accept of his present with pleasure, and that I am greatly obliged to him." Soon after, the cat laid himself down in the same manner in a field of corn, and had as much good fortune as before; for two fine partridges got into his bag, which he immediately killed and carried to the palace. The king received them as he had done the rabbit, and ordered his servants to give the messenger something to drink. In this manner he continued to carry
presents of game to the king from my lord the marquis of Carabas, once at least in every week.

One day, the cat having heard that the king intended to take a ride that morning by the river's side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master, "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes and bathe yourself in the river, just in the place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me." The marquis of Carabas did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess at what the cat intended. While he was bathing, the king passed by, and puss directly called out as loud as he could bawl, "Help! help! my lord marquis of Carabas is in danger of being drowned!" The king, hearing the cries, put his head out at the window of his carriage to see what was the matter; when, perceiving the very cat who had brought him so many presents, he ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of my lord marquis of Carabas. While they
were employed in taking the marquis out of the river, the cat ran to the king's carriage, and told his majesty, that while his master was bathing, some thieves had run off with his clothes as they lay by the river's side; the cunning cat all the time having hid them under a large stone. The king hearing this, commanded the officers of his wardrobe to fetch one of the handsomest suits it contained, and present it to my lord marquis of Carabas, at the same time loading him with a thousand attentions. As the fine clothes they brought him made him look like a gentleman, and set off his person, which was very comely, to the greatest advantage, the king's daughter was mightily taken with his appearance, and the marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances, than she became violently in love with him.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage, and taking a ride with them. The cat, enchanted to see how well his scheme was likely to succeed, ran before to a meadow that was reaping, and said to the reapers, "Good people, if you do not tell the king, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat." The king did not fail to ask the reapers to whom the meadow belonged? "To my lord marquis of Carabas," said they all at once; for the threats of the cat had terribly frightened them. "You have here a very fine piece of land, my lord marquis," said the king. "Truly, sire," replied he, "it does not fail to bring me every year a plentiful harvest." The cat, who still went on before, now came to a field where some other labourers were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped, to whom he said as before, "Good people, if you do not tell the king, who will presently pass this way, that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as
mince-meat." The king accordingly passed a moment after, and inquired to whom the corn he saw belonged? "To my lord marquis of Carabas," answered they very glibly; upon which the king again complimented the marquis upon his noble possessions. The cat still continued to go before, and gave the same charge to all the people he met with; so that the king was greatly astonished at the splendid fortune of my lord marquis of Carabas. Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to an Ogre, the richest ever known; for all the lands the king had passed through and admired were his. The cat took care to learn every particular about the Ogre, and what he could do, and then asked to speak with him, saying, as he entered the room in which he was, that he could not pass so near his castle without doing himself the honour to inquire after his health. The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and desired him to be seated. "I have been informed," said the cat, "that you have the gift of changing yourself to all sorts of animals; into a lion or an elephant for example."—"It is very true," replied the Ogre, somewhat sternly; "and, to convince you, I will directly take the form of a lion." The cat was so much terrified at finding himself so near to a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house, but not without much difficulty, as his boots were not very fit to walk upon the tiles.

Some minutes after, the cat perceiving that the Ogre had quitted the form of a lion, ventured to come down from the tiles, and owned that he had been a good deal frightened. "I have been further informed," continued the cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have the power of taking the form of the smallest animals also; for example, of changing yourself to a rat or a mouse. I confess I should think this impossible."—"Impossible! you shall see;" and at the same
instant he changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The cat no sooner cast his eyes upon the Ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him and devoured him in an instant. In the meantime the king, admiring as he came near it, the magnificent castle of the Ogre, ordered the attendants to drive up to the gates, as he wished to take a nearer view of it. The cat, hearing the noise of the carriage on the drawbridge, immediately came out, saying, "Your majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord marquis of Carabas!" "And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord marquis of Carabas? I never saw anything more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the park and pleasure grounds around it; no doubt the castle is no less magnificent within than without. Pray, my lord marquis, indulge me with a sight of it."

The marquis gave his hand to the young princess as she alighted, and followed the king, who went before. They entered a spacious hall, where they found a splendid collation, which the Ogre had prepared for some friends he had that day expected to visit him; but who, hearing that the king, with the princess, and a great gentleman of the court, were within, had not dared to enter. The king was so much charmed with the amiable qualities and noble fortune of the marquis of Carabas; and the young princess, too, had fallen so violently in love with him, that when the king had partaken of the collation, and drunk a few glasses of wine, he said to the marquis, "It will be your own fault, my lord marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law." The marquis received the intelligence with a thousand respectful acknowledgments, accepted the honour conferred upon him, and married the princess that very day. The cat became a great lord, and never after ran after rats and mice, but for his amusement.
RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

There was once upon a time a queen who had a little son; he had a hump upon his back, on account of which he was named Riquet with the Tuft; and was, besides, so very ugly, that people hardly knew, for a long time, whether he had the form of a human creature. A fairy, who by chance was present at the prince's birth, told his parents, that for all his ugliness, he would make himself pleasing to every one, by his great wit and talents; and she said, too, this was not all, for she would also bestow on him the power of giving the very same charms to the person he should love best. All this was some comfort to the queen, who was in great grief at the thought of having brought such a frightful little creature into the world. It is true, as soon as he began to talk, he said the most charming things that could be; and all that he did was done in so
clever and pleasant a manner, as made everybody love and admire him. Seven years after this, the queen of another kingdom was brought to bed with twin daughters. The one that was born first was more beautiful than the day, which caused the queen so much joy, that it was like to put her health in danger. The same fairy who had been present at the birth of little Riquet of the Tuft, now chanced to be with this queen also at her lying-in; and to lessen the danger of her too great joy, she told her that the new-born princess should have no sense at all, but be as silly and stupid as she was handsome. This grieved the princess very much; but in a few minutes she had still greater sorrow; for the second princess, when born, was the ugliest little thing that was ever beheld. When the fairy saw the queen’s distress at this, she said to her: “I entreat your majesty, do not thus afflict yourself; your daughter shall possess so much wit, that nobody will perceive her want of beauty.”—“This would be a great comfort to me, indeed,” cried the queen; “but cannot you bestow a small share of the same charming talent on the princess who is so beautiful?”—“This is not in my power,” answered the fairy; “I cannot meddle with her mind, but I can do all I please with respect to her beauty; and, therefore, as there is nothing that I would not do for your sake, I will bestow on her a gift, that she shall be able to make the person whom she loves as handsome as she pleases.”

As the two young ladies grew up, nothing was talked of but the beauty of the eldest, and the wit and talents of the youngest. It is true, their defects grew in the same degree; for the youngest became every day more ugly, and the eldest more senseless and stupid. She either did not reply at all to the questions that were asked her, or spoke in as silly a manner as could be. She was so very awkward, too, that if she had to
place half-a-dozen tea-cups on the chimney-piece, she was sure to break one of them; or, if she tried to drink a glass of water, she spilt half of it upon her clothes. Though beauty is a great charm to a young lady, yet the youngest princess was thought more of by every one than the eldest. To be sure, people went first to the eldest, to see and admire her; but they soon left her, to hear the clever and pleasing talk of her sister; so that, in less than a quarter of an hour, the eldest always found herself alone, while all strangers got as near as they could to the youngest. Though the eldest was very stupid, yet she noticed all this, and would gladly have parted with her beauty, to gain but half the wit of her sister. The queen, for all her good-nature, could not help scolding her now and then, for being so stupid, which made the poor princess ready to die of grief. One day, having walked to a wood not far off, where she might sit down and cry at her ease for her hard fate, without being seen, she saw a young man of small size, and very ugly, coming near to her; he was at the same time beautifully dressed. This was the young prince Riquet, who had fallen deeply in love with the princess, from the portraits he had everywhere seen of her; and had now left his father’s kingdom to have the pleasure of seeing and talking with her.

He was charmed at meeting her alone, and went up to her and spoke to her with great respect. Finding, after the first compliments were over, that she seemed very mournful, he said: “I cannot think, madam, how a lady with so much beauty as you have, can be so unhappy; for, though I can boast of having seen a great number of handsome ladies, none of them could in the smallest degree compare with you.”—“You are pleased to flatter me,” replied the princess, without saying a word more. “Beauty,” answered Riquet with the Tuft, “is so great a charm that it supplies the place of everything else; and she
who owns so great a blessing, ought to be careless of every kind of misfortune.”—"I would much rather," said the princess, "be as ugly as you are, and possess wit, than have the beauty you praise, and be such a fool as I am.”—"Nothing, madam," replied the prince, "is a surer mark of good sense, than to believe ourselves in want of it; indeed, the more sense we possess, the plainer we see how much we fall short of being perfect."—"I know nothing of what you are talking of," answered the princess; "I only know that I am very foolish, and that is the cause of my grief."—"If that is all that makes you unhappy, madam," said the prince, "I can very soon put an end to your sorrow." "By what means, pray? asked the princess. "I have the power," said Riquet with the Tuft, "to bestow as much wit as I please on the person I aim to love best in the world; and, as that person can be no other, madam, than yourself, it depends only on your own will to be the wittiest lady upon the earth. I shall ask you in return but one thing; which is, that you consent to marry me.”

The princess looked at him with great surprise, but did not speak a word. "I see," added Riquet, "that my offer makes you uneasy, and I do not wonder at it; I will therefore give you a whole year to think of what answer you will give me." The princess was so very stupid and silly, and at the same time so much wished to be witty, that she resolved to accept the offer made her by Prince Riquet with the Tuft; she also thought a whole year a very long time, and would gladly have made it shorter if she could; she therefore told the prince she would marry him on that day twelvemonth; and as soon as she had spoken these words, she found herself quite another creature: she said everything she wished, not only with the greatest ease, but in the most graceful manner. She at once
took share in a most pleasing discourse with the prince, in which she showed herself so witty, that Riquet began to fear he had given her more of the charming talent for which she so much longed, than he had kept to himself. When the princess went back to the palace, the whole court was thrown into the utmost surprise at the sudden change they found in her; for everything she now said was clever and pleasing, as it had been before stupid and foolish. The joy at this event was the greatest ever known through the court: the youngest princess was the only person who did not share in it; for as her wit no longer served to set her above the beauty of her sister, she now seemed to everyone a most ugly and frightful creature.

The news of this great change being everywhere talked of, it soon reached the ears of the princes in other kingdoms, who all hastened to gain her favour, and demand her for a wife.

But the princess would hardly listen to all they had to say; not one of them had wit enough to make her think of his offer in earnest for a moment. At last there came a prince so great, so rich, so witty, and so handsome, that she could not help feeling a great liking for him. When the king, her father, saw this, he told her she had only to choose the husband whom she liked best, and that she might be sure of his consent to her marriage. As the most sensible persons are the most careful how they resolve in such serious matters, the princess after thanking her father, begged him to allow her time to think of what she should do. Soon after this, the princess chanced in her walk to wander towards the very wood in which she had met Riquet with the Tuft; and wishing to be free from being disturbed while thinking of her new lover, she strolled a good way into it. When she had walked about for some time, she heard a great noise underground, like the sound of many persons running backwards and forwards, and busy on some
great affair. After listening for a moment, she heard different voices; one said, "Bring me that kettle;" another said, "Fetch the great boiler;" another, "Put some coals on the fire."

At the same moment the ground opened, and the princess saw, with the greatest surprise, a large kitchen filled with vast numbers of cooks, servants, and scullions, with all sorts of things fit for making ready a noble dinner: some had rolling-pins, and were making the most dainty sorts of pastry; others were beating the syllabubs, and turning the custards: and at one end of the kitchen she saw at least twenty men-cooks, all busy in trussing different sorts of the finest game and poultry, and singing all the time as merry as could be. The princess, in the utmost surprise at what she beheld, asked them to whom they belonged? "To prince Riquet with the Tuft, madam," said the head cook; "it is his wedding dinner we are making ready." The princess was now in a still greater surprise than before; but in a moment it came into her mind that this was just the day twelvemonths on which she had promised to marry prince Riquet. When she thought of this she was ready to sink on the ground. The reason of her not thinking of it before was, that when she made the promise to the prince, she was quite silly, and the wit which the prince had given to her had made her forget all that had happened to her before. She tried to walk away from the place, but had not gone twenty steps, when she saw Riquet with the Tuft before her, dressed finely in the grandest wedding suit that ever was seen. "You see, madam," said he, "that I have kept my promise strictly, and I dare say you are come for the same purpose, and to make me the most happy of men."—"I must confess," replied the princess, "that I have not yet made up my mind on that subject; and also, that I fear I can never consent to what you desire."—"You quite surprise me, madam," answered prince
Riquet. "That I can easily believe," replied the princess; "and
to be sure I should be greatly at a loss what to say to you, if I
did not know that you possess the best sense in the world. If

you were a silly prince, you would say, 'The promise of a
princess should not be broken, and therefore you must marry
me.' But you, prince Riquet, who have so much more sense
than anybody else, will, I hope, excuse me for what I have said.
You cannot forget that, when I was a silly stupid princess,
I would not freely consent to marry you; how, therefore,
now that I am blessed with sense, and for that reason must of
course be more hard to be pleased, can you expect me to
choose the prince I then would not accept? If you really
wished to marry me, you did very wrong to change me from the
most silly creature in the world, to the most witty, so as to
make me see more plainly the faults of others."—"If, madam,"
replied Riquet with the Tuft, "you would think it but right
in a prince without sense to blame you for what you have said,
why should you deny me the same power in an affair in which
the welfare of my whole life is at stake? Is it just that persons of sense should be worse treated than those who have none? Can you, my princess, who are now so very clever, and who so much wished to be so, resolve, indeed, to treat me in this manner? But let us reason upon it a little. Is there anything in me, besides my being ugly, that you dislike? Do you object to my birth, my sense, my temper, manners, or rank?”—“No, none of these,” replied the princess; “I dislike nothing in you but your being so very ugly.”—“If that is the case,” answered Riquet, “I shall soon be the most happy man alive; for you princess, have the power to make me as handsome as you please.”—“How can that be?” asked the princess. “Nothing more is wanting,” said Riquet, “than that you should love me well enough to wish me very handsome. In short, my charming princess, I must inform you, that the same fairy, who, at my birth, was pleased to bestow upon me the gift of making the lady I loved best as witty as I pleased, was present also at yours, and gave to you the power of making him whom you should love the best as handsome as you pleased.”—“If this is the case,” said the princess, “I wish you with all my heart to be the most handsome prince in all the world; and, as much as depends on me, I bestow on you the gift of beauty.”

As soon as the princess had done speaking, Riquet with the Tuft seemed to her eyes the most handsome, best-shaped, and most pleasing person that she had ever beheld. Some people thought that this great change in the prince was not brought about by the gift of a fairy, but that the love which the princess felt for him was the only cause of it; and in their minds, the princess thought so much of the good faith of her lover, of his prudence, and the goodness of his heart and mind, that she no longer thought of either his being so ugly in his face, or so crooked in his shape. The hump on his back, such people thought, now seemed to her nothing more than the easy gait in
which men of rank sometimes indulge themselves; and his lameness seemed a careless freedom, that was very graceful; the squinting of his eyes, in those of the princess, did but make them seem more sparkling and more tender; and his thick red nose, in her mind, gave a manly and warlike air to his whole face. Let this be as it may, the princess promised to marry prince Riquet with the Tuft directly, if he could obtain the consent of the king her father. When the king was told that his daughter felt a great esteem for Riquet with the Tuft, as he had already heard of the goodness of both heart and mind of that prince, he agreed with pleasure to have him for a son-in-law; so that the next day, as the prince had long hoped for, he was married to the beautiful and no less witty princess.

THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a man, not very rich, who had a pretty woman for his wife. One winter’s evening, as he sat by the fire, they talked of the happiness of their neighbours, who were richer than they. Said the wife, “If it were in my power to have what I wish I would soon be happier than all of them.”—“So should I too,” said the husband: “I wish we had fairies now, and that one of them was kind enough to grant me what I should ask.” At that instant they saw a very beautiful lady in their room, who told them “I am a fairy; and I promise to grant you the three first wishes you shall
wish: but, take care, after having wished for three things, I will not grant one wish further.” The fairy disappeared, and the man and his wife were much perplexed. “For my own part,” said his wife, “if it is left to my choice, I know very well what I shall wish for: I do not wish yet; but I think nothing is so good as to be handsome, rich, and to be of great quality.” But the husband answered: “With all these things, one may be sick, fretful, and one may die young: it would be much wiser to wish for health, cheerfulness, and a long life.”—“But to what purpose is a long life with poverty?” said the wife: “it would only prolong our misery. In truth, the fairy should have promised us a dozen of gifts, for there is at least a dozen of things which I want.”—“That’s true,” said the husband; “but let us take time; let us consider from this time till morning, the three things which are most necessary for us, and then wish.”—“I’ll think all night,” said the wife; “meanwhile let us warm ourselves, for it is very cold.” At the same time the wife took the tongs to mend the fire; and seeing there were a great many coals thoroughly lighted she said without thinking on it, “Here’s a nice fire! I wish we had a yard of black pudding for our supper; we could dress it easily.” She had hardly said these words, when down the chimney came tumbling a yard of black pudding. “Oh you silly woman,” said her husband; “here’s a fine wish indeed! Now we have only two left; for my part, I am so vexed, that I wish the black pudding fast to the tip of your nose.” The man soon perceived that he was sillier than his wife; for, at this second wish, up starts the black pudding, and sticks so fast to the tip of his poor wife’s nose, there was no means to take it off. “Wretch that I am!” cried she, “you are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose.”—“My dear,” answered her husband, “I did not think of it; but
what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast riches, and propose to make a golden case to hide the pudding."—"Not at all," answered the wife, "for I should kill myself, were I to live with this pudding dangling at my nose: be persuaded, we have still a wish to make; leave it to me, or I shall instantly throw myself out of the window." With this she ran and opened the window; but her husband, who loved his wife, called out, "Hold, my dear wife, I give you leave to wish for what you will."—"Well," said the wife, "my wish is that this pudding may drop off." At that instant the pudding dropped off; and the wife, who did not want wit, said to her husband: "The fairy has imposed upon us: she was in the right; possibly we should have been more unhappy with riches than we are at present. Believe me, friend, let us wish for nothing, and take things as it shall please God to send them: in the mean time, let us sup upon our pudding, since that's all that remains to us of our wishes." The husband thought his wife judged right; they supped merrily, and never gave themselves further trouble about the things which they had designed to wish for.
PHILIP QUARLL.

PHILIP QUARLL was born in the parish of St. Giles, London. His father, formerly a master-builder, having unfortunately reduced himself in building, was at last reduced to work at the mean business of brick-making. One day a neighbour, who had the care of the child in his mother's absence, conceived an inclination for him. She intended to have kept him till he was qualified for some genteel trade; and to leave him something in her will, to set him up when out of his time. But ill-fate already began to show its averseness to poor Phil's happiness; the worthy lady died suddenly, to his great prejudice, and threatening ruin. The master having conceived a particular love for the boy, he, in consequence, continued to go to school for the space of four years longer; at the expiration of that time, he had made such a progress in his learning, that he was in some respects qualified to attend the school in the nature of an usher, had his age permitted it. His father now dying, and his mother not being in a capacity to do for him, as his education and natural talents really deserved, proposed his learning some trade, in order to get his bread honestly. But one day, as
Philip was wandering by the Thames’ side, a captain of a ship bound for the East Indies, taking a particular fancy to him asked him whether he would go to sea, and that if he was so disposed, he would take him to look after his cabin, and provide very well for him. The gentle manner in which he spoke to the boy, and his mild countenance, made a vast progress in his affection: so having accepted his offer, he desired that he might run home, and acquaint his mother with it. The distress of his mother on the occasion is beyond description: having embraced his tender mother, and she her dear son, and wept over each other some time, he left her, and hastened to his new master, who, not expecting that he would return, was so glad to see him, that he went that moment and bought him clothes and linen fit for sea.

In a few days after, they set sail for a three years’ voyage. During their sailing, Phil, whose agreeable temper had gained him the love of all the ship’s crew, being often with the man at the helm, soon learned the compass, and by the instructions every one on board strove to give him, in a little time he was qualified for a sailor; and his master allowed him a sailor’s pay for the following voyage, which was soon after: at the expiration of which time, the men, on their return to England, were paid off, the ship being laid up for repairs. Quarll, hearing of a ship bound for the South Seas, the captain of her having been first-mate to the ship in which Quarll had formerly belonged, this encouraged him to venture that voyage. For three months of their voyage nothing material occurred: but on the first day of the fourth month, the wind veered to the south-west, and blew a violent gale; and there being a great sea, the ship, took in a quantity of water: the wind continuing two days, was productive of a very great storm, which held for one day and two nights more; during which time they perceived them
selves near some rocks. The storm rather increasing, and it growing dark, they despaired much of saving the ship, as the main-yard could not lower, the ship’s tackle being disordered by the violence of the storm; at length there came a sea which dashed the ship to shatters against the rock, and with the violence of the shock, flung Quarll, who was astride on the main-yard, on the top of the rock, where, having the good fortune to fall into a cleft, he was hindered from being washed back again into the sea, and drowned, as everybody else was that belonged to the ship. When day-light came, he looked about him; but, alas! he could see nothing but the dreadful effects of the late tempest—dead corpses, broken planks, and battered chests floating. Turning from these objects, which presented to his eyes the dreadful death he had so lately escaped, he returned thanks for his deliverance, and resigned himself to Providence, on whom he fully relied; climbed up the rock, and being come to the top, saw land at the inside, bearing both trees and grass. “Heaven be praised!” said he “I shall not perish upon these barren rocks.”

Being come to the other side of the rock, he found at the bottom of it a narrow lake, which separated it from the land: therefore pulling off his clothes, the water being but shallow, he waded over with them in his arms; and dressing himself, he walked a considerable way up the island; but being weary, he lay down under a cluster of trees that made an agreeable arbour, and slept. When he awoke, he was led by curiosity to go to the same side of the rock he had been cast upon, where hearing a sudden noise which issued from a creek in the rock, he went to see what occasioned it. But coming to the place he heard the noise proceed from, he discovered a fine large cod-fish dabbling in a hole in the rock, where the late storm had cast it. So having taken off both his garters, he got into the
hole where the fish lay, and running them through its gills he dragged it out. Going along, he found several oysters and cockles in the way, which the sea had cast up and down the rock, and having a knife about him, he sat down and ate a few, and so refreshed himself, his spirits being quite exhausted for want of food: then filling his pockets with salt, that was congealed by the sun, which he found in the cavities of the rock, he cheerfully dragged the fish after him to the place where he lay the night before. Being come to it, he picked up a parcel of dry leaves, and with his knife and flint struck fire, and kindled them: then getting together a few sticks, made a fire presently and broiled a slice of his fish; and now night drawing on, he laid himself down to sleep. Having slept comfortably that night, he awoke in the morning pretty fresh and hearty; but as he had no covering, and winter was approaching, he began to think of making himself a house. He now recollected that he had a hatchet in his hand when he was cast away, and thought probably it might lie in the cleft of the rock into which he was thrown: thither he went, and to his great joy discovered the handle of it just above the surface of the water. Next morning he went out again to look for a pleasant convenient place to make his hut on: he walked several hours and could find none more sheltered from the cold winds than that where he already lay, being in the middle of the island, well fenced with trees, which
stood very thick. He then cut down some trees that grew in the way, and cleared a spot of ground about twelve feet square, leaving one tree standing at each corner, and with young plants filled the distance between quite round, setting them about six inches asunder, leaving a vacancy for the door. His enclosure being made, he bent the branches a-top from both sides, and wove them across one another, making a cover to it; which being somewhat too thin, he laid other branches over, till they were grown thicker. Having finished the top, he closed the sides by taking large branches stripped of their small twigs, and wove them between the plants: he made the door after the same manner. Thus, after fifteen days' hard labour, he finished his habitation.

As he was walking one day, he observed some monkeys scratching something out of the ground, some of which they ate upon the spot, and carried the rest to their home. His hopes that the roots might be fit for his use, those creatures eating nothing but what men may, made him hasten to the spot. Having by the leaves (which they tore off) found some of the same, he dug them up, and carried them to his barrack, where he broiled a slice of his fish, and in the ashes roasted them; they ate something like chestnuts done in the same manner. As soon as he had dined, he went out to dig up a good quantity. In his way, he saw a tortoise crawling before him. "Heaven be praised!" said he, "here is what will supply me both with victuals and utensil to dress it in;" he ran therefore and turned it on its back to prevent its getting away, whilst he went for his hatchet to separate the bottom shell from the top, in order to make a kettle of the deepest, and a dish of the flat part. Being provided with a boiling utensil, he often had a change, by means of those admirable roots; some of which he roasted for bread, others he boiled with salt cod. Being pro-
vided with the most necessary furniture, he thought on more conveniences, resolving to make himself a table to eat his victuals upon, and a chair to sit on: these, after two or three days' hard labour, he completed: and, as winter was coming on, he made another longer but thinner mat to cover him. That care being over, another succeeds, but of far greater moment: "Here is a dwelling," said he, "to shelter me from the weather, and a bed to rest this poor body of mine; but where is the food to support it?" At last he resolved to make provision of those excellent roots, and with his hatchet cut a piece of tree, wherewith he made a shovel, in order to dig them up with more ease. With this instrument, he went to the place, which being near the monkeys' quarters, they came down off the trees in great numbers, grinning as if they would have flown at him.

Having stood a considerable time, those animals seeing he did not go forward, each went and snatched enough for itself; giving him an opportunity of digging a few for himself; and as he was not come to the place where they grew thick, he laid them in small heaps as he dug them up; whilst those sly creatures would, while he was digging up more, come down from trees and steal them. This obliged him to be contented for that time with as many as his pockets would hold; and fearing those animals, which are naturally very cunning, should dig them up and hide them, he went early the following morning to make his provision; and for want of a sack to put them in, took his jacket, which he buttoned up, and tied at the sleeves; and as he had observed that every root had abundance of off-sets hanging at it by small fibres, he pulled off his shirt also, of which he made another sack to put them in; and finding, when his shirt and jacket were off the animals were less shy of him, he resolved to go so
till the weather obliged him to put them on again. Having picked up a sufficient quantity of off-sets to stock about two acres of land, he returned home, then fixed upon a spot of ground near his habitation, and dug it up as well as he could with his wooden instrument, in order to sow his seed; which being completed in about twenty days, he implored a blessing upon his labour, and left it to time to bring forth. Thus having finished his work about the barrack, he resolved to take a more particular view of the island, and taking a long staff in his hand, he walked to the lake, which parts the land from the rock, and went along the side of it quite round the island, finding all the way new objects for admiration: some parts of the rock resembling ramparts of an old fortification, other parts challenging the likeness of a city, and clusters of houses, with here and there a high steeple standing above the other buildings. As he was walking, admiring all the wonderful works of nature, he happened to sneeze opposite to a place in the rock, which was hollowed in after the manner of the inside of some church, and was answered by a multitude of different voices issuing from that place: immediately he sang several psalms and hymns, with as much devotion as if he had been in the company of a number of skilful and celebrated choristers. Having spent a considerable time there with much pleasure, he proceeded on his walk, being resolved to make that his place of worship for the future. Having been round the island, which, to the best of his judgment, was eleven miles in circumference, he resolved to employ the next day in viewing the inside, so went to bed pretty early.

The next morning he walked along the land, which he found very level, covered with a delightful green grass, and adorned with trees of various sorts, shapes, and heights, and in some places clusters of trees. Crossing the island in several
places, he came to a most delightful pond, where he saw many
different sorts of fish, of various sizes, shapes, and colours.
Going further, he came to a noble and spacious wood, whose
shade seemed to be made for the abodes of peace and bliss:
here he found several pleasant walks: some straight, edged
with lofty trees, as if planted for pleasure; others crooked
and winding, bordered with a thick edge of pimentos, which
cast a most fragrant smell: here and there several bushes and
dwarf trees, wherein sheltered many different kinds of wild
beasts and fowls. "Heaven make me thankful," said he, "that
I am the inhabitant of so blessed a land!" Being hungry and
tired with walking, he went home in order to get some victuals,
and in his way picked a sample of every different herb he
thought might be eatable. Having made a fire, he boiled a
slice of his salt fish with some roots, as also the herbs he
brought with him, which proved of divers tastes, and all
excellent; some eating like artichokes, and others like aspara-
gus and spinach; "And now," says he, "what can I wish for
more?" Thus, thoroughly easy in his mind, he proposed to
spend the after-
noon at the out-
side of the rock,
in viewing the
sea, and looking
for oysters. Be-
ing come to a
place of the rock
he had never been
at before, he saw
at a distance some-
thing like linen hanging upon it, which he found, by certain
marks, was the mainsail of his ship, with a piece of the yard
PHILIP QUARLL.

fastened to it; so, ripping the sail in pieces, he rolled it up in such bundles as he could conveniently carry away, and laid them down till he got a few oysters, proceeding to grope in holes with his stick as he went on. About forty paces further he found a chest in a cleft; but going to lift it, could not, therefore was obliged to fetch his hatchet and break it open, from which he took a suit of clothes, and some linen; the next thing was a roll of several sheets of parchment, quite clean: at the bottom of the chest lay a runlet of brandy, a Cheshire cheese, a leather bottle full of ink, with a parcel of pens, and a penknife. So, by degrees, he took home the chest, and what was in it: and now, having materials to begin a journal, he immediately fell to work: thus he began, being then twenty-eight years of age, resolving to continue it till his death. A terrible storm arose in the night; it thundered extremely loud, and in the morning Quarll got up to go and see if he could discover any effects of the late tempest. Being come to the rock, he saw a quantity of fish, with a great number of shells of different shapes and sizes, lying up and down.—“Heaven make me thankful!” said he, “I am now provided for all the next winter.” Then taking up as many fish and shells as he could carry, he went home, and bringing his shirt which he used instead of a sack, at several times brought away all the fish, and as many shells as he had occasion for. Of some he made boilers and stew-pans, of others dishes and plates; in some he kept water, and in others fish and pickle. Being very weary, he sat down to rest himself; and the runlet of brandy lying by, he was tempted to take a sup: but that which was at first intended for a cordial, turned to a nectar; so the intended dram became a hearty draught, and poor Quarll, who for a very considerable time before had drank nothing but water, fell asleep in his chair, with the runlet on his lap, from whence
it fell to the ground, and being unstopped, ran all out. Being awakened with hunger, having slept from evening till almost noon of another day, which he knew not whether the succeeding, or the next to it, he was soon reconciled to the loss of his brandy, that having caused the mischief; but could not get the right order of the days, which having forgot, hindered the going on of his journal, so he was obliged only to make a memorial. The sabbath-day being lost too, he resolved to observe every seventh from that day; so went to the place where the echoes in melodious sounds repeated his thanksgiving to the Almighty. The winter being near at hand, and the weather being cold, confined him within doors; he employed his idle hours in beautifying his utensils. At the first appearance of spring, he found himself quite revived. Having walked some time, he had the curiosity to view the sea, and look for oysters; he soon found a hole, where, by the rattling at the bottom with his staff, he judged there might be pretty many. At length he became tired of fish, and wished he might have a little flesh, which he could easily get, there being animals enough in the wood apparently fit for food. Thus, taking some of the cords which he found with the sail at the outside of the rock, he made several snares, which he fastened at divers gaps in the thicket of the wood, through which he thought that sort of beast he had a mind for went. Impatient to know the success of his snares, he got up betimes the next morning to examine them: in one he found an animal something like a fawn, the colour of a deer, but feet and ears like a fox, and as a large as a well-grown hare. He was much rejoiced at his game, whose mouth he immediately opened, and finding, by the greens in it, that it was not a beast of prey, he took it home, in order to dress part of it for his dinner. Having stuck a long stick at both ends in the ground, making half a circle, he hung one
quarter of the animal upon a string before a good fire, and roasted it. Having dined both plentifully and deliciously, he made nets, in order to take his game alive for the future; and as he had no small twine to make them with, he was obliged to unravel the sail which he luckily had by him. Having made a couple of nets about four feet square, which he fastened instead of the killing snares, several days passed without taking anything, so that he wanted flesh a whole week; when one afternoon (which was not his customary time to examine his nets) chancing to pass them in the wood, he found in one two animals taken, as large as a kid, of a bright dun, their horns upright and straight, their shape like a stag, with a small tuft of hair on each shoulder and hip: the animals he found were antelopes (calling to mind he had seen them in his travels), so with cords he fastened them to the outside of his lodge, and with constant feeding of them, in two months' time made them so tame, that they followed him up and down, and ate out of his hand. This added much to the pleasure he took in his habitation, which by this time was covered with green leaves, both top and sides, the stakes it was made of having struck root, and shot out young branches. Having resolved, as the summer approached, to thin his clothing by degrees, he fell to ripping his jacket, in the lining of which he found seven peas and three beans, which were got
in at a hole in the corner of the pocket. Those few made him wish for more; but, thinks he, they may, by time and industry, be improved to a large quantity, and then laid them up against a proper time to set them. One day, as he was walking near the fish-pond, a large fowl flew out with a fish in its bill, being too large for it to swallow. This discovered the cause why the young fish did not increase, they being devoured by that bird; which to prevent for the future, he studied means to kill the destroyer. A bow being the only thing he could apply to, he cut a branch of a tree which had the resemblance of yew, and with the tools he had, made a shaft to make one about six feet long, and arrows of the same, which he hardened and straightened over the fire; then having slit them at one end about two or three inches, he slipt in a bit of parchment which served for feathers, tied the end to keep it close in, and with the ravelling of some of the sail, made a string to it. Thus equipped for an archer, he daily practised shooting at a mark for the space of a fortnight. Being sufficiently skilled, he placed himself behind a tree, as near to the pond as he could, whither the bird came in a few hours. The fowl being pitched upon the bank gave him time to take his aim; he struck it through the body as it opened its wings, and laid it flat on the other side of the pond. He took it up, wonderfully pleased at his great success. Having carefully taken out the flesh, which spoiling, would corrupt the Outside, he then filled the skin with sweet herbs, which he dried for that purpose, and having sewed up the place he had cut open to take the flesh out of, he set it up in the lodge. The weather growing something cold, and the wind pretty sharp, he began to think of providing for his antelopes against the approaching winter, so made a lodge for them at the back of his habitation, and used dried grass for them to lie on. Thus, having dug up a considerable quantity
of roots, and being stocked with salt fish, both dried and pickled, he was pretty well provided for his cattle against the ensuing winter, which proved much like the preceding one, only not quite so stormy. The succeeding spring having awakened slumbering nature, and revived what the preceding hard season had caused to droop, he first viewed his small stock of peas and beans, which he found in a very promising way; so, whilst the weather was fair, he cleared a spot of ground to set them in as they increased. Turning up the ground, he found several sorts of roots that looked to be eatable, some whereof were the size of a large carrot. Having manured his ground, he took a sample of every root and boiled them. Most of them proved not only passably good, but extraordinary; some eating like parsnips, others almost like carrots, some like beets and turnips; every one in their kind as good, if not better, than ever he ate in England. By this time his antelopes had kidded, one of them having brought four young ones, and the other three. He killed one in about a month after, which being roasted, proved to be more delicious than any house-lamb. In his nets he found a brace of fowls like ducks, but twice as large, and exceedingly beautiful; these he pinioned, put them in the pond, and made a basket for them to shelter in, which he placed in the branches of those trees that hung closest to the water. The five antelopes had by this time kidded, and brought sixteen young ones; his peas and beans were also wonderfully improved, having that season enough to stock the ground the year following. One morning, being awakened by an uncommon noise, he got up, and hastened to the place where he heard it proceed from. Being come to the place, he perceived a number of monkeys, one sort squalling and fighting against the other for a considerable quantity of wild pomegranates, which the wind had shaken off the trees in
the night. His coming having caused a truce, every one of those creatures keeping still and quiet during his stay, he resolved to use his endeavours to make a solid peace. Therefore dividing the fruit into two parcels, those animals came quietly to that share next them, and carried it away to their quarters. He then took a walk to see how his peas and beans came on, which he found in a very improving state, each stem bearing a number of well-filled pods. In this prosperous way he lived fifteen years, finding no alteration in the seasons, during which time he made himself a winter garb of the soft grass, which reached to his heels, and a cap of the same. Being one day on the rocks, he saw something like an Indian canoe: fearing there might be some of these people on the island, he hastened home to secure what he had, but it was too late; they had been there already, and had taken away the clothes he found in the chest, some of his curious shells, and what grieved him most, the fine bird he had taken such pains to stuff, as also his bow and arrows. Having missed these things, which he much valued, he hastened to the outside of the rock; when he saw two men coming down, with each a bundle in his hand, going to something he took to be a chest, and having put their load into it, pushed it away, and rowed to a long-boat that lay at some distance, behind a jutting part of the rock, which screened it from his sight, as also the ship it belonged to. When he went
home, he found they had rifled and ransacked his habitation, and not left him so much as one of the mats to keep his body from the ground. His winter garb also was gone, and what else they could find for their use. The loss of these things, which he could not do without, filled him with sorrow; but, having walked about a mile, he perceived the same men coming towards the pond. By the time he had come up to them, they had caught the two old ducks, which, being pinioned, could not fly away, as the rest did. They then proceeded towards the house where they had seen the antelopes. The young ones, not being used to see any men in clothes, presently fled; but the two old ones were so tame, that they stood still, which gave the men time and opportunity to lay hold of them, when, notwithstanding Quarll's entreaties, they tied a halter about their horns, and barbarously led them away. As he was walking, thinking of his dear antelopes, the ruffians, having secured these poor animals, came back with ropes in their hands. "Sure," said he, "they have a design on my person; if so, they will not take it so easily as they did my dear antelopes." The villains, whose design was to bind, and so to carry him away, did not judge it safe to come within the reach of his weapon, but kept at some distance, divining how to seize him. Quarll guessed at their design, and not thinking it proper to let them come to a resolution, made at the nearest, who immediately took to his heels; and then to the next, who also did the same, so that they went clearly away, which being all he desired, he returned as soon as he saw them in the long-boat, which they rowed to their ship, that lay at anchor some distance from the rocks. These wretches being gone, he returned Heaven thanks for his deliverance; and, as his bridge had favoured their coming, he pulled it off, and only laid it over when he had a mind to view the sea.

There happened nothing the remainder of the year worthy
of record; he employed it in his customary occupations. In the meantime the French mariners, who probably got money by what they had taken from him the year before, returned much about the same season, and being resolved to take him away, and all they could make anything of, were provided with hands and implements to accomplish their design, as ropes to bind what they could get alive, and guns to shoot what they could not come at; saws and hatchets to cut down logwood and brazil, pick-axes and shovels to dig up orris root, and others of worth, which they imagined the island produced; likewise flat-bottomed boats to tow in shallow water, where others could not come; and thus by degrees to load their ship with booty; but ever-watchful Providence blasted their evil projects, and confounded their devices, at the very instant they thought themselves sure of success. The implements, in a flat-bottomed boat, were towed to the very foot of the rock, and being landed to their satisfaction, the men on board embarked in two more of the same sort of boats, but were no sooner in them than a storm arose, which dashed their slender bottoms to pieces, and washed them into the sea, in which they perished, oversetting also the boat on shore with the load. The storm being over, which lasted from about eight in the morning till twelve at noon, Quarll, according to his custom, went to see if any distressed by it stood in need of help. Being come to the rock, he espied a barrel floating at the foot of it, with several planks and fragments of a ship floating with the tide. "Alas!" said he, "these are too evident proofs of a shipwreck to hope otherwise." As he was looking about he discovered the bodies of the very two men who had taken away his antelopes; therefore readily saw that by their instigation the present vessel had been fitted out for the express purpose of stripping his little island of every-thing they could take away, and perhaps not even sparing his
own person. This idea he was the more confirmed in, by observing all around the various implements, materials, &c., &c., which had been thrown on shore by the wreck. Thus Providence supplied him with necessaries, intended for his destruction, which left him nothing to wish for.

There happening to be a great noise early one morning, it awoke him out of his sleep; he opened the door, at the outside of which an old monkey of each sort were quietly waiting to entice him to come to put an end to their dispute. He hastened to the place, when each party moving a considerable distance off the other, waited his sharing the wind-falls; which being done, they quietly took that heap which lay next each, and went to their different quarters. One morning, when he had roasted a parcel of these roots, and had spread them on his table to cool, he went out to walk, leaving his door open to let the air in. At his return home, he found a beautiful monkey of the finest kind. Beholding him in his own possession, he was at once filled with joy and admiration. Having a considerable time admired the beast, which was now and then eating the roots that lay before him, he shut the door, and went in with a resolution of staying at home all day, in order to tame him.

—This most wonderful animal having, by its surprising tractability and good-nature, joined to its matchless beauty, gained its master's love, he thought himself doubly recompensed for all his
former losses. One day, his dear Beaufidelle (for so he called that admirable creature) was officiating the charge he had of his own accord taken, being gone for wood, as he was wont to do when wanted, he found in his way a wild pomegranate, the extraordinary size and weight of which caused it to fall off the tree. He took it home, and then returned for his faggot; in which time Quarll, wishing the goodness of the inside might answer its outward beauty, cut it open, and finding it of a dull lusciousness, too flat for eating, imagined it might be eaten with things of an acid and sharp taste. Having boiled some water in a vessel, with a sort of herb of the nature of cresses, and some of the pomegranate, he let them infuse some time, now and then stirring it; but one very hot day, happening to lay the vessel in the sun, made it turn sour. Having now vinegar, he began to make pickles. The wild monkeys being considerably augmented in number, and their food scant, they now and then came to steal something out of Quarll's ground. Beaufidelle, finding some of them stealing his master's roots, beat them away, which obliged those subtle creatures to come several together, the better to encounter him; which Quarll taking notice of, cut a stick of a size that the creature could manage, which he gave him, and taking his own staff, exercised it before him: he soon apprehended what use it was given him for, and drove away the others when they came, though ten or a dozen together, which made them seek to take him at a disadvantage. Finding him one morning without his staff, of which they stood in great fear, a considerable number fell upon him, and so beat and bit him, that he lay as dead; but his master appearing, put them to flight, leaving the poor creature with just breath enough to keep him alive. Quarll being come to the place where his beloved Beaufidelle lay, could not forbear shedding tears to see him thus miserably dying; but finding
still breath in him, it gave him hopes of his recovery, and taking him up in his arms, he hastened home, and having laid him upon his bed, covered him with his winter wrapper; he made a fire and warmed fresh butter, with which he washed his sores, giving him all the careful attendance he could during his illness, which held out but one week, when he died, to Quarll's unspeakable grief; and from that time he grew so melancholy, that he had not courage to go on with his memorial.

One day, as he was walking, it being extraordinarily hot he took shelter in one of his natural groves, when a young monkey, of the grey kind, dropped off a tree and lay for dead; but being only strangled, he opened its wind-pipe by squeezing it the contrary way, and by carefully nursing soon recovered it. This accident made Quarll in some measure resume his former cheerfulness; and nothing more happening between this and the time he was found on the island by Mr. Dorrington, who with two or three other persons, went from an island in the South Sea on a fishing party: with his relation we shall conclude these adventures in his own words:—

"Being come to the side of a rock, he saw a most delightful country, flat and level, covered with a curious grass; it bore also abundance of fine lofty trees. Being landed upon it, we discerned some arbours, apparently made of trees, near which some animals were feeding; these I took to be goats. We soon
approached some huts, composed of trees, &c.; and coming to one the door being fastened without, we opened it, and the first thing we saw, opposite to the door, was a bed lying on the ground, made of dry grass, a table made of thin boards, fastened upon four sticks driven into the ground, and by it a chair made of green twigs. Having viewed the dwelling-place, we scarcely had proceeded forty paces, before we perceived, at a considerable distance, something like a man, with another creature, but presently lost them among the trees. Shortly we saw the same again; but that which was with him, running up a tree as soon as it perceived us, prevented our discerning what animal it was: the other appeared to be a venerable old man, with a white beard, which covered his naked breast, and a long head of hair of the same colour, that spreading over his shoulders, hung quite down to his loins. His presence, which inspired respect more than fear, soon did away any alarm which at first might have been excited. We soon discovered that he was an Englishman, and from habit and long residence had
become so attached to his little island, that no persuasion could induce him to return to his native country. He was at first apprehensive that we had been shipwrecked; but, on our informing him of the cause of our being on the island, he was rejoiced, and would insist upon our dining with him. After partaking of an hospitable dinner, which consisted of a couple of fowls like woodcocks, and an animal somewhat like a fawn, he gave us his history from his birth; but, night fast approaching, we were reluctantly obliged to take leave of him; and on my arrival in England I determined to lay before the public the adventures of this extraordinary character."

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**THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.**

There was once a most beautiful and amiable princess, who was called, "The Fair One with Locks of Gold:" for her hair shone brighter than gold, and flowed in curls down to her feet her head was always encircled by a wreath of beautiful flowers, and pearls and diamonds. A handsome, rich young prince, whose territories joined to hers, was deeply in love with the reports he heard of her, and sent to demand her in marriage.

The ambassador sent with proposals was most sumptuously attired, and surrounded by lacqueys on beautiful horses as well as charged with every kind of compliment from the anxious prince who hoped he would bring the princess back with him; but
whether it was that she was not that day in good humour, or that she did not like the speeches made by the ambassador, I don’t know,—but she returned thanks to his master for the honour he intended her, and said she had no inclination to marry. When the ambassador arrived at the king’s chief city, where he was expected with great impatience, the people were extremely afflicted to see him return without the Fair One with Locks of Gold; and the king wept like a child. There was a youth at court whose beauty outshone the sun, the gracefulness of whose person was not to be equalled; and for his gracefulness and wit he was called Avenant; the king loved him, and indeed everybody except the envious. Avenant being one day in company with some persons, inconsiderately said, “If the king had sent me to the Fair One with Locks of Gold, I dare say I could have prevailed on her return with me.” These enviers of Avenant’s prosperity immediately ran open-mouthed to the king, saying, “Sir, sir, what does your majesty think Avenant says? he boasts that if you had sent him to the Fair One with the Golden Hair, he could have brought her with him; which shows he is so vain as to think himself handsomer than your majesty, and that her love for him would have made her follow him wherever he went.” This put the king into a violent rage. “What,” said he, “does this youngster make a jest of my misfortune, and pretend to set himself above me?—Go, and put him immediately in my great tower, and there let him starve to death.” The king’s guards went and seized Avenant (who thought no more of what he had said), dragged him to prison, and used him in the most cruel manner.

One day, when he was almost quite spent, he said to himself, fetching a deep sigh, “Wherein can I have offended the king? He has not a more faithful subject than myself; nor have I ever done anything to displease him.” The king happened at
that time to pass by the tower, and stopped to hear him, notwithstanding the persuasions of those that were with him. "Hold your peace," replied the king, "and let me hear him out;" which having done, and being greatly moved by his sufferings, he opened the door of the tower, and called him by his name. Upon which Avenant came forth in a sad condition, and, throwing himself at the king's feet, "What have I done, sir," said he, "that your majesty should use me thus severely?" "Thou hast ridiculed me and my ambassador," replied the king; "and hast said, that if I had sent thee to the Fair One with Locks of Gold, thou couldst have brought her with thee." —"It is true, sir," replied Avenant, "for I would have so thoroughly convinced her of your transcending qualities, that it should not have been in her power to have denied me; and this, surely, I said in the name of your majesty." The king found in reality he had done no injury; so he took him away with him, repenting heartily of the wrong he had done him. After having given him an excellent supper, the king sent for him into his cabinet: "Avenant," says he, "I still love the Fair One with Locks of Gold; I have a mind to send thee to her, to try whether thou canst succeed." Avenant replied, he was ready to obey his majesty in all things, and would depart the very next morning. "Hold," said the king, "I will provide thee first with a most sumptuous equipage."—"There is no necessity for that," answered Avenant, "I need only a good horse and your letters of credence." Upon this the king embraced him, being overjoyed to see him so soon ready.

It was upon a Monday morning that he took leave of the king and his friends. Being on his journey by break of day, and entering into a spacious meadow, a fine thought came into his head: he alighted immediately, and seated himself by the bank of a little stream that watered one side of the meadow
and wrote the sentiment down in his pocket-book. After he had done writing, he looked about him every way, being charmed with the beauties of the place, and suddenly perceived a large gilded carp, which stirred a little, and that was all it could do, for having attempted to catch some little flies, it had leaped so far out of the water, as to throw itself upon the grass, where it was almost dead, not being able to recover its natural element. Avenant took pity on the poor creature, and though it was a fish-day, and he might have carried it away for his dinner, he took it up and gently put it again into the river, where the carp, feeling the refreshing coolness of the water began to rejoice, and sunk to the bottom; but soon rising up again, brisk and gay, to the side of the river: “Avenant,” said the carp, “I thank you for the kindness you have done me; had it not been for you, I had died; but you have saved my life, and I will reward you.” After this short com-
pliment, the carp darted itself to the bottom of the water, leaving Avenant not a little surprised at its wit and great civility.

Another day, as he was pursuing his journey, he saw a crow in great distress, being pursued by a huge eagle: he took his bow, which he always carried abroad with him, and, aiming at the eagle let fly an arrow, which pierced him through the body, so that he fell down dead, which the crow seeing, came in an ecstasy of joy, and perched upon a tree: "Avenant," said the crow, "you have been extremely generous to succour me, who am but a poor wretched crow; but I am not ungrateful and will do you as good a turn." Avenant admired the wit of the crow, and continuing his journey he entered into a wood so early one morning, that he could scarcely see his way, where he heard an owl crying out like an owl in despair. So, looking about everywhere, he at length came to a place where certain fowlers had spread their nets in the night-time to catch little birds. "What pity 'tis," said he, "men are only made to torment one another, or else to persecute poor animals who never do them any harm!" So saying, he drew his knife, cut the cords and set the owl at liberty; who, before he took wing, said, "Avenant, the fowlers are coming, I should have been taken, and must have died without your assistance: I have a grateful heart, and will remember it."

These were the three most remarkable adventures that befell Avenant in his journey; and when he arrived at the end of it, he washed himself, combed and powdered his hair, and put on a suit of cloth of gold; which having done, he put a rich embroidered scarf about his neck, with a small basket wherein was a little dog which he was very fond of. And Avenant was so amiable and did everything with so good a grace, that, when he presented himself at the gate of the palace, all the guards
paid him great respect, and everyone strove who should first
give notice to the Fair One with Locks of Gold, that Avenant,
the neighbouring king's ambassador, demanded audience. The
princess on hearing the name of Avenant, said, "It has a
pleasing sound, and I dare say he is agreeable and pleases every-
body;" and she said to her maids of honour, "Go, fetch me
my rich embroidered gown of blue satin, dress my hair, and
bring my wreaths of fresh flowers: let me have my high shoes
and my fan, and let my audience-chamber and throne be clean,
and richly adorned; for I would have him everywhere with
truth say, that I am really the Fair One with Locks of Gold."
Thus all her women were employed to dress her as a queen
should be. At length she went to her great gallery of looking-
glasses to see if anything was wanting; after which she
ascended her throne of gold, ivory, and ebony, the fragrant
smell of which was superior to the choicest balm. She also com-
manded her maids of honour to take their instruments, and play
to their own singing so sweetly, that all should be made happy.

Avenant was conducted into the chamber of audience, where
he stood so transported with admiration, that he afterwards
said, he had scarcely power to open his lips. At length, how-
ever, he took courage, and made his speech wonderfully well;
wherein he prayed the princess not to let him be so unfortunate
as to return without her. "Gentle Avenant," said she, "all
the reasons you have laid before me are very good: and I
assure you, I would rather favour you than any other: but
you must know about a month since, I went to take the air by
the side of a river, with my maids of honour; as I was pulling
off my glove, I pulled a ring from my finger, which by accident
fell into the river: this ring I valued more than my whole
kingdom, whence you may judge how much I am afflicted by
the loss of it: and I have made a vow never to hearken to any
proposals of marriage, unless the ambassador who makes them shall also bring me my ring. This is the present which you have to make me; otherwise you may talk your heart out, for months and even years shall never change my resolution.” When he returned to his lodgings, he went to bed supperless; and his little dog, who was called Cabriole, made a fasting night of it too, and went and lay down by his master; who did nothing all night but sigh and lament, saying, “How can I find a ring that fell into a great river a month ago? It would be folly to attempt it. The princess enjoined me this task merely because she knew it was impossible.” He continued to be greatly afflicted, which Cabriole observing, said, “My dear master, pray do not despair of your good fortune; for you are too good to be unhappy; therefore, when it is day, let us go to the river side.” Avenant made no answer, but gave his dog two little cuffs with his hand, and being overwhelmed with grief, fell asleep.

But when Cabriole perceived it was broad day, he fell a barking so loud that he awaked his master. “Rise, sir,” said he, “put on your clothes, and let us go and try our fortune.” Avenant took his little dog’s advice; got up and dressed himself, went down into the garden, and out of the garden he walked insensibly to the river side, with his hat over his eyes, and his arms across, thinking of nothing but taking his leave; when all on a sudden he heard a voice call, “Avenant, Avenant!” upon which he looked around him, but seeing nothing, he concluded it was an illusion, and was proceeding in his walk; but he presently heard himself called again. “Who calls me?” said he; Cabriole, who was very little, and looked closely into the water, cried out, “Never believe me if it is not a gilded carp.” Immediately the carp appeared, and with an audible voice said, “Avenant, you saved my life in the poplar meadow, where I must have died without your assistance, and now I am
come to requite your kindness: here, my dear Avenant, here is the ring which the Fair One with the Locks of Gold dropped into the river." Upon this, Avenant stopped and took it out of the carp's mouth; to whom he returned a thousand thanks. And now, instead of returning home, he went directly to the palace with little Cabriole, who skipped about and wagged his tail for joy that he had persuaded his master to walk by the side of the river. The princess being told that Avenant desired an audience: "Alas," said she, "the poor youth has come to take his leave of me! He has considered what I enjoined him as impossible, and is returning to his master." But Avenant being admitted, presented her the ring, saying, "Madam, behold I have executed your command; and now I hope, you will receive my master for your royal consort." When she saw her ring, that it was no ways injured, she was so amazed, that she could hardly believe her eyes.—"Surely, courteous Avenant," said she, "you must be favoured by some fairy, for, naturally, this is impossible."—"Madam," said he, "I am acquainted with no fairy; but I was willing to obey your command."—"Well, then, seeing you have so good a will, you must do me another piece of service; without which I will never marry. There is a certain prince, who lives not far from hence, whose name is Galifron, and whom nothing would serve but that he must needs marry me. He declared his mind to me, with most terrible menaces, that, if I denied him, he would enter my kingdom with fire and sword; but you shall judge whether I could accept his proposal: he is a giant, as high as a
steeple; he devours men as an ape eats chestnuts; when he goes into the country, he carries cannons in his pockets, to use instead of pistols; and when he speaks aloud he deafens the ears of those who stand near him. I answered him that I did not choose to marry, and desired him to excuse me. Nevertheless he has not ceased to persecute me, and has put an infinite number of my subjects to the sword: therefore, before all other things, you must fight him, and bring me his head."

Avenant was somewhat startled by this proposal; but, having considered it a while, "Well, madam," said he, "I will fight this Galifron: I believe I shall be vanquished; but I will die like a man of courage." The princess was astonished at his intrepidity, and said a thousand things to dissuade him from it, but all in vain. At length he arrived at Galifron's castle, the roads all the way being strewn with the bones and carcasses of men whom the giant had devoured or cut in pieces. It was not long before Avenant saw the monster approach, and he immediately challenged him; but there was no occasion for this, for the giant lifted up his iron mace, and had certainly beat out the brains of the gentle Avenant at the first blow, had not a crow at this instant perched upon his head, and with his bill pecked out both his eyes: the blood trickled down his face, whereat he grew desperate, and laid about him on every side; but Avenant took care to avoid his blows, and gave him
many great wounds with his sword, which he pushed up to the very hilt; so that the giant fainted and fell down with loss of blood.

Avenant immediately cut off his head; and while he was in an ecstasy of joy for his good success, the crow perched upon a tree, and said, "Avenant, I did not forget the kindness I received at your hands, when you killed the eagle that pursued me; I promised to make you amends, and now I have been as good as my word."—"I acknowledge your kindness, Mr. Crow," replied Avenant: "I am still your debtor and your servant." So saying, he mounted his courser, and rode away with the giant's horrid head. When he arrived at the city, everybody crowded after him, crying out, "Long live the valiant Avenant, who has slain the cruel monster;" so that the princess, who heard the noise, and trembled for fear she should have heard of Avenant's death, durst not inquire what was the matter. But, presently after, she saw Avenant enter with the giant's head, at the sight of which she trembled, though there was nothing to fear.

"Madam," said he, "Behold your enemy is dead; and now, I hope, you will no longer refuse the king, my master."—"Alas!" replied the Fair One with Locks of Gold, "I must still refuse him, unless you can find means to bring me some of the water of the gloomy cave. Not far from hence," continued she, "there is a deep cave, about six leagues in compass; the entrance into which is guarded by two dragons. The dragons dart fire from their mouths and eyes; and, when you have got into this cave, you will meet with a very deep hole, into which you must go
down, and you will find it full of toads, adders, and serpents. At the bottom of this hole there is a kind of cellar, through which runs the fountain of beauty and health. This is the water I must have; its virtues are wonderful; for the fair, by washing in it, preserve their beauty; and the deformed it renders beautiful; if they are young it preserves them always youthful; and, if old, it makes them young again. Now judge you, Avenant, whether I will ever leave my kingdom, without carrying some of this water along with me.”—"Madam," said he, "you are so beautiful that this water will be of no use to you; but I am an unfortunate ambassador whose death you seek. However, I will go in search of what you desire, though I am certain never to return."

At length he arrived at the top of the mountain, where he sat down to rest himself; giving his horse liberty to feed, and Cabriole to run after the flies. He knew that the gloomy cave was not far off, and looked about to see whether he could discover it; and at length he perceived a horrid rock as black as ink, whence issued a thick smoke; and immediately after he spied one of the dragons casting forth fire from his jaws and eyes; his skin all over yellow and green, with prodigious claws, and a long tail rolled up in an hundred folds. Avenant, with a resolution to die in the attempt, drew his sword, and with the phial which the Fair
One with Locks of Gold had given him to fill with the water of beauty, went towards the cave, saying to his little dog, "Cabriole, here is an end of me; I shall never be able to get this water, it is so well guarded by the dragons; therefore, when I am dead, fill this phial with my blood, and carry it to the princess, that she may see what her severity has cost me: then go to the king my master, and give him an account of my misfortunes." While he was saying this, he heard a voice call "Avenant, Avenant!"—"Who calls me?" said he; and presently he spied an owl in the hole of an old hollow tree; who, calling to him again, said, "You rescued me from the fowler’s net, where I had been assuredly taken, had you not delivered me: I promised to make you amends, and now the time is come; give me your phial, I am acquainted with all the secret inlets into the gloomy cave, and will go and fetch you the water of beauty." Avenant most gladly gave the phial, and the owl entering without any impediment into the cave, filled it, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned with it well stopped.

Avenant was overjoyed at his good fortune, gave the owl a thousand thanks, and returned with a merry heart to the city. Being arrived at the palace, he presented the phial to the Fair One with Locks of Gold, who had then nothing further to say. She returned Avenant thanks, and gave orders for everything that was requisite for her departure: after which she set forward with him. The Fair One with Locks of Gold thought Avenant very amiable, and said to him sometimes upon the road, "If you had been willing, I could have made you a king; and then we need not have left my kingdom."
But Avenant replied, "I would not have been guilty of such a piece of treachery to my master for all the kingdoms of the earth, though I must acknowledge your beauties are more resplendent than the sun."

At length they arrived at the king's chief city, who understanding that the Fair One with the Locks of Gold was arrived, he went forth to meet her, and made her the richest presents in the world. The nuptials were solemnised with such demonstrations of joy, that nothing else was discoursed of. But the Fair One with Locks of Gold, who loved Avenant in her heart, was never pleased but when she was in his company, and would be always speaking in his praise: "I had never come hither," said she to the king, "had it not been for Avenant, who to serve me has conquered impossibilities; you are infinitely obliged to him; he procured me the waters of beauty and health, by which I shall never grow old, and shall always preserve my health and beauty."

The enviers of Avenant's happiness, who heard the queen's words, said to the king, "Were your majesty inclined to be jealous you have reason enough to be so, for the queen is desperately in love with Avenant."—"Indeed," said the king, "I am sensible of the truth of what you tell me; let him be put in the great tower, with fetters upon his feet and hands." Avenant was immediately seized. However, his little dog, Cabriole, never forsook him, but cheered him as well as he could, and brought him all the news of the court. When the Fair One with Locks of Gold was informed of his misfortunes, she threw her-
self at the king's feet, and, all in tears, besought him to release Avenant out of prison. But the more she besought him, the more he was incensed, believing it was her affection that made her so zealous a suppliant in his behalf. Finding she could not prevail, she said no more to him, but grew very pensive and melancholy.

The king took it into his head that she did not think him handsome enough; so he resolved to wash his face with the water of beauty, in hopes that the queen would then conceive a greater affection for him than she had. This water stood in a phial upon a table in the queen's chamber, that it might not be out of her sight. But one of the chamber-maids going to kill a spider with her besom, by accident threw down the phial, and broke it, so that the water was lost. She dried it up with all the speed she could, and, not knowing what to do, she bethought herself that she had seen a phial of clear water, in the king's cabinet, very like that she had broken: without any more ado therefore, she went and fetched that phial, and set it upon the table in place of the other. This water, which was in the king's cabinet, was a certain water which he made use of to poison the great lords and princes of his court, when they were convicted of any great crime; to which purpose, instead of cutting off their heads, or hanging them, he caused their faces to be rubbed with this water, which cast them into so profound a sleep that they never waked again. Now the king one evening took this phial, and rubbed his face over well with the water, after which he fell asleep and died. Cabriole was one of the first that came to a knowledge of this accident, and immediately ran to inform Avenant of it; who bade him go to the Fair One with Locks of Gold, and remind her of the poor prisoner. Cabriole slipped unperceived through the crowd, for there was a great noise and hurry at court upon the king's
death; and getting to the queen, "Madam," said he, "remember poor Avenant." She presently called to mind the afflictions he had suffered for her sake, and his fidelity; without speaking a word, she went directly to the great tower, and took off the fetters from Avenant's feet and hands herself; after which, putting the crown upon his head, and the royal mantle upon his shoulders, "Amiable Avenant," said she, "I will make you a sovereign prince, and take you for my consort." Avenant threw himself at her feet, and in terms the most passionate and respectful returned her thanks. Everybody was overjoyed to have him for their king; the nuptials were the most splendid in the world; and the Fair One with Locks of Gold lived a long time with her beloved Avenant, both happy and contented in the enjoyment of each other.
TOM THUMB.

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the most learned enchanters of his time, was on a journey; and being very weary, stopped one day at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for refreshment.

The ploughman's wife, with great civility, immediately brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a wooden platter. Merlin could not help observing, that although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and clean, and in good order, the ploughman and his wife had the most sorrowful air imaginable: so he questioned them on the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were very miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world, if she had a son, although he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was much amused with the thoughts of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb; and as soon as he returned home, he sent for the queen of the fairies (with whom he was very intimate), and related to her the desire of the ploughman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies liked the plan exceedingly, and
declared their wish should be speedily granted. Accordingly the ploughman's wife had a son, who in a few minutes grew as tall as his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies came in at the window as the mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child. The queen kissed the infant, and giving it the name of Tom Thumb, immediately summoned several fairies from Fairy Land to clothe her new little favourite:—

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun:
With doublet wove of thistle down,
His trousers up with points were done,
His stockings, of apple-rind they tie
With eye-lash plucked from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned with hair within.

Tom never was any bigger than his father's thumb which was not a large thumb either; but, as he grew older, he became very cunning and sly, which his mother did not sufficiently correct him for: so that when he was able to play with the boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the boys' bags, fill his pockets and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha, my little Tom Thumb!" said the boy, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will reward you for thieving." Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag heartily, the cherry-stones bruised Tom's legs, thighs, and body, sadly; which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such things any more. Shortly afterwards, Tom's mother was making a batter-pudding, and that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed on the edge of the bowl; but his foot happening to slip, he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother not observing him, stirred
him into the pudding, and popped him into the pot to boil. The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner thought it was bewitched; and a tinker coming by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding, who put it into his budget, and walked on.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the poor tinker, that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away from it as fast as he could. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed. Tom Thumb’s mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow; and it being a very windy day she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow chewed the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, roared, “Mother, mother!” as loud as he could bawl. “Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?” said the mother. “Here, mother, here in the red cow’s mouth.” The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron, and ran home with him. Tom’s father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and being one day in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of a giant’s castle, by the sea-side, where he left him; and old Grumbo the giant, coming soon after to walk upon his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to king Arthur. When it was cut open, every-
body was delighted with little Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf; he was the favourite of the whole court; and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the knights of the round table. The king, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand; and, if a shower of rain came on, he used to creep into the king’s waistcoat pocket, and sleep till the rain was over. The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay his friends a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom procured a little purse, and putting a three-penny piece into it, with much labour and difficulty got it upon his back; and, after travelling two days and nights, arrived at his father’s house. His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having in forty-eight hours travelled almost half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. His parents were glad to see him, especially when he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fire-side, and feasted him for three days upon a hazel nut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him for a month. Tom got well, but could not travel because it had rained: therefore his mother took him in her hand, and with one puff blew him into king Arthur’s court; where Tom entertained the king, queen, and nobility, at tilts and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of. At this juncture the queen of the fairies came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, placed Tom by her side, and drove through the air, without stopping till they arrived at her palace; when after restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairy Land, the queen commanded a fair wind, and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight to the court of king Arthur.
But just as Tom should have alighted in the court-yard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of furmenty (king Arthur loved furmenty), and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom; "Murder! murder!" bellowed the cook; and away ran the king's nice furmenty into the kennel. The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore to the king that Tom had done it out of mere mischief; so he was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Tom hearing this dreadful sentence, and seeing a miller stand by with his mouth wide open, he took a good spring, and jumped down the miller's throat, unperceived by all, even by the miller himself.

Tom being lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest, he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; the doctor was as much frightened as the miller, and sent in great haste for five more doctors and twenty learned men. While all these were debating upon the affair, the miller (for they were very tedious) happened to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted on his feet, in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window into the river. A large salmon swimming by, snapped him up in a minute. The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to a steward of a lord. The lord, thinking it an
uncommon fine fish, made a present of it to the king, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon, he found poor Tom, and ran with him directly to the king; but the king being busy with state affairs, desired that he might be brought another day. The cook resolving to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, clapped him into a mouse-trap, and left him to amuse himself by peeping through the wires for a whole week; when the king sent for him, he forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him new clothes, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
His boots were made of chicken skins;
His coat and breeches were made with pride:
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed. As they rode by a farm-house one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to
devour the mouse; however, Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat, who then let him fall. The king and his nobles seeing Tom falling, went to his assistance, and one of the lords caught him in his hat; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried home, when a bed of down was made for him in a little ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies came and took him again to Fairy Land, where she kept him for some years; and then, dressing him in bright green, sent him flying once more through the air to the earth, in the days of king Thunstone. The people flocked far and near to look at him; and the king, before whom he was carried, asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived? Tom answered:

My name is Tom Thumb,
From the Fairies I come;
When king Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted,
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address, that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not a new coach too: therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. The king sent for him in a rage. Tom to escape his fury crept into an empty snail-shell, and there lay till he was almost starved; when peeping out of the hole he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground: he now ventured out, and getting astride, the butterfly took wing, and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back.
Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king’s court. The king, queen, and nobles, all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat, and fell into a white pot, where he was found almost drowned. The queen vowed he should be guillotined; but, while the guillotine was getting ready, he was secured once more in a mouse-trap; when the cat seeing something stir, and supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it, and set Tom at liberty. Soon afterwards a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider’s poisonous breath overcame him:

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider suck’d up the last drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rose-bush, and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

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

There was a king and queen who were doatingly fond of their only son, notwithstanding he was equally deformed in mind and person. The king was quite sensible of the evil disposition of his son, but the queen, in her excessive fondness, saw no fault whatever in her dear Furibon, so he was named. The surest way to win her favour, was to praise Furibon for charms he did not possess. When he came of age to have a governor, the king made choice of a prince who had an ancient right to the crown, but was not able to support it, owing to the bad state of his affairs: he possessed a son of a most amiable disposition and agreeable manners, united to a very handsome person; this youth's name was Leander. He was almost always in Furibon's company, but that only rendered the deformed prince more hideous. "You are very happy," said he, looking on him with a malicious eye, "everybody is lavish in their praises of you; but not one of them has a good word for me."—"Sir," replied Leander, modestly, "the respect they have for you restrains them from being familiar."—"They do very well," said Furibon, "for otherwise I should knock their heads and the wall together, to teach them their duty."

One day, when certain ambassadors arrived from a remote country, Furibon, accompanied by Leander, stood in a gallery
to see them pass by; but when the ambassadors beheld Leander, they approached him with profound reverence, testifying their admiration by signs. Afterwards observing Furibon, they took him to be his dwarf; and, seizing him by the arm, they turned him about as it were to view him round, notwithstanding all he could do to prevent them. Leander was vexed extremely; in vain he told them it was the king's son, for they understood him not; and the interpreter was gone to wait their appearance before the king. Leander finding he could not make them understand him, redoubled his respects to Furibon. But the ambassadors, as well as those of their train, believing he was in jest, began to laugh at Furibon's angry impatience, and endeavoured to fillip him upon the nose, as they used to serve monkeys in their country. Furibon at last drew his sword, which was not much longer than a lady's bodkin; and might have done some mischief, had not the king appeared to meet the ambassadors. He was greatly surprised to behold his son's behaviour, and begged their excuse, if any incivility had been offered them. They replied the matter was of no consequence, for they perceived the little ugly dwarf was of a bad disposition. The king was greatly chagrined to find that his son's ill-favoured mien, and his extravagances, had made his rank be so widely mistaken.

When they were gone, Furibon took Leander by the hair, and plucked off two or three handfuls; nay, he would have throttled him if he could: and forbade him ever to appear again in his presence. Leander's father, offended with Furibon's behaviour towards his son, sent him to a castle of his in the country, where he always found himself employment; for he was a great lover of hunting, fishing, and walking: he understood painting, read much, and played upon several instruments; so that he looked upon himself happy in being freed from the
fantastic humours of the prince; nor was he tired in the least with the solitude of the place. One day as he was walking in the garden, finding the heat increase, he retired into a grove, whose lofty and thick-tufted shade afforded him a cool retreat. And he began to play upon his flute for his diversion, when he felt something that wound itself about his leg, and grasped it very hard; he looked to see what it was, and was surprised to find it was a great adder; he took his handkerchief, and catching it by the head, was going to kill it. But the adder, winding the rest of its body round his arm, and looking steadfastly in his face, seemed to beg his pardon and compassion. At this instant one of the gardeners happened to come to the place where Leander was, and spying the snake, cried out to his master, “Hold him fast, sir; it is but an hour since we ran after him to kill him; it is the most mischievous creature in the world; he spoils all our walks.” Leander casting his eyes a second time upon the snake, which was speckled with a thousand extraordinary colours, perceived the poor creature still looked upon him with an aspect that seemed to beg compassion, and never stirred in the least to defend itself. “Though thou hast such a mind to kill it,” said he to the gardener, “yet as it came to me for refuge, I forbid thee to do it any harm, for I will keep it, and when it has cast its beautiful skin I will let it go.” He then returned home, and
carrying the snake with him, put it into a large chamber, the
key of which he kept himself, and ordered bran, milk, and
flowers to be given to it, for its delight and sustenance; so that
never was snake so happy. Leander went sometimes to see it,
and when it perceived him it made haste to meet him, showing
him all the little marks of love and gratitude of which a poor
snake was capable, which did not a little surprise him, though,
however, he took no further notice of it.

In the mean-time all the court-ladies were extremely
troubled at his absence; and he was the subject of all their
discourse. “Alas!” cried they, “there is no pleasure at court
since Leander is gone, of whose absence the wicked Furibon is
the cause!” Furibon also had his parasites, for his power over
the queen made him feared; so that they told him what the
ladies said, which enraged him to a degree of fury; and in his
passion he flew to the queen’s chamber and vowed he would
kill himself before her face if she did not find means to destroy
Leander. The queen, who also hated Leander, because he was
handsomer than her son, replied that she had long looked upon
him as a traitor, and therefore would willingly consent to his
death. To which purpose she advised him to go a hunting with
some of his confidants, and contrive it so that Leander should
make one, and that then he might teach him to remember how
he gained the love of everybody. Accordingly Furibon went
a hunting; and Leander, when he heard the horns and the
hounds, mounted his horse, and rode to see who it was. But he
was surprised to meet the prince so unexpectedly: he alighted
immediately, and saluted him with respect; and Furibon
received him more graciously than usual, and bade him follow
him. All of a sudden he turned his horse, and rode another
way, making a sign to the ruffians to take the first opportunity
to kill him: but before he had got quite out of sight a lion of
prodigious size, coming out of his den, leaped upon Furibon; all his followers betook themselves to flight, and only Leander remained to combat this furious animal. He attacked him sword in hand at the hazard of being devoured, and by his valour and agility saved the life of his most cruel enemy, who had fallen in a swoon for fear, so that Leander was forced to lend him assistance of another kind: and when he came to himself he presented him his horse to remount. Now, any other but such an ungrateful wretch would have highly and cordially acknowledged such signal obligations, and made suitable returns: but Furibon did no such thing, for he did not even look upon him; nor did he make use of his horse to any other purpose than to ride in quest of the ruffians, to whom he repeated his orders to kill him. They accordingly surrounded Leander, and but for his courage he had certainly been murdered. He got with his back to a tree, to prevent being attacked behind, and behaved with so much bravery, that he laid them all dead at his feet. Furibon, believing him by this time slain, made haste to satiate his eyes with the sight; but he came to a spectacle that he least expected, for all his ruffians were breathing their last. When Leander saw him, he advanced to meet him, and with a submissive reverence, "Sir," said he, "if it was by your order that these assassins came to kill me, I am sorry I made any defence."—"You are an insolent villain!" replied Furibon in a passion, "and if ever you come into my presence again, you shall surely die."
Leander made no reply, but retired sad and pensive to his own home; where he spent the night in pondering what was best for him to do; for there was no likelihood he should be able to defend himself against the king's son; and therefore he at length concluded to see the world. Being ready to depart, he recollected his snake, and calling for some milk and fruits, carried them to the poor creature, designing to take his leave and dismiss it; but on opening the door he perceived an extraordinary lustre in one corner of the room; and casting his eye on the place he was surprised to see a lady, whose noble and majestic air made him immediately conclude she was a princess of royal birth. Her habit was of purple satin, embroidered with pearls and diamonds; and advancing towards him with a gracious smile, "Young prince," said she, "you are no longer to seek here for the snake which you brought hither; it is not here, but you find me in its place, to requite your generosity; but, to speak more intelligibly, know that I am the fairy Gentilla, famous for the feats of mirth and dexterity which I can perform. We live a hundred years in flourishing youth, without diseases, without trouble or pain; and this term being expired, we become snakes for eight days: and this is the only time which may prove fatal to us; for then it is not in our power to prevent any misfortune that may befall us; and if we happen to be killed, we never revive again. But these eight days being expired, we resume our usual form, and recover our beauty, our power, and our riches. Now you know how much I am obliged to your goodness, and it is but just that I should repay my debt of gratitude: think how I can serve you, and depend on me."

The young prince, who had never conversed with a fairy till now, was so surprised that it was a long time before he could speak. But at length, making a profound reverence,
"Madam," said he, "since I have had the honour to serve you, I know not any other happiness that I can wish for."—"I should be sorry," replied she, "not to be of service to you in something; consider, it is in my power to make you a great king, prolong your life, make you more amiable, give you mines of diamonds, and houses full of gold; I can make you an excellent orator, poet, musician, and painter; I can make you beloved by the ladies, and increase your wit; I can make you a spirit of the air, the water, or the earth." Here Leander interrupted her: "Permit me, madam," said he, "to ask you what benefit it would be to me to be invisible, or a spirit?"—"A thousand useful and delightful things might be done by it," replied the fairy; "you would be invisible when you pleased, and might in an instant traverse the whole earth; you would be able to fly without wings, and descend into the abyss of the earth without dying, and walk at the bottom of the sea without being drowned; nor doors, nor windows, though fast shut and locked, could hinder you from entering any of the most secret retirements: and whenever you had a mind, you might resume your natural form."—"Oh, madam!" cried Leander, "then let me be a spirit; I am going to travel, and prefer it above all those other advantages you have so generously offered me." Gentilla thereupon stroking his visage three times, "Be a spirit," said she; and then embracing him, she gave him a little red cap with a plume of feathers: "When you put on this cap, you shall be invisible; but when you take it off, you shall again become visible." Leander, overjoyed, put his little red cap upon his head, and wished himself in the
forest, that he might gather some wild roses which he had observed there; his body immediately became as light as thought; he flew through the window like a bird; but he was not without fear when he was soaring in the air and flying over any river, lest he should fall into it, and the power of the fairy not be able to save him. But he arrived in safety at the rose-bushes, plucked three roses, and returned immediately to the chamber where the fairy still was, and presented his roses to her, overjoyed that his first experiment had succeeded so well. But the fairy bade him keep the roses, for that one of them would supply him with money whenever he wanted it; that if he put the other into his mistress's bosom, he would know whether she was faithful or not; and that the third would prevent his being sick. Then, without staying to receive his thanks, she wished him successful in his travels and disappeared.

Leander was infinitely pleased with the noble gifts he had obtained. So having settled his affairs, he mounted the finest horse in the stable, called Gris-de-line, and was attended by some of his servants in livery, that his return to court might sooner be made known. Now you must know that Furibon, who was very wicked, had given out, that had it not been for his courage Leander would have murdered him when they were a hunting, and as he had killed all his followers, he demanded justice. The king, being importuned by the queen, gave orders that he should be apprehended. But when he came, he showed so much courage and resolution, that Furibon was too timid to seize him himself; and therefore ran to the queen's chamber, and told her Leander was come, and prayed her to order him to be seized. The queen, who was extremely diligent in everything that her son desired, went immediately to the king; and Furibon, being impatient to know what would be resolved, followed her without saying a word, but stopped at
the door, and laid his ear to the key-hole, putting his hair aside that he might the better hear what was said. At the same time, Leander entered the court-hall of the palace with his red cap upon his head, so that he was not to be seen: and perceiving Furibon listening at the door of the king’s chamber, he took a nail and a hammer, and nailed his ear, to the door. Furibon, in sharp pain, and all bloody, fell a roaring like a madman. The queen hearing her son’s voice, ran and opened the door, and pulling it hastily, tore her son’s ear from his head, so that he bled like a pig. The queen, half out of her wits, set him in her lap, and took up his ear, kissed it, and clapped it again upon its place; but the invisible Leander, seizing upon a handful of twigs, with which they corrected the king’s little dogs, gave the queen several lashes upon her hands, and her son as many on the nose: upon which the queen cried out, “Murder! murder!” and upon her crying out, the king looked about, and the people came running in; but nothing was to be seen. Some cried that the queen was mad, and that her madness proceeded from her grief to see that her son had lost one ear; and the king was as ready as any to believe it; so that when she came near him, he avoided her, which made a very ridiculous scene. Leander gave Furibon some more jerks; and then leaving the chamber, went into the garden, and there assuming his own shape, he boldly began to pluck the queen’s cherries, apricots, and strawberries, and cropped her flowers by handfuls, though he knew the queen set such a high value on them, that it was as much as a man’s life was worth to touch one. The gardeners, all amazed, came and told their majesties, that prince Leander was making havoc of all the fruits and flowers in the queen’s garden. "What
insolence!” said the queen: then turning to Furibon, “My pretty child,” said she, “forget the pain of thy ear but for a moment, and fetch that vile wretch hither; take our guards, both horse and foot, seize him and punish him as he deserves.” Furibon, encouraged by his mother, and attended by a great number of armed soldiers, entered the garden, and saw Leander under a tree, who threw a stone at him, which wounded his arm; and the rest of his followers he pelted with oranges. But when they came running with a full career towards him, thinking to have seized him, he was not to be seen: he had slipped behind Furibon, who was but in a bad condition already; but Leander played him one trick more, by hampering his legs in such a manner with a cord, that he fell upon his nose upon the gravel, and bruised his face so that they were forced to take him up, carry him away, and put him to bed.

Leander, satisfied with this revenge, returned to his servants, who waited for him, and, giving them money, sent them back to his castle, that none might know the secret of his red cap and roses. As yet he had not determined whither to go; however, he mounted his fine horse Gris-de-line, and laying the reins upon his neck, let him take his own road; at length he arrived in a forest, where he stopped to shelter himself from the extremity of the heat. He had not been above a minute there before he heard a lamentable noise of sighing and sobbing; and looking about him, he beheld a man that ran, made several stops, then ran again, sometimes crying, sometimes silent, then tearing his hair, then thumping his breast, as if he would have beaten the breath out of his body: so that he took him for some unfortunate madman. He seemed to be both handsome and young: his garments had been magnificent, but he had torn them all to tatters. The prince, moved with compassion, made towards him, and mildly accosted him: “Sir,” said he, “your condition appears so bad
and deplorable, that I cannot forbear to ask the cause of your sorrow, assuring you of every assistance that lies in my power.”

—“Oh, sir,” answered the young man, “nothing can remedy my miseries; this day my dear mistress is to be sacrificed to an old jealous barbarian, who has a great estate, but who will make her the most miserable person in the world.”—“Does she love you then?” said Leander. “I flatter myself so,” answered the young man. “Where is she,” continued Leander. “In a castle at the end of this forest,” answered the lover. “Very well,” said Leander; “stay you here till I come again, and in a little while I will bring you good news.” He then put on his little red cap, and wished himself in the castle. He had hardly got thither before he heard the pleasing sound of soft music; but when he arrived the whole castle resounded with all sorts of music; he entered into a great room, where the friends and kindred of the old man and young lady were assembled. Nothing could be more amiable than she was; but the paleness of her complexion, the melancholy that appeared in her countenance, and the tears that now and then dropt, as it were by stealth, from her eyes, discovered the trouble of her mind.

Leander now became invisible, and placed himself in a corner of the room, that he might discover who the persons were; and he soon perceived the father and mother of the maid, by their private chiding her for not appearing with the sprightliness of a bride; which, after they had done, they returned to their seats. Leander placed himself behind the mother’s chair, and laying his lips to her ear, “Assure yourself,” said he, “that if you compel your daughter to give her consent to marry that old dotard, before eight days are
expired you shall certainly be punished with death." The woman, frightened to hear such a terrible sentence pronounced upon her, and yet not know from whence it came, gave a loud shriek and fell upon the floor. Her husband asked her what she ailed: she cried she was a dead woman if the marriage of her daughter went forward; and therefore she would not yield to it for all the world. Her husband laughed at her, and called her a fool. But the invisible Leander accosting the man, "You old incredulous fool," said he, "believe your wife, or it will be the worse for you: break off this match, and bestow her on the person she loves." These words produced a wonderful effect; and when the lover complained, Leander trod hard upon his gouty toes, and rang such an alarum in his ears, that not being able any longer to hear himself speak, away he limped, murmuring like a hackney-coachman that would have more than his hire. Now the distracted lover was sought for, when he least expected it, and was brought to the castle, where Leander with patience waited for his coming. The lover and his mistress were ready to die for joy, and the entertainment prepared for the nuptials of the old man served for those of these happy lovers. Leander, assuming his own shape, appeared at the hall door, as a stranger drawn thither by the report of this extraordinary wedding.

From hence he travelled on, and came to a great city, where upon his arrival, he understood there was a great and solemn procession, in order to the shutting up of a young woman, against her will, among the vestal nuns. The prince was touched with compassion; and thinking the best use he could make of his cap,
was to redress public wrongs, and relieve the oppressed, he flew to
the temple, where he saw the young woman, crowned with flowers,
clad in white, and with her dishevelled hair flowing about her
shoulders. Two of her brothers led her by each hand, and her
mother followed her with a great crowd of men and women;
Leander being invisible, cried out, "Stop, stop, wicked brethren;
stop, rash and inconsiderate mother; if you proceed any further,
you shall be squeezed to death like so many frogs." They looked
about, but could not conceive from whence these terrible menaces
came. The brothers said it was only their sister's sweetheart, who
had hid himself in some hole. At which Leander, in wrath, took a
long cudgel, and they had no reason to say the blows were not well
laid on. The multitude fled, the vestals ran away, and Leander was
left alone with the victim; immediately he pulled off his red
cap, and asked her wherein he might serve her. She answered
him, with a confidence rarely to be expected from one of her age,
that there was a certain gentleman whom she would be glad
to marry, but that he wanted an estate. Leander then shook his
rose so long, that he supplied them with ten millions; after which
they married and lived happily together. But his last adventure
was the most agreeable: for entering into a wide forest, he heard
the lamentable cries of a young person, as if some violence were
offered to her. Looking about him every way, at length he spied
four men well armed, that were carrying away by force a young
lady, thirteen or fourteen years of age; upon which, making up
to them as fast as he could, "What harm has that woman done,"
said he, "that you do her this violence?"—"Ha, ha, my little master," cried he who seemed to be the ringleader of the rest; "who made you an examiner?"—"I command ye," said Leander, "to let her alone and go about your business."—"O yes, to be sure," cried they laughing; whereupon the prince alighted, put on his red cap, not thinking it otherwise prudent to attack four who seemed strong enough to fight a dozen. They must have had good eyes, who could have seen him when his cap was on. One of them stayed to take care of the young lady, while the three others went after Gris-de-line, who gave them a great deal of exercise. The robbers thinking he was fled, "It is not worth while to pursue him," said they, "Only let us catch his horse." The young lady continued her cries and complaints: "Oh my dear princess," said she; "how happy was I in your palace! How is it possible for me to live without your company! Did you but know my sad misfortune, you would send your amazons to rescue poor Abricotina." Leander having listened to what she said, without delay seized the ruffian that held her, and bound
him fast to a tree, before he had time or strength to defend himself. Leander having diverted himself awhile with his cries, went to the second, and taking him by both arms, bound him in the same manner to another tree. In the mean time Abricotina made the best of her good fortune, and betook herself to her heels, not knowing which way she went. But Leander missing her, called out to his horse Gris-de-line three times; who finding a force upon him to obey his master's call, by two kicks with his hoof rid himself of the two ruffians who had pursued him; one of them had his head broken, and the other three of his ribs. And now Leander only wanted to overtake Abricotina; for he had thought her so handsome, that he wished to see her again, and presently overtook her. But he found her so weary that she was forced to lean against a tree, not being able to support herself. When she saw Gris-de-line coming towards her, "How lucky am I!" cried she; "this pretty little horse will carry me to the palace of pleasure." Leander heard her, though she saw him not; he rode up to her; Gris-de-line stopped, and Abricotina mounted him. Leander clasped her in his arms and placed her gently before him. Oh, how great was Abricotina's fear to feel herself fast embraced, and yet see nobody! She durst not stir; and shut her eyes for fear of seeing a spirit. But Leander took off his little cap, "How comes it, fair Abricotina," said he, "that you are afraid of me, who delivered you out of the hands of the ruffians?" With that she opened her eyes, and knowing him again, "Oh, sir," said she, "I am infinitely obliged to you; but I was afraid that I had been with an invisible."—"I am not invisible," replied Leander; "but
the danger you have been in has disturbed you, and cast a mist before your eyes." Abricotina would not seem to doubt him, though she was otherwise extremely witty. And after they had prattled for some time of indifferent things, Leander requested her to tell him her age, her country, and by what accident she fell into the hands of the ruffians. "Sir," said she, "you have too highly obliged me, to deny you the satisfaction you desire; but pray let your listening to my story slacken your pace.

"Know then, sir, there was a certain very great fairy married to a prince who soon was tired of her company, she therefore banished him from her presence, and established herself and daughter in the Island of Calm Delights. This princess is most beautiful, she has many lovers: among the rest an ugly prince, named Furibon, whom she detests: and some ruffians, sent by him, this morning seized me, and would certainly have carried me away but for your timely rescue: no man can get access to the island: the lovely princess has been brought up in a hatred of men. I am one of her maidens, and had imprudently ventured out of the island in search of my princess's parrot, which had flown away; when I was seized and used as you saw. Many thanks, noble prince, for your valour." Leander said how happy he was to have served her, and asked if he could not obtain admission into the island. Abricotina assured him this was impossible, and therefore he had better forget all about it. While they were thus conversing they came to the bank of a large river: Abricotina alighting with a nimble jump from the horse, "Farewell, sir," said she, to the prince, making a profound reverence, "I wish you every happiness."—"And I," said Leander, "wish you a sensible heart, that I may
now and then have a small share in your remembrance." So saying, he galloped away, and soon entered into the thickest part of a wood, near a river, where he unbridled and unsaddled Gris-de-line, that he might feed at liberty; and putting on his little cap, wished himself in the Island of Calm Delights, and his wished was immediately accomplished; for the same instant he found himself in the place of the world the most beautiful, and which had the least of what was common in it.

The palace was of pure gold, and stood upon pillars of crystal and precious stones, which represented the zodiac, and all the wonders of nature; all the arts and sciences: the sea, with all the variety of fish therein contained; the earth, with all the various creatures which it produces; the chases of Diana and her nymphs; the noble exercises of the Amazons; the amusements of a country life; flocks of sheep with their shepherds and dogs; the toils of agriculture, harvests, gardening, flowers, and bees. And among all this variety of representations, there was neither man nor boy to be seen, not so much as a little winged Cupid; so highly had the princess been incensed against her inconstant husband, as not to show the least favour to his fickle sex.

"Abrocotina did not deceive me," said Leander to himself; "they have banished from hence the very idea of men; now let us see what they have lost by it." With that he entered into the palace, and at every step he took, he met with objects so wonderful, that when he had once fixed his eyes upon them, he had much ado to take them off again. Gold and diamonds, transcended not so much by their own lustre, as their exquisite disposition. In every room attended youth and beauty, with looks of innocence and love. He viewed a vast number of these apartments, some full of china, no less fine than curious for the sportive fancy of its colouring. Others of porcelain, so very fine, that the walls, which were built of those materials, were quite transparent. Coral, jasper, agates, and cornelians, beautified the rooms of state.
and the princess's presence-chamber was one entire mirror, with
the panes so artificially closed together, that it was impossible to
be discerned, and everywhere exposed the charming object.
The throne was one single pearl, hollowed like a shell; whereon
she sat, environed by her maids of honour, glittering with rubies
and diamonds; but all this was nothing in comparison with the
princess's incomparable beauty. Her air had all the innocence
and sweetness of the most youthful, joined with the superior
dignity of riper years. Nothing could equal the vivacity of her
eyes; it was impossible to find any defect in her; she smiled in
the most gracious manner upon her maids of honour, who were
that day dressed like nymphs, for her diversion. Now as she did
not see Abricotina among the rest, she asked where she was. The
nymphs replied that they had sought for her, but in vain. Upon
that, Leander, being very desirous to speak, assumed the tone of
a parrot, for there were many in the room; and addressing him-
self invisibly to the princess, "Most charming princess," said he,
"Abricotina will return immediately. She was in great danger
of being carried away from this palace, but for a young prince
who rescued her." The princess was surprised at the parrot, his
answer was so extremely pertinent: "You are very pert, little
parrot," said the princess, "and Abricotina when she comes,
shall chastise you for it."—"I shall not be chastised," answered
Leander, still counterfeiting the parrot's voice; "moreover she
will let you know the great desire that stranger had to be ad-
mitted into this palace, that he might convince you of the false-
hood of those ideas which you have conceived against his sex."—
"In truth, pretty parrot," cried the princess, "it is a pity you
are not every day so diverting, I should love you dearly."—
"Ah, if prattling will please you, madam," replied Leander, "I
will prate from morning till night."—"But," continued the prin-
cess, "how shall I be sure my parrot is not a sorcerer?"—"Ha
is more in love than any sorcerer can be," replied the prince. At this moment Abricotina entered the room, and falling at her lovely mistress's feet, gave her a full account of what had befallen her, and described the prince in the most lively and advantageous colours.

"I should have hated all men," added she, "had I not seen him! Oh, madam, how charming he is! His air and all his behaviour have something in them so noble and divine; and though whatever he spoke was infinitely pleasing, yet I think I did well in not bringing him hither." To this the princess said nothing, but she asked Abricotina a hundred other questions concerning the prince; whether she knew his name, his country, his birth, from whence he came, and whither he was going; and after this she fell into a profound thoughtfulness. Leander observed everything, and continued to prattle as he had begun: "Abricotina is ungrateful, madam," said he, "that poor stranger will die for grief if he sees you not."—"Well, parrot, let him die," answered the princess with a sigh; "and since thou undertakest to reason like a person of wit, and not like a little bird, I forbid thee to talk to me any more of this unknown person." Leander was overjoyed to find that Abricotina's and the parrot's discourse had made such an impression on the princess. He looked upon her with pleasure and delight. "Can it be," said he to himself, that the master-piece of nature, that the wonder of our age, should be confined eternally, in an island, and no mortal dare to approach her? But," continued he, "wherefore am I concerned that others are banished hence, since I have the happiness to be with her, to see her, to hear, and to admire her; nay more, to love her above all the women in the universe?" It was late, and the princess retired into a large room of marble and porphyry, where several bubbling fountains refreshed the air with an
agreeable coolness. As soon as she was entered the music began, a sumptuous supper was served up, and the birds from several aviaries on each side of the room, of which Abricotina had the chief care, opened their little throats in the most agreeable manner.

Leander had travelled a journey long enough to give him a good appetite, which made him draw near the table, where the very smell of such viands was agreeable and refreshing. The princess had a curious tabby cat, for which she had a great kindness. This cat one of the maids of honour held in her arms, saying, “Madam, Bluet is hungry!” With that a chair was presently brought for the cat; for he was a cat of quality, and had a necklace of pearl about his neck. He was served on a gold plate, with a laced napkin before him, and the plate being supplied with meat, Bluet sat with the solemn importance of an alderman. “Ho, ho!” cried Leander to himself, “an idle tabby malkin, that perhaps never caught a mouse in its life, and I dare say not descended from a better family than myself, has the honour to sit at table with my mistress: I would fain know whether he loves her so well as I do; and whether it be reasonable that I should only swallow the steam, while he has choice bits to feed upon.” Saying this, he placed himself in the chair with the cat upon his knee, for nobody saw him, because he had his little red cap on; finding Bluet’s plate so well supplied as it was, with partridge, quails, and pheasants, he made bold with them; so that whatever was set before master puss, disappeared in a trice. The whole court said no cat ever ate with a better appetite. There were excellent ragouts, and the prince made use of the cat’s paw to taste them; but he sometimes pulled his paw too roughly, and Bluet, not understanding raillery began to mew and be quite out of patience. The princess observing it, “Bring that
fricassee and that tart to poor Bluet,” said she, “see how he cries to have them.” Leander laughed to himself at the pleasantness of this adventure; but he was very dry, not being accustomed to make such large meals without drinking. By the help of the cat’s paw he got a melon, with which he somewhat quenched his thirst; and when supper was quite over, he went to the beaufet, and took two bottles of delicious wine.

The princess now retired into her chamber, ordering Abricotina to follow her and make fast the door; but they could not keep out Leander, who was there as soon as they. However, the princess, believing herself alone with her confidant, “Abricotina,” said she, “tell me truly, did you exaggerate in your description of the unknown prince, for methinks it is impossible he should be so amiable?”—“Madam,” replied the damsels, “if I have failed in anything, it was in coming short of what was due to him.” The princess sighed and was silent for a time: then resuming her speech, “I am glad,” said she, “thou didst not bring him with thee.”—“But, madam,” answered Abricotina, who was a cunning, sly girl, and already penetrated her mistress’s thoughts, “suppose he had come to admire the wonders of these beautiful mansions, what harm could he have done us? Will you live eternally unknown in a corner of the world, concealed from the rest of human kind? To what purpose serves all your grandeur, pomp, and magnificence, if nobody sees it?”—“Hold thy peace, prattler,” replied the princess, “and do not disturb that happy repose which I have enjoyed so long.” Abricotina durst make no reply; and the princess having waited her answer for some time, asked her whether she had anything to say. Abricotina then said she thought it was to very little purpose, her having sent her picture to the courts of several princes, where it only served to make those who saw it miserable; that every one would be desirous to have her,
and being unable to satisfy their desire, it would make them desperate.—"Yet, for all that," said the princess, "I could wish my picture were in the hands of this same stranger."—"Oh, madam," answered Abricotina, "is not his desire to see you violent enough already; would you augment it?"—"Yes," cried the princess, "a certain impulse of vanity, which I was never sensible of till now, has bred this foolish desire in me." Leander heard all this discourse, and lost not a tittle of what she said; and as there were some of her expressions that gave him hopes, so there were others which absolutely destroyed them. The princess presently asked Abricotina whether she had seen anything extraordinary during her short travels? "Madam," said she, "I passed through one forest where I saw certain creatures that resembled little children: they skip and dance upon the trees like squirrels; they are very ugly, but have wonderful agility and address."—"I wish I had one of them," said the princess; "but if they are so nimble as you say they are, it is impossible to catch one."

Leander, who passed through the same forest, knew what Abricotina meant, and presently wished himself in the place. He caught a dozen of little monkeys, some bigger, some less, and all of different colours, and with much ado put them into a large sack: then wishing himself at Paris, where he had heard that a man might have anything for money, he went and bought a little gold chariot, which he taught six green monkeys to draw, harnessed with fine traces of flame-coloured morocco leather, gilt. He went to another place, where he met with two monkeys of merit, the most pleasant of which was called Briscambril, the other Pierceforest; both very spruce and well educated. He dressed Briscambril like a king, and placed him in the coach; Pierceforest he made the coachman; the others were dressed like pages; all which he put into his sack, coach
and all; and the princess not being gone to bed, she heard a rumbling of a little coach in the long gallery; at the same time, her nymphs came to tell her that the king of the dwarfs was arrived, and the chariot immediately entered her chamber with all the monkey train. The country monkeys began to show a thousand tricks, which far surpassed those of Briscambril and Pierceforest. To say the truth, Leander conducted the whole machine. He drew the chariot where Briscambril sat arrayed as a king, and making him hold a box of diamonds in his hands, he presented it with a becoming grace to the princess. The princess's surprise may be easily imagined. Moreover Briscambril made a sign for Pierceforest to come and dance with him. The most celebrated dancers were not to be compared with them in activity. But the princess, troubled that she could not divine from whence this curious present came, dismissed the dancers sooner than she would otherwise have done, though she was extremely pleased with them.

Leander, satisfied with having seen the delight the princess had taken in beholding the monkeys, thought of nothing now but to get a little repose, which he greatly wanted. But fearing lest he should enter the apartment of some of the princess's maids of honour, he stayed some time in the great gallery: afterwards, going down a pair of stairs and finding a door open, he entered into an apartment the most beautiful and most delightful that ever was seen. There was in it a bed of cloth of gold enriched with pearls, intermixed with rubies and emeralds; for by this time there appeared daylight sufficient for him to view and admire the magnificence of this sumptuous furniture. Having made fast the door, he composed himself to sleep. He got up very early, and looking about on every side, he spied a painter's pallet, with colours ready prepared, and pencils; remembering what the princess had said to Abricotina, touching
her own portrait, he immediately (for he could paint as well as
the most excellent masters) seated himself before a mirror, and
drew his own picture first, and then, in an oval, that of the
princess. For he had all her features so strong in his imagina-
tion, that he had no occasion for her sitting. And as his desire
to please her had set him to work, never did portrait bear a
stronger resemblance. He had painted himself upon one knee
holding the princess's picture in one hand, and in the other a
label with this inscription:

"She is better in my heart."

When the princess went into her cabinet, she was amazed to
see the portrait of a man; and she fixed her eyes upon it with
so much the more surprise, because she also saw her own with
it, and because the words which were written upon the label
afforded her an ample subject to exercise
her curiosity and deepest thoughts. She
was alone at that time, and could only
form conjectures on an accident so ex-
traordinary. She persuaded herself that
it was Abricotina's gallantry: and all
that she desired to know more, was,
whether the portrait were only an effect
of her fancy, or from a real person.
She rose in haste and called Abricotina,
while the invisible Leander, with his
little red cap, slipped into the cabinet,
impatient to know what passed. The
princess bid Abricotina look upon the
picture, and tell her what she thought of it. After she had
viewed it, "I protest," cried she, "'tis the picture of that
generous stranger, to whom I am obliged for my life. Yes, yes,
I am sure it is he; his very features, shape, hair, and air."—
"Thou pretendest surprise," said the princess, "but I know it was thou thyself that put it there."—"Who, I, madam?" replied Abricotina: "I protest, madam, I never saw the picture before in my life. Should I be so bold as to conceal from your knowledge a thing that so nearly concerns you? And by what miracle could I come by it? I never could paint; nor did any man ever enter this place: yet here he is painted with you."

"Some spirit then must have brought it hither," cried the princess.—"How I tremble for fear, madam!" said Abricotina; "was it not rather some lover? And therefore, if you will take my advice, let us burn it immediately."—"Twere a pity to burn it," cried the princess, sighing: "a finer piece, methinks, cannot adorn my cabinet." And saying these words, she cast her eyes upon it. But Abricotina continued obstinate in her opinion that it ought to be burnt, as a thing that could not come there, but by the power of magic. "And these words, 'She is better in my heart,'" said the princess, "must we burn them too?"—"No favour must be shown to anything," said Abrocoutina, "not even to your own portrait." Abricotina ran away immediately for some fire, while the princess went to look out at the window, no longer able to behold a picture that made such a deep impression in her heart. But Leander being unwilling to let his performance be burnt, took this opportunity to convey it away without being perceived. And he was hardly got out of the cabinet, when the princess turned about to look once more upon that enchanting picture which so infinitely pleased her. But how strangely was she surprised to find it gone! She sought for it all the room over; and Abricotina returning, she asked her whether she knew what was become of it? But she was no less surprised than her mistress; so that this last adventure put them both into the most terrible fright.
As soon as Leander had hid the picture, he returned, for he took great delight in hearing and seeing his incomparable mistress: he ate every day at her table with the tabby cat, who fared never the worse for that: but Leander's satisfaction was far from being complete, seeing he durst neither speak, nor show himself; and he knew it was not a common thing for ladies to fall in love with persons invisible.

The princess had a universal taste for fine things; and in the present situation of her heart she wanted amusement. One day when she was attended by all her nympha, she was saying to them it would give her great pleasure to know how the ladies were drest in all the courts of the universe, that she might choose the most genteel. There needed no more words to send Leander all over the world. He wished himself in China, where he bought the richest stuffs he could lay his hands on, and got patterns of all the court fashions; from thence he flew to Siam, where he did the same, and in three days he travelled over all the four parts of the world; and from time to time brought what he bought to the Palace of Calm Delights, and hid it all in a chamber which he kept locked to himself. When he had thus collected together all the rarities he could meet with, for he never wanted money, his rose always supplying him, he went and bought five or six dozen of dolls, which he caused to be dressed at Paris, which is the only place in the world where most regard is paid to fashions. They were all dressed variously, and as magnificent as could be; and Leander placed them all in the princess's closet. When she entered it she was never more agreeably surprised, to see such a company of little mutes, with every one a present of watches, bracelets, diamond buckles or necklaces; and the most remarkable of them held a picture-box in its hand, which the princess opening, found it contained Leander's portrait, for her idea of the first made her
easily know the second. She gave a loud shriek, and looking upon Abricotina, “There have appeared of late,” said she, “so many wonders in this place, that I know not what to think of them; my birds are all grown witty; I cannot so much as wish, but presently I have my desires; twice have I now seen the portrait of him who rescued thee from the ruffians; and here are silks of all sorts, diamonds, embroideries, laces, and an infinite number of other rarities. What fairy is it that takes such care to do me these agreeable services?” Leander was overjoyed to hear and see her so much concerned about his picture and calling to mind that there was in a grotto which she often frequented a certain pedestal, on which a Diana, not yet finished was to be erected; on this pedestal he resolved to place himself in an extraordinary habit, crowned with laurel, and holding a lyre in his hand, on which he played like another Apollo. He most anxiously waited the princess’s retiring to this grotto, which she did every day, since her thoughts had been taken up with this unknown person; for what Abricotina had said, joined to the sight of the picture, had almost quite destroyed her repose; her brisk lively humour changed into a pensive melancholy, and she grew a great lover of solitude. When she entered the grotto, she made a sign that nobody should follow her; so that her young damsels dispersed themselves into the neighbouring walks. The princess threw herself upon a bank of green turf, sighed, wept, and even talked, but so softly, that Leander could not hear what she said. He had put his red cap on, that she might
not see him at first; but having taken it off, she beheld him with an extraordinary surprise. At first she took him for a real statue; for he observed exactly the attitude in which he had placed himself, without moving so much as a finger. She beheld with a kind of pleasure intermixed with fear; but pleasure soon dispelled her fear; and continuing to view the pleasing figure, which so exactly resembled the life, the prince having tuned his lyre played on it most delightfully. But the princess was so greatly surprised that she could not resist the fear that seized her; she grew pale of a sudden, and fell into a swoon. Leander, being alarmed, leaped from the pedestal, and putting on his little red cap, that he might not be perceived, took the princess by the arms, and gave her all the assistance that his zeal and ardour could inspire. At length she opened her charming eyes, and looked about in search of him, but she could perceive nobody: yet she felt somebody who held her hands, kissed them, and bedewed them with his tears. It was a long time before she durst speak: and her spirits were in a confused agitation, between fear and hope. She was afraid of the spirit, but loved the figure of the unknown. At length she said, "Courtly Invisible, why are you not the person I desire you should be?" At these words, Leander was going to declare himself, but durst not do it yet; for, thought he, if I again affright the object I adore, and make her fear me, she will not love me. This consideration made him keep silence, and determined him to retire into a corner of the grotto.

The princess then believing herself alone called Abricotina, and told her all the wonders of the animated statue; that it had played divinely, and that the invisible had greatly assisted her when she lay in a swoon. "What pity 'tis," said she, "that this invisible should be so frightful, for nothing can be more amiable or acceptable than his behaviour!"—"Who told you,
madam,” answered Abicotina, “that he is as frightful as you imagine? Psyche thought that Cupid had been a serpent; and your case and hers are much alike; neither are you less beautiful: and if Cupid loved you, would you not return his love?” —“If Cupid and the unknown person are the same,” replied the princess, blushing, “I could be content to love Cupid; but alas! how far am I from such a happiness! I am attached to a chimera; and this fatal picture of the unknown, joined to what thou hast told me of him, have inspired me with inclinations so contrary to the precepts which I received from my mother, that I am afraid of being punished for them.”—“Oh! madam,” said Abicotina, interrupting her, “have you not troubles enough already? why should you anticipate afflictions which may never come to pass?” It is easy to imagine what pleasure Leander took in this conversation.

In the meantime, the little Furibon, still enamoured of the princess, whom he had never seen, expected with impatience the return of the four men whom he had sent to the Island of Calm Delights. One of them at last came back, and after he had given the prince a particular account of what had passed, told him that the island was defended by Amazons, and that unless he sent a very powerful army, it would be impossible to get into it. The king his father was dead, and he now lord of all: disdaining, therefore, any repulse, he raised an army of four hundred thousand men, and put himself at the head of them, appearing like another Tom Thumb upon a war-horse. Now, when the Amazons perceived his mighty host, they gave the princess notice of it, who immediately despatched away her trusty Abicotina to the kingdom of the fairies, to beg her mother’s instructions what she should do to drive the little Furibon from her territories. But Abicotina found the fairy in an angry humour. “Nothing that my daughter does,” said
she, "escapes my knowledge: the prince Leander is now in her palace, he loves her, and she has a tenderness for him. All my cares and precepts have not been able to guard her from the tyranny of love, and she is now under his fatal dominion. Alas! that cruel deity is not satisfied with the mischiefs he has done to me, but exercises his dominion over that which I love more dearly than my life. But it is the decree of destiny, and I must submit: therefore, Abricotina begone; I'll not hear a word more of a daughter whose behaviour has so much displeased me."

Abricotina returned with these bad tidings, whereat the princess was almost distracted; and this was soon perceived by Leander, who was near her, though she did not see him, and beheld her grief with the greatest pain. However, he durst not then open his lips; but recollecting that Furibon was exceedingly covetous, he thought that, by giving him a sum of money, he might perhaps prevail with him to retire. Thereupon, he dressed himself like an Amazon, and wished himself in the forest, to catch his horse. He had no sooner called him than he came leaping, prancing, and neighing, for joy, for he was grown quite weary of being so long absent from his dear master; but when he beheld him dressed as a woman, he hardly knew him, and at first thought himself deceived: but Leander mounted him, and soon arrived in the camp of Furibon, where everybody took him for a real Amazon, and gave notice to Furibon that a lady was come to speak with him from the princess of Calm Delights. Immediately the little king put on his royal robes, and having placed himself upon his throne, he looked like a great toad counterfeiting a king.

Leander harangued him, and told him that the princess, preferring a quiet and peaceable life to the fatigues of war, had sent him to offer his majesty as much money as he pleased to
demand, provided he would suffer her to continue in peace; but if he refused her proposal, she would omit no means that might serve for her defence. Furibon replied, that he took pity on her, and would grant her the honour of his protection; but that he demanded a hundred thousand thousand millions of pounds, and without which sum paid he would not return to his kingdom. Leander answered that such a vast sum would be too long a counting, and therefore if he would say how many rooms full he desired to have, the princess was generous and rich enough to satisfy him. Furibon was astonished to hear, that, instead of demanding an abatement, she would rather offer an augmentation; and it came into his wicked mind to take all the money he could get, and then seize the Amazon, and kill her, that she might not return to her mistress. He told Leander, therefore, that he would have thirty chambers of gold, and that then, upon his royal word, he would return. Leander, being conducted into the chambers that were to be filled, he took his rose and shook it, till every room was filled with all sorts of coin. Furibon was in an ecstasy, and the more gold he saw the greater was his desire to seize the Amazon, and get the princess into his power; so that when all the rooms were full, he commanded his guards to seize her, alleging she had brought him counterfeit money. Accordingly, the guards were going to lay hands upon the Amazon, but Leander put on his little red cap, and disappeared. The guards believing that she had escaped, ran out and left Furibon alone; when Leander, availing himself of the opportunity, took the tyrant by the hair, and twisted his head off with the same ease he would a pullet's; nor did the little wretch of a king see the hand that killed him.

Leander having got his head, wished himself in the palace of Calm Delights, where he found the princess walking, and with grief considering the message which her mother had sent her,
and on the means to repel Furibon, which she looked upon as difficult, she being alone with a small number of Amazons, who were unable to defend her; but on a sudden, she beheld a head hanging in the air, without anybody that she could see to hold it. This prodigy astonished her so, that she could not tell what to think of it; but her amazement was increased when she saw the head laid at her feet without seeing the hand which did it, and yet at the same time hearing a voice that uttered these words:

Charming princess, cease your fear
Of Furibon; whose head see here.

Abricotina, knowing Leander's voice, cried: "I protest, madam, the invisible person who speaks is the very stranger that rescued me." The princess seemed astonished, but yet pleased. "Oh!" said she, "if it be true that the invisible and the stranger are the same person, I confess I shall be glad to make him my acknowledgments." Leander, still invisible, replied, "I will yet do more to deserve them;" and so saying he returned to Furibon's army, where the report of his death was already spread throughout the camp. As soon as he appeared there in his usual habit and countenance, everybody came about him; all the officers and soldiers surrounded him, uttering the loudest acclamations of joy. In short, they acknowledged him for their king, and that the crown of right belonged to him; for which Le thanked them, and, as the first mark of his royal bounty, divided the thirty rooms of gold among the soldiers; so that this great army was enriched for ever. This done, he returned to his princess, ordering the army to march back into his kingdom.

The princess was gone to bed; and the profound respect he had for her would not permit him to enter her chamber; he retired, therefore, into his own; but by what accident I know not, he forgot to make fast the door as he was wont to do. The princess could not sleep for the heat, and the disquiet of her mind; so that she arose before the sun, and in her morning dress
went down into this lower apartment; but how strangely was she surprised to find Leander asleep upon the bed! However, she had then leisure enough to take a full view of him without being perceived, and to convince herself that he was the person whose picture she had in her diamond box. "It is impossible," said she, "that this should be a spirit; for can spirits sleep? Is this a body composed of air and fire, without substance, as Abricottina told me?" She softly touched his hair, and heard him breathe, and the sight of him raised alternate fear and pleasure in her breast. But while she was thus attentively surveying him, her mother, the fairy, entered with such a dreadful noise, that Leander started out of his sleep. But how strangely was he surprised, how deeply afflicted, to behold his beloved princess in the most deplorable condition!—her mother dragged her by the hair, and loaded her with a thousand bitter reproaches. In what grief and consternation were the two young lovers, who saw themselves now upon the point of being separated for ever! The princess durst not open her lips to the incensed fairy, but cast her eyes upon Leander, as it were to beg his assistance. He judged rightly, that he ought not to deal by rugged means with a power superior to his, and therefore he sought by his eloquence and submission to move the incensed mother. He ran to her, threw himself at her feet, and besought her to have pity upon a young prince, who would never change his affection for her daughter, but would make it his sovereign felicity to render her happy. The princess, encouraged by his example, also embraced her mother's knees, and told her, that without the king she should never be happy, and that she was greatly obliged to him. "You know not the misfortunes of love," cried the fairy, "nor the treacheries of which lovers are capable; they bewitch us only to poison the happiness of our lives; I have known it by experience; and why will you suffer the same misfortunes?"—"Is there no exception, madam?" replied
the princess: "the king's assurances, which I believe to be sincere, are they not sufficient to secure me from your fears?" But neither tears nor entreaties could move the implacable fairy; and it is very probable she would never have pardoned them, had not the lovely fairy Gentilla appeared at that instant in the chamber, more brilliant than the sun. The graces accompanied her, and she was attended by a train of little cupids, that sung a thousand new and pleasing airs, and sported about her like so many little children. Embracing the old fairy, "Dear sister," said she, "I am persuaded you cannot have forgotten the good office I did you when you besought a re-admittance into our kingdom: had it not been for me you had never been admitted; and since that time I never desired any kindness at your hands; but now the time is come for you to do me a signal piece of service. Pardon, then, this lovely princess; consent to her nuptials with this young prince; I will engage he shall be ever constant to her; the thread of their days shall be spun of gold and silk; they shall live to complete your happiness; and

I will never forget the obligation you will lay upon me."—"Charming Gentilla," cried the fairy, "I consent to whatever you desire. Come, my dear children, and receive my love;"—so saying, she embraced them both. 'The fairy Gentilla was de-
lighted, and her pretty train joined to form an hymeneal choir. No sooner did Abricotina cast her eyes upon Leander than she knew him again, and saw he was perfectly happy: at the same time the fairy mother said she would remove “the Island of Calm Delights” into Leander’s kingdom, live with them herself, and do them great services. “Whatever your generosity may inspire you to do,” said Leander, “it is impossible that you can honour me with any present comparable to the one I have this day received from your hands.” This short compliment pleased the fairy exceedingly, for she was of those ancient days when they used to stand complimenting a whole day upon one leg. The nuptials were performed in a most splendid manner, and they lived together happily many years, beloved by all around them.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Once upon a time a country girl lived in a village, who was the sweetest little creature that ever was seen; her mother naturally loved her with excessive fondness, and her grandmother doted on her still more. The good woman had made for her a pretty little red-coloured hood, which so much became the little girl, that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, having made some cheese-cakes, said to her, “Go, my child, and see how your grandmother does, for I hear she is ill; carry her some of these cakes, and a little pot of butter.” Little Red Riding Hood straight set out with a basket filled with the cakes and the pot of butter for her grandmother’s house, which was in a village a little way off from the town that her mother lived in. As she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road, she met a large wolf, which had a great mind
to eat her up, but dared not, for fear of some wood-cutters, who were at work near them in the forest. Yet he spoke to her, and asked her whither she was going. The little girl, who did not know the danger of talking to a wolf, replied: "I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry these cakes and a pot of butter."—"Does she live far off?" said the wolf. "Oh yes!" answered Little Red Riding Hood; "beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village."—"Well," said the wolf, "I will take this way, and you take that, and see which will be there the soonest." The wolf set out full speed, running as fast as he could, and taking the nearest way, while the little girl took the longest; and as she went along began to gather nuts, run after butterflies, and make nosegays of such flowers
as she found within her reach. The wolf got to the dwelling of the grandmother first, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said some voice in the house. "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, speaking like the little girl as well as he could. "I have brought you some cheese-cakes, and a little pot of butter, that mamma has sent you." The good old woman, who was ill in bed, called out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door went open: the wolf then jumped upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up in a moment, for it was three days since he had tasted any food. The wolf then shut the door, and laid himself down in the bed, and waited for Little Red Riding Hood, who very soon reached the house. Tap! tap! "Who is there?" cried he. She was at first a little afraid at hearing the gruff voice of the wolf, but she thought that perhaps her grandmother had got a cold, so she answered: "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood: mamma has sent you some cheese-cakes, and a little pot of butter." The wolf cried out in a softer voice, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door went open. When she came into the room, the wolf hid himself under the bedclothes, and said to her, trying all he could to speak in a feeble voice: "Put the basket on the stool, my dear, and take off your clothes, and come into bed." Little Red Riding Hood, who always used to do as she was told, straight undressed herself, and stepped into bed; but she thought it strange to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, so she said to her: "Dear me, grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"—"They are so much the better to hug you, my child," replied the wolf. "But, grandmamma," said the little girl, "what great ears you have got!"—"They are so much the better to hear you, my child," replied
the wolf. "But then, grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!" said the little girl. "They are so much the better to see you, my child," replied the wolf. "And, grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!" said the little girl, who now began to be rather afraid. "They are to eat you up," said the wolf; and saying these words, the wicked creature fell upon Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her up in a moment.

ROBIN HOOD.

The reign of King Richard the First was very different from the times we now live in; the roads were very bad, and beset
with robbers; and there were a great number of large forests and parks in the country, well stocked with deer. At that time lived the famous Robin Hood; he was born in the village of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, and his father was very skilful in the use of the cross-bow. His mother had a brother, named Gamewell, of Gamewell Hall, near Maxwell, in the same county, but at the distance of twenty miles from the house of Robin Hood's father. When Robin Hood was about thirteen years old, his mother said one day to his father, "Let Robin and me ride this morning to Gamewell Hall, to taste my brother's good cheer." Her husband answered, "Do so, my dear; let Robin Hood take my gray horse, and the best bridle and saddle: the sun is rising, so pray make haste, for to-morrow will be Christmas-day." The good-wife then made no more ado, but put on her holiday petticoat and gown, which were green; Robin got his basket-hilt sword and dagger, and his new suit of clothes, and so rode, with his mother behind him, till he came to Gamewell Hall. Squire Gamewell made them welcome twenty times, and the next day six tables were set out in the hall for dinner; and when the company was come, the squire said to them, "You are all welcome, but not a man here shall taste my ale till he has sung a Christmas carol." They now clapped their hands, and shouted and sang till the hall and the parlour rang again. After dinner the chaplain said grace, and the squire once more bid his friends be merry. "It snows and it blows out of doors," said he, "but we are snug here: let us have more ale, and lay some logs upon the fire." He then called for Little John; "For," said he, "Little John is a fine lad at gambols, and all sorts of tricks, and it will do your hearts good to see him." When Little John came, he was indeed as clever as the squire had said; but Robin Hood got up, and played all the very same tricks, and better still. "Cousin
Robin, you shall go no more home, but shall stay and live with me; you shall have my estate when I die, and till then you shall be the comfort of my age." Robin Hood agreed to this, if his uncle would but give him Little John to be his servant.

One time when Robin Hood was gone to spend a week with his father and mother, Squire Gamewell was taken ill. In those days the people of this country were of the Roman Catholic religion: there was a convent of priests near Gamewell Hall, called Fountain Abbey; and the squire sent for one of the priests or monks to come and read prayers by his bed-side. Fountain Abbey was a very fine building: it had a large mansion in the centre, and a capital wing on the right side; but there was no wing on the left, so that the building was not complete. Now the monk who came to Gamewell Hall was very sorry about this, and wished very much to have a left wing to his abbey: so he made his squire believe that he could not die like a good man, unless he gave the whole of his estate to Fountain Abbey. The squire was very ill, and hardly knew what he did; he forgot Robin Hood, and all that he had said he would do for him, and signed a paper that the monk brought him, to give away his estate. As soon as Robin Hood heard that his uncle was very ill, he made haste home; but the squire was dead a quarter of an hour before Robin came. The monks now turned Robin out of the hall; and as his father was poor, Robin was thus sent out into the world to seek his fortune. Robin Hood did not know what to do; he had been used to live like a rich man, and did not know how to work, for he had learned no trade. He however got together a number of young men, who had been brought up like himself, and were just as poor; and they went to live what they called a merry life in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham. Here there was plenty of deer, and Robin Hood and his company were very excellent marksmen at shooting them with the cross-bow; but
they wanted something besides meat to eat, so they at once turned robbers. After this, no man could travel alone through Sherwood Forest without being stripped of his money. Robin Hood and his company, too, did not confine themselves to Sherwood Forest, but sometimes went to plunder other parts of England. His gang soon grew to about a hundred in number, and they were some of the tallest, finest, and boldest men in the kingdom. Robin Hood dressed them in a uniform: he himself always wore scarlet; and each of his men had a green suit with cap to match.

Though Robin Hood was a robber, which, to be sure, is a very bad thing, yet he behaved in such a manner as to have the good word and good wishes of almost all the poor in those parts. He never robbed anybody but people who were very rich, and who had not the spirit to make good use of their riches. As he had lost his estate by the cunning of a popish priest, he had a great dislike to the whole set; and the popish priests at that time behaved in such a manner that hardly anybody liked them; so that Robin was not thought the worse of for his usage of them. When he met with poor men in his rambles, instead of taking anything from them, he gave them money of his own: he never let any woman be either robbed or hurt; and in cases of hardship he always took the part of the weak and the injured against the strong; so that it was truly said, “that of all thieves he was the gentlest and most generous thief.”

Robin Hood was fond of doing odd and strange things, and he loved a joke quite as well as he loved good booty. One day, as he was strolling in the forest by himself, he saw a jolly butcher riding upon a fine mare, with panniers on each side, filled with meat. “Good morrow, good fellow,” said Robin; “whither are you going so early?” The man replied, “I am a butcher, and am going to Nottingham market to sell my meat.”—“I never
learned any trade,” said Robin; “I think I should like to be a butcher. What shall I give you for your mare and your panniers, and all that is in them?”—“They are not dear at four marks,” said the butcher, “and I will not sell them for less.” Robin made no more words, but counted out the money, and then made the butcher give him his blue linen coat and his apron, in exchange for Robin Hood’s fine uniform of scarlet. When Robin Hood had dressed himself in this manner, he rode straight to Nottingham. The Sheriff of Nottingham was master of the market, and Robin Hood hired a stall there. But we may very well suppose that he did not know much about his trade, and indeed as long as he had any meat to sell no other butcher could sell a single joint; for Robin Hood sold more meat for a penny than the others could do for five. “To be sure,” said they, “this is some young fellow that has sold his father’s land.” The butchers then went up to Robin Hood: “Come, brother,” said one of them, “we are all of one trade, will you go and dine with us?”—“I should be a shabby fellow,” said Robin, “if I was ashamed of my calling, so I will go with you.” The sheriff was the tavern-keeper, and sat at the head of the table; and after dinner Robin Hood would insist upon paying the bill. The sheriff was a cunning old miser, and, when he saw how madly Robin Hood behaved, he thought he would not miss such a chance of turning a penny. “Good fellow,” said the sheriff, “hast thou any horned beasts to sell me?” “That I have, good master sheriff,” said Robin Hood; “I have a hundred or two, if you will please to go and see them.” The sheriff then saddled his good palfrey, and took three hundred pounds in gold, and away he went with Robin Hood. The road they took led through the Forest of Sherwood; and as they rode along, the sheriff cried out, “God preserve us this day from a man they call Robin Hood!” But when they came a little further, there chanced to come out of the thicket a
hundred good fat deer, skipping very near them. "How do you like my horned beasts, master sheriff?" said Robin Hood: "these are the cattle I told you of."—"To tell you the truth," replied the sheriff, "I wish I were away, for I do not like your company." Then Robin Hood put his bugle-horn to his mouth, and blew three times; when suddenly there came out of the wood Little John, and Robin Hood's hundred men, clothed in green. "What is your will, master?" said Little John. "I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham," said Robin Hood, "this day to dine with me."—"He is welcome," said Little John. "I hope he will pay us well for his dinner." Robin Hood now made the sheriff sit down under a tree; and after they had all eaten and drunk enough, he opened the sheriff's bag, and told out three hundred pounds. He then seated the sheriff on his palfrey again, and led him out of the forest. "Remember me kindly to your wife," said Robin Hood, and so went laughing away.

As Robin Hood was walking one day in the forest, he took notice of a handsome young man, dressed in very fine clothes, frisking over the plain and singing. When Robin Hood passed the place the next morning, he saw the same young man come drooping along: his fine dress was laid aside: his hair was loose about his shoulders, and at every step he sighed deeply, saying, "Alas! and well-a-day!" Robin Hood sent one of his company to bring the young man to him. "What is the distress," said Robin Hood, "that hangs so heavy on your heart? Why were you so merry yesterday, and why are you so sad to-day?" The young man now pulled out his purse. "Look at this ring," said he; "I bought it yesterday; I was to have married a young maiden, whom I have courted for seven long years, and this morning she is gone to church to be married to another."—"Do you think she loves you?" said Robin Hood. "She has told me so," said Allen-a-Dale, for that was his name, "a hundred
times.”—“Then she is not worth caring about,” said Robin Hood, “for changing in her love.” “She does not love him,” replied Allen-a-Dale.—“Why do you think so?” said Robin Hood. “He is a poor crippled old fellow,” said Allen-a-Dale, “and quite unfit for such a young and lovely lass.”—“Then why does she marry him?” said Robin Hood. “Because the old knight is rich,” replied Allen; “and her father and mother insist upon it, and have scolded and stormed at her till she is as gentle as a lamb.”—“Where is the wedding to take place?” said Robin. “At our parish,” replied Allen, “only five miles from this place; and the bishop of Hereford, who is the knight’s brother, is to read the service.” Robin Hood said no more, but put off his scarlet suit, and dressed himself like a harper, with a harp in his hand. He told twenty-four of his company to follow at a distance; and then went alone into the church, and found the bishop putting on his robes. “What do you want here?” said the bishop. “I am a harper,” said Robin Hood; “the best in four counties round; I heard there was to be a wedding, and I am come to offer my service.”—“You are welcome; I shall be glad to hear your music.” Soon after this the bride and bridegroom came in. The old knight hobbled along, and was hardly able to walk up to the altar; and after him came a maiden as fair as the day, and blushing like the summer morning. “This is not a fit match,” said Robin Hood, “and I cannot agree to its taking place; but, since we are come to the church, the bride shall choose for herself.” Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth, and blew into it; when straight four-and-twenty archers were seen leaping along the church-yard path, and came in at the porch. The first man was Allen-a-Dale, to give Robin Hood his bow. Robin Hood now turned to the fair maiden, and said, “Now, my love, you are free; tell me whom you will have for your husband: will you have this feeble and gouty old knight?
or will you have one of the bold young fellows you see now before you?”—“Alas!” said the young maid, and dropping her eyes to the ground as she spoke, “young Allen-a-Dale has courted me for seven long years, and he is the man I would choose.” “Then,” said Robin Hood, “you and Allen shall be married before we leave this place.”—“That shall not be,” said the bishop; “the law of the land requires that they should be three times asked in the church, and a marriage cannot be huddled up in this way.” “That we will try,” said Robin Hood; and he then pulled off the bishop’s gown, and put it upon Little John. “Indeed,” said Robin Hood, “you make a grave parson.” When Little John took the book into his hand, the people began to laugh; and he asked them seven times in the church, lest three times should not be enough. Robin Hood gave away the maiden; the bishop slunk out of the church, and his brother, the old knight, hobbled after as well as he could. The whole company had a dinner upon two fat bucks in Sherwood forest, and from this day Allen-a-Dale was a friend to Robin Hood as long as he lived.

In the time of Robin Hood the bishops were under the orders of the pope of Rome, and they were great officers and even soldiers. Robin Hood lived in the see of the bishop of Hereford. Now Robin had a great dislike to the popish clergy, because one of them had cheated him of his uncle’s estate; and the bishop of Hereford had quite as much dislike to Robin, because of the trick Robin had played him in the marriage of Allen-a-Dale, and because he did not think it right that such a robber should live in his see. The bishop therefore made several journeys into the forest of Sherwood, to make Robin prisoner, and bring him to the gallows. One time, when Robin was walking alone in the forest of Sherwood, he heard the trampling of horses; and, looking round, he saw his old enemy, the bishop
of Hereford, with six servants. The bishop was very near Robin Hood, before Robin looked round and saw him; and he had nothing to trust to but his heels, to save him from danger. As Robin ran along, he chanced to come up to a cottage where an old woman lived by herself; so he rushed in, and begged her to save his life. "Who are you," said the old woman, "and what can I do for you?"—"I am an outlaw," replied he, "and my name is Robin Hood; and yonder is the bishop of Hereford, with all his men, who wants to bring me to the gallows." "If thou be Robin Hood," said the old woman, "as I think thou art, I would as soon lose my own life, as not do all in my power to endeavour to save thee. Many a time have Little John and thou done me a kindness, and brought me venison; and no longer ago than last Saturday-night you gave me a pair of new shoes, and this green kirtle."—"Then," said Robin Hood, "give me thy green kirtle, and thy close-eared cap, and put into my hands thy distaff and spindle, and do thou take my scarlet mantle, and my quiver and bow." As soon as they had made this change, Robin Hood left the house, and went to the place where all the company were to be found. He looked behind him a hundred times for the bishop, who had no thoughts of finding him in this disguise. One of the robbers, who was a spiteful fellow, as Robin Hood came near them, cried out, "A witch, a witch! I will let fly an arrow at her." "Hold thy hand," said Robin Hood, "and shoot not thy arrows so keen, for I am Robin Hood, thy master." Then he went up to Little John, and said, "Come, kill a good fat deer, for the bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day."

While this was going on, the bishop came to the old woman's house; and seeing a man, as he thought, with a mantle of scarlet, and a quiver and bow in his hand, he shook his head, and said,
"I am afraid you are one of Robin Hood's gang; if you have not a mind to be hanged yourself, show me where that traitor is, and set him before me." The old woman agreed to this. "Go with me," said she to the bishop, "and I think I can bring you to the man you want." The bishop then mounted her upon a milk-white steed, and himself rode upon a dapple gray; and for joy that he should get Robin Hood he went laughing all the way. But as they were riding along the forest, the bishop saw a hundred brave bowmen drawn up under a tree. "Oh! who is yonder," said the bishop, "ranging within the wood?" "Why," says the old woman, "I think it is a man they call Robin Hood."—"Why, who art thou?" said the bishop: "for, to tell thee the truth, I thought thou hadst been Robin Hood himself."—"Oh! my lord," said she, "I am only an old woman." By this time Robin Hood and his company came up to the bishop; and Robin Hood taking him by his hand, said, "My lord, you must dine with me today, under my bower in merry Barnsdale: I cannot feast you like a bishop, but I can give you venison, ale, and wine, and I hope you will be content." After dinner, Robin Hood made the music strike up, and would insist upon the bishop's dancing a hornpipe in his boots, and the bishop was forced to submit. The day was now far spent, and the bishop begged leave to go away. "You have treated me very nobly," said he to Robin Hood, "and I suppose I must pay for it: tell me how much."—"Lend me your purse, master," said Little John, "and I will settle it for you." He then spread the bishop's cloak upon the ground, and opening his bag he counted five hundred pounds out of it. "Now," said Robin Hood, "we thank you for your company; and, to show you that we know how to be polite, we will see you part of the way home." They then led the bishop and his servants quite through the wood, till they brought him to the high road: then Robin Hood's gang gave three cheers, and
told him to remember, that though he had come' meaning to hang them all, they had done him no harm.

One day in summer time, when the leaves grew green, and the flowers were fresh and gay, Robin Hood and his merry men were all in a humour to play. Some would leap, some would run, some shot at a mark, and some wrestled with each other on the green. Robin Hood was haughty and proud, and said, "Now, my good fellows, do you think there is a man in the world that could wrestle or play with a quarter-staff with me, or kill a doe or buck so sure as I?" While Robin Hood was boasting in this manner, Will Scarlet stepped out from the rest. Will Scarlet was a little of kin to Robin Hood, and thought he had as good a right himself to be captain of the gang. Besides, he was rather spiteful: he was just going to shoot an arrow at Robin Hood, when he saw him dressed like an old woman. "If you wish to meet with your match," said Scarlet, "I can tell where you can find him. There is a friar in Fountain Abbey"—Now Fountain Abbey was the convent that had been built with the money that Robin Hood's uncle Gamewell's estate had been sold for, and perhaps Will Scarlet chose to throw it in Robin's teeth for that reason. "I had as soon you had talked of the gallows," said Robin Hood. "No matter for that," said Will Scarlet; "there is a friar in Fountain Abbey that can draw a strong bow against any man in the world: he can handle a quarter-staff too, and will beat you and all your yeomen set in a row."

Robin Hood was a man of a bold spirit, and could not rest till he had seen this friar: so he slung his bow across his shoulder, and took his quarter-staff in his hand, and away he went to Fountain Dale. He had not gone far before he saw a tall brawny friar walking by the water-side; and Robin Hood thought this must be the man, the moment he saw him. Robin Hood got off his horse and tied him to a thorn. "Carry me
over this water, thou brawny friar," said he, "or thou hast not an hour longer to live." The friar did not grumble, but stooped and took Robin upon his back. The water was deep, and the passage was long and not easy; and neither of these rivals spoke a single word till they came to the other side. Robin then leaped lightly off the friar's back, and seemed going away. "Stop," said the friar; "carry me over this water, thou fine fellow, or it will breed thee pain." Robin took the friar upon his back, and neither of the two spoke a single word till they came to the other side. The friar then leaped lightly off Robin's back, while Robin said to him again, "Carry me over the water, thou brawny friar, or it shall breed thee pain." The friar once more took Robin Hood upon his back; but this time he did not carry him over, for when he got to the middle of the stream, he threw him into the water. "And now choose, my fine fellow," said he, "whether thou wilt sink or swim." Robin swam to the shore; and when the friar was come to the place, Robin said to him, "I see by this trial that thou art worthy to be my match." Robin challenged him in wrestling, in shooting, and at the quarter-staff; but Robin could not beat the friar, nor the friar beat Robin, at any of these. "I wish from my soul," said Robin, "you would quit this lazy life, and come and be one of us; we range the forest merry and free, and are as happy as the day is long."—"I wish from my soul," said the friar, "thou wouldst leave thy rambling and wicked life, and come and live in our convent: thy thefts will bring thee to a bad end, but I shall live out my days quiet and respected." Robin could not persuade the friar, nor the friar persuade Robin; so they shook hands and parted.

Robin Hood knew very well that his way of life was against the laws; and that, if he were once caught, it would go very hard with him. He had now been in this way for several years; and
began to wish that he could change his way of living for a quiet dwelling in the village where he was born. While he had thoughts of this sort, one time when he took many rich prizes, he resolved to make a present to the queen. The name of the queen was Eleanor; she was the mother of King Richard the First, and had great power in her son's reign. Queen Eleanor was very much pleased with Robin Hood's present, and said to herself, "If I live one year to an end, I will be a friend to thee and all thy men."

Soon after King Richard made a grand match in his court of all the bowmen of his guards and army. Queen Eleanor thought this a good time to do what she had in her mind, so she called her favourite page, whose name was Richard Partington, and gave him his errand. The page set out straight to Sherwood Forest; and when he came to Robin Hood, he said, "Queen Eleanor greets you well; she bids you post to London, where there is to be a match at the cross-bow, and she has chosen you and your men to be her champions." On the day of this great match, the king's bowmen, who were thought the best archers in all England, were ranged on one side. After a time, the queen's champions came in, and were ranged on the other side; they were all strangers, and no man knew any of them. King Richard then declared what the prize was that should be bestowed upon the conquerors, and the lords of the court began to make bets upon the venture. The bets were three to one in favour of the king's men. "Is there no knight of the privy council," said Queen Eleanor, "who will venture his money on my side? Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee; thou art a knight of high descent." Sir Robert Lee begged the queen to excuse him from such a trial. "Come hither to me, thou bishop of Hereford," said Queen Eleanor, "for thou art a noble priest." Now this bishop was Robin Hood's old foe. "By my silver mitre," said the bishop, "I will not bet a
penny."—"If thou wilt not bet on the queen's side," said Robin Hood, "what wilt thou bet on the king's?" "On the king's side," said the bishop, "I will venture all the money in my purse."—"Throw thy purse on the ground," said Robin Hood, "and let us see what it contains." It was a hundred pounds. Robin Hood took a bag of the same value from his side, and threw it upon the green. When the match was just going to begin, Queen Eleanor fell upon her knees to the king her son. "A boon! a boon!" said she; "I must ask a boon of thee before the trial begins."—"What is it?" said King Richard. "Why," replied the queen, "that you will not be angry with any of those that are of my party; and that they shall be free to stay in our court all the days of the match, and shall then have forty days to retire where they like." The king agreed to this. When the keepers of the course were marking out the distance from which they should shoot at the butt, their captain cried out, like a boaster as he was, "Measure no mark for us, we will shoot at the sun and the moon." But he was mistaken! for Robin Hood and his party cleft with their arrows every wand and stick that was set up, and won all the money. Says the bishop of Hereford, "I know very well now who those fellows are; they are Robin Hood and his gang." The king replied, "If I had known that, I would not have granted them leave to depart: but I cannot break my word." Saying this, King Richard ordered a noble feast for Robin Hood and his yeomanry, and then sent them away with honour.

King Richard often thought upon what he had seen of Robin Hood and his fellows. He was very fond of archery: he had heard many generous actions that were told about them, and he admired their gallant spirit and manners. "If I could but make these men my faithful subjects, what a pride they would be to my court!" The king at last fixed upon a plan by which he might see Robin Hood once more. He called
twelve lords of the court, and told his plan to them; and then he and his lords all dressed themselves like so many monks, and away they rode to Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood saw them at a distance, as they were coming, and resolved to rob them. The king was taller than the rest, and Robin Hood judged that he was the abbot; so he took the king's horse by the bridle, and said, "Abbot, I bid you stand; it was a priest that first worked my ruin, and I have sworn to spare none of his fellows."—"But we are going on a message from the king," said Richard. Robin Hood then let go the bridle, and said, "God save the king, and confound all his foes!" "Thou cursest thyself," said Richard: "for thou art a robber, an outlaw, and a traitor."—"If you were not his servant," said the other, "I would say you lie; for I never hurt man that was honest and true, but only those who give their minds to live upon other people's earnings. I never hurt the farmer who tills the ground; I protect women and children; and the poor for twenty miles round are the better for me." Robin then asked the strangers to dine with him. "You would not be used so," said he, "if you were not the king's servants; but for King Richard's sake, if you had as much money as ever I told, I would not deprive you of a penny." Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth, and blew a shrill blast, when a hundred and ten of his company came marching all in a row. The king thought, this is a fine sight; these men of Robin Hood's obeyed their captain better than his men did him. "After dinner, the king said to Robin, "What would you give, my brave fellow if I could get your pardon from the king?
Would you set your mind firmly in everything, to be a true and useful subject?" This was the very thing that Robin wanted; it was the wish that had haunted his thoughts night and day; it was with the hope of this that he made the rich present to Queen Eleanor. "My friend," said Robin, "I am tired of the lawless life that I lead: I never loved it. Other men may praise my bold adventures and generous actions; but I hate my way of living, and everything that belongs to it: King Richard is a noble prince and a gallant soldier; and if he would take me into his favour he should never have reason to repent it, but should find me the most faithful of all his subjects."—"I am King Richard," said the stranger; and when he had said this Robin and all his company fell on their knees before him. "Stand up, my brave fellows," said the king; "you have been robbers, and you ought not to have been such. The greatest miser in my kingdom ought not to be treated with force, but to be persuaded to dispose of his money properly. But you are brave fellows; you say that you are well inclined, and you have power and skill to do me service. I freely grant to every one of you my pardon: not one of you shall be called to account for anything that is past; only take care that you behave yourselves in such a manner in future that I never may have reason to repent the kindness that I now treat you with."
The amiable prince who is the chief subject of the following pages was a native of one of the Pelew Islands, which islands are situated in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, and were, it is supposed, first seen by the Spaniards of the Philippines, who named them the Palos Islands, from the great number of tall palm-trees which grew there, and which at a distance appear not unlike the masts of ships; the word palos signifying in the Spanish language something like a mast. It
is supposed that no Europeans had visited and landed on any of these islands before the Antelope, a ship belonging to the East India Company, commanded by Captain Henry Wilson, had the misfortune to be wrecked on one of them, in the night between the 9th and 10th August, 1783; and this misfortune was so much the more distressing to the crew of the Antelope, as they knew not what the islands afforded; whether the natives, if any natives there were, were civil or barbarous, or whether any refreshments for the crew, after this their severe calamity, could be procured or not; their situation, therefore, may be easier conceived than described. However, at length, by means of the boats and their own exertions, they were enabled to reach land three or four leagues distant from the rock on which the ship had struck, and then soon discovered, by evident signs of places where there had been fires, &c., that it was an island not constantly inhabited, but only occasionally resorted to by the inhabitants of some other island not far distant; and this was fully confirmed in the course of a few days, when some of the natives paid them a visit, and they proved to be a people simple, humane, and kind, and naturally of a good-natured and friendly disposition: in short, they were a people that do honour to the human race. It had so happened, from peculiar circumstances, indeed, that a Malay from Bengal had been thrown on one of these islands, in a storm, about a year before, and was by this time pretty well acquainted with their language; it happened also that Captain Wilson had a Malay servant named Tom Rose, who could speak English: by means of these two Malays (one being an interpreter for the natives and one for the English), an easy and free communication immediately took place. The English having thus imparted the particulars of their calamity, implored the friendship and assistance of the natives; and these, finding the English to be really
distressed, gave them whatever was in their power, and gave it also cheerfully.

The natives were of a deep copper-colour, and wholly naked. They expressed the greatest astonishment at the colour and dress of the English, not knowing but their clothing was part of their bodies, till the nature and use of the garments were explained to them by the Malay: and when one of the crew (the captain's brother) visited the king at another island, at some distance from the wreck, and accidentally pulled off his hat, all the spectators were struck with astonishment, supposing he had pulled off part of his head. The king, whose name was Abba Thulle, was a man of the greatest humanity, and of fine natural abilities. He was touched with the misfortunes of the English, and promised them his favour and protection. He often visited them, seemed to share in their sufferings, and with great good-will granted them what help and assistance were in his power. The captain and crew were not without hopes, as their vessel had not gone to pieces, but they might be enabled, out of the materials of the wreck and the timber growing in the island, to form a new vessel, large enough to convey them to China: the king gave them permission to use anything that the island afforded to carry this design into execution; and as they pursued this work new wonders broke in upon Abba Thulle and his subjects, who were till now utterly ignorant of the saw, axe, forge, and other implements with which the English perform their work. The grindstone was still more strange, and, altogether, it filled them with wonder, surprise, and admiration, and they could not help thinking, that the people who could perform such things were uncommon and superior beings. The natives treated the English with the greatest respect, thinking they must be people of a superior order, seeing how clever they were in all kinds of
workmanship; therefore, when the ship after a length of time was completed, and the captain and crew were about to take an affectionate farewell of their hospitable entertainers, Abba Thulle requested Captain Wilson to take charge of his second son, Prince Lee Boo, to England, where he might become as wise and clever as they were, and in a few years return to his native island, capable of very much improving the inhabitants. To this Captain Wilson very readily consented, promising to the anxious father that every care should be taken of his amiable boy. Blanchard, one of the sailors, could not be persuaded to leave the island, therefore the captain instructed him in what manner he should conduct himself towards the natives after the departure of the vessel, ordering him to be instructive and beneficial to them as far as possible; particularly in working up such iron as they should be able to obtain from the wreck, and that he should be very careful in keeping the fire-arms and ammunition in proper order. He also begged him to adhere to the dress of his country, and not to go naked after the manner of the natives, as his dress would always insure him a superiority of character among them. For which purpose the captain presented him with such clothes as could be spared, and advised him, when those were worn out, to make himself clothing of such fine matting as might constantly be procured on the island. Among the other things, religious matters were not forgotten. The captain, who had constantly endeavoured to maintain a due sense of religion among his crew, earnestly exhorted Blanchard not to neglect his devotions, nor the due observance of the Sabbath, but to perform the duties of a Christian, in which he had been educated, with constancy, sincerity, and care.

The signal for sailing was given early on the 12th of November, 1783, by one of the guns being fired, and the union-jack hoisted at the mast-head. As soon as Abba Thulle was
acquainted with this, he sent on board large quantities of yams, cocoa-nuts, sweetmeats, and other things; and many of the natives brought a profusion of presents in their canoes, which lay alongside the Oroolong. When as many of these presents were put on board the vessel as could conveniently be stowed, and everything quite ready for sea, the boat was sent to bring the captain on board, he being at this time on shore: and the king now signified that he and his son would presently come on board in his canoe. Then the captain, for the last time, taking Blanchard by the hand, retired (with the men who were on shore) into one of the temporary houses which they had erected, and earnestly besought him to impress on his mind the good advice he had before given him relative to his religious duty, and in conclusion, made all the seamen present kneel down with him, and unite with him in returning thanks and praise to the Almighty, who had so wonderfully preserved them, and graciously supported their spirits through the severest toils and dangers unto the present time, when they hoped the means of their final deliverance was at hand. Abba Thulle and his chiefs, being near the door, saw this act of devotion, and understanding the meaning of it, kept a profound silence. The captain now went on board, and was soon followed by the king and Lee Boo, and such rupacks as were attending. On board, he presented his son to Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, who had before attracted his particular attention in curing diseases, and had gained his esteem. He therefore enjoined Lee Boo to look on him as his particular friend, or socalic, and entreated Mr. Sharp to take him under his immediate care till they arrived at China: after this, the prince attached himself closely to him, and attended him wherever he went, to any part of the ship. Blanchard had, according to his promise, assisted them in fitting out the vessel to the last moment, and now took his leave of them, wishing them a pros-
perous voyage; and, however strange it may appear, discovered not the least token of regret at bidding adieu to his old shipmates, but took his leave with as much unconcern as if they were only going to sail a few leagues, and then return.

The Oroolong was now put in motion, and sailed towards the reef, or dangerous part of the sea which surrounds the rocks at a distance from the island, and which was the destruction of their former vessel, the Antelope. Although each part was as full of the obliging presents of the natives as she could conveniently hold, yet the common people surrounded the vessel in their canoes; full of additional presents, begging and entreaty they might be accepted: in vain were they told that they could require no more; each held up something, and repeated, with supplicating countenances and eyes full of tears, "Only this from me; only this from me." This fascinating scene affected every one of the crew; nor can this picture of pure friendship, exhibited by the unlettered natives of Pelew, be exceeded, it is supposed, by any other in the known world. Several canoes went before the vessel to point out the safest track over the dangerous reef; by which means she safely cleared that formidable barrier. Abba affectionate leave of Lee Boo, wishing him all happiness and prosperity, and concluded with giving him his blessing, which was received with the greatest respect. With watery eyes he then advanced to Captain Wilson, and embraced him with the greatest tenderness, showing by his voice and gestures how distressed he was to bid him finally farewell. He shook hands with all the officers in the most cordial manner, saying, "You are happy because you are going home: I am happy to find you are happy: but still I am very unhappy to see you are going away." Then assuring them that he most sincerely and earnestly wished them a prosperous voyage, he went into his canoe. Raa Kook the king’s eldest brother, would still continue in the Oroolong, to
see her safe over the reef. This being done, he sat for some time pensive and melancholy, till at length recollecting himself, he ordered his canoe to prepare for returning. Captain Wilson and his officers were now to take leave of this amiable general; but at the moment of separation he was so much affected, that he was unable to speak; but taking them by the hand, he pointed to his own breast, saying, "It is here I feel the pain of bidding you farewell." His emotions were now so sorrowfully tender that it melted every one present. He particularly addressed Lee Boo, and was proceeding to give him advice, but finding he could not proceed, he dropped into his canoe, turning his eyes up to take a last affectionate look, and then departed. Thus having parted from all their friends at Pelew, the captain and crew steered their course to China, with tolerable weather. At first, the motion of
the ship made Lee Boo sick, so that he was often obliged to lie down. Next morning, no land could be seen, and this much amazed him. Captain Wilson now gave him a shirt, waistcoat, and pair of trousers, which he put on; but the two first articles were very uneasy to him, and therefore he took them off, and folded them up, to serve only as a pillow; yet soon conceiving an idea of indelicacy in having no clothing, he never appeared without his trousers; and as the vessel advanced northward to a colder climate, he found less and less uneasiness in the use of his jacket and shirt, and his dislike of them was lost in his quick sense of propriety: this increasing daily, soon grew too great to let him change his dress in the presence of another person, and he afterwards constantly retired for that purpose to some dark corner where none could see him.

There is a saying well worthy attention, that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" and Lee Boo seemed to feel it, being remarkably clean in his person, and washing himself several times a-day. The 16th of November, being Sunday, prayers were devoutly read upon deck; the mercies of Providence being too apparent in their delivery not to leave a deep sense thereof on the minds of all the crew, who offered their devotions with hearts full of gratitude. At daylight of the 25th, the ship came in sight of the Bashee Islands, lying about three leagues distant. Lee Boo was much delighted at this, earnestly requesting to be told their names, which were repeated till he could pronounce them, and he then took a piece of line, tying a knot in it as a memorandum of the event. The people of the Pelew Islands always make remarks by tying knots in a line, and for this purpose Lee Boo brought one with him. Holding on their course without interruption, on Friday, the 28th, they saw several Chinese fishing-boats, and next morning land appeared; they made their way amongst the islands till six o'clock in the evening, when
they cast anchor among some small Chinese vessels. Lee Boo was in raptures at viewing the land, and the number of boats upon the water around them. In the morning of the 30th, Captain Wilson obtained a pilot to steer their vessel between the islands of Macao, where resided Mr. M‘Intyre, a gentleman who had formerly shown much friendship towards him when there with the Antelope. Captain Wilson therefore went to him upon his arrival; and Mr. M‘Intyre was no sooner told of the sad misfortunes of his friend, than he hastened to relieve his present wants, and ordered such necessaries as were requisite to be sent to the vessel for the officers and people, while the captain wrote to the Company’s supercargoes at Canton, to inform them of his situation. Lee Boo was astonished on beholding the Portuguese ships at Macao. Our people had here an early proof of the natural goodness of his heart, which he showed on seeing some Tartar women, who rowed the Chinese boats, with their children tied to their backs. These poor creatures surrounding the vessel to request fragments of victuals, Lee Boo was very anxious to relieve them, giving them oranges, and choosing for them whatever he liked best himself.

Next morning, Mr M‘Intyre and a Portuguese gentleman went on board the Oroolong with Captain Wilson, taking along with them provisions ready dressed, and refreshments of various kinds. Lee Boo and all the officers, except the chief mate, returned with them on shore in the evening, leaving a proper charge for the safety of the vessel. The Portuguese gentleman, who was much pleased with the Pelew prince, requested to have the new man, as he called him, for his guest on shore, that he might visit his family; and this being the first house Lee Boo had ever entered, he appeared lost in mute admiration. He was greatly perplexed with the upright walls and flat ceilings, not being able to comprehend how they were formed; while the ornaments
of the rooms also struck him with amazement. When introduced to the ladies of the family, he deported himself in so easy and polite a manner as could only be exceeded by his good nature and obligingness, not being in the least embarrassed; and suffering the company to examine his hands, which had been tattooed, as if pleased with the company's notice. And the surprise of those who first witnessed Lee Boo's naturally polite and obliging behaviour was hardly exceeded by himself at his first introduction into fashionable life.

After this, Captain Wilson was to visit Mr. M'Intyre at his own house, on shore, where they were introduced into a fine large hall, lighted up, with a fashionable supper placed on a table in the middle, and a handsome sideboard of plate, glass, &c. This operated upon Lee Boo like enchantment: he was all eye!

all admiration! everything was so surprising to him, so attracting, that had it been real magic it could not have had more effect on his imagination. A large looking-glass at the upper
end of the hall, in which he could view his whole person, was indeed wonderful to him, and there he viewed himself in perfect amazement—walked up—drew back—laughed—walked up—drew back again!—At length, supposing somebody to be behind the glass, he endeavoured to move it, but found it fast fixed, close to the wall, which puzzled him exceedingly. A small glass was now handed to him, in which, having attentively viewed his face, he looked behind to discover the person who appeared to stare at him; but, finding nothing, he was wholly unable to account for so strange a phenomenon. Between the hospitality of their friend, Mr. M'Intyre, and the simplicity of Lee Boo, this evening was passed very agreeably, and each person retired for the night perfectly pleased; but it may very reasonably be supposed, whether Lee Boo enjoyed much repose or not, that he awoke the next morning and recollected the transactions of the preceding evening in the same confused manner as one often endeavours to recall the traces of a dream. A house, servants, and other necessaries, being now provided at Macao for the crew, they all came on shore, only leaving a proper guard on board, who were occasionally relieved. Lee Boo, by his affable and obliging behaviour, was become a favourite with them all, and had often presents of such trinkets as from their novelty pleased him and attracted his attention. Among other things, a string of large glass beads was presented to him, and received in a degree of transport scarcely to be credited; he viewed them with eyes sparkling with joy, and pressed them to his breast as well pleased as a European would be with the finest string of pearls in the world. Thus enraptured, he entreated the captain immediately to get him a Chinese vessel to carry this treasure to Pelew, and deliver it to the king, that he might distribute them as he thought proper, and thereby see what a fine country the English had conveyed him to; and that
the people who carried them should inform the king that Lee Boo would soon send him other presents. He moreover added, that if the people faithfully executed this charge, on their return he would present them with one or two beads, as a reward for their fidelity, besides what Abba Thulle should think proper to present to them. How enviable is this state of innocent simplicity, when happiness can be purchased on such easy terms!—while, in fashionable life, the most extensive fortune is often accompanied with misery and discontent.

Captain Wilson, while he remained at Macao, received letters from the supercargoes at Canton, expressing their concern for the loss of the Antelope, and the misfortunes of the crew; advising that the Oroolog and stores might be disposed of. These letters were also accompanied with others to Mr. M'Intyre, desiring him to furnish the captain and crew with money and other necessaries; and a quantity of warm clothes were also sent them at the same time. Here, Le Boo had frequent opportunities of seeing people of different nations, and from various parts of the earth; but he preferred three English women, who were waiting here for a passage to Europe, to any of the ladies he had seen. At Pelew, when Captain Wilson visited it, there was no four-footed animal whatever, except a kind of wild rat; and Sailor, the large Newfoundland dog that the captain presented to Arra Kooker, was the only animal of that kind that Le Boo had ever seen. The sheep, goats, and other cattle, that he saw at Macao, were therefore novelties to him, and much excited his attention. Sailor being the name of the dog he had seen, he applied it to all other four-footed animals; so that, seeing some horses, he called them Clow Sailor, that is, Great Sailor. And on seeing a man on horseback, for the first time, he was so wonderfully astonished, that he requested every one of the company present to go out and see the strange sight. After
this he was conducted to the stables, where he felt and stroked the horses, and was very inquisitive to know what they ate, especially as he offered them an orange which he had in his pocket, which they refused. When he was a little acquainted with them, he was easily persuaded to mount on one of them: and being informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he was desirous to send one to his uncle, Raa Kook, to whom, he said, he was sure it would be very useful. Captain Churchill, of the Walpole, arrived at Macao, while the crew were waiting for a permit and a vessel to carry them to Canton, and obligingly offered them a passage, which was gladly accepted. Captain Wilson left only the chief mate and five or six men with the Oroolong, till she was sold.

When they arrived at Canton, on Le Boo being placed at table with the Company's servants, the glass vessels of various sorts, particularly the chandeliers, excited his admiration. Tea was a favourite beverage with him from his first tasting it, but he was not fond of coffee: nevertheless, he said he would drink it if the captain desired it, or thought it would be conducive to his health. He saw an instance, while at Macao, that gave him an entire aversion to spirituous liquors: one of the seamen was much intoxicated, and Lee Boo supposing him really to be very ill, earnestly entreated Mr. Sharp to prescribe something for his relief; but when he was informed of the nature of his disorder his anxiety for the poor fellow ceased; and after this he could never be prevailed on to taste spirits, saying it was not drink fit for gentlemen: a very just observation, and well worth the attention of the epicures of the present age. Having disposed of the vessel at Macao, Mr. Benger and the other men, in company of Mr. M'Intyre, went up to Canton in a country boat. While Le Boo remained at Canton, he showed his dexterity in throwing the spear, before several gentlemen who had
acquired some skill in that exercise. He took up his spear with much seeming indifference, and taking his aim at the mark (which was a gauze cage that hung in the hall, having a bird painted in the middle), he hit it through the head, to the amazement of all his competitors, who, at the same distance, could hardly hit even the cage: a striking proof this of the effect of habit and practice. Among all uncivilized nations the spear is a weapon in constant use from their childhood, by which they obtain a degree of skill beyond all competition. The stone buildings and spacious rooms at Canton gave Lee Boo much pleasure; but the flat ceilings still remained marvellous; he compared them with the sloping thatched roofs at Pelew, saying, “He hoped soon to know how it was done, that he might tell his countrymen, when he went back, how they ought to build.” Thus, in all his observations, the first thought of his heart was for the advantage of his country. Captain Wilson having completed the sale of his ship, and the stores belonging to himself and crew, laid before his partners in calamity the accounts, and equally divided the produce among them. After this, he told them that they were at liberty to provide for themselves as they thought proper. For himself, he said he should return to England by the first opportunity; and he recommended to them to follow his example, particularly his officers, as the East India Company, he doubted not, would liberally reward them, according to their deserts. Mr. Sharp, to whose care Lee Boo had been committed, as before mentioned, now gave up his charge to Captain Wilson, the officers and men taking their passage in different ships.

These companions in distress, as may well be imagined, did not part without feelings of regret and concern. Lee Boo embarked with Captain Wilson in the Morse Indiaman, Captain Joseph Elliott, who treated them in the most friendly manner
during their passage to England. Lee Boo was so courteous and amusing during the voyage, that every one was willing to oblige him, and to repay him with attention and kindness. In this account of our young prince, the reader may perceive the advantages of a courteous behaviour in youth, in acquiring the esteem of a new acquaintance. Other good qualities may make people respected, but they cannot be beloved without amiable manners; and this fact we particularly recommend to the attention of youth, who in general seem to disregard it. Whenever the Morse met with a ship at sea, Lee Boo would inquire the name, which he repeated over and over until he had fixed it strong in his memory; and as each inquiry was answered, he tied a knot in his line. But at last these knots grew so numerous that he was obliged to go over them every day to keep them in his mind; and at such times was often obliged to apply to somebody on board to recover the circumstance that some particular knot was intended to perpetuate: when thus employed, the officers of the Morse (with whom only he would associate) used to say he was reading his journal. He used often to inquire after the people that had been at Pelew, particularly Mr. Sharp, and one of the captain's sons. Soon after Lee Boo was on his journey from China to England, he saw the use and necessity of learning, and desired the captain to procure him a book, and point out to him his letters. This the captain readily performed, and had the satisfaction of seeing his pupil improve very rapidly, and neglecting no opportunity of instruction. May the youth of this enlightened nation take example from this amiable unenlightened young prince, and as they increase in years, endeavour to increase in knowledge also! then shall the task of the teacher be easy and comfortable.

As they drew near the British Channel, Lee Boo was surprised at the number of vessels pursuing their different courses.
Being come safe to the Isle of Wight, the captain, with the prince and some others, without any delay took boat, and arrived safe at Portsmouth, July 14th, 1784. Here the number of houses, men-of-war in the harbour, &c., struck the prince with astonishment; he was so amazed, that he had not recollection even to ask questions, according to his usual custom. Captain Wilson, naturally impatient to be with his family, took post immediately for London, and left Lee Boo to the care of his brother. These two set off for town in a night coach, and therefore part of the journey from Portsmouth to London was performed in the night. He remarked every circumstance, saying that it had been very pleasant; that he had been put into a little house which was run away with by horses; that he slept, but still was going on; and whilst he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees, all went another. This night was the first of his ever seeing a four-posted bed; and when at bed-time he was conducted to his chamber, he could not conceive the meaning of it; but at length, on being apprised of its nature and use, quietly laid himself down; adding, that in England there was a house for everything. Soon after his arrival in England, he was taken by Captain Wilson to dine with a friend of his. Here he first became acquainted with George Keate, Esq., the gentleman who has so ably and faithfully written a long account of this shipwreck (of the Antelope) and of the Pelew Islands, in a clear and pleasing style. Although Lee Boo was at this time little acquainted with the English language, yet between words and actions he might easily be understood; and he also comprehended most of the discourse that he heard, particularly anything that was explained to him by Captain Wilson. Mr. Keate had heard some account of this extraordinary youth, and therefore expected to see something amiable and engaging; but his gentleness of manner and easy deportment exceeded
the fame that he heard; for, in his own words, he says of
the prince, that "he was lively and pleasant, and had a polite-
ness, without form or restraint, which appeared to be the result
of natural goodness." Many questions were of course put to
Captain Wilson by the company concerning this personage, and
the country he had brought him from, which no European had
ever visited before: he obligingly entered on many particulars
which were highly interesting; spoke of the battles in which
his people had assisted the king of Pelew, and of the peculiar
manner the natives had of tying up their hair when going to
war. Lee Boo, who perfectly understood what his friend was
explaining, very obligingly, and unasked, untied his own, and
threw it into the form Captain Wilson had been describing. I
might tire the reader, were I to enumerate the trivial circum-
stances of a few hours; suffice it to say, there was in all his
department such affability and propriety of behaviour, that
when he took leave of the company there was hardly one pre-
sent who did not feel a satisfaction in having had an interview
with him.

He was taken on visits to many of the captain's friends, and
shown many of the public buildings in London; but he was kept
back from some of the principal places of public resort, for fear
of the small-pox; as it was intended to have him inoculated
when he had learned the English language sufficiently to be
made sensible of the propriety of inoculation. He also went
every day to a school at Rotherhithe, to be instructed in reading
and writing; and his attention was so great, and his affability
and good-humour so conspicuous, as to gain, not only the esteem
of the master, but of the whole school. He very readily noticed
any singularity in his schoolfellows, and in the hours of recess
he would with great good-humour divert the family at home by
imitating them and taking them off. Mrs. Wilson he always
called mother; and when he was often desired to say Mrs.
Wilson, he would say, "No, no—mother, mother;" thinking that the most respectful term he could distinguish her by, although he very readily called Mr. Wilson captain. At one visit, a young lady present sat down to a harpsichord, to notice what effect the music would have upon Lee Boo. He was much surprised; and on the harpsichord being opened, he cautiously noticed the motion of the jacks, and was very desirous to understand the nature of it, and from whence the sound proceeded. His disposition was naturally mild and compassionate (as were his countrymen in general), which was proved in various instances. When he saw an old beggar, he would say, "Must give poor old man,—old man no able to work;" but young beggars he rebuked; thus using judgment and discretion in all his proceedings. He soon became disgusted with his servant Boyam, who turned out a very unworthy fellow, and desired the captain to send him back to the Malay country. Tom Rose (the interpreter to the English at Pelew) was therefore appointed to attend on him in Boyam's room, which greatly pleased the prince.

One time when dining with a party, Mr. Keate being present, among other conversation, the subject of painting was introduced, to notice the effect it would have on Lee Boo. A miniature painting of Mr. Keate was produced, and carelessly handed to the prince: "Misser Keate, Misser Keate—very nice, very good." The captain then asked him if he knew the meaning of it. "Yes," said he, "Lee Boo understand well—that Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live." It is worthy of remark that a treatise on portrait-painting could not have penned it better than this answer of the prince. Captain Wilson was subject to a severe head-ache, and at times was obliged to lie upon the bed for relief. Lee Boo was so sensibly affected at the indisposition of his kind guardian, that he would creep softly up-stairs, listen at the chamber-door, and sit silent and motion-
less for a long time together by the bed-side, only now and then
drawing aside the curtains and gently peeping, in hopes of
seeing some amendment, and sometimes inquiring if he lay
easy. Lee Boo had of course contracted an intimate acquaint-
ance with Captain Wilson’s son, a youth somewhat younger
than himself, who sailed with him from Pelew. They were
continually together in hours of relaxation from study, amusing
themselves in any innocent diversion, such as throwing the spear,
&c. One day, they were so intent upon this diversion of throw-
ing the spear, that the captain’s son totally forgot a commission
which his father had previously given him, which was to call
on some person with a message of some importance. The captain,
on discovering this neglect, rebuked him in a tone of voice
which immediately convinced the prince that something highly
offended him. He slipped unobserved away to mourn in secret
the disagreement of his friends; and on being missed, his com-
panion was sent to look for him, and found him quite dejected
in a back room. On returning to the family in the room where
he had left them, he took his young friend by the hand, and
putting it into the captain’s, he pressed them both together, and
looking affectionately at both, he shed tears, which he could not
suppress. Where shall we find, among the numberless young
men of this nation, a peace-maker like this, or (would to God
there were many!) one that would go and do likewise. He was
very fond of going to church, and though it cannot be supposed
that he understood the words of the service, yet he always
behaved with the utmost reverence and attention. That he
understood the meaning of it was plain; for when the captain
asked him, he replied, with much earnestness, “All same Pelew
—bad men stay in earth—good men go into sky—become very
beautiful.”

Everything of a military kind was pleasing to Lee Boo, and
whenever he saw the Guards exercised in St. James's Park, which was often the case, he always beheld them with attention and awe. He was fond of riding on horseback, and galloped without fear; but riding in a coach was his favourite mode of travelling, as, he observed, he could there both ride in company and converse at the same time. He had a very mean opinion of ascending into the air in a balloon, which was then much in fashion. He said, he thought it a very foolish thing to ride in the air like a bird, when a man could travel more pleasantly on horseback, or in a coach. We cannot better conclude our account of this amiable and unfortunate youth, than in the words of a former editor, who says, "This inquisitive and pains-taking young man was proceeding extremely fast in gaining the English language, and making so rapid a progress with his pen, that in a short time he would have written a very fine hand, when, alas! he was attacked with that very disease against which so much caution had been used. On the 16th of December, he found himself greatly disordered, and in the course of a day or two, an eruption appeared all over him. Captain Wilson, full of apprehension, had immediate recourse to Dr. Carmichael Smyth, requesting him to see the prince. That gentleman kindly attended, and upon the first sight of him, not only pronounced the distemper to be the small-pox, but was obliged to add, that the appearances were such as almost totally precluded the hope of a favourable termination. However, the Doctor prescribed what was then necessary, and on Captain Wilson's earnestly soliciting the continuance of his visits, assured him that, however inconvenient the distance, he would not fail daily to attend the issue of the disease. In this sad situation the afflicted youth was deprived of the solacing presence of his dear friend Captain Wilson, who, not having had the small-pox himself, yielded to the entreaties of his family not to go into his
chamber. However, his first and faithful friend, Mr. Sharp, on hearing of his illness, repaired to his assistance, nor quitted the captain's house till it was become the scene of death! However much our suffering prince regretted the loss of the captain's company, he could not but acquiesce in it, anxiously inquiring from time to time concerning his health, full of dread lest he should catch the disorder, as he still continued in the house.

"During the progress of this grievous distemper, Lee Boo maintained the utmost firmness of mind, and having the highest opinion of Dr. Smyth, never refused to take anything administered to him, when informed that he desired it. Hearing of an indisposition which now happened to Mrs. Wilson, and confined her to bed, Lee Boo instantly took alarm, exclaiming, 'What, mother ill? Lee Boo get up to see her!' He actually did so, and would go to her apartment to be sure how she really was. On the Thursday before his death, as he walked across the room, he looked at himself in the glass, and finding his face much swollen and disfigured, shook his head, and in seeming disgust at his own appearance, turned away, telling Mr. Sharp that 'his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick.' This he several times repeated. In the evening, growing worse, he became sensible of his danger; and taking Mr. Sharp by the hand, and steadfastly fixing his eyes upon him, said with great earnestness, 'Good friend, when you go to Pelew, tell Abba Thulle, that Lee Boo take much drink to make smallpox go away, but he die—that the captain and mother (Mrs. Wilson) very kind—all English very good men—was much sorry he could not speak to the king the number of fine things the English had got.' He then enumerated the presents which had been made him, and expressed his wish that Mr. Sharp would distribute them, when he returned to Pelew, amongst the chiefs. His faithful servant Tom Rose, who stood at the foot of his
bed, melted into tears at this melancholy scene: the agonized master gently rebuked him for his weakness, saying, 'Why should he be crying so because Lee Boo die?' Whatever he felt, his spirits did not allow him to complain. Mrs. Wilson's chamber adjoined his own, and he would often call out to inquire if she was better, always adding, to prevent her suffering any disquietude on his account, 'Lee Boo do well, mother; Lee Boo do well.' The small-pox not rising after eight or nine days from its coming out, he began to feel himself sink, and told Mr. Sharp he was going away. What he suffered in the latter part of his existence was very severe indeed: his mind, however, continued perfectly clear and calm to the last, and the strength of his constitution struggled long and hard against the virulence of his distemper, till, overwhelmed, nature yielded in the contest. Captain Wilson having notified to the India-house the death of this admirable youth, received orders to conduct his funeral with every mark of decency and respect. He was accordingly interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, attended by the captain and his brother; and such was the affectionate regard entertained by those who knew him, that not only the young people of the academy, but even the whole parish, seemed to have assembled to see the last ceremonies paid to his remains. An additional honour was soon afterwards done them by the India Company's ordering a tomb to be erected over his grave, on which is a handsome inscription.'
There was once a king who had three sons, all remarkably handsome in their persons, and in their tempers brave and noble. Some wicked courtiers made the king believe that the princes were impatient to wear the crown, and that they were contriving a plot to deprive him of his sceptre and his kingdom. The king felt he was growing old; but as he found himself as capable of governing as he ever had been, he had no inclination to resign his power; and therefore, that he might pass the rest of his days peaceably, he determined to employ the princes in such a manner as at once to give each of them the hope of succeeding to the crown, and fill up the time they might otherwise spend in so undutiful a manner. He sent for them to his cabinet, and after conversing with them kindly, he added: "You must be sensible, my dear children, that my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to state affairs. I fear this may
be injurious to my subjects; I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but it is no more than just, that in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement in my retirement, before I leave the capital for ever. I cannot help thinking, that a little dog, that is handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare, that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor. The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, yet they accepted the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, who presented them with abundance of money and jewels, and appointed that day twelvemonth for their return, they set off on their travels.

Before taking leave of each other, however, they took some refreshment together, in an old palace about three miles out of town, where they mutually agreed to meet in the same place on that day twelvemonth, and go all together with their presents to court. They also agreed to change their names, that they might be unknown to every one in their travels.

Each took a different road; but it is intended to relate the adventures of only the youngest, who was the handsomest, most amiable, and accomplished prince that had ever been seen. No day passed, as he travelled from town to town, that he did not buy all the handsome dogs that fell in his way; and as soon as he saw one that was handsomer than those he had before, he made a present of the last; for twenty servants would have been scarcely sufficient to take care of all the dogs he was continually buying. At length, wandering he knew not whither, he found himself in a forest; night suddenly came on, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain: to add to his perplexity, he lost his path, and could find no way out of the forest. After he had groped about for a long time, he perceived
a light, which made him suppose that he was not far from some house: he accordingly pursued his way towards it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld. The door that entered into it was made of gold, covered with sapphire stones, which cast so resplendent a brightness over everything around that scarcely could the strongest eye-sight bear to look at it: this was the light the prince had seen from the forest. The walls of the building were of transparent porcelain, variously coloured, and represented the history of all the fairies that had existed from the beginning of the world. The prince, coming back to the golden door, observed a deer’s foot fastened to a chain of diamonds; he could not help wondering at the magnificence he beheld, and the security in which the inhabitants seemed to live; “For,” said he to himself, “nothing can be easier than for thieves to steal this chain, and as many of the sapphire stones as would make their fortunes.” He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was exquisite. In a few moments the door was opened; but he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step; when he felt himself gently pushed on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on, in great perplexity, till he entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, where the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words:—

Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here;
You shall break the magic spell,
That on a beauteous lady fell.

Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here.

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what
these words could mean; the hands moved him forward towards a large door of coral, which opened of itself to give him admission into a splendid apartment built of mother-0'-pearl, through which he passed into others so richly adorned with paintings and jewels, and so resplendently lighted with thousands of lamps, girandoles, and lustres, that the prince imagined he must be in an enchanted palace. When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy-chair advanced of itself towards the chimney; and the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, and then added a commodious wrapping-gown, embroidered with the brightest gold, and all over, enriched with pearls. The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, and combed his hair so very gently that he scarcely felt their touch. They held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterwards took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater splendour. When his dress was complete, they conducted him to an apartment he had not yet seen, and which also was magnificently furnished. There was in it a table spread for a repast, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels. The prince observed there were two covers set, and was wondering who was to be his companion, when his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure not a foot high, which just then entered the room, and advanced towards him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides: they were followed by a numerous retinue of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others mouse-traps full of mice.

The prince was at a loss what to think. The little figure
now approached, and throwing aside her veil, he beheld a most beautiful white cat: she seemed young and melancholy; and addressing herself to the prince, she said, "Young prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure." —"Madam," replied the prince, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be an extraordinary creature to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the magnificent palace I have seen." —"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments; let us therefore sit down to supper." The trunkless hands then placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and white cat seated themselves. The first dish was a pie made of young pigeons, and the next was a fricassee of the fattest mice: the view of the one made the prince almost afraid to taste the other; till the white cat, who guessed his thoughts, assured him that there were certain dishes at table in which there was not a morsel of either rat or mouse, which had been dressed on purpose for him: accordingly he ate heartily of such as she recommended. When supper was over, the prince perceived that the white cat had a portrait set in gold hanging to one of her feet. He begged her permission to look at it; when, to his astonishment, he saw the portrait of a handsome young man, who exactly resembled himself! He thought there was something very extraordinary in all this: yet, as the white cat sighed and looked very sorrowful, he did not venture to ask any questions. He conversed with her on different subjects, and found her extremely well versed in everything that was passing in the world. When night was far advanced, the white cat wished him a good night, and he was conducted by the hands to his bed-chamber, which was different still from anything he had seen in the palace, being hung with the wings of butterflies,
mixed with the most curious feathers. His bed was of gauze, festooned with bunches of the gayest ribands, and the looking-glasses reached from the floor to the ceiling. The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word. He, however, slept little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. The hands took him out of bed, and put on him a handsome hunting-jacket. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats busily employed in preparing for the field, for this was a day of festival. Presently the white cat came to his apartment; and having politely inquired after his health, she invited him to partake of their amusement. The prince willingly accepted and mounted a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, which had been prepared for him, and which he was assured would gallop to admiration. The beautiful white cat mounted a monkey, dressed in a dragoon’s bonnet, which made her look so fierce that all the rats and mice ran away in the utmost terror.

Everything being ready, the horns sounded, and away they went: no hunting was ever more agreeable: the cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits; and when they caught any, they were hunted in the presence of the white cat, and a thousand cunning tricks were played. Nor were the birds in safety; for the monkey made nothing of climbing up the trees, with the white cat on his back, to the nests of the young eagles. When the hunting was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; and the white cat immediately exchanged her dragoon’s cap for the veil, and sat down to supper with the prince, who, being very hungry, ate heartily, and afterwards partook with her of the most delicious liquors, which being often repeated, made him forget that he was to procure a little dog for the old king. He thought no longer of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously; accordingly
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every day was spent in new amusements. The prince had almost forgotten his country and relations, and sometimes even regretted that he was not a cat, so great was his affection for his mewing companions. "Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave you whom I love so much; Either make yourself a lady or make me a cat." She smiled at the prince's wish, but made him scarcely any reply. At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired; the white cat, who knew the very day when the prince was to reach his father's palace, reminded him that he had but three days longer to look for a perfect little dog. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began to afflict himself; when the cat told him not to be so sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse which should convey him safely in less than twelve hours. "Look here," said she, showing him an acorn, "this contains what you desire." The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand times, and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers: they mutually embraced, and began to give an account of their success; when the youngest showed them only a little mongrel cur, telling them that he thought it could not fail to please the king from its extraordinary beauty. The brothers trod on each other's toes under the table; as much as to say, we have not much to fear from this sorry-looking animal. The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped around with embroidered quilts, that one would scarcely venture to touch them. The youngest produced his cur dirty all over, and all wondered how the prince could hope to receive a crown for such a present. The king examined
the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute; when the youngest prince, taking his acorn from his pocket, soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was besides a miracle of beauty. The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction; yet, as he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, he could think of nothing more to his purpose, than telling his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken; and since they had succeeded so well, he could not but wish they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year for procuring him a piece of cambric, so fine as to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy, while the trunkless hands helped him to dismount, and provided him with immediate refreshment: after which the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of the further injunction of his father. "Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she, "I have in my palace some cats that are perfectly clever in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making; and I will procure you all the amusement possible." She accordingly ordered the most curious fireworks to be played off in sight of the window of the apartment in which they were sitting; and nothing but festivity
and rejoicing was heard throughout the palace for the prince's return. As the white cat frequently gave proofs of an excellent understanding, the prince was by no means tired of her company; she talked with him of state affairs, of theatres, of fashions: in short, she was at a loss on no subject whatever; so that when the prince was alone, he had plenty of amusement in thinking how it could possibly be, that a small white cat could be endowed with all the powers of human creatures.

The twelvemonth in this manner again passed insensibly away; but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank;" when looking into the court-yard, he saw a superb car, ornamented all over with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, drawn by twelve horses as white as snow, and harnessed in the most sumptuous trappings; and behind the car a thousand guards, richly appa-relled, were waiting to attend on the prince's person. She then presented him with a nut: "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you: do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king your father:" then, to prevent the acknowledgments which the prince was about to offer, she hastily bade him adieu. Nothing could exceed the speed with which the snow-white horses conveyed this fortunate prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had just arrived before him. They embraced each other, and demanded an immediate audience of the king, who received them with the greatest kindness. The princes hastened to place at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest produced a piece of cambric that was so extremely fine, that his friends had no doubt of its passing the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been kept locked up in the custody of
his majesty's treasurer all the time. Every one supposed he would certainly obtain the crown; but when the king tried to draw it through the eye of the needle, it would not pass, though it failed but very little. Then came the second prince, who made as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done; but alas! with no better success; for though his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the youngest prince's turn, who accordingly advanced, and opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, he took out a walnut, and cracked the shell, imagining he should immediately perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hopes; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, could not, any more than the princes his brothers, refrain from laughing, to think he should be so silly as to claim with them the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed. He was now absolutely confounded, and could not help muttering between his teeth, "O white cat, white cat, thou hast deceived me!" At this instant he felt his hand scratched by the claw of a cat; upon which he again took courage, and opening the grain of millet-seed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, and fine enough to be drawn with perfect ease through the eye of the needle. When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to his youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was easy to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success. "My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his
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children's love and obedience, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. You must undertake another expedition; and whichever, by the end of a year, brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her, and obtain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of each other, and set out without delay, and in less than twelve hours our young prince arrived in his splendid car at the palace of his dear white cat. Everything went on as before till the end of another year. At length only one day remained of the year, when the white cat thus addressed him: "To morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld, for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."—"I!" said the prince, hastily, "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."—"You mistake me, generous prince," said she, "I do not doubt your regard; but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire; when you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay." The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done, than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him: and before he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak to her, a long train of attendants, who, at the same moment as their mistress, were changed to their natural shapes, came
to offer their congratulations to the queen, and inquire her commands. She received them with the greatest kindness, and ordering them to withdraw, thus addressed the astonished prince:

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have always been a cat; or that I am of obscure birth. My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, and left her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Her prevailing passion was to travel; and a short time before my birth having heard of some fairies who were in possession of the largest gardens filled with the most delicious fruits, she had so strong a desire to eat some of them, that she set out for the country where they lived. She arrived at their abode, which she found to be a magnificent palace, on all sides glittering with gold and precious stones. She knocked a long time at the gates; but no one came, nor could she perceive the least sign that it had any inhabitant. The difficulty, however, did but increase the violence of my mother's longing; for she saw the tops of the trees above the garden walls, loaded with the most luscious fruits. The queen, in despair, ordered her attendants to place tents close to the door of the palace; but, having waited six weeks without seeing any one pass the gates, she fell sick of vexation, and her life was despaired of.

"One night, as she lay half asleep, she turned herself about, and, opening her eyes, perceived a little old woman, very ugly and deformed, seated in the easy-chair by her bed-side. 'I and my sister fairies,' said she, 'take it very ill that your majesty should so obstinately persist in getting some of our fruit; but since so precious a life is at stake, we consent to give you as much as you can carry away, provided you will give us in return what we shall ask.'—'Ah! kind fairy,' cried the queen, 'I will give you anything that I possess, even my very kingdoms, on condition that I eat of your fruit.' The old fairy then informed
the queen that what they required was, that she should give them the child she was going to have, as soon as she should be born; adding, that every possible care should be taken of her and that she should become the most accomplished princess. The queen replied, that, however cruel the condition, she must accept it, since nothing but the fruit could save her life. In short, dear prince,” continued the lady, “my mother instantly got out of bed, was dressed by her attendants, entered the palace, and satisfied her longing. When the queen had eaten her fill, she ordered four thousand mules to be procured, and loaded with the fruit, which had the virtue of continuing all the year round in a state of perfection. Thus provided, she returned to the king my father, who, with the whole court, received her with rejoicings, as it was before imagined she would die of disappointment. All this time the queen said nothing to my father of the promise she had made to give her daughter to the fairies; so that when the time was come that she expected my birth, she grew very melancholy; till at length being pressed by the king, she declared to him the truth. Nothing could exceed his affliction, when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies: he bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother’s grief; and also believing he should find some means of keeping me in a place of safety, which the fairies would not be able to approach. As soon, therefore, as I was born, he had me conveyed to a tower in the palace, to which there were twenty flights of stairs, and a door to each, of which my father kept the key, so that none came near me without his consent. When the fairies heard of what had been done, they sent first to demand me; and on my father’s refusal, they let loose a monstrous dragon, which devoured men, women, and children, and which, by the breath of its nostrils, destroyed everything it came near, so that the trees and plants began to
die in great abundance. The grief of the king at seeing this
could scarcely be equalled; and finding that his whole kingdom
would in a short time be reduced to famine, he consented to give
me into their hands. I was accordingly laid in a cradle of
mother-o'-pearl, ornamented with gold and jewels, and carried
to their palace; when the dragon immediately disappeared.
The fairies placed me in a tower of their palace, elegantly
furnished, but to which there was no door, so that whoever
approached was obliged to come by the windows, which were a
great height from the ground: from these I had the liberty of
getting out into a delightful garden, in which were baths, and
every sort of cooling fruit. In this place was I educated by
the fairies, who behaved to me with the greatest kindness; my
clothes were splendid, and I was instructed in every kind of
accomplishment: in short, prince, if I had never seen any one
but themselves, I should have remained very happy. One of
the windows of my tower overlooked a long avenue shaded with
trees, so that I had never seen in it a human creature. One
day, however, as I was talking at this window with my parrot,
I perceived a young gentleman who was listening to our conver-
sation. As I had never seen a man but in pictures, I was not
sorry for the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. I thought
him a very pleasing object, and he at length bowed in the most
respectful manner, without daring to speak, for he knew that
I was in the palace of the fairies. When it began to grow dark,
he went away, and I vainly endeavoured to see which road he
took. The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again
placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing
that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He now
spoke to me through a speaking-trumpet, and informed me he
thought me a most charming lady, and that he should be very
unhappy if he did not pass his life in my company.
"I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower with the engaging prince I had seen. I was not long in devising the means for the execution of my project: I begged the fairies to bring me a netting-needle, a mesh, and some cord, saying I wished to make some nets to amuse myself with catching birds at my window. This they readily complied with, and in a short time I completed a ladder long enough to reach to the ground. I now sent my parrot to the prince, to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and finding the ladder, mounted it, and quickly entered my tower. This at first alarmed me, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to tranquillity, when all at once the window opened, and the fairy Violent, mounted on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower. My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from their fury; for I had had time to relate to him my story, previous to this cruel interruption; but their numbers overpowered him, and the fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my prince before my eyes. In my despair, I would have thrown myself also into the mouth of the horrible monster; but this they took care to prevent, saying, my life should be preserved for greater punishment. The fairy then touched me with her wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She next conducted me to this palace,
which belonged to my father, and gave me a train of cats for my attendants, together with the twelve hands that waited on your highness. She then informed me of my birth, and the death of my parents, and pronounced upon me what she imagined the greatest of maledictions: that I should not be restored to my natural figure until a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You are that perfect resemblance; and accordingly you ended the enchantment. I need not add, that I already love you more than my life; let us therefore hasten to the palace of the king your father, and obtain his approbation to our marriage."

The prince and princess accordingly set out side by side in a car of still greater splendour than before, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of his resigning his crown; but when the whole court were with the king assembled to pass judgment, the princess who accompanied the youngest, perceiving his thoughts by his countenance, stepped majestically forward and thus addressed him: "It is a pity, that your majesty, who is so capable of governing should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the eldest princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and make no decision concerning the beauty of three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!" The air resounded with the applause of the assembly: the young prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place; and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed.
I was born of a good family in the city of York, where my father, who was a native of Bremen, had settled, after having got a handsome estate by merchandise. My brain was early filled with rambling thoughts; but my father often persuaded me to settle to some business, and my mother used the tenderest entreaties, yet nothing could prevail upon me to lay aside my desire of going to sea, notwithstanding the extreme uneasiness which my father and mother always showed at the thoughts of my leaving them. I hardened myself against the prudent and kind advice of my most indulgent parents, and being one day at Hull, I met with one of my companions, who was going to sea in his father's ship, and he easily persuaded me to go with him. On the first of September, 1651, I went on board the ship, which was bound for London, and without letting my father know the rash and disobedient step I had taken, set sail; but no sooner was the ship out of the Humber, than the wind began to blow, and the sea to rise in a most terrible manner. Having never been at sea before, I was sick, and my mind was filled with terror. The next day the wind abated and the sea
grew calm; I was no longer sea-sick, and my companion laughed at my fears. The weather continued calm for several days, and we at length came into Yarmouth Roads, where we cast anchor to wait for a wind. On the eighth day, in the morning, the wind increased: I now began to see terror in the faces even of the seamen themselves; and as the master passed by me, I could hear him say softly to himself, "Lord be merciful to us, we shall be lost." When I heard this, I was terribly frightened: such a dismal sight I had never seen before; the sea ran mountains high, and the waves breaking over the ship every minute. I cannot express the horror of mind I was then seized with: the storm increased, and I saw (what is but too seldom seen) the master, the boatswain, and several others at prayers, expecting every moment that the ship would go to the bottom. The storm, however, beginning to abate, the master fired guns for help, and a light ship, which had ridden it out just ahead of us, ventured a boat to help us. It was with the utmost hazard that it came near us; and our men casting out a rope over the stern with a buoy, they, after much labour and hazard, got hold of it, and we hauled them close under the stern, and got all into the boat; but we had hardly left the ship a quarter of an hour, when we saw her founder.

As it was impossible for the boat to get up with the ship to which she belonged, we endeavoured to reach the shore, and, partly by rowing, and partly by being driven by the waves, we at last with great difficulty got to land, and walked to Yarmouth. Had I now had the sense to return home, my father would have received me with tenderness; but a weak and foolish shame opposed all thoughts of it: I was afraid of being laughed at among the neighbours, and should be ashamed to see not only my father, but everybody else. I had, without blushing, committed an action which bore all the marks of
folly, but was ashamed of returning, though that was the wisest step I could have taken. I remained some time in doubt what course to take; but having money in my pocket, I travelled to London by land. On my arrival in that city, the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea, taking a fancy to me, told me, that if I would go the voyage with him, I should be at no expense; and if I would carry anything with me, I should have the advantage of trading for myself. Encouraged by this offer, by the assistance of some of my relations, with whom I still corresponded, I raised forty pounds, which I laid out in such toys and trifles as he directed me to buy. During this voyage, my worthy friend instructed me in the mathematics, and the rules of navigation: this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London, at my
eturn, almost three hundred pounds sterling. I was now set up for a Guinea trader; but my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage again, and having left two hundred pounds in the hands of my friend's widow, I embarked in the same vessel. This was one of the most unhappy voyages that man ever made; for as we were steering between the Canary Islands and the African shore, we were surprised in the gray of the morning by a Moorish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We were obliged to submit, and were all carried prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors. I was kept by the captain of the rover as his own prize, and made his slave.

My master, having the long-boat of our English ship, had a little state room, or cabin, built in the middle of it, like a barge. In this pleasure-boat we often went out fishing: and one day he had appointed to go out with two or three Moors of distinction, and had therefore sent over-night a larger store of provisions than usual; and ordered me to get ready two or three fuses with powder and shot, which were on board his ship; for that they intended to have sport at fowling as well as fishing. But in the morning he came on board, telling me that his guests had declined going, and ordered me, with the man and boy, to sail out with the boat, and catch some fish, for his friends were going to sup with him. At this moment the hopes of my deliverance darted into my thoughts: everything being prepared, we sailed out of the port to fish; but purposely catching none, I told Muley that this would not do, and that we must stand farther off, which he agreed to. We set the sails, and I having the helm, ran the boat out near a league further, and then brought her to, as if I would fish; when giving the boy the helm, I stepped forwards, and stooping behind the Moor, took him by surprise and tossed him into the sea: he arose immediately,
for he swam like a cork, and called to me to take him in; but fetching out one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him that if he came near the boat I would shoot him, so he turned about, and swam towards the land, and, as he was an excellent swimmer, I make no doubt but that he reached the shore with ease. When he was gone, I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me, I will make you a great man, and if you will not stroke your face to be true to me (that is, to swear by Mahomet and his father's beard), I must throw you into the sea too." The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently, that I could not mistrust him; he swore to be faithful to me, and to go over all the world with me.

While I was in view of Muley, I stood out to sea, but it no sooner grew dark, than I changed my course, and steered to the south. I made such sail, that before the end of the next day, I believe I was beyond the Emperor of Morocco's domi-
nions. Yet so dreadful were my apprehensions of falling again into my master's hands, that I would not stop to go on shore till I had sailed in this manner five days; and then the wind shifting to the southward, I ventured to come to an anchor at the mouth of a little river.

The principal thing I wanted was fresh water; but though I was no less afraid of the savages than of the wild beasts, our necessities obliged us to land, for we had not a pint. The next morning Xury asked for one of the jars, and said he would go and seek for water. I asked him why he would go. The boy answered with so much affection, that I could not help loving him,—"If wild man comes, they eat me, you go away."—"Well, Xury," said I, "we will both go, and if the wild men come, we will kill them; they shall eat neither of us." I then gave Xury a dram out of one of the case-bottles, and having hauled the boat as near the shore as we thought proper, we waded to land, carrying nothing but our arms, and two jars for water. The boy seeing a low place about a mile up the country, rambled thither; and, by-and-by, I saw him come running towards me; when, thinking he might be pursued by some savages, or frightened by some wild beast, I ran to meet him; but when I came nearer, I saw something hanging over his shoulder, which was a creature he had shot, like a hare, and we found it very good meat; but the great joy that poor Xury came with, was to tell me that he had found good water, and seen no wild man. We therefore filled our jars, feasted on our hare, and then set sail.

Several times after, we were obliged to go ashore for fresh water; and once in particular, early in the morning, Xury called softly to me, and told me, that we had best go farther off the shore: "for," said he, "look, yonder lies a dreadful monster fast asleep." I looked where he pointed, and saw a great lion that lay on the side of the shore, under the shade of a piece of
the hill that hung a little over him; upon which, charging my
three guns, I took aim at his head, but lying with his foot
raised a little above his nose, the slug broke his leg. He started
up growling, but fell down again, and gave the most hideous
roar I ever heard; but firing again, and shooting him in the
head, I had the pleasure to see him drop. I resolved to take
off his skin, and going ashore, the boy and I accomplished it:
then spreading it upon the top of the cabin, the sun dried it in
two days' time, and it afterwards served me to lie upon.

About ten days after, as I was steering out to sea, in order to
double a cape, I had a view of some islands, which I supposed
to be those of Cape Verd. I was afraid of venturing too far from
the shore, for if I should be taken with a fresh gale of wind, I
might never be able to reach again the one or the other. In this
dilemma I sat down in the cabin, when on a sudden, Xury cried
out in a fright, "Master, master, a ship!" foolishly imagining
that it was his master's ship, come so far in pursuit of us. I
jumped out of the cabin, and saw that it was a Portuguese vessel,
and instantly stretched out to sea with all the sail I could make:
they perceived me by the help of their glasses, and shortened
sail to let me come up. A Scotch sailor on board called to me,
and I answered that I had made my escape from the Moors at
Salee. They very kindly took me in and all my goods. We
had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and arrived at All Saints' 
Bay in about twenty-two days. The generous captain recom-
manded me to an honest man who had a plantation, with whom
I lived till I had learned the manner of making sugar, after which
I purchased a piece of land, and became a planter. I had lived
there about four years, and had contracted an acquaintance
among several merchants. I had frequently talked to them of
the method of purchasing negroes on the Coast of Guinea, and
they being pleased with the project, easily prevailed on me to
make a voyage for that purpose. We fitted out a ship of about one hundred and twenty tons burden, which carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. In this vessel I set sail. We had very good weather for about twelve days; but soon after we had crossed the line, a violent hurricane drove us quite out of our reckoning, and for many days together not any in the ship expected to save their lives. In this distress, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin, in the hope of seeing where we were, than the ship struck upon a shoal. It is not easy to conceive our consternation; for as the rage of the sea was great, we supposed that the ship would in a few minutes break to pieces. We had a boat on board, which the mate took hold of, and with the help of the rest of the men, flung her over the ship's side, and getting all into her, we committed ourselves to God's mercy. We steered towards land; but after we had rowed, or rather been driven, about a league and a half, a wave, mountain-high, came rolling astern of us with such fury, that it overset the boat at once, and separated us one from another. This wave carried me a vast way towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and then took to my heels, and with all the strength I had left me ran towards the shore. I got to the main-land, clambered up the cliffs on the shore, and sat me down upon the grass. Having rested myself, I walked along the shore in search of fresh water: having found some, and quenched my thirst, I put some tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, and having climbed a tree, rested myself till the morning. I then found the sea calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. The weather being extremely hot, I pulled off my clothes, and took to the water:
when I came to the ship, I observed a small piece of rope hanging down: I got hold of it, and got into the forecastle. To my great joy I saw that all the ship's provisions were dry, and being well disposed to eat, I went into the bread-room, and slipped on a waistcoat, filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate as I went about other things: I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a dram.

As I found several spare yards, I let them down with ropes by the ship's side, and going down to them, tied them together and made a raft, placing several pieces of plank upon them crossways, and laid upon it all the pieces of board that came to hand. I next emptied three of the seamen's chests; then lowered them down upon the raft and filled them with bread, some dried goats' flesh, and three Dutch cheeses. I found several cases of bottles, in which were some cordial waters and about five or six gallons of arrack; these I stowed by themselves, there being no room for them in the chests. I also let down the carpenter's chest, which was worth more to me than a ship-load of gold. I next found two good fowling-pieces, and two pistols, with some powder-horns, two barrels of powder, and two rusty old swords, all of which I placed on the raft, and with this invaluable cargo resolved to put to sea.

My raft went very well, and with it I entered a creek, where I thrust it on a flat piece of ground, over which the tide flowed, and there fastened it by sticking a broken oar into the ground. Thus I stayed till the water ebbed, when I placed my cargo safe on land. At night I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards I had brought on shore. The next day I resolved to make a second voyage. My raft being too unwieldy, I swam to the ship and made another, on which I placed two or three bags of nails and spikes, some tools and fire-arms, barrels of musket-bullets, a large bag of small shot, and all the men's
clothes I could find; a square fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding, all which I brought safe to land. I now made a little hut with the sails and some poles, and into it I brought everything I knew would spoil either with the sun or rain; I piled all the empty chests and casks in a circle round the hut to fortify it; I blocked up the door with boards; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun by me, I went to bed, and slept very quietly all night.

Every day at low-water I went on board, and brought away something. I had been thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship. Indeed, had the weather continued, I believe I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece: but preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise; however, at low water I went. Rummaging the cabin, I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and a pair of large scissors, with ten or a dozen good knives and forks, and in another about thirty-six pounds' worth of gold and silver coin. At the sight of this money I smiled to myself, and said aloud, "O drug! what art thou good for? one of these knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping it all in a piece of canvas, began to think of making another raft, but while I was preparing it, the wind began to rise, and to blow off shore: I then found it was time to be gone, lest I should not be able to reach the shore: accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam to land.

It blew very hard all night, and in the morning when I looked out no more ship was to be seen. I now went in search of a place where I might fix my dwelling, endeavouring to
choose one where I might have the advantage of a healthy situation, fresh water, and security. I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, which was there as steep as the side of a house, so that nothing could come down to me from the top. On the one side of this rock was a hollow place like the entrance of a cave, before which I resolved to fix my tent. This plain was not above one hundred yards broad, and twice as long, descending to the sea. Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which extended twenty yards, and in this half circle pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground like piles, sharpened on the top: then I took the pieces of cable I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, up to the top; and this defence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could enter it. The entrance I made by a short ladder to go over the top, which when I was in I lifted after me. Into this fence I by degrees carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, and made me a large tent to secure myself and them from the weather. When I had done this I began to work my way into the rock, laying all the earth and stones I dug out within my fence, in the manner of a terrace: and thus I had a cave just behind my hut. But before the above works were completed, a sudden storm of thunder and lightning filled me with the greatest terror; for my powder suddenly darted into my mind, and my heart sunk within me at the thought, that in one blast it might be destroyed—on which not only my defence, but the providing of my food entirely depended. No sooner was the storm over, than I laid aside every other work to make boxes and bags, in order to separate my powder. I put them into holes up and down the rocks, in such a manner, that one parcel could not fire another. While all this was doing, I walked out at least once every day with my gun, to see if I could kill anything fit for
food, and to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out I had the pleasure to find that there were goats in the island; but they were so shy, that it was the most difficult thing in the world to come up with them; but observing that they did not easily see objects above them, I killed them by climbing the rocks, and shooting at those in the valley. I found in the woods a sort of wild pigeon, which built in holes of the rocks; and taking some young ones, I endeavoured to bring them up tame, but when they grew old they flew away; however, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones, which were very good meat. After I had been ten or twelve days on shore, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time, and should not be able to distinguish the Sundays from the working days. To prevent this, I set up a large square post on the shore where I first landed, and cut upon it with a knife, "I came on shore here, the 30th of September, 1657." Upon the sides I cut every day a notch, and every seventh was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one, and thus I kept my weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning.

I got from the ship some pens, ink, and paper, some mathematical instruments and three good Bibles, with several other
books, which I carefully secured. I also brought to shore with me two cats; and a dog swam on shore, which was a trusty servant to me many years; nay, he was so good a companion that I was at a loss for nothing that he could fetch me; and he only wanted power of speech to become a most agreeable friend.

When my habitation was finished, I found it far too small to contain my moveables; I had hardly room to turn myself; so I set about enlarging my cave, and worked sideways into the rock, farther than my outside pale, and hewing a way through, made a back-door to my store-house. I then made a table and chair, which were great conveniences, shelved one side of my cave, and knocked up pieces of wood in the rock to hang my things on. When my cave was set to rights, it looked like a general magazine for all necessary things.

What a different situation was I now in from that I was in when I first landed,—when I was afraid of perishing with hunger or of being devoured by wild beasts! I frequently killed goats for my subsistence, the fat of which supplied my lamp, which was a dish made of clay, baked in the sun; and for a wick I made use of oakum. In my rummaging among the things, I found a little bag with some husks of corn in it, and wanting it, I shook it out by the side of my fortification. This was just before some heavy rain; and about a month afterwards, I saw some green stalks shooting out of the ground; but how great was my astonishment, when some time after, I saw about ten or twelve ears of barley! It was some time before I recollected the bag with the husks, and I thought they could have been produced by nothing else than a miracle. With this barley there came up also a few stalks of rice, and these were worth more to me than fifty times their weight in gold; and I carefully preserved them for seed.

When I had been about a year in the island, I was taken ex-
tremely ill, which frightened me terribly, imagining I should die for the want of proper help. This fit of illness proved a violent ague, which made me so weak that I could hardly carry my gun: and when the fit was on me I almost perished with thirst. One night, as I was ruminating on my sad condition, expecting the return of my fit, it occurred to my thoughts that the Brazilians took no physic but tobacco; and I went, directed by Heaven, no doubt, to search for some in the chest; and there I found a Bible; I brought both that and the tobacco to my table; I steeped some of the last in rum; some I burnt in a pan of coals, holding my head over the fume; and some I chewed. During the interval of this operation, I opened my book, and the first words on which I cast my eyes, were—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." The words struck me; but I could read no more, for the tobacco made me excessively sleepy. I therefore went to bed, and falling into a profound sleep, I believe I slept two days, and awoke perfectly recovered.

I now took a survey of the island; and at about two miles' distance from my habitation, found some fine savannahs, and a little further a variety of fruit, melons upon the ground, and vines covered with clusters of grapes. I proceeded with my discoveries, and came to an opening that seemed to descend to the west, where everything was in such constant verdure, that it looked like a beautiful garden. I carried some grapes and a few limes back with me; but the grapes were spoiled before I got home. I went the next day, and gathered a large quantity of grapes, and hung them upon the branches of the trees, that they might cure, and dry in the sun; but as for the limes and melons, I carried as many as I could well stand under. I was so enamoured of this place, that I built myself a bower, fenced with a double hedge; and this country-house, as I called it,
cost me two months' labour; but I hardly began to enjoy my habitation, when the rains came on, and I was obliged to retreat to my old one, taking with me my grapes, which were now become fine raisins of the sun.

I had been concerned for the loss of one of my cats; but about this time she came home, and increased my family with three kittens, she having bred, as I supposed, by a wild cat, of which there were some in the woods, and they soon multiplied so fast, that I was obliged to drive them from me.

The rainy and dry seasons now appeared quite regular to me. I dug a piece of ground as well as I could with a wooden spade of my own making, and began to sow my own grain; but as I was doing it, it occurred to my thoughts, that I would not sow all, for fear it should not grow, so I reserved about a handful of each sort; and well it was I did so; for it did not come up till many months afterwards. When I saw it did not grow, I sought for moister ground, and dug up a piece nearer my bower, which answered to my wishes; and my crop amounted to about half a peck of each kind: by this means I was made master of my business; knew when to sow, and that I might expect two seed-times and two harvests every year; for the corn I set first came up after the next wet season.

When the rains were over, I made a visit to my bower, where I found the stakes I set for my defence were shot up into trees, which I pruned, and made as much alike as possible; and they became a complete shade. This was my work in the dry season; and to employ myself when I could not go abroad, I made baskets, having, when a child, taken much delight to see a basket-maker.

In one of the dry seasons, I took another ramble, armed with my gun and hatchet, and guarded by my faithful dog. When I had passed the valley in which stood my bower, I came within
view of the sea, and it being a clear day, I plainly discovered land; but whether island or continent, I could not tell; I guessed it could not be less than twenty leagues off. I imagined it was some savage coast, and such indeed it proved. In this journey I caught a parrot, having knocked it down with a stick, brought it home with me, and taught it to speak. I found in the lower grounds, hares, but as they were not like what I had seen, I was afraid to eat them; and I had no need to make experiments, as I had goats, pigeons, and turtle, which, added to my grapes, Leadenhall Market could not have furnished a better table. Here was also an infinite number of fowls, but I was too sparing of my powder to shoot them. I travelled about twelve miles eastward along the shore, and then setting up a great post for a mark, returned homeward, desiring that my next tour should be the contrary way, till I came to this post. I took a different way home from that I went; but unfortunately lost myself, and wandered about very uncomfortably: till at last I was obliged to find out the seaside, to seek for my post, being tired to death with the heat of the weather and the weight of my arms. I now rested myself a week, employed in the weighty affair of making a cage for my parrot, which soon became one of my favourites.
My corn was now coming up, and the goats and hares, having tasted the sweetness of the blade, lay at it night and day, as soon as it sprang out of the ground, so that it could get no time to shoot into a stalk. To defend it, I surrounded it with a hedge, and, in the meanwhile, shooting some of the creatures by day, I sent my dog to watch it by night, which he did so faithfully, that the enemies forsook the place, and the corn grew, and began to ripen apace. When the corn was in ear, I was nearly as much troubled by birds; but having killed three, I used them as we do murderers in England—hanged them in chains, to serve as a terror to the rest. Not a fowl afterwards came near my corn, indeed, near the place, as long as my scarecrows hung there. When the corn was ripe, I made me a scythe with a sword, and cut off none but the ears, which I rubbed out with my hands. At the end of my harvest, I guessed I had a bushel of rice, and two bushels and a half of barley. I kept all this for seed, and bore the want of bread with patience, as I had now a tolerable prospect of having as much as I wanted.

This article of bread was a great difficulty: I had neither plough nor harrow. For the first I made my shovel do; and to supply the place of a harrow, I went over it myself, dragging after me the heavy boughs of a tree; and when I came to make bread, I had innumerable wants; I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and malt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it. However, I had six months to contrive all these things in. In the mean time I enlarged my arable land. I made me some misshapen pots of clay, that all broke in the sun except two, which I cased in wicker-work; but I succeeded better in little pans, flat dishes, and pitchers, which the sun baked surprisingly hard; but they would not bear the fire so as to boil any liquid, and I wanted to boil my meat. One day, after I had dressed my dinner, I went to put out my fire, and
found a piece of one of my earthen vessels burnt as hard as a stone, and as red as a tile; this taught me to burn my pipkins; and I soon wanted for no sort of earthen vessels. When I found that I had a pot that would bear the fire, I set it on with a piece of kid, in order to make me some broth, which answered tolerably well. I made me a wooden mortar and pestle, and also a sieve, out of some of the seamen's neckcloths; and at length made a sort of oven, of a broad shallow earthen vessel, and a tiled hearth. When I baked, I drew the live embers forwards upon the hearth, till it was very hot; then sweeping them away, I set down my loaves, placing the earthen pot over them, which baked my barley bread as well as the best oven in the world. My thoughts often ran upon the land I had seen; and I began to make myself a canoe. I felled a great cedar; but when the impossibility of launching this heavy thing came into my mind, I gave myself this foolish answer, "Let me but once make it, and I'll warrant I'll get it along when it is done." But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, and therefore I gave it over, determining to enjoy what I had, without repining for what I could not get. My clothes now began to decay; so I made myself two waistcoats out of some watch-coats, which lasted me a great while. I made a cap out of a goat's skin, with the hair side outwards, to throw off the rain, and also another waistcoat of the same skin; but I must acknowledge that they were wretchedly done. I made me too an umbrella, which I could shut up, and take abroad with me; and thus secured me both from the heat and the rain.

I now built me a small boat, intending to go round my little kingdom, but in which I had nearly lost my life; almost dead with fatigue, I at length arrived at my little castle. I got over the fence, and laid me down to sleep in the shade; but judge my surprise when I waked, at a voice calling me by the name several
times, "Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe, where are you? where have you been?" I was so dead asleep at first, that I thought I dreamt somebody spoke to me: but as the voice continued to repeat "Robin Crusoe," I waked dreadfully frightened; but my eyes were no sooner opened, than I saw Poll sitting on the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me. I immediately called him; and the poor sociable creature came as he used to do, and sat on my thumb, crying, "Poor Robin Crusoe," as if he had been overjoyed to see me again. I now began to perceive my powder considerably abated; dreading what should become of me when I could kill no more goats, (for my kid did not breed,) I set snares to catch some alive; but my snares were broken, and my bait devoured. At length, I resolved to try pit-falls; in one of which I found three kids—a male and two females; these kids I brought home. It was some time before they would feed: but, however, they grew tame, and I found that I might supply myself with goats' flesh, when I had no powder and shot left. I enclosed a piece of ground to keep my goats, proposing, as my flock increased, to add more ground to my enclosure; and I had soon, not only goats' flesh to feed upon, but milk too; for now I set up a dairy, and made myself butter and cheese. It would have made a Stoic
smile, to see me and my family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, all alone like a king, attended by my servants. Poll, my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, grown very old, sat always at my right hand, and my two cats, one on one side of the table, and the other on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour. I had at length a great mind to go to the point of the island, to see how the shore lay, and resolved to travel there by land. And now, reader, I will give thee a short sketch of the figure I made. I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, a jacket, with the skirts coming down to the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-knee'd breeches of the same, with the goat's hair hanging to the middle of my leg. Stockings and shoes I had none; but I made a pair of somethings, I scarcely know what to call them, to flap over my legs like spatterdashes, but of a most barbarous shape; and so, indeed, were all the rest of my clothes. I had a broad belt of dried goat-skin: and I hung on one side a saw, and on the other a hatchet; I had another belt, not so broad, fastened over my shoulder. Under my arm hung two pouches, for my shot and powder. On my back I carried a basket; on my shoulder a gun, and over my head, a great clumsy umbrella. My beard was cut short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a pair of large Mahommedan mustachios. But as for my figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of consequence.

In this figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was plainly to be seen on the sand. I listened; I could hear nothing; I went upon a rising ground, to look farther, but I could see only that one impression. There was plainly a foot, toes, heel, and every part very
distinct. I hurried home to my fortifications, looking behind me every two or three steps, and fancying every tree, bush, and stump, to be a man. I had no sleep that night, but my terror gradually wore off; however, I strengthened my fortification, and planted a number of stakes on the outside of my wall, which growing, became a thick grove. After having secured my habitation in the strongest manner possible, I sought for a place of security for my live goats; and at length found a piece of ground, rendered nearly inaccessible by nature, so that it cost me but little pains to make it so; and then I removed the she-goats and two he-goats into it. After I had thus secured one part of my live stock, I went over the whole island, and rambled more to the western point than I had ever done before. I was presently convinced, that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I had imagined, for on my approaching the shore, I was perfectly confounded, nor is it possible to express the horror I felt, at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly a place where, as I supposed, there had been made a fire, and a circle dug in the earth for the savage wretches to sit down to their inhuman feasts. I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle, and left the place as soon as possible.

Some time after, in the midst of a very stormy night, I was startled at the firing of a gun; I hastened up to the top of my hill, and heard another. I imagined that these were signals of a ship in distress; and such it proved, as I discovered the next day. I cannot explain the emotion I felt at the sight of this wreck: "O that there had been but one saved!" cried I, "that I might have had one companion, one fellow-creature to have spoken to, and have comforted him in his affliction!" Under the power of this impression, nothing would serve me, but I must go in my boat to the wreck, which lay at a little distance. I
furnished myself with a stock of provisions, for fear of being
driven out to sea; and having begun my voyage, I in two hours' 
time reached the ship, which was Spanish built. She stuck 
fast, jammed in between two rocks, and the stern and the 
quarter were beaten to pieces by the sea. On coming near it 
a dog yelped and cried; but there was no other living creature 
on board; and all the goods were spoiled by the water. I, how-
ever, took two of the seamen's chests into my boat, without 
knowing what was in them.

When I had got my treasure home, and began to unload, I 
found several bottles filled with cordial waters, and some neck-
cloths and shirts, which were very useful to me; about 1100 
pieces of eight, and about a pound weight of solid gold—but of 
what use was this to me? I would have given it all for three 
or four pairs of shoes and stockings. After this acquisition, I 
lived in my old manner, though terrified with fears of the 
savages. One morning, very early, I saw five canoes of them 
on shore. I clambered up the hill, and by the help of my 
telescope, I discovered no less than thirty dancing round a 
fire. I soon after saw two miserable creatures dragged out of 
the boats; one of whom was immediately knocked down: but 
the other, starting from them, ran with incredible swiftness 
along the sands towards me. I confess I was horribly frightened, 
when I saw him come my way, imagining that he would be 
pursued by the whole body; however, I kept my station and 
soon lost my apprehensions when I found but three followed 
him. He greatly outran them, and was in a fair way of 
escaping them all, when coming to a creek, he plunged into it, 
landed, and ran on as swiftly as before. Of the three that fol-
lowed, but two entered the water, the other returning back. 
I hastily fetched my guns from the foot of the ladder; and 
having a short cut down the hill, I clapped myself in the way
between the pursuer and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled and beckoning my hand for him to stop; then rushing at once upon the foremost, knocked him down with the stock of my piece. The other stopped as if frightened, but when I advanced towards him, I perceived that he was fitting his bow to shoot me; upon which I shot him dead directly. The poor savage who had fled was so terrified at the noise of my piece, though he saw his enemy fallen, that he stood stock still; but he seemed rather inclined to fly than to come towards me. However, when I gave him signs of encouragement, he came nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps; on his coming close again, he laid his head upon the ground, and placed my foot upon it. But there was more work to do; the man I had knocked down came to himself, and my savage began to be afraid. I then presented the piece to the man, when the poor fellow, whose life I had saved, made a motion for my sword, which I gave him; and he struck off his enemy's head at one blow, and in a quarter of an hour buried both the bodies in the sand. I then took him away to a cave at the further part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which he wanted much; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down upon some rice straw, which the poor creature did, and soon went to sleep.

He was a well-made handsome fellow, of about twenty-six years of age, of an olive-coloured complexion, with long black hair. He had a small nose that was not flat; and fine teeth, as white as ivory. After he had slept about an hour, he awoke again, and came running to me in the inclosure, just by where I had been milking my goats; then falling down again he laid his head flat upon the ground, and set my foot upon it, as before; and after this, made all possible signs of thankfulness, subjection, and submission. I began to speak to
him, and to teach him to speak to me; and at first, I made him know that his name should be Friday, which was the day on which I saved his life. I taught him to say master, and let him know that was to be my name. The next day I gave him clothes, at which he seemed pleased. As we went by the place where we had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the spot, making signs that he would dig them up again, and eat them; at which I appeared very angry, and beckoned with my hands to him to come away, which he did immediately. Having now more courage, and consequently more curiosity, I took my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bows and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously. I also gave him a gun to carry; and taking two for myself, away we marched to the place where his enemies had been. When I came there, my blood ran cold in my veins: the place was covered with human bones, and the ground dyed with blood; great pieces of flesh were left here and there, half eaten, mangled and scorched. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; and that they had been conquered, and taken prisoners in war. I caused Friday to collect the remains of this horrid carnage; then to light a fire, and burn them to ashes. When this was done, we returned to our castle. The next day I made a little tent outside my fortification, and at night took in my ladder that he might not be able to get at me while I slept. But there was no need of this precaution; for never man had a more faithful servant: he had the same affection for me as a child has for its father; and I dare say, he would have sacrificed his life to save mine. I was greatly delighted with him,
and made it my business to teach him everything proper to render him useful, especially to speak, and understand me when I spoke; and he was so merry, so diligent, and so pleased when he could understand me, or make me understand him, that he was very agreeable company.

After I had been two or three days returned to my castle, I was desirous to bring him off from the relish of human flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods, in order to take a kid from my herd; but as I was going, I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her; when making signs to Friday not to stir, I shot one of the kids. Poor Friday, who had at a distance seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not see how it was done, trembled, and looked so amazed, that I thought he would have sunk down: he did not see the kid I had shot, but ripped up his waistcoat to feel if he was not wounded, and thought I was resolved to kill him: for he came and kneeled down to me, and embracing my knees, seemed to entreat me not to kill him. But taking him by the hand, I laughed at him, and pointed to the kid I had killed, and beckoned him to run and fetch it, which he did. The next day I set him to beat out some corn, and sift it; and in a little time Friday was able to do all the work for me, as well as I could do it myself. In short, this was the pleasantest year I had led in the island; for as my man began to talk pretty well, I had some use for my tongue again. From this time I had a mind to venture over to Friday's island, and see if I could possibly join those bearded men, whom he had spoken of to me, not doubting but we might find some means of escaping from thence.

I was now entering into the twenty-seventh year of my captivity, and intended soon to set sail; when one morning I bade Friday go to the sea-shore to see if he could find a turtle; but he
had not long been gone, when he came running back, and cried, "O master! O sorrow! O bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" said I. "O yonder there," said he, "one, two, three, canoe! one two, three!" "Well, Friday," said I, "do not be frightened." I then took up my telescope, and went to the side of the hill, when I saw twenty-one savages, three prisoners, and three canoes. I bade him see what they were doing: he did so, and told me that they were all about the fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners; and that a bearded man lay bound upon the sand, whom he said they would kill next. I had not a moment to lose, for two had stooped down to untie the Christian, in order to murder him. "Now," said I, "Friday, do as you see me do." I laid the muskets down, and took one; and then we
both fired. Three were killed, and five wounded. The rest jumped up immediately on their feet; but knew not where to run. I resolved to pursue them, and ran to the canoe, calling Friday to follow me; but I was no sooner in the canoe, than I found another poor creature lying there alive, bound hand and foot. I immediately cut the twisted flags; and seeing that he had been bound so tight that he was almost dead, I gave him a dram, and ordered Friday to tell him of his deliverance; but when the poor fellow looked in his face, and heard him speak, it would have moved any one to tears, to have seen how he kissed, embraced, hugged him, danced, sung, and then cried again. It was some time before I could make him tell me what was the matter; but when he came to himself, he said, he was his own dear father. He then sat down by him, held the old man's head close to his bosom, and chased his arms and ankles, which were stiff with binding. The Spaniard having expressed to me the utmost gratitude for his deliverance, gave me an account of the shipwreck, and the situation of his companions; and it was resolved that Friday's father and the Spaniard should go in the boat to fetch them over.

About eight days after they were gone, Friday awakened me one morning, by crying out, "Master, they are come!" I dressed, and hastened to the top of the hill, and plainly discovered an English ship lying at anchor. They ran the boat ashore on the beach, eleven men landed, three of them unarmed, who by their gestures, appeared to be prisoners; and one of them I could perceive using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, affliction, and despair, while the two others, though their grief seemed less extravagant, appeared pleading for mercy.—At this instant I saw a villain lift up his arm to kill one of the prisoners; but he did not strike him. The men having left the prisoners and gone into the woods, I went up to them with my man Friday,
and said to them in Spanish, "Who are you, gentlemen?" They started at the noise; but prepared to fly. I then said to them in English, "Gentlemen, perhaps you have a friend near you whom you little expect. Tell me your case."—"I was commander of that ship," replied one of the prisoners; "my men have mutinied against me, and if they do not murder me, they intend to leave me and these two gentlemen ashore in this desolate place; they are but in that thicket, and I tremble for fear they have seen you." Having concerted matters with the captain, and armed ourselves, we went to the sailors, and the captain reserving his own piece, the two men shot one of the villains dead and wounded another. He who was wounded cried out for help, and I coming up, gave orders for sparing their lives, on condition of their being bound hands and feet while they stayed in the island.

A little time after another boat came. We formed an ambuscade, but one of the principal ringleaders in the mutiny with two of the crew coming towards us, the captain was so eager, that he let fly, killed two on the spot, and the third ran for it. I immediately advanced with my whole army, upon which Will Atkins, one of the ringleaders, called out, "For God's sake, captain, spare my life." The captain told him he must lay down his arms at discretion, and trust to the governor's mercy, upon which they all submitted, and with their assistance we seized the ship.

When I saw my deliverance thus put into my hands, I was ready to sink with surprise; I was not able to answer one word, but a flood of tears brought me to myself, and a little while brought me to my speech. I then in my turn embraced the captain as my deliverer, and we rejoiced together. Having the prisoners brought before me, I asked them what they had to say in their own defence, telling them I had power to execute
them there. They pleaded the captain's promise of mercy. I then told them that I intended to go passenger in the ship, with all my men: but that they, if they went, could only go as prisoners; observing, however, that they might, if they chose it, stay in the island. This they gladly accepted, and I prepared to go on board the next day. The captain returning to the ship, got everything ready for my reception.

When he was gone, I talked to the men, told them my story, and how I managed all my household business; left a letter for the fifteen Spaniards, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves. The next day I went on board the ship, taking Friday with me; thus I left the island, after being on it twenty-eight years, and arrived safely in England. Some time after, I went to Lisbon, to look after my effects in the Brazils, and found the generous captain who had been so much my friend still alive, and he put me in the way of recovering the produce of my plantations. And a few months after, there arrived ships in the Tagus, with effects for my use, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds, besides one thousand a year which I expected to receive annually from my plantation.
In former times, a very great while since, when there were giants, enchanters, and magicians, who had the power to do wicked actions, it was foretold that seven worthy champions would arise in Christendom, whose renown for good and valiant deeds should be spread through the whole earth. The first of these heroes was to be St. Denis, of France;—the second, St. James, of Spain;—the third, St. Anthony, of Italy;—the fourth, St. Andrew, of Scotland;—the fifth, St. Patrick, of Ireland; the sixth, St. David, of Wales;—and the seventh and most famous of all, the valiant St. George, of England.

Calyba, a great and most wicked enchantress, now trembled for the downfall of her power, so she sent the evil spirits under her command, to steal six of these heroes while they were yet in their cradles, and bring them to her brazen castle. But she thought she would herself make sure of St. George, who was
born in Coventry, and son of the Lord High Steward of England: for she was much more afraid of him than of the others, as St. George had, at the time of his birth, the marks of a green dragon on his breast, a red cross on his right arm, and a golden garter on his left leg. Calyba then made herself invisible, entered the nursery of the lord high steward, and bore away the lovely sleeping babe, leaving his parents to die of grief for the loss of him. Calyba kept all these youths in her castle till they grew to be men, and then the beauty of St. George's person, his manly figure, and pleasing manners, won the heart of Calyba, and she used all her arts to make him marry her. One day she led him into a lofty stable, almost grand enough to be taken for a palace, where seven of the grandest horses that ever were seen, stood in seven stalls made of cedar-wood, inlaid with silver; one of them was even finer and larger than the rest; his hoofs were of pure gold, and his saddle and bridle were adorned with precious stones. Calyba led this one from the stall, and gave it to St. George: its name was Bucephalus. She then led St. George into an armoury, where she buckled a noble breast-plate upon him, placed a helmet with a lofty plume of waving feathers upon his head, and gave him a fine and sharp sword. When the young champion was thus armed for battle, he looked so very handsome, that Calyba could set no bounds to her love for him; so at last she put into his hand the silver wand which gave her all her power, and told him to use it just as he pleased.

St. George knew and hated the wicked actions of Calyba, so he took the wand with a pleasure which he could hardly conceal. It was then about the hour that Calyba used to retire to a cave dug in the solid rock, to feast upon the bodies of children that she had killed. St. George watched her, and when he saw her enter the cave, he waved his wand three times.
and the rock shut upon the wicked wretch for ever. He then set out for Coventry, along with the other six champions; and in that town he built a grand monument to the memory of his beloved parents.

Early in the next spring, the seven heroes bade each other farewell, and they all took different roads in search of adventures; St. George of England, after some tiresome voyages and travels, came into Egypt. That country was then in a most wretched state on account of a dreadful fiery dragon, which tainted the air with its breath in such a manner, that a plague raged through all the land, and there were hardly people enough left alive to bury the dead. For this reason the king had made it known, that if any valiant knight would come forward to fight with the fiery dragon, and kill him, he should receive the hand of the princess royal in marriage, and on the king's death should reign over Egypt.

When St. George heard this, he declared that he would himself fight the dragon, for the sake of the princess and the whole kingdom. Early the next morning, St. George set out to find the fiery dragon. He had not gone far, before he saw the princess Sabra, with some of her women, who were loudly weeping for the cruel state of the country. Our hero rode up to them, and told them he was resolved either to kill the dragon or to perish in the trial. The fair Sabra was struck with surprise on finding that a stranger would engage in an attempt of so much danger, which the stoutest of the Egyptian champions had shrunk from with fear: but she thanked him in a proper manner, and by St. George's advice she went back to her father's palace, to wait for the issue of the great event. As soon as our hero had reached the cave, the dragon sent forth such a dreadful roaring as seemed to shake the earth; and at the first onset St. George's spear was broken to pieces, and he himself was
thrown from his horse. He then boldly drew his sword, and though almost stifled by the monster's breath, he fought with such fury, that he soon felled his enemy beneath his feet. At this moment the dragon spread his wings in order to take flight; but by so doing he showed a soft part of his skin, and St. George at once stabbed him to the heart. The monster died with a horrid groan; and St. George, having cut off his head, rode back in triumph towards the palace.

He had hardly reached the city when he was basely set upon by twelve armed men, whom the king of Morocco (who courted the princess Sabra) had hired to kill him. St. George soon put these villains to flight; and when he came to the court he was treated with all sorts of honours, and the lovely Sabra gave him a diamond ring as a small mark of her esteem. In spite of this failure, the Moorish prince still vowed to destroy or ruin St. George. For this purpose he asked a private audience of the king, and told him that St. George was an open foe to the religion of Egypt, and had tried to make the princess a Christian. The king was so angry when he heard this, that he declared St. George should not live any longer: but as it might not have been safe to put him to death in Egypt, where he had done such a great service to the people in killing the dragon, he wrote a letter to the sultan of Persia, begging him to put the bearer, St. George, to death, as he was an enemy to the religion of Persia and Egypt.

St. George little thought of this deceit, so he took the letter to the sultan; but as soon as he came into Persia he was taken up before the sultan, who had him thrown into a deep dungeon, till a day should be fixed for his death. At the end of three days, two fierce and hungry lions were put into the dungeon; but St. George having prayed to heaven for strength, burst the cords which he was bound with, and, finding an old broken rusty sword in the corner of the dungeon, he laid the lions dead.
at his feet. The sultan of Persia was amazed at this; and was afraid that if he ordered him to be put to death in public, the people might rise in defence of the noble champion, whose fame had already spread through Persia; so he kept him close in prison, where we will leave him at present, to look after the other champions of Christendom.

St. Denis of France took his journey through Arabia. One day, when he was tired, he sat down to refresh himself under a mulberry-tree, and being very hungry he plucked some of the fruit: as soon as he tasted it he became very faint, dropped on his hands and knees, and in a few minutes found himself turned into a stag. This dreadful change filled him with great trouble, and when he saw his figure in a stream of water nigh at hand, he burst into a flood of tears, and lifted his eyes to heaven, as if to beg relief in this bitter distress. He then threw himself on the grass, thinking he should never get his proper shape again; when a mournful voice, like that of a woman, came from the mulberry-tree, and spoke to him in this manner:

"Brave knight, like mine your case is hard,
Yet patiently endure;
Oh! trust in Heaven, who will regard,
And send at length a cure.
Seven years are numbered as your doom,
All full of bitter woes;
Then shall you human shape resume,
By eating of a rose."

The champion of France was amazed at this strange voice, and felt his hopes and his courage return. He listened some time longer, but the voice spoke no more; and when he thought of the long period of seven years that must pass before he should have his own form again, deep sighs and groans burst from his bosom. His faithful horse seemed to share his sorrow; he
walked round and round his grieving master, and even tore down some branches of the trees, to shield him from the heat of the noon-day sun. In this manner seven tiresome years passed away; and on the morning when the seventh was ended, St. Denis saw his horse climb a steep rock, and bring down from the top three full-blown roses in his mouth. His master now thought of the voice that had come from the mulberry-tree, and he straight ate one of the roses; and he found himself in his proper shape. While he was giving thanks to Heaven for this happy change, he heard the mournful voice in the mulberry-tree, begging for liberty. St. Denis seized his sword, and with one blow cut the tree to the ground, when he saw a handsome young lady there, who told him she was daughter to the king of Thessaly, and that an enchanter had kept her in that place. St. Denis placed her behind him on horseback, and took her to her father's court, where she was treated with every mark of gladness and love.

St. James of Spain, in the mean time, passed through Sicily, where he had a dreadful fight with a fiery griffin, which lasted seven days and seven nights, but at last he killed it. He then went further on his way by sea and land, till he came to Jerusalem. As he drew nigh, he heard the sound of horns, drums, and trumpets; and learnt that the king and all his nobles were making ready to hunt the wild beasts, with which the country was troubled: and the king had said that he would give a noble reward to him who should kill the first boar.

St. James straight rode off to the forest; and, before the king and his nobles came, he had slain one of the largest boars that ever was seen in that forest. The king got down from his horse to salute him, and owned him worthy of the reward; but when he heard that the stranger was both a Spaniard and a Christian, he said he should surely die; yet, to make some amends for his
great service, the king gave him leave to choose his own death. He chose to be shot by the hands of a virgin. The Spanish champion was then bound to a tree, and his breast laid bare to receive the blow; but none of the virgins who were called forward would do the cruel deed. The princess royal, above all, was so much moved by the courage of the gallant stranger, that she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged him to repeal his dreadful sentence. The king granted her request, but declared that if ever he should attempt to enter Palestine again he should suffer death. The princess then untied St. James; and gave him a rich diamond ring as a token of her esteem. He took it with thanks, and got ready to leave the kingdom of her cruel father. After riding some miles, he got off his horse to rest in a shady forest, and there began to think that he ought not to have left a princess who had saved his life. He at length resolved to return, and to enter the palace as a stranger in want of employ. He did so, and was straight taken into the service of the princess: and while rival princes were trying which of them should get her for a wife, he found means to make himself known to her, and to persuade her to go away with him to Spain, where these faithful lovers arrived in safety. Meanwhile, St. Anthony of Italy pursued his journey till he came to a strong castle, in which a giant lived whom no man had ever dared to attack. In this castle were seven daughters of the king of Thrace, six of whom were changed into swans, and the other was forced to sing the giant to sleep. St. Anthony killed the giant, and then made haste to Thrace, to give the king news about his daughters.

St. Andrew of Scotland, in the course of his travels, came at length to this castle, and found the king of Thrace calling to Heaven in behalf of his daughters. St. Andrew told the king that, if he would become a Christian, his daughters should again appear in their own forms. The king was in a rage at this
offer, and ordered his knights to attack the stranger; but he showed such valour that he made them all submit to him. On this the king agreed to become a Christian, and his daughters got their own shapes again. When the king went back to his palace, St. Andrew left the country, and the six young ladies set out to follow him, out of respect for the service he had done to them. These royal ladies came to Ireland, where they met with thirty cruel wild men, who dragged them through thorns and briers, till the woods rung with their cries. St. Patrick, who happened to be in the same part of the country, rushed upon the wild men with such fury, that he killed many of them, and forced the others to save their lives by flight. He then listened to the accounts which the ladies gave of their travels, and offered to assist them in searching for the brave champion of Scotland. St. David of Wales went to the court of Tartary; and showed such proofs of his strength and courage, that the emperor made him his champion, and gave several feasts and public games in honour of him. The emperor’s son at length happened to be killed by the Welsh champion in one of the warlike games, which put the emperor in such a rage against St. David that he resolved to try somehow to destroy him; but he thought it would be safest to do this slily, and so he told him to go into the enchanted garden, and bring the head of Ormandine the enchanter. St. David went boldly to the enchanted garden, where he found a sword chained to a rock, and on its handle was written, “He that can lift me up shall conquer all.” St. David at once grasped the sword, but in a moment he sunk upon the ground, and by the art of the enchanter was thrown into a sleep.

While the other champions were doing these great exploits, St. George of England, after being kept seven years in prison, found means one night to break out of his dungeon, and then
went onwards till he arrived at a castle, where he stopped, and asked leave to refresh himself. The lady of the castle told him that her husband was a dreadful giant who would show him no mercy; and soon after the giant himself came out with a frightful look. St. George boldly drew his sword, and after a fierce battle, he split the giant's head in pieces. He then went further on his travels, till he came to the garden of Ormandine, where St. David had at that time slept seven years. When St. George saw the enchanted sword, he seized it, and pulled it up; the castle then sunk into the ground, and the wicked enchanter was carried away with it. After this, St. David and St. George set out different ways: St. David went back to the court of Tartary, and St. George went back to Barbary, where he heard that his beloved Sabra had been put into prison by the king of Morocco.

St. George heard, on his journey, that the king of Morocco and his nobles were gone to enjoy the pleasure of hunting. He then laid aside his armour, and putting on a hermit's gown, made haste to the palace, where a number of beggars were waiting to receive alms from the fair Sabra. St. George mixed with the crowd, and when he saw the princess he slipped the diamond ring which she had given him into her hand; she then led him into the hall, and gladly agreed to escape from her prison before the tyrant should come back, who had long tried to force her to marry him. Towards the evening of the same day, the princess and a Moorish servant contrived to meet St. George at the Hermit's cave, where the champion put on his armour, and gave the good man a reward for his trouble. Then taking the fair Sabra behind him, and being attended by the Moor, he galloped off as quickly as he could through deserts, woods, and many lonely places, till he had got quite out of the kingdom of Barbary. After a tiresome journey, they found themselves near a large forest; and as they were faint with
hunger, St. George left his lady with the Moor, and went boldly into the forest to procure some food. He had the good fortune soon to kill a deer, and returned with a haunch of venison; but how greatly was he shocked to find the Moor torn in pieces by two lions, and the creatures asleep on Sabra's lap. After getting the better of his first alarm, he ran them through with his sword, and gave thanks to heaven for the safety of his beloved princess. He then made a fire to roast his venison. St. George and his lady at length came to Constantinople, where a great feast was held in honour of the emperor's marriage. In this city they had the good fortune to meet the other six champions of Christendom, who, after many strange adventures, had also arrived at Constantinople with their ladies. Here the Christian champions showed wonders of courage in warlike games, with the knights of Greece, Hungary, and Bohemia. On the last day of these sports, St. George of England came into the field on a beautiful black steed, adorned in a grand style. The champion was dressed in a suit of armour of the brightest steel; his helmet shone with a vast number of pearls, diamonds, and gold, and had at its top a plume of purple feathers, and from his breast was hung a piece of gold, bearing the figure of a lion; while the lovely Sabra sat in a car of triumph, to be a witness of his noble exploits. There was hardly any knight to be found who would engage against the hero of England; and when at last some of them did resolve to make trial of his strength, he threw down both men and horses with such ease, that the field was soon cleared. The heralds crowned him with the garland of victory, and Sabra felt the highest pleasure in hearing the shouts of all the people.

But while the Christian champions were happy at Constantinople in the enjoyment of their charming brides, the king of Morocco, and all the pagan princes, whose daughters had
followed these champions, declared war against Christendom. On this the emperor of Constantinople made peace with his other foes, and then begged the champions to depart from his country. The Christian heroes and their ladies now left Constantinople, and agreed that every one should repair to his own land, and try to raise forces to subdue the power of their enemies, and make their own names famous in defence of their honour and religion. When the cause of their return was made known, such vast numbers flocked to join them, that by the next spring they had an army of five hundred thousand men, who with one voice, chose St. George of England to be their leader, and then were eager to press on against their foes. The pagans got together an army still greater, in point of numbers, than that of the Christians; but when they came to choose a general, they could not agree among themselves, and the dispute rose to such a height, that the kings of Persia, Egypt, and Jerusalem, soon drew off their armies and went back into their own countries. Those who stayed with the king of Morocco split into parties, and fought a dreadful battle among themselves, which lasted three days with such fury, that the fields were covered with dead bodies, and the rivers were stained with blood. The Christian army at length came to the borders of Egypt, and when they marched into the inner parts of that country, they found the villages and most of the towns empty. St. George was fearful that this was only a plan laid to deceive him; so he told his soldiers to remain in their ranks, and to have their arms ready in case of a sudden attack. They then marched on to the capital in perfect order, till they came near to the palace, when the gates were thrown open on a sudden, and the king of Egypt, in deep mourning, walked forth at the head of his nobles, and the great officers of the kingdom, with broken swords and lances. On their coming near the Christian cham-
pions they all fell upon their knees, while their king, in humble terms, begged for peace. St. George was much moved at the tears and speech of the aged speaker. He straight raised the king from his knees, and said he would freely forgive him, if he and all his nobles would become Christians. The king gladly agreed to this; and made a promise of his own free will, that the crown of Egypt should belong to St. George and Sabra after his death.

Now in all parts of the kingdom there was nothing heard but music and other tokens of joy. But while this mirth reigned in Egypt, an English knight arrived at the court, and told St. George that his princess Sabra, who had been left in England, was condemned to be burnt at a stake, unless some one should appear to take her part against her false accuser, the proud baron of Chester. When he heard this sad story, St. George threw out many a bitter reproach against the ungrateful king and people of England. He then gave the command of the army to St. David, and straight set out for England: while the king of Egypt was so much grieved at the thought of his daughter's danger, that he went raving mad, threw himself off the walls of his palace, and was killed on the spot. The dreadful day fixed for Sabra's death came, and no champion had yet been found to take her part. She therefore made herself ready to meet her sad fate, and walked with a firm step to the stake, to which she was made fast by a chain. Every eye was bathed in tears, while the lovely victim lifted her hands towards heaven, and prayed for the mercy of God, who always makes the good his chief care. The king of England being seated on his throne, caused the heralds to summon the accuser, who came forward on a proud steed, adorned with gold and precious stones. The lady's champion was then called by sound of trumpet; but no person came, and orders were given to light
the fatal fire. At this moment a banner of defiance was seen waving in the air, and in an instant St. George rushed through the crowd, and asked the release of the princess, or that he might fight unto death in her defence. The heralds sounded a charge, and the two knights engaged one another. At the very first onset their spears were broken into a thousand pieces, and both horses and men were thrown to the ground. The baron of Chester leaped up, and struck so fiercely with his falchion, that he cleft his enemy's shield in two. The Champion of England now put forth his strength, cut quite through the baron's armour, and smote off his right arm, so that he sunk to the earth, and died with a dreadful groan. All the people now burst out into loud shouts of applause; and when the fair princess found that the strange knight was St. George of England, she fainted with a transport of joy. The king gave orders for fireworks and other marks of public joy through all the kingdom. After St. George had stayed about twenty days in England, he set sail with his beloved Sabra for Greece, and from thence went towards Persia; but having lost their way, they sat down by the side of a fountain, where they saw an old hermit that was in search of herbs and fruits. The hermit told them they must cross over the mountains, and pass through part of the Amazons' country, to the borders of Persia. When they had crossed the steep mountains, they came into an open country, but were amazed to find the trees withered, the fruits of the earth spoiled, and all the houses empty of people. While they were thinking on this strange sight, they drew nigh to a noble tent, in which sat a beautiful
virgin with a crown upon her head, a silver bow in her hand, and a golden quiver of arrows by her side. Several lovely virgins were standing round her chair, but sorrow was seen in every face.

St. George felt deep concern at the fate of these ladies, and spoke to her who appeared to be the chief, begging she would tell him the cause of her sorrow. The fair lady bowed her head with great grace, and made this reply: "Brave knight, I am queen of the Amazons, and because I would not marry a wicked necromancer, he has raised an enchanted castle out of the earth, and placed a number of wicked spirits in it, who cast hurtful vapours, with hail and fire, to the farthest borders of my country, which has been thus made quite desolate." — "Where is the castle?" said St. George; "I will hurl such vengeance on his head as shall soon make him repent." — "Alas!" answered the mournful queen, "he is safe from human vengeance; for though he is now absent himself, he has left behind him a monstrous giant, who has already overcome many knights, and thrown them into a dungeon." The brave St. George told the queen that he would venture both his life and honour to finish the enchantment. Then leaving Sabra to her care, he rode boldly towards the enchanted castle. As soon as he entered the dark mist round the castle, he was attacked by a vast number of snakes and other venomous creatures; but he used his sword so well that most of them were soon cut to pieces, and the rest soon forced to leave him. He next came nigh a black river, over which there was a narrow bridge, guarded by the monstrous giant. St. George pushed forward, smote him to the ground, and was going to strike off his head; but the giant begged for mercy, and promised to reveal the secret of the enchantment; so that he agreed to spare his life. The giant now told him, that in a cave below the bottom of the
castle there was a magic fire springing out of the earth, which made the country of the Amazons desolate; and this fire could never be quenched except by a fountain of black water, that was guarded by many evil spirits. When St. George heard this, he went down a dark flight of stairs, where he heard dreadful shrieks and groans. He opened a door, on which there came out such a smoke and heat, that he was almost stifled; but when the smoke cleared away he saw a fire spouting out of the ground. Close by he beheld the black water, guarded by many ugly fiends, and found himself fiercely attacked; but he drove them back, and put out the magic fire; upon which the castle vanished in a storm of thunder and lightning, and the sun broke out from the clouds with great brightness. The champion then went back to the tent, and spent some days with the queen of the Amazons in mirth and feasting; after which St. George
and his faithful Sabra went forward again on their journey. After passing many desert countries, they came to Egypt, and received the compliments of all the nobles, and everything was made ready for them to be crowned.

While St. George was employed in Egypt, the other six champions had laid waste most of Persia, and the sultan was forced to take shelter in a strong city. Osmond the necromancer, who had done so much mischief to the country of the Amazons, now came and told the sultan to sally out the next day with all his forces; and, while the two armies were engaged, he went into a dark valley, and used his horrid charms: on which the sky was covered with blackness; lightning flashed around them; and from a pitchy cloud which descended in front of the Christians, there flew out a number of evil spirits, which threw down both men and horses. But on the banner of the cross being displayed, these spirits all vanished, and the Christians drove the Persian troops from the field of battle. When Osmond found he could not succeed by force, he raised an enchanted tent, and changed several of the spirits into the shapes of beautiful virgins, that they might entice the six champions by their charms. This would have proved the ruin of the Christian army, had not St. George, by good fortune, arrived on the day of battle. He rushed into the enchanted tent, and cut it in pieces with his sword, on which the seeming virgins vanished with a dreadful noise. Osmond was bound to a withered oak with fetters of adamant, his magic power left him, and he remained mourning and gnawing his flesh, till some evil spirits carried him away. After making the conquest of Persia complete, the seven champions took shipping for England, where they were received with every demonstration of joy.

But an accident soon turned the public joy into sorrow and mourning. A stag-hunt being proposed by St. George and the
other champions, Sabra went with them, mounted on a fine Spanish courser, with a silver bow, quiver, and breast-plate; and, straining her horse to keep pace with the foremost, he started suddenly, upon the turn of the stag, and threw her with such force to the ground, that all attempts to recover her were in vain. She was buried with the utmost pomp, and a grand tomb was raised over her, on which were engraved many curious devices, as emblems of her graces and virtues. After the burial St. George and the other six champions went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. After a tiresome journey they came nigh Damascus; and seeing a very noble house they asked for lodging till the morning. An old man welcomed them in, and after letting them refresh themselves he led them to see the inside of his house, which seemed rather like a palace than the dwelling of a private man, it being adorned with a vast deal of gold, silver, and precious stones. The champions were charmed with the beauty of the house, and the curious works of art, and asked him if he was the only person who lived in it. The old man heaved a deep sigh, and said, "I once had many sons; fourteen of them have I lost, and only six of the youngest remain with me." He then called these youths out of a room, from which they came, playing finely on silver lutes. The champions now wished much to know what had become of the other brothers, and at their desire the old man told them his whole history, as follows:

"Having given myself up from my youth to the study of alchemy, I at last found the means of turning any baser metal into gold, in the space of twenty-four hours. I then built a noble castle and lived happy: but my secret being made known a mighty giant came from Arabia, and after an obstinate combat took my elder sons prisoners, and seized my castle; while I and my younger sons, being unable to resist him, retired to this place, where I pass my days in sorrow for the misery of my
children, who are chained down in the dungeon of a castle, and must remain there till some brave knight shall destroy their monstrous jailer." Moved by the tears of the old man, the champions sallied forth against the giant. As they wished he should fall by only one of them, they cast lots, and the lot fell upon St. Denis; but he was soon overcome, and with five more of them was thrown into a dungeon. St. George having seen that the giant's skin was too hard to be pierced by a sword, armed himself with a heavy iron bar, and after an obstinate conflict struck him on the head with such force, that he fell to the ground, and died. St. George then rushed into the castle, and set the prisoners free. The old man being now made happy, feasted the champions, and then sent them away with many rich presents. After passing the deserts of Arabia, on a sudden they saw smoke on the side of a mountain, and St. George rode forward to make inquiries. On his coming near the spot, a huge giant rushed out of a cave, and put himself into a threatening posture; but St. George cleft the monster's head with a battle-axe. The other champions now came up, and in the cave they set many unhappy captives free. The prisoners told them of the cruel deeds of a knight called Léoger, who was protected by magicians, and who made it a practice to send part of those he seized on, to be eaten by the giant that was just killed. The champions straight set off to seek the castle of Léoger.

The approach to Léoger's castle was very hard; there was a deep moat round it, and the drawbridge was always drawn up. Before the gate of the drawbridge stood a pillar, to which a silver trumpet was made fast, and over it were placed these words:

"Who sounds this trumpet shortly will behold
The drawbridge fall, and yonder doors unfold;
Yet of your ent'ring here you must take heed,
Lest, for presuming it, you chance to bleed."
As soon as St. George had read this, he put the trumpet to his mouth, and blew it so loud, that the very castle seemed to shake. The bridge now dropped, and the gates flew open. The champions tied their horses at the foot of the bridge, and resolved to force their passage into the castle. On entering, the champions found themselves in darkness; but on their coming to the top of a flight of stairs, the darkness vanished, and they beheld Leoger, with his necromancer, and several giants, standing on the roof of the palace. Twelve giants now came down to attack the strangers; but after a bloody battle, they were all killed or wounded. The necromancer then had recourse to magic; and formed a phantom in the shape of a beautiful woman, who seemed to stand in a mournful posture, within an iron grate, with her face bathed in tears. While the knights were looking at this lady, they felt several heavy blows; and, turning to see from whence they came, they saw armed men running into the castle at a little wicket. Being resolved to avenge themselves on these cowardly enemies, they pursued them; but as soon as they entered the wicket, they all fell into a dungeon paved with human bones. After groping about for some time, they found a bed, upon which six of them lay down in order to rest themselves; but the room being enchanted they all fell into a sound sleep, from which St. George could not awake them. Soon after this, the magician came into the dungeon in a most dreadful form, his hair looking like a number of snakes, and his breath being like flames of fire. St. George drew his sword, and soon forced him to retire. As soon as this foe was gone, a new one came in the shape of a monstrous dragon; but the English champion attacked it with such fury, that it soon took to flight. St. George ran after the dragon through the vaults and arched passages, till on a sudden he found himself at the entrance of a large hall, lighted up by seven crystal lamps, and
on a pillar of jasper were engraven these words: "While seven lamps burn day and night within this hall, no power can end the enchantment." St. George in a moment seized a golden goblet that stood filled with some precious liquor, and poured it on the lamps. A loud hissing noise followed, and after that thunder and an earthquake. The castle tumbled into ruins, and Leoger and his necromancer were buried beneath its walls. The other six champions being now restored to light and liberty, embraced St. George; and they all set out together to return to their native countries, where they lived honoured and beloved; and after their deaths their names were enrolled among the saints of Christendom.
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a ragged little fellow running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust. For all this, Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers, as they were talking in the churchyard before the clergyman had come; and once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village ale-house, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market-town; and when the barber's shop door was open, Dick listened to all the news that
his customers told one another. In this manner, Dick heard many strange things about the great city called London: for the foolish country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies, and that the streets were paved with gold.

One day, a large wagon and eight horses, with bells at their heads, drove through the village, while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this wagon must be going to the fine town of London: so he took courage, and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon. As soon as the wagoner heard poor Dick had neither father nor mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would; so they set off together.

I could never find how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road; nor how he could walk so far, for it was a long way; nor what he did at night for a place to lie down to
sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw that he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat; and perhaps the wagoner allowed him to get into the wagon at night, and take a nap.

Dick, however, got safe to London; and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets, paved all over with gold, that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner, but ran off as fast as his legs could carry him through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold; for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change: so he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, and he would then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and had quite forgotten his friend the wagoner; but at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself to sleep. Little Dick was all night in the streets, and next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving, but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny: so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for want of food. At last, a good-natured looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick. "That I would," answered Dick, "but do not know how to get any."—"If you are willing," said the gentleman, "come along with me;" and so saying, he took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily till the hay was all made. After this, he found himself as badly off as before; and being almost starved again he laid
himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature: she called out to poor Dick, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? there is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a soosing of some dish-water I have here, that is hot enough to make you jump."

Just at this time, Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad? you seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are lazy."—"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "that is not the case; for I would work with all my heart; but I do not know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for want of food."—"Poor fellow," answered Mr. Fitzwarren; "get up, and let us see what ails you." Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had not eaten anything for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the streets. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given to him; and to be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family, if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning till night; and besides she was so fond of basting, that when she had no roast-meat to baste she would be basting poor Dick. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if it was not a shame to use a little forlorn boy so cruelly; and said she should certainly be turned away if she did not treat him kindly. But though the cook was so ill-tempered, the footman was quite different: he had lived in the family many years, and was an elderly man, and
very kind-hearted: he had once a little son of his own, who
died when about the age of Dick; so he could not help feeling
a pity for the poor boy, and sometimes gave him a halfpenny to
buy gingerbread, or a top; for tops were cheaper at that time
than they are now. The footman was very fond of reading;
and used often in the evening to entertain the other servants,
when they had done their work, with some amusing book.
Little Dick took great pleasure in hearing this good man, which
made him wish very much to learn to read too; so the next
time the footman gave him a halfpenny, he bought a little book
with it; and, with the footman's help, Dick soon learnt his
letters, and afterwards to read.

About this time, Miss Alice was going out one morning for a
walk, and the footman happened to be out of the way: so as little
Dick had a suit of good clothes that Mr. Fitzwarren gave him
to go to church in on Sundays, he was told to put them on, and
walk behind her. As they went along, Miss Alice saw a poor
woman with one child in her arms, and another on her back;
she pulled out her purse and gave the woman some money;
but as she was putting it into her pocket again she dropped it
on the ground, and walked on. It was lucky that Dick was
behind, and saw what she had done; he picked up the purse,
and gave it to her again. Another time, when Miss Alice was
sitting with the window open, and amusing herself with a favour-
ited parrot, it suddenly flew away to the branch of a high tree,
where all the servants were afraid to venture after it. As soon
as Dick heard of this, he pulled off his coat, and climbed up the
tree as nimbly as a squirrel; and after a great deal of trouble,
for Poll hopped about from branch to branch, he caught her
and brought her down safe to his mistress. Miss Alice thanked
him, and liked him ever after for this. The ill-humoured cook
was now a little kinder; but, besides this, Dick had another
hardship to get over. His bed, which was of flock, stood in a garret where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls, that every night he was waked in his sleep by the rats and mice, which often ran over his face, and made such a noise that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling down about him. One day, a gentleman who came to see Mr. Fitzwarren, required his shoes to be cleaned; Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. This he thought he would buy a cat with; so the next day, seeing a little girl with a cat under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could keep. She told him, besides, that this one was a very good mouser. Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her; and in a short time he had no more trouble from the rats and mice, but slept as soundly as he could wish. Soon after this, his master had a ship ready to sail; and as he thought it right all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them into the parlour, and asked them what they would send out. They all had something that they were willing to venture, except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and so could send nothing at all. For this reason he did not come into the parlour with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him from her own purse; but her father told her this would not do, for Dick must send something of his own. When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat, which he bought for a penny that was given him. "Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go." Dick went up stairs and brought down poor puss, and gave her to the captain with tears in his
eyes; for he said he should now be kept awake all night again by the rats and mice. All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him. At last poor little Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things, and set out very early in the morning on Allhallows-day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway; and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think which road he should take further. While he was thinking what he could do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sounds seemed to say to him,—

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.

"Lord mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now, to be lord mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be lord mayor of London at last." Dick went back; and was lucky enough to get into the house and set about his work before the old cook came down stairs. The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea: and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people are Moors, that the
English had never known before. The people of this country came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were all quite of a different colour from themselves, and treated them very civilly; and when they became better acquainted, were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was laden with. When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country; who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace.

Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets, marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room; and a number of dishes, of the greatest rarities, were brought in for dinner; but, before they had been set on the table a minute, a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves from every dish, throwing the gravy, and pieces of the meat, all about the room. The captain wondered very much at this, and asked the king's servants if these vermin were not very unpleasant. "Oh! yes," they said, "and the king would give half his riches to get rid of them; for they not only waste his dinner, as you see, but disturb him even in his bedroom, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is asleep, for fear of them." The captain was ready to jump for joy when he heard this; he thought of poor Dick's cat, and told the king he had a creature on board his ship that would kill all the rats and mice. The king was still more glad than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," said he, "and if it can do what you say, I will give you your ship full of gold for her." The captain, to make quite sure of his good luck, answered, that she was such a clever cat for catching rats and mice, that he could hardly bear to part with her; but that to oblige his majesty he would fetch her. "Run, run," said the queen, "for I long to see the
dear creature that will do us such a service." Away went
the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got
ready. He took puss under his arm, and came back to the palace soon
enough to see the table full of rats and mice again, and the second dinner likely
to be lost again in the same way as the first. When the cat saw them, she did
not wait for bidding; but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few moments
laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of
them, in a fright, scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were quite charmed to get so easily rid
of such plagues; for ever since they could remember, they had
not had a comfortable meal by day, or any quiet sleep by night.
They desired that the creature who had done them so great a
kindness might be brought for them to look at. On this, the
captain called out, "Puss, puss," and the cat ran up to him and
jumped upon his knee. He then held her out to the queen, who
started back, and was afraid to touch a creature that was able
to kill so many rats and mice; but when she saw how gentle
the cat seemed, and how glad she was at being stroked by the
captain, she ventured to touch her too, saying all the time,
"Poot, poot," for she could not speak English. At last the
queen took puss on her lap, and by degrees became quite free
with her, till puss purred herself to sleep. When the king had
seen the actions of mistress puss, and was told that she would
soon have young ones, which might in time kill all the rats and
mice in his country, he bought the captain's whole ship's cargo;
and afterwards gave him a great deal of gold besides, which was
worth still more, for the cat. The captain then took leave of
the king and queen, and the great persons of their court; and,
with all his ship's crew, set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage, arrived safe at London.

One morning, when Mr. Fitzwarren had just come into the counting-house, and seated himself at the desk, somebody came tap, tap, tap, at the door. "Who is there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered some one, opening the door: when who should it be but the captain and mate of the ship, just arrived from the coast of Barbary, and followed by several men, carrying a vast many lumps of gold, that had been paid him by the king of Barbary for the ship's cargo. They then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich present that the king had sent to Dick for her; upon which the merchant called out to his servants,

"Go fetch him, we will tell him of the same;
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a really good man, for when some of his clerks said so great a treasure was too much for such a boy as Dick, he answered "God forbid that I should keep the value of a single penny from him! It is all his own, and he shall have every farthing's worth of it to himself." He then sent for Dick, who at that time happened to be scouring the cook's kettles, and was quite dirty; so that he wanted to excuse himself from going to his master, by saying that the great nails in his shoes would spoil the fine rubbed floor. Mr. Fitzwarren, however, made him come in, and ordered a chair to be set for him, so that poor Dick thought they were making game of him, as the servants often did in the kitchen; and began to beg his master not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let him go down again to his work. "Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you; and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you; for the
captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, and said, "Mr. Whittington has now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety." Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own; and I have no doubt you will use it well." Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune, but they would not; and at the same time told him that his success afforded them great pleasure. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the sailors, and afterwards to his good friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants; and even to the ill-natured old cook. After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for proper tradesmen, and get himself dressed like a gentleman; and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.
Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage; and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very fine feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy. They had several children. He was sheriff of London in the year 1360, and several times afterwards lord mayor: the last time he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his majesty’s return from the famous battle of Agincourt. In this company, the king, on account of Whittington’s gallantry, said, “Never had prince such a subject;” and when Whittington was told this at the table, he answered, “Never had subject such a king.” Going with an address from the city, on one of the king’s victories, he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Richard Whittington supported many poor; he built a church, and also a college, with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and near it raised an hospital. The figure of Sir Richard Whittington, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780, over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate-street.
THE YELLOW DWARF.

There was once a queen, who, though she had been the mother of several children, had buried them all except one daughter, of whom she was excessively fond, humouring and indulging her in all her ways and wishes. This princess was so extremely beautiful, that she was called All-Fair, and twenty kings were, at one time, paying their addresses to her. Her mother, being advanced in years, was anxious to see her married and settled before she died; but as no entreaties could prevail, she determined to go to the Desert Fairy to ask advice concerning her stubborn daughter.

Now, this fairy being guarded by two fierce lions, the queen made a cake of millet, sugar-candy, and crocodiles' eggs, in order to appease their fury, and pass by them; and having thus provided herself, she set out. After travelling some time she
found herself weary, and lying down under a tree fell asleep. When she awoke, she heard the roaring of the lions which guarded the fairy, and on looking for her cake she found it was gone. This threw her into the utmost agony, not knowing how to save herself from being devoured; when, hearing somebody approach, she raised her eyes, and saw a little yellow man in a tree, half a yard high, picking and eating oranges. "Ah! queen," said the Yellow Dwarf (for so he was called, on account of his complexion, and the orange-tree he lived in), "how will you escape the lions? There is but one way; I know what business brought you here; promise me your daughter in marriage, and I will save you." The queen, though she could not look upon so frightful a figure without horror, was forced to consent; and, having agreed to the terms proposed, she instantly found herself in her own palace, and all that had passed seemed only as a dream; nevertheless, she was so thoroughly persuaded of the reality of it, that she became melancholy.

The young princess being unable to learn the cause of her mother's dejection, resolved to go and inquire of the Desert Fairy; and accordingly, having prepared a cake for the lions, she also set off for her abode. It happened that All-Fair took exactly the same route her mother had done before her; and coming to the fatal tree which was loaded with oranges, she felt inclined to pick some; therefore, setting down her basket, in which she carried the cake, she plentifully indulged herself. The lions now began to roar; when All-Fair, looking for her cake, was thrown into the utmost trouble to find it gone; and as she was lamenting her deplorable situation the Yellow Dwarf presented himself to her with these words:—"Lovely princess, dry up your tears, and hear what I am going to say. You need not proceed to the Desert Fairy, to know the reason of your mother's indisposition; she is ungenerous enough to repent
having promised you, her only daughter, to me in marriage."—"How!" interrupted the princess; "my mother promised me to you in marriage; you! such a fright as you!"—"None of your scoffs," returned the Yellow Dwarf, "I wish you not to rouse up my anger. If you will promise to marry me, I will be the tenderest and most loving husband in the world;—if not, save yourself from the lions, if you can." The princess felt the full force of this shock, and was compelled to give her word that she would have the dwarf; but such was the agony of her mind, that she fell into a swoon, and, when she recovered, she found herself in her own bed, finely adorned with ribands, with a ring of a single red hair, so fastened round her finger that it could not be got off.

This adventure had the same effect upon All-Fair, as the former had upon her mother. She grew melancholy, which was remarked and wondered at by the whole court. The best way to divert her, they thought, would be to urge her to marry; which the princess, who was now become less obstinate on that point than formerly, consented to; and thinking that such a pigmy as the Yellow Dwarf would not dare to contend with so gallant a person as the King of the Golden Mines, she fixed upon that prince for her husband, who was exceedingly rich and powerful, and loved her to distraction. The most superb preparations were made for the nuptials, and the happy day was fixed; when, as they were proceeding to the ceremony, they
saw moving towards them a box, upon which sat an old woman remarkable for her ugliness. "Hold, queen and princess," cried she, knitting her brows; "remember the promises you have both made to my friend the Yellow Dwarf. I am the Desert Fairy; and unless All-Fair consent to marry him, I solemnly swear to burn my crutch." The queen and princess were struck almost motionless by this unexpected address of the fairy; but the Prince of the Golden Mines was exceedingly angry, and holding his sword to her throat, he said, "Fly, wretch! or thy malice shall cost thee thy life." No sooner had he uttered these words, than the top of the box flying off, out came the Yellow Dwarf, mounted upon a large Spanish cat, who, placing himself between the king and the fairy, exclaimed, "Rash youth! thy rage shall be levelled at me, not at the Desert Fairy; I am thy rival, and claim her by promise, and a single hair round her finger." This so enraged the king, that he cried out, "Contemptible creature! wert thou worthy of notice, I would sacrifice thee for thy presumption." The Yellow Dwarf, clapping spurs to his cat, and drawing a cutlass, now defied the king to combat; and down they went into the court-yard. The sun was immediately turned as red as blood, the air became dark, it thundered heavily, and the flashes of lightning discovered two giants vomiting fire on each side of the Yellow Dwarf. The king behaved with such undaunted courage, as to give the dwarf great trouble; but he was dismayed when he saw the Desert Fairy, mounted on a winged griffin, and, with her head covered with snakes, strike the princess so hard with a lance, that she fell into the queen's arms, covered with blood.
He immediately left the combat, to go to her relief, but the dwarf was too quick for him; and flying on his Spanish cat to the balcony where she was, he took her from her mother's arms, leaped with her upon the top of the palace, and immediately disappeared.

As the king stood confused and astonished at this strange adventure, he suddenly found a mist before his eyes, and felt himself lifted up in the air by some extraordinary power; for the Desert Fairy had fallen in love with him. To secure him for herself, therefore, she carried him to a frightful cavern, hoping he would there forget All-Fair, and tried many artifices to complete her designs. But finding this scheme ineffectual, she resolved to carry him to a place altogether as pleasant as the other was terrible; and accordingly placed him in a chariot drawn by swans. In passing through the air, he was unspeakably surprised to see his beloved princess in a castle of polished steel, leaning her head on one hand, and wiping away her tears with the other. She happened to look up, and had the mortification to see the king sitting by the Fairy; who, then, by her art, made herself appear extremely beautiful. Had not the king been sensible of the Fairy's power, he would certainly then have tried to free himself from her by some means or other; but he knew it would be in vain, and therefore pretended to have a liking for her. At last they came to a stately palace, fenced on one side by walls of emeralds, and on the other by a boisterous sea. The king, by pretending an attachment to the fairy, obtained the liberty to walk by himself on the shore; and, as he was one day invoking the powers of the sea, he heard a voice, and presently after was surprised with the appearance of a mermaid, which, coming up with a pleasing smile, spoke to this effect:—"O King of the Golden Mines, I well know all that has passed in regard to you and the fair princess. Do not
suspect this to be a contrivance of the fairy to try you, for I am an inveterate enemy both to her and the Yellow Dwarf; therefore, if you will place confidence in me, I will lend you my assistance to procure the release, not only of yourself, but of All-Fair also.” The overjoyed king promised to do whatever the mermaid should direct, and seating himself, by her desire, upon her fish’s tail, they sailed away in a rolling sea.

When they had sailed some time, “Now,” said the mermaid to the king, “we draw near the place where your princess is kept by the Yellow Dwarf. You will have many enemies to fight before you can come to her; take, therefore, this sword, with which you may overcome everything, provided you never let it go out of your hand.” The king returned her all the thanks that the most grateful heart could suggest; and the mermaid landed and took leave of him, promising him farther assistance when necessary. The king boldly advanced, and, meeting with two terrible sphinxes, laid them dead at his feet with the sword. Next he attacked six dragons that opposed him, and despatched them also. Then he met with four-and-twenty nymphs, with garlands of flowers, at the sight of whom he stopped, being unwilling to destroy so much beauty; when he heard a voice say, “Strike! strike! or you lose your princess for ever!” He now threw himself into the midst of the nymphs, and soon dispersed them, and he soon came in view of All-Fair, when he exclaimed, “O my princess, behold your faithful lover!”—“Faithful lover!” she exclaimed, drawing herself back: “Did I not see you passing through the air with a beautiful nymph? were you faithful then?”—“Yes,” replied the king, “I was. That was the detested Desert Fairy, who was carrying me to a place where I must have languished out all my days, had it not been for a kind mermaid, by whose assistance it is that I am now come to release you.” So, having
uttered these words, he threw himself at her feet; but, catching
hold of her gown he unfortunately let go the magic sword,
which the Yellow Dwarf no sooner
discovered, than, leaping from be-
hind a shrub, where he had been
concealed, he ran and seized it. By
two cabalistical words he then con-
jured up a couple of giants, who
laid the king in irons.

"Now," said the Dwarf, "my
rival's fate is in my own hands;
however, if he will consent to my marriage, he shall have
his life and liberty."—"No," said the king, "I scorn thy
favour on such terms." The dwarf was so exasperated by this
reply, that he instantly stabbed the king to the heart. The
disconsolate princess, aggravated to the last degree at such bar-
barity, thus vented her grief: "Thou hideous creature! since
entreaties could not avail thee, perhaps thou nowliest upon
force; but thou shalt be disappointed, and thy brutal soul shall
know perpetual mortification from the moment I tell thee that
I die for the love I have for the King of the Golden Mines!"
and so saying she sunk down upon his body, and expired with-
out a sigh. Thus ended the fate of these two faithful lovers,
whom the mermaid very much regretted; but as all her power
lay in the sword, she could only change them into two palm-
trees, which preserving a constant and mutual affection for each
other, fondly unite their branches together.
VALENTINE AND ORSON.

The renowned Pepin, king of France, had a sister named Bellisant, who was exceedingly beautiful, and whose hand was demanded in marriage by several kings and princes. The lady Bellisant's choice fell upon Alexander, emperor of Constantinople, who came to the court of king Pepin to espouse the princess. Great rejoicings were made on the occasion throughout France; and shortly after the marriage the emperor took leave of king Pepin, and conducted his lovely bride with great pomp and triumph to the city of Constantinople. The emperor's prime minister, and greatest favourite, was a high-priest, a selfish and cruel man, who completely governed the emperor, and tyrann-
nized over his subjects. The high-priest, observing the gentleness and sweetness of the new empress, began to fear that she would acquire too much influence over the emperor, and wickedly resolved to seek the destruction of the innocent and amiable lady. The emperor was of a credulous and suspicious temper, and the high-priest soon found means to infuse into his mind suspicions of the empress. One day when the emperor was alone, the high-priest entered the apartment, and prostrating himself at the emperor’s feet, said: "High and mighty king, may Heaven guard your majesty from the base attempts of the wicked and treacherous! I am a holy priest, and may not seek the death of any man; nor may I reveal the name of the criminal who has intrusted to me, in the way of confession, a dreadful secret: but, in the most solemn manner, I conjure your majesty to beware of the designs of your empress; for that beautiful and dissembling lady is faithless and disloyal, and even now is planning your death. O mighty emperor! my heart swells with grief and indignation, to think that a lady so unparalleled in beauty and wisdom, and the sister of a great king, should become so dishonourable and wicked."

The emperor, giving implicit faith to the high-priest’s tale, could no longer restrain his fury; and abruptly leaving the high-priest, he rushed into the apartment of the empress, and in the most fierce, rude, and unmanly manner, dragged the fair Bellisant about the chamber by her long and beautiful hair. "Alas! my dear lord," she cried, "what moves you to this outrage?"—"Base, despicable wretch!" he exclaimed, "I am but too well informed of your infamous proceedings;" then dashing her with violence upon the ground, he left her speechless. The attendants of the empress, finding her bleeding and senseless upon the floor, uttered loud screams, which presently brought all the nobles of the court into the chamber of the empress.
Every one pitied the sufferings of their amiable queen; and the state-councillors demanded an audience of the emperor, to represent to him the wrongs he had done to an honourable lady, in whom no one had ever perceived a fault. But the emperor was yet mad with passion, which the high-priest continued artfully to inflame; and to the representations of his state-councillors he answered—"Let no man presume to defend her who has basely betrayed me. She shall die; and they who interfere in her behalf shall partake the dreadful punishment that awaits this wretched and disloyal woman." The empress being recovered from her swoon, then fell upon her knees, and, with tears, thus addressed the emperor: "Alas! my lord, take pity on one who never harboured an evil thought against your person or dignity. I shall soon become a mother, and I implore your compassion in behalf of my child. Let me be imprisoned in some tower till the time of its birth; and then, if your anger be not appeased, do with me what pleaseth you; but, oh! save my child." The hard-hearted emperor, bewitched with the false tales of the insidious priest, answered, "Perish thou and thy child, basest of women! Thy child will be to me no joy, but rather great dishonour."

The courtiers, perceiving that nothing could mitigate the rage of the emperor, removed Bellisant from his presence. Her faithful servant, Blandiman, now threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Ah! madam, quit this barbarous monarch, and suffer me to conduct you to your brother the good king Pepin. Innocent and noble lady, follow my counsel; for if you stay here the emperor will bring you to a shameful death."—"No, Blandiman," the queen replied, "I must not follow thy advice: should I steal privately from the court, it might be said I had fled knowing myself to be guilty. Believe me, I had rather die the most cruel death, than bear the blame of that of which I am inno-
cent.” The emperor, still loving his queen, could not bring himself to pronounce the sentence of her execution: yet, as the base high-priest continually irritated his mind with false accusations against her, he resolved to banish her from his dominions, and immediately commanded her to quit Constantinople. At the same time he published an edict forbidding all persons, on pain of death, to assist or succour the unfortunate lady, allowing her no other attendant than her servant Blandiman, whom she had brought with her from France. Sentence being thus pronounced, the queen and Blandiman hastened away. As she passed through the city, she was met by multitudes of people lamenting the loss of so good an empress. When she had left Constantinople, “Alas!” cried she, “in what unhappy hour was I born, to fall from so high an estate, to so low a condition as I am now in! Woe is me! Now all my happiness is fled. Instead of cloth of gold, I am clad in mean attire; my precious stones of inestimable value are all taken from me, and pearls of tears alone now adorn my garments. Ah! my brother, what shouldst thou do with such a woful sister?” As she was thus complaining and weeping with anguish, her servant said to her—“Alas, madam, be not discomforted, but trust in Providence, who will keep and defend you!” Having thus spoken, he espied a fountain, towards which he and his lady took their way. After refreshing themselves at the fountain, they proceeded towards France. Many weary days and nights had been travelled, when, arriving at the forest of Orleans, the disconsolate princess was so overcome with grief and fatigue, that she sunk down, and was incapable of proceeding farther. Her faithful attendant gathered the fallen leaves and the moss to make a couch for her to rest on, and then hastened quickly away, to seek some habitation where he might procure food and assistance for his unfortunate mistress.
During Blandiman’s absence the royal lady was delivered, in the dreary forest, of two beautiful sons. She pressed the lovely infants by turns to her bosom, and shed tears of joy over them; when suddenly a huge bear rushed upon her, and snatching up one of the babes in its mouth, hastened into the thickest part of the forest. The wretched mother, distracted at the fate of her child, pursued the bear with shrieks and lamentations; till overcome with anguish and terror, she fell into a swoon near the mouth of the cave into which the bear had borne her infant. It happened that king Pepin, accompanied by several great lords and barons of his court, was on that day hunting in the forest of Orleans, and chanced to pass near the tree where the son of Bellisant lay sleeping on its bed of moss. The king was astonished with the beauty of the child, who opened his eyes as the king stood gazing on him, and, smiling, stretched out its little arms, as if to ask protection. “See, my lords,” said king Pepin, “this lovely infant seems to solicit my favour. Here is no one to claim it, and I will adopt it for my own.” The king little imagined it was his nephew, the son of his sister Bellisant, that he now delivered into the hands of one of his pages, who took the babe to Orleans to be nursed, and gave it, by the king’s orders, the name of Valentine.

Scarcely had the page rode away with the child, when the king met Blandiman, and demanded with great surprise what news from Constantinople. Blandiman, bending one knee to the ground, began to relate the disasters of the empress; but upon king Pepin’s hearing that the high-priest had accused her of plotting the emperor’s death, he flew into the most violent rage against his innocent sister, and said, “Now, by heaven, I cannot believe the loyal high-priest would bring a false accusation against any one, and I blame the emperor for sparing the life of his treacherous disloyal queen: but let her beware how
she comes into my power; and hear me, nobles: henceforth it is
death for any one that names her in my presence.” So saying,
he turned back, and proceeded towards Orleans. Blandiman,
with a heavy heart, searched the forest for his injured mistress,
and at length espied her on the ground, tearing her dishevelled
hair, and uttering piercing cries of grief. “Ah! Blandiman,”
she exclaimed, “can there exist in the world a being more
encompassed with grief and sorrow? But an hour since I was
the joyful mother of two beautiful babes. A ravenous bear
snatched one from my arms, and some other cruel beast of prey
has doubtless devoured the other. At the foot of yonder tree
I left it when I pursued the bear; but no trace of either of my
children remains. They are gone, gone for ever; and I, wretched
mother, have nothing left but to die. Go, Blandiman, leave me
here to perish, and tell the mighty emperor of Constantinople
to what a horrible fate he, by listening to evil counsel, has des-
tined his innocent wife and children.” Blandiman would not
quit the unfortunate queen: and when she became more calm,
he prevailed on her to take shelter in a retired monastery that
stood on the borders of the forest of Orleans. After some time
he communicated to her his interview with her brother, and the
unjust wrath of king Pepin against her; which renewed the sor-
rows of the hapless lady, and determined her to continue in the
monastery, devoting the rest of her days to the exercise of religion.

The bear that had carried away the infant, bore it to her
cave, and laid it down unhurt before her young ones. The
cubs, however, did not devour it, but stroked it with their
rough paws: and the old bear perceiving their kindness for the
little babe, gave it suck, and nourished it in this manner for
the space of a whole year. The child became hardy and robust;
and as it grew in strength, began to range the forest, and attack
the wild beasts with such fury, that they used to shun the cave
where he continued to live with the old bear, who loved him with extreme fondness. He passed this kind of life during eighteen years; growing to such wonderful strength, that he was the terror of the neighbouring country. The name of Orson was given to him, because he was nurtured by a bear; and the renown of this wild man spread over all France. He went naked; and uttered no other sounds than a wild kind of howl, to express either his anger or his joy. King Pepin often entertained a great desire to see the wild man of the woods; and one day rode with his retinue into the forest of Orleans, in hopes of meeting him. The king, leaving his train at some distance, rode on, and passed near the cave which Orson inhabited. On hearing the sound of horses' feet, the wild man rushed upon the king, and would have strangled him in an instant, but for a valiant knight, who galloped up and wounded Orson with his sword. Orson then quitted the king, and running furiously upon the knight, caught him and his horse, and overthrew both. The king, being quite unarmed, could not assist the knight, but rode away to call the attendants to his rescue. However, before they arrived on the spot, the unfortunate knight was torn to pieces, and Orson had fled to the thickest part of the forest, where all their endeavours could not discover him. The noise of this adventure increased every one's terror of the wild man, and the neighbouring villages were nearly abandoned by their inhabitants.

Valentine, in the meanwhile, had been educated in all kinds of accomplishments, with the king's fair daughter, Eglantine. Nothing could exceed the fondness of the young people for each other: indeed, there never was a lovelier princess than Eglantine, or a more brave and accomplished cavalier than Valentine. The king observing his inclination for arms, indulged him with armour and horses and gave him a command in the army that
was going to march against the Saracens. Valentine soon distinguished himself above the other leaders in battle. He fought near the king's side; and when his majesty was taken by a troop of the Pagans, Valentine rushed through their ranks, slew hundreds of them, and, replacing the king on his horse, led him off in triumph. Afterwards, when the Saracen city was besieged, he was the first to scale the walls, and place the Christian standard on the battlements. By his means a complete victory was obtained, and peace restored to France.

Valentine having conquered the Saracens, returned to the court of king Pepin, and was received with loud acclamations by the people, and joyfully welcomed by the princess Eglantine. The distinctions and favour showered on him raised the envy and hatred of Henry and Haufray, the king's sons, who plotted together to destroy Valentine. The same day, king Pepin presented Valentine, saying, "My lords, this brave youth saved my life, and rescued his country from the Saracens; I therefore now create him Earl of Clerimont." Haufray and Henry were more and more irritated against Valentine, by this new and honourable distinction, and they determined to watch closely for some opportunity of effecting his destruction.

It happened very shortly after the return of Valentine from his victory over the Saracens, that a petition was presented to the king by a deputation of peasants, praying relief against Orson, the wild man of the woods; the fear of whom was now become so great that the peasants dared not go out to till their fields, nor the shepherds to watch their flocks. The king immediately issued a proclamation, saying, that if any man would undertake to bring Orson, dead or alive, to the city, he should receive a thousand marks of gold. "Sire," said Henry, "I think no person is so proper to undertake this enterprise as the foundling Valentine, on whom your majesty lavishes such great
favour. Perhaps if he conquers the naked savage with his sword, you will not think it too much to reward him with the hand of our sister Eglantine.” To this the king replied with a frown, “Away! for thy speech betrays thine envy.” Valentine fixing a firm look on the malicious brother, said, “You give this counsel to compass my death: be it so. Know that I will not fail of victory here also. I will go without delay, and alone, to conquer the savage man.” “No, Valentine,” said the king, “you shall not rush into destruction to gratify the ill-will of evil-minded persons.”—“Pardon me, my liege,” replied Valentine; “it concerns my honour that I go. I will encounter this danger, and every other, rather than not prove myself worthy of your majesty’s favour and protection. To-morrow I will depart for the forest at the break of day.” When the princess Eglantine heard of Valentine’s determination, she sought to divert him from his purpose; but finding him inflexibly resolved to attack the wild man, she adorned him with a scarf, embroidered with her own hands, and then retired to her chamber to pray for his safety.

At the first dawn of morning, Valentine arose; and putting on his armour, having his shield polished like a mirror, he departed for the forest; and being arrived there, he alighted, and tying his horse to a tree, penetrated into the thickest part of the wood in search of Orson. He wandered about a long time in vain, and being come near the mouth of a large cave, he thought that might be the hiding-place of the wild man. Valentine then climbed a high tree near the cave; and scarcely was he seated among the branches, when he heard Orson’s roar in the forest. Orson had been hunting, and came with a swift pace, bearing a buck he had killed upon his shoulders. Valentine could not help admiring the beauty of his person, the grace and freedom of his motions, and his appearance of strength and
agility. He felt a species of affection for the wild man, and wished it were possible to tame him, without having recourse to weapons. Valentine now tore off a branch of the tree; and threw it at Orson’s feet, who, looking up, and espying Valentine in the tree, uttered a growl of fury, and darted up the tree like lightning. Valentine as quickly descended on the other side: Orson seeing him on the ground, leaped down, and opening his arms, prepared in his usual manner to rush upon and overthrow his antagonist; but Valentine, holding up the polished steel, Orson suddenly beheld, instead of the person he meant to seize, his own naked, wild, and terror-striking figure. Upon Valentine’s lowering the shield, he again saw his enemy, and with a cry of transport again prepared to grasp him in his arms. The strength of Orson was so very great, that Valentine was
unable to defend himself without having recourse to his sword. When Orson received a wound from his sword, he uttered loud shrieks of anger and surprise, and instantly tearing up by the roots a large tree, furiously attacked Valentine. A dreadful fight now ensued between these two brothers, and the victory was a long time doubtful: Orson receiving many dreadful wounds from the sword of Valentine, and Valentine with great difficulty escaping from being crushed to death beneath the weighty club of Orson. Just at this time, the bear who had nursed Orson, and who was now in the cave, hearing the cries of rage, came out to see what was the matter with her favourite. Valentine, perceiving her approach, aimed a blow at her with his sword, which would probably have killed her on the spot, had not Orson rushed forward; and throwing one arm round the neck of the bear, he with the other hand supplicated for mercy for his old and only friend. Valentine was greatly affected with this generous action, and, laying aside his sword, made signs that he would not hurt the bear, and, in token of kindness, brought some grapes and a bottle of strong liquor he had deposited near for his own refreshment in case of need, and presented them to Orson.

Orson no sooner tasted the delicious flavour of the fruit than he gave it to the bear, and afterwards let her drink the strong liquor, with both of which she seemed much pleased; while Orson, delighted to see her make such a comfortable repast, threw his arms around her and embraced her; and the bear, desirous to testify her affection for him, stroked him with her huge paw, and uttered a gentle growl, as if to express her satisfaction in his caresses.

Valentine now made many signs to Orson, persuading him to go with him, where he should be fed and clothed, and treated with the greatest kindness; but Orson rejected all his offers
with anger and contempt, making signs that he never would
quit his beloved bear, nor his wild life in the woods. But it
happened that the strong liquor which the bear had drunk so
greedily from Valentine's bottle caused her death; and soon
after, testifying her love for Orson in the manner we have
described, she faintly howled, and fell dead on the ground.
Orson stood for a few moments motionless with alarm and
amazement; then, supposing his ancient friend might be only
asleep, he stooped and endeavoured to rouse her, but finding all
his efforts ineffectual, his grief is scarcely to be described. He
threw himself upon the body, and uttered piercing shrieks of
distress. At length he suddenly sprang up from the ground,
and approaching Valentine made signs that he would now be
his; and while the tears ran down his cheeks for the loss of his
bear, he suffered Valentine to bind his hands, and followed his
conductor. Valentine took his way towards Orleans; but
wherever he passed, the people, perceiving the wild man, ran
into their houses and hid themselves. On arriving at an inn
where Valentine intended resting during the night, the terrified
inhabitants fastened their doors, and would not suffer them to
enter. Valentine made signs to Orson, who, placing his shoulder
against the door, forced it open in an instant, upon which the
people of the inn all ran out at the back-door, and would not
venture to return. A great feast was in preparation, and there
were plenty of fowls and good provisions roasting at the fire.
Orson tore the meat off the spit with his hands, and devoured
it greedily: and espying a cauldron of water, he put his head
into it, and drank like a horse.

In the morning, Valentine resumed his journey, leading
Orson as before. On arriving at the city, the inhabitants shut
their doors, and ran into the highest rooms to gaze upon the
wild man. Being come to the outer court of King Pepin's
palace, the porter in a great fright barred the gate with heavy chains and bars of iron, and would not be prevailed upon to open it. After soliciting admittance for some time, and being still denied, Valentine made a sign to Orson, who, tearing up one of the large stone posts that stood by, shattered the gate to pieces. The queen, the princess Eglantine, and all their attendants, fled to hide themselves when they heard that Orson was arrived; and Valentine had the greatest difficulty to persuade them to believe that Orson was no longer furious and savage as he had been in the woods. At length the king permitted him to be brought in; and the whole court soon gathered in a crowd in the apartment, and were much amused by his wild actions and gestures, although very cautious not to come near him.
On Valentine's making signs, he kissed the king's robe, and the
hand of the princess Eglantine; for Orson had now become so
attached to Valentine that he would obey him in all things, and
would suffer no other person to attempt to control him. If
Valentine went for a moment out of his sight, he would utter
cries of distress, and overturn every one that stood in his way,
while he ran about the palace in search of him; and he slept
at night in Valentine's chamber, on the floor, for he could not
be prevailed on to lie on a bed.

Very soon after the capture of Orson, a herald appeared at
the court of king Pepin, from the duke of Aquitain, summon-
ing all true knights to avenge the cause of the lady Fezon,
daughter to the noble duke, who was held in cruel captivity
by Agramont, the green knight: the herald proclaiming, that
whoever should conquer the green knight should receive the
hand of the lady Fezon in marriage, together with a princely
dowry. This green knight was so famous for his cruelty and
his victories, that the young lords of the court all drew back,
and seemed unwilling to enter the lists; for it was known that
he was defended by enchantment, and it was his practice to
hang upon a high tree all the knights whom he had defeated.
Valentine, however, offered himself without hesitation, and
engaged to get ready and depart the next morning. The
princess Eglantine secretly resolved, if possible, to prevent the
destruction of her beloved Valentine, by combating the green
knight herself. She had been accustomed to fence and ride,
and was greatly accomplished in all the manly exercises. She
contrived to steal away the armour of Valentine while he slept,
and equipping herself in it, mounted a fiery courser; and
attended only by her favourite maid, in quality of a page, she
proceeded to the castle which the green knight inhabited, and
where he kept the lady Fezon a prisoner.
Valentine, meanwhile, missing his armour, when he arose at the dawn of day, and learning that the princess had taken it, and was gone on the perilous enterprise, was almost distracted with his terrors for her safety. He ordered his horse to be prepared, and, followed by Orson, set out in search of the princess. Haufray and Henry, disappointed in their former purpose, now resolved to waylay and kill Valentine. Accordingly, in a narrow alley of a dark wood, they sprang upon him, and seized him before he had power to draw his sword. Orson chanced to be a little way behind, but, upon hearing Valentine's voice, he rushed upon Henry who was about to stab Valentine in the back, and seized him in his arms. Orson's grasp almost crushed Henry to death, and Valentine would have killed Haufray, but first tearing their masks from their faces, and seeing they were the king's sons, he left them to the shame and disgrace their base conduct would bring upon them. He had some difficulty to prevail on Orson to let them live; but having prevailed, they left the wicked brothers in the wood, and continued their journey; fortunately arriving at the castle of Agramont (that of the green knight), just as the princess Eglantine was almost overpowered in the combat. Valentine now rushed with dreadful fury upon the green knight, and the fight was long and equal. At length Agramont demanded a parley: "Knight," said he to Valentine, "thou art brave and noble. Behold; yonder hang twenty knights whom I have subdued and executed: such will be thy fate: I give thee warning."—"Base traitor," replied Valentine, "I fear thee not: come on; I defy thee."—"First," rejoined the green knight, "fetch me yonder shield; for, in pity to thy youth, I tell thee, unless thou canst remove that shield, thou never canst rescue the lady Fezon, or conquer me." Valentine approached the shield; but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not loosen it from the tree, though it appeared to hang but on a
slender branch. Valentine, breathless with his exertions to pull down the shield, stood leaning against the tree, when Agramont, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, “Fly and save thyself, fair knight: for since thou canst not move the shield, thou art not destined to be my victor. Further, know, there is no one living who can subdue me, unless he be the son of a mighty king, and yet was suckled by a wild beast.” Valentine started on hearing these latter words, and ran to Orson, who had been all this time employed in gazing with looks of delight and admiration on the beautiful lady Fezon. Valentine led him to the enchanted shield, which, on Orson’s raising his arm towards it, dropped instantly from its place. A loud blast of wind now rushed through the trees, the ground rocked beneath their feet, and the green knight trembled and turned pale; then, gnashing his teeth, he seized his sword, and attacked Orson with desperate fury. At the first blow, Agramont’s trusty sword broke in pieces upon the enchanted shield. Next he caught up a battle-axe, which also snapped instantly in two. He then called for a lance, which shivered to atoms in the same manner. Furious with these defeats, he threw aside his weapons, and trusting to his wonderful strength attempted to grasp Orson in his arms; but Orson,
seizing him as if he had been a mere child, dashed him on the ground, and would have instantly destroyed him, had not Valentine interposed to save his life. Orson continued to hold him down till some chains were brought, when, in despite of the furious struggles of the green knight, Orson bound him in strong fetters, to lead him away a prisoner.

Agramont, finding himself entirely subdued, addressed himself to Valentine, and said, "This savage man is my conqueror; therefore there must be some mystery in his fate. Haste, then, to the castle of my brother Ferragus, where you will find a brazen head that will explain to you who he is." Valentine, having despatched a herald to acquaint the Duke of Aquitain with the release of his daughter, sent the Lady Fezon, with the princess Eglantine, to the court of king Pepin, while he and Orson proceeded to the castle of the giant Ferragus. This castle was guarded by two lions, who roared with rage against Valentine, but when Orson appeared, they lay down and crouched beneath his feet. On entering the castle, a little dwarf approached them, and conducted them to a chamber abounding with gold, rubies, and other precious stones; in the centre there were four pillars of jasper, two of which were as yellow as the finest gold, a third more green than grass, and a fourth more red than a flame of fire. Between these pillars was an emerald of amazing value; and in the midst the brazen head rested upon a rich pedestal. Before the pedestal stood an enormous giant, who lifted his club to forbid their approach; but Orson seized him by the middle, and bore him from the chamber to a dungeon, where he secured him. Valentine fixed his eyes upon the head, anxious to hear what it would say concerning his birth. At length when Orson had returned it spake thus: "Thou, O renowned knight, art called Valentine the brave, and art the man destined to be the husband of the Princess
Eglantine of France. Thou art son to the Emperor of Greece, and thy mother is Bellissant, sister to King Pepin of France. She was unjustly banished from her throne and took refuge in a monastery, where she has resided these twenty years. The wild man, who hath so long accompanied thee, is thy brother. You were both born in the forest of Orleans. Thou wert found and brought up under the care of King Pepin thy uncle, but thy brother was stolen and nurtured by a bear. Proceed, Valentine, to France, where thou wilt find the innocent empress, thy hapless mother; at the moment when she embraces thy brother, speech will be given to him. Away, and prosper! These are the last words I shall utter. Fate has decreed that, when Valentine and Orson enter this chamber my power ends."

Having thus spoken, the brazen head fell from its pedestal: thunder shook the foundations of the castle; they were surrounded with thick darkness; and when the light again burst upon them, they found themselves on an open plain, and no traces of the castle remained. The little dwarf, whose name was Pacolet, at the same time appeared before them on a winged horse, and said, "Noble youths, I go before you to the court of King Pepin, to prepare your royal parents, who are already there, for your reception." And instantly Pacolet mounted into the air on his winged horse, and was presently out of sight. Valentine now fell upon the bosom of his brother Orson, and Orson upon his; they embraced each other with the utmost affection, and joyfully proceeded towards France.
While these transactions were passing, the emperor of Constantinople had lived in great affliction for the loss of his queen. The wicked high-priest had continued to represent her as the vilest of women, and to abuse the emperor's confidence in him, till he was on his death-bed: when, repenting of his treachery, he sent for the emperor, and confessed before the whole court that he had basely slandered the amiable princess. Nothing could exceed the emperor's grief. He immediately set out with all his nobles for France, to implore King Pepin to assist him in searching for the injured Bellisant. In every town on his journey he caused her innocence to be proclaimed, and offered an immense reward to any one who should bring tidings of her to the court of King Pepin. It happened that Blandiman, who was buying provisions for the monastery at Orleans, as the emperor passed through, heard the proclamation, and hastened with the tidings to his mistress. The empress, overjoyed to have her innocence made known, quitted the monastery, and went to the palace of her brother, where she was received with shouts of triumph—King Pepin and the emperor both falling at her feet to implore forgiveness for having believed so unjustly of her. Scarcely had the reconciliation passed, and the empress related her sorrowful history, when the dwarf Pacolet appeared on the winged horse, to announce the wonderful declaration made by the brazen head, and the approach of the royal brothers. At these tidings the empress thought herself the happiest of women; but the emperor could not forbear shedding tears, when he remembered all the dangers and sufferings he had caused to his amiable queen and his princely sons. The noble youths now presented themselves to their parents; and no sooner had the empress Bellisant thrown her arms round the neck of her son Orson, than the faculty of speech was given to him, and he expressed his duty and affection
to his parents and uncle, in terms of such grace and propriety, as at once astonished and delighted the whole court. The Duke of Aquitain, having already come to the palace of King Pepin, to congratulate his daughter on her deliverance from the green knight, now took the hand of Orson, and presented him to the lady Fezon as her future husband: King Pepin at the same time joined the hands of Valentine and the princess Eglantine. Splendid preparations were immediately made for the celebration of the nuptials; and for a whole month nothing was to be heard of throughout France but tilts and tournaments, feasts and balls, fire-works and illuminations, with every other kind of splendid and magnificent entertainment.

SINDBAD, THE SAILOR.

A poor man named Hindbad once lived in the city of Bagdad. He was obliged to maintain himself by the labour of carrying heavy burthens.

One day, when the heat of the weather was very oppressive, he became faint with a load which he was carrying; he relieved himself from the weight upon his shoulders, and sat down near a very magnificent house.

The windows of this stately building were open; and Hindbad was regaled with the odour of the exquisite perfumes that
came from within; and his ears were enchanted with the most delightful music he had ever heard.

Hindbad never having been in this part of the city before, felt a great desire to know to whom this palace could belong. Seeing a servant at the gate, he inquired who was the master of this house: and was told "Sindbad, the Sailor, the famous traveller."

The poor man had often heard of Sindbad, the Sailor, his wonderful riches, and extraordinary adventures. He could not however avoid feeling, that Sindbad must be as happy as himself was wretched. "Alas!" said he, "what a difference between this man and me."

While he was thus indulging in grief, a servant told him, that Sindbad desired to speak with him: he tried to make an excuse; but the servant having called another domestic to take charge of the porter's burthen, led Hindbad into the hall.

At the end of a table that was surrounded by company, sat
Sindbad, venerable with age; but interesting by the goodness that appeared in his countenance and manner. He made the porter partake of the delicacies with which the table was covered; and then inquired his name and occupation.

"My name, sir," said the poor man, "is Hindbad: and I am only a porter."—"Well, Hindbad," said the venerable traveller, "having heard your lamentations, I sent for you that I might convince you I did not attain this condition without having endured more suffering, and encountered greater perils, than can easily be imagined. I assure you my difficulties have been so extraordinary, that they were sufficient to discourage the most avaricious man from encountering them in pursuit of riches. I will relate them to you."

This proposal was highly acceptable to the company; and Sindbad having ordered a servant to carry Hindbad's load to the appointed place, he commenced his narrative.

**THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.**

My father died while I was young, and left me a considerable fortune. Having no one to restrain my conduct, I fell into a state of dissipation; by which I not only wasted my time, but also injured my health, and destroyed my property.

When I incurred sickness, the companions of my folly deserted me; and I was left to reflect on the inconsiderate habits of a misspent youth. When I recovered, I collected together the remains of my fortune, and purchased merchandise, with which I embarked on board a vessel for the port of Balsora.

During the voyage we touched at several islands, where myself and the other merchants who were in the ship, sold or exchanged our goods. We were one day becalmed near a small island. As its appearance was inviting, we determined to dine upon it. But while we were laughing and preparing for
dinner, this island began to move; and at the same moment the people in the ship called out that we were on the back of a monstrous whale.

Some jumped into the boat, and others swam to the ship; but before I could get off, the animal dived into the sea; and I had only time to catch hold of a piece of wood that had been brought from the ship to serve as a table.

Upon this broad piece of timber I was carried away by the current, the others having reached the vessel; and a gale having sprung up, the ship sailed without me. I floated during that and the succeeding night: but the next morning a wave threw me on a small island.

I found fresh water and fruit; and having discovered a cave, I lay down in it and slept many hours. I looked about for some place of habitation, but found none. There were, however, a number of colts grazing together; but no traces of other animals. When evening approached, I took some more fruit; and then climbed into a tree as a resting-place.

About midnight the sounds of trumpets and drums seemed to pass around the island, which continued until morning; when again it seemed to be uninhabited. On the next day I found that the island was small, and that no other land was in sight. I therefore gave myself up as lost. Nor were my apprehensions diminished, when I found that the shore abounded with enormous serpents, and other sea-monsters; but I found however that they were timid, and the rattling of sticks would induce them to dive into the water.

I climbed the tree next night, and the drums and trumpets returned as before. But on the third day, I had the satisfaction to perceive a body of men, who, on landing, were astonished to find me there.

Having related to them how I came thither, they told me
they were grooms of King Mihrage: that the island belonged to the genii, Delial: who visited it every night with drums and trumpets: that the genii had allowed their sovereign to train his colts upon the island; and that they, being sent every six months to select some, had arrived for that purpose.

The grooms carried me to King Mihrage; who allowed me apartments in his palace; and seemed pleased with my conversation, as it gave him information of the manners of other countries.

One day I saw several men unloading a ship in the harbour: and perceived that some of the bales were those which I had embarked for Balsora. Perceiving the captain, I said to him, "Captain, I am Sindbad." He started. "Surely," said he, "I and the passengers saw Sindbad swallowed in the waves many hundred miles from this." Some others, however, coming up, I was recognised; and the captain then restored me the bales, with many congratulations. I made a valuable present to King Mihrage; who bestowed a rich gift on me in return: and having made some advantageous purchases, I arrived at Balsora: where, after I had sold my goods, I found myself possessed of a hundred thousand sequins. I resolved then to live in comfort and splendour.—Sindbad having concluded the account of his first voyage, ordered the musicians to continue the concert.

**THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.**

I soon became weary of a quiet life in Balsora; and therefore, having purchased commodities, I again went to sea with some merchants. After having touched at several places, we landed one day at an uninhabited island. We amused ourselves in different ways; but I, having taken my wine and provisions, sat down and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found
that my companions were gone; and that the ship had sailed. At first I was dreadfully agitated; but in a short time I became more resigned to my fate. I climbed to the top of a very high tree, and perceived at a distance an object that was very large and white. I descended to the ground, and ran towards this strange-looking object. When I approached it I found it was about fifty paces in circumference, quite round, and as smooth as ivory; but had no sort of opening. It was now almost sunset, and suddenly the sky became darkened. I looked up and beheld a bird of enormous size, moving like a prodigious cloud towards me.

I recollected that I had heard of a bird called the Roc, so large that it could carry away young elephants; and I therefore conjectured that the large object I had been looking at was the egg of this bird.

As the bird approached, I crept close to the egg: so that I had one of the legs of this winged animal before me: this limb being as large as the trunk of a tree, I tied myself firmly to it with the cloth of my turban.

The next morning the bird flew away, and carried me from this desert island. I was borne so high that I could not see the earth; and then carried downwards so swiftly that I lost my senses. When I recovered, finding myself on the ground, I quickly untied the cloth that bound me: and scarcely was I free when the bird, having taken up a large serpent, again flew away. I found myself in a deep valley, the sides of which were too steep to be ascended. As I walked up and down in despair, I perceived that the valley was strewn with diamonds of surprising magnitude. But I soon saw other objects of much less inviting appearance.

Serpents of the most terrific size were peeping out of holes on every side. When night came, I took shelter in a cave, the en-
trance of which I guarded with the largest stones I could find: but the hissing of the serpents entirely deprived me of sleep. When day returned, the serpents retired to their holes; and I came out of my cave, but with extreme fear.

I walked heedless of the serpents until I became weary, and then sat down and fell asleep. I was awakened by something which fell near me. It was a large piece of fresh meat; and presently I saw several other pieces.

I was now convinced that I must be in the famous valley of diamonds; and that the pieces of meat were thrown in by merchants, who expected eagles to pounce upon the flesh, to which diamonds were almost sure to adhere. I hastened to pick up some of the largest diamonds I could find, which I put into a little bag, and fastened it to my girdle. I then selected the largest piece of flesh in the valley, which I tied to my waist with the cloth of my turban, and then lay down upon my face to wait for the eagles. Very soon one of the strongest pounced upon the meat on my back, and flew with me to its nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants began shouting, to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged the birds to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. At first the man was frightened when he saw me there; but having recovered himself, he asked me how I came thither. I soon told him and the rest of the merchants my story; they were equally surprised at my ingenuity and courage. I then opened my bag, and they declared that they had never seen diamonds of equal lustre and size with mine. The merchants having gathered their diamonds together, we left the place the next morning; and crossed the mountains until we reached a port: we there took shipping, and proceeded to the island of Roha. There I exchanged some of my diamonds for other merchandise, and we proceeded to Balsora. From Balsora I
proceeded to my native city, Bagdad; in which I lived in ease upon the vast riches I had acquired.

Thus Sindbad concluded the history of his second voyage; and having presented Hindbad with a hundred sequins, requested him to return on the following day.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.

As I still continued of an active disposition, I soon resolved upon a third voyage; and with a cargo of the richest merchandise of Egypt, I once more took shipping at the port of Balsora. After we had been at sea a few weeks, we were overtaken by a dreadful storm. We were obliged at last to cast anchor near an island which the captain had endeavoured to avoid: for he assured us that this and several other neighbouring islands were inhabited by pigmy savages, covered with hair, who would speedily attack us in great numbers. Very soon, an innumerable multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high, boarded the ship. Resistance was useless. They took down our sails, cut our cable, towed the ship to land, and made us all go on shore. We went towards the interior of the island, and discovered a large building. It was a lofty palace, having a gate of ebony, which was pushed open, and soon discovered an apartment in which were human bones and roasting-spits. Presently there appeared a hideous black man, who was as tall as a palm-tree; he had but one eye, his teeth were long and sharp, and his nails like the talons of a bird. He took me up as I would a kitten, but finding I was little better than skin and bone, he put me down with disdain. The captain being the fattest of the party, was sacrificed to his appetite. When the monster had finished his meal, he stretched himself upon a great stone bench in the por-
tico, and fell asleep—snoring louder than thunder. In this manner he slept till morning. In the morning he went out. I said to my companions, "Do not waste time in useless sorrow; let us hasten to look for timber to make floats." We found some timber on the sea-shore, and laboured hard to make our floats before the giant should return; but, having no tools, it was evening before we had finished them; and while we were on the point of pushing them off the beach, our hideous tyrant returned, and drove us to his palace, as if we had been a flock of sheep. We saw another of our companions sacrificed, and the giant lay down to sleep as before. Our desperate condition gave us courage; nine of us got up very softly, and held the points of the roasting spits in the fire, until we made them red hot; we then thrust them at once into the monster's eye. He uttered a frightful scream, and having endeavoured in vain to find us, he opened the ebony gate and left the palace. We did not stay long behind him, but hastened to the sea-shore; and having got our floats ready, we only waited for daylight to embark upon them. But at the dawn of day we beheld our monstrous enemy, led by two giants of equal size, and followed by many others of similar size. We jumped upon our floats, and pushed them from the shore, the tide assisting us. The giants seeing us likely to escape, tore great pieces of rocks, and wading in the water up to their waists, hurled them at us with all their might. They sunk every one of the floats but that one on which I was; thus all my companions, excepting two, were drowned. We rowed as fast as we could, and got out of the reach of these monsters. We were at sea two days, but at last found a pleasant island, on which we landed. Having eaten some fruit, we lay down to sleep. We were soon awakened by the hissing of an enormous serpent. One of my comrades was instantly devoured by this terrific creature. I climbed up
a tree as fast as I could, and reached the topmost branches; my remaining companion was following me, but the dreadful reptile entwined itself round the tree and caught him. The serpent then descended and glided away. I waited until late the next day before I ventured to descend. Evening again approached, and I gathered together a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and thorns, and having made them into fagots, I formed a circle round the tree; I fastened the uppermost to the branches of the tree. I then ascended to the highest branches. At night the serpent came again, but could not reach the tree; and having ineffectually gone round and round my little fortification until daylight, he then went away. The next day I was in such a state of desperation, that I resolved to cast myself into the sea; but the very instant in which I was about to execute my intention, I beheld a ship in full sail at a considerable distance. With the linen of my turban I made a sort of flag as a signal, which was perceived. I was taken on board the ship, and there related my adventures. The captain was kind in the extreme, and told me that he had some bales of goods which had belonged to a merchant who had been unintentionally left by him some time ago on an uninhabited island; and who, being unavoidably dead, he intended to sell the goods for the benefit of his relatives, and that I should have the profit of selling them. I now recollected this was the captain with whom I had sailed on my second voyage. I soon convinced him that I was really Sindbad, whom he supposed to have been lost. He was delighted at the discovery, and eagerly acknowledged
that the property was mine. I continued my voyage, sold my goods to great advantage, and returned to Bagdad.

Sindbad then gave another hundred sequins to the porter, and invited him to dinner the next day.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.

My inclination for commerce, and the desire of seeing foreign countries, rendered my pleasures at home perfectly unsatisfactory. I therefore arranged my affairs, commenced a voyage overland to Persia, and having bought a large stock of goods there, I loaded a ship and again embarked. The ship struck upon a rock, and the cargo was lost. A few others and myself were borne by the current to an island in which we were surrounded by black savages, and carried to their habitations. The savages offered us herbs; my companions eagerly took them, for they were hungry. Grief would not allow me to eat; and presently I perceived that the herbes had deprived my comrades of their senses. Rice, mixed with oil of cocoa-nuts, was then offered to us, of which my companions ate greedily. My unhappy friends were devoured one after another, having by these means become desirable to the cannibals. But I languished so much, that they did not think me fit to be eaten. They left me to the care of an old man, from whom I contrived to escape; and taking care to pursue a contrary way to that which the savages had gone I never stopped until night, when I took some sleep, and then proceeded on my journey. At the end of seven days I came in sight of the sea-shore, where I found a number of white persons gathering pepper. They asked me in Arabic who I was, and whence I came; and I gave them an account of the shipwreck, and of my escape. They treated me kindly and presented me to their king, who behaved to me with great liberality. During my stay with these people, I observed that when the king and
his nobles went hunting, they rode their horses without bridle or saddle, of which I found they were ignorant. With the assistance of some workmen I made a bridle and saddle, and having put them upon one of the king's horses, I presented the animal thus accoutred to his majesty. He was so delighted, that he instantly mounted and rode about the grounds almost the whole day. All the ministers of state and the nobility induced me to make saddles and bridles for them; for which they made me such magnificent presents, that I soon became extremely rich. The king at last requested that I would marry, and become one of his nation. From a variety of circumstances, I could not refuse; and he therefore gave me one of the ladies of his court, who was young, rich, beautiful, and virtuous. We lived in a palace belonging to my wife in the greatest harmony. I had contracted a great intimacy with a very worthy man, who lived in this place. Having heard one day that his wife had just died, I hastened to condole with him on this unexpected calamity. We were alone together, and he appeared to be in the deepest grief. After I had remonstrated with him some time on the inutility of so much sorrow, he told me that it was an established law that the living husband should be buried with the deceased wife; and that within an hour he must submit. I shuddered at this dreadful custom. In a short time the woman was attired in her most costly dress and jewels, and placed in an open coffin. The procession then began, the husband following the corpse. They ascended the top of an exceedingly high mountain; and a great stone was removed, which covered the mouth of a very deep pit. The corpse was let down—and the husband, having taken leave of his friends, was put into another open coffin with a pot of water and seven small loaves, and he was let down. The stone was replaced and they all returned. The horror of this scene was
still fresh upon my mind, when my wife fell sick and died. The king and the whole court, out of respect to me, instantly prepared to assist at a similar ceremony with me. I restrained the feelings of despair until we arrived at the top of the mountain, when I fell at the feet of the king, and besought him to spare my life. All I said was ineffectual, and after my wife was interred, I also was put down into the deep pit, totally indifferent to my cries and lamentations. I made the cave echo with my unavailing complaints. I lived some days on the bread and water which had been put into my coffin; but this supply was at length exhausted. I then wandered to a remote part of this frightful cave, and lay down to prepare for death. I was thus lying, wishing only for a speedy termination to my misery, when I suddenly heard something walking and panting very much; I started up, upon which the thing panted still more, and then ran away: I pursued it, and sometimes it seemed to stop, but on my approach it continued to go on before me. I pursued it, until I saw a glimmering light like a star; this redoubled my eagerness, until at last I discovered a hole large enough to allow my escape. I crept through the aperture, and found myself on the sea-shore, and discovered that the creature was a sea-monster, which had been accustomed to enter at that hole to feed upon the dead bodies. The mountain, I perceived, extended some miles between the town and the sea: and its inaccessible form convinced me that I had nothing to dread from the discovery of the inhabitants. I fell on my knees, and thanked God for this deliverance: and having eaten some shell-fish, I returned to the cave, where I collected all the jewels I could find in the dark; these I carried to the sea-shore, and having tied them up very neatly into bales with the cords that let down the coffins, I laid them on the beach, waiting till some ship should pass. In two days a ship came
out of the harbour, and passed by that part of the coast. I made a signal, and a boat took me on board. I was obliged to say that I had been wrecked; for, had they known my real story, I should have been carried back, as the captain was a native of this country. We touched at several islands, and at the port of Kela, where I found a ship ready to sail for Balsora; and having presented some jewels to the captain who had brought me to Kela, I sailed, and at last arrived at Bagdad.

Sindbad then gave his guest another hundred sequins, and again charged him to return next day.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.

Having forgotten my former perils, I built a ship at my own expense, loaded it with a rich cargo, and taking with me other merchants, I once more set sail. After having been much driven about by a storm, we landed at last upon a desert island to search for fresh water; we there found a roc's egg, equal in size to that which I had seen before. The merchants and sailors gathered round it, and though I advised them not to meddle with it, they nevertheless made a hole in it with their hatchets, and picked out the young roc, piece after piece, and roasted it. They had scarcely finished when two of the old birds appeared in the air; we hastened on board ship and set sail. We had not proceeded far before we saw the two immense birds approaching us, and soon after they hovered over the ship: one of them let fall an enormous fragment of stone, which fell into the sea close beside the ship; but the other let fall a fragment which split our ship. I caught hold of a piece of the wreck, with which I was borne by the wind and tide to an island, the shore of which was very steep. I reached the dry land, and having found the most delicious fruits and excellent water, I
became refreshed. Further in the island, I saw a feeble old man sitting near a rivulet: when I inquired of him how he came thither, he only answered by signs for me to carry him over the rivulet, that he might eat some fruit. I took him on my back, and crossed the brook; but, instead of getting down, he clasped his legs so firmly round my throat, that I thought he would have strangled me; so that with pain and fright I soon fainted. When I recovered, the old fellow was still in his former position, and he quickly made me rise up and walk under the trees, while he gathered the fruit at his ease. This lasted a considerable time. One day, while carrying him about, I picked up a large gourd, called a calabash; and having cleared out the inside, I pressed into it the juice of grapes. Having filled it, I left it for several days, and at length found that it became excellent wine. I drank of this, and for a while forgot my sorrows, so that I began to sing with cheerfulness. The old man made me give him the calabash; and liking the flavour of the wine, he drank it off—soon became intoxicated—fell from my shoulders, and died in convulsions. I hastened to the sea-side, and soon found the crew of a ship. They told me I had fallen into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and was the first person that had ever escaped. I sailed with them, and the captain; when we landed, took me to some persons whose employment was to gather cocoa-nuts. We all took up stones and pelted the monkeys, that were at the very top of the cocoa-nut trees; and these animals in return pelted us with cocoa-nuts. When we had thus obtained as many as we could carry, we returned to the town, I soon obtained a considerable sum by the cocoa-nuts I thus obtained, and at length sailed for my native land.

Sindbad gave his guest the usual present, and requested him to attend the next day.
At the expiration of another year, I prepared for a sixth voyage. This proved to be very long and unfortunate, for the pilot lost his course, and knew not where to steer. At length he told us, that we must inevitably be dashed to pieces against a rock, which we were fast approaching; in a few moments the vessel was a complete wreck. We saved our lives, our provisions, and our goods. "But," said the captain, "every man may dig his own grave now." The shore on which we were cast was at the foot of a mountain, which it was impossible to climb; so that I shortly beheld my companions die one after another. There was a frightful cavern in the rock, through which flowed a river; to this, in a fit of desperation, I resolved to trust myself. I went to work, and made a long float; I loaded it with bales of rich stuffs, and large pieces of rock-crystal, of which the mountain was in a great measure formed. I went on board the float, and the current carried me along; I soon lost all light. I was carried in darkness during many days, and at last fell asleep. When I awoke, I found myself in a pleasant country: my float was tied up; and some blacks, who were near me, said that they had found me floating in the river which waters their land. They gave me food, and I then told them how I came there. They took me to their king, and carefully conducted my cargo with me. When we came to the city of Serindib, I related my story to the monarch, who ordered it to be written in letters of gold. I presented the king with some of the most beautiful pieces of rock-crystal, and entreated him to let me return to my own country, which he readily agreed to, and even gave me a letter and a present to my sovereign, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. The present consisted of a ruby made into a cup, and decorated with pearls; the skin of a
serpent, which appeared like burnished gold, and which could repel disease; some aloe-wood, camphire, and a female slave of excessive beauty. I returned to my native country, delivered the present to the Caliph, and received his thanks, with a reward. Hindbad received another hundred sequins, and promised to attend the next day.

THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD.

The Caliph Haroun Alraschid one day sent for me, and told me I must bear a present to the king of Serindib. I ventured to expostulate with him on account of my age, and of the many dangers I had undergone: and I related to him every particular of my voyages; but I could not prevail on him to forego his request. I arrived at Serindib, and prayed an early audience with the king. I was conducted to the palace with great respect, and delivered to the monarch the Caliph’s letter, and present. The present consisted of the most ingenious and valuable works of art, with which the king was exceedingly delighted, and he was also pleased to acknowledge how much he esteemed my services. When I departed, the monarch bestowed on me some rich gifts; but the ship had not long been at sea, before it was attacked by corsairs, who seized the vessel, and carried us away as slaves. I was sold to a merchant, who, having found that I could use the bow and arrow with some skill, took me behind him upon an elephant, and carried me to a vast forest in the country. My master desired me to climb an exceedingly high tree, and wait there until I saw a troop of elephants pass by; I was then to shoot at them, and if one of them fell, I was to go to the city and give the merchant notice. Having given me these directions, and a bag of provisions, he left me. On the morning of the second day, I saw a great number of elephants; I succeeded in shooting one of them,
upon which the others went away, and I returned to the city and told my employer; he commended my diligence, and caressed me. We went back to the forest and dug a hole, in which the elephant was to remain until it decayed and left the teeth. I continued this trade nearly two months, and killed an elephant almost every day. One morning all the elephants came up to the tree in which I was; they howled dreadfully. One of them fastened his trunk round the tree and tore it up by the roots. I fell with the tree; the animal took me up with his trunk, and placed me on his back; and then, at the head of his troop, he brought me to a place where he gently laid me on the ground, and they all went away. I discovered that I was upon a large broad hill, covered all over with the bones and teeth of elephants; and was soon convinced that this was their burying-place. I reached the city once more; my master thought I was lost, for he had seen the torn-up tree, and found my bow and arrows. I told him what had happened, and conducted him to the hill. We loaded the elephant on which we had come—and thus collected more teeth than what a man could have obtained in his whole life. The merchant told me, that not only himself, but the whole city, was indebted to me; and that I should return to my own country with sufficient wealth to make me happy. My patron loaded a ship with ivory, and the other merchants made me the most valuable presents. I reached Balsora, and landed my ivory; which I found to be much more valuable than I had expected. I set out with caravans to travel over-land, and at last reached Bagdad; where I presented myself to the
NOURJAHAD.

Caliph, and gave an account of my embassy. He was so astonished at my adventure with the elephants, that he ordered the narrative of it to be written in letters of gold, and to be deposited in his treasury.

"Having now," said Sindbad, "concluded the account of my voyages, I will ask you, is it not reasonable that I should at last enjoy a quiet and agreeable life?"

Hindbad kissed the hand of the venerable traveller, and said: "I acknowledge, sir, that you deserve all the riches and comforts you enjoy—may you possess them during a long life!"

Sindbad gave him another present of a hundred sequins—desired him to quit his employment as a porter—and come every day to dine with him.

NOURJAHAD.

AN EASTERN TALE.

SHEMZEDEDDIN was in his twenty-second year when he ascended the throne of Persia. His wisdom and extraordinary endow-
ments rendered him the delight of his people, and filled them with expectations of a happy and glorious reign. Of all the persons who surrounded the monarch’s throne, none appeared to possess the sultan’s favour and address like Nourjahad, the son of Namarand. Nourjahad was about the same age with Schemzeddin, and had been bred up with him from his infancy. To a very engaging countenance and person, Nourjahad added a liveliness of temper, and an agreeable manner of address, that won the affections of every one who approached him.

The sultan loved Nourjahad affectionately, and the people expected to see him elevated to the highest pinnacle of honour. Schemzeddin was indeed desirous of promoting his favourite, but, notwithstanding his attachment to him, the monarch would not appoint Nourjahad to the rank of minister of state till he had consulted some old lords about the court, who had been the constant friends and able councillors of the late sultan, his father. Accordingly, having called them into his closet one morning, he proposed the matter to them, and desired their opinion; but he perceived that these grave and prudent men disapproved the choice he had made of Nourjahad to fill an office so important in its management to the welfare of the state. They accused him of avarice and a boundless love of pleasure; and the sultan dismissed them with evident marks of displeasure; but he said to himself, “It is the interest of Nourjahad to conceal his faults from me, and my attachment may blind me to his defects. I will probe Nourjahad’s soul. From himself I will judge of him; and if he passes through the trial unsullied, he shall be second only to myself in the empire.”

Shortly after, the sultan invited Nourjahad to walk with him one evening by moonlight in the garden of the seraglio. Schemzeddin leaned on the shoulder of his favourite, as they rambled from one delicious scene to another, rendered still more enchant-
ing by the silence of night, the mild lustre of the moon, and the fragrance which arose from a thousand odoriferous shrubs. "Tell me, Nourjahad," said the sultan, carelessly throwing himself upon a bank of violets, and inviting his favourite to sit near; "Tell me truly, what would satisfy thy wishes, if thou wert certain of possessing all thou couldst desire?" Nourjahad remained some time silent, till the sultan, with an affected smile of levity, repeated the question. "My wishes," answered the favourite, "are boundless. I should desire to be possessed of inexhaustible riches; and I should also desire to have my life prolonged to eternity."—"Wouldst thou, then," said Schem-zeddin, "forego the hopes of Paradise?"—"I would make a paradise of this earthly globe," answered the favourite, "by the variety of my pleasures, and take my chance for the other afterwards."—"Begone!" said the sultan, starting from his seat, "thou art no longer worthy of my love. I thought to have promoted thee to the highest honours, but such a sordid wretch does not deserve to live. Ambition, though a vice, is the vice of great minds; but avarice, and an insatiable thirst for pleasure, degrades a man below the brute." Thus saying, he was about to depart, but Nourjahad, falling on his knees, and holding the sultan's robe, said: "Let not my lord's indignation be kindled against his slave for a few light words which fell from him only in sport. I swear to thee, my prince, by our holy prophet Mahomet, that my real desire for wealth extends no further than to be enabled to procure the sober enjoyments of life; and, as for length of years, let not mine be prolonged a day beyond that in which I can be serviceable to my sovereign and my country."—"It is not," replied the sultan mildly, "for mortal eyes to penetrate into the secret recesses of thy heart. Thou hast called our great prophet to witness thy oath; remember, God thou canst not deceive, though me thou mayest."
NOURJAHAD.

Schemzeddin then left him, without waiting his reply, and Nourjahad retired to his own house, which joined to the sultan's palace. He passed the remainder of the night in traversing his chamber, regretting his imprudence, and tormenting himself with apprehensions of his disgrace. The next day he was unable to quit his apartment; and at night, wearied with his anxieties, he threw himself on his couch, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he was roused by a voice that said, "Nourjahad! Nourjahad! awake, and possess the secret wishes of thy soul." He started from his couch, and beheld a youth of more than mortal beauty, whose shining hair was encircled with a wreath of flowers, that shed around him the most fragrant perfume. "Fear not!" said the youth, "I am thy guardian genius. I have power to grant thy wishes, be they what they may. Wouldst thou be restored to the favour and confidence of the sultan thy master? or, wouldst thou rather see the wish accomplished, which thou breathedst last night to Schemzeddin in the gardens of the royal palace?" Nourjahad bowed his head and answered: "Disguise to thee, O son of Paradise, were vain and fruitless. If I dissembled to Schemzeddin, it was to reinstate myself in his good opinion, by whose favour alone I have been able to exist; but my heart pants to possess that which I declared to the sultan, and that alone."—"Rash mortal!" replied the youth, "reflect once more before you receive the fatal boon; for, once granted, you will wish in vain to have it recalled."—"What can I have to fear," demanded Nourjahad, "when I am possessed of endless riches, and immortality?"—"Your own passions," replied the youth. "I will submit to all the evils they may inflict," said he, "give me but the means of gratifying them to their full extent."—"Take thy wish!" cried the genius, with a look of disdain and discontent. "The contents of this phial bestow immortality upon
thee, and to-morrow’s sun beholds thee richer than all the kings of the East.” Nourjahad eagerly stretched his hand to receive a vessel of gold enriched with precious stones. “Hold!” cried the youth; “there is one condition annexed to this dangerous gift. You will live to eternity; but you will be subject to fits of deep sleep, which will last for months, for years; nay, perhaps for a whole century.”—“Horrible!” cried Nourjahad. “It is worth considering,” said the genius; “decide not too hastily; for if thou pervertest the power thou wilt possess, and inclinest thy heart to vice, thou wilt be punished with the suspension of thy faculties, which will last in proportion to the error thou hast committed.”—“I accept the condition,” cried Nourjahad; “for though I mean to enjoy all the pleasures of life, I will never commit any crimes: and, after all, what is twenty, thirty, or even fifty years of sleep for a man who is to live to all eternity!”—“Here then,” said the genius, “swallow this liquid, and possess thy wish.” Nourjahad applied the vessel to his lips, and drank a liquid so potent in its effect, that he fell back in a temporary trance; and when he again opened his eyes, the apparition had vanished, and his chamber was in total darkness. He would have considered all that had passed as a dream, had he not still held the empty golden vessel in his hand, which he now placed under his pillow; and, filled with delightful expectations, he again composed himself to sleep. The sun was in its meridian when he awoke the next day; but how great was his surprise, how high his transport, to see that his chamber was filled with large urns, containing gold and silver coin, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones! On one of them was placed a scroll of paper containing these words: “Thy days are without number, thy riches inexhaustible: thy prudence be thy guard! In thy garden is a subterraneous cavern, where thou mayest conceal thy treasure. I have marked
the spot. Farewell.” Nourjahad, having examined with increasing delight his treasures, hastened to the garden. In a remote corner, near the ruins of an ancient temple, he perceived a key of polished steel, hanging to a scarf of white taffety, and suspended at the branch of a tree. He was not long before he discovered a door behind the ruin, and opening it with the key, he descended by a few steps into a spacious cavern. Nourjahad, glad to have so convenient a place in which to deposit his treasure, returned to the house, and ordered that no visitors should be admitted to him. This day he resolved to pass in laying down plans of various pleasures to be enjoyed for ages to come.

Before the visit of the genius, Nourjahad imagined, that if he had these boundless riches, he should employ them to notable and generous purposes; but he had deceived himself:—there exists a wide difference between the fancied and actual possession of wealth; for Nourjahad, now absorbed in selfishness, thought only of the indulgence of his own appetites. “My temper,” said he, as he lay stretched at his ease upon a sofa, “does not incline me to take much trouble, I shall not aspire to high employments about the court; but I will have the finest palaces and gardens, and the most splendid equipages; the most beautiful slaves in my seraglio; and the temperance of the sultan Schemzeddin shall be no pattern for me. Every corner of the earth shall be searched for dainties to supply my table; and bands of the choicest musicians shall entertain me while I enjoy my sumptuous banquets. Then no fear of surfeits: I will eat and drink to excess, and bid defiance to death.” Here Nourjahad started; for he remembered the genius had not promised to secure him against the attacks of pain and sickness. “Perhaps,” said he, after a pause, “that advantage may be included. Besides, a little temporary pain now and then will
be nothing; I shall the more enjoy my returning health. But I recollect that Schemzeddin used to talk of wisdom, and intellectual pleasures, as being the greatest enjoyment. Well, I can purchase those too; I will have half a score wise and learned men always at my command, to entertain me with their conversation: and when I am weary of living in this country, I will make a tour of the earth, and see every curiosity the habitable world contains."

For three whole days Nourjahad was taken up with considering what scheme of pleasure he should begin with; and having entirely forgot to pay his court to Schemzeddin, the monarch, on the fourth day, was so offended at his absence, that he sent one of his officers to forbid him his presence for ever.

"Tell him, however," said the sultan, "that in remembrance of my former favour, I will allow him one thousand crowns a-year for his support, and grant him the house he lives in." Nourjahad received this message with great indifference; not daring, however, to show any mark of disrespect, he answered: "Tell my lord the sultan, that I would not have been thus long without throwing myself at his feet, but I was hastily sent for to visit a dying friend at some leagues distance, who has made me his heir. The thousand crowns, therefore, my royal master will be pleased to bestow on some one who wants them more than I do; but the house I will thankfully accept; and it will daily remind me, that Schemzeddin does not utterly detest his slave." Nourjahad gave this turn to his acceptance of the house, which it would have been very inconvenient to have retired from, as he had already deposited his treasures in the subterranean cavern of the garden. Thus he had already, in two instances, departed from the truth, in consequence of his ill-judged indulgence of unreasonable wishes. He now bent his thoughts wholly on pleasure. He employed one Hasem, the
principal of his domestics, to regulate his household, and furnish him with every gratification of costly furniture, magnificent habits, and a princely retinue. His slaves were all perfectly beautiful, and his table was daily furnished with the most expensive and rarest productions of every country. A few men of science and learning were invited to his house, for the instruction and entertainment of his leisure hours; but leisure hours he had none, for he was either gratifying his appetites, or surfeited with excess.

Among the beauties of his seraglio, he had selected a young maid so perfect in loveliness, and so highly accomplished, that he gave her his entire affections, and made her his bride. By Mandana he was equally beloved: and longing to unbosom himself to some one on whose fidelity he could rely, he disclosed to her the marvellous story of his destiny. His mind thus relieved of its secret, he had not one anxious thought remaining, and plunged at once into a sea of luxurious enjoyments. He forgot his duty towards God, and neglected all the laws of the Prophet Mahomet. The cries of distress, or the sufferings of poverty, no longer melted his heart. Becoming daily more sensual and avaricious, his boundless wealth seemed scarcely sufficient to gratify his wishes. He soon grew idle and effeminate; and the pride he took in displaying the pomp of his retinue to the wondering eyes of the people, was the only motive that incited him to action. He thus continued to wallow in voluptuousness for three months uninterruptedly, when one day, as he was preparing to set out for a beautiful villa he had purchased for a rural retirement, the officer who had forbade his appearance at court arrived from the sultan. "I am sorry, my lord," said he, "to be a second time the messenger of ill-tidings: but the sultan, hearing of the extraordinary splendour and magnificence in which you live, would needs know whence you derive your wealth, and has commanded me to direct you to his presence."
Nourjahad was exceedingly startled at this unexpected summons; but he dared not dispute the sultan’s orders, and he followed the officer to the palace of Schemzeddin. He entered trembling, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. “Whence is it, Nourjahad,” said Schemzeddin, “that I am compelled, by the murmurs of my people, to inquire into the source of the extraordinary wealth thou hast displayed? Who was the friend that bequeathed thy riches to thee, and what are their amount?” Nourjahad, terrified at the dangers that threatened him, fell at the feet of the sultan, and related the visit of the genie, and its miraculous consequences. But the sultan sternly commanded him from his presence, and likewise ordered that he should be conducted back to his own house, from which he was not to stir without permission from the sultan, on pain of death.

Nourjahad, filled with grief and vexation, was led like a prisoner back to his own palace, and had the mortification to find the gates of his dwelling surrounded by the sultan’s guards. He retired to his closet repenting that he had made so imprudent a choice. “If,” said he, “I had asked the genie to restore me to Schemzeddin’s favour, he would have advanced me to the highest offices of the state; I should have enjoyed my liberty, and have been respected; but now, I am only envied and hated; and of what use is my wealth, since I am confined to one house? Unfortunate Nourjahad, where are all thy schemes of felicity?” In two or three days he was more reconciled to his lot, and ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared: his musicians were commanded to exercise their utmost art, to soothe his mind with all the enchanting powers of harmony; his apartments were illuminated with thousands of torches composed of fragrant spices, and shedding delightful odours, and his slaves decked in the most costly jewels; himself, attired in robes such as the kings of Persia
used to wear, was seated under a canopy of silver tissue. With all these splendid preparations, Nourjahad sat down to his banquet unsatisfied and dispirited, but resolved to elevate himself in some way: he forgot the laws of the religion he professed, which enjoins sobriety; for the historian who relates his life, affirms, that Nourjahad, that night, for the first time in his life—got drunk. In this state he was carried insensible to bed, and when he next awoke from a sound slumber, he missed his beloved Mandana, and called aloud for his slaves; but no one answered. Being very passionate, he jumped out of bed, and ran into the ante-chamber, yet found none of his slaves in waiting; enraged at this, he was about to descend the stairs, when a female slave appeared, who no sooner perceived him than she gave a shriek and was going to run away, but Nourjahad, seizing her roughly by the arm, commanded her to go and tell Mandana that he desired to see her.

"Alas! my lord," said the slave, "I wish she were in a condition to come to you."—"What do you mean?" cried he; "I hope she is not sick? I am sure she went to bed in perfect health last night!"—"Last night, my lord? alas, alas!"—"Wretch!" exclaimed Nourjahad, "what do you mean?"—"My lord, Mandana has been dead more than three years."—"Infamous creature, I'll teach you to trifle thus with your master!" and he shook her so violently that her screams brought several other domestics, and among the rest, Hasem, to her rescue. "My lord," said Hasem, "pardon your slave, and suffer us to rejoice in your recovery, when we had despaired of your ever unclosing your eyes, having slept four years and twenty days!" At this instant Nourjahad, with some confusion, recollected the condition the genie had affixed to his gift. He ordered every one but Hasem to withdraw; and when they were alone, he said, "Tell me then, Hasem, is Mandana really
She is, my lord; and when she was dying, she called me to her, and ordered me to take charge of the household, assuring me that you would one day revive again. Here, my lord, are the keys of the coffers she delivered to me, and I have endeavoured to preserve order and decorum in the management of your affairs; and your condition has been kept a profound secret from every one but your own family.” Nourjahad shed torrents of tears to the memory of Mandana, and for a long time he felt disgusted with everything around him: but as time passed away, his grief diminished, and he began to feel some inclination to return to his former excesses. He had the prudence to relate to Hasem the mystery of his destiny, to prevent the likelihood of being buried alive, should another deep sleep fall upon him.

Having taken this precaution, he selected from his seraglio a beauty, named Cadiga, and married her. And now he once more delivered himself up to intemperance of every kind. He forgot that there were wants and distresses among his fellow-creatures. He lived only for himself, and his heart became as hard as the coffers which held his misapplied treasures. The poets and sages whom he entertained in his house began to grow irksome to him, and at length, thinking their company tedious, he turned them out of his palace. One day the most extravagant project came into his head that ever filled the imagination of man: because his gardens were very beautiful, he fancied they must resemble the gardens of Paradise, and he ordered the women of his seraglio to personate the Houries, those angelic beings, who are said to be the companions of the true believers in the Mahometan Paradise. He called himself the Prophet Mahomet, and gave orders to Hasem to prepare for the celestial masquerade. Neither art nor expense were spared on this extraordinary occasion. The fountains were ordered to run
with milk and wine instead of water: and fruits, blossoms, and flowers were gathered together to embellish this terrestrial paradise. On the day the festivities were to commence, the weather being extremely hot, Nourjahad, who had been viewing the preparations with childish impatience, lay down on a couch to take a short repose, leaving orders to be awakened before sunset.

Nourjahad, however, opened his eyes without any one's having disturbed his slumbers, and finding the day already closed, he sprang up in a violent passion, and stamping on the floor, ordered the slave who appeared to bid his women, one and all, to hasten into his apartment. While he was resolving to punish their neglect with the greatest severity, they appeared, throwing up their veils as they entered his apartment. But oh, heavens! what was Nourjahad's anger and astonishment, when, instead of the beautiful houris he expected to see, he beheld only a train of withered and deformed old women. Surprise and indignation deprived him of the power of speech, till the foremost stepped forward and offered to embrace him; he pushed her from him, crying, "Avaunt, fiend! Where are my slaves? where is Hasem? where are the women of my seraglio?"— "Alas! my lord, have you entirely forgot me, forgot your beloved Cadiga?"—"Thou Cadiga? Detested wretch, thou liest! this very day my Cadiga was as beautiful as an angel; and thou resembllest nothing but a fury."—"Alas! my lord, you have not seen your Cadiga these forty years and eleven months till this moment."—"What?" cried Nourjahad; "have I slept so long as forty years and eleven months?"—"Yes, my lord, and we, your faithful wives, have in the mean time undergone the natural transformation from youth to age."—"By the temple of Mecca!" exclaimed Nourjahad, "this genie of mine is no better than an evil spirit, or he could not take such delight
in persecuting me.”—“Ah, my lord!” cried Cadiga, “I am not ignorant of the strange fate by which your life is governed; Hasem, your faithful Hasem, communicated it to me with his dying breath.”—“Is Hasem dead?”—“Yes, my lord, he died some months since, bequeathing to me your secret, and the care of your person and household.” Nourjahad, now ordering them all to withdraw, threw himself again on his couch: “I see,” said he, “the folly of my expectations. Mandana and Hasem are dead, and Cadiga, grown old and ugly, already totters on the brink of the grave. I lose all whom I love, and my immortality does not secure me from affliction; nor can I purchase happiness with all my wealth. Fool that I was to desire a step beyond the bounds of prudence and moderation. A friend shall no sooner become endeared to me, than death will deprive me of him; and if I marry again, how many bright eyes am I doomed to see for ever closed. Ah! it is a comfortless life that I have chosen. I find, too late, that my boundless riches cannot purchase happiness.”

Nourjahad now grew peevish, morose, and tyrannical.—Cruelty took possession of his breast; he abused his women, beat his slaves, and seemed to enjoy no satisfaction but that of tormenting others. Cadiga ventured to expostulate with him. “To whom am I accountable,” said he, “for my actions?”—“To God and our Prophet.”—“Thou liest,” he replied; “as I am exempt from death, I can never be brought to judgment.”—“But hast thou no regard for the laws of society, nor pity for the sufferings of thy fellow-creatures?”—“Foolish woman, dost thou then talk to me of laws, who think myself bound by none?”—“Thou art a monster, and not fit to live!” said the undaunted Cadiga. “Go tell thy Prophet so,” exclaimed Nourjahad, plucking a poniard from his side, and plunging it into her bosom. She fell at his feet, weltering in her blood;
and he left the chamber without showing the least concern for
the deed he had committed. That night he went to rest as
usual; and when he awoke again, he
beheld a man sitting near the foot of his
couch, weeping. "What is the matter?" asked Nourjahad. "Schemzeddin is
dead, my lord; the good sultan is no
more!"—"I am glad of it," cried Nour-
jahad, "I shall now have my liberty.
Who is next to reign in Ormuz?"—
"Doubtless, my lord, the Prince Schem-
erzad, the eldest son of Schemzeddin."—"Slave, Schemzeddin
had no son."—"Pardon me, my lord, the prince was born the
very hour Cadiga died by your hand; and he is esteemed the
wisest and most accomplished prince of his age."—"Thou art
very insolent, methinks, to mention Cadiga before me; and a
sultan of four-and-twenty hours old must needs be very wise and
accomplished!"—"Nay, my lord," replied the man, "the prince
this very day is twenty years old."

Nourjahad, on hearing this, looked in the face of the man,
and perceived him to be a stranger: "Twenty years old!" said he, starting up; "it should seem, then, that I have slept
twenty years. And who art thou? for I do not remember ever
to have seen thy face before; and how camest thou hither?"—
"My name," answered the stranger, "is Cozro: I am the
brother of Cadiga, who sent for me when she was dying, and
made me swear by our holy Prophet to her, that I would watch
and attend on you carefully. I did not know till afterwards
that you had murdered my sister: and when I did learn it, I
could scarce refrain from inflicting vengeance on thee!"—"And
pray, what restrained thee?"—"Reverence for my oath, and
the fear of offending the Almighty."
Nourjahad was struck with awe at this answer; but he continued silent, while Cozro proceeded to inform him that his slaves, even those he had most trusted, had plundered his coffers and absconded. "Alas!" cried Nourjahad, "my treacherous joys have deceived me; I am bereft of hope; I am like a savage beast in the desert, whose paths are shunned by all mankind."

"Nourjahad," said Cozro, "I have heard thy story from Cadiga, and know, O mistaken man, that thy misfortunes are the consequences of thy crimes. Thou hast abused the power vested in thy hands; and by the immutable laws of Heaven, either in this world or the next, vice will receive its punishment, and virtue its reward."—"Alas!" replied Nourjahad, "thou hast awakened in me a remorse, of which I was never sensible before. I look back with shame and horror on my past life. What shall I do, O Cozro, to expiate my offences?"—"If thy repentance is sincere," replied Cozro, "the means are amply in thy power. Thy riches will enable thee to diffuse blessings among mankind."—"It shall be so," exclaimed Nourjahad, with rapture. "My treasures shall be opened to thee, thou good old man. Inquire out every family in Ormuz whom calamity hath overtaken, and restore them to prosperity. Seek the helpless and the innocent, and by a timely supply of their wants secure them against the attacks of poverty or temptations of vice. Find out merit wherever it lies concealed, clogged by adversity, or obscured by malice; lift it up from the dust, and let it shine conspicuous to the world!"—"Blessed be the purpose of thy heart!" said Cozro, "and prosperous be the days of thy life!"

Nourjahad now sent Cozro forth on his benevolent errand, and only waited to have himself released from the prohibition Schemzeddin had laid upon him, to join Cozro in his mission. No notice had yet been taken of a petition he had sent to the
new sultan for the restoration of his liberty; but Nourjahad bore that with patience, and spent his days in his closet, laying plans for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He was now temperate in all his appetites, and returned to the strict exercise of all the sacred duties of his religion. One day he was surprised to find that Cozro did not return at his usual time; but was still more amazed to see an officer, attended by a guard, enter his apartment, and accuse him of employing an agent to distribute large sums of money in the city, to bring about a revolt among the people. It was in vain that Nourjahad attempted to refute the charge. He was called a traitor; was dragged from his house, and lodged in the dungeons of the state-prison. At midnight the jailer entered with some bread and water; and from him he learned, that his accomplice, as they called Cozro, refusing to confess the particulars of the treason in which he was concerned, was already condemned to death, and that the bell now tolling was the signal for his execution. Nourjahad prostrated himself on the ground. "Alas!" cried he, "am I then to cause the death of the most virtuous man I know? Ah, why was I not content with the common lot of mortals? Oh, holy Prophet!" he exclaimed, "take back the gift which I, in the ignorance and presumption of my heart so vainly desired, and which, too late, I find a punishment instead of a blessing." He had scarce pronounced these words when the door of his dungeon flew open, and his guardian genius, all radiant with light, stood
before him. "Nourjahad," he said, "thy prayers are heard, yet examine thy heart once more. Art thou willing to become poor again, and subject to death, the common lot of mortals?" —"Most willing," answered Nourjahad.—"Then joyfully do I resume the dangerous gift I bestowed on thy erring wishes. Prostrate thyself, with thy face to the earth, and await what shall befall thee."

The door of the dungeon then closed, and Nourjahad continued in prayer and meditation till the dawn of the following morning, when the keeper of the prison appeared, to lead him to the presence of the sultan. He was carried out of the dungeon, and placed in an open carriage between two officers, with drawn sabres in their hands: the chariot was surrounded by soldiers. In this manner he was conveyed to the hall of audience, where the sultan was seated on his throne, with his emirs, his nobles, and all the great officers of his court standing round him. Nourjahad stood before the sultan with his eyes bent upon the ground: his deportment was modest and respectful; but, supported by conscious innocence, he discovered no symptoms of fear. Schemerzad made a sign for every one to withdraw, except the grand vizier, who stood on the steps of his throne. "Art thou prepared," demanded the sultan, "to make a full confession of thy treasonable designs? Say, audacious wretch! to what end was thy profusion employed?"—"To obtain a blessing from heaven," answered Nourjahad; "and by relieving the wants and afflictions of others, to make some atonement for my own intemperate use of wealth, which ought to have been employed to better purposes."—"Wouldst thou persuade me that charity was thy only motive?"—"It was, illustrious sultan. I have spoken the truth; and to convince your majesty that I never harboured any treasonable design against your person or government, I am ready at this moment to
deliver into your hands that immense treasure, which, had I been vile enough so to have employed it, would have bought the fidelity of half your subjects.”—“Do then,” said the sultan, “as thou hast spoken, and I will believe thee.”—“If your majesty will permit any one to go with me to my house, I will deliver into his hands all my wealth; and, if my lord permits me to live, I will henceforward labour to support myself.”—“No,” replied the sultan, “I will not trust thee from my sight. Instruct my vizier where to find thy treasures.” Nourjahad then delivered up the key of the subterraneous cavern which contained the urns full of gold and precious stones, and directed the vizier in what part of the garden he was to find the entrance of the cavern.

As the gardens of Nourjahad joined those of the royal palace, the vizier was not long in going and returning; but he brought word that there was not a single urn, nor any vestige of treasure concealed in the cavern. Nourjahad instantly recollected that his guardian spirit had probably reclaimed this, as well as the other gift, and said: “A genie who watches over my motions has doubtless carried away my wealth.”—“Wretch!” cried the sultan, “darest thou suppose that affecting to be mad can save thy forfeit life?”—“My lord,” replied Nourjahad, prostrating himself at the foot of the throne, “I call Heaven to witness, I have spoken nothing but the truth. The severest tortures you can inflict will extort no more. I was willing to sacrifice the wealth I believed myself to possess, and I am now as ready to yield up my life.”—“Art thou not afraid to die?” said Schemerzad.—“No, mighty sultan; I look upon death to a virtuous man to be the forerunner of everlasting happiness.” On this the sultan arose and clapped his hands, which Nourjahad supposed was the signal for his execution: but instead of slaves to seize him, he beheld his guardian genius standing close
to the throne of Schemerzad. Awed and amazed, he started back, and gazed on the vision; when, the angelic youth casting off the circlet that bound his forehead, and throwing off a head of artificial flaxen hair that flowed upon his shoulders, a fall of brown hair dropped in light curls upon his blushing cheeks, and Nourjahad beheld, in the person of his seraphic guide, his beloved and beautiful Mandana. At the same moment, the sultan exclaimed, “Look up, Nourjahad! raise thy eyes to thy master’s face; no longer the angry Schemerzad, but Schem-zeddin, thy friend and protector.”—“And for whom wouldst thou take me?” said the vizier, throwing aside his turban. “By Mahomet!” cried Nourjahad, “if I do not dream, I behold the royal Schemzeddin, and in thee, vizier, my faithful slave, Hasem.”—“It is even so,” said the sultan: “I loved you, Nourjahad, too well, not to endeavour to work your reformation. I employed the beautiful Mandana to personate your guardian angel: I introduced her into your chamber through a secret door unknown to you, which communicates with a gallery in the royal palace. You fell into the snare. The liquid you drank was an opiate, and while you slept we conveyed the urns into your chamber, filled from the royal treasury. When you were settled in your imaginary felicity, Hasem offered himself to your service; and I had Mandana, who already loved you passionately, presented to you. No wonder her charms captivated your heart. As I foresaw, you yielded to all manner of excess; and I, to awaken your remorse, had an opiate administered, and withdrew Mandana from your arms. The confinement I laid you under, was to prevent your having any communication beyond your own household; and you were served only by my slaves, who were bound by solemn oaths to keep my secret. You did not suspect that you had slept only a night instead of four years; but you were not reformed, and we
imposed on you that you had had a second sleep of longer duration. Your beautiful slaves were conveyed away in the night, and old women introduced to personate them, which they did admirably; and Hasem, whom you supposed to be dead, remained secretly in your house to govern the mechanism of our plot. Still you continued to rebel against the laws of God and man, and at length stained your hand in blood: happily, you did not take the life you aimed at; she who personated Cadiga still lives. I now determined myself to be an eye-witness of your conduct, and to try if any spark of virtue remained in your soul, which could be rekindled. When you awoke the next morning, I presented myself as Cozro, and I soon had the satisfaction to find thee a new man. Fourteen months only have elapsed since we began our trial. The greatest part of the sums expended have returned to my coffers; and that which has been otherwise disposed of, I do not regret, since I find Nourjahad become worthy to be the friend of Schemzeddin. Take back thy amiable wife, Mandana, and receive the fixed confidence and love of the sultan."

History says, that Nourjahad was raised to the highest offices of state, that his wisdom and virtue proved an ornament and support to the Persian throne during the course of a long and prosperous life, and that his name became famous throughout the Eastern world.
Now listen!

Down in the country, not far from the roadside, stands a country house; no doubt you have seen it yourself. In front is a little garden surrounded by painted palings. Near the ha-ha, and in the midst of the most luxuriant green grass, there grew a little daisy. The sun shone down as warmly upon her as on the beautiful ornamental flowers in the garden, and therefore she kept growing hour by hour. One morning she appeared with her little dazzling white leaves quite unfolded, like so many beams round the tiny yellow sun in the middle. She never thought that there was no one to see her here in the grass, and that she was a poor despised flower. No! she felt quite pleased, as she turned towards the warm sun, and looked up at it, and listened to the lark singing high above in the air.

The little daisy was as happy as if it had been a holiday;
and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their forms and learned something, she sat on her little green stem, and she, too, learned from the warm sun, and from all that surrounded her, how infinite is the goodness of God; and she was delighted that the little lark should sing so plainly and so beautifully what she but inwardly felt. And the daisy looked up with a sort of respect to the happy bird who could warble and fly, yet without being afflicted that she herself could do neither. "I can see, and I can hear," thought she; "the sun shines upon me, and the wind kisses me. Oh, how richly have I been gifted!"

Inside the palings stood a number of stiff, proud flowers. The less perfume they had to boast of, the more they flaunted. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but size is not everything! The tulips possessed all the most gorgeous colours, and they knew this so well that they stood as straight as arrows, in order to be admired the better. They took no notice of the little daisy outside; but she only looked the more at them and thought, "How rich and how beautiful they are! The pretty bird will, of course, fly down and visit them. Thank Heaven that I stand near enough to contemplate their magnificence." And just as she was thinking so, "Twit!" sang the lark, flying down, but not to the peonies and the tulips: no! but to the humble daisy in the grass. She was so frightened out of sheer joy, that she knew not what to think.

The little bird hopped round her, singing, "Oh, how soft is the grass; and what a lovely little flower that is, with gold in its heart and silver on its garment!" for the yellow spot in the daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around were as dazzling white as silver.

No one could tell how happy the little daisy felt. The bird
kissed her with his beak, and then started back into the blue
air above.

It was a full quarter of an hour before the flower could re-
cover from her emotion. Half ashamed, yet thrilling with
delight, she cast a glance towards the flowers in the garden.
They had seen the honour and the happiness that had been
conferred upon her, and they must be aware how great was
her joy. But the tulips stood stiffer than ever, only their
faces looked redder and more peaked, because they were vexed.
The peonies were thick-headed; and it is well they could not
speak, or else the daisy would have had a regular set down.
The poor little flower could see they were out of sorts, and she
was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a girl came into the
garden with a large sharp shining knife in her hand, and went
straight up to the tulips, and cut down one after another. "Oh
dear!" sighed the little daisy; "this is shocking! It is now
all over with them."—The girl then carried the tulips away.
The daisy rejoiced at being outside the garden in the grass, and
merely a poor little flower, and felt most thankful for her
humble lot; and when the sun set, she folded up her leaves, and
went to sleep and dreamt the whole night long of the sun and of
the little bird.

Next morning, when the flower once more gladly spread all
her white leaves, like so many little arms stretching forth
towards the air and light, she recognised the bird's voice, but
this time he sang mournfully—and well he might, for he had
become a prisoner, and sat in a cage near an open window. He
sang of the delight of flying about free and unfettered; he sang
of the young green corn that was growing out in the fields, and
of the pleasant journeys birds on the wing are able to make
in the upper regions of the air. The poor bird was not in good
spirits, for he was in a cage.
The little daisy would fain have helped him; but what could she do? It was a difficult matter to decide. She forgot how beautiful was all around, how warm the sun felt, and how white and pretty her leaves appeared. Alas! she could think of nothing but the captive bird, whom she was powerless to assist.

At this moment two boys came into the garden, and one of them held in his hand a knife as large and as sharp as that with which the girl had cut down the tulips. They walked straight up to the little daisy, who could not think what they could want.

"We can cut a nice tuft of grass here for the lark," said one of the boys, and began to cut a square piece round the daisy, so that she could stand in the centre of the plot.—"Pull up the flower," said the other boy, while the daisy trembled with alarm; for her to be pulled up was the same as to lose her life; and she wished to live, as she was to be taken with the piece of grass to the captive lark in his cage.—"No, let it be," said the other boy, "it looks so pretty;" and so the flower was let alone, and taken into the lark's cage.

The poor bird was lamenting loudly over his lost freedom, and flapping his wings against the wires of the cage. The little daisy, not being able to speak, could not say a word of comfort, willingly as she would have done. The whole morning was spent in this manner.

"Here is no water," said the captive lark; "they have all gone out and have forgotten to give me a drop to drink. My throat is parched and burning. I feel as if I had fire within me; and the air is so heavy. Alas! I must die and bid farewell to the warm sunshine, to the green grass, and to all the beautiful things created by God!" and he drilled a hole with his beak in the cool patch of grass, in the hopes of allaying his thirst. He then happened to see the daisy, and nodded to her, and
kissed her with his bill, saying, "You, too, will wither here, you poor little flower! Yourself, and this little patch of green grass, is all that is given in exchange for the whole world that I enjoyed abroad. Each little blade of grass must serve me for a green tree, each of your white leaves must stand to me instead of a fragrant flower. Alas! you only tell me of all I have lost."— "Would that I could comfort him," thought the daisy, but she could not move a leaf; yet the perfume wafted from her leaves was much stronger than is usual in such flowers; and the bird perceived as much, for though he was pining with thirst, and tore up the green blades of grass in his anguish, yet he did not touch the flower.

It was now evening, and nobody had come to bring the poor bird a drop of water. He spread out his pretty wings and shook them convulsively. His song was only a mournful "Tweet! tweet!" his little head bent towards the flower, and the bird's heart broke with vain longing.

Nor could the flower fold up her leaves and go to sleep as she had done the night before, but, sick and mournful, she drooped towards the earth.

It was only on the following morning that the boys came, and when they found the bird dead, they shed many, many bitter tears, and buried him in a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The bird's lifeless form was laid in a smart red box, because he was to be buried with regal honours. Poor bird! whilst he was still living and singing, they forgot him, and left him to suffer want in his cage; now he was treated with state, and was mourned with many tears.

But the patch of grass with the daisy was thrown into the dust of the road. Nobody thought of the humble flower who had felt most for the little bird, and who would so willingly have comforted him.
How beautiful everything looked abroad in the fields. It was summer, and the corn was yellow, and the oats were green, the hayricks were standing in the verdant meadows, and the stork was walking about on his long red legs, chattering away in Egyptian—the language he had learnt from his lady mother. The corn-fields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the bosom of which lay deep lakes. Oh, it was lovely, indeed, to walk abroad in the country just then!

In a sunny spot stood an old country house, encircled by deep moats. Between the wall and the water's edge there grew huge burdock leaves, that had shot up to such a height that a little child might have stood upright under the tallest of them; and this spot was as wild as though it had been situated in the depths of a wood. In this snug retirement
a duck was sitting on her nest to hatch her young; but she began to think it a wearisome task, as the little ones seemed very backward in making their appearance; besides, she had few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming about in the water, instead of being at the trouble of climbing up the slope, and then sitting under a burdock leaf to gossip with her.

At length one egg cracked, and then another. "Peep! peep!" cried they, as each yolk became a live thing, and popped out its head. "Quack! quack!" said the mother, and they tried to cackle like her, while they looked all about them under the green leaves; and she allowed them to look to their heart's content, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is, to be sure!" said the young ones; and truly enough they had rather more room than when they were still in the egg-shell.—"Do you fancy this is the whole world?" cried the mother: "why it reaches far away beyond the other side of the garden, down to the parson's field—though I never went to such a distance as that. But are you all there?" continued she, rising. "No, faith! you are not; for there still lies the largest egg. I wonder how long this business is to last? I really begin to grow quite tired of it;" and she sat down once more.

"Well, how are you getting on?" inquired an old duck who came to pay her a visit.—"This egg takes a deal of hatching," answered the sitting duck: "it won't break. But just look at the others, are they not the prettiest ducklings ever seen? They are the image of their father, who, by-the-bye, does not trouble himself to come and see me."—"Let me look at the egg that won't break," quoth the old duck. "Take my word for it, it must be a guinea-fowl's egg. I was once deceived in the same way, and I bestowed a deal of care and anxiety on the
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youngsters, for they are afraid of water. I could not make them take to it. I stormed and raved, but it was of no use. Let's see the egg. Sure enough it is a guinea-fowl's egg. Leave it alone and set about teaching the other children to swim."—"I'll just sit upon it a bit longer," said the duck, "for since I have sat so long, a few days won't make much odds."—"Please yourself," said the old duck as she waddled away.

At length the large egg cracked. "Peep! peep!" squeaked the youngster, as he crept out. How big and ugly he was, to be sure!

The duck looked at him, saying: "Really this is a most enormous duckling; none of the others are like him. I wonder whether it is a guinea-chick after all? Well, we shall soon see when we get down to the water, for in he shall go, though I push him in myself."

On the following morning the weather was most delightful, and the sun was shining brightly on the green burdock leaves. The mother duck took her young brood down to the moat. Splash into the water she went. "Quack! quack!" cried she, and forthwith one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads for a moment, but they soon rose to the surface again and swam about so nicely, just as if their legs paddled them about of their own accord; and they had all taken to the water; even the ugly, gray-coated youngster swam about with the rest.

"Nay, he is no guinea-chick," said she, "only look how capitably he uses his legs, and how steady he keeps himself. He's every inch my own child; and really, he's very pretty when one comes to look at him attentively. "Quack! quack?" added she, "now come along, and I'll take you into high society, and introduce you to the duck-yard; but mind you keep close
to me, that nobody may tread upon you, and above all, beware of the cat."

They soon reached the farm-yard, where there was a great hubbub. Two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, in the end, was carried off by the cat. "See, children, that's the way with the world," remarked the mother of the ducklings, licking her beak, for she would have been very glad to have had the eel's head for herself. "Now move on," said she, "and mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder; she is the noblest born of them all, and is of Spanish descent, and that is why she is so stout; and look! she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is the greatest mark of distinction that can be bestowed upon a duck, as it shows an anxiety not to lose her; and that she should be recognised by both man and beast. Now cackle, and don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, like papa and mamma, in this sort of way. Now bend your neck, and say 'Quack.'"

The ducklings did as they were bid, but the other ducks, after looking at them, only said aloud: "Now look! here comes another set, as if we were not numerous enough already; and, bless me, what a queer-looking chap one of the ducklings is, to be sure; we can't put up with him;" and one of the throng darted forward and bit him in the neck.—"Leave him alone," said the mother, "he did no harm to any one."—"No, but he is so big and ugly," said the biting duck, "and therefore he wants thrashing."—"Mamma has a sweet little family," said the old duck with the red rag about her leg; "they are all pretty except one, who is rather ill-favoured. I wish mamma could polish him a bit."—"I am afraid that will be impossible, your grace," said the mother of the ducklings. "It's true he's not so pretty, but he has a very good disposition,
and swims as well, or perhaps better, than all the others put together. However, he may grow to be prettier, and may perhaps become smaller. He remained too long in the egg-shell, and therefore his figure is not properly formed,” and with this she smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his neck. “At all events, as he is a male duck, it won’t matter so much. I think he’ll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world.”—“The other ducklings are elegant little creatures,” said the old duck. “Now make yourself at home, and if you should happen to find an eel’s head, you can bring it to me!” and so the family made themselves comfortable.

But then the poor duckling, who had been the last to creep out of his egg-shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks but by the hens—they all declared he was much too big; and a guinea-fowl, who fancied himself at least an emperor, because he had come into the world with spurs, now puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail, and flew at the duckling, and blustered till his head turned completely red, so that the poor little thing did not know whether he could walk or stand, and was quite grieved at being so ugly that the whole farm-yard scouted him. Nor did the matter mend the next day, or the following days, but rather grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was hunted down by everybody. Then his sisters were so unkind to him, that they were continually saying: “I wish the cat would run away with you, you ugly creature!” while his mother added, “I wish you had never been born!” and the ducks pecked at him, the hens struck him, and the girl who fed the poultry used to kick him, so he ran away, and flew over the palings. The little birds in the bushes were startled and took wing. “That is because I am so ugly,” thought the duckling, as he closed his eyes, though he ran farther till he
came to a large marsh inhabited by wild ducks. There he spent the whole night, and tired and sorrowful enough he was. On the following morning, when the wild ducks rose and saw their new comrade, they said, "What sort of a creature are you?" upon which the duckling greeted them all round as civilly as he knew how.

"You are remarkably ugly," observed the wild ducks, "but we don't care about that, so long as you don't want to marry in our family." Poor forlorn creature, he had no such thoughts in his head; all he wanted was to obtain leave to lie amongst the rushes, and drink a little of the marsh water. He remained there for two whole days, at the end of which there came two wild geese, or more properly speaking, goslings, who were only just out of the egg-shell, and, consequently, very pert. "I say, friend," quoth they, "you are so ugly that we should have no objection to take you with us for a travelling companion. In the neighbouring marsh there dwells some pretty female geese, all of them unmarried, and who cackle most charmingly. Perhaps you may have a chance to pick up a wife amongst them, ugly as you are."

Pop! pop! sounded through the air, and the two wild goslings fell dead amongst the rushes, while the water turned red as blood. Pop! pop! again echoed around, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes. Again and again the same alarming noise was heard. It was a shooting party, and the sportsmen surrounded the whole marsh, whilst others had climbed into the branches of the trees that overshadowed the marshes. A blue mist rose in the clouds and mingled with the green leaves, and sailed far away across the water; a couple of dogs next plunged into the marsh,—splash, splash, they went, while the reeds and rushes bent beneath them on all sides. What a fright they occasioned the poor duckling! He turned
away his head to hide it under his wing, when lo! a tremendous looking dog, with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes glaring fearfully, stood right before him, opening his jaws and showing his sharp teeth as though he would gobble up the poor little duck at a mouthful; but splash, splash, on he went without touching him. "Thank goodness," sighed the duckling, "I am so ugly that even a dog won't bite me;" and he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and pop after pop echoed through the air.

It was not till late in the day that all became quiet; still the poor youngster did not venture to rise, but awaited several hours before he looked about him, and then hastened out of the marsh as fast as he could run. He ran across fields and meadows, till there arose such a storm that he could scarcely get on at all. Towards evening he reached a wretched little cottage that was in such a tumble-down condition that, if it remained standing at all, it could only be from not yet having made up its mind on which side it should fall. The tempest was now raging to such a height, that the duckling was forced to sit down to stem the wind, when he perceived that the door hung so loosely on one of its hinges, that he could slip into the room, through the crack, which he accordingly did. The inmates of the cottage were a woman, a tom-cat, and a hen. The tom-cat, whom the woman called her darling, could raise his back and purr; and he could even throw out sparks, provided he were stroked against the fur. The hen had small short legs, for which reason she was called Henny Shortlegs; she laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child.

Next morning they perceived the little stranger, when the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck. "What's that?" said the woman, looking round. Not seeing very clearly, she
mistook the duckling for a fat duck that had lost its way. "Why this is quite a prize," added she; "I can now get duck's eggs, unless, indeed, it be a male; we must wait a bit and see." So the duckling was kept on trial for three weeks, but no eggs were forthcoming. The tom-cat and the hen were the master and mistress of the house, and always said, "We and the world," for they fancied themselves to be half, and by far the better half, too, of the whole universe. The duckling thought there might be two opinions on this point, but the hen would not admit of any such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" asked she.—"No." —"Then have the goodness to hold your tongue." And then the tom-cat inquired, "Can you raise your back or purr, or throw out sparks?"—"No!"—"Then you have no business to have any opinion at all, when rational people are talking."

The duckling sat in a corner much out of spirits, when in came the fresh air and the sunshine, which gave him such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help saying so to the hen. "What's this whim?" said she. "That comes of being idle; if you could either lay eggs or purr, you would not indulge in such fancies."—"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," observed the duckling, "and to feel it close over one's head when one dives down to the bottom."—"A great pleasure, indeed," quoth the hen, "you must be crazy, surely; only ask the cat—for he's the wisest creature I know—how he would like to swim on the water or dive under it. To say nothing of myself—just ask our old mistress, who is wiser than anybody in the world, whether she'd relish swimming, and feeling the waters close above her head."—"You can't understand me," said the duckling.—"We can't understand you! I should like to know who could? You don't suppose you are wiser than the tom-cat and
our mistress—to say nothing of myself? Don’t take these idle
fancies into your head, child, but thank heaven for all the
kindness that has been shown you. Have you not found a
warm room, and company that might improve you? But you
are a mere chatter-box, and there is no pleasant intercourse to
be had with you; and you may take my word for it—for I
mean you well. I say disagreeable things, which is a mark of true
friendship. Now look to it, and mind that you either lay eggs, or
learn to purr and emit sparks.”—“I think I’ll take my chance,
and go abroad into the wide world,” said the duckling.—“Do,”
said the hen; and the duckling went, and swam on the water,
and dived beneath its surface, but he was slighted by all other
animals, on account of his ugliness.

The autumn now set in. The leaves of the forests had
turned first yellow and then brown, and the wind caught them
up and made them dance about; it began to be very cold in
the higher regions of the air, and the clouds looked heavy with
hail and flakes of snow, while the raven sat on a hedge, cry-
ing, “Caw! Caw!” from sheer cold—for one began to shiver
if one merely thought about it. The poor duckling had
a poor time of it. One evening, just as the sun was setting
in all its glory, there came a whole flock of beautiful large
birds from out of a grove. The duckling had never seen
any so lovely before; they were dazzlingly white, with long
graceful necks, for they were swans. They uttered a peculiar
cry, and then spread their magnificent wings, and away they
flew from the cold country to warmer lands across the ocean.
They rose so high—so high that the ugly duckling felt a strange
sensation come over him. He turned round and round in the
water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air towards
them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry that he was
frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget
those beautiful, happy birds; and when they were quite out of
sight he dived down to the bottom of the water, and when he
once more rose to the surface, he was half beside himself. He
knew not how these birds were called, nor whither they were
bound, but he felt an affection for them such as he had never
yet experienced for any living creature. Nor did he even pre-
sume to envy them, for how could it ever have entered his
head to wish himself endowed with their loveliness? He would
have been glad enough if the ducks had merely suffered him
to remain among them—poor ugly creature that he was; and
the winter proved so very, very cold; the duckling was obliged
to keep swimming about, for fear the water should freeze en-
tirely; but every night the hole in which he swam grew
smaller and smaller. It now froze so hard that the surface
of the ice cracked again; yet the duckling paddled about, to
prevent the hole from closing up. At last he was so exhausted
that he lay insensible, and became ice-bound.

Early next morning a peasant came by, and, seeing what
had happened, broke the ice to pieces with his wooden
shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife, so the little
creature was revived once more. The children wished to play
with him, but the duckling thought they meant to hurt him,
and in his fright he bounded right into a bowl of milk, so that
it was spurted all over the room. The woman clapped her
hands, which only frightened him still more, and drove him first
into the butter tub, then down into the meal tub, and out
again. What a scene then ensued! the woman screamed and
flung the tongs at him; the children tumbled over each other
in their endeavours to catch the duckling, and laughed and
shrieked. Luckily the door stood open, and he slipped through
the faggots out into the newly fallen snow, where he lay quite
exhausted.
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But it would be too painful to tell of all the privations and misery that the duckling endured during the hard winter. He was lying in a marsh amongst the reeds when the sun again began to shine. The larks were singing, and the spring had set in in all its beauty. The duckling now felt able to flap his wings; they rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and before he was well aware of it, he found himself in a large garden, where the apple trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elder was steeping its long drooping branches in the waters of a winding lake. O, how beautiful everything looked in the first freshness of spring! Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings, and swam lightly on the surface of the water. The duckling recognised the beautiful creatures, and was impressed with feelings of melancholy peculiar to himself. "I will fly towards these royal birds, and they will strike me dead for daring to approach them, so ugly as I am. But it is all one to me! better to be killed by them than to be pecked at by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl that feeds the poultry, and to suffer want in the winter!" and he flew into the water and swam towards the splendid swans, who rushed to meet him with rustling wings, the moment they saw him. "Do but kill me," said the poor animal, as he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited his doom. But what did he see in the clear stream? why his own image, which was no longer that of a heavy-looking dark gray bird, ugly and ill-favoured, but the image of a beautiful swan!

It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg! He now rejoiced over all the misery and the straits he had endured, as it made him feel the full depth of
the happiness that awaited him; and the larger swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children now came into the garden, and threw bread crumbs and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" The other children were delighted too, and repeated, "Yes, there is a new one just come!" and they clapped their hands; and capered about, and then flew to their father and mother, and more bread and cake was flung into the water, and they all said, "The new one is the prettiest; so young, and so lovely!" and the elder swans bowed before him. He then felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He did not himself know what to do; he was more than happy, yet none the prouder, for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been pursued and made sport of, and he now heard everybody say, he was the most elegant of these beautiful birds. Even the elder bush bent its boughs down to him in the water, and the sun appeared so warm, and so mild; he then flapped his wings, raised his slender neck, as he cried in the fulness of his heart: "I never dreamed of such happiness as this while I was an ugly duckling!"
There once lived a woman who wished for a very little child, but she did not know where to find one; so she went to an old witch, and said, "I should so like to have a little child, can you tell me what I should do to find one?" "Oh! that's easy enough," said the witch; "there is a barley-corn, it is not of the same sort as those which grow in country fields, or which chickens feed upon; place it in a flower-pot, and you will see something wonderful." "I am much obliged to you," said the woman, giving the witch twelve shillings, for that was the price agreed upon. She then went home and planted the barley-corn, and then there immediately grew up a beautiful large flower, that looked like a tulip, only the leaves were closed, just as if it were still in the bud. "This flower is indeed won-
drously beautiful," cried the woman, kissing its red and yellow leaves; and just as she kissed it, the flower opened with a loud noise. It was a real tulip, as might be seen, but in the midst of the flower, a tiny girl of the most delicate and exquisite shape sat on the green pistil. She was scarcely as tall as half a man's thumb, and she was therefore called Maja, a name in use amongst elves as small as herself. An elegant gilt walnut-shell served as her cradle; her mattress consisted of blue violet-leaves, and a rose-leaf served as her counterpane; there she slept all night, but in the day-time she played about on the table, where the woman had placed a plate, edged all round by a wreath of flowers whose stems stood in water. A large tulip-leaf lay in the water, and this served Maja as a boat, which moved from one side of the plate to the other; the oars she used were a couple of white horsehairs. It was a pretty sight to see; and she could sing, too, so sweetly, that the like had never been heard before.

One night as she lay in her pretty bed, a nasty toad jumped in through a broken pane in the window. The toad was very large, ugly, and wet; she leaped right on to the table where Maja lay asleep under her rose-leaf counterpane. "She would be a nice wife for my son," said the toad, and she picked up the walnut-shell, with Maja asleep in it, and jumped through the window, cradle and all, down into the garden. A large rivulet flowed through the garden, but the banks were swampy like a marsh; and here the toad lived with her son, who was every inch as ugly and ill-favoured as his mother. "Croak, croak, croak," was all he could say when he saw the elegant little maid in her walnut-shell. "Don't speak so loud, or you'll wake her," said the old toad, "and then she might escape from us, for she is as light as swan's-down. We will set her on one of the leaves of yonder water-lily in the midst of the brook; it
will be like an island to her who is so light and so small, and then she won't be able to run away, while we are preparing the state apartments down under the marsh, where you will live when you are married."

There were a number of water-lilies in the brook, with broad green leaves, that seemed to be swimming on the surface of the waters; the furthest of these leaves happened to be the largest, and thither did the toad swim, and place the walnut-shell containing little Maja. The tiny, tiny being awoke early in the morning, and began to cry bitterly on finding the place she was in; for the leaf was surrounded on all sides by water, and she was wholly unable to reach land. The old toad, meantime, was below stairs in the swamp, busy decorating the room with reeds and sedges, to make it look smart for the reception of her new daughter-in-law; and when her work was finished she swam over with her son to the leaf where Maja had been placed, to fetch away her pretty bedstead that was to be in the bridal chamber ready for her. The old toad bowed to her in the water, and said, "This is my son, who is to be your husband; and you will live very handsomely down in the marsh." "Croak, croak, croak," was all that the son could add to his mother's eloquence. They then took up the elegant little bed, and swam away, while Maja sat alone on the green leaf and wept, for she did not like the thoughts of living with the old toad, and still less marrying her ugly son. The little fishes, who were sporting below in the water, had seen the toad, and heard, too, what she said, so they now popped their heads out to see the little girl themselves. They had no sooner caught sight of her, than they thought her so pretty; that they felt quite sorry she should be condemned to live below amongst the toads. It must not be, they all agreed; so they gathered round the green stalk in the water below, that
kept the leaf fast, and gnawed it off at the root with their teeth, when the leaf floated down the stream, carrying Maja far beyond the reach of the toad.

Maja sailed past many towns, and the little birds in the bushes saw her and sang, "What a lovely little creature!" and the leaf swam and swam till Maja was out of the land. An elegant little white butterfly fluttered about her continually, and at last alighted on the leaf. Maja pleased him, and she was glad of it; for now the toad could not possibly reach her, and the country she sailed through was so beautiful, the sun, too, was shining on the waters, making them sparkle like liquid gold. She took off her sash and tied one end round the butterfly, while she fastened the other end to the leaf, which now glided on much faster, and she with it, as she stood upon its surface.

A large cockchafer, who happened to pass, no sooner saw her than he pounced upon her delicate form with his claws, and flew away with her to a tree; the green leaf floated down the stream, and the butterfly with it, for he was bound fast to the leaf, and could not disentangle himself. Oh! how frightened was poor Maja when the cockchafer flew off with her to the tree, but she was principally grieved on account of the white butterfly, whom she had fastened to the leaf, and who would die of hunger if unable to loosen his bonds. But the cockchafer did not trouble himself about that. He sat down by her side on the largest green leaf of the tree, gave her some honey from the flowers to eat, and told her that she was very pretty, though so unlike a cockchafer. After a while all the cockchafers that inhabited the tree came to pay them a visit. After staring at Maja, the cockchafer misses turned up their feelers contemptuously, saying, "She has only two legs; how pitiful to be sure!" "She has no feelers," observed another.
"She is so thin in the waist—faugh! she is like a human being." "How ugly she is!" said all the female cockchafers, although Maja was so remarkably pretty. The cockchafer who had run away with her had at first appreciated her beauty, but when all his female friends pronounced her to be so ugly, he finished by thinking so, and declared he would not have her, and that she might go whenever she liked. So they now flew down from the tree with her, and placed her upon a daisy, and there she sat and wept at thinking how ugly she must be since the cockchafers would not admit her amongst them, and yet she was the loveliest creature that can be imagined, as delicate and slender as the sweetest rose-leaf.

Poor little Maja lived through the whole summer all alone in the wide forest. She wove some blades of grass into a kind of matting to serve for a hammock, and she hung it up under a leaf of clover to protect her from the rain; she gathered sweets from the flowers for her nourishment, and drank the dew that stood on the leaves every morning. Thus summer and autumn passed by pleasantly enough; but now came winter, cold dreary winter! all the birds that had sung to her so sweetly now flew away; the trees and flowers had withered; the large leaf of clover, under which she had lived, had now rolled itself up like an awning that’s put by; and nothing remained but a yellow withered stalk, and she felt dreadfully cold, for her clothes were in tatters, and so small and so delicate as poor Maja was, there seemed every chance of her being frozen to death. It now began to snow, and every flake that fell upon her was as bad as a shovelful would be to us, because we are of the natural size, and she was only an inch high. She then wrapped herself up in a dry leaf, but it cracked in the middle, and could not make her warm; so she kept shivering with cold.
Near the forest where she had taken up her summer quarters, lay a large corn-field, only the corn had long since been removed, and nothing remained but the loose dry stubble that stood in rows in the frozen soil; and it was like crossing a huge forest for her to wander through one of these, and she trembled with cold from head to foot. At last, however, she reached the door of a field-mouse, who had burrowed her dwelling under the stubble. There the field-mouse lived snugly and securely enough, and had a whole room full of corn, an excellent kitchen, and a dining-room. Poor little Maja stood before the door, like a poor beggar girl, and begged for a little bit of barleycorn, for she had eaten nothing whatever for the last two days. "You poor little animal!" said the field-mouse, for she was a good old field-mouse in the main, "come into my warm room and dine with me." As Maja pleased her, she said, "You are welcome to stay all the winter with me, only you must keep my room clean and tidy, and tell me stories, for I am very fond of hearing them." And Maja did what the good old field-mouse required, and a very comfortable time she had of it. "We shall soon have a visitor coming to see us," said the field-mouse; "I have a neighbour who calls on me once a week; he is still better off than I am, for he has large rooms, and wears a handsome black pelisse. If you could have him for a husband, you would be well provided for indeed. Only he can't see at all. You must mind and tell him some of your best stories." But Maja did not care anything about him; for the field-mouse's neighbour was a mole.

At length he came in his black fur pelisse, and paid his visit. Dame Field-mouse said he was very rich and very learned, and that his mansion was above twenty times larger than hers. He might possess some learning, but he could not bear either the sun or the beautiful flowers, and he always spoke slightingly
of both, just because he had never seen them. Maja was obliged to sing, and so she sang "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home," besides other songs, and the mole fell in love with her on account of her sweet voice: but he said nothing, because he was a very wary man. A short time since, he had burrowed a long underground passage leading from his house to the field-mouse's dwelling, and both the latter and Maja were now free to walk in it as often as they liked, but he warned them not to be frightened at a dead bird that was lying in the passage. It was a complete bird with beak and feathers, apparently but recently dead, and was now buried just on the spot where the mole had made his vault. The mole held in his mouth a piece of phosphorescent wood, that shines like fire in the dark, and went before to light them through the long gloomy passage. When they came to the spot where lay the dead bird, the mole bored a hole through the ceiling with his broad nose, so that the earth gave way and the light came through. On the ground lay a dead swallow, with his pretty wings pressed close to his sides, and his feet and head drawn up under the feathers; the poor bird had evidently died of cold. Little Maja was moved to pity, for she was very fond of all little birds, they sung and twittered to her so sweetly all the summer; but the mole only pushed the dead bird aside with his short legs, unfeelingly observing, "He won't pipe any more. What a miserable fate it must be to be born a little bird! Thank Heaven, none of my children will be so badly off as that! for a creature who can say nothing but 'twit, twit!' must needs starve in winter." "You speak like a rational man," said the field-mouse; "what indeed does a bird get for all his twit-twitting? when the winter sets in, he must starve and get frozen. But I suppose that is vastly genteel." Maja said nothing, but when the two others had turned their backs, she stooped down to the
dead bird, and stroking aside the feathers that covered his head, she kissed his closed eyes. "Perhaps it was he who sang so sweetly to me in summer," thought she, "and how he used to delight me, dear pretty bird that he was!"

The mole now stopped up once more the hole through which light had entered, and then accompanied the ladies home. But Maja could not sleep that night; so she got up and wove a nice large carpet out of some hay, which she went and spread over the dead bird, and then, having found in the field-mouse's room some down plucked from flowers, and as soft as cotton, she laid it on each side of the bird, that he might lie warmly in the cold earth. "Farewell, you pretty bird!" said she, "farewell! and take my thanks for your pretty singing throughout the summer, when the trees were green, and the warm sun shone down upon us." She then laid her head on the bird's breast, but was immediately startled, for it felt as if something went thump, thump! inside. This was the bird's heart, for the bird was not dead; he had only been senseless, and now that he was warmed he began to revive. In autumn all the swallows fly away to warm countries, but if one of them happens to get belated, it generally becomes frozen, and drops down as if dead, and remains lying wherever it happens to fall; and the cold snow then covers it over.

Maja trembled with fright, for the bird was very, very big compared to herself, who was only an inch high. Still she took courage, and laying the cotton more thickly round the poor swallow, she fetched a leaf of curled mint that served for her counterpane, and spread it over the bird's head. In the following night she again stole to see him, when she found him alive, but very faint. He could only just open his eyes for a moment to look at Maja, as she stood before him with a piece of phosphorescent wood in her hand, for this was the only lanterna
she could command. "Thank you, my pretty little maiden," said the sick swallow, "I am nicely warmed now, and I shall soon get my strength again, and be able to fly abroad in the warm sunshine." "Oh," cried Maja, "but it is cold out of doors, for it snows and freeze; keep in your warm bed, and I'll take care of you." She then brought the swallow some water in the leaf of a flower, and after he had drunk, he told her how he had torn his wing on a bramble bush, and had therefore not been able to fly as fast as the other swallows, who had flown far away to warmer lands; so at last he fell to the ground, but could not recollect what happened afterwards, nor how he came there.

The swallow remained below during the whole winter, and Maja nursed him carefully, and was very fond of him; but neither the mole nor the field-mouse knew anything about it, for they could not bear swallows. As soon as spring returned, and the sun began to warm the earth, the swallow bid Maja farewell, and she opened the hole the mole had once made in the ceiling to let him out. The sun shone upon them so brightly, the swallow asked if she would go with him, as she could sit on his back, and they might fly far away into the green forest; but Maja knew it would vex the field-mouse if she were to leave her in that manner. "No, I cannot," said little Maja. "Farewell, farewell! you kind and pretty girl!" said the swallow, flying out into the broad sunshine. Maja looked after him, and tears rose to her eyes, for she had a kindly feeling for the poor swallow. "Twit! twit!" sang the bird as he flew about in the green woods. Little Maja was very sad; she was not allowed to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn that had been sown in the field over the field-mouse's dwelling had now grown to be tall, and formed quite a thick forest to the poor little maiden, who was only an inch high.
"You are going to be married, little Maja," said the field-mouse; "my neighbour has asked for your hand. Only think what a piece of luck for a poor girl! Now you must think of making your wedding outfit; both woollen and linen clothes must you have when you are the mole's wife." So Maja was obliged to spin away, and the field-mouse hired four spiders to weave for her day and night. The mole came to see her every evening, and was always observing that when the summer would be over, the sun would then lose its warmth; and that at present it burnt the ground, and made it as hard as a stone; and when the summer was just over, then his wedding with Maja should take place. But she was not pleased, for she could not bear the tiresome mole. Every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, did she steal out to the door, and when the wind blew the ears of corn aside, so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was abroad, and longed to see her dear swallow again. But he would never come again, for he had assuredly flown away to the lovely green forest. By the time it was autumn, Maja's outfit was quite ready. "In four weeks' time the wedding shall take place," said the field-mouse to her; but Maja wept, and said she would not have the tiresome mole. "That's all twaddle!" quoth the field-mouse; "don't be obstinate, or I shall bite you with my white teeth! he is a very well-formed man! The queen herself has not such a fine black fur pelisse; his kitchen and cellar are full, so thank Providence for what is sent you."

So the wedding was to take place. The mole had already come to fetch Maja, and she was to live with him deep underground, and never to come out to greet the warm sun, because he could not bear it. The poor girl was so sad to think she must bid farewell to the beautiful sun, which she had at least
been allowed to look at from the door, when she lived with the field-mouse. "Farewell, bright sun!" said she, stretching out her arms and going a few steps from the field-mouse's dwelling, for the harvest was now over, and nothing left but the dry stubble. "Farewell! farwell!" she said, flinging her arms round a little red flower that stood near; "greet the little swallow in my name, if you should happen to see him."

"Twit, twit!" now sounded above her head, and looking up, she saw it was the swallow himself, who was just passing by. As soon as he spied Maja, he was much pleased; and she then told him how she disliked the idea of marrying the ugly mole, as she must then live deep below in the earth, where the sun never shone. She could not help crying as she spoke. "The cold winter is coming on," said the little swallow; "I am going to fly to warmer lands; will you come with me? you can sit on my back. Bind yourself on securely with your sash, and then we will fly away from the ugly mole and his gloomy abode, far, far away over the mountains, till we reach the warm climate where the sun shines far brighter than here, where the summer is eternal, and where grow the fairest flowers. Only fly with me, you dear little Maja, who saved my life when I lay frozen in that dreary cellar." "Yes, I will go with you," said little Maja, and she placed herself on the bird's back, with her feet resting on his spread wings, and fastened her sash to one of the strongest feathers, and then the swallow flew up high into the air, over both forest and sea, high above the highest snow-capped mountains; and little Maja would have frozen in the cold air, had she not crept under the bird's warm feathers, only leaving her little head free to admire the beautiful landscape below.

At length they reached the warm lands; there the sun shone
far brighter than upon us: the sky seemed twice as high from the earth, and the finest black and green grapes grew on the hedges and in the ditches. In the woods hung lemons and china-oranges; there was a sweet perfume of myrtles and balm-mint; and along the roads were running lovely children, playing with large particoloured butterflies. But the swallow flew still farther, till the landscape became more and more beautiful, and they reached a palace of dazzling white marble, built in ancient times, on the borders of a blue lake, and overshadowed by the most splendid green trees. Vines were climbing up its tall pillars, and quite on the top might be seen a number of swallows' nests, in which lived the swallow that was carrying Maja. "This is my house," said the swallow; "but it would not do for you to live with me; I have not such accommodation as could suit you; so now look out for one of the prettiest flowers amongst those blooming below there; and I will set you upon it, and you shall be as happy as you can wish." "This is delightful," cried she, clapping her little hands. A large white marble pillar lay broken into three pieces upon the ground, and between each of these clefts grew the most beautiful white flowers. The swallow flew down with Maja, and placed her on one of the broad leaves of these flowers. But how astonished was she on perceiving a manikin, as white and as transparent as glass, sitting in the middle of the flower. He wore the prettiest gold crown on his head, and the most delicate wings on his shoulders; and he was not larger than little Maja herself. This was the spirit of the flower; for a tiny man or a tiny woman dwells in every flower, but this manikin was the king of them all. "Oh! how beautiful he is!" whispered Maja to the swallow. The little prince was frightened at the swallow, who was quite a giant bird to him who was so small and so delicate; but when he saw Maja he was quite
charmed, for she was the prettiest girl he had ever beheld. Therefore he took his gold crown off his head, and placed it on hers, and asked her name, and whether she would become his wife, and be queen over all the flowers. This, indeed, was another sort of suitor to the toad's son, or the mole in his fur pelisse. She therefore said "Yes" to the handsome prince's offer. Then there came forth a little lady or a tiny gentleman from every flower; all of them so exquisitely beautiful that it was a treat to behold them! and each brought a present; the best of all being a handsome pair of wings, like those of a large white fly; these were fastened to Maja's shoulders, and then she could fly from flower to flower. So that there was a deal of rejoicing, and the little swallow, who sat above in his nest, was called upon to sing a wedding song, which he performed as well as he could, though he felt rather sad at heart, as he was so fond of Maja that he would willingly never have parted from her.

"Farewell, farewell!" said the little swallow, with a heavy heart, on leaving the warm lands to fly back to Denmark. There he has a little nest over the bed-room window of the man who tells these stories. The bird sang "twit, twit" to him; and that is the way he came by the whole story.
Far away hence, in the land whither the swans fly when it is cold winter with us, there once lived a king who had eleven sons, and one daughter named Elise. The eleven brothers were princes, and used to go to school with stars on their breasts, and swords at their sides. They wrote on gold slates with diamond pencils, and learned by heart as easily as they could read; one could immediately perceive they were princes. Their sister Elise sat on a little glass stool, and had a book full of prints, that had cost nearly half the kingdom to purchase.

O, these children were happy indeed,—but, unfortunately, their happiness was not to last.

Their father, who was the king of the land, married a wicked
queen, who was not well disposed towards the poor children. This they perceived from the very first day. There were festivities in the palace, and the children were playing at receiving visitors; but instead of their obtaining, as usual, all the cakes and roast apples that were to be had, she merely gave them some sand in a tea-cup, and told them they could make-believe with that.

In the following week, she sent their little sister Elise to a peasant’s cottage in the country; and before long she spoke so ill of the poor princes to the king, that he no longer troubled himself about them.

“Fly out into the world, and pick up your own livelihood,” said the wicked queen. “Fly in the shape of large birds without voices.” But she could not make things as bad as she wished, for they were turned into eleven beautiful wild swans; and away they flew out of the palace windows, uttering a peculiar cry, as they swept over the park to the forest beyond.

It was still early, as they passed by the peasant’s cottage, where Elise lay asleep. They hovered over the roof, and extended their long necks, and flapped their wings, but nobody heard or saw them; so they were obliged to go on. And they rose up to the clouds, and flew out into the wide world, until they reached a large gloomy forest, that shelved down to the sea-shore.

Poor Elise was standing in a room in the cottage, playing with a green leaf, for she had no other toy. And she pierced a hole through the leaf, and looked up at the sun, when she fancied she saw her brothers’ clear eyes; and every time the warm sun-beams fell on her cheeks, she used to think of their kisses.

One day was just as monotonous as another. If the wind
rustled through the large hedges of the rose-bushes, he would whisper to the roses: "Who can be more beautiful than you?" But the roses would shake their heads, and answer: "Elise." And if the old woman sat before the door, on a Sunday, reading her psalm-book, the wind would turn over the leaves, and say to the book: "Who can be more pious than thou?" And then the psalm-book would answer: "Elise." And both the roses and the psalm-book spoke the pure truth.

When she was fifteen, she was to return home. But when the queen saw how beautiful she was, her heart was filled with hatred and spite. She would willingly have turned her into a wild swan, like her brothers, but she dared not do it just yet, because the king wished to see his daughter.

So the wicked queen rubbed the princess with walnut-juice till she was quite brown, and besmeared her face with rancid ointment, and tangled her magnificent hair, till it was impossible to recognise the beautiful Elise.

When her father saw her he was quite frightened, and declared she was not his daughter. Nobody but the watch-dog and the swallows would recognise her—only they were poor animals, and could not speak a word.

Poor Elise then cried, and thought of her eleven brothers, who were all away. And she stole out of the palace, in great affliction, and walked the whole day long across fields and marshes, till she reached the large forest. She knew not whither she was going; but she felt so sad, and she longed to see her brothers, whom she felt certain had been driven out into the world like herself, and she determined to seek till she found them.

She had been but a short time in the wood when night came on; and having walked a long way, she lay down on the soft moss, said her prayers, and leaned her head against the stump of a tree.
It was perfectly quiet all around, the air was mild, and hundreds of glow-worms lit up the surrounding grass and moss like green fire; and if she touched a twig ever so lightly, the brilliant insects showered down like so many falling stars.

All night she dreamed of her brothers. She thought they were playing together as in childhood, and were writing with the diamond pencils on the gold slates, and looking at the prints in the book that had cost half the kingdom. Only, instead of making sums on the slates, as heretofore, they wrote down the valiant deeds they had achieved, and all they had done and seen; and in the print-book everything was living—the birds were singing, and the figures were walking out of the book, and speaking to Elise and her brothers. But the moment the latter turned over the leaves, the figures jumped back into their places, that there might be no disorder.

The sun was already high in the heavens, when she woke; not that she could see the sun, for the lofty trees were arching over her head, but its beams were playing here and there, like the fluttering of a gold gauze scarf; and there came a sweet fragrance from the woods, and the birds almost perched on her shoulders. She heard the rippling of water, which proceeded from several large streams that fell into a lake, that had a most beautiful sandy bed. Thick bushes grew round the lake, but the deer had made a large opening at one spot, through which Elise was enabled to reach the water. Its surface was so clear, that when the wind did not ruffle the branches and bushes, one might have fancied they had been painted on the bottom of the lake, so plainly was every leaf reflected, whether it stood in the sunshine or the shade.

As soon as Elise saw her own image, she was frightened at finding herself so brown and so ugly. But on wetting her little hand, and rubbing her eyes and forehead, her white skin was
soon apparent once more. She then undressed, and stepped into the water; and a lovelier royal child than herself could not have been met with in the wide world.

When she had dressed herself again, and braided her long hair, she went to the running stream, and drank out of the hollow of her hand, and then she wandered deeper into the forest without knowing what she meant to do. She thought of her brothers, and trusted that God would not abandon her. God has bidden the wild apples to grow to feed the hungry, and He led her to one of these trees, whose boughs were bending beneath the weight of their fruit. Here she made her midday's meal, and after propping up the branches, she went into the gloomiest depths of the forest. It was so quiet here, that she could hear the sound of her own footsteps, and every little dried leaf that crackled under her feet. Not a bird was to be seen, nor did a sunbeam penetrate through the large dark branches. The lofty trunks stood so close to each other, that when she looked before her it seemed as if she were shut in by a lattice made of huge beams of wood. It was solitude such as she had never known before.

The night was quite dark. Not a little glow-worm beamed from the moss. She lay down sorrowfully to compose herself to sleep. She then fancied that the boughs above her head moved aside, and that the Almighty looked down upon her with pitying eyes, while little angels hovered above his head and under his arms.

Next morning when she woke, she could not tell whether this was a dream, or whether it had really taken place.

She then set out, but had not gone many steps when she met an old woman, with a basket full of berries. The old woman gave her some to eat, and Elise asked her if she had not seen eleven princes riding through the forest.
THE WILD SWANS.

"No," said the old woman; "but yesterday I saw eleven swans, with gold crowns on their heads, swimming down the river hereabouts."

She then led Elise a little further, towards a slope at the foot of which ran a winding rivulet. The trees on its banks stretched forth their long, leafy branches, till they met, and wherever their growth would not have allowed them to mingle their foliage, the roots had broken loose from the soil, and hung entwined with the branches across the water.

Elise then bid the old dame farewell, and followed the rivulet till it flowed towards a wide, open shore.

The sea now lay before the young maiden, in all its splendour, but not a sail was to be seen, and not as much as a boat could be descried. How was she to proceed further? She looked at the countless little pebbles on the shore, which the water had worn till they were quite smooth—glass, iron, stones, everything in short that lay there and had been washed by the waves, had assumed the shape of water, though it was softer still than her delicate hand. "It rolls along indefatigably, and wears away the hardest substances—I will be equally indefatigable. Thanks for the lesson you give me, ye clear rolling waves! My heart tells me you will bear me to my dear brothers."

Just at sunset, Elise saw eleven wild swans, with gold crowns on their heads, flying towards the shore, one behind the other, like a long white ribbon. Elise then went up the slope, and hid herself behind a bush; the swans came down close to her, and flapped their large white wings.

The sun had no sooner sunk into the water, than their swans' plumage fell off, and Elise's brothers stood there as eleven handsome princes. She uttered a loud scream; for, changed as they
were, she knew and felt it must be they. She flung herself into their arms, calling them by their names; and the princes were quite happy on recognising their little sister, and finding how beautiful she had grown. They laughed and cried all in a breath, and they had soon related to each other how wicked their stepmother had been to them all.

"We brothers," said the eldest, "fly about, as wild swans, as long as the sun stands in the heavens; but no sooner has it sunk down, than we recover our human shape. Therefore, must we always provide a resting-place for our feet towards sunset; for were we flying in the clouds at this hour we should fall into the sea on resuming our natural form. We do not live here. There lies across the sea a country as beautiful as this; but the way thither is long. We have to cross the wide sea, and there is not an island to be met with on the passage; only one solitary little rock lifts its head from the midst of the waters, and is barely large enough to afford us a resting-place by crowding closely together. If the sea is rough, the waves dash over us; still we thank God even for this barren crag, where we spend the night in our human shape, for without it we should never be able to visit our beloved country, since it requires two of the longest days in the year for our flight. It is only once a year that we have the privilege of visiting our home, and we have but eleven days to remain here and to fly over the forest, whence we can look upon the palace where we were born, and where our father lives, and at the church where our mother lies buried. We feel here as if the very trees and bushes were related to us; we see the wild horses careering over the steppes as we saw them in our childhood; we hear the charcoalburners singing the old songs to which we danced as children; it is, in short, the land of our birth, and hither do we feel ourselves irresistibly attracted; and here have we found
you, our dear little sister. But we have only two days left to remain here, and then we must cross the sea to go to a beautiful country, which, however, is not our own. How shall we take you with us, when we have neither ship nor boat?"

"How can I break your spell?" asked the sister.

And they talked nearly the whole night through, and only slept a very few hours.

Elise awoke on hearing the rustling of the swans' wings as they hovered over her, for her brothers were once more transformed. They described large circles, and at length flew quite away; but one of them, the youngest, remained behind. He nestled his head in her lap, and she stroked his wings, and they remained together the whole day. Towards evening, the others returned; and when the sun had set, they resumed their natural shape.

"To-morrow, we must fly away," said one of them, "and may not return till the expiration of a whole year. Yet we cannot leave you thus. Have you the courage to accompany us? My arm is strong enough to carry you through the forest, and why should not the wings of us all suffice to bear you across the ocean?" "Yes, do take me with you," said Elise.

They spent the whole night in making a net with the pliant bark of osiers and ropy sedges; and the net proved large and strong. Elise lay down upon it, and when the sun rose, and her brothers were changed to swans, they took up the net with their beaks, and flew up to the clouds with their beloved sister, who was still fast asleep. As the sunbeams fell right upon her countenance, one of the swans hovered over her head to shade her with his broad wings.

And they flew on—on, away—away, over the broad seas—morn passed away—afternoon came and passed, and at sunset they had arrived at the mouth of a large cavern.
"Now we shall see what you will dream about to-night," said the youngest brother, as he showed his sister her chamber.

"Heaven send that I may dream how to save you!" said she; and this notion busied her intently, and she prayed heartily to God to help her,—so heartily, indeed, that she continued praying in her sleep. She then thought she was flying up through the air, to the fairy Morgiana's castle of clouds; and the fairy came forth to welcome her, in all her beauty and splendour, yet resembling, withal, the old woman who had given her the berries in the forest, and told her of the swans with gold crowns on their heads.

"Your brothers can be delivered," said she; "but have you sufficient courage and constancy, to break the spell? Water is softer than your delicate hands, and yet it wears away stones; but it does not feel the pains your fingers will have to feel; and, having no heart, it cannot suffer the cares and anxiety that you will have to endure. Do you see this stinging-nettle that I hold in my hand? A number of the same sort grow round the cavern in which you are sleeping; and, mark me well, only those, and such as grow in churchyards, are available for the purpose in question. You must pluck them, although they will blister your hands. By treading upon them with your feet, you will obtain flax, with which you must braid eleven coats of mail, with long sleeves, that will no sooner be thrown over the eleven swans, than the spell will be broken. But remember that, from the moment you begin this work, until it be finished, though it should take years to accomplish, you must not speak a word, or the first syllable you pronounce would strike a death dagger through your brothers' hearts. Their lives depend on your silence. Mark this well."

And at the same time she touched her hand with the nettle,
which was like burning fire, and caused Elise to wake. It was broad day, and close beside her lay a nettle, like those she had seen in her dream. She then fell on her knees, and thanked God, and left the cave to begin her work.

Her delicate hands now plucked the ugly nettles, that were like fire. Large blisters rose on her hands and arms; yet she suffered cheerfully, in the hopes of delivering her beloved brothers. She trod each nettle with her bare feet, and then began to braid the green flax.

When the sun had sunk, her brothers came home, and were frightened to find her dumb. They thought it some fresh spell contrived by their wicked step-mother. But on seeing her hands, they understood what she was doing for their sakes; and the youngest brother wept, and wherever his tears fell on her hands, the burning blisters disappeared.

She worked all night, for she could not rest till she had delivered her dear brothers. The swans were absent during the whole of the following day, and she sat alone; but never had the hours seemed to fly faster. One coat of mail was already finished, and she then began another.

A bugle-horn now echoed amongst the mountains, and made her start with fear. The sound approached—she heard the barking of dogs, and she flew back into the cave in great alarm, and tying up the nettles that she had gathered and dressed into a bundle, she sat upon it.

At that moment, a large dog jumped out from a narrow pass between the mountains, and was quickly followed by another, and another still; they barked aloud, and ran back, and then returned again. In a few minutes, all the huntsmen stood before the cave, and the handsomest amongst them was the king of the land. He stepped up to Elise, who was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.
"How did you come hither, lovely maiden?" asked he.

Elise shook her head. She dared not speak, for her brothers' delivery and lives were at stake: and she hid her hands under her apron, that the king might not see what she must be enduring.

"Come with me," said he; "you cannot remain here. If you are as good as you are beautiful, I will dress you in silk and velvet, and place my gold crown on your head, and you shall dwell in my richest palace." He then lifted her on to his horse. She wept, and wrung her hands, but the king said: "I do but wish for your happiness. Some day you will thank me for what I am doing."

And then he hunted through the mountains, and held her before him on his horse, and the huntsmen hunted behind them.

Towards sunset, the handsome capital, with its churches and cupolas, lay before them. And the king led her into the palace, where large fountains were playing in marble halls, whose walls and ceilings were adorned with paintings. But she had not the heart to look at these fine things; and kept weeping and mourning. However, she willingly allowed the women to dress her in regal robes, to braid her hair with pearls, and to put delicate gloves over her scorched fingers.

When she appeared in all her magnificence, she looked so dazzlingly beautiful, that the whole court bowed still more profoundly before her. And the king chose her for his bride, though the archbishop shook his head, and whispered that the pretty maid of the forest was in all likelihood a witch, who had fascinated the eyes, and befooled the heart of their king.

But the king would not listen to him, and ordered the music to be played, and the most costly dishes to be placed on the table, while the loveliest girls danced around her. And she was led
through the fragrant garden to most magnificent rooms, but not a smile could be won from her lips, or made to sparkle in her eyes. She seemed the image of sorrow. The king then opened a little room, close to her sleeping chamber, that was provided with a costly green carpet, and was exactly like the cave she came from. On the floor lay a bundle of flax that she had spun out of the nettles, while the coat of mail, which she had finished, hung from the ceiling. All these things had been taken away by a huntsman who looked upon them as curiosities.

"You can fancy yourself in your early home," said the king. "Here is the work which busied you in the cave; and now, in the midst of all your magnificence, it may amuse you to look back at those days."

When Elise saw that which interested her so deeply, a smile played round her mouth, and the blood rushed back to her cheeks. She thought of her brothers' delivery, and kissed the king's hand, while he pressed her to his heart, and ordered all the bells to ring to announce their marriage. And the beautiful, dumb maid of the forest, became the queen of the land.

The archbishop whispered slanderous words into the king's ears, but they could not reach his heart. The wedding, he was determined, should take place, and the archbishop himself was obliged to place the crown on the new queen's head, though he maliciously pressed down its narrow circlet on her forehead, so that it hurt her. But a heavier circlet bound her heart, and that was her sorrow for her brothers' fate. She did not heed her bodily sufferings. She remained mute, for a single word would have cost her brothers their lives; but her eyes expressed deep love for the kind handsome king, who did everything to please her. Each day she loved him more and more. Oh,
how it would have relieved her to have told him her sorrows, and to be able to complain! But dumb she must remain, and in silence must she finish her work. She, therefore, used to steal away from his side at night, and go into the little room that was decorated like the cave, and there she plaited one coat of mail after another.

On beginning the seventh, however, there was no flax left.

She knew that the nettles she required grew in the churchyard; only she must pluck them herself, and she knew not how she should manage to reach the spot.

"Oh! what is the pain in my fingers, compared to the anxiety my heart endures?" thought she. "I must tempt the adventure! The Lord will not withdraw his hand from me." And with as much fear and trembling as if she were about to commit a wicked action, did she steal down into the garden one moonlight night, and crossing the long alleys, she threaded the lonely streets until she reached the churchyard. She prayed silently, and plucked the burning nettles, and carried them home.

One human being alone had seen her, and that was the archbishop. He was up while others were sleeping. Now he felt confirmed in his opinion that the queen was not what she ought to be, and that she was a witch, who had befooled the king and the whole nation by her arts.

He told the king, in the confessional, what he had seen and what he feared. And when harsh words came out of his mouth, the carved images of saints shook their heads, as much as to say: "It is not true! Elise is innocent!" But the archbishop interpreted their protestations quite differently: he pretended they bore witness against her, and that they shook their heads at her sins. Then a couple of bitter tears rolled down the king's cheeks. He went home, with a misgiving in his heart, and that night he pretended to go to sleep. But no sleep
visited his eyes, and he perceived that Elise got up. Every night she did the same, and each time he followed her softly, and saw her disappear into the little room.

His brow grew darker day by day. Elise saw the change that had come over him, yet could not imagine the reason, though it made her uneasy—and, besides this, how she suffered at heart on her brothers' account! Her warm tears bedewed the regal velvet and purple, and they there lay like glittering diamonds, and all who saw their splendour wished to be a queen. Meantime, she had nearly finished her work. Only one coat of mail was wanting; but she was short of flax, and had not a single nettle left. Once more—and this once only—would she have to go to the churchyard, and gather a few handfuls of nettles.

Elise went, but the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her disappear behind the grated door of the churchyard, and when they had nearly come up with her, they saw her gathering the rank, poisonous nettles from the sides of the graves. The king was terribly shocked at this sight, for he knew not why she wanted them.

"The people must judge her," said he. And the people pronounced that she was to be burned as a witch.

She was now taken from the splendours of the royal palace to a dark, damp dungeon, where the wind whistled through a grating; and instead of silk and velvet they gave her the bunch of nettles which she had gathered—this was to serve as her pillow, while the hard, burning coats of mail that she had plaited were to be her coverlet. But nothing could have been more welcome to her—she resumed her work, and prayed to Heaven.

Towards evening the rustling of the swan's wings sounded near the grating. This was her youngest brother, who had
discovered his sister's dungeon; and she sobbed for joy on seeing him, although she knew that the following night would, in all probability, be her last. But now her work was almost completed, and her brothers were there.

The little mice ran about on the floor; they dragged the nettles to her feet, in order to help as well as they could; while a thrush sat near the grating of the window, and sang most sweetly all night long, to keep up her spirits.

At early dawn, about an hour before sunrise, the eleven brothers presented themselves at the palace gate, and requested to be shown in to the king. But they were told it was impossible. It was still night, and the king was asleep, and could not be woke. They implored, they threatened, the guard appeared, and at last the king himself came out to inquire what was the matter—but just then the sun rose, and no more princes were to be seen, and nothing but eleven swans flew over the palace.

The whole population flowed out through the gates of the town, to see the witch burnt. An old, sorry-looking hack drew the cart on which she sat; she was dressed in a sackcloth kirtle, and her beautiful hair was hanging loose on her shoulders; her cheeks were as pale as death, and her lips moved slightly, while her fingers continued braiding the green flax. Even on her way to death, she would not interrupt the work she had undertaken; the ten coats of mail lay at her feet, and she was finishing the eleventh. The people scoffed at her.

"Look how the witch is muttering! She has no psalm-book in her hand—no! she is busy with her hateful juggling—let's tear her work to pieces."

And they all rushed forward, and were going to tear the coats of mail; when eleven wild swans darted down, and placing themselves round her in the cart, flapped their large wings. The crowd now gave way in alarm.
“’Tis a sign from Heaven! She is surely innocent!’ whispered the multitude; but they did not dare to say so aloud.

The executioner now took hold of her, but she hastily threw the eleven coats of mail over the swans, when eleven handsome princes instantly stood before her. Only the youngest had a swan’s wing instead of an arm, because a sleeve was wanting to complete his coat of mail, for she had not been able to finish it.

“Now, I may speak!” said she; “I am innocent!”

And the mob, on seeing what had taken place, now bowed before her, as if she had been a saint; but she sank fainting into her brothers’ arms, exhausted by the intense anxiety and grief she had suffered.

“Yes, she is innocent!” said the eldest brother, and he now related all that had happened. And as he spoke, the air was filled with the perfume as of millions of roses—for every stick of firewood in the funeral pile had taken root and put forth twigs, and there stood a fragrant hedge, both tall and thick, full of red roses; and quite above bloomed a flower as white and brilliant as a star. The king plucked it, and placed it in Elise’s bosom, and then she awoke, with a peaceful and happy heart.

And all the bells fell a-ringing of themselves, and birds flocked thither in long processions. And such a wedding-party as returned to the palace, no king had ever before seen!

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master seven years, and so he said, “Master, my time is up, and I wish to go home to see my mother; so give me my wages.” His master answered, “You have served me truly and honourably, and such as the service
was, must be the reward," and gave him a piece of gold which was as big as his head. Hans drew his handkerchief out of his pocket, and wrapped the gold up in it, and then, slinging it across his shoulder, he made the best of his way home. As he thus went along, carefully setting one leg down before the other, a horseman came in sight, who trotted briskly and gaily along upon an active steed. "Ah!" said Hans, out loud, "riding is a fine thing; one sits, as it were, upon a chair; knocks against no stones, does not wear up one's shoes, and goes along one knows not how." The horseman overheard him, and stopped, and asked, "Why, then, Hans, do you run on foot still?"—"I must indeed," replied he; "here have I a lump to carry home; it is gold certainly, but I cannot hold my head up, and it hurts my shoulder."—"Do you know," said the rider, "we will exchange: I give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump."—"With all my heart," replied Hans; "but I tell you, you will be sadly burthened."

The man dismounted, took the gold, and helped Hans on, and, giving him hold of the bridle, he said, "If he should not go quite quickly enough, you must rattle your tongue, and cry, Gee up! gee up!"

Now Hans was very glad as he sat upon the horse, and rode on so freely and bravely; but presently he wished to go quicker, so he began to rattle his tongue, and cry Gee up. The horse began a smart trot, and before Hans knew what was the matter, he was thrown off, and fell into a ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse would have run away, if a peasant who was coming that way, driving a cow before him, had not stopped him. Hans picked himself up again, and felt whether his bones were all right; but he was quite in a passion, and said to the countryman, "Riding is bad sport, particularly if one happens with such a mare as this, which
kicks and throws one off fit to break one's neck. I won't get on her any more, any how. Commend to me your cow; for one can walk behind her with ease, and have besides, every day, milk, butter, and cheese. What would I not give to have a cow!"—"Why," said the countryman, "since you have met with such a mishap, I will exchange my cow for your horse." Hans consented with a thousand thanks, and the countryman, mounting the horse, rode off at once.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him, and thought he had made a capital bargain. "Let me have but a piece of bread," thought he, "and that at present I have no fear of wanting, and then I can as often as I please eat butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, then I can milk my cow, and drink milk. Heart, what else can you desire?" When he came to an inn he made a halt, and ate with great satisfaction his morning and evening bread clean up, and spent his two last farthings for half a glass of beer. After that, he drove his cow further on towards the village where his mother dwelt. As noon approached, the heat became more and more oppressive, while Hans was passing over a heath which occupied more than an hour's time, and he became so hot, that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. "Now I can help myself," thought Hans, "by milking my cow, and drinking her milk." So he tied her to a withered tree, and, as he had no pail, he put his leather cap beneath; but, although he worked very hard, not a drop of milk made its appearance; but he had placed himself very awkwardly, and the impatient beast at last gave him such a kick with her hind-foot on the head, that he tumbled on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was. Fortunately, just then a butcher came by, who was wheeling a little pig along on a barrow. "What is the matter, my man?" he exclaimed, helping poor Hans up, who told him
what had occurred. The butcher handed him his flask, and said, "Drink once, and then stop. The cow might well give no milk: she is an old animal, only valuable to drive or kill, at the most."

"Oh, oh," said Hans, scratching his head, "who would have thought it? It is all very well if one can slay such a beast at home for its flesh; but I do not much relish cow's flesh: it is not delicate enough for me. Yes, if I had but a young pig, that would taste better even for sausages."

"Now, my Hans," replied the butcher, "out of love for you, I will change, and let you have my pig for your cow."—"May Heaven reward you for your friendship!" said Hans, and gave him the cow, while the other took the pig out of the barrow, and gave Hans the rope with which it was tied.

Hans passed on, and thought how everything had turned up as he wished, and even when a misfortune had happened, he had reaped the benefit from it. Presently he met a lad carrying a fine white goose under his arm; so, after they had said "Good day" to one another, Hans began to talk of his good luck, and how profitably he had exchanged every time. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening feast. "Just hold it," he continued, catching it up by the wings; "see how heavy it is; it has been fattening for eight weeks past—whoever roasts it will get plenty of dripping."—"Yes," said Hans, weighing it in his hand; "it is certainly weighty, but my pig, too, is not at all light." Meanwhile, the boy kept peering about on all sides, and shaking his head thoughtfully, and at last he said, "Perhaps all is not right with your pig. In the village from whence I come, one has been stolen out of the sty belonging to the bailiff. I am afraid you hold that one in your hand. They have sent out people, and it would be a bad business if they meet you with
the pig; the best you can do is to put it in some dark corner.” Good Hans was struck dumb; but at last he said, “Oh, Heaven!—help me in my trouble. You know the neighbourhood better than I: do you take the pig, and let me have your goose.”—“I shall run some risk, too,” answered the lad; “but I will not be the cause of your falling into trouble;” and, so saying, he took hold of the rope and drove the pig into a by-path, while Hans took the goose under his arm, and went on towards home, lightened of his cares. “If I rightly consider,” said he to himself, “I have gained by the exchange. First there is the good roast, the dripping from which will make goose-broth for a quarter of a year; and then there are the beautiful white feathers, which I shall put in my pillow, and then sleep without rocking. Oh! how glad my mother will be!”

When he came to the last village, there stood a scissors-grinder with his barrow, whirling his wheel round, and singing:

“Razors and scissors so quickly I grind,
That my coat flies away with the puff of the wind.”

Hans stood still, looking at him, and at last he spoke, and asked, “Are you very prosperous, that you are so busy with your grinding?”—“Yes,” answered the scissors-grinder, “my business has a golden bottom. A right happy grinder is he who as often as he dips into his pocket finds money in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?”—“Oh, I did not buy it. I exchanged it for a pig.”—“And the pig?”—“That I bargained away for a cow.”—“And the cow?”—“That I changed a horse for.”—“And the horse?”—“For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.”—“And the gold?”—“Ah, that was my wages for seven years’ service.”—“You have known how to help yourself every time,” said the grinder, “but if you
could manage to hear the money rattling in your pocket, you would make your fortune."—"How shall I do that?" asked Hans. "You must be a grinder, like me; nothing is needed but a whetstone, and that almost any one has. Here is one, certainly a little worn, but then you shall give me only your goose for it. Will you do so?"—"Can you ask me?" replied Hans; "I shall be the most fortunate man upon earth; and if I have but some money rattling in my pocket, why need I care any longer?" And, so saying, he handed him the goose, and took the whetstone in exchange. "There," said the grinder, giving him a common hard flint which lay near; "there you have a capital stone, upon which you may sharpen even old nails. Take great care of it."

Hans took up the stone, and went on with a contented heart, his eyes glistening for joy. "I must have been born in luck," he exclaimed; "everything has fell out as I wished, like as if I were a Sunday child." Meantimes, as he had been walking all day, he began to feel tired, and hunger tormented him as he remembered how that he had eaten all his bread at once for joy, when exchanging the cow. He could not, at last, go any further for weariness, and as he sat down to rest, the stone which he carried hurt him. So then he began to consider how much better off he should be if he had nothing to carry, and presently, coming to a deep well, he thought he would refresh himself with a draught, but that the stone might not press on him when he sat down, he laid it carefully near him on the edge of the well. But as he stooped down to drink, he forgot the stone, and pushed it, so that it fell plump into the water. As soon as Hans saw it fall to the bottom, he sprang up for joy, and then, kneeling down, he thanked God for his goodness with tears in his eyes, that he had done him such a good act, and had freed him, without his asking, from such a burden as
the stone was. "So lucky as I am, is no one else under the sun!" he exclaimed; and, springing up, he went straight home to his mother.

THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.

One summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his board by the window, in very good spirits, sewing with all his might and main, and presently a country-woman came up the street crying, "Good preserve to sell! good preserve to sell!" This sounded alluringly in the tailor's ears, and stretching his soft head out of the window, he called out, "Holloa, here, my good woman; bring your goods to me." The woman came up the three steps with the heavy basket on her shoulders, and began to unpack the pots before the tailor. He looked at them all,
and held them up to the light, and put his nose to them; and at last he said, "The preserve appears to me to be good, so weigh me up four half-ounces, my good woman; but if there is a quarter of a pound I shall not care." The woman, who had hoped to have found a good customer, gave him what he asked and went away grumbling and dissatisfied. "Now God shall give me a blessing on the preserve," said the tailor, "so that it shall strengthen and refresh me," and fetching the bread out of his cupboard, he cut off a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste far from bitter," said he, "but I will first make the waistcoat ready before I begin to taste it;" so he laid the bread down near him, and went on sewing, making larger and larger stitches for joy. Meanwhile the smell of the preserve had ascended up to the ceiling, where the flies were gathered in great numbers, so that they were attracted and came down in troops. "Hollop, there! who invited you?" exclaimed the tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests. But the flies, not understanding German, would not be driven away, but came again in greater numbers. The tailor at last, boiling over with rage, seized a rag of cloth, and exclaiming, "Stop a bit, and I'll give it you," laid about him unmercifully. When he paused and counted, no less than seven lay dead, with their legs stretched out: "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, and he wondered so much at his bravery that he determined the whole town should know it. He cut himself out a belt, and sewed on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!" "Ah! not the town only, but the whole world shall know of it," thought the tailor, his heart wagging for joy like a lamb's tail.

The tailor bound the belt about his body and wished to go forth into the world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out he looked round the house to
see if there was anything he could take with him, but he found nothing except a new cheese, which he pocketed. Before the door he perceived a bird which was caught in the bushes, and he added it to the cheese in his pocket. Then he set off bravely on foot, and as he was light and active he did not feel weary. The road led him up a mountain, and when he arrived at the highest point, he saw there a giant looking about him very comfortably. The tailor went up to him courageously, and addressing him, said, "Good day, comrade; truly, you are sitting there as if you beheld the whole distant world. I am on the way thither, too, to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?" The giant, after regarding the tailor contemptuously, replied, "You ragamuffin, you miserable little fellow."

"That may be," answered the tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am;" and, unbuttoning his coat, he showed the giant his belt. The giant read "Seven at one blow," and thinking they were men whom the tailor had killed, he acquired a little respect for him, but wished to prove him first, and taking up a stone with his hand, he pressed it hard between them until water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said the giant, "if you have any strength."—"Is it nothing but that?" said the tailor; "that is play to me," and diving into his pocket he brought out the white cheese, and pressed it so that the cream ran out, saying, "Surely that is a little better." The giant did not know what to say; could not believe it of the little man. However, he took up a stone, and threw it up so high that one could not see it with the naked eye, and said, "Now you manikin, do that after me."—"Well thrown," said the tailor, "but the stone must fall down again to the earth. I will throw one up which shall not come back again," and dipping it into his pocket he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, happy in his freedom, mounted up and
flew away and did not return. "How does that sort please you, comrade?" asked the tailor.—"You can certainly throw well," answered the giant, "but now let us see if you can carry anything out of the common." He led the tailor to a huge oak tree, which lay felled upon the ground, and said, "If you are strong enough, help me to bear this tree out of the forest."—"Willingly," answered the little man; "take you the stem on your shoulder, I will raise and carry the boughs and branches, which are the heavier." The giant took the trunk upon his shoulder, but the tailor sat himself on a bough, and the giant, who could not turn to look round, was obliged to carry the whole tree and the tailor beside. He was very merry and full of chuckling at his trick, and whistled the tune of "There rode three tailors out of the gate," as if carrying trees was child's play. The giant, after he had borne the heavy burthen a little way, could go no further, and exclaimed, "Do you hear? I must let the tree down." The tailor sprang nimbly down, and seized the branches with both arms as if he had been carrying it, saying to the other, "Are you such a big fellow, and yet can't carry this tree?"

They went on further together, until they came to a cherry-tree, and the giant, seizing the top of it, where the ripest fruit hung, bent it down, and giving it to the tailor to hold, bid him eat them. But the tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, and so, when the giant let go, the tree sprang back again, and the little tailor was carried with it into the air. As soon as he fell down without injury, the giant asked, "What is this? have you not strength enough to hold that weak twig?" —"I do not want for strength," answered the tailor; "do you think that was anything for a man who killed seven at one blow? I sprang over the tree because the sportsmen are shooting in the wood yonder. Spring after me if you can." The
giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, getting entangled in the boughs; so the tailor was again victorious, and had the best hand in this matter.

Then the giant said, "If you are such a brave chap, come along with me to my dwelling, and stop a night with us." The tailor was ready, and went with him; and when they came to the house, there sat other giants by the fire, each with a roasted sheep in his hand, eating away. The tailor placed himself by the fire, thinking, "This is certainly more extensive than my workshop;" and presently the giant showed him where he was to lie down and sleep. The bed, however, was much too large for him, so he did not lie down in it, but crept into a corner. When it was midnight, and the giant thought the tailor was in a deep sleep, he got up, and taking a great iron bar, he knocked the bed through at one stroke, and thought he had given the finishing blow to the grasshopper. At the earliest dawn the giants went off into the forest, quite forgetting the tailor, when all at once he came up quite merry, with great strides, which so frightened them that, fearing he would beat them all to death, they ran away in haste.

The tailor journeyed on further, always following his nose; and after he had travelled a great distance he came to the courtyard of a royal palace, and feeling very tired, he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. While he lay there, people came by who looked at him on every side, and read on his girdle, "Seven at one blow." "Ah," said they, "what wants this great hero here in the midst of peace? This must be a mighty lord." They went and mentioned it to the king, thinking if war should break out, here was an important and most useful man whom one should not part with at any price. So the king summoned a council, and sent one of his courtiers to the tailor to desire of him, if he should be awake, his services
in war. The messenger remained standing by the sleeper, waiting until he should stretch his limbs and open his eyes, and then he laid before him the proffer. "Solely on that account have I come hither," was the reply. "I am ready to enter into the king's service." Then was he received with great honour, and an admirable dwelling was appointed for him.

The king's officers, however, were jealous of the tailor, and wished he had been a thousand miles away. "What will come out of it?" said they to one another; "if we go to battle with him, and he strikes a blow, every time seven will die, so that not one will fall to our share." So they came to a resolution, and presenting themselves all together before the king, they requested their dismissal. "We are not prepared," said they, "to keep with a man who kills seven with one blow." The king was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that his eyes had never seen him; but he dared not give him his dismissal, because he feared that the tailor might kill him, together with his subjects, and set himself upon the throne. For a long time he thought one thing and another, until he resolved, and sending for the tailor, he told him that, seeing he was so great a warrior, he wished to make a proposal to him. In a forest in his kingdom two giants were at large who committed great mischief by robbing and killing, firing and burning, but no one could approach them without endangering his life. If he should overcome and kill them, he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half of his kingdom for a dowry; and a hundred horsemen should go with him and give him their assistance. "That were something for such a man as you," thought the tailor to himself; "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." So he replied, "Oh, yes! I will soon subdue these giants, and these
hundred horsemen are not necessary, for he who can stretch seven at one blow is not brought in fear by two!

The tailor set out, and the hundred knights followed, but when they came to the edge of the forest, he said to his companions, "Stop here a bit. I would rather meet these giants alone," and so saying he sprang off into the forest, peering about him on all sides. In a little while he perceived both the giants, who were lying under a tree asleep, and snoring so loudly that the boughs above bent to and fro. The tailor was not idle, but filled both his pockets full of stones, and climbed up the tree. As soon as he got to about the middle, he slid along a bough until he was right above the sleepers' heads. Then he let one stone after the other fall upon the breast of one giant. For a long time the giant did not stir, until at last he awoke, pushed his companion, and said, "What are you hitting me for?"—"You are dreaming," replied the other; "I never struck you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and the tailor then threw a stone down upon the other giant. "What's that?" he exclaimed; "why did you hit me?"—"I did not strike you; you must dream," answered the first. For awhile they looked about them, until, because they were tired, their weary eyes closed again. The tailor began his game anew, and picking out the biggest stone threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first giant. "That is too bad," he exclaimed, and springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who reckoned with like coin, and they set to in such good earnest, that they uprooted trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead on the ground. The tailor soon came down, saying: "What a bit of luck it is that they did not root up the tree on which I sat, else like a squirrel I must have jumped to another: but I am not one of the flying ones." He then drew his sword and gave to each a tre-
mendous cut across the breast, and after that went to the knights
and said, “The work is accomplished; I have given the finish-
ing stroke to both; but it was a hard job, for, in their necessity,
they uprooted trees to defend themselves; still nothing avails
when such an one as I come, who can kill seven at every blow.”
—“Are you then not wounded?” asked the knights.—“There
is no fear of that,” he replied. “Not a hair of my head have
they touched.” The knights, however, would not believe him
at all, and rode off into the forest, where they found the giants
floating in their blood, with the uprooted trees around them.

The little tailor, desired of the king his promised reward, but
he rued his promise, and thought anew how he could rid him-
self of our hero. “Before you can obtain my daughter and
the half of my empire,” said he, “you must execute one more
heroic deed. In the forest there runs an unicorn who does great
harm. You must first catch him.”—“I care still less for an
unicorn than two giants,” he replied. “‘Seven at one blow!’
that is my motto.” He took a rope and an axe, and went away
to the forest, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him
to wait without. He had not to seek long, for presently the
unicorn came up and made a spring at the tailor, as if he would
pierce him. “Gently, gently,” said he, “that is not done so
easily;” and waiting till the animal was close to him, he slipped
actively behind a tree. The unicorn ran with all his force
against the tree, and drove his horn so hard into the trunk,
that he had not strength to pull it out again, and so he was
captured. “Now I have caught the bird,” said the tailor; and
coming from behind the tree, he first put the rope round the
neck of the animal, and then cutting the horn out of the tree
with his axe, he led him away and brought him to the king.

But the king would not yet grant him the reward, but made a
third demand—that before the wedding the tailor should catch a
THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.

wild boar which did terrible mischief in the forest, and the hun-
ters should accompany to assist him. "Willingly," he replied;
"it is mere child's play." He did not take the hunters in the
forest, and they were quite ready to remain, for the wild boar
had already several times so received them, that they had no
desire to face him again. As soon as the animal saw the tailor,
he ran with gaping mouth and sharpened teeth at him, and
would have borne him to the ground; but the flying hero
sprang into a chapel which stood near, and jumped out of the
window on the other side with one leap. The boar ran after
him inside, but he skipped round and shut the door to, and so
the raging beast was caught, being much too heavy and un-
wieldy to follow him out of the window. Then the tailor
summoned the huntsmen up, that they might see the prisoner
with their own eyes; and afterwards the hero presented him-
self before the king, who now, willing or not, was obliged to
perform his promise, and give up his daughter and the half of
his kingdom. Had he known that it was no warrior but a
tailor who stood before him, it would have gone to his heart
still more. So the wedding was celebrated with great splen-
dour and little joy, and out of a tailor was made a king.

Some time after the young queen heard her husband say in
his dreams, "Boy, make me a waistcoat and patch these trou-
sers, or I will lay a yard measure about your ears!" Then
she remarked in what street the young lord had been born,
and told her complaint the next morning to the king, begging
he would save her from her husband, who was nothing else but
a tailor. The king comforted her, saying, "Leave the sleep-
ing chamber open to-morrow night, and my servants shall
enter, bind him, and bear him off to a ship, which shall carry
him away into the wide world." The bride was satisfied with
this, but the king's squire, who had heard all, broke the whole
plot to him. "I will shut a bolt on the affair," said the tailor, 
and in the evening he laid himself in his usual place in his bed; 
and when his wife thought he was asleep, she got up, and 
opening the door, laid herself down again. The tailor, feigning 
to be asleep, began to call out, in a loud voice, "Boy, make 
me a waistcoat and patch these trousers, or I will lay a yard 
measure about your ears! Seven have I slain at one blow, 
two giants have I killed, an unicorn have I led away, and wild 
boars have I caught; and shall I fear those who stand outside 
the chamber!" As soon as they heard the tailor deliver this 
speech, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if 
"the wild huntsmen" were behind them; nor dare any one 
again oppose him. So the tailor became king, and so he 
remained, all the rest of his lifetime.

THE CHARMED FAWN.

A little boy took his sister by the hand, saying, "Since 
our mother's death, we have not had one happy hour. Our 
stepmother beats us every day, and if we come near her, she 
pushes us away with her foot. Our food is only the hard 
crusts which are left, and even the dog under the table fares 
better, to whom you often throw a good morsel—and God pity 
us if our mother knew that! Come, we will wander forth 
into the wide world."

They walked all day long over meadows, fields, and stones; 
and when it rained, the little sister said, "It is Heaven which 
weeps in unison with our hearts!" At evening time they 
came to a large forest, and were so weary with grief, hunger, 
and their long journey, that they sat down in a hollow tree, 
and went to sleep.
When they awoke the next morning, the sun had already mounted high in the heavens, and shone brightly into the tree, and the little brother said to his sister, "I am so thirsty; if I knew where there was a brook, I would go and drink. I think I hear one running." And, standing up, he took his sister by the hand, and went in search of it. But their bad stepmother was a witch, who had remarked whither the two children had wandered, and had slunk after them secretly, as witches do, and bewitched all the springs in the forest. Presently they found a spring which glanced clearly over the stones, and the brother wished to drink of it; but the sister heard it say, as it ran along, "Whoever drinks of me will become a tiger—whoever drinks of me will become a tiger!" So the sister exclaimed, "Dear brother, drink not here, I pray, or you will become a wild beast and devour me." The brother did not drink, although his thirst was very great, but said, "I will
wait till the next spring." When they came to the second, the
sister heard it saying, "Who drinks of me will become a wolf
—who drinks of me will become a wolf!" So she called to
her brother, "Do not drink here, or you will become a wolf,
and tear me in pieces." The brother did not drink, saying,
"I will wait till we come to the next; but of that I must
drink, say what you will, for my thirst is too great." As they
came to the third brook, the sister heard again the brook say,
"Who drinks of me will become a fawn—who drinks of me
will become a fawn!" And she said to her brother, "Do not
drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me."
But he had already knelt, and stooping over, drank of the
water, and as the first drops passed his lips he was changed
into a little fawn.

Now the little sister began to weep over her poor charmed
brother, and the little fawn wept too, and sat sadly by her,
until at last the maiden said, "Be quiet, dear fawn—I will
never forsake you." Then she unbound her golden garter,
and put it round the neck of the fawn, and gathering some
rushes, she wove a white cord out of them, and with it leading
the animal, she walked deeper and deeper into the wood.
After they had gone some distance, they came to a little hut;
and when the maiden looked in and saw it was empty, she
thought, "We may stop and live here." Then she gathered
moss and leaves for a soft bed for the fawn, and every morning
went out and collected roots, berries, and nuts, and brought
tender grass, which it ate out of her hand, and played con-
tentedly around her. In the evening, when the little sister
had said her prayers, and felt tired, she laid her head upon the
back of the fawn, which served for a pillow, on which she
slept soundly. And if the little brother had only had his
natural form, they would have spent a very happy life.
Thus a long time passed while they continued in this wilderness; but it happened at one time that the king held a great hunt in the forest. Then there resounded through the trees the blowing of the horns, the barking of the dogs, and the merry cries of the huntsmen; and the little fawn heard it, and wished to join them. "Ah," said he to his sister, "do let me go to the hunt: I cannot keep away any longer." And he begged so hard, that at last she consented. "But," said she to him, "come again to me by evening; against the wild hunters I will shut the door; and that I may know you, knock at the door, and say, 'Sister mine, let me in'; and if you do not speak, I shall not open the door." So the little fawn ran off merrily and joyfully. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful beast, and pursued him; but they could not catch him; and even when they thought they certainly had him, he sprang over the brushwood and disappeared. As soon as it grew dark, he ran home, and knocked, and said, "Sister mine, let me in." Then the little door was undone to him, and he sprang in, and rested all night long upon his soft bed. The next morning the hunt was recommenced, and when the fawn heard the horn again, and the tally-ho of the huntsmen, he could not rest, and said, "Sister, do open the door, and let me be off." And the sister, opening the door, said, "Mind you return again at evening, and say as before." When the king and his huntsmen saw again the little fawn with the golden band round his neck, they pursued him again; but he was too quick and nimble for them. This lasted the whole day; but at last, about evening, they surrounded the fawn, and one of them wounded him on the foot, so that he limped, and ran off slowly. Then one of the hunters crept after him to the hut, and heard him say, "Sister mine, let me in." And the door was then opened, and immediately closed be-
hind him. The hunter, carefully remarking all this, went to the king, and related all he had seen and heard. And the king said, "On the morrow we will once more hunt him."

The little sister was terribly frightened when she saw that the fawn was wounded, and wiping off the blood, she put on some herbs, and said, "Lie down on your bed, dear little fawn, that you may get strong again." The wound, however, was so small, that he felt nothing of it the next morning; and when he heard the hunting noises again, he said, "I cannot stop away—I must be there; nobody shall catch me this time so soon." The sister began to cry, and said, "If they should kill you, I am all alone here in the wood, and forsaken by all the world: I cannot let you go."—"Then I shall die here of vexation," replied the fawn; "for if I hear the horn, I think I shall jump out of my shoes." So the sister could not say otherwise any longer, and undid the door with a heavy heart, and the little fawn sprang out gladly and merrily into the wood. As soon as the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now hunt him from morning to night; but mind that no one injures him at all." When the sun was gone down, the king said to his huntsman, "Now come and show me the little hut." And when he got to the little door he knocked, and called out, "Sister mine, let me in." Then the door was opened, and he stepped in, and there stood a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen. The maiden was frightened when she saw that it was not her fawn, but a man, who had entered, with a golden crown upon his head. The king, however, looked at her very kindly, and taking her hand, said, "Will you go with me to my castle, and be my dear wife?"—"Yes, readily," replied the maiden; "but my little fawn must go too, for I cannot forsake him." The king said to her, "He shall stop with you as long as you live, and never want
THE CHARMED FAWN.

anything.” Just then he sprang in, and the sister, binding him again with the reed rope, took it in her hand, and led him out of the hut.

The king placed the beautiful maiden upon his horse, and took her to his castle, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, and she became a queen, and they lived a long time happily together, while the fawn was well fed and cared for, and sported about in the castle garden. But the wicked stepmother, on whose account the children had wandered away into the world, thought not otherwise than the sister had been torn in pieces by the wild beasts, and the little fawn shot dead by the hunters. When she heard that they were so happy and prosperous, envy and jealousy arose in her heart, and left her no peace; so that she thought of nothing else than how to bring misfortune upon them both. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as the night, and had only one eye, forwarded her plans, and said, “To be a queen, luck has not favoured me.”—

“Be quiet,” said the old woman, “and make yourself happy: when the time comes, I shall be ready.” When the time came, and the queen brought a beautiful little boy into the world, the king was that day gone out hunting, and the old witch taking the form of the waiting-woman, got into the room where the queen lay, and said to her, “The bath is ready, which will refresh you, and give you fresh strength. Be quick, or it will get cold.” Her daughter was near at hand, and they bore the weak queen into the room and laid her in the bath; and then, shutting the door, they slipped off. But they had made such a hot fire in the bath-room that the beautiful young queen must soon be suffocated.

When that was done, the old woman took her daughter, and putting on her a cap, laid her in the bed, in the place of the queen. She gave her also the form and appearance of the
queen, but the lost eye she could not replace; and that the king might not remark it, she bade her lie on that side which had no eye. In the evening, when the king came home and heard that a little son was born to him, he was very glad, and prepared to go to his wife's bedside and see how she was. Then the old woman exclaimed, "On no account draw the curtain—the queen must not see the light, and must be kept quiet." So the king went away, not knowing that a false queen lay in the bed.

But when it was midnight, the nurse, who sat in the nursery near the cradle, watching alone, saw the door open, and the real queen come in, and taking the child out of the cradle into her arms, give it suck. Then she shook up his pillow, laid him down again, and covered him with the bed-things. She did not forget the little fawn either, but going to the corner where he lay, she stroked his back. Then she went silently out again at the door, and the nurse asked the guards the next morning if any one had passed into the castle during the night; but they answered "No, we have seen no one." For many nights running she came, and did not speak a word; and the nurse saw her every time, but dare not trust herself to speak of it.

After a little time had thus passed, one night the queen began to speak, and sang,

"How is my baby, and how is my fawn?
Twice more may I come, and then vanish at dawn."

The nurse did not answer her, and as soon as she had disappeared, went to the king and told him all. The king said, "Oh, heaven, what is this! I will watch the next night by the child." In the evening he went into the nursery, and about midnight the queen appeared again, and said,

"How is my baby, and how is my fawn?
Once more may I come, and then vanish at dawn."
And she nursed the child as usual before she disappeared. The king did not trust himself to speak, but watched again the next night, and she came and said,

"How is my baby, and how is my fawn?
Once more I have come, but I vanish at dawn."

Then the king could not restrain himself, but sprang up to her, and said, "You can be none else than my dear wife?"
Then she answered, "Yes, I am thy dear wife." And at that moment, by God's grace, she received her life again, and was quite well and cheerful. Then she told the king the trick which the wicked witch and her daughter had played her, and he had them both tried, and sentence was pronounced on them. The daughter was led into the wood, where the wild beasts tore her in pieces; and the witch was put into the fire, where she was burned in terrible anguish. And as soon as she was burnt to ashes, the fawn was unbewitched, and received again a man's form, and the brother and sister lived happily to the end of their days.
THE CHILDREN'S WELL.

Near the house in which Harry and Maia lived there was a beautiful little spot where they often went to play. The boughs of sweet-smelling trees stretched above a little opening in the wood, and after a few steps along the pathway there stood an ancient moss-covered building that was always known as the Children's Well. Harry and Maia often wished to know what was inside this curious old place, and often peeped into the two round holes that seemed to be its windows; but it was all black darkness within, and they could only hear the trickling of water as it fell from the rock above. People about there used to say that there were children who lived at the
THE CHILDREN’S WELL. 575

bottom of the Well, but no one had ever seen them; yet if any one called out “Harry” against one of the windows, an answer would be immediately returned, “Har-ry”—or if a girl cried “Louisa,” the name “Lou-i-sa” was directly heard.

“Who can live in this queer old place?” said Maia one day as she stretched her head through one of the holes. “Are any children there?” cried she—“Any children there” was the reply, and then she amused herself with asking more questions, and always the last words were returned.

In the meantime Harry had run further into the wood to gather blackberries, and after he had eaten as many as he wished he laid himself down under an oak-tree and fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was in the twilight of evening; he had been dreaming that he had lost his sister Maia, and now he called to her in every direction; but Maia could not hear him, for curious to know who gave her the answers in the well, the poor child had reached too far and fallen headlong in. For a few minutes she was insensible, but by degrees she came to herself, and found that she was lying in a splendid hall, covered with carpets of every beautiful colour. There were no windows, yet it was as light as the sunniest day on earth—thousands of sparkling stones glittered in the high-arched roof and shed forth their brilliancy. Pleasant flowers grew upon the walls, and climbing plants hung in festoons from every projection of the ceiling. When she had quite recovered her consciousness, Maia found that a lady and two young children stood before her.

“Thou hast been too curious, my child,” said the lady, in a gentle voice. “Too much curiosity generally brings its punishment. See, thine arm is hurt, come with me; I will bandage it and give thee a new dress.” And the lady led little Maia into a charming room, and bound red ribbon round her arm and
gave her beautiful clothes. Then Maia trembled with fear; for she could not tell where she was; but the lady said, "Take courage, dear child—come with me, and I will show thee thy companions; and she opened a door which led into another hall larger than the first; it was lighted by one bright diamond which shone from the roof like a dazzling star. Many children were playing in this hall. Boys were riding on pretty wooden horses which ran along of their own accord. Girls had great dolls which could walk like real people, and these dolls had their tiny houses, with tables and chairs, and sofas, and curtains to the windows. Birds of Paradise with beautiful tails flew from bough to bough of the tall palm-trees. Splendidly coloured butterflies flitted from flower to flower. Gentle gazelles trotted up and down the hall, and put their heads through the windows of the baby houses, or licked the hands of the children. The little girls whom Maia had first seen invited her to play with them; she joined them timidly at first, but soon she was happy as any of them there.

At length Maia remembered that her dear brother Harry would be seeking for her in vain, and that her beloved parents would be anxious to know what had become of her, and these thoughts made her look very sad.—"Why do you grieve, my child?" asked the kind lady.—"I wish to go home," replied Maia.—"Choose a plaything then as a remembrance of your visit here, and I will show you the way," said the lady.—Maia looked all round, and at last took up a little crystal that was lying on the floor. "This will not do," said the lady, "I must give you something better;" and she placed in Maia's hands a most beautiful little basket cut out of bright green stone in the form of acanthus leaves. Maia thanked her, and after saying good-bye to all the little children, she followed the kind lady, who opened a door in the wall through which
she could see a long, long, passage. "Follow that star, my child," said the lady, "it will guide you to your home; I can accompany you no further." Maia gave the lady a parting kiss, and ran along the passage as fast as she could: at the end she found she was in the midst of a wood, and the only thing she knew was the evening star shining calmly down upon her. Presently she heard a rustling among the bushes, and out jumped her brother Harry. "Are you my dear sister Maia?" cried he.—"Oh yes, Harry, and I am so glad you have found me," replied the little girl.—"Where, where did you get that beautiful dress shining with stars?" asked Harry; "and what have you in your hand?"—"Let us go home," answered Maia, "and I will tell you all my story;" and soon they reached their cottage. There, to the amazement of her dear father and mother, and Harry, Maia told them of her fall into the well, of the kind good lady, of the beautiful house, and of the many children. Her parents could scarcely believe what they heard; but when they saw the beautiful gauze dress, and the basket of green stone, then they knew it must have been as she said. Her mother put the dress and the basket carefully away, and only on certain occasions were they ever brought out; but Maia remembered the kind lady and the merry children for ever afterwards, and never again was too curious.
There once lived a little girl named Delphine, who was so good that every one liked her. And close by there lived another little girl named Hilda, who also was an exceedingly good child, and Hilda and Delphine loved one another very dearly.

Once, in the winter time, when the snow covered the earth, Hilda became so ill that her parents were very anxious indeed about her. She could not eat, and at one minute she was burn-
ing with heat, and the next shivering with cold, and though she was well attended, she did not get better.

And all day long, as she lay in her bed, she would cry, "Give me some strawberries—who will give me some strawberries?" And if her mother said, "Dear child, this is winter time: we cannot get you strawberries," Hilda would rise up in her bed, and say, "Far away yonder I can see a green bank, and on it there are plenty of strawberries. Who will go and fetch one of them for me?—I only want one." And some children who had come to see her said to one another, "What nonsense poor Hilda is talking! she must have been dreaming about those strawberries." But Delphine was grieved for her dear friend, and said, "Who will go with me to the mountains, to search for strawberries?" Then the children laughed at her, and went straight home. So Delphine set out alone, and took the path that led up the hill through the forest, and then she went down the hill on the other side, and came to a place where three paths met. She was undecided which to choose, and was considering whether to go to the right or to the left, when suddenly she saw a little man approaching her from among the trees. He had on a tall green hat, with a white feather in it. His coat was of swan's-down; he carried a bow made of ivory across his shoulder, and a little hunting-horn hung by his side. "What do you seek, my child?" said he, pleasantly. "I am looking for strawberries," replied Delphine; "I have a dear friend who is very ill, and she says that strawberries will make her well again; but it is winter time, and I do not know where to find any."—"Come with me," said the little man, "and I will show you where you can get them." And he walked softly on amid the trees, till they reached a part of the forest that seemed warmer and more summer-like, and soon they came to a grated door in
the side of a hill. The little man unlocked it, and said to Delphine, "Go in; straight before you, you will find what you seek."

Delphine turned to thank her good-natured friend, but he had disappeared. She walked onwards as he had told her, and in a few minutes she saw a green bank, on which the sun shone as if it were summer. It was quite warm; there was not a cloud in the bright blue sky, and the birds were singing merrily all around her. As she approached the bank, her heart leaped within her; for on it she discovered a bed of the finest strawberries she had ever seen. She ran to them, bounding with joy, and quickly filled the little basket she had brought with her. Then she thought that she would make all the haste back that she could, to please her dear Hilda.

But it happened somehow that she missed the path back, and could not find the gate out of the wood. While she was running first one way and then another, she heard the sound of a whistle, and turning to the direction from which it had proceeded, she came presently to an opening in the trees, whence a beautiful scene lay stretched before her. Just at her feet a calm clear lake glittered in the sunshine; stately swans were swimming to and fro; a hundred swallows darted across it, skimming the surface; the water-lily and the golden ranunculus shone brightly as they floated on its bosom; and the branches of the bright green trees that surrounded it were repeated in the watery mirror. In the midst was a small island, on which she could discern a beautiful palace, surrounded by flower-gardens, beyond which were groves of orange-trees and myrtles.

As Delphine approached nearer to the lake, she discovered a little old man, with a long white beard, sitting under a tree. He seemed to have nothing to do but to keep the swans in the
water; for whenever one of them attempted to get on land, he tapped it with a light rod, which had the singular power of growing longer or shorter, as it was required.

Delphine was rather afraid of him at first; but gaining courage, she said, "Good man, can you tell me the way out of this wood?" The little man did not reply, but whistling to the swans, one of them came to him. He put his arm round its neck, and seated himself upon its back; the swan then sailed quickly across the lake to the island. Delphine saw the little old man walk into the palace. Presently he came out again, and then she saw four black swans, ornamented with bright silver trappings, swim out of a creek, drawing a beautiful little boat of green and gold. The boat was formed like a pair of swan's wings, and the prow was of the shape of a swan's long neck. The old man sat in it; and when the boat reached the shore, he rose, and beckoned to Delphine to step in. Then the swans drew the boat back to the island, and the little man conducted her to the palace.

In a hall of blue and white marble sat the King of the Swans. He wore a robe of white silk bordered with swans' down, and a golden crown on his head, and he was surrounded by a crowd of attendants. "What seekest thou in my dominions?" said he to the maiden, as she approached his throne. "I have found what I sought, and only wish to get back to my home," replied Delphine. "Hast thou no present for us?" asked the king; "it is customary for all who enter these halls to offer gifts."—"Alas! I have nothing but these strawberries, which I have gathered for a dear friend who is very ill. She will not want them all—I will give you some of them." And she took a few of the finest from her basket, tied them with a little blue ribbon, and handed them to the king. "Thanks, little daughter," said his majesty; "now
thou may'st return to thine home: do as thou art bidden." The maiden curtsied, and the little old man led her into the garden, where he tied a fine kerchief over her eyes. Then she heard him whistle, and presently she felt that she was sitting beside him on something soft and warm. The air grew colder and colder. She fancied she was high up in the air. She could not see, but she knew she was going on and on. At last they stopped, and she felt her feet upon the earth. Then the old man said, "Farewell, little maiden! When thou hast counted twenty, thou mayest take the bandage from thine eyes. Preserve it in remembrance of the King of the Swans." Delphine did as she was told, and looking up she saw a large bird flying far far away, and she thought she could perceive that the little old man was riding on its back. Opposite was the house where Hilda lived; frost and snow covered the ground as when she set out, and Delphine looked into her basket to see if the strawberries were really there, or whether she had only been dreaming. But there were the strawberries, all fresh and beautiful. She hastened down the hill, and soon reached the cottage, where she could hear her poor friend still crying, "Who will bring me some strawberries?"—"I will, dear Hilda—I will," replied Delphine, as she ran to the bedside, and gave the poor child the finest bunch: "here are some fresh and beautiful." Hilda ate the strawberries, and immediately the colour came into her cheeks, and she felt strength restored to her limbs. "Thanks to God and my dear Delphine, now I am quite well again," she said, and she rose up in the bed.

What could they all say to the kind messenger? Hilda's parents wept for joy, and blessed her; and ever afterwards people told their children to be like the generous, and brave, and good Delphine.
Boys and girls often go over the mountain to seek for strawberries in the winter time; but no one has yet discovered the right place.
Perhaps they all want the strawberries for themselves.

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NEAR the Kyffhauser mountains there once lived a goatherd named Peter Klaus, who used to pasture his flock on those hills, close by.

Even in his early manhood Peter was of a vagrant disposition, loving idleness much better than work, and never happier than when roaming about with his dog, and half a dozen young urchins at his heels.
Peter got married, and knew little of happiness ever after. His wife put up with his wandering, dissolute habits for a time; but her temper was at last so soured, that she would scold for hours together, till neither poor Peter nor his dog dare show himself inside the door-step. On these occasions they would both lie outside, basking in the sunshine a whole morning long. But even here they were not always safe from the eternal lecturing; for if the good dame found them within reach of her tongue, so sure were they to receive a full measure of abuse.

At last, human nature could bear such a life no longer. Peter kissed his children, took his gun and his wallet, and with his faithful dog, set out for a ramble through the wide world, neither knowing nor caring where. But Peter remembered his flock on the Kyffhauser; and out of love for the poor dumb creatures, the goatherd once more bent his sad steps up the steep mountain. When at length he reached the spot, enclosed by the old walls of a ruined castle, where his flock was pastured, Peter noticed that one of his finest goats had disappeared. On searching closely, he found that Nanny must have made her way through a crack in the wall; and having managed to squeeze through the aperture after her, he followed her into a kind of vault, where she was greedily picking up the oats that kept dropping down from the roof. He now raised his eyes upwards, to try and discover what occasioned this plentiful rain of oats; but was none the wiser for a long while, till at last he heard the neighing and trampling of several spirited horses, when he came to the conclusion that the oats must fall from their crib.

As the goatherd stood marvelling how these horses came to be shut up in an uninhabited mountain, there came a strange-looking man in an old-fashioned dress, who gave him a stout
keg, which he made signs to him to carry, and then silently motioned him to follow him. Peter went up several steps, when he found himself in a court-yard walled in by high rocks, and overshadowed by thick trees, through which a faint twilight was barely struggling. Here he found twelve grave knights playing at nine-pins, on a smooth, cool bowling-green, without exchanging a word. Peter was silently enjoined to lift up the ball.

At first his knees knocked against each other with fright, as he obeyed the injunction, and cast a stolen glance at the strange faces and time-worn garments of the noble knights; but by degrees he grew bolder, and looked about him with a more confident air, and at length ventured to drink out of a can that was set down beside him, containing the most fragrant wine. He now felt quite revived; and as often as he grew tired again, he sought fresh strength from the never-failing contents of the can. At last, however, he was overpowered by sleep.

On waking, he found himself in the green enclosure where he used to fold his goats at nightfall. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goats could he perceive; and he was somewhat surprised at seeing the grass had shot up to an amazing height, as well as at the sight of several trees and bushes, which he had never remarked before. He shook his head as he wended his way through the paths and uplands which he was in the daily habit of crossing; yet nowhere could he discern any traces of his goats. Below him lay the village of Sittendorf, as usual, and he hastened down to make inquiries after his lost flock.

The people he met on his way to the village were all unknown to him, and were differently dressed, and spoke differently, from his acquaintance; and they all stared at him, too, when he inquired after his goats, and took hold of their chins. At last he involuntarily did the same, when he found,
to his astonishment, that his beard had grown at least a foot longer than it used to be. He began to think that both himself and the whole world around him must be bewitched; yet he knew that the mountain he just came from was the Kyffhäuser, and he likewise recognised the houses, with their gardens, and the village-green, and he heard several boys say, in answer to the question of a wayfarer, that the place was named Sittendorf.

His mind half misgave him as he entered the village and made his way to his cottage, which he found almost in ruins. An old and ill-conditioned dog lay in front of it, who growled and showed his teeth when Peter called to him. He went through the opening that was once closed by a door, and found all within so desolate and empty, that he staggered like a drunken man, as he went out by the back door, calling on his wife and children by their names; but no one heard him, still less did any familiar voice answer him.

Presently, a crowd of women and children gathered round the strange old man with a gray beard, and all inquired what he was seeking. It seemed so monstrous to ask after his own house, and what had become of his wife and children, that, in order to rid himself of their importunity, he inquired for Kurt Steffen, which was the first name that happened to occur to him. The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at length a woman, well stricken in years, said:

"It is now twelve years since he went to live in Sachsenburg, which you won't be able to reach to-day."

"And where's Velten Meier?" inquired Peter.

"May the Lord help him!" answered an old crone, who was leaning on her crutch, "he has been bedridden for the last fifteen years."

The bewildered Peter shuddered as he now recollected his
former neighbours thus suddenly transformed into so many old women, but he felt no inclination to ask any more questions. At this moment, a spruce young woman, carrying an infant on one arm, and leading a little girl four years of age with the other hand, made her way through the crowd of gaping idlers. They were all three as like his wife as two peas.

“What is your name?” cried he, in great astonishment.

“Marie,” replied the young woman.

“And what was your father’s name?”

“Bless you! his name was Peter Klaus. It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhauser, because his flock came home without him. I was then seven years old.”

The goatherd could restrain his feelings no longer.

“I am Peter Klaus,” cried he, “and none other!” And he took his daughter and her baby-boy in his arms.

All present stood as if petrified, till at length one voice and then another, called out, “Yes, that is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour—welcome home, after your twenty years’ absence.”

Peter Klaus now lived very happily in his native village. The only drawback to his complete satisfaction was, that he missed the good wine he used to drink while he was with the solemn nine-pin players. At times, too, he declared everything seemed so dreamy, that he was not sure whether he were awake or not; and the short and the long of it was, that Peter Klaus felt a great longing to make another expedition to the Kyffhauser. So, in spite of all his friends and neighbours could urge, he sallied forth on Easter Tuesday towards his old quarters, where he found a monk, with a long white beard, seated near one of the ruined walls, reading from a book, which he closed at Peter’s approach. “Come with me,” said he, “to
the Emperor Barbarossa, who has been waiting an hour for us.” Peter, expecting some such adventure as before, made no objection; and the monk led the way to a spot surrounded by walls, where he drew a large circle with his crooked stick, and wrote curious signs in the sand.

They now heard a noise like distant thunder, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the ground within the magic circle sank gently down with Peter and the monk, and after depositing them in the vault below, slowly rose to its former level.

The monk then led Peter through a number of passages, till they came to a kind of cloister, where a lamp was burning eternally, and here he lighted a couple of torches for himself and his companion. They then went onwards till they reached a large iron door, which the monk touched with his staff, saying, “Open!” And, behold! the bolts were withdrawn, and the locks opened of themselves, and discovered a round chapel. The floor was as smooth as ice, and the walls and ceiling, that were richly fretted with gold and diamonds, shone like flames by the light of the torches. In one corner stood an altar of massive gold, and in another a golden font on a silver pedestal.

The monk told his companion to follow him, and then bade him stand in the middle of the chapel, while he advanced towards a silver door, at which he knocked three times, when it flew open. Opposite the door sat the Emperor Barbarossa on a golden throne, just as he lived and breathed, with his crown on his head, which he kept nodding every now and then, while he knit his bushy eyebrows. His long red beard had grown through the stone table before him, and reached to his feet.

The monk now returned, and drew the astonished Peter away. The silver door closed of itself, and the iron door slammed after them with a terrific noise. On reaching the vault they had at
first entered, the ground within the magic circle was again lowered to receive them, and brought them back to the light of day, when the monk gave his companion two small ingots of an unknown metal that he had brought from the crypt, and which were ever after carefully preserved in Peter Klaus's family, so that his grandchildren and great-grandchildren could prove that the founder of their house had really seen the Emperor face to face.

This adventure served to shorten many an evening throughout the following winter, for Peter's neighbours and grandchildren were never tired of hearing him tell of the wonderful things he had seen in the chapel. But when spring came round again, Peter's love of the marvellous, which had now become a habit with him, would not allow him to rest with merely talking of past events; and he was frequently heard to observe, that the Emperor Barbarossa had not treated him half so well as the knights had done, and that he had a mind to try his luck another time. His daughter, who never liked to hear him talk of going to the Kyffhauser, used to shake her head on these occasions, and say, "Father, it is better to stay at home, and drink water in the company of the living, than to drink wine in the company of some people." Now this was very sensible, and showed that Marie knew why her father regretted the bowling-green and the silent knights; and as often as she spoke thus, Peter would laugh, and take one of his grandchildren on his knee, and pretend to think no more about seeking new adventures. It came to pass, however, that there was a christening in the family some time after, on the birth of his daughter's third child; Peter Klaus could keep quiet no longer, but took a pail, and resolved to fetch wine from the cellar of the old castle on the Kyffhauser.

Away he went; and when he had reached half-way up the mountain, he perceived an underground passage, nearly choked
up with rubbish, on removing which he found his way into a vault. Here he was met by a gray-headed butler, who motioned him to follow. "Now," thought Peter Klaus, "the Saints forbid that I should be here for another twenty years!" and a cold shudder ran over him, as he wished himself back in Sittendorf. He, however, dared not refuse to follow his silent conductor, who led him to a roomy cellar, where stood a row of casks on each side. The butler then tapped one of the casks, and taking hold of Peter's pail, he filled it to the brim, and said, "As often as there is a merry-making in your house, you may come and fetch wine. But you must never say where you get it, neither may you attempt to barter or sell that which is freely given. Woe to the man who should fetch wine for such a purpose."

Peter Klaus returned home much delighted; and the guests thought the wine delicious, and wondered where it came from, for none like it had ever been tasted in that part of the country.

But Peter took great care not to let out his secret, and continued to enjoy the use of the knights' cellar to the end of his days.
NURSERY RHYMES.

PAT-A-CAKE.

PAT-A-CAKE, Pat-a-cake, baker’s man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it into the oven for Billy and me.

LITTLE JACKY HORN.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
   Eating of Christmas pie,
He with his thumb, took out a plum,
   And said what a good boy am I.
JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah! whither, ah! whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

ROBIN AND RICHARD.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high.
You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack Nag.
MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone,
When she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer’s day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown’d.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

A SOLEMN DIRGE.

Ding dong bell,
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father’s barn.
KING ARTHUR.

When good king Arthur ruled this land, he was a goodly king:
He stole three pecks of barley-meal, to make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the king did make, and stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat, as big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof, and noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night, the queen next morning fried.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR.

When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

A LONG-TAILED PIG.

A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.
NURSERY RHymes.

THE GRUMBLING OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
And though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this grumbling old woman never was quiet.

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

Hark! Hark!

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags, some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Who comes here?

Who comes here?
A Grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot.
HIE, DIDDLE, DIDDLE,
Hie, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

HUSH-A-BYE.

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows high the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down comes the baby, cradle and all.

MARY HAD A PRETTY BIRD.

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung,
She sat to hear her canary.
SEE, SAW, MARGERY DAW.

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Jickey shall have a new master;
He shall have only a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

_____________________

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.

_____________________

SONG.

Sleep on, little baby, oh gently sleep on,
The tiny stars twinkle, the daylight is gone;
Softly the silver moon peeps from the sky,
Sleep, little babe, Lullaby!—Lullaby!
COCK ROBIN.

This is the Robin Redbreast,
So pretty and so good,
That covered once with leaves
The children in the wood.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
He nodded with his head,
And waggled with his tail.

He nodded with his head,
And waggled with his tail,
As little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This 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.

This is the Fly
That saw him die.

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

This is the Fish
That held the dish.
Who made his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread & needle.

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

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's grave.
Who will be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I will be the Parson.

Here's Parson Rook
Reading his book.

Who will be the Clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I will be the Clerk.

Behold how the Lark
Says Amen, like a clerk.
Who'll carry him to the grave?
   I, said the Kite,
   If 'tis not in the night,
   And I'll carry him to the grave.

---

Behold the Kite,
How he takes his flight.

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

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Here's the Linnet, with light,
Although it is not night.
COCK ROBIN.

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

Here's a pretty Dove,
That mourns for her love.

Who will bear the pall?
We said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we will bear the pall.

Here's the Wren so small,
That held Cock Robin's pall.
Who'll sing a psalm?
I, says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.

Here's a fine Thrush,
Singing psalms in a bush.

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

Then all the birds fell
To sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.
THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the House that Jack built.

This is the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.
This is the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.
This is the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.
This is the Priest all shaven and shorn, that married the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the Priest all shaven and shorn, that married the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled Horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, dear baby, sleep,
Thy little eyelids close.
May peace around
Thy bed be found,
And angels guard thy sweet repose.
John Bull from England's happy isle,
Too bold to dread mischance,
Resolved to leave his friends awhile,
And take a peep at France.

He nothing knew of French, indeed,
And deem'd it jabbering stuff;
For English,—he could write and read,
And thought it quite enough.

Shrewd John, to see, and not to prate,
To foreign parts would roam;
That he their wonders might relate
When snug again at home.

Arrived at Paris with his dog,
Which he for safety muzzled,
The French flock'd round him all agog,
And much poor John was puzzled.

He went into a tavern straight,
Where viands smoked around:
And, having gazed at every plate,
He sat in thought profound.

Stews, hashes, fish, and rare rôti,
Were seen in plenty great;
And callipash, and callipee,
Oh! what a glorious treat!

He ask'd who gave so fine a feast,
As fine as e'er he saw; [guest
The landlord, shrugging at his
Said: "Je vous n'entends pas."

"Oh, Monsieur Nongtongpaw," said he;
"Well, he's a wealthy man;
And seems disposed, from all I see,
To do what good he can.

"A table set in such a style,
Holds forth a welcome sign;"
And added, with an eager smile,
"With Nongtongpaw I'll dine."

Then to the Palais Royal, on,
He trudg'd with honest Tray;
"Whose house is this," said curious John,
"So spacious and so gay?"

A Frenchman, as he gaped around
With wonder and with awe,
Salutes him with the former sound,
"Eh ! je vous n'entends pas."

"Hah, hah!" says John, "is this his place?
Why, surely he's the king!
How high is he in Fortune's grace,
Who owns so vast a thing?"

He rambled next to Marli's height,
Versailles' grand scene to view;
He look'd about with great delight,
The objects all so new.

Strolling along another day,
To feast his eager eyes,
A lady passed him, young and gay,
He stood in fixed surprise.

He much admired the builder's plan,
And much admired the style;
And wondered much what happy man
Was lord of such a pile.

And seeing near, in ragged plight,
A boy who begged a sous;
He turn'd, and asked the little wight
If he the master knew.

The fellow, staring, scratch'd his head,
And idly stretch'd his jaw—
At length to John, in answer, said,
"Eh ! je vous n'entends pas."

"What this, too, his!" exclaimed John Bull,
"His riches have no end!
I wish my pockets were as full;
Would I had such a friend!"

Her tasty glove, of kid so white,
Clock'd stocking and laced shoe.
Her glossy ringlets falling light,
All shared John's eager view.
Struck by her charms, he ask'd her
Of the first man he saw, [name
From whom, with shrugs, no answer came
But "Je vous n'entends pas."
"The girl, too, Nongtongpaw's!" says he,
Then cast a tender glance—
"I'm right, this Nongtongpaw must be
The greatest man in France."
Soon after came a footman by,
In livery rich and gay,—
Such splendour caught John's curious eye,
Who to himself did say;
"What dashing fellow have we here,
With hat and coat so fine?
No doubt his master gives good cheer
With plenty of good wine."
Then looking down, he saw both hands
Were full of tempting game;
Pleased with the sight our traveller stands,
And asks from whom they came?

But "Je vous n'entends pas" again
Was all that he could draw,
Which raised new wonder in his brain
At this great Nongtongpaw.
A shepherd with his flock he spied,
The sheep were fat and large,
And well the shepherd seem'd to guide
And watch his fleecy charge.
John stood awhile to feast his eyes,
And ask'd now this, now that;
The shepherd stared in great surprise,
And humbly doff'd his hat.

Then John, with earnest looks, began
To ask whose flock he saw;
At length, he heard the poor old man
Cry "Je vous n'entends pas."
"Why, what the deuce!" our hero cries,
"Are these, too, Nongtongpaw's?
Why surely all that meets his eyes He gets within his claws."
An infant train then comes in view,  
And fills his heart with joy,  
He gazes with affection true,  
And pats the smiling boy.

He asks the nurse, but asks in vain,  
Whose pretty brood appears,  
For "Je vous n'entends pas" again  
Assails his wondering ears.

In Paris now he takes his way  
Through all the grandest streets,  
And seems amused with all they say,  
And smiles on all he meets.

A splendid carriage there he sees  
That four fine horses draw,  
"But say, whose coach, whose steeds are these?"

"Eh! Je vous n'entends pas."

"Well!" honest Bull, astonish'd, roars,  
"I'm surely in a trance;  
On Nongtongpaw what fortune pours!  
He must be King of France."

Next day, to view a vast balloon,  
The folks came far and near,  
To see it start John hurried soon,  
For every sight was dear.

O'er heads upraised in many a row,  
Well pleased, John look'd about,  
Till up it went, when all below,  
Sent after it a shout.

He ask'd a woman on the ground,  
Who paid for the balloon?  
But "Je vous n'entends pas," he found,  
Was still the only tune.

Says he, "I now don't wonder, Dame,  
To find 'tis his balloon,  
For sure this Nongtongpaw can claim  
All that's beneath the moon."

Then he beheld a train of cooks,  
Whose heads rich dishes bear;  
With a keen appetite he looks,  
And longs to have a share.

He sniffs, and sniffs, and sniffs again,  
His senses to regale;  
And licks his lips, and smacks again,  
So strong the fumes assail.

He ask'd an antiquated belle,  
Who viewed him with surprise,  
For whom were meant, if she could tell,  
Those meats, ragoûts, and pies?
But “Je vous n'entends pas,” he heard,
When he the host would know,
“Ay! Nongtongpaw,” says he, “’s the word
For all things good below.”

At last he saw a hearse pass by,
And to the sexton said,
His bosom heaving with a sigh,
“Pray who, my friend, is dead?”

The man the self-same answer made
As all had done before—
John heaved another sigh, and said,
“Is then thy grandeur o’er?

“I envied thee thy worldly state;
Alas! I little knew
The malice of approaching fate—
Poor Nongtongpaw, adieu!”

Then pondering o’er the untimely fall
Of one so rich and great,

Reflections deep his mind appal
On man’s uncertain state.

For though in manners he was rough,
John had a feeling heart;
So thought he now had seen enough,
And homeward should depart.

Besides, he panted to relate
All that he heard and saw,
The pride, the pomp, the wealth,
The fate
Of mighty Nongtongpaw.

Borne swiftly by a favouring gale,
He reached his native ground,
And to surprise them with the tale,
He calls his friends around.

They hear it all with silent awe,
Of admiration full,
And think that next to Nongtongpaw,
Is the great traveller Bull.
It was a summer evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large, and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh:
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the Great Victory.
"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many a thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the Great Victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes:
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for?"
"It was the English," Caspar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a Famous Victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head:
"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide:
And many a child's poor mother then,
And new-born infant died:
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every Famous Victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won:
For many a thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a Famous Victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a Famous Victory."
WE ARE SEVEN.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
    Who such a fight did win."—
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a Famous Victory!"

WE ARE SEVEN.

WORDSWORTH.

A simple child, dear brother Tim,
    That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb.
    What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
    She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
    That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
    And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
    —Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
    How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
    And, wondering, look'd at me.
"And where are they? I pray you tell,"
She answer'd, "Seven are we:
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—I sit and talk to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay;
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
All in the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I."
THE BLIND BOY.

"And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I, "If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply, "O, master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in heaven;"
'Twas throwing words away! for still The little maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are seven."

THE BLIND BOY.

CIBBER.

Oh! say what is that thing call'd light, Which I must ne'er enjoy? What are the blessings of the sight?, Oh! tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see, You say the sun shines bright: I feel him warm, but how can he Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make, Whene'er I sleep or play, And could I always keep awake, With me 'twere always day.
ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
I know that He who died to save
Can bless a poor blind boy.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort, give ear unto my song,
And, if you find it wondrous short, it cannot hold you long,
In Islington there was a man, of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran, whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, to comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad, when he put on his clothes.
But in that town a dog was found, as many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree.
ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

This dog and man at first were friends; but when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends, went mad and bit the man. [ran,
Around from all the neighbouring streets, the wondering neighbours
And swore the dog had lost his wits to bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad, to every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad, they swore the man would
die.
But soon a wonder came to light that show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite, the dog it was that died.
THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

COWPER.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said,
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.
'Twas long before the customers
   Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down
stairs,
   "The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he, yet bring it
   me.
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew.
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.
Then, over all, that he might be
Equipp’d from top to toe,
His long red cloak well brush’d
and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon another road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall’d him in his seat.

So! fair and softly! John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp’d the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.
Away went Gilpin, neck or nought!  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly  
Like streamer long and gay;  
Till loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had swung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream’d,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, Well done!  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around:  
He carries weight! he rides a race!  
’Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
’Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.
And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.
Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!
But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.
So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.
The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?
Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
   And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calendar
   In merry guise he spoke:
   I came because your horse would
And, if I well forebode, [come;
My hat and wig will soon be here,
   They are upon the road.
The calendar, right glad to find
   His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
   But to the house went in;
Thence straight he came with hat and wig,
   A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
   Each comely in its kind.
He held them up, and in his turn
   Thus show'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
   They therefore needs must fit.
But let me scrape the dirt away
   That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
   Be in a hungry case.
Said John—It is my wedding-day,
   And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
   And I should dine at Ware.
   So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine; [here,
'Twas for your pleasure you came
You shall go back for mine.
Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.
Whereat his horse did snort, as he
   Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might
   As he had done before.
Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
   For why?—they were too big.
Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
   Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
   She pull'd out half-a-crown;
And thus unto the youth she said,
   That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
   My husband safe and well.
The youth did ride, and soon did meet
   John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
   By catching at his rein;
But not performing what he meant,
   And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
   And made him faster run.
Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
   The lumbering of the wheels.
Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—
Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.
And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.
Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!
THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE
GAINED THEM.

SOUTHLEY.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are gray;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."
THE PAPER KITE.

NEWTON.

My waking dreams are best concealed:
Much folly, little good they yield;
But now and then I gain, when sleeping,
A friendly hint, that's worth the keeping:
Lately I dreamed of one who cried,
"Beware of self, beware of pride;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recal to mind this little fable:"—

Once on a time, a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:
"See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple:
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But ah, like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without my string,
It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
To break the string; at last, it broke:
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It fluttered downward through the air;
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plunged it in the tide:
Ah, foolish kite, thou hadst no wing;
How couldst thou fly without a string?
THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer across their greensward
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light;
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet panes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath the eaves.
TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

LANGHORNE.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly dames of high degree
Have no room for thee and me:
Pride and pleasure’s fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I’ll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—
See thee, when thou’st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know’st the broken pane;
Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not near Ávaro’s door:
Once within his iron hall
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

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