ROBERT FORD

TREDITION CLASSICS

Children's Rhymes, Children's Games, Children's Songs, Children's Stories A Book for Bairns and Big Folk

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JINGO-RING.
DRAWN BY KATE T. H

Children's Rhymes

Children's Games

Children's Songs

Children's Stories

A Book for Bairns and Big Folk

By ROBERT FORD

Author of "Thistledown," and Editor of "Ballads of Bairnhood," "Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland" Etc., etc.

"*Auld rhymes and auld chimes*
Gar us think on auld times"

—*Proverb*

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1904

SECOND EDITION

PREFACE.

In offering to the public this collection of Children's Rhymes, Children's Games, Children's Songs, and Children's Stories—the multitudinous items of which, or such, at least, as were not living in my own memory, have been gathered with patient industry, albeit with much genuine delight, from wide and varied sources—I anticipate for the work a hearty and general welcome, alike from old and young. It is the first really sincere effort to collect in anything like ample and exclusive fashion the *natural literature* of the children of Scotland, and meets what has long appealed to me as decidedly a felt want. The earlier

pages are occupied with a commentary, textually illustrated, on the generally puerile, but regularly fascinating Rhymes of the Nursery, the vitality and universal use of which have been at once the wonder and the puzzle of the ages. This is followed in turn by a chapter on Counting-out Rhymes, with numerous examples, home and foreign; which is succeeded, appropriately, by a section of the work embracing description of all the well-known out-door and in-door Rhyme-Games—in each case the Rhyme being given, the action being portrayed. The remaining contents the title may be left to suggest. I may only add that the Stories—including "Blue Beard," and "Jack the Giant Killer," and their fellow-narratives—ten in all—are printed *verbatim* from the old chapbooks once so common in the country, but now so rare as to be almost unobtainable.

Essentially a book about children and their picturesque and innocent, though often apparently meaningless, frolics, by the young in the land, I am assured, it will be received with open arms. From the "children of larger growth"—those who were once young and have delight in remembering the fact—the welcome, if less boisterous, should be not less sincere. Commend to me on all occasions the man or woman who, "with lyart haffets thin and bare," can sing with the poet—

"Och hey! gin I were young again,
Ochone! gin I were young again;
For chasin' bumbees owre the plain
Is just an auld sang sung again."

ROBERT FORD.

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Glasgow.

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RHYMES OF THE NURSERY.

Writing on the subject of nursery rhymes more than half a century ago, the late Dr. Robert Chambers expressed regret because, as he said, "Nothing had of late been revolutionised so much as the nursery." But harking back on the period of his own childhood, he was able to say, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the young mind was then "cradled amidst the simplicities of the uninstructed intellect; and *she* was held to be the best nurse who had the most copious supply of song, and tale, and drollery, at all times ready to soothe and amuse her young charges. There were, it is true, some disadvantages in the system; for sometimes superstitious terrors were implanted, and little pains were taken to distinguish between what tended to foster the evil and what tended to elicit the better feelings of infantile nature. Yet the ideas which presided over the scene," he continues, "and rung through it all the day in light gabble and jocund song, were simple, often beautiful ideas, generally well expressed, and unquestionably suitable to the capacities of children.... There was no philosophy about these gentle dames; but there was generally endless kindness, and a wonderful power of

keeping their little flock in good humour. It never occurred to them that children were anything but children—'Bairns are just bairns,' my old nurse would say—and they never once thought of beginning to make them men and women while still little more than able to speak." They did not; and, in the common homes of Scotland, they do not to this hour. The self-same rhymes and drollery which amused Dr. Chambers as a child are amusing and engaging the minds and exercising the faculties of children over all the land even now. I question if there is a child anywhere north of the Tweed who has not been entertained by

Brow, brow, brinkie,
Ee, ee, winkie,
Nose, nose, nebbie,
Cheek, cheek, cherrie,
Mou, mou, merry,
Chin, chin, chuckie,
Curry-wurry! Curry-wurry! etc.

Or the briefer formula, referring only to the brow, the eye, the nose, and the mouth, which runs:—

Chap at the door,
  Keek in,
Lift the sneck,
  Walk in.

And it was only the other evening that I saw a father with his infant son on his knee, having a little hand spread out, and entertaining its owner by travelling from thumb to little finger, and repeating the old catch:—

This is the man that broke the barn,
This is the man that stole the corn,
This is the man that ran awa',
This is the man that tell't a',
And puir Pirly Winkie paid for a', paid for a'.

As well as its fellow-rhyme:—

This little pig went to the market,
  This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig got roast beef,
  This little pig got none;
This little pig cried, Squeak! squeak!
  I can't find my way home.

Than the nonsense rhymes and capers that have delighted the nursery life of Scotland for many generations, none, of course, could be more delectable—none more suitable. While charming the sense, they have awakened imagination and developed poetic fancy in thousands who otherwise might have blundered into old age proving stolid and uninteresting men and women. They are, for this reason, part and parcel of every properly-balanced life, and the healthy and happy mind can never let them go.

Johnny Smith, my fallow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o' mine?
Yes, indeed, and that I can,
Just as weel as ony man.
Ca' a nail into the tae,
To gar the pownie climb the brae;
Ca' a nail into the heel,
To gar the pownie trot weel;
There's a nail, and there's a brod,
There's a pownie weel shod,
Weel shod, weel shod, weel shod pownie.

What pleasing recollections of his own early childhood many a father has had when, sitting with his child on his knee, he has demonstrated and chanted that rude rhyme by the fireside o' nights far, as often has been the case, from the scene where he learned it! To know such is to realise one, at least, of the various reasons why the old delight in the frolics of the young.

Hush-a-by baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle and baby and all.

This is a rhyme which "every child has joyed to hear." Its origin, as told in the records of the Boston (U.S.) Historical Society, is not more curious than beautiful and significant. "Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts (I am quoting), a party were out in the fields where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of the women, or squaws as they were called, had papooses—that is babies—and, having no cradle,

they had them tied up in Indian fashion and hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. Sure enough, when the wind blew these cradles would rock! A young man of the party observing this, pulled off a piece of bark and wrote off the above words, which is believed to be the first poetry written in America." Several have curious histories.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!

Master Horner, it appears, was not a myth, but a real personage. Tradition tells that when Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries, and drove the poor old monks from their nests, the title-deeds of the Abbey of Mells, including the sumptuous grange built by Abbot Bellwood, were demanded by the Commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined instead that he would send them to London; and, as the documents were very valuable, and the road was infested by thieves, to get them to the metropolis safely he ordered a pie to be made, as fine as ever smoked on a refectory table, inside of which the precious documents were placed, and this dainty he entrusted to a lad named Horner to carry up to London and deliver into the hands of the party for whom it was intended. But the journey was long, the day was cold, the boy was hungry, the pie was tempting, and the chances of detection, the youth presumed, were small. So he broke the crust of the pie, and behold the parchment! He pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering by what chance it

could have reached there, and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title-deeds of Mells Abbey estate were missing. Jack had them in his pocket, and—now learning their value—he kept them there. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the Commissioners, heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. But Jack kept his secret and the documents, and when peaceful times were restored he claimed the estates and received them. So goes the story; and it may be true. But, then, in the light of its truth, whether Master Horner deserved the title of "good boy" bestowed on him by the rhyme will be more than doubtful.

We all know the lines,

Mary had a little lamb,
  Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
  The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule,
And made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

These verses were founded, it appears, on an actual circumstance, and the heroine Mary may be still living. Less than eighty years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Massachusetts, U.S. One spring her father brought a feeble lamb into the house, and Mary adopted it as her especial pet. It became so fond of her that it would follow her everywhere. One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing well what to do with it there, the girl put it under her desk and

covered it over with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up with her class to the teacher's desk to say her lesson; but then the lamb went quietly after her, and the whole school burst out laughing. Soon after, John Rollstone, a fellow-student with Mary, wrote a little rhyme commemorating the incident, and the verses went rapidly from lip to lip, giving the greatest delight to all. The lamb grew up to be a sheep, and lived many years; and when it died Mary grieved so much that her mother took some of its wool, which was "white as snow," and knitted for her a pair of stockings to wear in remembrance of her pet. Some years after, Mrs. Sarah Hall composed additional verses to those of John Rollstone, making the complete rhyme as we know it.[A] Mary took such good care of the stockings made from her lamb's fleece that when she was a grown-up woman she was able to give one of them to a church bazaar in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it. So the stocking was unravelled, and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was fastened to a card on which Mary wrote her full name, and those cards sold so well that they brought the handsome sum of £28 to the Old South Church in Boston.

[A] The following are the added lines referred to:—

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm.
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll shield me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men,
Could set Humpty-Dumpty up again.

Attempts have been made to show how that was suggested by the fall of a bold bad baron who lived in the days of King John; but every child more than ten years old knows that the lines present a conundrum, the answer to which is—an egg. And yet, were it no conundrum, but only a nonsense rhyme, its fascination for the budding intellect would be no less. It is enough when, with the jingle of rhyme, the imagination, is tickled, as in—

Hey diddle dumplin' my son John,
Went to his bed with his trowsers on;
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
Hey diddle dumplin', my son John;

or—

Cripple Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a soo,
Ride away to Galloway
To buy a pund o' woo';

or yet again in—

Sing a sang o' saxpence,
A baggie fu' o' rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds,
Bakit in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
And wasna that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
When by came a blackbird
And snapped aff her nose.

For such supreme nonsense no historical origin need be sought, surely. Yet part of the latter has been at least applied to a historical personage in a way that is worth recalling. Dr. H. J. Pye, who was created Poet Laureate in succession to Thomas Warton, in 1790, was, as a poet, regularly made fun of. In his *New Year Odes* there were perpetual references to the coming spring: and, in the dearth of more important topics, each tree and field-flower were described: and the lark, and every other bird that could be brought into rhyme, were sure to appear; and his poetical and

patriotic *olla podrida* ultimately provoked the adaptation:—

When the Pye was opened,
The birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish,
To set before a king?

But to take the rhymes only by themselves. Action rhymes, by reason of their practical drollery, never fail to amuse. And among the very earliest practised is the following. The nurse, with the child on her knee, takes a little foot in either hand, and, making them go merrily up and down, she sings:—

This is Willie Walker, and that's Tam Sim,
He ca'd him to a feast, and he ca'd him;
He sticket him on the spit, and he sticket him;
And he owre him, and he owre him,
And he owre him, and he owre him, etc.

Then, to keep up the diversion, may follow in the same manner:—

Twa little doggies gaed to the mill,
This way and that way, and this way and that way;
They took a lick out o' this wife's poke,
And a lick they took out o' that wife's poke,
And a loup in the lade, and a dip in the dam,
And hame they cam' wallopin', wallopin', wallopin',
etc.

Or:—

Feetikin, feetikin,
When will ye gang?
When the nights turn short,
And the days turn lang,
I'll toddle and gang, toddle and gang.

Should more active entertainment be demanded, the child will be set bold upright on one knee, and, suiting the action to the line, the rhyme will be:—

This is the way the ladies ride,
Jimp and sma' jimp and sma';
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trotting a', trotting a';
This is the way the cadgers ride,
Creels and a'! creels and a'!!
Creels and a'!!!

For variety's sake, on an easier swing, may follow:—

A' the nicht owre and owre,
And a' the nicht owre again;
A' the nicht owre and owre
The peacock followed the hen.

The hen's a hungry beast,
The cock is hollow within;
But there's nae deceit in a puddin',
A pie's a dainty thing.

A' the nicht owre and owre.—*Da Capo.*

Or, yet more to engage the intellect may come:—

Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
Whaur ha'e ye been?
I've been to London
Seeing the Queen.

Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
What gat ye there?
I gat a good fat mousikie,
Rinning up a stair.

Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
What did ye wi't?
I put it in my meal-poke
To eat it wi' my bread.

Or:—

Hushie-ba, birdie beeton,
Your mammie's gane to Seaton,
For to buy a lammie's skin
To row your bonnie boukie in.

And:—

Bye baby, buntin',
Daddie's gane a-huntin':—
Mammie's gane to buy a skin,
To row the baby buntin' in.

East Coast mothers sing:—

Ding dang, bell rang,
Cattie's in the well, man.
Fa' dang her in, man?
Jean and Sandy Din, man.
Fa' took her out, man?
Me and Willie Cout, man.
A' them that kent her
  When she was alive,
Come to the burialie
  Between four and five.

Again:—

Eezy ozy moolin's o' bread,
Kens na whaur to lay her head,
Atween the Kirkgate and the Cross
There stands a bonnie white horse,
It can gallop, it can trot,
It can carry the mustard-pot.

And yet again:—

Willie Warstle, auld Carle,
  Dottered, dune, and doited bodie,
Feeds his weans on calfs' lugs,
  Sowps o' brose, and draps o' crowdie.

In Arbroath and district, mothers, indicating the various parts of the child's anatomy as they proceed, sing:—

Brow o' knowledge,
Eye o' life,
Scent bottle,
Penknife.
Cheek cherry,
Neck o' grace,
Chin o' pluck—
That's your face.
Shoulder o' mutton,
Breast o' fat,
Vinegar-bottle,
Mustard-pot—
That's my laddie.

Touching severally the various buttons on the child's dress during its repetition, this sort of fortune-telling rhyme is common:—

A laird, a lord,
A rich man, a thief,
A tailor, a drummer,
A stealer o' beef.

Or supposing for the nonce that the child is a piece of cooper-work, requiring to be mended, the following, accompanied by the supposed process, may be sung:—

Donald Cooper, Carle, quo' she,
Can ye gird my coggie?
Couthie Carline, that I can,
As weel as ony bodie.
There's ane about the mou' o't,
And ane about the body o't,
And ane about the leggen o't,
And that's a girded coggie!

The next is lilted as an accompaniment to a pretended game of thumps:—

Bontin's man
To the town ran;
He coffed and sold,
And a penny down told;
The kirk was ane, and the choir was twa,
And a great muckle thump doon aboon a',
Doon aboon a', doon aboon a'.

The following (as Dr. Chambers remarks) explains its own theatrical character:—

I got a little manikin, I set him on my thoomiken;
I saddled him, I bridled him, I sent him to the tooniken:
I coffed a pair o' garters to tie his little hosiken;
I coffed a pocket-napkin to dight his little nosiken;
I sent him to the garden to fetch a pund o' sage
And found him in the kitchen-neuk kissing little Madge.

While dandling the child on her knee the mother or nurse may sing:—

I had a little pony,
  Its name was Dapple Grey:
I lent it to a lady,
  To ride a mile away.

She whipped it, she lashed it,
  She ca'd it owre the brae;
I winna lend my pony mair,
  Though a' the ladies pray.

In the same manner the above may be followed by—

Chick! my naigie,
Chick! my naigie,
How many miles to Aberdaigy?
Eight and eight, and other eight;
Try to win there by candlelight.

Or:—

Cam' ye by the kirk?
  Cam' ye by the steeple?
Saw ye our gudeman,
  Riding on a ladle?

Foul fa' the bodie,
  Winna buy a saddle,
Wearing a' his breeks,
  Riding on a ladle!

Or again:—

The cattie rade to Passelet,
To Passelet, to Passelet,
The cattie rade to Passelet,
Upon a harrow-tine, O.

'Twas on a weetie Wednesday,
Wednesday, Wednesday:
'Twas on a weetie Wednesday,
I missed it aye sin syne, O.

Lighting a stick, and making it wave to and fro, so as to form a semi-circle of red fire before the child's eyes, the nurse will sing or croon:—

Dingle, dingle dousy,
The cat's at the well,
The dog's awa' to Musselbro'
To buy the bairn a bell.

Greet, greet bairnie,
And ye'se get a bell;
If ye dinna greet faster,
I'll keep it to mysel'.

Or again, dandling the child, the entertainment may be what some Perthshire children know well:—

Riding on a horsie, never standing still,
Doun by St. Martins, and owre by Newmill,
In by Guildtown and round by Cargill,
Richt up Burstbane, and owre by Gallowhill,
Yont by the Harelaw, and doun to Wolfhill,
And that's the way to ride a horse and never stand still.

Or the universal favourite may ensue:—

Ride a Cock-Horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Or:—

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed,
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

In a reposeful attitude, such rhymes as follow may be employed:—

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

Shoo shuggie, owre the glen,
Mammie's pet, and daddie's hen.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full;
One for the master, one for the dame,
One for the little boy that lives in the lane.

Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To fetch her poor doggie a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie got none.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes,
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
Pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Little Betty Blue
Has lost her holiday shoe,
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.

Three blind mice; three blind mice;
See how they run; see how they run;
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did ever you see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice!

Mary, Mary,
Quite contrairy,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty-maids all in a row.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Bake a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

Little Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper.
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without any a knife?
How shall he marry
Without any wife?

See-saw, Margery Daw,
  Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
  Because she can't work any faster.

Roun', roun' rosie, cuppie, cuppie shell,
  The dog's awa' to Hamilton, to buy a new bell;
If you don't tak' it, I'll tak' it to mysel',
  Roun', roun' rosie, cuppie, cuppie shell.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
  And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnnie Twig through the middle of his wig,
  And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
Lays eggs for gentlemen,
Whiles ane, whiles twa,
Whiles a bonnie black craw.

For slightly more matured wits will be provided:—

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to
do;
She gave them some broth, without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Doctor Foster, went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.

This is another version of one that has been given earlier:—

Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Thin.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
Thus to drown poor Pussy Cat.

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep!

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 was not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a broomstick and flung it at his head.

The lion and the unicorn
  Fighting for the crown;
Up jumps a wee dog
  And knocks them both down.
Some got white bread,
  And some got brown:
But the lion beat the unicorn
  All round the town.

There was a wee wifie row'd up in a blanket,
  Nineteen times as high as the moon;
And what she did there I canna declare,
  For in her oxter she bure the sun.

Wee wifie, wee wifie, wee wifie, quo' I,
  O what are ye doin' up there so high?
I'm blawin' the cauld clouds out o' the sky.
  Weel dune, weel dune, wee wifie, quo' I.

What ca' they you?
  They ca' me Tam Taits!
What do ye do?
  I feed sheep and gaits!

Where feed they?
  Doun in yon bog!
What eat they?
  Gerse and fog!

What gie they?
  Milk and whey!
Wha sups that?
  Tam Taits and I!

The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren;
Gin ye harry their nests,
Ye'll never thrive again.

During a hail-storm country children sing:—

Rainy, rainy rattle-stanes,
Dinna rain on me;
But rain on Johnnie Groat's House,
Far owre the sea.

Again, when snow is falling:—

Snaw, snaw, flee awa'
Owre the hills and far awa'.

Towards the yellow-hammer, or yellow-yite—bird of beautiful plumage though it be—because it is the subject of an unaccountable superstitious notion, which credits it with drinking a drop of the devil's blood every May morning, the children of Scotland cherish no inconsiderable contempt, which finds expression in the rhyme:—

Half a puddock, half a taed,
Half a yellow yorling;
Drinks a drap o' the deil's blood
Every May morning.

On the East Coast, when the seagulls fly inland in search of food, the children, not desiring their appearance—because —probably of the old superstition that they are prone to pick out the eyes

of people—cry to them:—

Seamaw, seamaw, my mither's awa'
For pouther an' lead, to shoot ye dead—
Pit-oo! pit-oo! pit-oo!

To the lark's song the young mind gives language, in a kindly way, thus:—

Larikie, larikie, lee!
Wha'll gang up to heaven wi' me?
No the lout that lies in his bed,
No the doolfu' that dreeps his head.

Interpreting similarly the lapwing's cry, they retaliate with:—

Peese-weep! Peese-weep!
Harry my nest, and gar me greet!

Of the cuckoo they have this common rhyme:—

The cuckoo is a bonnie bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings;
He tells us no lies.

He drinks the cold water
To keep his voice clear;
And he'll come again
In the Spring of the year.

The lady-bird, or "Leddy Lanners," is a favourite insect with children, and is employed by them to discover their future partners in life. When a boy or

girl finds one, he, or she, as the case may be, places it on the palm of his, or her, hand, and repeats, until it flies off, the lines:—

Leddy, Leddy Lanners,
Leddy, Leddy Lanners,
Tak' up yer cloak about yer head
An' flee awa' to Flann'ers;
Flee ower firth, an' flee ower fell,
Flee ower pool, an' rinnin' well,
Flee ower hill, an' flee ower mead,
Flee ower livin', flee ower dead,
Flee ower corn, an' flee ower lea,
Flee ower river, flee ower sea,
Flee ye East, or flee ye West,
Flee to the ane that loves me best.

The following rhyme, old and curious, and still not unknown to the young in Scotland and England alike, has many varieties:—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;
Four posties to my bed,
Six angels are outspread:
Two to bottom, two to head,
One to watch me while I pray,
One to bear my soul away.

After the first two lines it goes sometimes:—

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to read and one to write,
Two to guard my bed at night.

And often the closing lines run:—

One to watch and two to pray,
One to keep all fears away.

In an old MS. by Aubrey, in the British Museum, he states that this was a prayer regularly used by people when they went to bed. Then Ody, in his *Candle in the Dark*, 1656, tells that it was frequently used by old people as a charm, and was repeated three times before going to bed. Launcelot Sharpe, in his *Towneley Mysteries*, 1838, relates that he had often, when a boy, heard similar words used in Kent as a prayer.

Since about the time of the Crimean War—and more immediately after then than now—the children of Glasgow have shouted in the streets:—

Saw ye the Forty-Second?
  Saw ye them gaun awa'?
Saw ye the Forty-Second
  Marching to the Broomielaw?
Some o' them had boots an' stockin's,
  Some o' them had nane ava;
Some of them had tartan plaidies,
  Marching to the Broomielaw.

At an earlier period they had:—

Wha saw the Cotton-spinners?
  Wha saw them gaun awa'?
Wha saw the Cotton-spinners
  Sailing frae the Broomielaw?
Some o' them had boots an' stockin's,
  Some o' them had nane ava;
Some o' them had umbrellas
  For to keep the rain awa'.

There are many similar entertainments which these suggest. But to follow in extent the out-door rhymes of the bairns would carry us beyond the prescribed limits of this chapter. None have been cited, so far, that do not belong absolutely to the nursery; and the collection of these even, though fairly ample, is not so full as it might be. We will conclude with a few, each of which forms a puzzle or conundrum—some of them, in all conscience, gruesome enough, and full of terrible mystery—but, individually, well calculated to awaken thought and stir imagination in any youthful circle.

As I gaed owre the Brig o' Perth
I met wi' George Bawhannan;
I took aff his head, and drank his bluid,
And left his body stannin'.

[A bottle of wine.]

As I looked owre my window at ten o'clock at nicht,
I saw the dead carrying the living.

[A ship sailing.]

Hair without and hair within,
A' hair, and nae skin.

[A hair rope.]

Three feet up, cauld and dead,
Twa feet doun, flesh and bluid;
The head o' the livin' in the mouth o' the dead:
An auld man wi' a pot on his head.

[Last line is the answer.]

There was a man o' Adam's race,
Wha had a certain dwellin' place;
It was neither in heaven, earth, nor hell,
Tell me where this man did dwell.

[Jonah in the whale's belly.]

A ha'penny here, an' a ha'penny there,
Fourpence-ha'penny and a ha'penny mair;
A ha'penny weet, an' a ha'penny dry,
Fourpence-ha'penny an' a ha'penny forby—
How much is that?

[A shilling.]

There was a prophet on this earth,
His age no man could tell;
He was at his greatest height
Before e'en Adam fell.

His wives are very numerous,

Yet he maintaineth none;
And at the day of reckoning
He bids them all begone.

He wears his boots when he should sleep,
His spurs are ever new;
There's no a shoemaker on a' the earth
Can fit him wi' a shoe.

[A cock.]

Riddle me, riddle me, rot-tot-tot,
A wee, wee man in a red, red coat;
A staff in his hand and a stane in his throat,
Riddle me, riddle me, rot-tot-tot.

[A cherry.]

There was a man made a thing,
And he that made it did it bring;
But he 'twas made for did not know
Whether 'twas a thing or no.

[A coffin.]

Pease-porridge het, pease-porridge cauld,
Pease-porridge in a pot ten days auld;
Spell me that in four letters.

[T-H-A-T.]

I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me light;
I'll give any man a pint o' wine
To read my riddle right.

[He sat in a chair made of his mistress's bones, drank
out of her skull, and was lighted by a candle made of
the substance of her body.]

Mouth o' horn, and beard o' leather;
Ye'll no guess that were ye hanged in a tether.

[A cock.]

Bonnie Katie Brannie stands at the wa',
Gi'e her little, gi'e her muckle, she licks up a':
Gi'e her stanes, she eats them—but water, she'll dee,
Come, tell this bonnie riddleum to me.

[The fire.]

Down in yon meadow
  There sails a boat;
And in that boat
  The King's son sat.
I'm aye telling ye,
  But ye're no calling,
Hoo they ca' the King's son
  In the boat sailing.

[Hoo, or Hugh.]

As I gaed owre Bottle-brig,
  Bottle-brig brak';
Though ye guess a' day,
  Ye winna guess that.

[The ice.]

If Dick's father is John's son,
What relation is Dick to John?

[His grandson.]

The brown bull o' Baverton,
  Gaed owre the hill o' Haverton;
He dashed his head atween twa stanes
  And was brought milk-white hame.

[Corn sent to the mill and ground.]

A beautiful lady in a garden was laid,
  Her beauty was fair as the sun;
In the first hour of her life she was made a man's wife,
  And she died before she was born.

[Eve.]

The minister, the dominie, and Mr. Andrew Lang,
Went to the garden where three pears hang:
Each one took a pear—how many pears then?
[Two: the three persons were one.]

Mou'd like the mill-door, luggit like the cat;
Though ye guess a' day, ye'll no guess that.
[An old-fashioned kail-pot.]

There stands a tree at our house-end,
It's a' clad owre wi' leather bend:
It'll fecht a bull, it'll fecht a bear,
It'll fecht a thousand men o' wear.
[Death.]

Lang man legless,
Gaed to the door staffless:
Goodwife, put up your deuks and hens;
For dogs and cats I carena.
[A worm.]

As I gaed to Falkland to a feast,
I met me wi' an ugly beast:
Ten tails, a hunder nails,
And no a fit but ane.
[A ship.]

As I cam' owre the tap o' Trine,
I met a drove o' Highland swine:
Some were black, and some were brawnet,
Some o' them was yellow tappit.
Sic a drove o' Highland swine
Ne'er cam' owre the tap o' Trine.
[A swarm of bees.]

Infir taris, inoknonis;
Inmudeelis, inclaynonis.
Canamaretots?

[In fir tar is, in oak none is;
In mud eel is, in clay none is.
Can a mare eat oats?]

Wee man o' leather
Gaed through the heather,
Through a rock, through a reel,
Through an auld spinning-wheel,
Through a sheep-shank bane.
Sic a man was never seen.
Wha had he been?

[A beetle.]

The robbers cam' to our house
When we were a' in;
The house lap out at the windows,
And we were a' ta'en.

[Fish caught in a net.]

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

The use of doggerel rhymes by children in playing their out-of-door games, to decide by the last word which of their number shall be "it" or "takkie," in games like "Hide and Seek" and "I Spy," must be familiar to every reader who has had any youth worthy of being so called. What is not well known, however, is the fact that some of them—the rhymes, I mean—that very common one in particular, beginning—"One-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven," and its fellow in like respect, with the opening line—"Eeny, meeny, manny, mo"—have, in almost identical form, been in active use by the wee folks for hundreds of

years, as they are still, in nearly every country of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. That the pastime has been common among the children of civilized and semi-civilized races alike is certainly of curious interest, and yet investigation has proved this to be the case. Not only so, but the form of use is nearly always identical. A leader, as a rule self-appointed, having engaged the attention of the boys and girls about to join in a proposed game, arranges them either in a row or in a circle around him. He then repeats the rhyme, fast or slow, as he is capable or disposed, pointing with the hand or forefinger to each child in succession, not forgetting himself, and allotting to each one word of the mysterious formula. It may be, for example:—

Eeny, meeny, manny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
When he hollers, let him go,
Eeny, meeny, manny, mo.

Having completed the verse, the child on whom the last word falls is said to be "out," and steps aside. At each repetition one in like manner steps aside, and the one who survives the ordeal until all the rest have been "chapped" or "titted" out is declared "it" or "takkie," and the game proceeds forthwith. Sometimes the formula employed in certain parts of Scotland, as I recollect, was for each boy to insert his finger into the leader's cap, around which all the company stood. The master of the ceremonies then with his finger allotted a word to each "finger in the pie." It might be:—

Eenity, feenity, fickety, feg,
El, del, domen, egg,
Irky, birky, story, rock,
Ann, Dan, Toosh, Jock.

With the pronouncement of the word "Jock," the M.C.'s finger came down with a whack which made the one "chapped out" be withdrawn in a "hunder hurries." In some parts of America a peculiar method obtains. The alphabet is repeated by the leader, who assigns one letter to each child in the group, and when a letter falls to a child which is the same as the initial of his last name, that child falls out, and this is continued, observing the same plan, until only one child remains, who is "it." There are other forms, too, but none strikingly dissimilar. Where the little ones have been in haste to proceed with the game, and in no mood to waste time in counting out each one to the last, they have taken the sharper process of saying—

Red, white, yellow, blue,
All out but you,

and by the first reading fixed the relationship of parties.

Now, a very important and interesting feature of these rhymes and their application, as I have said, is found in the fact that they prevail in a more or less identical form all over the world. When this is so, their common origin is placed almost beyond dispute. The question only, which perhaps no one can answer, is—Whence come they? It would not be hazarding too much to say, I think, that Abraham,

Isaac, and Jacob in their turn as boys, with other boys of their time, each used a form of counting-out rhyme in the manner and for the purpose for which they are still in vogue by the boys and girls of the present day. Undoubtedly they found a precedent, if they did not actually themselves exercise a part, in the very ancient custom of casting lots, which prevailed among the heathen as well as among the chosen people of God in very early times. From sacred history we learn that lots were used to decide measures to be taken in battle; to select champions in individual contests; to determine the partition of conquered or colonised lands; in the division of spoil; in the appointment of Magistrates and other functionaries; in the assignment of priestly offices; and in criminal investigations, when doubt existed as to the real culprit. Among the Israelites, indeed, the casting of lots was divinely ordained as a method of ascertaining the Holy will, and its use on many interesting occasions is described in the Holy Scriptures. The simplicity of the process, and its unanswerable result, were appreciated by Solomon, who says: "The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty" (Prov. xviii. 18). In New Testament times, again, Matthias was chosen by lot to "take the place in this ministry and apostleship from which Judas fell away" (Acts i. 24-26). The Babylonians, when about to wage war against another nation, were wont to determine which city should be attacked first by casting lots in a peculiar manner. The names of the cities were written on arrows. These were shaken in a bag, and the one drawn decided the matter (see Ezekiel xxi. 21-22). A like method of divination, called *belomany*, was current among the Arabians before Mahomet's rise, though it was afterwards prohibited by the Koran. By

imitation of their elders, to which children are constantly prone—in the making of "housies," in nursing of dolls, etc. etc.—doubtless there came the counting-out rhyme. What is not so easily understood is their existence in so many identical forms in so many widely distant lands. As an example of how cosmopolitan some of them are, let us track a familiar enough one for a fair distance and see how it appears in the national garb of the various countries in which it has found bed, board, and biding. All over Britain and America it goes:—

One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, open the door,
Five, six, pick up the sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, a good fat hen,
Eleven, twel', bake it well,
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting,
Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-kissing,
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting,
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty.

In Germany it is found in various forms, but one will suffice:—

1, 2, Polizei,
3, 4, Offizier,
5, 6, Alte Hex,
7, 8, Gute Nacht,
9, 10, Auf Wiedersehen,
11, 12, Junge Wölf,
13, 14, Blaue Schürzen,
15, 16, Alte Hexen,
17, 18, Mädle Wachsen,
19, 20, Gott Verdanzig.

In France it also appears in various forms, and the children of Paris, not disposed to waste time and energy, cut it briefly, as follows:—

Un, deux, trois,
Tu ne l'es pas,
Quatre, cinq, six,
Va t'en d'ici.

In Italy a form goes:—

Pan uno, pan duo,
Pan tre, pan quattro,
Pan cinque, pan sei,
Pan sette, pan otto,
Pancotto!

And versions, all revealing a common origin, might be quoted in the languages of many more countries, but we can employ our space to better purpose. With regard to the rhyme already quoted, beginning, "Eenity, feenity, fickety, feg," it has been asked whether the second line, "El, del, domen, egg," would

not warrant the conclusion that it sprang into existence on the streets, and among the children, of Ancient Rome. Perhaps it did; for who may say it did not? There is that very common one all over Scotland, which, it will be remembered, that wonderful child, Marjorie Fleming, played off on Sir Walter Scott:—

One-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-one;
Eerie, orie, ourie. You are out!

A similar formula, only in slightly varying words, is found in the folk-lore of almost every country in the world. Commenting on the opening line, the late Mr. Charles G. Leland, author of the *Hans Breitmann* ballads, and an acknowledged authority on the language and customs of the Eastern Gypsies, sets against it a Romany stanza, used as a spell, beginning:—

Ekkeri, akai-ri, you kiar-an,

and remarks that "Ekkeri, akai-ri," literally translated, just gives the familiar "One-ery, two-ery," which is etymologically analogous to "Hickory, dickory," in the all-pervading nursery rhyme:—

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down the mouse ran,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

An American version of which, by the bye, goes:—

Hiddlety, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree;
Half-a-crown to fetch her down,
Hiddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

But still, before leaving the familiar chapping-out rhyme of Marjorie Fleming, let us see how it occurs again in Scotland and among the children of some of the other English-speaking nations, to go no further. Charles Taylor, in the *Magpie; or Chatterings of the Pica*, published at Glasgow in 1820, gives it thus:—

Anery, twaery, duckery, seven,
Alama, crack, ten am eleven;
Peem, pom, it must be done,
Come teetle, come total, come twenty-one;

and remarks:—"This is reported to have originated with the Druids; the total number of words is twenty-one, and it seems to be a mixture of words put into rhyme." In the streets and lanes and open spaces of Aberdeen it runs:—

Enery, twa-ery, tuckery, taven,
Halaba, crackery, ten or eleven;
Peen, pan, musky dan,
Feedelam, Fadelam, twenty-one.

In the county of Wexford, in Ireland, it goes:—

One-ery, two-ery, dickery, Davy,
Hallabone, crackabone, tenery, Navy;
Discome, dandy, merry-come-tine,
Humbledy, bumbledy, twenty-nine,
O-U-T, out. You must go out!

In the Midlands of England:—

One-ery, two-ery, dickery, dee,
Halibo, crackibo, dandilee;
Pin, pan, muskee dan,
Twiddledum, twaddledum, twenty-one;
Black fish, white trout,
Eeny, meeny, you go out.

In Massachusetts, U.S., America:—

Ena, deena, dina, dust,
Catler, wheeler, whiler, whust;
Spin, spon, must be done,
Twiddleum, twaddleum, twenty-one.

In the island of Guernsey:—

Eena, deena, dina, duss,
Catalaweena, wina, wuss;
Tittle, tattle, what a rattle,
O-U-T spells out!

Another Scotch version:—

One-ery, two-ery, tickery, ten,
Bobs of vinegar, gentlemen;
A bird in the air, a fish in the sea;
A bonnie wee lassie come singing to thee.
One, two, three!

Of the "Eeny, feenity, fickety, feg" rhyme, we find these evident varieties. This, said to be used in the West of Scotland:—

Zeeny, meeny, fickety, fick,
Deal, doll, dominick;
Zarity-panty, on a rock, toosh!

This in Cumberland:—

Eeny, pheeny, figgery, fegg,
Deely, dyly, ham and egg.
Calico back, and stony rock,
Arlum, barlum, bash!

In the United States:—

Inty, minty, tippity, fig,
Dinah, donah, norma, nig,
Oats, floats, country notes;
Dinah, donah, tiz,
Hulla-ballop-bulloo,
Out goes you!

This curious one in Edinburgh:—

Inty, tinty, tethery, methery,
Bank for over, Dover, ding,
Aut, taut, toosh;
Up the Causey, down the Cross,
There stands a bonnie white horse:
It can gallop, it can trot,
It can carry the mustard pot.
One, two, three, out goes she!

Again, in Scotland:—

Inky, pinky, peerie-winkie,
Hi domin I.
Arky, parky, tarry rope,
Ann, tan, toozy Jock.

This is truly American—the first line of which, by the bye, is derived from, or is borrowed by, the College song, "King of the Cannibal Islands":—

Hoky poky, winky wum,
How do you like your 'taters done?
Snip, snap, snorum,
High popolorum,
Kate go scratch it,
You are out!

That this also is from beyond the "pond" is evident:—

As I was walking down the lake,
I met a little rattlesnake.
I gave him so much jelly-cake,
It made his little belly ache.
One, two, three, out goes she!

In the West of Scotland they sometimes say:—

Ease, ose, man's nose;
Cauld parritch, pease brose.

Forfarshire bairns say:—

Eemer-awmer, Kirsty Gawmer,
Doon i' Carnoustie, merchant-dale.
Leddy Celestie, Sandy Testie,
Bonnie poppy-show.
You—are—out!

And elsewhere, but still in Scotland:—

Eatum, peatum, potum, pie,
Babylonie, stickum, stie,
Dog's tail, hog's snout,
I'm in, you're out.

Or:—

Eerie, orie, owre the dam,
Fill your poke and let us gang;
Black fish and white trout,
Eerie, orie, you are out.

Another goes:—

A ha'penny puddin', a ha'penny pie,
Stand you there, you're out by.

The last appears in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of*

Scotland, which interesting collection embraces also the next two. First:—

My grandfather's man and me fell out,
How will we bring the matter about?
We'll bring it about as weel as we can,
And a' for the sake o' my grandfather's man.

Second:—

Master Foster, very good man,
Sweeps his college now and than,
After that he takes a dance
Up from London down to France,
With a black bonnet and a white snout,
Stand you there, you are out.

In Glasgow, I am told, the next one used to be common:—

As I gaed up the apple tree
A' the apples fell on me;
Bake a puddin', bake a pie,
Send it up to John Mackay;
John Mackay is no in,
Send it up to the man i' the mune;
The man i' the mune's mendin' his shoon,
Three bawbees and a farden in.

Also this:—

As I went up the apple tree,
All the apples fell on me;
Bake a puddin', bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes I did, and many times.
O-U-T, out goes she
Right in the middle of the deep blue sea.

And this:—

Eerie, orie, ickery, am,
Pick ma nick, and slick ma slam.
Oram, scoram, pick ma noram,
Shee, show, sham, shutter,
You—are—out!

In England and Scotland alike this has been used, with slight variations, for at least a hundred years:—

As I went up the brandy hill,
I met my father, wi' gude will;
He had jewels, he had rings,
He had mony braw things;
He'd a cat and nine tails,
He'd a hammer wantin' nails.
Up Jock, doun Tam,
Blaw the bellows, auld man.
The auld man took a dance,
First to London, then to France.

Another:—

Queen, Queen Caroline,
Dipped her hair in turpentine;
Turpentine made it shine,
Queen, Queen Caroline.

And yet another:—

Tit, tat, toe,
Here I go,
And if I miss,
I pitch on this.

The following have long been in active use all over Scotland, if not also elsewhere:—

Zeenty, teenty, halligo lum,
Pitchin' tawties doun the lum.
Wha's there? Johnnie Blair.
What d'ye want? A bottle o' beer.
Where's your money? In my purse.
Where's your purse? In my pocket.
Where's your pocket? I forgot it.
Go down the stair, you silly blockhead.
You—are—out.

Zeenty, teenty, alligo, dan,
Bobs o' vinegar, gentleman,
Kiss, toss, mouse, fat,
Bore a needle, bum a fiddle,
Jink ma jeerie, jink ma jye,
Stand you there, you're out bye.

One, two, three, four,
Jenny at the cottage door,
Eating cherries aff a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.

Zeenty, teenty, feggerie fell,
  Pompaleerie jig.
Every man who has no hair
  Generally wears a wig.

Mistress Mason broke a basin,
  How much will it be?
Half-a-crown. Lay it down.
  Out goes she!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven;
When they die their sin's forgiven,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven:
  A penny by the water,
    Tuppence by the sea,
  Threepence by the railway,
    Out goes she!

Me and the minister's wife coost out.
Guess ye what it was about?
Black puddin', dish-clout,
Eerie, orrie, you are out!

Master Monday, how's your wife?
  Very sick, and like to die.
Can she eat? O yes,
  As much as I can buy.
She makes the porridge very thin,
A pound of butter she puts in,
Black puddin', white clout,
Eerie, orrie, you are out!

Inky pinky, my black hen
Lays eggs for gentlemen;
Whiles ane, whiles twa,
Whiles a bonnie black craw.
    One—two—three,
    You—are—out!

Eeny, meeny, clean peeny,
If you want a piece and jeely,
    Just walk out!

John says to John,
  How much are your geese?
John says to John,
  Twenty cents a-piece.
John says to John,
  That's too dear;
John says to John,
  Get out of here!

Ching, Ching, Chinaman,
How do you sell your fish?
Ching, Ching, Chinaman,
Six bits a dish.
Ching, Ching, Chinaman,
Oh! that's too dear;
Ching, Ching, Chinaman,
Clear out of here!

Lemons and oranges, two for a penny,
I'm a good scholar that counts so many.
The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that I have seen.

I doot, I doot,
My fire is out,
And my little dog's not at home:
I'll saddle my cat, and I'll bridle my dog,
And send my little boy home.
Home, home again, home!

Jenny, good spinner,
Come down to your dinner,
And taste the leg of a roasted frog!
I pray ye, good people,
Look owre the kirk steeple,
And see the cat play wi' the dog!

Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
Haud the horse till I win on;
Haud him siccar, haud him fair,
Haud him by a pickle hair.
One, two, three,
You are out!

Around the house, arickity-rary,
I hope ye'll meet the green canary:
You say ay, I say no,
Hold fast—let go!

Scottie Malottie, the king o' the Jews,
Sell't his wife for a pair o' shoes;
When the shoes began to wear
Scottie Malottie began to swear.

In Dundee these lines are added to the "Eenity feenity" rhyme:—

Jock out, Jock in,
Jock through a hickle-pin.
Eetle-ottle, black bottle;
Eetle-ottle, out!

This, more commonly used as a test of truth-telling (little fingers being linked while it is uttered), is also used on the East Coast as a counting-out rhyme:—

I ring, I ring, a pinky!
If I tell a lie
I'll go to the bad place
Whenever I die.
White pan, black pan,
Burn me to death,
Tak' a muckle gully
And cut my breath.
Ten miles below the earth.
Amen!

But these all, of course, as already stated, have been

delivered and acted, as they are still, rather as a prelude to the more elaborate games designed to follow than as a part of them, and to afford designedly the opportunity of deciding emphatically who shall be "it" or "takkie."

CHILDREN'S RHYME-GAMES.

When by the aid of the "chapping-out" rhyme it has been decided who should be "it," the game to follow may be "Single Tig," "Cross Tig," "Burly Bracks Round the Stacks," "Pussie in the Corner," "Bonnety," "The Tod and the Hounds," "I Spy," "Smuggle the Keg," "Booly Horn," "Dock," "Loup the Frog," "Foot and a Half," "Bools," "Pitch and Toss," or any one of another dozen, all of which are essentially boys' games, and have no rhymes to enliven their action. But if it is to be a game in which both sexes may equally engage, or a game for girls alone, then almost certainly there is a rhyme with it. Somehow girls have always been more musical than boys, even as in their maturer years they are more frequently the subject of song than their confreres of the sterner sex. "Peever," "Tig," and "Skipping Rope," are indeed, so far as I can recall at the moment, about all of the girls' commoner games which are played without the musical accompaniment of line and verse. Their rhyme-games, on the other hand, are legion, and embrace "A Dis, a Dis, a Green Grass," "The Merry-Ma-Tanzie," "The Mulberry Bush," "Carry My Lady to London," "I Dree I Droppit It," "Looby-Looby," and

ever so many more.

Like the counting-out rhymes, the game-rhymes are found in only slightly differing forms in widely divided countries and places. But ever alike, they are never quite the same. The "Merry-Ma-Tanzie," for instance, though always the same in name, will be found with varying lines in almost every town and village in Scotland even. There are variants equally, I suppose, of all.

"MERRY-MA-TANZIE" is solely a girls' game, of which boys, however, may be interested spectators. The counting-out rhyme having put one in the centre, the rest join hands in a ring about her, and moving slowly round, they sing:—

Here we go round the jingo-ring,
The jingo-ring, the jingo-ring,
Here we go round the jingo-ring,
  About the merry-ma-tanzie.

Twice about and then we fa',
Then we fa', then we fa',
Twice about and then we fa',
  About the merry-ma-tanzie.

Choose your maidens all around,
All around, all around,
Choose your maidens all around,
  About the merry-ma-tanzie.

Replying to this invitation, the one in the centre chooses two from the circle, and retires with them a short distance away. During their absence the ring-band proceeds as before, and sing with imitating gesture:—

Sweep the house ere the bride comes in,
The bride comes in, the bride comes in,
Sweep the house ere the bride comes in,
About the merry-ma-tanzie.

When those who left return, the one who was in the centre takes up her original position, as also do the others, and the ring moves on again with:—

Here's a bride new come hame,
New come hame, new come hame;
Here's a bride new come hame,
About the merry-ma-tanzie.

Then follows "Mary Anderson is her name," with the usual repeats, and "Guess ye wha is her true love," "A bottle o' wine to tell his name," "Andrew Wilson is his name," "Honey is sweet and so is he," (or "Apples are sour and so is he,") "He's married her wi' a gay gold ring," "A gay gold ring's a cank'rous thing," "But now they're married we wish them joy," "Father and mother they must obey," "Loving each other like sister and brother," "We pray this couple may kiss together," all, of course, sung with their repeats as above; and the game may be played until every little girl has revealed her little sweetheart's name, which, to be sure, is the *motif* of the play.

"THE MULBERRY BUSH," which goes to the same air as "Merry-Ma-Tanzie," and is in some places called "The Mulberry Tree," and in others "The Gooseberry Bush," is yet more of an action game. The arrangement is again in a ring, and, moving round

hand-in-hand, all sing:—

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

Stopping short with a curtsey at the conclusion and disjoining hands, they stand, and imitating the process of hand-washing, they sing:—

This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

All joining hands again, they go round as before, singing—"Here we go round the mulberry bush," and so on, which is repeated regularly after each action-verse on to the end. The opening lines of the action-verses alone may be given here to suggest the whole. They are:—

"This is the way we lace our stays."
"This is the way we comb our hair."
"This is the way we walk to school."
"This is the way we return from school."
"This is the way the ladies walk."
"This is the way the gentlemen walk."

"A DIS, A DIS, A GREEN GRASS," is so simple it is a favourite generally with very little ladies. And there

are different forms of the game, both in Scotland and England, if not also in other countries. The more common way, however, is for the children to stand all in a row, and, when the counting-out rhyme has been applied once and again, the two who have been "hit out" face up together hand-in-hand in front, and, advancing and retiring, sing:—

A dis, a dis, a green grass,
A dis, a dis, a dis;
Come all ye pretty fair maids,
And dance along with us.

For we are going a-roving,
A-roving o'er the land;
We'll take this pretty fair maid,
We'll take her by the hand.

This sung, they select a girl from the group, who joins on either side, as she is directed, and the song continues, bearing now the comforting assurance to the one chosen:—

Ye shall have a duck, my dear,
And ye shall have a beau;
And ye shall have a young prince
By chance to marry you.

And if this young prince he should die,
Then ye will get another;
And the birds will sing and the bells will ring,
And we'll all clap hands together.

Having all joined in the last two verses, all clap hands together. And the same process is repeated again and again until the last of the "pretty fair

maids" is taken over from the row, when the game is ended—though it may be but to begin again as the desire is expressed and supported.

Some one, to be sure, may suggest "LOOBY-LOOBY," which has but to be named when all are ready and eager. A ring is formed, when all join hands and dance round singing:—

Here we go looby-looby,
  Here we go looby light;
Here we go looby-looby
  Every Saturday night.

Why on Saturday nights only I don't know, and it would be futile, I suppose, to inquire. Anyway, with the expression of the last word they all instantly disjoin hands, and, standing each in her place, they sing the next verse, suiting the action to the word:—

Put your right hand in,
  Take your right hand out;
Shake it, and shake it, and shake it,
  And turn yourself about.

As the last line is being sung each one wheels rapidly round by herself, then hands are joined again, and they scurry round in a ring as before, singing:—

Here we go looby-looby,
  Here we go looby light;
Here we go looby-looby
  Every Saturday night,

and so on, the "looby-looby" coming in regularly between each of the action-verses, which are varied by "left hand in" and "out," and "right foot in" and "out," and "left foot in" and "out," "noses," "ears," etc., etc., the game finishing only when the anatomy of the players has been exhausted.

"I DREE I DROPPIT IT" calls for a mixture of the sexes, and when the numbers are even—or as nearly as chance affords—the players are ranged in a ring, a boy and girl alternately facing inwards with a space between each. The one who is "chapped out"—say it is a girl—goes tripping round the others' backs, with a handkerchief dangling in her hand, singing the while:—

I sent a letter to my love,
  And by the way I droppit it,
  I dree, I dree, I droppit it,
  I dree, I dree, I droppit it;
I sent a letter to my love,
  And by the way I droppit it.

There's a wee, wee doggie in our cot-neuk,
  He'll no bite you, he'll no bite you;
There's a wee, wee doggie in our cot-neuk,
  He'll no bite you—nor you—nor you—nor you,

and so forth, until at length she drops the handkerchief stealthily at the heel of one of the little boys, saying "but you," and bolts round this player, round that one, in here, out there, and away! And the boy, who has first to pick up the handkerchief, gives chase, pursuing her exactly in the course which she may choose to take. If he makes a wrong turn, by that fact he is "out," and must take her place; but if he pursues her correctly and overtakes her, he may claim a kiss for his pains, for which heroism he will receive the applause of the crowd; and the girl—suffused with blushes, as it may be—must try and try again—indeed, try until she proves herself more agile than her pursuer, whom, of course, she is always free to choose. When at length—as come it will some time—her effort is successful, she takes her victim's place in the ring, and he takes hers on the outside of it. And thus the play may go on—boy and girl about—as long as time and energy will permit.

As for "BAB AT THE BOWSTER" (more generally pronounced "Babbity Bowster"), I am not sure but that grown people have engaged in it more than wee folks have. Indeed, it is not improbable that the young borrowed this originally from the old, by observation. Now-a-days, undoubtedly, we know it exclusively as a child's play. But yet, within the memory of living men, it was the regular custom in country places nearly over all Scotland to wind up every dancing-ball with "Bab at the Bowster." No wedding dance, no Handsel Monday ball, would have been esteemed complete without it; and I have seen it performed at both, less than forty years ago. Performed by old or young, however, the mode is the

same. The girls sit down on one side of the barn or square, the boys on the other. A boy takes a handkerchief—it is regularly a male who starts this play—and while dancing up and down before the girls, all sing:—

Wha learned you to dance,
Bab at the bowster, bab at the bowster;
Wha learned you to dance,
Bab at the bowster brawly?

My minnie learned me to dance,
Bab at the bowster, bab at the bowster;
My minnie learned me to dance,
Bab at the bowster brawly.

Wha ga'e you the keys to keep,
Bab at the bowster, bab at the bowster;
Wha ga'e you the keys to keep,
Bab at the bowster brawly?

My minnie ga'e me the keys to keep,
Bab at the bowster, bab at the bowster;
My minnie ga'e me the keys to keep,
Bab at the bowster brawly.

Kneel down and kiss the ground,
Kiss the ground, kiss the ground;
Kneel down and kiss the ground,
Kiss the bonnie wee lassie.

By the time the last verse has been reached the boy has fixed on his partner, and at the command to "kneel down and kiss the ground" he spreads the handkerchief on the floor at the girl's feet, on which both immediately kneel. A kiss ensues, even though it should be obtained after a struggle; then the boy marches away round and round followed by the girl,

while all again sing the song. By the time the last verse is again reached, the girl in turn has selected the next boy, but does not kneel down before him. She simply throws the handkerchief in his lap, and immediately joins her own partner by taking his arm. If, however, she can be overtaken before she joins her partner, a penalty kiss may be enforced. Second boy selects second girl as the first did the first girl, and pair after pair is formed in the same fashion until all are up and marching arm-in-arm round the room, or square, when the game is finished. At adult assemblies, I should state, even as the company paired in this dance, they departed for home.

"THE WADDS" is another game in which grown folks no less than children may engage, and which, like "Bab at the Bowster," is essentially a house game. Its mode is for the players to be seated round the hearth, the lasses on one side and the lads on the other. One of the lads first chants:—

O, it's hame, and its hame, it's hame, hame, hame,
I think this nicht I maun gang hame.

To which one of the opposite party responds:—

Ye had better licht, and bide a' nicht,
And I'll choose ye a partner bonnie and bricht.

The first speaker again says:—

Then wha wad ye choose an' I wad bide?

Answer:—

The fairest and best in a' the countryside.

At the same time presenting a female and mentioning her name. If the choice is satisfactory, the male player will say:—

I'll set her up on the bonnie pear tree,
It's straucht and tall and sae is she;
I wad wauk a' nicht her love to be.

If, however, the choice is not satisfactory, he may reply:—

I'll set her up on the auld fael dyke,
Where she may rot ere I be ripe;
The corbies her auld banes wadna pyke.

Or (if the maiden be of surly temper):—

I'll set her up on the high crab-tree,
It's sour and dour, and sae is she;
She may gang to the mools unkissed for me.

But he may decline civilly, by saying:—

She's for another, she's no for me,
I thank ye for your courtesie.

A similar ritual is gone through with respect to one of the gentler sex, where such rhymes as the following are used. In the case of acceptance the lady will say:—

I'll set him up at my table-head,
And feed him there wi' milk and bread.

Whereas, if the proposal is not agreeable, her reply may be:—

I'll put him on a riddle, and blaw him owre the sea,
Wha will buy [Jamie Paterson] for me?

Or:—

I'll set him up on a high lum-heid,
And blaw 'im in the air wi' poother and lead.

A refusal on either side must, of course, be atoned for by a "wadd," or forfeit—which may consist of a piece of money, a knife, a thimble, or any little article which the owner finds convenient for the purpose. Then, when a sufficient number of persons have made forfeits, the business of redeeming them commences, which may afford any amount of amusement. He, or she, as the case happens, may be ordered to "kiss the four corners of the room;" "bite an inch off the poker;" "kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one he (or she) loves best," or any one of a dozen similarly silly ordeals, as the doomster proposes, may have to be gone through. When the forfeits have all been redeemed the game is ended.

Similar to the foregoing, in some respects, is "THE WADDS AND THE WEARS," which John Mactaggart,

the writer of *The Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, describes as (in his day) "the most celebrated amusement of the ingle-ring" in the south-west of Scotland. As in the "Wadds," the players are seated round the hearth. One in the ring (says Mactaggart), speaks as follows: —

I hae been awa' at the wadds and the wears,
These seven lang years;
And's come hame a puir broken ploughman;
What will ye gie me to help me to my trade?

He may either say he's a "puir broken ploughman," or any other trade; but since he has chosen that trade, some of the articles belonging to it must always be given or offered, in order to recruit him. But the article he most wants he privately tells one of the party, who is not allowed, of course, to offer him anything, as he knows the thing, which will throw the *offerer* in a *wadd*, and must be avoided as much as possible—for to be in a *wadd* is a very serious matter, as shall afterwards be explained. Now the one on the left hand of the poor ploughman makes the first offer, by way of answer to what above was said: "I'll gie ye a *coulter* to help ye to your trade."

The ploughman answers, "I don't thank ye for your *coulter*, I hae ane already." Then another offers him another article belonging to the ploughman's business, such as the *mool-brod*, but this also is refused; another, perhaps, gives the *sock*, another the *stilts*, another the *spattle*, another the *naigs*, another the *naig-graith*, and so on; until one gives the *soam*, which was the article he most wanted, and was the thing secretly told to one, and is the thing that throws the giver in a *wadd*, out of which he is

relieved in the following manner:—

The ploughman says to the one in the *wadd*, "Whether will ye hae three questions and twa commands, or three commands and twa questions, to answer or gang on wi', sae that ye may win oot o' the *wadd*?" For the one so fixed has always the choice which of these alternatives to take. Suppose he takes the first, two commands and three questions, then a specimen of these may run so:—

"I command ye to kiss the *crook*," says the ploughman, which must be completely obeyed by the one in the *wadd*—his naked lips must salute the *sooty* implement.

"Secondly," saith the ploughman, "I command ye to stand up in that neuk, and say—

'Here stan' I, as stiffs a stake,
Wha'll kiss me for pity's sake?'"

Which must also be done; in a corner of the house must he stand and repeat that couplet, till some tender-hearted lass relieves him. Now for the questions which are most deeply laid, or so *touching* to him, that he finds much difficulty to answer them.

"Firstly, then, Suppose ye were sittin' aside Maggie Lowden and Jennie Logan, your twa great sweethearts, what ane o'm wad ye ding ower, and what ane wad ye turn to and clap and cuddle?" He makes answer by choosing Maggie Lowden, perhaps, to the great mirth of the party.

"Secondly, then, Suppose you were standin' oot i' the cauld, on the tap o' Cairnhattie, whether wad ye cry on Peggie Kirtle or Nell o' Killimingie to come wi'

your plaid?"

He answers again in a similar manner.

"Lastly, then, Suppose you were in a boat wi' Tibbie Tait, Mary Kairnie, Sallie Snadrap, and Kate o' Minnieive, and it was to cowp wi' ye, what ane o'm wad ye *sink*? what ane wad ye *soom*? wha wad ye bring to lan'? and wha wad ye marry?" Then he answers again, to the fun of the company, perhaps, in this way, "I wad sink Mary Kairnie, soom Tibbie Tait, bring Sallie Snadrap aneath my oxter to lan', and marry sweet Kate o' Minnieive."

And so ends that bout at the *wadds and the wears*.

But the games engaged in exclusively by the "wee folks" are the really delightsome ones. Such is "THE WIDOW OF BABYLON," the ritual of which, less elaborate, resembles that of "Merry-Ma-Tanzie," though the rhymes are different. Girls only play here. One is chosen for the centre. The others, with hands joined, form a ring about her, and move round briskly, singing:—

Here's a poor widow from Babylon,
With six poor children all alone;
One can bake, and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew.
One can sit at the fire and spin,
One can bake a cake for the king;
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
Come choose the one that you love best.

The girl in the middle chooses one from the ring, naming her, and sings:—

I choose the fairest that I do see,
[Jeanie Anderson] come to me.

The girl chosen enters the ring, communicating the name of her sweetheart, when those in the ring resume their lightsome motion, and sing:—

Now they are married, I wish them joy,
Every year a girl or boy;
Loving each other like sister and brother,
I pray this couple may kiss together.

The girls within the ring kiss. The one who first occupied the circle then joins the ring, while the last to come in enacts the part of mistress; and so on the game goes until all have had their turn.

"LONDON BRIDGE" is a well-known and widely played game, though here and there with slightly differing rhymes. Two children—the tallest and strongest, as a rule—standing face to face, hold up their hands, making the form of an arch. The others form a long line by holding on to each other's dresses, and run under. Those running sing the first verse, while the ones forming the arch sing the second, and alternate verses, of the following rhyme:—

London bridge is fallen down,
  Fallen down, fallen down;
London bridge is fallen down,
  My fair lady.

Question.—What will it take to build it up?
(With repeats.)

Answer.—Needles and preens will build it up.

Question.—Needles and preens will rust and bend.

Answer.—Silver and gold will build it up.

Question.—Silver and gold will be stolen away.

Answer.—Build it up with penny loaves.

Question.—Penny loaves will tumble down.

Answer.—Bricks and mortar will build it up.

Question.—Bricks and mortar will wash away.

Answer.—We will set a dog to bark.

Question.—Here's a prisoner we have got.

At the words "a prisoner," the two forming the arch apprehend the passing one in the line, and, holding her fast, the dialogue resumes:—

Answer.—Here's a prisoner we have got.

Question.—What's the prisoner done to you?

Answer.—Stole my watch and broke my chain.

Question.—What will you take to set him free?

Answer.—A hundred pounds will set him free.

Question.—A hundred pounds I have not got.

Answer.—Then off to prison you must go.

Following this declaration, the prisoner is led a distance away from the rest by her jailers, where the questions are put to her, whether she will choose "a

gold watch," or "a diamond necklace." As she decides she goes to the one side or the other. When, in like manner, all in the line have chosen, a tug-of-war ensues, and the game is ended.

"THE JOLLY MILLER."—In this the players take partners—all except the miller, who takes his stand in the middle, while his companions walk round him in couples, singing:—

There was a jolly miller, who lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his wealth;
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab.

At the word "grab," every one must change partners. The miller then has the opportunity of seizing one: and if he succeeds in so doing, the one necessarily left alone must take his place, and so on.

"WILLIE WASTLE" is essentially a boy's game. One standing on a hillock or large boulder, from which he defies the efforts of his companions to dislodge him, exclaims, by way of challenge:—

I, Willie Wastle,
Stand on my castle,
And a' the dogs o' your toun,
Will no ding Willie Wastle doun.

The boy who succeeds in dislodging him takes his place, and so on.

"OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY," a simple but pretty game, is played all over England, as well as in most parts of Scotland, with varying rhymes. In Perthshire the lines run:—

Oats and beans and barley grows,
Oats and beans and barley grows;
But you nor I nor nobody knows
How oats and beans and barley grows.
First the farmer sows his seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease;
Stamps his feet, and claps his hands,
Then turns around to view his lands.
    Waiting for a partner,
    Waiting for a partner;
Open the ring and take one in,
    And kiss her in the centre.

The players form a ring by joining hands. One child —usually a boy—stands in the middle. The ring moving round, sing the first four lines. These completed, the ring stands, and still singing, each player gives suitable action to the succeeding words; showing how the "farmer sows his seeds," and how he "stands and takes his ease," etc. At the tenth line all wheel round. They then re-join hands, still singing, and at the words, "Open the ring and take one in," the child in the middle chooses from the ring a partner (a girl, of course), whom he leads to the centre and kisses as requested. The two stand there

together, while the ring, moving again, sing the marriage formula:—

Now you're married, you must obey,
Must be true to all you say;
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

"HORNIE HOLES" is a boys' game in which four play, a principal and assistant on either side. A stands with his assistant at one hole, and throws what is called a "cat" (a piece of stick, or a sheep's horn), with the design of making it alight into another hole at some distance, at which B stands, with his assistant, to drive it aside with his rod resembling a walking-stick. The following unintelligible rhyme is repeated by a player on the one side, while they on the other are gathering in the "cats." This is attested by old people as of great antiquity:—

Jock, Speak, and Sandy,
  Wi' a' their lousie train,
Round about by Edinbro',
  Will never meet again.
Gae head 'im, gae hang 'im,
  Gae lay him in the sea;
A' the birds o' the air
  Will bear 'im companie.
With a nig-nag, widdy—(or worry) bag,
And an e'endown trail, trail,
  Quo' he.

THE CRAW admits of a good deal of lively exercise, involving, as Dr. Chambers remarks, no more than a reasonable portion of violence. One boy is selected to be craw. He sits down upon the ground, and he and another boy then lay hold of the two ends of a long strap or twisted handkerchief. The latter also takes into his right hand another hard-twisted handkerchief, called the *Cout*, and runs round the craw, and with the cout defends him against the attack of the other boys, who, with similar couts, use all their agility to get a slap at the craw. But, before beginning, the guard of the craw must cry out:—

Ane, twa, three—my craw's free.

And the first whom he strikes becomes craw, the former craw then becoming guard. When the guard wants respite, he must cry:—

Ane, twa, three—my craw's no free.

"NEEVIE-NEEVIE-NICK-NACK."—A lottery game, and confined to boys, is of simple movement, but convenient in this—that only two players are required. They stand facing each other, the leader whirling his two closed fists, one containing a prize, the other empty, while he cajoles his opponent with the rhyme—

Neevie-neevie-nick-nack,
Whilk hand will ye tak'—
The richt are or the wrang,
I'll beguile ye gin I can?

If he guesses correctly, he gains the prize. If he misses, he has to equal the stake. Until success falls to the second, the original player continues the lead.

"BLIND MAN'S BUff," though not a rhyme-game, is yet so well known it is worth mentioning for the mere purpose of telling its story. Like many more such—if we only knew how—it is based on fact. It is of French origin, and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into Britain in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the Middle Ages.

In the year 999 Liége reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in battle he used literally to crush his opponents.

In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times, he encountered the Count de Lourain in a pitched battle, and—so runs the story—in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.

He ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared

itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms, he lavished favour and honours upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfold pursuer, as with bandaged eyes and extended hands he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, seems in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name, "blind man's buff."

"WATER WALLFLOWER."—All should know this game, which is more commonly played by very small misses.

Forming a ring, all join hands and dance, or move slowly round, singing:—

Water, water wallflower, growing up so high,
We are all maidens, and we must all die,
Excepting [Nellie Newton], the youngest of us all,
She can dance and she can sing, and she can knock
us all down.

Here all clap hands, with the exception of the one named, who stands looking abashed, while the others sing:—

Fie, fie, fie, for shame,
Turn your back to the wall again.

At the command, she who has been named turns, so that she faces outwards now, with her back to the centre of the ring; though she still clasps hands with those on either side, and continues in the movement, singing with the others. When all in like manner have been chapped out, and are facing the open, the game is finished.

"THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON" is a little game which affords, invariably, a good deal of fun. Again, as so commonly, the form is in a ring, and all go round, singing:—

The Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
The Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
The Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
As he goes marching along.

In each successive singing of the verse, one syllable after another in the main line, beginning at the far end, is left out—or at least is not spoken—the blank, or blanks, as it happens latterly, having to be indicated merely by nods of the head. As each player makes a mistake, by speaking, instead of nodding, or *vice versa*, she pays a forfeit and drops out. The play goes on till all have fallen.

"A' THE BIRDIES I' THE AIR," purely Scotch, is a simpler form merely of "London Bridge." Two players, facing each other, hold up their hands to form an arch, and call the formula:—

A' the birdies i' the air
Tick-to to my tail.

The others, who may be running about indifferently, decide in time which side they will favour, and when each and all have chosen which champion they will support, and have taken their places at her back, a tug-of-war ensues. Afterwards the victors chase the vanquished, calling, "Rotten eggs! rotten eggs!" and the game is ended; to be followed perhaps by

"THROUGH THE NEEDLE-E'E, BOYS," played also to some extent in the form of "London Bridge," and much resembling "Barley Break," a pastime of highborn lords and ladies in the time of Sir Philip Sydney, who describes it in his *Arcadia*. The boys first choose sides. The two chosen leaders join both hands, and raising them high enough to let the others pass through below, they sing:—

Brother [John], if ye'll be mine,
I'll gie you a glass o' wine:
A glass o' wine is good and fine,
Through the needle-e'e, boys.

Letting their arms fall, they enclose a boy, and ask him to which side he will belong, and he is disposed according to his own decision. The parties being at

length formed, are separated by a real or imaginary line, and place at some distance behind them, in a heap, their jackets, caps, etc. They stand opposite to each other, the object being to make a successful incursion over the line into the enemy's country, and bring off part or whole of the heap of clothes. It requires address and swiftness of foot to do so without being taken prisoner by the foe. The winning of the game is decided by which party first loses all its men or all its property. At Hawick, where this legendary mimicry of old Border warfare peculiarly flourishes, the boys are accustomed to use the following lines of defiance:—

King Covenanter, come out if ye daur venture!
Set your feet on Scots ground, English, if ye daur!

"KING HENRY" somewhat resembles "I dree I droppit it;" only, instead of standing, the girls forming the ring sit, or rather crouch in a sort of working-tailor attitude. One girl, occupying the centre, is "it." A second girl is on the outside. Immediately the ring begins singing the rhyme:—

King Henry, King Henry,
  Run, boys, run;
You, with the red coat,
  Follow with the drum,

the one on the outside is pursued by the girl from the centre. The rhyme may be repeated as often as the ring decides; but the object of the one who is "it" is

to overtake and "tig" the other before the singing ceases. Otherwise she remains unrelieved, and must try, and try, until she succeeds in getting out, and putting another in her place; and so on.

"THE BLUE BIRD," played by very small children, is rather pretty. The rhyme is:—

Here comes a [blue] bird through the window,
Here comes a [blue] bird through the door;
Here comes a [blue] bird through the window,
Hey, diddle, hi dum, day.
Take a little dance and a hop in the corner,
Take a little dance and a hop in the floor;
Take a little dance and a hop in the corner,
Hey, diddle, hi dum, day.

The players dance round in a ring. One previously, by the process of a chapping-out rhyme, being made "it," goes first outside, then into the centre. Her business now is to decide who shall succeed her; and according as the colour-word in the rhyme—red, blue, green, or yellow, etc.—corresponds with the dress of all the individual players in the successive singing, the ones spotted successively take their place in the centre, and the process goes on, of course, until all have shared alike in the game.

"WHEN I WAS A YOUNG THING," of simple though pretty action, has had a wide vogue. Its rhyme goes:—

When I was a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing;
When I was a young thing,
How happy was I.
'Twas this way, and that way,
And this way, and that way;
When I was a young thing,
Oh, this way went I.

When I was a school-girl, etc.
When I was a teacher, etc.
When I had a sweetheart, etc.
When I had a husband, etc.
When I had a baby, etc.
When I had a donkey, etc.
When I took in washing, etc.
When my baby died, oh died, etc.
When my husband died, etc.

The players, joining hands, form a ring, and dance or walk round singing the words, and keeping the ring form until the end of the fourth line in each successive verse, when they unclasp, and stand still. Each child then takes hold of her skirt and dances individually to the right and left, making two or three steps. Then all walk round singly, singing the second four lines, and making suitable action to the words as they sing and go: the same form being continued throughout.

Still simpler is "CARRY MY LADY TO LONDON." In this game two children cross hands grasping each other's wrists and their own as well—thus forming a seat, on

which a third child can be carried. When hoisted and in order, the bearers step out singing:—

Gie me a needle to stick i' my thoom
To carry my lady to London;
London Bridge is broken down,
And I must let my lady down.

Each child is thus carried in turn.

"A B C" is a spirited game, admirably adapted for indoor practice on a wet day, which is played by children seated round a table, or at the fireside. One sings a solo—a verse of some nursery rhyme. For instance:

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

The chorus of voices takes up the tune, and the solo is repeated; after which the alphabet is sung through, and the last letter, Z, is sustained and repeated again and again, to bother the next child, whose turn it now is to sing the next solo. The new solo must be a nursery rhyme not hitherto sung by any of the company. If unable to supply a fresh rhyme within a fixed limit, the player stands out of the game and pays a forfeit. Less brain-taxing entertainments often engage adult wits.

"MY THEERIE AND MY THORIE," with a political significance, is a game widely played. In one place it is known as "Cam a teerie arrie ma torry;" in another, "Come a theory, oary mathorie;" in yet another, "Come a theerie, Come a thorie;" or it may be, as in Perthshire, "My theerie and my thorie." And even as the refrain varies, so do the rhymes. But the action is generally the same. The players divide into two sides of about equal number, in lines facing each other. Moving forwards and backwards the sides sing verse about of the following rhyme:—

Question.—Have you any bread and wine,
Bread and wine, bread and wine;
Have you any bread and wine,
My theerie and my thorie?

Answer.—Yes, we have some bread and wine,
Bread and wine, bread and wine,
Yes, we have some bread and wine,
My theerie and my thorie.

Question.—We shall have one glass of it, etc.

Answer.—One glass of it you shall not get, etc.

Question.—We are all King George's men, etc.

Answer.—What care we for King George's men, etc.

Question.—How many miles to Glasgow Lee? etc.

Answer.—Sixty, seventy, eighty-three, etc.

Question.—Will I be there gin candle-licht? etc.

Answer.—Just if your feet be clean and slicht, etc.

Question.—Open your gates and let me through, etc.

Answer.—Not without a beck and a boo.

Reply.—There's a beck and there's a boo,
Open your gates and let me through.

A struggle ensues to break through each other's lines, and reach a fixed goal on either side—the first to arrive being the victors.

"GLASGOW SHIPS" is a simple but pretty game. All join hands, forming a ring, and, moving round, sing:—

Glasgow ships come sailing in,
Come sailing in, come sailing in;
Glasgow ships come sailing in
On a fine summer morning.

You daurna set your fit upon,
Your fit upon, your fit upon;
You daurna set your fit upon,
Or Gentle John will kiss you.

Three times will kiss you;
Four times will bless you;
Five times butter and bread
Upon a silver salver.

Who shall we send it to?
Send it to, send it to;
Who shall we send it to?
To Mrs. [Thomson's] daughter.

Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her o'er the water;
Give her kisses, one, two, three,
She's the favourite daughter.

Braw news is come to town,
Braw news is carried;
Braw news is come to town,
[Maggie Thomson's] married.

First she got the kail-pot,
Syne she got the ladle;
Syne she got a dainty wean,
And syne she got a cradle.

The girl named turns her back to the centre of the ring, and the game is resumed. When all in like manner have been named and have turned, the "soo's race" ensues: a hurry-scurry round—which continues

until some one falls, and the game ends by all tumbling in a confused heap.

"AIRLIE'S GREEN," played by boys and girls alike, has perhaps had its greatest vogue in Strathmore. A space is set apart for the "green," upon which he, or she, who is "Airlie" takes his, or her, stand. The play begins by the crowd encroaching on the "green," when all but "Airlie" sing:—

I set my fit on Airlie's green,
  And Airlie canna tak' me:
I canna get time to steer my brose
  For Airlie trying to catch me.

"Airlie's" object is to "tig" one within the boundary. The player touched takes his, or her, place, and the game may proceed thus as long as desired.

"HET ROWES AND BUTTER CAKES," in some places called "Hickety, Bickety," is a purely boy's game. One stands with his eyes bandaged, and his hands against a wall or post, with his head resting upon them. One after another his fellows come up unnamed behind him, laying hands on his back; and the rhyme is repeated by all in chorus:—

Launchman, launchman, lo,
Where shall this poor Scotchman go?
Will he gang east, or will he gang west,
Or will he gang to the hoodiecraw's nest?

The "hoodiecraw's nest" is the space between the blindfolded one's feet and the wall. When all have been sent to different places around, he who is "it" removes the bandage from his eyes; and when all are ready he gives the call—"Het rowes and butter cakes!" when all rush back to the spot whence despatched. The last to arrive is "it;" and the game goes on as before. Where played as "Hickety, Bickety," the rhyme is:—

Hickety, bickety, pease scone,
Where shall this poor Scotchman gang?
Will he gang east, or will he gang west;
Or will he gang to the craw's nest?

"QUEEN MARY." In this game the rhyme goes:—

Queen Mary, Queen Mary, my age is sixteen,
My father's a farmer on yonder green,
With plenty of money to dress me fu' braw,
But nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.
One morning I rose, and I looked in the glass,
Says I to myself I'm a handsome young lass;
My hands by my side and I gave a ha! ha!
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

It is played by girls only, who stand in a row, with

one in front alone to begin with, who sings the verses, and chooses another from the line. The two then join hands and advance and retire, repeating together the verses, with suitable action, as the one had done before alone. At the close they select a third from the line; and the game proceeds thus until all are taken over.

"WHUPPITY SCOORIE," though a game peculiar to Lanark, and to the boys of Lanark, and played only once a year, is yet worth mentioning. Its origin, like so many of the Lanark celebrations, is lost in the mists of antiquity, nevertheless, it is still regularly played, and creates a sensation on its annual recurrence, affecting the old scarcely less than the young in the community. From the month of October till the month of February, inclusive, the bells in the Parish Church steeple there cease to ring at six o'clock in the evening, but resume on the first day of March. At the first peal of the bell then the children start and march three times round the church, after which a rush is made for the Wellgate Head, where they engage in a stand-up fight with the youth of New Lanark (who come that length to meet them), the weapons used being their bonnets attached to a long string. The fight over, the victors (generally the boys of the Old Town) return, marching in order, headed by one carrying a huge stick in exalted attitude, with a flag or handkerchief attached to it; and thus arranged, they parade the principal streets, singing, as their fathers and grandfathers sang before them:—

Hooray, boys, hooray,
For we have won the day;
We've met the bold New Lanark boys,
And chased them doun the brae!

In Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* there is a description of "HINKUMBOOBY," which I have never seen played. It is, however, only an extended version of "Looby-Looby." The party form a circle (says the writer), taking hold of each other's hands. One sings, and the rest join, to the tune of *Lullibero*:

Fal de ral la, fal de ral la;

while doing so they move a little sideways and back again, beating the time (which is slow) with their feet. As soon as the line is concluded, each claps his hands and wheels grotesquely round, singing at the same time the second line of the verse:—

Hinkumbooby, round about,

Then they sing, with the appropriate gesture—that is, throwing their right hand into the circle and the left out:—

Right hands in, and left hands out,

still beating the time; then add as before, while wheeling round, with a clap of the hands:—

Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, fal de ral la;
[*Moving sideways as before, hand in hand.*]
Hinkumbooby, round about,
[*Wheeling round as before, with a clap of the hands.*]

Left hands in and right hands out,
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, fal de ral la,
Hinkumbooby, round about.

Right foot in, and left foot out,
[*Right feet set into the centre.*]
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, fal de ral la,
Hinkumbooby, round about.

Left foot in, and right foot out,
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, fal de ral la, etc.

Heads in, and backs out,
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, etc.

Backs in, and heads out,
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, etc.

A' feet in, and nae feet out,
[*On this occasion all sit down, with their feet stretched into the centre of the ring; and it is a great point to rise up promptly enough to be ready for the wheel round.*]
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, etc.

Shake hands a', shake hands a',
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, etc.

Good-night a', good-night a',
[*The boys bowing and the misses curtseying in an affected formal manner.*]
Hinkumbooby, round about,
Fal de ral la, fal de ral la,
Hinkumbooby, round about.

More generally played—and not in Scotland only—is "THREE BRETHREN COME FROM SPAIN." The players stand in two lines, slightly apart, facing each other—the boys on one side, the girls on the other. The boys advance dancing, and singing the first verse. The girls remain motionless, and only she who represents the mother speaks.

We are three brethren come from Spain,
All in French garlands;
We are come to court your daughter, Jane,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

As they recede, the mother replies:—

My daughter Jane she is too young,
All in French garlands;
She cannot bide your flattering tongue,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

The boys advance again, singing:—

Be she young, or be she old,
All in French garlands,
It's for a bride she must be sold,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Answer:—

A bride, a bride, she shall not be,
All in French garlands,
Till she go through the world with me,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Address:—

Then fare ye well, my lady gay,
All in French garlands;
We'll come again some other day,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Answer:—

Come back, come back, you scornful knight,
All in French garlands;
Clear up your spurs, and make them bright,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Address:—

Of my spurs take you no thought,
All in French garlands;
For in this town they were not bought,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Answer:—

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,
All in French garlands:
Which of my daughters do you choose?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Address:—

Are all your daughters safe and sound?
All in French garlands:
Are all your daughters safe and sound?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Answer:—

In every pocket a thousand pounds,
All in French garlands;
On every finger a gay, gold ring,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

The formula is repeated as above until every boy has chosen a lady-mate, when all march round arm-in-arm in pairs, and the game is ended.

"Here Comes a Poor Sailor from Botany Bay." This is played as a preliminary game to decide who shall join, and which side they will take, in a coming tug-of-war. The chief delight derived is in putting and answering questions. Two principals, standing as rival chiefs, and acting together as catechists, begin the play; and all are warned before replying:—

You must say neither "Yes," "No," nor "Nay,"
"Black," "White," nor "Grey."

Then, as each child approaches, the formula proceeds:—

Here comes a poor sailor from Botany Bay;
Pray, what are you going to give him to-day?
A pair of boots [may be the answer].
What colour are they?
Brown.
Have you anything else to give him?
I think so.
What colour is it?
Red.
What is it made of?
Cloth.
And what colour?
Blue.
Have you anything else to give him?
I don't think so.
Would you like a sweet?
Yes.

Now he is trapped. He has given one of the fatal replies; and the child who answered "Yes" goes to a den. After all have gone through a similar form, the youngsters are divided into two classes—those who avoided answering in the prohibited terms, and the little culprits in the den, or prison, who had failed in the examination. The tug-of-war now begins, the one class being pitted against the other. No rope is used; but arms are entwined round waists, or skirts, or coat-tails are taken hold of; and the victors crow over the vanquished.

"JANET JO," widely played, has for *dramatis personæ*, a Father, a Mother, Janet, and a Lover. Janet lies stretched at full length behind the scenes. The father and mother stand revealed to receive the visits of the lover, who approaches singing, to an air somewhat like "The Merry Masons":—

I'm come to court Janet jo,
Janet jo, Janet jo;
I'm come to court Janet jo—
  How is she the day?

Parents reply together:—

She's up the stair washin',
Washin', washin';
She's up the stair washin'—
  Ye canna see her the day.

The lover retires, and again, and yet again, advances with the same announcement of his object and purpose, to which he receives similar evasive answers from Janet's parents, who successively represent her as up the stair "bleaching," "drying," and "ironing clothes." At last they reply:—

Janet jo's dead and gane,
Dead and gane, dead and gane;
Janet jo's dead and gane—
  Ye'll see her face nae mae!

She is then carried off to be buried, the lover and the rest weeping. Sometimes she revives (to their great

joy), and sometimes not, *ad libitum*—that is, as Janet herself chooses.

A south-country version (Dr. Chambers tells) differs a little, and represents Janet as "at the Well," instead of upstairs, and afterwards "at the Mill," and so on. A Glasgow edition gives the whole in good west-country prose, and the lover begins: "I'm come to court your dochter, Kate Mackleister!"

In the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, "Janet Jo" used to be a dramatic entertainment amongst young rustics. Suppose a party have met on a winter evening round a good peat fire, writes Chambers, and is resolved to have "Janet Jo" performed. Two undertake to personate a goodman and a goodwife; the rest a family of marriageable daughters. One of the lads—the best singer of the party—retires, and equips himself in a dress proper for representing an old bachelor in search of a wife. He comes in, bonnet in hand, bowing, and sings:—

Gude e'en to ye, maidens a',
Maidens a', maidens a';
Gude e'en to ye, maidens a',
Be ye or no.

I've come to court Janet jo,
Janet jo, Janet jo;
I've come to court Janet jo,
Janet, my jo.

Gudewife sings:—

What'll ye gie for Janet jo,
Janet jo, Janet jo;
What'll ye gie for Janet jo,
Janet, my jo?

The wooer replies:—

I'll gie ye a peck o' siller,
A peck o' siller, peck o' siller;
I'll gie ye a peck o' siller
For Janet, my jo.

Gudewife exclaims, "Gae awa', ye auld carle!" then sings:—

Ye'se never get Janet jo,
Janet jo, Janet jo;
Ye'se never get Janet jo,
Janet, my jo.

The wooer hereupon retires, singing a verse expressive of mortification, but soon re-enters with a re-assured air, singing:—

I'll gie ye a peck o' gowd,
A peck o' gowd, peck o' gowd;
I'll gie ye a peck o' gowd,
For Janet, my jo.

The matron gives him a rebuff as before, and he again enters, singing an offer of "twa pecks o' gowd," which, however, is also refused. At his next entry he offers "three pecks o' gowd," at which the gudewife brightens up, and sings:—

Come ben beside Janet Jo,
Janet jo, Janet jo;
Ye're welcome to Janet jo,
Janet, my jo.

The suitor then advances gaily to his sweetheart, and the affair ends in a scramble for kisses.

"THE GOLOSHANS." This is a Hogmanay play, and not confined to children alone, which for that, as well as other reasons, will not inaptly close this chapter. In some parts it was called "The Galatians," to be sure, I say *was*, because one never sees it now-a-days, though fifty years ago, under the one designation or the other, it was played annually by the Hogmanay guizards, who, dressed for the occasion, set it forth with deliciously unsophisticated swagger and bluster in every house they visited that had a kitchen floor broad and wide enough for the operation. It formed the material of a chap-book which was regularly on sale at the "Johnnie-a'-thing" shops in the middle of last century, though now, I suppose, a copy could scarcely be had for love or money. Sir Walter Scott, who delighted to keep up old customs, and could condescend to simple things without losing genuine dignity, invariably had a set of guizards to perform the play before his family both at Ashestiel and at Abbotsford. The *dramatis personæ* of "The Goloshans," after the character in the title-role—who was inevitable on all occasions—differed somewhat in the various districts. Chambers gives a fairly adequate version in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland;* but the

fullest and best I have seen is contained in *Proverbs and Proverbial Expressions*, edited by "Andrew Cheviot," and recently published by Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, and which I take the liberty of quoting mainly, though part also is taken from Chambers's version. The characters are Sir Alexander; Farmer's Son; Goloshan; Wallace; Dr. Brown; and Beelzebub.

Enter Sir Alexander, and speaks:—

Haud away rocks, and haud away reels,
Haud away stocks and spinning-wheels;
Redd room for Gorland, and gie us room to sing,
And I will show you the prettiest thing
That ever was seen in Christmas time.
Muckle-head and Little-wit stand ahint the door:
But sic a set as we are ne'er were seen before.

Enter next Farmer's Son:—

Here come I, the farmer's son,
Although I be but young sir,
I've got a spirit brave.
And I'll freely risk my life,
My country for to save.

Goloshan appears:—

Here come I, Goloshan—Goloshan is my name,
With sword and pistol by my side, I hope to win the game.

Farmer's Son:—

The game, sir, the game, sir! it is not in your power,
I'll cut you into inches in less than half-an-hour.
My head is made of iron, my heart is made of steel,
My sword is a Ferrara that can do its duty weel.

Goloshan:—

My body is like rock, sir, my head is like a stone,
And I will be Goloshan when you are dead and gone.

Enter Wallace:—

Here come I, Sir William Wallace, wight,
Who shed his blood for Scotland's right;
Without a right, without a reason,
Here I draw my bloody weapon.
(*Fights with Goloshan—the latter falls.*)

Farmer's Son:—

Now that young man is dead, sir, and on the ground is laid;
And you shall suffer for it, I'm very much afraid.

Wallace:—

It was not me that did the deed, nor me that did the crime,
'Twas this young man behind me who drew his sword so fine.

Sir Alexander:—

Oh, you artful villain, to lay the blame on me!
For my two eyes were shut, sir, when this young man did dee.

Wallace:—

How could your eyes be shut, sir, when you were looking on?
How could your eyes be shut, sir, when both the swords were drawn?

Farmer's Son (to Wallace):—

How can you thus deny the deed? As I stood looking on,
You drew your sword from out its sheath, and slashed his body down.

Wallace:—

If I have slain Goloshan, Goloshan I will cure,
And I will make him rise and sing in less than half-an-hour;
Round the kitchen, round the town,
Haste and bring me Dr. Brown.

Dr. Brown enters:—

Here come I, old Dr. Brown, the foremost doctor in the town.

Wallace:—

What makes you so good, sir?

Doctor:—

Why, my travels.

Wallace:—

And where have you travelled?

Doctor:—

From Hickerty-pickerty-hedgehog, three times round the West Indies, and back to old Scotland.

Wallace:—

Is that all?

Doctor:—

No sir. I have travelled from fireside to chairside, from chairside to stoolside, from stoolside to tableside, from tableside to bedside, from bedside to press-side, and got many a lump of bread and butter from my mother; and that's the way my belly's so big.

Wallace:—

Well, what can you cure?

Doctor:—

I can cure the rurvy-scurvy, and the rumble-gumption of a man who has been seven years dead or more, and can make an old woman of sixty look like a girl of sixteen.

Wallace:—

How much would you take to cure this dead man? Would five pounds do?

Doctor (turning away):—

Five pounds! No, five pounds would not get a good kit of brose.

Wallace:—

Would ten pounds do?

Doctor:—

Yes, perhaps ten pounds would do—that, and a pint of wine. I have a bottle of inky-pinkie in my pocket. (*Approaches Goloshan.*) By the hocus-pocus and the magical touch of my little finger; heigh ho! start up, Jack, and sing!

Goloshan (*rises and sings*):—

Oh, once I was dead, sir, but now I am alive,
And blessed be the doctor that made me revive;
We'll all join hands, and never fight no more,
We'll all be good fellows, as we have been before.

All four:—

We'll all shake hands and agree, and never fight no more,
We'll all be like brothers, as we were once before;
God bless the master of this house, the mistress fair likewise,
And all the pretty children that round the table rise.
Go down into your cellar and see what you can find,
Your barrels being not empty, we hope you will prove kind;
We hope you will prove kind, with whisky and with beer,
We wish you a Merry Christmas, likewise a good New Year.

Enter Beelzebub (for the collection):—

Here come I, Old Beelzebub, over my shoulder I carry a club,
And in my hand a frying-pan. Am not I a jolly old man?
It's money I want, and money I crave,
If ye don't give me money I'll sweep ye to your grave.

Old Beelzebub's appeal not being resisted (for who might dare to resist such?), the picturesque players

retire, and proceed from thence merrily to occupy another stage.

Mr. Sandys, it may be noted, in his elegant volume of *Christmas Carols* (1833), transcribes a play called "St. George," which still is, or used to be, acted at the New Year in Cornwall, exactly after the manner of our Scottish play of "Goloshan" which it resembles as much as various versions of "Goloshan" in Scotland resemble each other. The leading characters, besides St. George himself and the Dragon, which is twice killed, are a Turkish knight and the King of Egypt. It is curious thus, as Dr. Chambers remarks, to find one play, with unimportant variations, preserved traditionally by the common people in parts of the island so distant from each other, and in many respects so different.

It is curious further, and of much interest to note, that in these singing-games, if nowhere else, the country and the city child, the children of the mansion and the children of the alley, meet all, beautifully, on common ground. And, how the out-door ones lie dormant for spaces, and spring simultaneously into action in widely separated parts —town and country alike—is a problem which may not be easily solved. It seems to us that, like the songs of birds, they belong to certain seasons, and are suggested, each in its turn, or class by class, by the feeling in the air. But mark, I say only *seems*, for who may dogmatize on such matters!

CHILDREN'S SONGS AND BALLADS.

Not the more exalted songs of child life here—not "Willie Winkie," and "Cuddle Doon," and "Castles in the Air," and all that widely esteemed band, which, collectively, would themselves tax the limits of a large volume—but some of the ruder ditties only which the children for many generations have delighted to sing, and been no less charmed by hearing sung, and which of late have not been so frequently seen in print. These rude old favourites, too, with slight comment—little being required. And of such, surely "Cock Robin" may well be awarded the place of honour—a song which, together with the more elaborate tale of "The Babes in the Wood," has done more to make its pert and dapper red-waistcoated subject the general favourite he is with old and young, than any virtue that may be claimed for the little tyrant himself.

COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who'll sing the psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As he sat on a bush,
I'll sing the psalm.

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

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

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

And all the little birds
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

And of Cock Robin again, no less captivating has been the ballad celebrating his wedding with little Jenny Wren. Though why with a lady of the Wren family, must always strike naturalists as an absurdity; and, I suppose, we may not ask how it was the banns were not forbidden, since the Messrs. Wren, with the children, and the whole creation of birds—with the single exception of a blackguard cuckoo—have jubilantly acquiesced in the nuptials.

THE MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

It was a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she dressed,
And so sweetly as she sung.

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

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

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

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob—
I take your offer kind.

"Cherry pie is very good,
So is currant wine;
But I'll wear my russet gown
And never dress too fine."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walked by Jenny's side;

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

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

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

The Bullfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say:
"Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch dressed so gay;

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

Then came the bride and bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide!"

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

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

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

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

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

The concert it was fine,
And every birdie tried
Who best should sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren the bride.

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

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

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

For the Cuckoo he missed,
  But Cock Robin he killed!
And all the birds mourned
  That his blood was so spilled.

Yet another song of the Robin which has moistened the eyes of many a youthful vocalist. I don't know that it ever had a title, but we will call it

THE NORTH WIND.

The North wind doth blow,
  And we shall have snow,
And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?

He will sit in the barn,
  And keep himself warm,
With his little head under his wing, poor thing!

It is not claimed for these pieces that they belong to any high order of verse—though really, in more senses than one, they belong to the very first. In

point of popularity alone, they are not surpassed by "Paradise Lost," nor by the plays of Shakespeare, or the songs of Burns. Then, they have so thoroughly commanded the interest and engaged the affections of the wee folks, that, with old and young alike—for the young so soon grow into the old, alas!—there are no compositions in the world better secured for the honour and glory of immortal fame. They have not been very often printed, I have said—not often in recent years, at least—and the reason, I suppose, is because it was not deemed necessary to set out in print what everybody knows so well by heart. It must be refreshing for the eye, however, to scan what is so familiar to the ear, and I make no apology—yea, I hope to be thanked for their appearance in this little book for bairns and big folk. Let the next be

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

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

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

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

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

The ballad lacks sadly in particulars, to be sure. How the tails of the entire flock disappeared in one fell swoop—whether by malice aforethought, at the instance of a lurking enemy, or in a miraculous accident, whilst the young shepherdess slept at her charge—has never been told, though thousands of wondering pows, multiplied by ten, have wanted to know. Perhaps it is better not explained. Mystery is so often just another word for charm.

We will now have the curious tale of "The House that Jack Built." In no sense a curious house, perhaps, but

famous because of the fortuitous events which issued in regular sequence from the simple fact of the builder having stored a quantity of malt within its walls. It is told best with the accompaniment of pictorial illustrations, but here these are not available.

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 ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate 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 ate 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 ate 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 ate 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 ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
And 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 ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

It has been a satisfaction to many a little boy, I am sure, to feel that he was not, by many miles, so simple as that most abject of all simpletons, familiar

to him as—

SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a pie-man,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pie-man, "Simple Simon,
Show me first your penny;"
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Indeed, I have not any."

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

Some may follow without comment.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone;
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none.

She went to the baker's to buy him some bread,
But when she came back the poor doggie was dead.

She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
And when she came back the doggie was laughing.

She went to the butcher's to get him some tripe,
And when she came back he was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fish-shop to buy him some fish,
And when she came back he was washing the dish.

She went to the tavern for white wine and red,
And when she came back doggie stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back he was riding the goat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.

She went to the draper's to buy him some linen,
And when she came back the good dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's to buy him some hose,
And when she came back he was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant," the dog said, "Bow-wow."

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

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

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

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
Not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then the gold egg
Was thrown in the sea,
When Jack he jumped in
And got it presently.

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

Jack's mother came in
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," she said, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig." As she was coming home she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile. She went a little farther, and she met a dog, so she said to the dog:—

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:—

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:—

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:—

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:—

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:—

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow, and said:—

"Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk;
Cat won't kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haymakers, and said:—

"Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay;
Cow won't give milk;
Cat won't kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the haymakers said to her, "If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay." So away the old woman went. But when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and she went back with it to the haymakers, and they gave her a wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;
So the old woman got home that night!

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Roly!
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

So off he set in his coat and hat,
Heigho, says Roly!
And on the way he met a Rat,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Good Mrs. Mousie for to see?"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

When they came to the door of Mousie's hole,
Heigho, says Roly!
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Oh yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"But let it be something that's not very long,"

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But while they were making a terrible din,
Heigho, says Roly!
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

The cat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Roly!
The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Roly!
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Roly!
A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

There are various versions of the above narrative of a sadly disastrous expedition, in English and in Scotch alike. *The Ballad Book*, a curious collection, of which thirty copies only were printed, in 1824, embraces one beginning:—

There lived a Puddy in a well,
  Cuddy alone, Cuddy alone;
There lived a Puddy in a well,
  Cuddy alone and I.
There lived a Puddy in a well,
And a Mousie in a mill;
Kickmaleerie, cowden down,
  Cuddy alone and I.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
  Cuddy alone, Cuddy alone;
Sword and pistol by his side,
  Cuddy alone and I.
Puddy came to the Mousie's home;
"Mistress Mouse, are you within?"
Kickmaleerie, cowden down,
  Cuddy alone and I.

And which goes forward narrating the almost identically same story: which story, homely and simple as it appears, is of surprising antiquity. In 1580, the Stationers' Company licensed "a ballad of a most strange wedding of the frogge and the mouse;" and that same ballad Dr. Robert Chambers printed from a small quarto manuscript of poems formerly in the possession of Sir Walter Scott, dated 1630. This very old version begins:—

Itt was ye frog in ye wall,
  Humble doune, humble doune;
And ye mirrie mouse in ye mill,
  Tweidle, tweidle, twino.

And the closing lines tell that

Quhen ye supper they war at,
The frog, mouse, and evin ye ratt.

There com in Gib our cat,
And chaught ye mouse evin by ye back.

Then did they all seperat,
And ye frog lap on ye floor so flat.

Then in com Dick our drack,
And drew ye frog evin to ye lack.

Ye rat ran up ye wall,
A goodlie companie, ye devall goe with all.

Of meaner antiquity, perhaps, but no less a favourite with the young, is the amusing ditty of

THE CARRION CROW.

A Carrion Crow sat on an oak,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat;
  Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do!

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
  Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do!

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do,
But shot the pig right through the heart;
  Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, eye ding do.

The next, though it has engaged the attention of the adult population, is a prime old-time favourite with the children as well.

MY PRETTY MAID.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

The original of the following, which has delighted particularly the children of Scotland for many generations, appears with its pleasing air in Johnson's *Musical Museum*:—

CAN YOU SEW CUSHIONS?

O can ye sew cushions?
Or can ye sew sheets?
An' can ye sing ba-la-loo
When the bairnie greets?

An' hee an' ba, birdie,
An' hee an' ba, lamb,
Ah' hee an' ba, birdie,
My bonnie wee man.

Hee O, wee O, what'll I do wi' ye?
Black is the life that I lead wi' ye;
Owre mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
Hee O, wee O, what'll I do wi' ye?

Now hush-a-ba, lammie,
An' hush-a-ba, dear;
Now hush-a-ba, lammie,
Thy minnie is here,
The wild wind is ravin',
Thy minnie's heart's sair;
The wild wind is ravin',
An' ye dinna care.

Hee O, wee O, etc.

Sing ba-la-loo, lammie,
Sing bo-la-loo, dear;
Does wee lammie ken
That his daddie's no here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly
On mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin'
Upon the saut sea.

Hee O, wee O, etc.

O I hung thy cradle
On yon holly top,

An' aye as the wind blew
Thy cradle did rock.
An' hush-a-ba, baby,
O ba-lilly-loo;
An' hee an' ba, birdie,
My bonnie wee doo!

Hee O, wee O, etc.

We see continually how dear to the songs of childlife are the mention of birds and all things sweet in the round of everyday life. Here now—

HUSH-A-BA BIRDIE, CROON.

Hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba birdie, croon;
The sheep are gane to the silver wood,
And the coos are gane to the broom, broom,
And the coos are gane to the broom.

And it's braw milking the kye, kye,
It's braw milking the kye;
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
The wild deer come galloping by, by,
The wild deer come galloping by.

And hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba birdie, croon;
The gaits are gane to the mountain hie,
And they'll no be hame till noon,
And they'll no be hame till noon.

A prime favourite—none excelling it—has been

DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE.

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb;
And ye'll get a fishie,
In a little dishie,
Ye'll get a fishie when the boat comes hame!

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb!
And ye'll get a coatie,
And a pair o' breekies—
Ye'll get a whippie and a supple Tam!

By the bye, as touching the lullaby order of these songs, it is interesting to note that, no matter of what age or nation they may be, they are all but regularly made up on precisely the same plan. There is first the appeal to the child to slumber, or to rest and be happy; then comes the statement that the father is away following some toilsome occupation; and the promise succeeds that he will soon return laden with the fruits of his labour, and all will be well. We have been seeing, and will see again, how the Scottish go. The Norwegian mother sings:—

Row, row to Baltnarock,
How many fish caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother.
One for sister and one for brother.

Even the Hottentot mother promises her child that its "dusky sire" shall bring it "shells from yonder shore," where he has probably been occupied in turning turtles over on their broad backs. The Breton song

goes:—

Fais dado, pauvre, p'tit Pierrot.
Papa est sur l'eau
Qui fait des bateaux
Pour le p'tit Pierrot.

The Swedish cradle song follows the almost universal custom. It runs (in English):—

Hush, hush; baby mine!
Pussy climbs the big green pine,
Ma turns the mill stone,
Pa to kill the pig has gone.

The Danish does not prove an exception:—

Lullaby, sweet baby mine!
Mother spins the thread so fine;
Father o'er the bridge has gone,
Shoes he'll buy for little John.

The North German cradle song is:—

Schlaf Kindchen, schlaf!
Dein Vater hut't die schaf;
Dein Mutter schuttelts Baumelien,
Da fallt herab ein Tramelein,
Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!

Which, being done into English, runs:—

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep;
The mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

The simplest and crudest of these, we may be sure, has lulled millions to sleep, and by virtue of that association is worth more than many quartos of recent verse deliberately composed with the view of engaging the attention of the nursery circle. How many volumes of the newer wares, for instance, might be accepted in exchange for

KATIE BEARDIE.

Katie Beardie had a coo,
Black and white about the mou';
Wasna that a dentie coo?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Katie Beardie had a hen,
Cackled but an' cackled ben;
Wasna that a dentie hen?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Katie Beardie had a cock
That could spin a gude tow rock;
Wasna that a dentie cock?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Katie Beardie had a grice,
It could skate upon the ice;
Wasna that a dentie grice?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Katie Beardie had a wean,
That was a' her lovin' ain;
Wasna that a dentie wean?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Yet, there is tolerable proof extant that the above dates from at least the beginning of the seventeenth century. "Katherine Beardie," anyway, is the name affixed to an air in a manuscript musical collection which belonged to the Scottish poet, Sir William Mure, of Rowallan, written, presumably, between the years 1612 and 1628. The same tune, under the name of "Kette Bairdie," also appears in a similar collection which belonged to Sir John Skene of Hallyards, supposed to have been written about 1629. Further, so well did Sir Walter Scott know that this was a popular dance during the reign of King James VI., as Mr. Dawney points out, that he

introduces it in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, with this difference, that it is there called "Chrichty Bairdie," a name not precisely identical with that here given; but as Kit is a diminutive of Christopher, it is not difficult to perceive how the two came to be confounded. Old as it certainly is—and older by a deal it may be than these presents indicate—it maintains yet the charm of youth—delighting all with its lightly tripping numbers. No less does—

THE MILLER'S DOCHTER.

There was a miller's dochter,
  She wadna want a baby, O;
She took her father's grey hound
  An' row'd it in a plaidie, O.

Singing, Hush-a-ba! hush-a-ba!
  Hush-a-ba, my baby, O!
An 'twere na for you lang beard,
  I wad kiss your gabbie, O!

While bedding operations have been in progress no song, surely, has been more welcome and effective than

HAP AND ROW.

Hap and row, hap and row,
Hap and row the feetie o't;
I never kent I had a bairn
Until I heard the greetie o't.

The wife put on the wee pan
To boil the bairn's meatie, O,
When down fell a cinder
And burn't a' its feetie, O.

Hap and row, hap and row,
Hap and row the feetie o't;
I never kent I had a bairn
Until I heard the greetie o't.

Sandy's mither she came in
As sune's she heard the greetie o't,
She took the mutch frae aff her head
And rowed it round the feetie o't.

Hap and row, hap and row, etc.

In about equal favour stands

HOW DAN, DILLY DOW.

How dan, dilly dow,
  Hey dow, dan,
Weel were ye're minnie.
  An' ye were a man.

Ye wad hunt an' hawk,
  An' hand her o' game,
An' water your daddie's horse
  When he cam' hame.

How dan, dilly dow,
  Hey dan, floors,
Ye'se lie i' your bed
  Till eleven hours.

If at eleven hours
  You list to rise,
Ye'se hae your dinner dight
  In a new guise.

Laverocks' legs,
  And titlins' taes,
And a' sic dainties
  My mannie shall hae.

A cheery and comforting lilt, indeed, with its promise of plenty. Much superior to the next, which bears in its bosom the hollow and unwelcome ring of a "toom girnal"—a sound no child should ever know. It is yet a lilt familiar to the nursery:—

CROWDIE.

Oh, that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
They cry Crowdie! ever mair.

Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Quoting the stanzas as an old ballad in a letter to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop, in December, 1795, the poet Burns wrote:—"There had much need to be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of Fate, even in all the vigour of manhood, as I am—such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock? 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an ever-lasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!" So might we all. Then, away with it, and let us have a more lightsome spring.

WHISTLE, WHISTLE, AULD WIFE.

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife.
An' ye'se get a hen."
"I wadna whistle," quo' the wife,
"Though ye wad gi'e me ten."

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
An' ye'se get a cock."
"I wadna whistle," quo' the wife,
"Though ye'd gi'e me a flock."

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
And ye'se get a goun."
"I wadna whistle," quo' the wife,
"For the best ane i' the toun."

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
An' ye'se get a coo."
"I wadna whistle," quo' the wife,
"Though ye wad gi'e me two."

"Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
An' ye'se get a man."
"*Wheeple-whauple*" quo' the wife,
"I'll whistle as I can."

Sung with vocal mimicry, the above makes a strikingly effective entertainment.

The song of "The Three Little Pigs" embraces a palpable moral, which not children alone would be the better for taking to heart. I wish I could sing it for you, my reader, as I have heard Mr. Tom Hunt, the well-known animal painter, sing it in social circles in Glasgow:—

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
And three little piggies had she;
And she waddled about saying, "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
While the little ones said "wee! wee!"

And she waddled about saying, "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
While the little ones said "wee! wee!"

"My dear little piggies," said one of the brats,
"My dear little brothers," said he,
"Let us all for the future say, 'grumph! grumph! grumph!'
'Tis so childish to say, 'wee! wee!'"

Let us all, etc.

These three little piggies grew skinny and lean,
And lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn't say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
And they wouldn't say "wee! wee!"

For somehow, etc.

So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of fe-lo-de-see,
From trying too hard to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When they only could say "wee! wee!"

From trying, etc.

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see:
Don't try when you're young to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "wee! wee!"
Don't try when you're young to say "grumph!

grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "wee! wee!"

Another delectable song for children—also of a subtly didactic character—is

COWE THE NETTLE EARLY.

Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cowe the nettle, stoo the nettle:
Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cowe the nettle early.

Cowe it laich, cowe it sune,
Cowe it in the month o' June;
Stoo it ere it's in the bloom,
Cowe the nettle early.

Cowe it by the old wa's,
Cowe it where the sun ne'er fa's,
Stoo it when the day daws,
Cowe the nettle early.

Auld heuk wi' no ae tooth,
Cowe the nettle, stoo the nettle;
Auld gluive wi' leather loof,
Cowe the nettle early.

The following curious song, which Mrs. Burns, the wife of the poet, was fond of crooning to her children, is not yet without some vogue outwith the printed page—though mainly in this verse, the place of which, by the bye, would be difficult to fix in the song as printed by Herd:—

The robin cam' to the wren's door,
  And keekit in, and keekit in:
O, blessings on your bonnie pow,
  Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
I wadna let you lie thereout,
  And I within, and I within,
As lang's I hae a warm clout,
  To row ye in, to row ye in.

To students of Burns it will ever be of prime interest from the fact that its air, as played by Miss Jessie Lewars to the poet only a few days before his death, supplied the hint for his most tender and touching lyric, "O Wert them in the Cauld Blast." Herd prints it thus:—

THE WREN'S NEST.

The wren scho lyes in care's bed,
In care's bed, in care's bed;
The wren scho lyes in care's bed,
Wi' meikle dule and pyne, O.

When in cam' Robin Redbreist,
Redbreist, Redbreist;
When in cam' Robin Redbreist,
Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
Taste o' this, taste o' this;
Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
It's succar saps and wine, O?

Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Robin, Robin:
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Though it were ne'er sae fine, O.

And where's the ring that I gied ye,
That I gied ye, that I gied ye:
And where's the ring that I gied ye,
Ye little cutty-quean, O?

I gied it till an ox-ee,
An ox-ee, an ox-ee;
I gied it till an ox-ee,
A true sweetheart o' mine, O.

We began with the robin in this, I hope, not wearisome but entertaining *Melange* of child-songs. We have never, indeed, got at any time far away from the lively and interesting little fellow; and, that being so, perhaps no item could more fittingly close the series than the very old song of

ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.

Gude-day now, bonnie Robin,
How long have you been here?
I've been bird about this bush
This mair than twenty year!

But now I am the sickest bird
That ever sat on brier;
And I wad mak' my testament,
Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gae tak' this bonnie neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn;
And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton
To be a hunting-horn.

Gae tak' these bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my neb;
And gi'e to the Lady o' Hamilton
To fill a feather-bed.

Gae tak' this gude richt leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Tay;
It will be a post and pillar gude—
Will neither bow nor gae.

And tak' this other leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Weir;
It will be a post and pillar gude—
Will neither bow nor steer.

Gae tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my tail:
And gie to the lads o' Hamilton
To be a barn-flail.

And tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast:
And gie to ony bonnie lad
Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there came my Lady Wren
  Wi' mony a sigh and groan:
O what care I for a' the lads
  If my ain lad be gone!

Then Robin turned him roundabout,
  E'en like a little king;
Go; pack ye out o' my chamber-door,
  Ye little cutty quean!

Robin made his testament
  Upon a coll of hay;
And by cam' a greedy gled
  And snapt him a' away.

CHILDREN'S HUMOUR AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

The humours of little folks, fresh and original, and invariably of the unconscious variety, and their quaint sayings, unrehearsed and uttered regularly without regard to effect—though with merciless honesty often—form a never-palling treat; and every man and woman who has reared a family, or has had joy in the society of other people's children, has his and her own budget, comprising tit-bits at once interesting, startling, and amusing. When occasion has saved us from the foolishly doting parent who is everlastingly prosing about the very clever things his own little Johnnie has said or done, I have seldom found greater enjoyment of a mixed company than when the queer sayings of children went round the

board, and we had "recollections," by suggestion, of things which perhaps had been better left unsaid, as also of things which had been more agreeably expressed if differently worded; yet all so honestly set forth that even the "victims" could not help but enjoy them in some measure. Children accept all statements so implicitly, and, with their quick-working wits, they reason so straight-forwardly, that the application when voiced comes at times with a bang sufficient to take one's breath away. Given this and that, however, an application is unavoidable. As lief set fire behind powder in a gun and expect there will be no report. A mite of five, thus, will on occasion utter a syllogism that would not discredit a professor of logic, or will put a question to which a whole college of theologians might not venture an answer. A little lady of my acquaintance who had not yet seen her fourth birthday, was one morning told by her mother that she could not get out to play —the frost was too severe. "Who makes the frost, ma?" was asked. "God, dear." "What does He make frost for?" "To kill the worms." "And why does He make worms, and has to make frost to kill them?" This was a sufficient poser, but the mother continued, "The worms have to be killed, else they would eat the roots of all the plants and flowers." The little lady reflected, then gravely asked, "But does God kill the wee chicky worms that never eated any roots?" The mother did not answer, but looked now even more grave than the child. The same little miss was listening one evening to a newspaper report being read, which told how a man in a storm of wind had been blown with a ladder from a house-top in Glasgow, and was killed. "Who makes the wind?" she asked sharply. She was told. "And does God make the bad winds that kills the mans?" was demanded.

There was no reply; but she read the silence as meaning "yes," and turning to leave the room she muttered more to herself than otherwise, "When I die and go to Heaven I'll not sit beside God." When repeating the *Pater-noster* one evening she stuck at the first sentence, and wanted to know "If God is our Father in Heaven who is our Mother in Heaven?" But the mother was saved this time by the interposition of the little one's elder brother, who, with stern emphasis, exclaimed, "Stupid! God's wife, of course." A little boy-relative of that girl returned from school one day, while he was but a pupil in the infant department, and stepping proudly up to where his father was seated, "Pa," he exclaimed, "I am the cleverest boy in the class." "Indeed," returned the parent, "I am proud to hear that; but who said it?" "The teacher." "If the teacher said so, it surely must be true. What did she say, though?" "She said, 'Stand up the cleverest boy in the class,' and I stood up." The same little fellow was on the way to school with a friend one morning, towards the end of December, when the two were attracted by the appearance of a sweep on the chimney of a neighbouring building. "I ken what that man's doin' up there," he asserted; "he's sweepin' the lums for Santa Claus to get doon." And that recalls the story I once heard of a little man in the Carse of Gowrie. It happened on an evening towards the close of the year, as he was preparing for bed, and was sitting by the fire with his first liberated stocking in his hand, that he looked over to his mother, and "Mither," he asked, "will I get a pair o' new stockin's before Christmas?" "Maybe, laddie; but what gars ye speir?" "Because"—and he spoke mournfully, as he stuck his fingers through a large hole in the toe—"if Santa Claus puts onything intil thir anes, it'll fa' oot." How cleverly they reason, you

see! "Bring me a drink o' water, Johnnie," was the order delivered by a Perthshire farmer to his little son one day a good many years ago. The boy went to do as he was asked, but the water-stoup had been nearly empty, and, as he was approaching his parent with the liquid, he paused and peered doubtfully into the hand-vessel, then, as if suddenly inspired by a happy thought, "Will I put meal in't, father?" he asked. "No." "Oh, weel, then"—and he turned to go back—"ye'll need to wait till somebody gangs to the well." But to return to children I have known for yet one or two more illustrations. I was at a tea-table one afternoon where the company was mostly composed of the smaller fry, and an incident, important to all, was mentioned, which had happened some seven or eight years before. Several of the older children declared, truthfully, that they remembered it quite well. "So do I mind o' it," asserted a little fellow about five. "How could you mind o' it?" questioned scornfully an older brother; "you wasna born at the time." "I ken," as scornfully returned the younger theologian; "I was dust at the time; but I mind o' it weel enough." Here is the verbatim copy of a letter written since by the hand of that same boy—in a country village in Perthshire—where he has been staying continuously for several years, and addressed to his father in Glasgow:—"Dear Pa, The Rabbits is all dead. Worried with dogs. The gold fishes is dead. Died with the cold. The cat has had kittens, four of them, and the rest of us is all well." The remark of a prominent Scottish novelist who recently passed the epistle through his hands was—"That's style, the most crisp and picturesque. And then—'the rest of us'—how beautifully innocent!"

The little girl of a friend of mind—while still of very tender years—was first taken to church by her aunt.

On the way home, and soon after leaving the portals of the sacred edifice, she looked up solemnly in her guardian's face, and, "Auntie," she asked, "was yon God on the mantel-piece?" She referred doubtless to the minister in the pulpit. Don't think of irreverence, my reader! The child, in its atmosphere of perfect innocence, knows not the word. And bear that in mind further when I tell you of a little boy and girl—both of whom I know well—who were having a walk with me one Sunday in early Autumn, when suddenly a railway train appeared in view. A train on Sunday! They were staggered by the sight; and the boy demanded to know why it should be there. "Oh, I know," exclaimed the girl, after some reflection; "it'll be God coming back from his holidays." The question, "Can prayer be answered?" may be often discussed by grown-up minds. It is never raised by the children. No doubts trouble them in that relation. They are quite certain they will get what they ask for. Perfect confidence in that alone could have made it possible for a certain little miss, who, when being put to bed in a tired condition, and asked to say her prayer, began:—

"This night I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord——"

then gave a long, loud yawn, and added, "Oh God, I am awfully sleepy—you know the rest"—making thus, in her rude simplicity, a finely trustful and beautiful prayer. "Give us each day our daily bread," was the honest petition of a little fellow—who, however, recalling probably some recent violent experiences, immediately added—"but dinna let our Lizzie bake it." An elaborately-trained little fellow who had nightly to pray for blessings on "mamma,

and papa, grandpapa, and grandmamma," and all his uncles, his aunts, and his cousins, committing each by name, after exhausting the catalogue one evening, heaved a heavy sigh and exclaimed wearily, "Oh, dear, I wish these people would pray for themselves, for I am so tired of praying for them all!"

A little girl, whose baby brother had died, was told that he had gone to Heaven, and that night she refused to pray—"Take me to Heaven for Jesus' sake"—because, as she said; "I don't want to go to Heaven, I want to stay here, with ma, and pa, and dolly." Were all prayers as honest, many of them, I suspect, would be much shorter than they are.

I have heard of a little boy who was continually being told that he should be good.

"And if I am gooder, and gooder," he asked, "what will I be?"

"Oh, you will be a little angel."

"But I don't want to be an angel," he retorted; "I want to be an engine-driver." They are never else than frank in their statements. A mother who suffers from severe headaches, said to her little girl about eight, one day not long ago, "What would you do, Lottie dear, if your darling mother was taken away from you—if she died?" "Well, mother," was the little one's startling answer, "I suppose we would cry at first—then we would bury you, and then we would come home and take all the money out of your pocket." Now, while it is possible that something else might also be done, it is almost certain—yea, it is certain, without doubt—that all these ceremonials, however reluctantly, would, in turn, be duly performed.

From a story bearing on death to one relating to birth is a transition not so unnatural as may at the first blush appear. And births are affairs ever of prime interest to children. Not many years ago it happened in a village in Perthshire that twins arrived in a family, and next day one of the little misses of the house was out on the street playing, when a neighbouring lady came up to where she was, and, "So you've got two little babies at home, Bizzie," she remarked. "Yes," responded the little one, very solemnly; "and do you know, my father was away at Edinburgh when the doctor brought them. But it was a good thing my mother was in; for if she hadna, there would have been naebody in the house but me, and I wadna have kent what to do wi' them." They tell this delightful story of the little daughter of Professor Van Dyke, of the Philadelphia University:—

"Papa, where were you born?"

"In Boston, my dear."

"Where was mamma born?"

"In San Francisco."

"And where was I born?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, pap, isn't it funny how we three people got together?"

And that now recalls another which Mrs. Keeley, the actress, tells of a tradesman's little boy who was often taken to stay with his grandmother and grandfather—the latter a very feeble old man, bald and toothless. This little fellow was told that his father and mother had "bought" a nice new baby

brother for him. The little man was much interested by the news, and was taken to see the new arrival. He looked at it with astonishment for a few seconds, then remarked—"Why, he's got no hair, father!" This was at once admitted. "And he's got no teeth," observed the boy again, touching another fact which could not be denied. Then a long and thoughtful pause ensued, after which the little critic (who had probably been comparing the baby with his grandfather), observed confidentially—"I'll tell you what, father; if they called him a new baby, they've taken you in—he's an old 'un!" You cannot easily get round children. And it is almost impossible to suppress them. As touching this fact an excellent story is told of our present King and his sister, the late Empress of Germany, when they were boy and girl. Lord——, who had a deformed foot, was invited to Osborne; and before his arrival the Queen and Prince Albert debated whether it would be better to warn the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal of his physical calamity, so as to avoid embarrassing remarks, or to leave the matter to their own good feeling. The latter course was adopted. Lord ---- duly arrived. The foot elicited no remark from the Royal children, and the visit passed off with perfect success. But next day the Princess Royal asked the Queen, "Where is Lord——?" "He has gone back to London, dear." "Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Berty and me his foot!" The *enfants terrible* had wilily caught his lordship in the corridor, and made their own terms.

There is pleasure in telling that story were it but for the revelation it affords of how the children of Kings and Queens are animated by the same curiosities, and may act at times so like the children of the commonality. That Royalty again may be moved by

the action or word of a child of common birth we have many pleasing proofs. One is pat. A late King of Prussia, while visiting in one of the villages of his dominion, was welcomed by the school children. Their sponsor made a speech for them. The King thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked—"To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl. The King next took a gold coin from his pocket, and, holding it up, asked—"And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," was the reply. "And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the King. The little girl coloured deeply; for she did not like to say the "animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest His Majesty should be offended. But just then it flashed upon her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with brightening eye, she said—"To God's Kingdom, sire." The King was moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly—"God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that Kingdom." Thus did the words of a common child, you see, move the heart of a King. But, oh, we are all the same. It is only the environment that is different. And the distinction there even is not so great as one, not knowing, may be disposed to imagine. In high and low life alike, anyway, the children, we know, are free; and all alike are susceptible of eccentricity. What a fine confession of this the Princess of Wales made not long ago when, as Duchess of York, she was addressing a Girls' Society in London. As a school-girl, she said, she disliked geography; of which, she added, she was very ignorant. Once she was set to draw an outline map of the world from memory. "On showing it to my governess," said the Princess, "she

said in quite an alarmed manner—'Why, you have left out China! Don't you know where it is?' 'Yes,' I replied, very stubbornly, but very loyally, 'I know where it should be, but I am not going to put it in my map. The Queen is angry with China now, so it has no right to have a place in the world at all.'" The spirit of exclusiveness manifested by the little lady might readily be quarrelled with in some quarters; but surely the act gives promise of a Queen who, like her to whom she was loyal, will, when her glory cometh—though, may it be far distant—prove the pride of every loyal Briton!

The somersaultic cleverness by which a child will get out of an awkward situation has been often revealed, but seldom with more humour than in the two succeeding illustrations. A minister returning from church towards the manse on a Sunday, came suddenly on a boy leaning earnestly over the parapet of a bridge with a short rod and a long string having a baited hook on the far end, by which he was trying his luck in the burn beneath. "Boy," he exclaimed severely, "is this a day on which you should be catching fish?" "Wha's catchin' fish?" drawled the budding Isaac Walton; "I'm juist tryin' to droon this worm." The next boy was yet cleverer—alike in fishing and in speech. He had several trout dangling from his hand by a string when he met the minister abruptly in a quick bend of the road. There was no chance of escape; but his ready wit saved him. He walked boldly forward, and taking the first word as the two were about to meet, he dangled the trout-hand high, looked the minister square in the face, and exclaimed, "That sorts them for snappin' at flees on the Sabbath!" and passed hence, leaving his anticipated accuser flabbergasted.

Ruskin says of children: "They are forced by nature to develop their powers of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight;" and we might add, remarks another writer, "that the inventive faculty, like a bird, is apt, when fully grown, to fly away. Then, when their own imaginative resources begin to fail them, one observes children begin to read books of adventure with avidity—at the age, say, of ten or twelve years. Before that, no Rover of the Andes or Erling the Bold can equal the heroic achievements they evolve from their inner consciousness." Who, for instance, could hope to "put a patch" on the experience of those two little boys who spent a snowy day during the Christmas holidays tiger-shooting in their father's dining-room; and as one, making his cautious way among the legs of the dinner-table, for the nonce a pathless jungle, was hailed by the other with, "Any tigers there, Bill?" he answered gloriously: "Tigers? I'm knee-deep in them!"

That excellent story recalls to me another, not unlike it. Also of a Christmas time. The children had asked permission to get up a play, and it had been granted on the condition that they did it all themselves without help or hint. As the eldest was only ten they accepted the condition with alacrity, for young children hate to be interfered with and hampered by their elders. When the evening came and the family and audience had collected, the curtain was drawn back and revealed the heroine (aged nine), who stated with impassioned sobs that her husband had been in South Africa for the past three years, but that she was expecting his return. Truly enough the hero (aged ten) entered, and proceeded, after affectionate but hasty greetings, to give his wife an eloquent account of his doings, the battles he had fought, the

Boers he had killed, and the honours he had won.

When he at last paused for breath, his wife rose, and taking his hand led him to the back, where a short curtain covered a recess.

"I, too, dear," she said proudly, "have not been idle."

And pulling back the curtain she displayed six cradles occupied by six large baby dolls!

And that again recalls another, quite in the same line. One day a gentleman walking down a street observed a little boy seated on a doorstep. Going up to him, he said, "Well, my little chap, how is it you are sitting outside on the doorstep, when I see through the window all the other young folks inside playing games and having a good time? Why aren't you inside joining in the fun?" "I guess, stranger, that I'm in this game." replied the boy. "But how can you be, when you are out on the doorstep, and the others are all inside?" "Oh, I'm in the show right enough. You see, we're playing at being married. I'm the baby, and I'm not born yet!"

The late Dr. Norman M'cLeod—the great Norman—rejoiced in telling a story about two ragged children whom he found busy on the side of a country road one day, working with some stiffened mud, which they had carefully scraped together. "What's this you are making?" he asked. One of the children replied that it was a kirk. "A kirk! Ay, and where's the door?" "There it's." "And the pulpit?" "That's it." "And the minister?" The little one hesitated, then replied, very innocently—"We hadna dirt enough left to mak' a minister."

The minister, of course—and the weaker his character he should be the more careful—must always approach children with caution if he hopes to come out of the interview with his reputation unscathed. I have heard or read of a member of the

cloth—a supreme egoist—who was visiting at a house when but the mother and her little girl—a mere child—were at home. As the self-esteemed great man was holding the mother in conversation, he noticed with pride that the child, who reposed on the hearthrug with a school-slate tilted on her knee, was making furtive glances up at his face, and returning her attention regularly to the slate, on which she kept scrawling with a pencil. When at length she stopped and looked serious, "Well, my dear," he exclaimed, "have you been trying to draw my portrait?" She did not reply, "Come," he continued, coaxingly, "you must let me see it." "Oh," interposed the proud mother, "she's awfu' clever at the drawin'." This made the minister still more eager to see the work, and he repeated his request for an exposure; but the child clutched the slate only more tightly to her breast and did not look up. "She's aye sae shy, ye ken," interceded the mother, as she reached her hand to procure the work of art by main force. It was then the little one found her tongue, and she exclaimed—"Oh, it wasna very like him, and I just put a tail till't, and ca'd it a doggie." The *denouement* leaves nothing to be desired.

Dean Ramsay, to whom his country owes so much for the elucidation of its characteristics, tells humorously of the elder of a kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, and put his reproof not at all in judicious form by exclaiming—"Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on the Sabbath-day?" Not in judicious form, truly, for the boy replied, "Ay, they gang doun to the field by the water below the brig." "No," roared out the elder, "they go to hell, and are burned." Worse than ever—for the elder—for the little fellow, really shocked, now called to his sister,

"Come awa', Jeanie, here's a man swearin' awfu'."

"Among the lower orders in Scotland humour is found, occasionally, very rich in mere children," observes the Dean, "and I recollect a remarkable illustration of this early native humour occurring in a family in Forfarshire, where I used in former days to be very intimate. A wretched woman, who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor half-starved little girl by the road-side near the house of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child, and as she grew a little older they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and the native odd humour of which we speak began soon to show itself. On reading the passage which began 'Then David rose,' etc., the child stopped and looked up knowingly to say, 'I ken wha that was,' and being asked what she could mean, she confidently said, 'That's David Rowse the pleuchman.' And again, reading the passage where the words occur, 'He took Paul's girdle,' the child said, with much confidence, 'I ken what he took that for;' and on being asked to explain, replied at once, 'To bake his bannocks on.'"

Among less than a dozen examples in all of child humour, the good Dean has yet another worth telling, which he says, used to be narrated by an old Mr. Campbell of Jura, who told the story of his own son. The boy, it seems, was much spoilt by indulgence. In fact, the parents were scarce able to refuse him anything he demanded. He was in the drawing-room on one occasion when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up to the nursery he insisted on going down to dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child

persevered and kept saying, "If I dinna gang, I'll tell yon." His father then, for peace sake, let him go. So he went, and sat at the table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded soup, and repeated, "If I dinna get it, I'll tell yon." Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of "telling yon." At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm, and positively refused, as "a bad thing for little boys," and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about "telling yon;" and, as still he was refused, he declared, "Now I'll tell yon," and at last roared out —"*My new breeks are made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

That, however, is not the most delectable of child stories. We prefer the ideas of the little folks within the region of philosophy. When, for example, they want to know "Whaur div' a' the figures gang when they're rubbit oot?" and ask such questions as "Where does the dark go when the light comes?" "Was it not very wrong of God not to make Cain good as well as Abel?" or, "If it be true that some of the stars are bigger than this earth, how do they not keep the rain off?"

"I say, father," asked a little fellow as he raised his eyes off his home lesson, "Who invented the multiplication table?" "Oh, I don't know," he was answered; "it was invented long ago; why?"

"Well, I was thinking if the gentleman that invented it didn't know it already, he must have had a tough job; and if he did know it, what was the good of him inventing it at all?"

It was a cloudy and moonless night when a little

fellow was taken out by his mother, who went to call for a friend. "Mamma," he exclaimed, looking up, "I expect God's been very busy this evening, for I see He has forgotten to hang the stars out."

She was a very small Miss who went to church alone one day, where an organ had recently been introduced. As she stood gazing about just within the door, an elder approached, and asked where she would prefer to sit. "Well," she said pertly, "if there's a monkey, I would like to be near the organ; but if there's no' a monkey, I'll just sit ony place."

A pretty good story is related of one of Governor Tilton's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself *en militaire* to his wife and little daughter, the latter, after gazing at him for a few minutes, turned to her mother, and exclaimed: "Why, Ma, that's not a real soldier—it's Pa!" Equally observant was another youngster, who was sent by his parent to take a letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: "Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing." We hardly know whether the father would laugh or storm over this unconscious attempt to defraud the revenue. But no matter.

Two little London girls who had been sent by the kindness of the vicar's wife to have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their return, said, "Oh, yes, mum, we did 'ave a happy day. We saw two pigs killed and a gentleman buried."

It is the rare that fascinates. Many years ago, I was living in a house where, on an evening, a little Miss was toiling over her school-lesson, and declaiming

loudly, "The—sow—has—pigs." Being a city child, I wondered whether she knew of what she was reading, and asked, "Did you ever see a sow and pigs, Mary?" "No," she replied smartly, "but when I was going to the school the day, I saw a policeman getting his photograph taken."

But speaking here of London children, reminds me of two London stories which should not be omitted. So here:—

Two small boys walking down Tottenham Court Road, passed a tobacconist's shop. The bigger remarked—"I say, Bill, I've got a ha-penny, and if you've got one too, we'll have a penny smoke between us."

Bill produced his copper, and Tommy, diving into the shop, promptly re-appeared with a penny cigar in his mouth.

The boys walked side by side for a few minutes, when the smaller mildly said, "I say, Tom, when am I to have a puff? The weed's half mine."

"Oh, you shut up," was the business-like reply. "I'm the chairman of this company, and you are only a shareholder. You can spit."

That is the first. The second, though less precocious, is yet more enjoyable. Besides, we know it is true, while the other—well, it is not above suspicion.

One day, when seeking a model, Miss Dorothy Tennant (now Mrs. H. M. Stanley) discovered a likely subject in the shape of a crossing-sweeper; and, while conducting him to Richmond Terrace, she met her family's old friend, Mr. Gladstone. Greatly moved by her companion, he exclaimed:

"Who's your friend?"

Then and there the crossing-sweeper, much to his dismay, was presented to the "People's William."

On entering the Tennant mansion, the urchin was tremendously impressed by the liveried servant who had opened the door, and, after looking back at him several times, whispered mysteriously to his kind hostess:

"I say, miss, why does your big brother wear brass buttons?"

Always thoughtful, Miss Tennant first led her charge to the servants hall, where she sat beside him as he played havoc with the well-filled dishes placed before him. At the conclusion of his repast, Miss Tennant asked the boy how he liked it.

"Proper," replied the crossing-sweeper; "yer mother do cook prime!"

London having yielded its quota, the "Second City" may be again drawn upon.

A little boy of tender years was sitting on the doorstep of a house in Bridgeton, there, the other morning, crying bitterly, when a girl of about the same age accosted him, and the following conversation was overheard:—"What are ye greetin' for, laddie?" she inquired, in sympathetic tones. "Did onybody hit ye?" "N-n-na," sobbed the boy. "Then, what is't ye're greetin' for?" the little damsel went on. "'Cause my wee brither's gane to heaven," exclaimed the little fellow, bitterly, between his sobs. "Oh!" ejaculated the girl; and then, after a pause, "but ye shouldna greet like that—maybe he hasna."

Another. Recently a little fellow came home from school crying bitterly, and altogether manifesting great sorrow. "What's the matter, Geordie," sympathetically inquired his mother, "has onybody been hittin' ye?" "N-n-n-o," answered the boy between his sobs. "Then, what are you crying about?" she went on. "Boo! hoo! wee Sammy Sloan's faither an' mither hae flitted to Coatbrig!" "Tuts, laddie, dinna greet about that," she exclaimed, re-assuringly, "there's plenty mair laddies bidin' in the street besides Sammy Sloan that ye can play wi'." "I ken that," said Geordie, with another sob, "but he was the only yin I could lick."

Children, really, as we have been revealing so frequently here, have the fresh and original notions of things, and are always frank enough to give them voice.

A little boy was reading the story of a missionary having been eaten by cannibals. "Papa," he asked, "will the missionary go to heaven?" "Yes, my son," replied the father. "And will the cannibals go there, too?" queried the youthful student. "No," was the reply. After thinking the matter over for some time, the little fellow exclaimed—"Well, I don't see how the missionary can go to heaven if the cannibals don't, when he's inside the cannibals."

One Sunday evening, while sitting on his mother's knee listening to the story of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, a little fellow looked up seriously into her face and asked, "Ma, did Jonah wear his slippers in the whale's belly? Because, if he didna, the tackets in his boots wad tear a' its puddin's."

Dr. John Ker of Edinburgh, in his recently published volume of reminiscences—*Memories Grave and Gay*—

tells of how "in a Banffshire manse one Sunday evening, all the family were sitting quietly reading in the drawing-room, when the youngest boy, with a laudable thirst for knowledge, went up to his mother and asked a question, for the answer to which she referred him to me. Coming up to me, he said—

"'Mr. Ker, is it true that the devil goes about like a roaring lion?"

"'It must,' I replied, 'be true, for it is in the Bible.'

"This was followed by another question which I did not attempt to answer—

"'Then, wha keeps his fire in when he's gaun aboot?'"

"Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?" observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy. "My child!" she exclaimed in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?" "That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself."

A father once said to a little boy, not so obedient as might be desired, "Everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other." "Is that what little boys has two ears for, daddy?" asked the child, quite innocently.

Engaging his tender "hopeful" in the wonders of astronomy—"Men have learned the distances of the stars," observed the father; "and, with their spectroscopes, found out what they are made of." "Yes," responded the boy admiringly; "and isn't it strange, pa, how they found out their names too!"

SCHOOLROOM FACTS AND FANCIES.

These are so numerous as to demand a separate chapter.

Talking of the serpent in the Garden of Eden, a lady teacher asked her class what a serpent was like, when a boy aptly replied, "It's like a lang rope furlin'."

On another occasion, in the same class, the question was, "What does the devil tempt little boys and girls to do?" when the comical answer came, "To chap at fouk's doors, mem."

It has been often told, but is worth repeating, how a pupil teacher was doing his level best to make the children remember Samson's mighty deeds with the jawbone of an ass, and, recapitulating, he asked, "What did Samson slay ten thousand Philistines with? Eh?" No reply came. Then, pointing to his jawbone, he asked, "What is this?" And at once the answer belched proudly from half-a-dozen throats in unison, "The jawbone of an ass."

In a country school the lesson was on "The Prodigal Son," and the question, "What were the husks that the swine did eat?" met with the prompt answer, "Tawtie peelin's."

In a city seminary a teacher asked her class, "Who knows everything we say and do?" when she received the unexpected reply, "The fouk that bides next door to us."

Expecting to get the answer "Carnivorous" (as it bore

on the lesson), a teacher asked his class for an example of a bird of prey, and among other answers he got was "A yellow yite." The boy who responded so, on being asked to explain, continued, "Because it eats worms."

"What do you call the bird or beast that feeds on both animal and vegetable foods?" was the next question. The teacher anticipated "Omnivorous" this time, but it did not come. There was silence for a little. Then a boy, who evidently had been ruminating, responded nonchalantly, "A gutsy brute, sir."

In examining the boys in the composition of sentences, a master began: "If I ask you," said he, "what have I in my hand? you must not say simply 'Chalk,' but make a full sentence of it, and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now I will proceed. What have I on my feet?" The answer came immediately, "Boots." "Wrong; you haven't been observing my directions," he rebukingly replied. "Stockings," another heedlessly ventured to answer. "Wrong again —worse than ever," wrathfully exclaimed the *magister*. "Well?" he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. "Please, sir," then he paused—perhaps he thought it *might* sound funny, but he felt it *must* be right, and so he recklessly gasped out—"Corns!"

But the answers are not always so stupid.

"Why is it," asked a teacher, "the sun never sets on the British possessions?" "Because," slowly responded an ingenuous youngster, "the British possessions are in the north, south, and east, and the sun always sets in the west."

During a recent School Board examination in the

west of Scotland, the examiner asked a little girl to explain what was meant by the expression, *He was amply rewarded.* "Paid for't," was her instant reply. "No, no; you are wrong. Suppose you have to go into a baker's shop and buy a half-quarter loaf, and lay down fourpence, would you say you had amply rewarded the baker?" Unhesitatingly she replied "Yes." "Why?" "Because the loaf's only twopence-three-farthings," was the unlooked-for answer.

Quite like that is the story of a small boy into whose head a teacher was one day labouring almost in vain to get, as he thought, even the faintest correct notion of the first rule in arithmetic. "Look here now, Johnnie," he said at length, "if I were to give you two rabbits and your father were to give you three rabbits, how many rabbits would you then have?" "Six." "No, no;" and the teacher set out bits of chalk to show how he could only have five. "Ah, but," drawled out Johnnie, "I have a rabbit at hame already."

It was a notion of multiplication that another teacher was endeavouring to get properly lodged within the skull of another boy, and by way of putting the effort to a practical test, he said: "Now, Peter, suppose I was a tailor who supplied your father with a suit of clothes for three pounds, which he promised to pay me in weekly instalments of one shilling, how much would your father be due me at the end of a year?" "Three pounds," replied Peter slowly. "Nonsense, Peter; think again." Peter thought again, but again answered as before. "You don't know that simple sum!" exclaimed the teacher in amazement. "Ay, I ken it weel enough," responded Peter, "but ye dinna ken my faither."

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "I have," shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" "On the elephant."

A little boy of my acquaintance, while yet a pupil in the infant department, was one day given a slate more to engage his attention than aught else. But he had some notion of drawing, and when the teacher came round she was astonished to find he had set down a fair picture of a bird on a bough. "Ha! who drew this?" she asked. "Mysel'," was the canny Scotch reply. "And who's mysel'?" she queried. "Oh, I'm fine," was the second response, not less Scotch than the first. The English reader, of course, won't fairly understand the word "fine" as spoken there; but every Scotsman will, as also how "who's" may be mistaken for "how's."

There is another "fine" story. It was asked of a class, "How did the Israelites get across the Red Sea?" "Fine," exclaimed a youth with brightening eyes; "'twas the 'Gyptians was droon'd."

"What do you mean by a temperate region?" asked an inspector of a class, putting due emphasis on the word temperate. "The region, sir," responded a boy "where they drinks only temperants drinks."

Not long ago a class of boys were being examined on the different kinds of wood; and one little chap was asked to name the specimen (a piece of mahogany) which was held in the examiner's hand. He hesitated, and the inspector, by way of suggestion, remarked, "Why, don't you know the materials that your mother's drawers are made of?" This seemed to simplify the matter, and, amidst a roar of laughter, came the quick reply—"Flannelette!"

"Name anything friable," said a teacher. "Ham," was the ready answer.

"What is a papal bull?"

"A golden calf."

"What is ice?"

"Water fast asleep."

"What is a skeleton?"

"A man without any meat on it."

A teacher was examining a class on the battle of Bannockburn, and asked, "Who killed de Bohun?" No one knew. He raised his arm in an attitude of striking, and yelled, with flashing eyes, "Who killed de Bohun, I say?" A little fellow near him, who expected the blow, raised his arm in a defensive attitude, and whined, "Oh, please, sir, it wasna me."

"What is meant by faith?" was one day asked of a class. "Faith," responded a thoughtful youth, "is the faculty which enables us to believe things that we know to be not true."

In the lesson of a class of country boys not long ago, the words "above the average" occurred, and the lady teacher asked if any one could tell what the word "average" meant. There was no response for a time, and she passed the question from one to another until a more than average specimen eagerly responded, "It's a thing that hens lay on." The teacher was dumb-founded, and asked for an explanation. "Well," drawled the budding Solomon, "my mother says that our hens lay each four eggs a week—on an average."

It is a teacher's business to observe that his scholars are clean as well as clever, and the Rev. David Macrae, in his entertaining little book of *Quaint Sayings of Children*, tells how a teacher, after glancing round the class one day, said to a boy, "I'll let you off if you can find a hand in all the school as dirty as that one," indicating the boy's own grimy exposed paw. The youth promptly brought forth and showed his other fist, which was certainly dirtier still, and the master, in view of his pledge, had no resource but to let the offender go for that time any way.

An old story, which has had a lively currency, tells of how a boy when he returned from school was always asked where he stood in his class, and whose invariable answer was, "I'm second dux." For the regular holding of this excellent position he received many fine things in the shape of sweets and biscuits, and pennies, etc., until at length it occurred to one of the family to ask him how many were in his class. It was then the gilt fell off the ginger-bread. "Oh," said he, "there's just me and anither lassie."

Dean Ramsay tells of a very practical answer given by a little girl who had been asked the meaning of "darkness," as it occurred in Scripture reading—"Just steek your een." In the same place, he says, on the question, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" being put to a class, a little boy answered, after consideration, "Oh, it's just *bugs*."

Our friend, Dr. John Ker, has often told of an occasion when he was examining a class in mathematics, and put the question to a boy—"If a salmon weighed 16 lbs., and was to be sold at 2d. per lb., what would it be worth?"—and how the lad, who was the son of a fishmonger, hastily replied—"It

wadna be worth a curse!" Salmon at that price, I should say, would nowhere in these days be esteemed above suspicion anyway. And boys *will* be frank even although their replies at times appear more smart than respectful. Once a Cockney manufacturer was taking part in a school examination and asked a boy pompously—"W'at's the capital of 'Olland?" "H," was the unconsciously smart reply given. And that recalls a good dialect story, under the early Board system, which tells how an English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman entered one of the best schools in Aberdeen. The master received them kindly, and enquired—

"Would you prefer that I should spier (question) the boys, or that you should spier them?"

The English clergyman desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogatories as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad to "spier the boys," and at once began—

"How did Pharaoh die?"

There was a dead silence.

In his dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed.

"I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them." And he inquired in broad Scotch—

"Hoo did Phawroah dee?"

Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said—

"Noo, boys, fat cam' to Phawroah at his hinner end?"

The boys with one voice answered—

"He was drooned."

And a smart little fellow added—

"Ony lassie could hae tell't ye that."

Not unlike the above is a story told by Dr. Ker. The venerable inspector was one day putting a class "through its facings," and asked a boy where the River Dee was. The answer came correctly, "In Aberdeenshire."

"Assuming quite a serious look (says Dr. Ker), I asked him if he was not mistaken, adding that I thought the Dee was in Kirkcudbright, and flowed into the Solway Firth. He was a bashful boy, and made no reply. To give the class a needed fillip, I appealed to them to settle whether I or the boy was right. To give a verdict against the inspector was, of course, not to be thought of, and there was silence for a time; but at last a boy put his hand to his mouth, and said to his neighbour in a stage whisper not meant for, but which reached my ear—'He disna ken there's twa Dees.'"

Once by way of stimulant, the doctor asked a somewhat sleepy history class which of the four Georges wore the largest hat? and a boy who had not till then opened his mouth, replied—"Him that had the biggest heid."

In an Ayrshire town, immediately after the Whitsunday term a year or two ago, a female teacher asked her class of little ones to be sure all of them and bring their new addresses to her on the morrow, as these were required for the re-adjustment of the register. "Please, mem," blurted out a wee fellow in

petticoats, "my mither says I'm no' to get ony mair dresses. She's gaun to mak' a suit for me oot o' my faither's auld breeks."

Sunday school stories are not inferior to those of the week-day seminary in their irresistible fun and drollery.

A Sunday school teacher asked her scholars to learn an appropriate text to say as they gave in their pennies to the next collection. The first was—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"; and all went right until it came to the last boy, who, reluctantly dropping his penny into the box, said—to the great amazement of teachers and scholars—"The fool and his money are soon parted!"

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, a story is worth telling. The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavour to bring their neighbours to the school, saying that they should be like a train—the scholar being the engine, and his converts the carriages. Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half-a-dozen others in single file at his back! He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive answer was—"Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the carriages."

A Sabbath school teacher, at the finish of a lesson on "The Fall," asked—"Now, children, what lesson can we learn from the story of Adam and Eve? Well, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"Never believe what your wife says."

A lady asked one of the children in her class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl who answered had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of a stolid-looking boy. "Dead," was the quiet response.

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, mem."

The Rev. David Macrae tells that in a Brooklyn Sunday school a small boy was asked the question, "Who was the first man?" and, with characteristic American cocksureness, he immediately replied, "General Washington." The teacher smiled, then asked—"Did you never hear of Adam?" "Why, yes," responded the child, "I've heard of Adam; but I didn't know you were counting foreigners."

Recently, in a Sunday school in Scotland, a little boy, who had been transferred to a new class, was asked on arrival if he had had the Shorter Catechism. For a moment he looked puzzled, and then replied—"I'm no sure, mem, until I ask my mither; but I ken I've had the measles."

Elsewhere, a teacher had been carefully explaining the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that done, she proceeded to put questions. All went well until near the close, when she asked, "Now, tell me who was not pleased to see the prodigal son when he came home," and to her consternation got the reply, "Please, ma'am, the fatted calf."

In a Sunday school in Ayrshire, attended chiefly by miners' children, the lesson for the day had been the parable of the ten wise and ten foolish virgins, and the teacher asked—"Can any one of you tell me why the virgins' lamps went out?" "I ken," immediately responded the dullest boy in the class; "it was the wicks that was needin' pykin'."

And the story is hoary with age of how a teacher, when the lesson had been read which bore on Jacob's dream, invited questions from the class, and how one little fellow asked—"Why did the angels need a ladder for ascending and descending when they had wings and could flee?" The teacher was nonplussed, but got out of the difficulty by saying—"Perhaps some of the other boys can answer." "I think I ken," ventured a little fellow, whose father was a bird fancier, "maybe they wad be moultin' at the time."

His solutions may be extraordinary, but nothing, you see, can baffle the young wit. It was again in a Sunday school that a teacher had been instructing a class in the relative positions of man and the lower animals in the scale of intelligence, and wishing to test how the lesson had been imbibed, she asked —"Now, what is next to man?" and got the answer promptly—"His shirt."

"What is meant by a 'hireling'?" was asked of a class in a day-school. "You are a hireling," responded a little fellow; "you are hired to teach us."

Giving a reading lesson to his class in the presence of an inspector, a teacher asked his boys what was meant by conscience—a word that had occurred in the course of the reading—and the class having been duly crammed for the occasion answered as one boy —"An inward monitor." "But what do you understand

by an inward monitor?" put in the inspector. To this further question, only one boy announced himself ready to respond, and his triumphantly given answer was—"A hironclad, sir."

Their definitions are at all times interesting, if not constantly reliable. After a reading of Gray's "Elegy" by a fourth standard class, the boys were asked what was meant by "fretted vaults," and one youth replied —"The vaults in which these poor people were buried; their friends came and fretted over them." Asked what he understood by "Elegy," another boy in the same class answered—"Elegy is some poetry wrote out for schools to learn, like Gray's 'Elegy.'"

Asked to describe a kitten, a boy, after a moment's thought, replied—"A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

Another boy's definition of a lie was probably the fruit of good experience. "A lie," said he, "is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble."

Asked to define the expression, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "It just means," responded a little fellow, "that the evil committed at the present day is quite sufficient without any more."

In a sixth standard examination, a vacuum was recently described as "an empty space without anything in it;" and a compass, at the same time, was explained as "a tripod with a round or circular box surmounting it, which always points due north."

A Government inspector not long ago gave the following in a list of historical and other "facts,"

elicited from boys under examination:—

"Of whom was it said 'He never smiled again'?" "William Rufus, and this after he was shot by the arrow."

"My favourite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all."

"The cause of the Peasants' Revolt was that a shilling poultice should be put on everybody over sixteen."

"Henry VIII. was a very good king. He liked plenty of money, he had plenty of wives, and died of ulcers in the legs."

"Edward III. would have been king of France if his mother had been a man."

"Doomsday Book.—A book signifying that each man should have seven feet of land for a grave."

"Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents."

"What followed the murder of Becket?" "Henry II. received wacks with a birch."

"What is a watershed?" "A shed for keeping water in."

"A watershed is a house between two rivers so that a drop of water falling on one side of the roof runs into one river, and a drop on the other side goes into the other river."

"The battle of Waterloo was fought off Cape Trafalgar. Nelson led up one squadron and Collingwood the other. When it was over Wellington rode over the field by moonlight, and met Blucher,

the French general, and they shook hands and were friends ever after."

"The Feudal System lies between the Humber and the Thames."

"Caractacus was a Roman Emperor who had conquered Britain. He had to abandon it shortly afterwards because it was overrun by the Picts and the Scots."

"The principal products of Kent are Archbishops at Canterbury."

"The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent."

"What and where are the Pyramids?" "The Pyramids is a kind of night-lights as is generally used in the bed-rooms, but you can get Clark's as well."

"Where were the Kings of England crowned?" "On their heads."

"What were the most important Feudal dues?" "Friendship, courtship, marriage."

"What do you know of Dermot?" "Dermot's daughter married Magna Charta. Dermot himself married Strongbow."

"What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham?" "Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries."

"What is Milton's chief work?" "Milton wrote a sensible poem called the 'Canterbury Tails.'"

"The gamut is a musical scale. The name is derived

from gamut or catgut, the material from which the strings of musical instruments used to be made."

"An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet."

"A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist, and one who looks on the dull side is called a pianist."

Dr. Charles Wilson, in his general report on the Scottish Training Colleges, gives several curious answers which he had received from candidates and pupil-teachers. A young lady in commenting on the proverb, "Penny wise and pound foolish," wrote —"This proverb clearly shows that for every wise and good action a man does, he will commit two hundred and forty foolish bad ones."

Under examination by Dr. John Ker, a boy wrote regarding Oliver Cromwell—"Oliver Cromwell's eyes were of a dark grey, his nose was very large and of a deep, red colour, but underneath it was a truly religious soul."

Another wrote—"By the Declaration of Indulgence people were allowed to worship God in their own way. Seven Bishops refused to do so. They were accordingly put on their trial and found not guilty."

Another declared that the Salic Law says—"No one can be made King who was descended from a woman."

Speaking there of Oliver Cromwell, recalls the story of a boy's school essay which the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone was fond of telling—albeit, the great Commoner had no very lively sense of humour. The

"G.O.M.'s" comically-mixed youthful historian wrote —"Oliver Cromwell began his career by cutting off the head of his king, and when he was dying he said, 'Had I served my God with half the zeal I have served my king, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies.'"

I have examples of other boys' essays not less surprising and entertaining.

"The horse," wrote a youthful Cuvier, in an essay on the "friend of man," "is a useful creacher. It eats corn, it is a sort of square animal with a leg at each corner, and has a head at one end and a tail at the other."

Here is a boy's essay on "Breath," well calculated to almost take any one's breath away—"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our livers, and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our lights and our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make carbonicide. Carbonicide is more poisonous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and carbonicide got into that black hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't run or holler like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I'd rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a good big diagram."

The next looks rather knowing for a lad of eleven-and-a-half; but Dr. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., in an article on "Children's Witticisms," contributed to the *New Liberal Review*, vouches for its authenticity. The subject reveals itself in the work: "What I expect to

do in my holidays is the greater part of the time to mind the baby. Two years and a half old. Just old enough to run into a puddle or to fall downstairs. Oh! what a glorious occupation, my aunt or Sunday-school teacher would say. But it is all very well for them; they ought to have a turn with him. I am going to have a game at tying doors, tying bundles of mud in paper, and then drop it on the pavement. I shall buy a bundle of wood and tie a piece of cord to it, and when some one goes to pick it up, lo! it has vanished—not lost, but gone before. I shall go butterfly-catching, and catch some fish at Snob's Brighton (Lea Bridge). I shall finish up by having a whacking, tearing my breeches, giving a boy two black eyes, and then wake up on Monday morning refreshed and quite happy to make the acquaintance of Mr.——'s cane."

Dr. M. quotes the following as well—the genuineness of which he also guarantees:—"Man goes fishing, takes his rod and enough tackle to make a telegraph wire, and starts on his piscatorial expedition. He arrives, and happy man is he if he has not forgot something, a hook, his bait, or his float. He sits there, apparently contented; he catches a frog or some other fine specimen of natural history, and a cold, and a jolly good roasting from his bitter (*sic*) half, when he arrives with some mackerel which he had bought at the fish-monger's. He, poor man, did not know that they were sea-fish, but his wife did. When juveniles go fishing, they take a willow, their ma's reel of best six cord, a pickle jar, and a few worms, and proceed to the New River quite happy. When they arrive they catch about fifty (a small thousand, they call it), and are thinking of returning home, when a gent, with N.R. on his hat, and a good ash stick in his hand, comes up, "Ullo, there,' says he,

'what are you doing there?' 'Fishing, sir,' answer they meekly. The man then takes away their fish and rod, and gives them some whales instead (on their back). And they return home sadder but wiser boys."

I can vouch myself for the genuineness of the next example, recently copied *verbatim* from the original manuscript in the possession of a friend in the teaching profession in Glasgow. The general subject had been "Athletic Sports," and a boy wrote: —"Athletic sports is very useful football especially it strengthens the mussles all sports is good for the helth for some people I think the best game is rugby there is more fun in it than anything else I will give a description of football the Rangers have the best men that ever stood in the football park there is one man I know and that is Chas. Raisback and he is center and a nother good player is Bobby M'Coll his wright wing and J. Drummond is a nother good player I think this is all about athletic sports I have got to say and I will never forget the good wee rangers the result was on Saturday Rangers 2 Morton 1. Good old Rangers." Isn't it beautiful?

To the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" the correct answer has already been given, or extracted, here; but I recall another, more ingenious, from a boy, who replied, "With the *axe* of the Apostles."

"What are you talking about there?" demanded a teacher, addressing himself to the loquacious son of a railway porter. But the teacher received no response, and was obliged to ask another lad who sat next the delinquent, "What was George talking about?" "Please, sir, he was saying as his father's trousers is sent down to Brighton when they gets old, and they's

made into *sugar* there, and that's how 'tis sugar's gone down."

Home influences appeared in the answer of a child, whose father was a strong teetotaller, to the query, "Do you know the meaning of syntax?" "Yes, syntax is the dooty upon spirits."

In reply to the question, "Why do we cook our food?" one child replied: "There are five ways of cooking potatoes. We should die if we eat our food raw." A second pupil wrote: "Food digested is when we put it into our mouths, our teeth chews it, and our mouth drops it down into our body. We should not eat so much bone-making food as flesh-making and warmth-giving foods, for, if we did, we should have too many bones, and that would make us look funny."

In answer to the question, "Mention any occupations that are injurious to health?" one child's reply was: "Occupations which are injurious to health are carbonic acid gas, which is impure blood." Another responded: "A stone-mason's work is injurious, because when he is chipping, he breathes in all the little chips, and they are taken into the lungs." A third advanced the theory that "A boot-maker's trade is very injurious, because they press the boots against the thorax, and therefore it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart, and if they do not die, they are cripples for life."

Finally, here is an extract from an essay on "The Moon," which—in defiance of its title—affords some very interesting glimpses of sublunary home life: —"To look at the white moon shinin threw your winder at night, sitting on the edge of the bed, and lissin to your father and mothers knives and forks

rattlin on their plates while they are getting their nice suppers, is the prittist site you ever seed. When its liver and hunyens there a having, you can smell it all the way upstairs. It looks very brite and nearly all white. Once when they was a having fried fish and potaters I crept out of my bed-room to the top of the stairs all in the dark, just so as to have a better lissen and a nearer smell. I forget whether there was a moon that night. I don't think as there was, cose I got to the top of the stares afore I knew I was there, and I tumbled right down to the bottom of the stares, a bursting open the door at the bottom, and rolling into the room nearly as far as the supper table. My father thote of giving me the stick for it, but he let my mother give me a bit of fish on some bread, and told me to skittle off to bed again. I am sure there was not no moon, else I should have seed there wasn't a top stare when I put my foot out so slow. I only skratted my left eye and ear a bit with that last bump at the bottom, witch was a hard one, Stares are steeper than girls think, speshilly where the corner is."

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

The editor of a London literary journal was recently inviting men and women in prominent positions in public life to name for publication the books of their childhood. So far as I observed, none of the half-hundred or more who responded gave *Blue Beard*, *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, or any of the others

in the same category that follow here. But I am none the less convinced that these old-time favourites, not yet unknown, though familiar to city children in the present generation mainly in their variegated and fantastic Christmas pantomime form, were in Scotland and England alike in the last century more essentially the books of childhood than any others known and read beyond the walls of the school-room. The travelling stationers and packmen carried them in their thousands, in chapbook form, into even the most remote parts of the country, where they were bartered for and explored with avidity. In many quarters, indeed, they were so familiar fifty years ago that the books on occasions could be dispensed with, and the elder members of families would recite the stories from memory for the delectation of the younger fry, when all foregathered in a crescent before the kitchen fire to wear out the long winter evenings. In this manner, under the dim-flickering light of an "oilie cruizie," in a straggling village in Perthshire, did I learn first of Blue Beard and Jack the Giant Killer, and many another hero of chapbook literature. And my experience, I am sure, was by no means singular. Rather, I feel certain that while telling thus my own, I am expressing no less truly the experience of many thousands of men and women now beyond middle life who similarly were born and bred in any rural parish in Scotland. And, oh, the weird fascination of it all! There was no doubting of Blue Beard's reality; no hesitation in accepting as actual every extraordinary feat of Jack the Giant Killer. Both were as real in our innocent imagination as is now the personality of King Edward the Seventh. It never occurred to us then, as it does now, that the story of Blue Beard is only a gory and fantastic parody of the history of Eden—a

temptation, a fall, and a rescue. And we had no concern about authorship. We did not know then, as we do now—and as few are yet aware, perhaps—that *Blue Beard*, *Cinderella*, and *Little Red Riding Hood* were all written by Charles Perrault, a celebrated French literateur and poet, who was born in Paris in 1628, and died there in 1703. And to have been told, as we have recently been, on authority that Perrault's Blue Beard—the Comte Gilles de Rais—was no mere wife-killer (though he was such) but from his youth upwards, in the fifteenth century, a man of exquisite culture, and a soldier under Joan of Arc, would have made for disillusionment so emphatic as to have shred the tale of a serious amount of its blood-curdling charm. As I can still enjoy reading them, it is a real pleasure to embrace here these old-time examples of child literature. Such as follow—and all the more popular will be found in the list—are printed *verbatim* from the chapbooks now unobtainable, except at a ransom price—and without individual comment—none being required.

BLUE BEARD.

There was, some time ago, a gentleman who was extremely rich: he had elegant town and country houses; his dishes and plates were 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 magnificently gilt with gold.

But, unfortunately, this gentleman had a blue beard, which made him so very frightful and ugly, that none of the ladies in the neighbourhood would venture to

go into his company.

It happened that a lady of quality, who lived very near him, had two daughters, who were both extremely beautiful. Blue Beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him in marriage, leaving to herself the choice which of the two it should be.

They both, however, again and again refused to marry Blue Beard; but to be as civil as possible, they each pretended that they refused because she would not deprive her sister of the opportunity of marrying so much to her advantage. But the truth was, they could not bear the thought of having a husband with a blue beard: and, besides, they had heard of his having already been married to several wives, and nobody could tell what had afterwards become of them.

As Blue Beard wished very much to gain their favour, he invited the lady and her daughters, and some ladies who were on a visit at their house, to accompany him to one of his country seats, where they spent a whole week, during which nothing was thought of but parties for hunting and fishing, music, dancing, collations, and the most delightful entertainments. No one thought of going to bed, and the nights were passed in merriment of every kind.

In short, the time had passed so agreeably, that the youngest of the two sisters began to think that the beard which had so much terrified her was not so very blue, and that the gentleman to whom it belonged was vastly civil and pleasing.

Soon after they returned home, she told her mother that she had no longer any objection to accept Blue Beard as her husband; and, accordingly, in a short

time they were married.

About a month after the marriage had taken place, Blue Beard told his wife that he should be obliged to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some business to do in the country. He desired her to be sure to procure herself every kind of amusement, to invite as many of her friends as she liked, and to treat them with all sorts of delicacies, that the time might pass agreeably during his absence. "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 to the casket in which are all my jewels. Here also is a master key to all the apartments in my house—but this small key belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. I give you leave," continued he, "to open or do what you like with all the rest excepting this closet: this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into the lock, for all the world. Should you disobey me, expect the most dreadful of punishments."

She promised to obey his orders in the most faithful manner; and Blue Beard, after tenderly embracing her, stepped into his carriage and drove away.

The friends of the bride did not, on this occasion, wait to be invited, so impatient were they to see all the riches and magnificence she had gained by marriage, for they had been prevented from paying their wedding visit by their aversion to the blue beard of the bridegroom.

No sooner were they arrived than they impatiently ran from room to room, from cabinet to cabinet, and then from wardrobe to wardrobe, examining each

with the utmost curiosity, and declaring that the last was still richer and more beautiful than what they had seen the moment before. At length they came to the drawing-rooms, where their admiration and astonishment were still increased by the costly splendour of the hangings, of the sofas, the chairs, carpets, tables, girandoles, and looking-glasses, the frames of which were silver gilt, most richly ornamented, and in which they saw themselves from head to foot.

In short, nothing could exceed the magnificence of what they saw; and the visitors did not cease to extol and envy the good fortune of their friend, who all this time was far from being amused by the fine compliments they paid her, so eagerly did she desire to see what was in the closet her husband had forbidden her to open. So great indeed was her curiosity, that, without recollecting how uncivil it would be to leave her guests, she descended a private staircase that led to it, and in such a hurry, that she was two or three times in danger of breaking her neck.

When she reached the door of the closet, she stopped for a few moments to think of the charge her husband had given her, and that he would not fail to keep his word in punishing her very severely, should she disobey him. But she was so very curious to know what was in the inside, that she determined to venture in spite of everything.

She, accordingly, with a trembling hand, put the key into the lock, and the door immediately opened. The window shutters being closed, she at first saw nothing; but in a short time she perceived that the floor was covered with clotted blood, on which the

bodies of several dead women were lying. These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered, one after another. 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 somewhat recovered from her fright, she took it up, locked the door, and hastened to her own room, that she might have a little time to get into humour for amusing her visitors; but this she found impossible, so greatly was she terrified by what she had seen.

As she observed 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; still, however, the blood remained the same as before; she next washed it, but the blood did not stir at all; she then scoured it with brickdust, and afterwards with sand, but notwithstanding all she could do the blood was still there, for the key was a fairy, who was Blue Beard's friend, so that as fast as she got it off on one side, it appeared again on the other.

Early in the evening Blue Beard returned home, saying he had not proceeded far on his journey before he was met by a messenger who was coming to tell him that his business was happily concluded without his being present, upon which his wife said everything she could think of, to make him believe she was transported with joy at his unexpected return.

The next morning he asked for the keys: she gave them to him; but as she could not help showing her fright, Blue Beard easily guessed what had happened. "How is it," said he, "that the key of the closet upon the ground floor is not here?"

"Is it not? Then I must have left it on my dressing-

table," said she, and left the room in tears.

"Be sure you give it to me by and by," cried Blue Beard.

After going several times backwards and forwards, pretending to look for the key, she was at last obliged to give it to Blue Beard. He looked at it attentively, and then said, "How came the blood upon the key?"

"I am sure I do not know," replied the lady, turning at the same time as pale as death.

"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 mightily fond of this closet, you shall certainly take your place among the ladies you saw there."

His wife, almost dead with fear, fell upon her knees, asked his pardon a thousand times for her disobedience, and entreated him to forgive her, looking all the time so very sorrowful and lovely, that she would have melted any heart that was not harder than a rock.

But Blue Beard answered, "No, no, madam; you shall die this very minute!"

"Alas!" said the poor trembling creature, "if I must die, allow 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 one 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 Ann" (this was her sister's name), "run up to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are yet in sight, for they promised to come and visit me to-day; and if you see them make a sign for them to gallop as fast as possible."

Her sister instantly did as she was desired, and the terrified lady every minute called out to her, "Ann! sister Ann! do you see any one coming?"

And her sister answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

In the meantime, Blue Beard, with a great scimitar in his hand, bawled as loud as he could to his wife, "Come down instantly, or I will fetch you."

"One moment longer, I beseech you," replied she; and again called softly to her sister, "Sister Ann, 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 unhappy wife. Then she once more cried out, "Ann! sister Ann! 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?" continued the wife.

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

"Will you come down or not, madam?" cried Blue Beard, in the greatest rage imaginable.

"Only one single moment more," answered she. And then she called out for the last time, "Sister Ann! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," replied her sister, "two men on horseback coming to the house: but they are still at a great distance."

"God be praised!" cried she, "it is my brothers; give them a sign to make what haste they can."

At the same moment Blue Beard cried out so loud for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house.

The poor lady with her hair loose, and her eyes swimming in tears, instantly came down, and fell on her knees to Blue Beard, and was going to beg him to spare her life, but he interrupted her, saying, "All this is of no use at all, for you shall die;" then seizing her with one hand by the hair, and raising the scimitar he held in the other, was going with one blow to strike off her head.

The unfortunate creature turning towards him, desired to have a single moment allowed her to recollect herself.

"No, no," said Blue Beard, "I will give you no more time, I am determined—you have had too much already;" and again raised 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 were opened, and two officers dressed in their regimentals entered, and, with their swords in their hands, ran instantly to Blue Beard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, endeavoured 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 immediately fell down dead at their feet.

The poor wife, who was almost as dead as her husband, was unable at first to rise and embrace her brothers. She soon, however, recovered; and as Blue Beard had no heirs, she found herself the lawful possessor of his great riches.

She employed a portion of her vast fortune in giving a marriage dowry to her sister Ann, who soon after became the wife of a young gentleman by whom she had long been beloved. Another part she employed in buying captains' commissions for her two brothers; and the rest she presented to a most worthy gentleman, whom she married soon after, and whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard's cruelty.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

In days of yore, there lived a widow who had a son named Jack. Being an only child, he was too much indulged, and became so extravagant and careless that he wasted the property which his mother possessed, until at last there remained only a cow, the chief support of her and her son.

One day the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, said

to Jack—"O, you wicked child, by your ungrateful course of life you have brought me to beggary in my old age; cruel boy! I have not money to buy even a bit of bread, and we must now sell the cow. I am grieved to part with her, but I cannot see you starve."

Jack felt some remorse, but having less affection for the cow than his mother had, he drove her to the nearest market town, where he met a butcher, who made a very curious offer for her. "Your cow," said he, "you young prodigal dog! is worth nothing; you have starved her until she would disgrace the shambles; and, as to milk, no wonder that you and your mother have been starving while you were depending upon that supply. One *ill* turn deserves another, and receives it just as surely as one *good* turn deserves another. But you shall not take back the cow to perish with hunger. I have got some beans in my pocket; they are the oddest I ever saw, not one of them being, either in colour or shape, like another; if you will take them in exchange for the cow, you may have them."

The silly boy could not conceal the pleasure he felt at the offer. The bargain was struck, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling to his mother before he reached the house, thinking to surprise her. When she saw the beans and heard Jack's story, 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 in the garden, soon discovered that some of the beans had taken root and sprung up

surprisingly; the stalks were of great thickness, and had so entwined that they formed a ladder, nearly like a chain in appearance.

Looking upwards, he could not discern the top; it appeared to be lost in the clouds. He tried the beanstalks, found them firm and not to be shaken. He quickly formed the resolution of climbing to the top 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 quite fatigued. 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.

Jack seated himself upon a stone, and thought of his mother; he reflected with sorrow on his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will, and concluded that he must die of 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 she looked; she was dressed in the most elegant manner, and had a 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, with a smile of the most bewitching sweetness, she inquired how he came there? Jack told how he had climbed up the bean-stalk. She asked him if he recollected his father? He answered that he did not; and added that he had

inquired of his mother who or where his father was, but that she avoided answering him, and even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there was some secret connected with his father's history.

The lady 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 promised to obey her injunctions, and the fairy thus addressed him:—

"Your father was a rich and benevolent man; he was good to the poor, and constantly relieving them; he never let a day pass without doing good to some person. On one particular day in the week he kept open house, and invited those who were reduced and had lived well. He always sat at the table with them himself, and did all he could to render his guests comfortable. The servants were all happy, and greatly attached to their master and mistress. Such a man was soon known and talked of. A giant lived a great many miles off, who was altogether as wicked as your father was good; he was envious, covetous, and cruel, but had the art of concealing these vices.

"Hearing your father spoken of, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with him, hoping to ingratiate himself into your father's favour. He removed quickly into your neighbourhood, caused it to be reported that he had lost all he possessed by an earthquake, and found it difficult to escape with his life; his wife was with him. Your father believed his story, and pitied him; he gave him apartments in his own house, and caused him and his wife to be treated hospitably, 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, an opportunity presented itself. Your father's house was at some distance from the sea-shore, but the giant, standing on a hill one stormy day, observed some ships in distress off the rocks; he hastened to your father, and requested that he would send all the people he could spare to relieve the mariners.

"While the servants were all employed upon this service, the giant despatched your father by stabbing him with a dagger. You were then only three months old, and your mother, upon discovering what had happened, fainted, but still clasping you in her arms. The giant, who intended to murder both of you, having found her in that state, for a short time repented of the dreadful crime he had committed, and granted your mother and you your lives, but only upon condition that she should never inform you who your father was, nor answer any questions concerning him, assuring her that, if she did, he would certainly put both of you to death in the most cruel manner. Your mother took you in her arms, and fled as quickly as possible. Having gained your father's confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure. He and his wife soon carried off two large chests filled with gold, which they could not have done unless they had been giants, and, having set the house on fire in several places, when the servants returned it was burned quite down to the ground.

"Your poor mother wandered with you a great many miles from this scene of desolation; fear added to her haste; she settled in the cottage where you were

brought up, and it was entirely owing to her 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; and, as I had been told by Oberon, the King of the Fairies, how dreadful were the consequences to your father of my single error, I resolved to take you under my protection, and to be more circumspect in future. 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 now 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 be always miserable.

"As to the giant's possessions, you may seize on all you can, for everything he has belongs either to you or to me; for you must know that, not satisfied with the gold he carried off from your father, he broke

into my house and stole the two greatest curiosities ever possessed even by a fairy, and would have killed me as he did your father, if it could have been possible to kill a fairy. 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 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. 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 the house, for it was well known that her husband was a large and powerful giant, and that he would never eat anything but human flesh, if he possibly could get it; that he did not think anything of walking fifty miles to procure it.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but he still 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 woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for although she had assisted in the murder of Jack's father and in stealing the gold, 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.

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 off a dismal dungeon, 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 giant's wife, 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 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 beginning to enjoy himself, when he was aroused by a loud knocking at the 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 only the people in the dungeon."

The giant appeared to believe her and walked into the kitchen, where poor Jack lay concealed, shaking

with fear and trembling in every limb.

At last, the monster seated himself by the fireside, whilst his wife prepared supper. By degrees Jack took courage 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, which was one of the curiosities he had stolen from the fairy. A very beautiful hen was 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 fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon. At daybreak, Jack, finding the giant still asleep, crept softly out of his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her.

He easily found the way to the bean-stalk, and descended it more quickly than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him, for she concluded he had come to a shocking end.

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 and extravagance."

The hen produced as many golden eggs as they desired, and so they became possessed of immense

riches.

For some months, Jack and his mother lived very happily together; but he, recollecting the fairy's commands, and fearing that if he delayed to avenge his father's death, she would put her threats into execution, longed to climb the bean-stalk again and pay the giant another visit. Jack was, however, afraid to mention 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; 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 resolved to go at all events; for, being a very clever fellow, although a very idle one, he had no great dread of the giant, concluding that, although he was a cannibal, he must be a very stupid fellow not to have regained his hen, it being just as easy to come down the stupendous bean-stalk as to ascend it. Jack, therefore, had a dress made, not exactly invisible, like that of his illustrious namesake, the Giant-killer, but one which so disguised him that even

"The mother that him bore
Would not have known her child."

In a few mornings after this, he rose 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, for, with his usual thoughtlessness, he forgot to take a piece of bread in his pocket.

Here we are inclined to remark that, as he had neither *bread* nor *bacon*, he must in his progress have met with a good supply of beans; but perhaps he never thought of this resource.

Having rested some time, 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, telling 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's 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 used her very cruelly, and continually upbraided her with being the cause of his loss. But at last she consented and took him into the kitchen, where, after he had done eating and drinking, she laid him in an old lumber closet. The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to the 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 on the top of the house."

The giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, continually crying for his supper, like little Tom Tucker, and complaining of the loss of his wonderful

hen, which we verily believe he would have eaten, disregarding the treasures which she produced. Jack therefore rejoiced that he had not only got possession of the hen, but had in all probability saved her precious life.

The giant's wife at last set supper on the table, and when he had eaten till he was satisfied, he said to her—"I must have something to amuse me, either my bags of money or my harp." Jack, as before, peeped out of his hiding-place, and presently his wife brought two bags into the room, one filled with gold and the other with silver.

They were both placed before the giant, who began reprimanding his wife for staying so long. She replied, trembling with fear, that the bags were so heavy that she could scarcely lift them, and adding that she had nearly fainted owing to their weight.

The giant took his bags, and began to count their contents. First the bag which contained the silver was emptied, and the contents placed on the table. Jack viewed the glittering heaps with delight, and most heartily wished the contents in his own possession. The giant (little thinking he was so narrowly watched) reckoned the silver over several times; and, 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 gold pieces placed on the table. If Jack was pleased at the sight of the silver, how much more delighted must he have felt when he saw such a heap of glittering gold?

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 the

chair by the fireside, and fell asleep. He snored so loud that Jack compared the noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in. At last, Jack, being certain that he was asleep, 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. But Jack, recollecting that the giant had left the bones which he had picked at supper, threw one to the dog, who 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 seized the bags, and, throwing them over his shoulders, ran out of the kitchen. He reached the door in safety, and found it quite daylight,

Jack was overjoyed when he found himself near the bean-stalk; although much incommoded with the weight of the money bags, he soon reached the bottom, and immediately ran to seek his mother. He was greatly shocked on finding her apparently dying, and could scarcely bear his own reflections, knowing himself to be the cause. On being informed of Jack's safe return, his mother gradually recovered. Jack presented her his two valuable bags, and they lived as happily and comfortably as ever.

For three years, notwithstanding the comforts Jack enjoyed, his mind dwelt continually upon the bean-stalk; for the fairy's menaces were ever present to his mind, and prevented him from being happy. It was in

vain he endeavoured to amuse himself; he became thoughtful, and would rise at the dawn of day and view the bean-stalk for hours together.

His inclination at length growing 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. 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 oven.

When the giant returned, he said, as upon the former occasions, "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as 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 around the room. Jack was ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home; the giant approached the oven and put his hand into it; Jack thought his death was certain.

The giant at last gave up the search and ate a hearty supper. When he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped as he had done before, and 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 very fine; Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp into his possession than either of the former treasures.

The music soon lulled the giant into a sound sleep. This, 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 oven, and seized the harp. The harp had also been stolen by the giant from the fairy.

The giant suddenly awoke and tried to pursue him; but he had drank so much that he could hardly stand. 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 ran for a hatchet. 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, and the fall killed him.

At this instant the fairy appeared; she 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, after recovering her hen and her harp, which Jack gave to her most thankfully, having acquired great riches and revenged the tragical death of his father.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

A great many years ago, there lived in the county of Norfolk a gentleman and his lady. The gentleman was brave, generous, and honourable; and the lady gentle, beautiful, and virtuous; they were beloved by all who knew them, and were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy was only about three years old, and the girl not quite two, when the gentleman was seized with a dangerous malady, and the lady, in attending her beloved husband, caught the contagion. Notwithstanding every medical assistance, their disorder daily increased; and, as they expected to be soon snatched away from their little babes, they sent for the gentleman's brother, and gave the darlings into his care.

"Ah! brother," said the dying man, "you see I have but a short time to live; yet neither death nor pain can pierce my heart with half so much anguish as what I feel at the thought of what these dear babes will do without a parent's care. Brother, they will have none but you to be kind to them, to see them clothed and fed, and to teach them to be good."

"Dear, dear brother," said the dying lady, "you must be father, mother, and uncle too, to these dear innocent 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 need, and take her fondly on your knee, brother, and she and William too will pay your care with love."

"How it does grieve my heart to see you, my dear relatives, in this mournful condition," replied the uncle. "But be comforted, there may yet be hopes of your well-doing; but should we have the misfortune to lose you, I will do all you can desire for your

darling children. In me they shall find father, mother, and uncle; but, dear brother, you have said nothing of your wealth."

"H-e-r-e, h-e-r-e, brother," replied he, "is my will, in which I have provided for my dear babes."

The gentleman and his lady then kissed their children, and a short time after they both died.

The uncle, after shedding a few tears, opened the will, in which he found that to William was bequeathed three hundred pounds a year when he became of age, and to little Jane five hundred pounds in gold on her marriage day. But if the children should chance to die before coming of age, then all their wealth was to be enjoyed by their uncle. The will of the unfortunate gentleman next desired that he and his beloved wife should be buried side by side in the same grave.

The two little innocents were now taken to the house of their uncle, who, for some time, recollecting what their parents said so sorrowfully upon their death-bed, behaved to them with great kindness. But when he had kept them about a twelvemonth, he by degrees forgot to think both how their parents looked when they gave their children to his care, and the promises he made 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 he should then have all their wealth for himself; and when he had begun to think this, he went on till he could not think scarcely of anything else; and at last, says he to himself, "It will not be very difficult for me to kill them, as nobody

knows anything of the matter, and then their gold is mine."

When the barbarous uncle had once brought his mind to kill the helpless little creatures, he was not long in finding a way to execute his cruel purpose. He hired two sturdy ruffians, who had already killed many travellers in a dark, thick wood, at some distance, and then robbed them of their money. These two wicked creatures agreed, for a large reward, to do the blackest deed that ever yet was heard of; and the uncle began to prepare everything accordingly.

He told an artful story to his wife, of what good it would be to put the children forward in their learning; how he had a relation in London who would take the greatest care of them. He then said to the innocent children, "Should you not like, my pretty ones, to see the famous town 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 dolls and pretty pincushions, 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 of stone, soon got them ready for their journey.

The unsuspecting little creatures were a few days after put into a fine coach, and with them the two inhuman butchers, who were soon to end their joyful prattle, and turn their smiles to tears. One of them

served as coachman, and the other sat 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 flowers; and, while the children were skipping about like lambs, the ruffians turned their backs on them, and began to consult about what they had to do.

"In good truth," says the one who had been sitting all the way between the children, "now I have seen their cherub faces, and heard their pretty speech, I have no heart to do the bloody deed; let us fling away the ugly knife, and send the children back to their uncle."

"That I will not," says the other; "what boots their pretty speech to us? And who will pay us for being so chicken-hearted?"

At last the ruffians fell into so great a passion about butchering the innocent little creatures, that he who wished to spare their lives suddenly opened the great knife he had brought to kill them, and stabbed the other to the heart, so that he fell down dead.

The one who had killed him was now greatly 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. He was not, however, long in determining that he must leave them in the wood, to the chance of some traveller passing by. "Look ye, my pretty ones," said he, "you must each take hold and come along with me." The poor children each took a hand and went on, the tears bursting from their eyes, and their little limbs trembling with fear.

Thus did he lead them about two miles further on in the wood, and told them to wait there till he came back with some cakes.

William took his sister Jane by the hand, and they wandered fearfully up and down the wood.

"Will the strange man come with some cakes, Billy?" says Jane.

"Presently, dear Jane," says William.

And soon again, "I wish I had some cakes, Billy," said she.

And it would have melted a heart of stone to see how sorrowfully they looked.

After waiting very long, they tried to satisfy their hunger with blackberries, but they soon devoured all that were within their reach; and night coming on, William, who had tried all he could to comfort his little sister, now wanted comfort himself; so when Jane said once more, "How hungry I am, Billy, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e I cannot help crying," William burst out crying too; and down they lay upon the cold earth, and putting their arms round each other's neck, there they starved, and there they died.

Thus were these pretty little innocents murdered; and as no one knew of their death, so no one sought to give them burial.

The wicked uncle, supposing they had been killed as he desired, told all who asked after them an artful tale of their having died in London of the smallpox, and accordingly took possession openly of their fortune.

But all this did him very little service, for soon after his wife died; and being very unhappy, and always thinking too that he saw the bleeding innocents before his eyes, he neglected all his business; so that, instead of growing richer, he every day grew poorer. His two sons, also, who had embarked for a foreign land, were both drowned at sea, and he became completely miserable.

When things had gone on in this manner for years, the ruffian who took pity on the children committed another robbery in the wood, and, being pursued by some men, he was laid hold of and brought to prison, and soon after was tried at the assizes, and found guilty—so that he was condemned to be hanged for the crime.

As soon as he found what his unhappy end must be, he sent for the keeper of the prison, and confessed to him all the crimes he had been guilty of in his whole life, and thus declared the story of the pretty innocents, telling him at the same time in what part of the wood he had left them to starve.

The news of the discovery he had made soon reached the uncle's ears, who, being already broken-hearted by misfortunes that had befallen him, and unable to bear the load of public shame that could not but await him, lay down upon his bed and died that very day.

No sooner were the tidings of the fate of the two children made public than proper persons were sent to search the wood; when, after many fruitless endeavours, the pretty babes were at length found outstretched in each other's arms, with William's arm round the neck of Jane, his face turned close to her's, and his frock pulled over her body. They were

covered all over with leaves, which in all that time never withered; and on a bush near this cold grave a Robin-Redbreast watched and chirped—so that many gentle hearts still think that pretty bird did bring the leaves which made their grave.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

In the reign of King Arthur, near the Land's End of England, in the County of Cornwall, there lived a wealthy farmer, who had one only son, commonly known by the name of Jack. He was brisk, and of a lively ready wit; so that whatever he could not perform by strength, he completed by wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could worst him; nay, the learned he baffled by his cunning and ready inventions.

For instance, when he was no more than seven years of age, his father sent him into the field to look after his oxen; a country vicar, by chance one day coming across the field, called Jack, and asked him several questions—in particular, How many commandments were there? Jack told him there were nine.

The Parson replied, "There are ten."

"Nay," quoth Jack, "Master Parson, you are out of that; it is true there were ten, but you broke one of them with your own maid Margery."

The Parson replied, "Thou art an arch wag, Jack."

"Well, Master Parson," quoth Jack, "you have asked me one question, and I have answered it; let me ask you another. Who made these oxen?"

The Parson replied, "God."

"You are out again," quoth Jack, "for God made them bulls, but my father and his man Hobson made oxen of them."

The Parson, finding himself fooled, trudged away, leaving Jack in a fit of laughter.

In those days the mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous Giant, of twenty-seven feet high, and three yards in compass, of a grim countenance, to the terror of all the neighbouring towns. His habitation was a cave in the midst of the mount; neither would he suffer any living creature near him; his feeding was upon other men's cattle; for whensoever he had occasion for food, he would wade over to the mainland, where he would furnish himself with whatever he could find. For the people at his approach would forsake their habitations; then he would take their cows and oxen, of which he would make nothing to carry over his back half-a-dozen at a time; and as for sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist. This he had for many years practised in Cornwall.

But one day Jack, coming to the Town Hall, when the Magistrates were sitting in consternation about the Giant, he asked what reward they would give to any person that would destroy him?

They answered, "He shall have all the Giant's treasure in recompense."

Quoth Jack, "Then I myself will undertake the work."

Jack furnished himself with a horn, a shovel, and a pick-axe, and over to the mount he goes in the beginning of a dark winter evening, where he fell to

work, and before morning had digged a pit twenty-two feet deep and as broad, and covered the same over with long sticks and straw; then strewed a little mould upon it, so that it appeared like the plain ground.

This done, Jack places himself on the contrary side of the pit, just about the dawning of the day, when, putting his horn to his mouth, he then blew, *Tan Twivie, tan twivie*. Which unexpected noise roused the Giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out —"You incorrigible villain, are you come hither to break my rest; you shall dearly pay for it; satisfaction I will have, and it shall be this: I will take you wholly and broil you for my breakfast."

Which words were no sooner out of his mouth but he tumbled headlong into the deep pit, which heavy fall made the very foundation of the mount to shake.

"Oh, Giant! where are you now? Faith, you are got into Lobb's Pond, where I shall plague you for your threatening words. What do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?"

Thus having tantalized the Giant for a while, he gave him a most weighty knock on the crown of his head with his pick-axe, so that he immediately tumbled down, gave a most dreadful groan, and died. This done, Jack threw the earth in upon him, and so buried him; then going and searching the cave, he found a great quantity of treasure.

Now, when the Magistrates who employed him heard the work was over, they sent for him, declaring that he should be called Jack the Giant Killer. And in

honour thereof, they presented him with a sword, together with a fine rich embroidered belt, on which these words were wrought in letters of gold—

"Here's the right valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the Giant Cormillan."

The news of Jack's victory was soon spread; when another huge Giant named Blunderboar, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if ever it was his fortune to light upon him. This Giant kept an enchanted castle, situated in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months after, walking near the borders of the said wood on his journey towards Wales, grew weary, and therefore sat himself down by the side of a pleasant fountain, where a deep sleep suddenly seized on him, at which time the Giant, coming for water, found him; and, by the line on his belt, knew him to be Jack that killed his brother, and, without any words, threw him upon his shoulder to carry him to his enchanted castle.

Now, as they passed through a thicket, the ruffling of the boughs awaked poor Jack, who, finding himself in the clutches of the Giant, was strangely surprised; for, at the entering within the first walls of the castle, he beheld the ground all covered with bones and skulls of dead men, the Giant telling Jack that his bones would enlarge the number that he saw. This said, he brought him into a large parlour, where he beheld the bloody quarters of some who were lately slain, and in the next room were many hearts and livers, which the Giant, in order to terrify Jack, told him—"That men's hearts and livers were the choicest of his diet, for he commonly ate them with pepper and vinegar, and he did not question but his heart

would make him a dainty bit." This said, he locks up poor Jack in an upper room, while he went to fetch another Giant living in the same wood, that he might partake in the destruction of poor Jack.

Now, while he was gone, dreadful shrieks and cries affrighted poor Jack, especially a voice which continually cried—

"Do what you can to get away,
Or you'll become the Giant's prey;
He's gone to fetch his brother, who
Will kill and likewise torture you."

This dreadful noise so amazed poor Jack, he was ready to run distracted; seeing from the window afar off the two Giants coming, "Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or deliverance is at hand."

There were strong cords in the room by him, of which he takes two, at the end of which he makes a noose, and, while the Giant was unlocking the gate, he threw the ropes over each of the heads, and drawing the other end across the beam, he pulled with all his strength until he had throttled them; and then fastening the rope to the beam, turning towards the window he beheld the two Giants to be black in their faces. Sliding down by the rope, he came close to their heads, where the helpless Giants could not defend themselves; and, drawing out his sword, slew them both, and delivered himself from their intended cruelty; then taking out a bunch of keys, he unlocked the rooms, where he found three fair ladies tied by the hair of their heads, almost starved to death, who told Jack that their husbands were slain by the Giant, and that they were kept many days without food, in

order to force them to feed upon the flesh of their husbands.

"Sweet ladies," quoth Jack, "I have destroyed this monster and his brutish brother, by which I have obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys of the castle, and so proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Jack, having but very little money, thought it prudent to make the best of his way by travelling as fast as he could; but, losing his road, was benighted, and could not get a place of entertainment until he came to a valley placed between two hills, where stood a large house in a lonesome place. He took courage to knock at the gate, and to his great surprise there came forth a monstrous Giant, having two heads; yet he did not seem so fiery as the others had been, for he was a Welsh Giant, and what he did was by secret malice; for, Jack telling his condition, he bid him welcome, showing him a room with a bed in it, whereon he might take his night's repose; therefore, Jack undressed himself, and, as the Giant was walking to another apartment, Jack heard him muttering forth these words 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."

"Sayest thou so," quoth Jack; "this is like your Welsh tricks, yet I hope to be cunning enough for you." Then, getting out of bed, he put a billet in his stead, and hid himself in a corner of the room; and, in the dead time of the night, the Welsh Giant came with his great knotty club, and struck several blows upon

the bed where Jack had laid the billet, and then returned to his own chamber, supposing he had broken all the bones in his body.

In the morning, Jack gave him hearty thanks for his lodging.

The Giant said to him, "How have you rested? Did you not feel something in the night?"

"Nothing," quoth Jack, "but a rat which gave me three or four slaps with her tail."

Soon after the Giant arose and went to breakfast with a bowl of hasty pudding, containing nearly four gallons, giving Jack the like quantity, who, being loath to let the Giant know he could not eat with him, got a large leathern bag, putting it very artfully under his loose coat, into which he secretly conveyed his pudding, telling the Giant he could show him a trick; then, taking a large knife, he ripped open the bag, which the Giant supposed to be his belly, when out came the hasty pudding, at which the Welsh Giant cried, "Cotplut, hur can do dat trick hurself."

Then, taking his sharp knife, he ripped up his own belly from the bottom to the top, and out dropped his tripes and trolly bags, so that he fell down for dead. Thus Jack outwitted the Giant, and proceeded on his journey.

About this time King Arthur's son only desired of his father to furnish him with a certain sum of money, that he might go and seek his fortune in Wales, where a beautiful lady lived, whom he heard was possessed with seven evil spirits; but the King, his father, advised him utterly against it, yet he would not be persuaded of it; so he granted what he

requested, which was one horse loaded with money, and another for himself to ride on. Thus he went forth without any attendants.

Now, after several days' travel, he came to a market town in Wales, where he beheld a large concourse of people gathered together; the King's son demanded the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for many large sums of money which the deceased owed when he died. The King's son replied, "It is a pity that creditors should be so cruel; go bury the dead, and let his creditors come to my lodging, and their debts shall be discharged." Accordingly, they came in great numbers, so that he left himself moneyless.

Now, Jack the Giant Killer being there and seeing the generosity of the King's son, he was taken with him, and desired to be his servant; it was agreed upon the next morning, when riding out at the town-end, the King's son turning to Jack, said, "I cannot tell how I will subsist in my intended journey."

"For that," quoth Jack, "take you no care; let me alone, I warrant you we will not starve."

Now Jack, having a spell in his pocket, which served at noon for a refreshment, when done they had not one penny left betwixt them. The afternoon they spent in travel and discourse till the sun began to grow low, at which time the King's son said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we think to lodge this night?"

Jack replied, "We'll do well enough, for I have an uncle living within two miles of this; he is a monstrous Giant with three heads; he will fight five hundred men in armour, and make them to fly before

him."

"Alas!" saith the King's son, "what shall we do there; he will certainly chop us both up at one mouthful!"

"It is no matter for that," quoth Jack; "I will go before and prepare the way for you; tarry here."

He waits, and Jack rides full speed. When he came to the castle, he knocked with such a force that he made all the neighbouring hills to resound. The Giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who's there?"

Jack answered, "None but your own cousin Jack. Dear uncle, heavy news, God wot."

"Prithee, what heavy news can come to me? I am a Giant with three heads, and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men."

"O! but," quoth Jack, "here's the King's son coming with one thousand men to kill you."

"Oh! Jack, this is heavy news indeed; I have a large vault underground, where I will hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the King's son is gone."

Jack, having secured the Giant, he returned and fetched his master. They were both heartily merry with the wine and other dainties which were in the house; so that night they rested in very pleasant lodgings, whilst the poor uncle, the Giant, lay trembling in the vault underground.

Early in the morning, Jack furnished his master with a supply of gold and silver, and set him three miles forward on his journey, concluding he was then pretty well out of the smell of the Giant, and then

returned to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked Jack what he would give him in reward, since his castle was not demolished.

"Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old Coat and Cap, together with the old rusty Sword and Slippers, which are at your bed-head."

"Jack, thou shalt have them, and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The Coat will keep you invisible, the Cap will furnish you with knowledge, the Sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the Shoes are of extraordinary swiftness; these may be serviceable to you, and therefore pray take them with all my heart."

Jack takes them, thanking his uncle, and follows his master.

Jack, having overtaken his master, soon after arrived at the lady's house, who, finding the King's son to be a suitor, prepared a banquet for him, and, being ended, she wiped his mouth with her napkin, saying, "You must show this to-morrow or lose your head;" and she put it safely into her bosom.

The King's son went to bed sorrowful, but Jack's Cap of knowledge instructed him how to obtain it. In the middle of the night, she called upon her familial-spirit to carry her to Lucifer. Jack put on his Coat of darkness, with his Shoes of swiftness, and was there as soon as she; by reason of his Coat they could not see him. When she entered the place, she gave the handkerchief to old Lucifer, who laid it carefully upon a shelf, from whence Jack brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady the next day.

The next night she saluted the King's son, telling him

he must show her to-morrow morning the lips that she kissed last this night, or lose his head.

"Ah!" replied he, "if you kiss none but mine I will."

"It is neither here nor there," said she; "if you do not, death's your portion."

At midnight, she went as before, and was angry with Lucifer for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," said she, "I will be too hard for the King's son, for I will kiss thee, and he's to show thy lips." Jack, standing near him with his Sword of sharpness, cut off the devil's head, and brought it under his invisible Coat to his master, who was in bed, and laid it at the end of his bolster. In the morning when the lady came up, he pulled it out by the horns and showed her the devil's lips, which she kissed last.

Thus, having answered her twice, the enchantment broke, and the evil spirits left her, at which time she appeared a beautiful and virtuous creature. They were married next morning in great pomp and solemnity, and returned with a numerous company to the Court of King Arthur, where they were received with the greatest joy and loud acclamations. Jack, for the many and great exploits he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Jack, having resolved not to be idle, humbly requested of the King to fit him with a horse and money to travel; "for," said he, "there are many Giants alive in the remotest parts of the kingdom, to the unspeakable damage of your Majesty's liege subjects; wherefore, may it please your Majesty to give me encouragement to rid the realm of those cruel and devouring monsters of nature, root and

branch."

Now, when the King had heard these noble propositions, and had duly considered the mischievous practices of those bloodthirsty Giants, he immediately granted what Jack requested; and, being furnished with all necessaries for his progress, he took his leave of King Arthur, taking with him the Cap of knowledge, Sword of sharpness, Shoes of swiftness, and likewise the invisible Coat, the better to perfect and complete the dangerous enterprises that lay before him.

Jack travelled over vast hills and mountains, when at the end of three days he came to a large and spacious wood, where on a sudden he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; whereupon, casting his eyes around, he beheld a Giant rushing along with a worthy knight and his fair lady, whom he held by the hair of their heads in his hands; wherefore he alighted from his horse, and then putting on his invisible Coat, under which he carried his Sword of sharpness, he came up to the Giant, and, though he made several passes at him, yet he could not reach the trunk of his body, by reason of his height, though he wounded his thighs in several places; but at length, giving a swinging stroke, he cut off both his legs just below the knee, so that the trunk of his body made the ground to shake with the force of his fall, at which the knight and the lady escaped. Then had Jack time to talk with him, and, setting his foot upon his neck, said, "You savage and barbarous wretch, I am come to execute upon you the just reward of your villainy." And with that running him through and through, the monster sent forth a hideous groan, and yielded up his life, while the noble knight and virtuous lady were joyful spectators of his sudden downfall and

their own deliverance.

This being done, the courteous knight and his fair lady returned him hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him home, there to refresh himself after the dreadful encounter, as likewise to receive ample reward, by way of gratitude for his good service.

"No," quoth Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out the den which was this monster's habitation."

The knight hearing this, waxed sorrowful, and replied, "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second risk, for this monster lived in a den under yon mountain, with a brother of his, more fierce than himself; therefore, if you go thither and perish in the attempt, it will be the heartbreaking of both me and my lady. Let me persuade you to go with us."

"Nay," quoth Jack, "if there were twenty I would shed the last drop of my blood before one of them should escape my fury, but when I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you." So, taking directions to their habitation, he mounted his horse, and went in pursuit of the deceased Giant's brother.

Jack had not rode past a mile before he came in sight of the cave's mouth, at the entrance of which he beheld the other Giant sitting upon a huge block of timber, with a knotty iron club by his side, waiting for his brother's return with his cruel prey; his goggle eyes appeared like terrible flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks appeared like a couple of large flitches of bacon; the bristles of his head seemed to resemble rods of iron wire; his locks hung down on his broad shoulders like curled snakes.

Jack alighted from his horse, and put him into a thicket; then with his Coat of darkness he came near to behold his figure, and said, "Oh! are you there? It will not be long before I take you by the beard."

The Giant could not see him by reason of his invisible Coat: so Jack fetching a blow at his head with his Sword of sharpness, and missing somewhat of his aim, cut off the Giant's nose, whose nostrils were wider than a pair of jack-boots; the pain was terrible; he put up his hand to feel for his nose, and when he could not find it he raved and roared louder than thunder; and though he turned up his large eyes, he could not see from whence the blow came, nevertheless, he took up his iron-headed club and began to thrash about him like one stark mad.

"Nay," quoth Jack, "if you be for that sport, then I will dispatch you quickly, for fear of an accidental blow."

Then Jack makes no more to do, but runs his sword up to the hilt in the Giant's fundament, where he left it sticking for a while, and stood himself laughing, to see the Giant caper and dance with the sword in his body, crying out, "I shall die with the gripping of my guts."

Thus did the Giant continue raving for an hour or more, and at length fell down dead.

This being done, Jack cut off both the Giants' heads, and sent them to King Arthur by a waggoner, whom he hired for the purpose.

Jack having dispatched these two monsters, resolved to enter the cave in search of the Giants' treasure. He passed through many turnings and windings, which

led him at length to a room paved with freestone, at the upper end of which was a boiling caldron; on the right hand stood a large table, where the Giants used to dine. Then he came to an iron gate, where was a window secured with bars of iron, through which he looked, and beheld a vast many captives, who, seeing Jack, said, "Young man, art thou come to be one among us in this miserable den?"

"Nay," quoth Jack, "I hope I shall not tarry long here; but what is the meaning of your captivity?"

"Why," said one of them, "we have been taken by the Giants, and here we are kept till they have a feast, then the fattest among us is slaughtered for their devouring jaws. It is not long since they took three of us for the purpose."

"Say you so," quoth Jack; "well, I have given them both such a dinner that it will be long enough ere they need any more. You may believe me, for I have slain them both, and as for their monstrous heads, I sent them to the court of King Arthur, as trophies of my victory."

Then leading them to the aforesaid room, he placed them round the table, and set before them two quarters of beef, also bread and wine, so that they feasted there very plentifully. Supper being ended, they searched the Giants' coffers, where, finding a vast store of gold, Jack divided it equally among them. They all returned him hearty thanks for their treasure and miraculous deliverance. That night they went to their rest, and in the morning they arose and departed, to their respective places of abode, and Jack to the knight's house.

Jack mounted his horse, and by his direction he

came to the knight's house, where he was received with all demonstrations of joy, by the knight and his lady, who, in respect to Jack, prepared a feast which lasted for many days, inviting all the gentry in the adjacent parts. He presented him with a ring of gold in which was engraven by curious art, the picture of the Giant dragging a distressed knight and his fair lady by the hair of the head.

Now, there were five aged gentlemen who were fathers to some of those miserable captives whom Jack had set at liberty; who immediately paid him their venerable respects. And the smiling bowl was passed round in honour of the victorious conqueror, but during their mirth, a dark cloud appeared, which daunted the assembly.

A messenger brought the dismal tidings of the approach of one Thunderfold, a huge Giant with two heads; who, having heard of the death of his kinsmen, the above-named Giants, was come in search of Jack, to be revenged on him for their terrible downfall, and was within a mile of the knight's seat, the people flying before him from their habitations.

When they had related this, Jack said, "Let him come, I am prepared with a tool to pick his teeth, and you, gentlemen and ladies, walk forth into the garden, and you shall be the joyful spectators of this monstrous Giant's death."

To which they consented, wishing him good fortune in that great enterprise.

The situation of the knight's house was in a small island encompassed with a vast moat thirty feet deep, and twenty feet wide, over which lay a

drawbridge. Wherefore Jack employed two men to cut it on both sides, and then dressing himself in his Coat of darkness, putting on his Shoes of swiftness, he marched against the Giant, with his Sword of sharpness ready drawn. When he came close up, the Giant could not see Jack, by reason of his invisible Coat. Nevertheless, he was sensible of approaching danger, which made him cry out:—

"*Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum,*
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he living, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to mix my bread."

"Sayest thou so," quoth Jack. "Then thou art a monstrous miller. But how if I serve thee as I did the two Giants of late, I should spoil your practice for the future?"

At which time the Giant spoke with a voice as loud as thunder. "Art thou that villain which destroyed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and suck thy blood, I will grind thy bones to powder."

"Catch me first," quoth Jack. And he threw off his Coat of darkness that the Giant might see him, and then ran from him as through fear.

The Giant, with glaring eyes, followed after like a walking castle, making the earth to shake at every step. Jack led him a dance three or four times round the moat, that the ladies and gentlemen might take a full view of this huge monster who followed him, but could not overtake him by reason of his Shoes of swiftness.

At length Jack took over the bridge, the Giant with

full speed pursuing after him, with his iron club. But coming to the middle of the drawbridge, the weight of his body, and the most dreadful steps which he took, it broke down, and he tumbled into the water, where he rolled and wallowed like a whale.

Jack standing at the side of the moat laughed at the Giant, and said, "You would grind my bones to powder; you have water, pray, where is your mill?"

The Giant foamed to hear him scoffing at that rate, though he plunged from place to place in the moat.

Jack at length got a cart rope, and cast it over the Giant's two heads, with a slip knot, and by the help of horses he dragged him out again, nearly strangled, before he would let him loose. He cut off both his heads with his Sword of sharpness, in the view of all the assembly of knights and ladies, who gave a shout when they saw the Giant dispatched. Then before he would either eat or drink, he sent these heads also to the court of King Arthur.

After some mirth and pastime, Jack, taking leave of the noble knights and ladies, set off in search of new adventures. Through many woods and groves he passed, till coming to the foot of a high mountain late at night, he knocked at the door of a lonesome house, at which a man, with a head as white as snow, arose and let him in.

"Father," said Jack, "have you any entertainment for a benighted traveller that has lost his way?"

"Yes," said the old man, "if thou wilt accept of such as my poor cottage affords, thou shalt be welcome."

Jack returned him thanks; they sat together, and the

old man began to discourse as follows. "Son, I am sensible thou art the great conqueror of Giants, and it is in thy power to free this place; for, there is an enchanted castle, kept by a monstrous Giant, named Galligantus, who, by the help of a conjuror, betrays knights and ladies into this strong castle, where, by magic art, they are transformed into sundry shapes; but above all, I lament the misfortune of a Duke's daughter, whom they fetched from her father's garden, carrying her through the air in a chariot drawn by fiery dragons. She was immediately transformed into the shape of a White Hind. Many knights have endeavoured to break the enchantment for her deliverance, yet none could accomplish it, by reason of two Griffins, who are at the entrance of the castle gate, who destroys them as they see them; but you, being furnished with an invisible Coat, may pass them undiscovered; where, on the gates of the castle, you will find engraven in characters, the means by which the enchantment may be broken."

Jack gave him his hand, with a promise that in the morning he would break the enchantment, and free the lady.

Having refreshed themselves with a morsel of meat, they lay down to rest. In the morning Jack arose, and put on his invisible Coat, his Cap of knowledge, and Shoes of swiftness, and so prepared himself for the dangerous enterprise.

Now, when he had ascended the mountain, he discovered the two fiery Griffins. He passed between them, for they could not see him by reason of his invisible Coat. When he had got beyond them, he found upon the gate a golden trumpet, hung in a chain of fine silver, under which were engraven:—

Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall soon the Giant overthrow.
And break the black enchantment straight,
So all shall be in happy state.

Jack had no sooner read this inscription than he blew the trumpet, at which the foundation of the castle trembled, and the Giant, with the Conjuror, were tearing their hair, knowing their wicked reign was at an end. At which time the Giant was stooping to take up his club, Jack, by one blow with his Sword of sharpness, cut off his head. The Conjuror mounted into the air, and was carried away by a whirlwind.

Thus was the enchantment broken, and every knight and lady, who had been transformed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes, and the castle, though it seemed to be of vast strength and bigness, vanished away like a cloud; whereupon universal joy appeared among the released knights and ladies. This being done, the head of Galligantus was conveyed to the court of King Arthur.

The next day, having refreshed the knights and ladies at the old man's habitation, Jack set forward to the court of King Arthur, with those knights and ladies whom he delivered.

Coming to His Majesty, his fame rang through the court; and, as a reward for his service, the Duke bestowed his daughter in marriage to Jack. The whole kingdom was filled with joy at the wedding. After which the King bestowed upon him a noble house, with a large estate, where he and his lady passed their days in great joy and happiness.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a village. She was such a nice little girl that her grandmother was very fond of her, and made her a little red cloak with a hood. So everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day when her mother was baking, she said: "I hear your poor grandmother is ill in bed. You shall go across the forest and see how she is, and take her this cake and a pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood was delighted to go, though it was rather a long walk. So she took the basket with the cakes and butter on her arm, and set off.

No sooner had she got well into the forest, than a wolf came by that road. "Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf; "where are you going?"

Now, Red Riding Hood did not know that it is dangerous to stop and speak to wolves, and she only thought him a nice respectable wolf who knew manners. So she made a curtsey, and said:

"I'm going to see grandmother, because she's ill; and I am taking her a cake and a pot of butter."

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"In a cottage quite by itself, across the forest," said Red Riding Hood.

"Well, good morning," said the wolf. "If I were you, I would stop for a while, and pick some wild flowers to make a posy for your grandmother."

Red Riding Hood thought this would please her

granny very much, and the wolf trotted away.

As soon as he was out of her sight, he galloped away to the old woman's cottage, and knocked.

"Who's there?" asked the old woman, in a feeble voice.

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, imitating a little girl's voice. "Mother has sent you a cake and a pot of butter.

"Lift up the latch and walk in," said the grandmother; "I'm ill in bed, and can't come to the door."

So the wolf lifted the latch and sprang in, and gobbled up the poor old grandmother in a moment. Then he put on her nightgown and nightcap, got into bed, and pulled up the bedclothes.

Presently Red Riding Hood came and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the wolf, imitating the grandmother's voice.

"Little Red Riding Hood. Mother has sent you a cake and a pot of butter."

"Lift up the latch and walk in," said the wolf, and Red Riding Hood entered.

The wolf had got down so far under the bedclothes that nothing of him could be seen but the top of his nightcap.

"How hoarse you are, Granny!" said Red Riding Hood.

"That's because I've got such a bad cold, my dear," said the wolf. "It's getting late, so you must undress and come to bed."

When Red Riding Hood got into bed, she saw the wolf's ears sticking out from under the nightcap. "What great ears you've got, Granny!" she said.

"All the better to hear with, my dear!" said the wolf.

"And what great arms you've got, Granny!"

"All the better to hug with, my dear!"

"But, Granny, what great eyes you've got!"

"All the better to see with, my dear!"

"But, Granny, what great teeth you've got!" said Red Riding Hood, who began to feel frightened.

"All the better to eat you, my dear!" shouted the wolf. And the wicked beast jumped up, and ate her all up at a mouthful.

As it got dusk, Red Riding Hood's mother began to get very anxious because she had not come back, for as she had never thought Red Riding Hood would stop and pick flowers in the forest, she had expected her home by sunset, and had said nothing about her stopping at her grandmother's for the night. So when her husband came home, she said:

"I'm afraid something has happened to Red Riding Hood. I sent her to her grandmother's this morning, and she has never come back. You must go and look for her; and take your lantern and your axe, for fear of wolves." So Red Riding Hood's father took his lantern and axe, and asked a friend to go with him across the forest.

When they got to the grandmother's cottage, it was quite dark. They knocked, and the wolf called out:

"Lift up the latch and walk in," for he thought he would make another meal off whoever it was. But when he saw the two men enter, one with the axe and the other with the lantern, he began to feel horribly uncomfortable, especially as he could not run away quickly, because he was so fat from eating the grandmother and Red Riding Hood. Red Riding Hood's father saw in a minute what had happened, and he flung his axe at the wolf and cut him open. Immediately the grandmother and Red Riding Hood jumped out of the wolf's inside, and the wolf made straight up the chimney.

"I think we've got him now," said Red Riding Hood's father: "make up the fire, Granny, and we'll put on

the big porridge-pot full of hot water, and some savoury soup in it to smell nice."

So they made up the fire, and put on the great pot, full of hot water, and then they poured some soup into it; and when it boiled, the savoury smell went up the chimney.

"*Aughrr!*" said the wolf; "how nice that smells; I feel quite hungry again."

So he put his head and forelegs into the chimney as he stood on the roof, and, as he bent further in to catch the smell, all of a sudden he lost his balance, and fell headlong down the chimney, and into the great pot, and was killed.

So they all went home safely, and when Red Riding Hood's mother put her to bed, she said, "Never you stop when you're out to talk to strange creatures ever any more." And Red Riding Hood, who was only too glad to have got safely out of the wolf's inside, promised faithfully that she never would.

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 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, before 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 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 all 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 youngest of the two sisters, however, being rather more civil than the eldest, 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, drest out in all their splendour.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the persons 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 ironed and plaited her sisters' muslins. They talked of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"I," said the eldest, "will wear my scarlet velvet with French trimming."

"And I," said the youngest, "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 hairdresser 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 them in adjusting their head-dresses; which was exactly what they wanted, and they accordingly accepted her proposals.

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 every thing 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 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 pumpion."

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 pumpion instantly became a fine coach gilded all over with gold. She next looked into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive and brisk. She told Cinderella to lift up 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 horse, 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 rat-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 smart, 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 immediately jumped up behind the coach in gold-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 pumpion, 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 the carriage, helped her out, and conducted her to the ball-room.

Cinderella no sooner appeared than every one was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and everybody 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 workpeople 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 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 a 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, curtsied 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 everything 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, yawning, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if just awaked out of her sleep, though she had in truth felt no desire to 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 sisters the name of the 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 and 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 had thought that 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 Cinderella's fright made her run the faster. However, in her great hurry, she dropped one of the little glass slippers from her foot, which the prince stooped down and picked up, and took the greatest care of it possible.

Cinderella got home tired and out of breath, in her dirty old clothes, without either coach or footman, and having nothing left of her magnificence but the fellow of the glass slipper which she had dropped.

In the meanwhile, the prince had enquired 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 looked at it all the rest of the evening; and that everybody believed 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 this 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."

Her sisters burst out a-laughing in the rudest manner possible:—"Very likely, truly," said one of them, "that such a clumsy foot as your's should fit the slipper of a beautiful princess."

The gentleman, however, who brought the slipper, turned round, looked at Cinderella, and observing that she was very handsome, said, that as he was ordered by the prince to try it on every one till it fitted, it was just that Cinderella should have her turn.

Saying this, he 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 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 upon her their affection.

Cinderella was then conducted, drest 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.

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 very well in the world; as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a fur-cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger!"

The cat, which all this time sat listening just inside the door of a cupboard, now ventured to come out, and addressed 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 rats and mice, such as hanging by the hindlegs, and hiding in the meal to make them 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 the boots—and putting the bag about his neck, he took hold of

the strings with his forepaws, and, bidding his master take courage, immediately sallied forth.

The first attempt Puss made was to go into a warren, in which there was 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 (which 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 laid 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 Marquis of Carabas, once at least every week.

One day, the cat having heard that the king intended to take a ride that morning by the river 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 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 which 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 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 minced 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, which 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 minced 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 on 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 enquire for 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 into 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 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 must be 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 set 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 his attendant 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 your's 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 expected that day 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 drank 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 again ran after rats and mice but for his amusement.

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 dirty little fellow running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was in a sorry plight; 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 spare him little 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 every one talked about.

On Sundays he never failed to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the church-yard, before the parson was come: and once a week you might be sure to 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 whenever the barber's shop-door was open, Dick listened to all the news he told his customers.

In this manner, Dick heard of the great city called London; how the people who lived there were all fine gentlemen and ladies; that there were singing and music in it all day long; and that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day a waggoner, with a large waggon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was lounging near his favourite sign-post. The thought immediately struck him that it must be going to the fine town of London; and taking courage, he asked the waggoner to let him walk by the side of the waggon. The man, hearing from poor Dick that he had no parents, and seeing by his ragged condition that he could not be worse off, told him he might go if he would; so they set off together.

Dick got safe to London; and so eager was he to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that he ran as fast as his legs would carry him through several streets, expecting every moment to come to those that were all paved with gold; for Dick had three times seen a guinea in his own village, and observed what a great deal of money it brought in change; so

he imagined he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement to have as much money as he desired.

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

Little Dick remained all night in the streets; and next morning, finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him anything; so that the poor boy was soon in the most miserable condition. Being almost starved to death, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress: so, seeing poor Dick, she called out, "What business have you here, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water, I have here that is hot enough to make you caper!"

Just at this time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home from the city to dinner, and seeing a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work. I fear you must be somewhat idle."

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

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren.

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 that he should be taken into his house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this worthy family, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who was finding fault and scolding at him from morning till night; and was withal so fond of roasting and basting, that, when the spit was out of her hands, she would be at basting poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way; till at last her ill usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if she was not ashamed to use a little friendless boy so cruelly; and added, she would certainly be turned away if she did not treat him with more kindness.

But though the cook was so ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was quite the contrary; he had lived in the family many years, was rather elderly, and had once a little boy of his own, who died when about the age of Whittington; so he could not but feel compassion for the poor boy.

As the footman was very fond of reading, he used generally in the evening to entertain his fellow-servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure our little hero took in hearing him made him very much desire to learn to read too; so the next time the good-natured footman

gave him a halfpenny, he bought a horn-book with it; and, with a little of his help, Dick soon learned his letters, and afterwards to read.

About this time Miss Alice was going out one morning for a walk; and the footman happening to be out of the way, little Dick, who had received from Mr. Fitzwarren a neat suit of clothes, to go to church on Sundays, was ordered to put them on, and walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with a child in her arms, and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money; and as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and immediately presented it to her.

Besides the ill-humour of the cook, which now, however, was somewhat mended, Whittington had another hardship to get over. This was, that his bed, which was of flock, was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls, that he never went to bed without being awakened in his sleep by great numbers of rats and mice, which generally 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 paid a visit to Mr. Fitzwarren, happened to have dirtied his shoes, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. This he resolved to lay out in buying a cat, if possible; and 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; to which the

girl replied, she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could maintain; adding, that the one she had was an excellent mouser.

This cat Whittington hid in the garret, always taking care to carry her a part of his dinner: and in a short time he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as sound as a top.

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, richly laden, and thinking it but just that all his servants should have some chance for good luck as well as himself, called them into the parlour, and asked them what commodity they chose to send.

All mentioned something they were willing to venture but poor Whittington, who, having no money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come in with the rest; but Miss Alice, guessing what was the matter, ordered him to be called, and offered to lay down some money for him from her own purse; but this, the merchant observed, would not do, for it must be something of his own.

Upon this, poor Dick said he had nothing but a cat, which he bought for a penny that was given him.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," says Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Whittington brought poor puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes, for he said "He should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice."

All the company laughed at the oddity of Whittington's adventure, and Miss Alice, who felt the

greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

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

At last, the unhappy little fellow, being unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to run away from his place. He accordingly packed up the few things that belonged to him, and set out very early in the morning on Allhallow Day, which is the first of November. He travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to consider what course he should take.

While he was thus thinking what he could do, Bow-Bells, of which there were then only six, began to ring: and it seemed to him that their sounds addressed him in this manner:

"Turn again Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" says he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would bear anything to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of old Cicely, if I am at last to be Lord Mayor of London."

So back went Dick, and got into the house, and set

about his business before Cicely came down stairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was long beaten about at sea, and was at last driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors that were unknown to the English.

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

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of the choicest articles 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 flowered with gold and silver: and the king and queen being seated at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, which consisted of the greatest rarities. No sooner, however, were the dishes set before the company, than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering pieces of flesh and gravy all about the room.

The captain, extremely astonished, asked if these vermin were not very offensive.

"Oh, yes," said they, "very offensive; and the king would give half his treasure to be free of them: for they not only destroy his dinner, but they disturb him even in his chamber, so that he is obliged to be watched while he sleeps."

The captain, who was ready to jump for joy, remembering poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had intrusted to his care, told him he had a creature on board his ship that would kill them all.

The king was still more overjoyed than the captain. "Bring this creature to me," says he, "and if she can really perform what you say, I will load your ship with wedges of gold in exchange for her."

Away flew the captain, while another dinner was providing, to the ship, and taking puss under his arm, returned to the palace in time to see the table covered with rats and mice, and the second dinner in a fair way to meet with the same fate as the first.

The cat, at sight of them, did not wait for bidding, but sprang from the captain's arms, and in a few moments laid the greater part of the rats and mice dead at her feet, while the rest, in the greatest fright imaginable, scampered away to their holes.

The king having seen and considered of the wonderful exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed she would soon have young ones, which might in time destroy all the rats and mice in the country, bargained with the captain for his whole ship's cargo, and afterwards agreed to give a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, of still greater value, for the cat; with which, after taking leave of their majesties, and other great personages belonging to the court, he, with all his ship's company, set sail, with a fair wind for England, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, and was going to seat himself at the

desk, when who should arrive but the captain and the mate of the merchant-ship, the *Unicorn*, just arrived from the coast of Barbary, and followed by several men, bringing with them a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold that had been paid by the King of Barbary in exchange for the merchandise, and also in exchange for Mrs. Puss. Mr. Fitzwarren, the instant he heard the news, ordered Whittington to be called, and having desired him to be seated, said, "Mr. Whittington, most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than I possess in the whole world; and may you long enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the immense treasures they had brought, and added that Mr. Whittington had now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety.

Poor Dick could scarce contain himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole.

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

Whittington, however, was too kind-hearted to keep all for himself; and, accordingly, made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his excellent friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting crabbed old Cicely.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for tradespeople, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman; and made him the offer of his house to

live in, till he could provide himself with a better.

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

Mr. Fitzwarren, perceiving their affection for each other, proposed to unite them in marriage, to which, without difficulty, they each consented; and accordingly 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 wealthiest merchants in London; and the ceremony was succeeded by a most elegant entertainment and splendid ball.

History tells us that the said Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was sheriff of London in the year 1340, and several times afterwards Lord Mayor; that in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his return from the battle of Agincourt. And some time afterwards, going with an address from the city on one of His Majesty's victories, he received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly fed great numbers of the poor; he built a church and college to it, with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and near it

erected an hospital.

The effigy of Sir Richard Whittington was to be seen, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, over the archway of the late prison of Newgate, that went across Newgate Street.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A few centuries ago lived a very wealthy merchant, who had three sons and three daughters. The education he gave them was of the most superior kind. The girls were all handsome; but the youngest was styled the *Little Beauty*, and hence she was, when grown up, called by the name of *Beauty*, which made her sisters jealous,—who were proud of their riches, kept only the grandest company, and laughed at their youngest sister, whose study was to improve her mind. They would only marry to a duke or an earl, while Beauty declined every offer, thinking herself too young to be removed from her father's house.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country house at a great distance from town, and told his children, with tears in his eyes, they must go there and work for their living. The two eldest answered that they had lovers, who, they were sure, would be glad to have them, though they had no fortune; but in this they were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved, on account of their pride, everybody said, "They do not deserve to be pitied; we are glad to see their pride humbled; let

them go and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding the dairy. But," added they, "we are extremely concerned for Beauty; she was such a charming, sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kindly to poor people, and was of such an affable, obliging disposition." Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny, but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country to comfort and attend him. Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune; "But," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much, as that would not make things better, I must try to make myself happy without a fortune." When they came to their country house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage, and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and breakfast ready for the family. In the beginning she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant, but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read, played on the harpsichord, or else sang whilst she spun. On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole time, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance.

"Do but see our younger sister," said one to the other, "what a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy situation."

The good merchant was of quite a different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty outshone her sisters in her person as well as her mind, and admired her

humility, industry, and patience, for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment.

The family had lived about a year in this retirement, when the merchant received a letter with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, had safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hope of returning to town, for they were quite weary of a country life, and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged of him to buy them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing, for she thought to herself that all the money her father was going to receive would scarce be sufficient to purchase everything her sisters wanted.

"What will you have, Beauty?" said her father.

"Since you are so good as to think of me," answered Beauty, "be so kind as to bring me a rose; for as none grow hereabouts, they are a kind of rarity."

Not that Beauty cared for a rose, but she asked for something lest she should seem by her example to condemn her sisters' conduct, who would have said she did it only to look particular. The good man went on his journey; but when he arrived there they went to law with him about the merchandise, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose, he came back as poor as before.

He was within thirty miles of his own house, thinking of the pleasure he should have in seeing his children again, when, going through a large forest, he lost himself. It rained and snowed terribly;

besides, the wind was so high that it threw him twice off his horse; and night coming on, he began to apprehend being either starved to death with cold and hunger, or else devoured by the wolves, whom he heard howling all around him, when, on a sudden, looking through a long walk of trees, he saw a light at some distance, and going on a little farther, perceived it came from a palace illuminated from top to bottom. The merchant returned God thanks for this happy discovery, and hastened to the palace, but was greatly surprised at not meeting with any one in the out-courts. His horse followed him, and seeing a large stable open went in, and finding both hay and oats, the poor beast, who was almost famished, fell to eating very heartily. The merchant tied him up to the manger and walked towards the house, where he saw no one; but entering into a large hall he found a good fire, and a table plentifully set out, but with one cover laid. As he was quite wet through with the rain and the snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take. I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, till it struck eleven o'clock, and still nobody came; at last he was so hungry that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken and ate it in two mouthfuls, trembling all the while. After this he drank a few glasses of wine, and growing more courageous, he went out of the hall, and crossed through several grand apartments, with magnificent furniture, till he came into a chamber, which had an exceeding good bed in it, and, as he was very much fatigued, and it was past midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door and go to bed. It was ten the next morning before the merchant

waked, and as he was going to rise, he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled. "Certainly," said he, "this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distresses." He looked through a window, but instead of snow, saw the most delightful arbours, interwoven with the most beautiful flowers that ever were beheld. He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for being so careful as to provide me a breakfast. I am extremely obliged to you for all your favours."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse; but passing through an arbour of roses, he remembered Beauty's request to him, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him that he was ready to faint away.

"You are very ungrateful," said the Beast to him in a terrible voice. "I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and in return you steal my roses, which I value beyond anything in the universe; but you shall die for it. I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself, and to say your prayers."

The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands. "My Lord," said he, "I beseech you to forgive me; indeed, I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one."

"My name is not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast. I don't like compliments, not I; I like people to

speak as they think; and so do not imagine I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches. But you say you have got daughters. I will forgive you, on condition that one of them come willingly and suffer for you. Let me have no words, but go about your business, and swear that, if your daughters refuse to die in your stead, you will return within three months."

The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once more; so he promised upon oath he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased. "But," added he, "you shall not depart empty handed. Go back to the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and at the same time the Beast withdrew.

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bed-chamber, and finding a quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled the great chest the Beast had mentioned, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest, and in a few hours the good man was at home. His children came around him, but instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and holding up the branch he had in his hands, he burst into tears.

"Here, Beauty," said he, "take those roses; but little

do you think how dear they are likely to cost your unhappy father."

He then related his fatal adventure. Immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and in a reproachful and malignant tone said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty, who did not cry at all.

"Do but see the pride of the little wretch," said they. "She would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no, truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself; so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so much as shed a tear."

"Why should I?" answered Beauty; "it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account. Since the monster will accept of one of his daughters, I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender love for him."

"No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be; we will go and find the monster, and either kill him or perish in the attempt."

"Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant; "Beast's power is so great that I have no hopes of your overcoming him. I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it. I am old, and have not long to live, so can only lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes, my poor children.

"Indeed, father," said Beauty, "you shall not go to the palace without me; you cannot hinder me from following you."

It was to no purpose all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the fine palace; and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so afflicted at the thought of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest full of gold; but at night, when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber door, than to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside. He was determined, however, not to tell his children that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who informed him that two gentleman came in his absence and courted her sisters. She begged her father to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes: for she was so good that she loved them, and forgave them heartily for all their ill-usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears when they parted with their sister, but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness.

The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they perceived it, illuminated as at first. The horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty endeavoured to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. Afterwards, thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such a plentiful entertainment." When they had supped, they heard a

great noise, and the merchant, in tears, bid his poor child farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly, "Y-e-s," said she, tremblingly.

"You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you. Honest man, go your ways to-morrow morning, but never think of returning here again. Farewell, Beauty."

"Farewell, Beast," answered she sighing, and immediately the monster withdrew.

"O, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here."

"No, father," said Beauty, in a resolute tone; "you shall set out to-morrow morning, and leave me to the care and protection of Providence."

They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce had they laid down than they fell fast asleep; and Beauty dreamed a fine lady came and said to her, "I am content, Beauty, with your good will; this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly when he took leave of his dear child from the uncertainty of again beholding her.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a-crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she

recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live, for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night.

However, she thought she might as well walk about till then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring. It was a delightful, pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was written "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly took up her attention was a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books. "Well," said she to herself, "I see they will not let my time hang heavily on my hands for want of amusement." Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a day, there would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh courage, and opening the library, she took a book and read these words in letters of gold:—

"Welcome, Beauty; banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here;
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

"Alas," said she, with a sigh, "there is nothing I desire so much as to see my poor father, and to know what he is doing." She had no sooner said this than, to her great amazement, she saw her own home, where her father had arrived with a very dejected countenance; her sisters went to meet him, and, notwithstanding their endeavours to appear sorrowful, their joy, felt for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature. A moment after, everything disappeared, with Beauty's apprehensions at this proof of Beast's

complaisance.

At noon she found dinner ready, and while at table was entertained with an excellent concert of music, though without seeing anybody; but at night, as she was going to sit down to supper, she heard the noise Beast made, and could not help being sadly terrified.

"Beauty," said the monster, "will you give me leave to see you sup?"

"That is as you please," answered Beauty, trembling.

"No," replied the Beast; "you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me begone, if my presence is troublesome, and I will immediately withdraw. Everything here is yours, and I should be very uneasy if you were not happy. My heart is good, though I am a monster."

"Among mankind," said Beauty, "there are many that deserve that name more than you, and I prefer you, just as you are, to those who, under a human form, hide a treacherous, corrupt, and ungrateful heart."

Beauty ate a hearty supper, and had almost conquered her dread of the monster; but she had like to have fainted away when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?"

It was some time before she durst answer, for she was afraid of making him angry if she refused. At last, however, she said, trembling, "No, Beast."

Immediately the poor monster began to sigh, and howl so frightfully, that the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for Beast, having said in a mournful voice, "Then farewell, Beauty," left the room, and only turned back now

and then to look at her as he went out.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for poor Beast. "Alas!" said she, "'tis a thousand pities anything so good-natured should be so ugly!"

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the place. Every evening Beast paid her a visit, and talked to her during supper very rationally, with plain, good common-sense, but never with what the world calls wit; and Beauty daily discovered some valuable qualifications in the monster, till seeing him often had so accustomed her to his deformity, that, far from dreading the time of his visit, she would often look on her watch to see when it would be nine, for the Beast never missed coming at that hour. There was but one thing that gave Beauty any concern, which was that every night, before she went to bed, the monster always asked her if she would be his wife. One day, she said to him, "Beast, you make me very unhappy. I wish I could consent to marry you; but I am too sincere to make you believe that will ever happen. I shall always esteem you as a friend; endeavour to be satisfied with this."

"I must," said the Beast, "for alas! I know too well my own misfortune; but then I love you with the tenderest affection. However, I ought to think myself happy that you will stay here. Promise me never to leave me?"

Beauty blushed at these words. She had seen in her glass that her father had pined himself sick for the loss of her, and she longed to see him again.

"I could," answered she, "indeed promise never to leave you entirely, but I have so great a desire to see

my father, that I shall fret to death if you refuse me that satisfaction."

"I had rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you the least uneasiness. I will send you to your father; you will remain with him, and poor Beast shall die of grief."

"No," said Beauty, weeping, "I love you too well to be the cause of your death. I give you my promise to return in a week, for I indeed feel a kind of liking for you. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army; only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone."

"You shall be there to-morrow morning," said the Beast; "but remember your promise. You need only lay your ring on the table before you go to bed, when you have a mind to come back. Farewell, Beauty."

Beast sighed as usual, bidding her good-night; and Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she waked the next morning, she found herself at her father's, and having rung a little bell that was by her bed-side, she saw the maid come, who, the moment she saw her, gave a loud shriek, at which the good man ran upstairs, and thought he should have died with joy to see his dear daughter again. He held her fast locked in his arms above a quarter of an hour. As soon as the first transports were over, Beauty began to think of rising, and was afraid she had no clothes to put on; but the maid told her that she had just found, in the next room, a large trunk full of gowns, covered with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked good Beast for his kind care, and taking one of the plainest of them, she intended to make a present of the others to her sisters. She scarcely had said so, when the trunk

disappeared. Her father told her that Beast insisted on her keeping them herself, and immediately both gowns and trunk came back again.

Beauty dressed herself; and in the meantime they sent to her sisters, who hastened thither with their husbands. They were both of them very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman, extremely handsome, indeed, but so fond of his own person that he neglected his wife. The second had married a man of wit, but he only made use of it to plague and torment every one. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy when they saw her dressed like a Princess, and look more beautiful than ever. They went down into the garden to vent their spleen, and agreed to persuade her to stay a week longer with them, which probably might so enrage the Beast as to make him devour her. After they had taken this resolution, they went up and behaved so affectionately to their sister that poor Beauty wept for joy, and, at their request, promised to stay seven nights longer.

In the meantime, Beauty was unhappy. The tenth night she dreamed she was in the palace garden, and that she saw Beast extended on the grass plot, who seemed just expiring, and, in a dying voice, reproached her with her ingratitude. Beauty started out of her sleep, and bursting into tears, reproached herself for her ingratitude, and her insensibility of his many kind and agreeable qualifications. Having said much on this, she rose, put her ring on the table, and lay down again. Scarcely was she in bed before she fell asleep; and when she wakened next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast's palace. She put on one of her richest suits to please him, and waited for evening with the utmost impatience; at last the wished for hour came, the

clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. After having sought for him everywhere, she recollected her dream, and flew to the canal in the garden. There she found poor Beast stretched out quite senseless, and, as she imagined, dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread, and finding his heart beat still, she fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head.

Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise, and I was so afflicted at having lost you that I resolved to starve myself. But since I have the happiness of seeing you once more, I die satisfied."

"No, dear Beast," said Beauty, "you must not die; live to be my husband. From this moment I give you my hand, and swear to be none but yours."

Beauty scarcely had pronounced these words, when the palace sparkled with lights and fireworks, instruments of music—everything seemed to portend some great event; but nothing could fix her attention. She turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear; but how great was her surprise! Beast had disappeared, and she saw at her feet one of the loveliest Princes that ever eye beheld, who returned her thanks for having put an end to the charm under which he had so long resembled a beast. Though this Prince was worthy of all her attention, she could not forbear asking where Beast was.

"You see him at your feet," said the Prince; "a wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape till a beautiful virgin should consent to marry me. In offering you my crown, I can't discharge the obligations I have to you."

Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming Prince her hand to rise; they went together into the castle, and Beauty was overjoyed to find, in the great hall, her father and his whole family, whom the beautiful lady, that appeared to her in her dream, had conveyed thither.

"Beauty," said this lady, "come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you are going to be a great Queen. I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, nor make you forget yourself. As for you, ladies," said the fairy to Beauty's two sisters, "I know your hearts and all the malice they contain. Become two statues: but under this transformation, still retain your reason. You shall stand before your sister's palace gate, and be it your punishment to behold her happiness."

Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand, and, in a moment, all that were in the hall were transported into the Prince's palace. His subjects received him with joy. He married Beauty, and lived with her many years; and their happiness, as it was founded on virtue, was complete.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

There was formerly, in a distant country, a king and queen, the most beautiful and happy in the world: having nothing but the want of children to participate in the pleasures they enjoyed. This was their whole concern; physicians, waters, vows, and offerings were tried, but all to no purpose. At last, however, the queen proved with child, and in due

time she was brought to bed of a daughter. At the christening, the princess had seven fairies for her god-mothers, who were all they could find in the whole kingdom, that every one might give her a gift.

The christening being over, a grand feast was prepared to entertain and thank the fairies. Before each of them was placed a magnificent cover, with a spoon, a knife, and a fork, of pure gold and excellent workmanship, set with divers precious stones; but, as they were all sitting down at the table, they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was near fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and was thought to have been either dead or enchanted.

The king ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others had, because he had only seven made for the seven fairies. The old fairy, thinking she was slighted by not being treated in the same manner as the rest, murmured out some threats between her teeth.

One of the young fairies who sat by her, overheard how she grumbled, and judging that she might give the little princess some unlucky gift, she went, as soon as she rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possibly she could, the evil which the old fairy might intend.

In the meantime, all the fairies began to give their gifts to the princess in the following manner:—

The youngest gave her a gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world.

The third, that she would have a wonderful grace in

everything that she did.

The fourth, that she would sing perfectly well.

And the sixth, that she would play on all kinds of musical instruments to the utmost degree of perfection.

The old fairy's turn coming next, she advanced forward, and, with a shaking head which seemed to show more spite than age, she said, "That the princess would have her hands pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound."

This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every one of them fell a-crying.

At this very instant, the young fairy came out from behind the curtains, and spoke these words aloud:—"Assure yourselves, O king and queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true I have not power to undo what my elder has done. The princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the expiration of which a king's son shall come, and awake her from it."

The king, to avoid this misfortune told by the old splenetic and malicious fairy, caused immediately his royal proclamation to be issued forth, whereby every person was forbidden, upon pain of death, to spin with a distaff or spindle; nay, even so much as to have a spindle in any of their houses.

About fifteen or sixteen years after, the king and queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young princess happened to divert herself by going up and down the palace, when, going up from

one apartment to another, she at length came into a little room at the top of the tower, where an old woman was sitting all alone, and spinning with her spindle.

This good woman had not heard of the king's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, Goody?" said the princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ha!" said the princess, "that is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so."

The old woman, to satisfy the child's curiosity, granted her request. She had no sooner taken it into her hand, than, whether being very hasty at it and somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the spiteful fairy had ordained it, is not to be certainly ascertained, but, however, it immediately ran into her hand, and she directly fell down upon the ground in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers. Some threw water upon the princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary water; but all they could do did not bring her to herself.

The good fairy who had saved her life, by condemning her to sleep one hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakin, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the princess; but she

was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues: that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground at one stride. The fairy left the kingdom immediately, and arrived at the palace in about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The king handed her out of the chariot, and she approved of everything he had done: but, as she had a very great foresight, she thought that when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; therefore, she touched with her wand everything in the palace, except the king and queen, governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, under-cooks, scullions, guards, with their beef-eaters, pages, and footmen. She likewise touched all the horses that were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dog in the outer court, and the little spaniel bitch which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately on her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not wake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could be of partridges and pheasants, and everything in the place, whether animate or inanimate, fell asleep also.

All this was done in a moment, for fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the king and queen, having kissed their child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation that nobody should come near it. This, however, was unnecessary, for in

less than a quarter of an hour there got up all around the park such a vast number of trees, great and small bushes, and brambles, twined one within the other, that neither man nor beast could pass through, so that nothing could be seen but the very tops of the towers of the palace, and not that even, unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the fairy gave therein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the princess, while she remained sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years had gone and past, the son of a king then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping princess, being out a-hunting on that side of the country, asked what these towers were which he saw in the midst of a great thick wood. Every one answered according as they had heard; some said it was an old ruinous castle, haunted by spirits; others, that all the sorcerers and witches kept their Sabbath, or weekly meeting, in that place.

The most common opinion was that an ogre lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without anybody being able to follow him, as having himself only power to pass through the wood.

The prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when an aged man spoke to him thus:—

"May it please your highness, it is about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say that there was then in this castle a princess, the most beautiful that was ever seen, that she must sleep there for a hundred years, and would be wakened by a king's son, for whom she was

reserved."

The young prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without considering the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure, and, pushed on by love and honour, resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes, and brambles, gave way of their own accord, and let him pass through. He went up to the castle, which he saw at the end of a large avenue, which he went into; and what not a little surprised him was he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again as soon as he passed through them.

However, he did not cease from valiantly continuing his way. He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most hardy person with horror. There reigned all over a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere showed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead.

He, however, very well knew, by the rosy faces and the pimpled noses of the beef-eaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some few drops of wine, plainly showing that they all had fallen asleep in their cups.

He then, crossing a court paved with marble, went upstairs, and came into the guard-chamber, where the guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that, he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies all asleep, some

standing, and others sitting.

At last he came into a chamber all gilt with gold; here he saw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight that ever he beheld—a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose resplendent beauty had in it something divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her on his knees. And now the enchantment was at an end; the princess awaked, and looked on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of.

"Is it you, my prince?" she said to him; "you have waited a long time."

The prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, assured her that he loved her better than himself.

Their discourse was so well conducted that they did weep more than talk: there was very little eloquence, but a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she was, and no wonder, as she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable, though the history mentions nothing of it, that the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet said not half of what they had got to say.

In the meantime, all in the palace awaked, every one thinking on his particular business; and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die with hunger. The chief lady of honour, being as sharp set as the others, grew very impatient, and told the princess aloud that the supper was served up. The prince helped the princess to rise, she being entirely

dressed, and very magnificent, though his royal highness did not forget to tell her that she was dressed like his grandmother, and had a point-band peeping over a high collar; but, however, she looked no less beautiful and charming for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking glasses, where they supped, and were served by the officers of the princess; the violins and hautboys played all old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now about a hundred years since they had lived. And after supper without any loss of time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honour drew the curtains.

They had but very little sleep that night, the princess had no occasion; and the prince left her the next morning to return into the city, where his father had been in great pain anxious for his return.

The prince told him he had lost his way in the forest as he was hunting, and had lain at the cottage of a collier, who had given him some brown bread and cheese.

The king; his father, who was a very good man, readily believed him; but his mother, the queen, could not be persuaded that this was altogether true; and seeing that he went almost every day a-hunting, and that he had always found some excuse for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, she began to suspect (and very justly too) his having some little private amour, which he then endeavoured that she should remain ignorant of.

Now these frequent excursions, which he then made from the palace, were the times that he retired to the

princess, with whom he lived in this manner for about two years, and by whom he had two fine children, the eldest of whom was a girl, whom they named Morning, and the youngest a boy, whom they named Day, because he was a great deal handsomer and much more beautiful and comely than the sister.

The queen's jealousy increasing, she several times spoke to her son, desiring him to inform her after what manner he spent his time, alleging that, as he saw her so very uneasy, he ought in duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with his secret, for she was of the race of ogres, and the king would certainly not have married her had it not been for her vast riches.

It was whispered among the court that she had an ogrish inclination, and that whenever she saw any little children going by, she had all the difficulty in the world to refrain from falling upon them; so the prince would never tell her one word.

But when the king was dead, which happened about two years afterwards, and he saw himself lord and master, he then openly declared his marriage, and went in great ceremony to conduct his queen to the palace. They made a very magnificent entry into the city, with their two children beside them.

Some time after, the king went to make war with the Emperor Cantalabute, his neighbour.

He left the government of the kingdom to the queen, his mother, and earnestly recommended to her the care of his wife and children.

As soon as he was departed, the queen sent for her daughter-in-law to come to her, and then sent her to

a country house among the woods, that she might with more ease and secrecy gratify her inclinations.

Some days after she went to this country house herself, and calling for the clerk of the kitchen, she said to him, "I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner to-morrow."

"Ah, madam," cried the clerk of the kitchen in a very great surprise.

"No excuse," replied she, interrupting him; "I will have it so,"—and this she spoke in the tone of an ogress, seeming to have a strong desire to taste fresh meat. "And to make the dish more delicious," added she, "I will eat her with sauce made of Robert."

This poor man, knowing very well how dangerous it was to play tricks with ogresses, took his great knife and went up into little Morning's chamber. She was then four years old, and came up to him leaping and laughing, to take him about the neck, and asked him for some sugar-candy, on which he began to weep, and the knife fell out of his hand; and he went into the back yard and killed a lamb, which he dressed with such good sauce that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in all her life.

He had at the same time taken up little Morning, and carried her to his wife, in order that she might be concealed in a lodging which he had at the bottom of the courtyard.

The queen's lascivious appetite (according to her own apprehensions) being once humoured, she again began to long for another dainty bit. Accordingly, a few days after, she called for the clerk of the kitchen, and told him that she intended that night to sup out

of little Day. He answered never a word, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before. He went to find little Day, and saw him with a foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a monkey, the child being but three years old. He took him up in his arms and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber, along with his sister; and, in the room of little Day, cooked up a young kid very tender, which the ogress praised as much as the former, saying it was wonderfully good.

All hitherto was mighty well; but a few evenings after this craving, the ogress said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I will also eat the young queen with the same sauce that I had with the children."

Now was the critical time, for the poor clerk despaired of being able to deceive her.

The young queen was turned of twenty years of age, not counting the hundred years she had been asleep. Though her skin was somewhat tough, yet she was fair and beautiful: and how to find a beast in the yard so firm that he might kill and cook to appease her canine appetite, was what puzzled him greatly, and made him totally at a loss what to do.

He then took a resolution that he must save his own life, and cut the queen's throat; and going into her chamber with an intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great a fury as he could, went into the queen's room with his dagger in his hand. However, his humanity would not allow him to surprise her; but he told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the queen her mother.

"Do it," said she, stretching out her neck; "execute your orders, and I shall go and see my children,

whom I so dearly love." For she thought them dead ever since they had been taken from her.

"No, fair princess!" cried the humane clerk of the kitchen, all in tears; "you shall see your children again. But then you shall go with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them; and I shall deceive the queen once more by giving her another young kid in your stead."

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to her chamber, where he left her to embrace her children, and cry aloud with them; and he then went and dressed a young kid, which the queen had for supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as though it had been the young queen.

Now was she exceedingly delighted with this unheard of cruelty; and she had invented a story to tell the king at his return how the mad wolves had eaten up the queen, his wife, with her two children.

One evening some time after, as she was, according to her usual custom, rambling about the court and yards of the palace to see if she could smell any fresh meat, she heard, in a ground room, little Day crying, for his mother was going to whip him because he had been guilty of some fault and she heard at the same time little Morning soliciting pardon for her brother.

The ogress presently knew the voice of the queen and her children, and being quite in a rage to think she had been thus deceived, she commanded the next morning, by break of day, in a most terrible voice, which made every one tremble, that they should bring into the middle of the court a very large

tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to throw into it the queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid: all of whom she had given orders to have brought thither, with their hands tied behind them, to suffer the vengeance of the incensed ogress.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were going to throw them into the tub, when the king fortunately entered the court in his carriage, and asked with the utmost astonishment, what was meant by this horrid spectacle, no one daring to tell him.

When the ogress saw what had happened, she fell into a violent passion, and threw herself head foremost into the tub, and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it by others.

The king could not but grieve, being very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife, and his two pretty children.

And after all things were settled, he well rewarded the clerk of the kitchen for his wisdom, humanity, and compassion.

THE END.

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