

MOTHER GOOSE'S
MELODY
WITH TALES

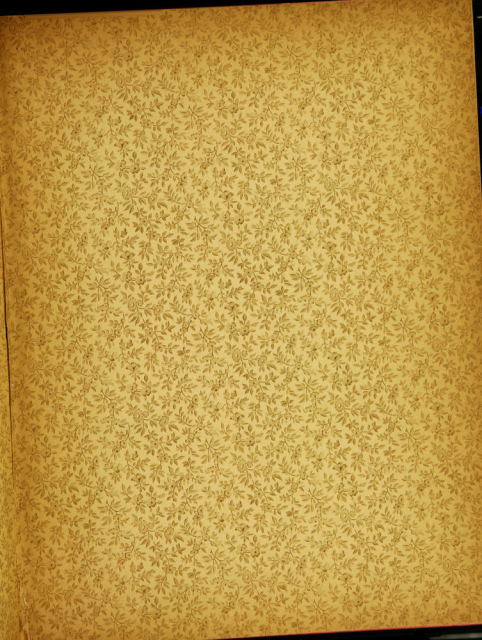


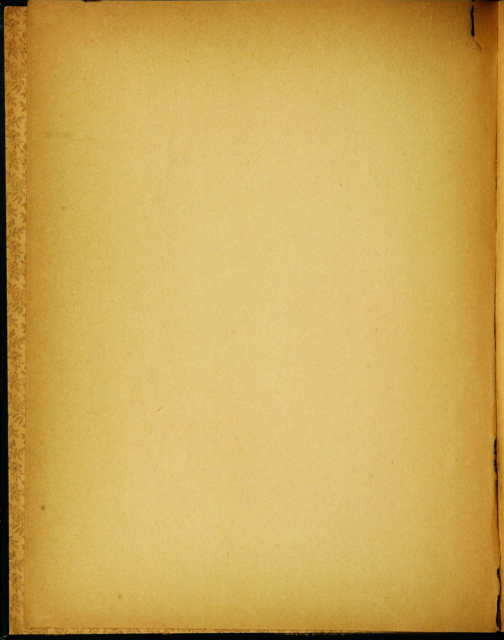
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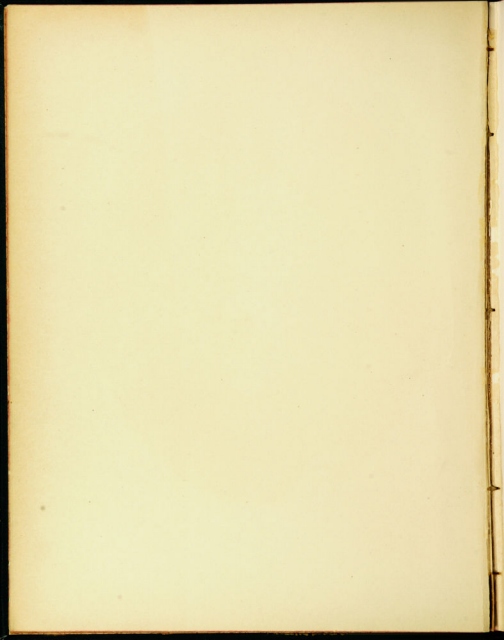
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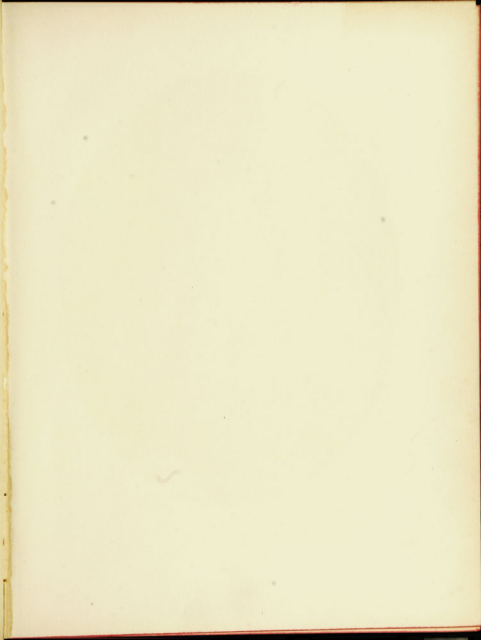
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*Charles Perrault,
Comte de ma mère L'Écuyer.*

The Original
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY.

AS ISSUED BY

JOHN NEWBERY, of London,
circa 1760;

ISAIAH THOMAS, of Worcester, Mass.,
circa 1785,

AND

MUNROE & FRANCIS, of Boston,
circa 1825.

Reproduced in fac-simile, from the first Worcester edition,

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY

WILLIAM H. WHITMORE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE FAIRY TALES OF MOTHER GOOSE,

First collected by **PERRAULT** in 1696 reprinted from the original
Translation into English, by **R. SAMBER** in 1729.

Danrell & Alphon, The Old Corner Bookstore, Boston.
Griffith Farran & Co., Limited, Newbery House, London:
1892.

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Josiah H. Benton Ed.
Dec. 5, 1937
R



P R E F A C E .

M O T H E R G O O S E ' S M E L O D Y .

FEW books in the English language have had so great and persistent circulation as the collection of Nursery Rhymes known as *Mother Goose's Melody*. In presenting a reprint of the earliest known edition, some bibliographical notes may be in place.

According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French; that the collection was first made for and by John Newbery, of London, about A. D. 1760; and that the great popularity of the book is due to the Boston editions of Munroe & Francis, A. D. 1824-1860.

First, as to the name. Writing at the great disadvantage of locality, on this side of the Atlantic, in regard to English books, I can only say that I have found no early mention of *Mother Goose* as an English personage. She does not appear to be a character known before the seventeenth century; and with due humility, I venture to suggest that such personifications of animals seem to be foreign to English modes.

* * *

I desire to dismiss, entirely, the idea that *Mother Goose* was a name which originated in Boston, Mass. In 1870, the late William A. Wheeler edited for Hurd & Houghton a beautiful edition of these Melodies, and then claimed to identify *Mother Goose* with Elizabeth Goose, widow of one Isaac Vergoose or Goose, and mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, who came here in 1712, and died in 1758. He married in 1715, and is said by Mr. Wheeler to have printed, in 1719, the first collection of *Mother Goose's Melodies*.

It is true that Fleet's wife was of the Vergoose family, and that the name was often contracted to *Goose*. The rest of the story depends entirely upon the unsupported state-

ment made by the late John Fleet Eliot (a descendant of the printer), that in 1856 the late Edward A. Crowninshield, of Boston, said that he had seen a broadside of Fleet's edition in the library of the American Antiquarian Society. Repeated searches at Worcester have failed to bring to light this supposed copy, and no record of it appears on any catalogue there.

If there had been an edition printed in Boston in 1719, we can safely say that Benjamin Franklin would have had a copy. Yet in the recent reprints of his Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems, as contained in the Poor Richard Almanacs (see Knickerbocker Nuggets, New York, 1890), we find nothing that suggests a single one of these Melodies or any of the characters therein. It seems to be simply impossible, on reading Franklin's annotations in these Almanacs, to believe that he had ever read Mother Goose and yet refrained from quoting or imitating them. It is, moreover, a very doubtful point, whether in 1719 a Boston printer would have been allowed to publish such trivial rhymes. Boston children at that date were fed on Gospel food, and it seems extremely improbable that an edition could have been sold.

In an appendix, I have fully exposed the entire lack of evidence in respect to this absurd claim.

I must, however, here amend my previous opinion in the light of a bit of new evidence. Buckingham's Reminiscences (1, 28) called my attention to an item in the Boston News Letter, No. 1830, for April 12-19, 1739, where there is a review of Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms. In it the critic writes that in Psalm VI the translators use the phrase "a wretch forlorn." He adds "(1). There is nothing of this, either in the Original or the English Psalter. (2). 'Tis a *low expression*, and to add a *low one* is less allowable. But (3) what I am most concern'd for is, that 'twill be apt to make our Children think of *the Lute in their vulgar Play Song*, so much like it,

This is the Man all forlorn, etc."

Here is a clear reference to the play and rhyme of "The House that Jack built," and it shows that Puritan children had some recreations.

But, on the other hand, the equivalent of Mother Goose is certainly of considerable antiquity in the French language. Its great popularity dates back to 1697, when Charles Perrault published the Nursery Tales entitled "Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités." On the frontispiece is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a little boy and a cat. On a placard is written

"CONTES
DE MA
MERE
LOYE."

These particulars I copy from the edition of Perrault, edited by Andrew Lang, Oxford, 1888, p. xxvii.

The original edition seems to be extremely rare even in France. Deulin (*Les Contes de ma mère l'Oye avant Perrault*, Paris, E. Dentu, 1878) says, p. 34, a copy of the first edition is in the Cousin library. He adds that "it is ornamented with a very mediocre frontispiece by Clouzier. It is this engraving, far too naive, which M. Rieckebusch has reproduced for the cover of this book, as exactly as good taste and the laws of perspective would allow."

As I have been unable to get a photograph of the original, I annex one of Deulin's version, which shows with sufficient exactness the words "Contes de ma mère l'Oye."

There seems to be no doubt that "Contes de ma mère l'Oye," or "Tales of Mother Goose," was a popular synonym for fairy stories.

Lang (p. xxiv) says, "the term occurs in Loret's *La Muse Historique* (lettre V, 11 Juin, 1690),

'Mais le cher motif de leur joye,
Comme un conte de la Mère Oye,
Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,
Ils deviendront tous bien pènauts.'

Deulin (p. 10) speaking of that period quotes a remark that "the tales of Miletus are so puerile that they are sufficiently honored by comparison with our tales of '*Peau d'Ane*' or '*Mère l'Oye*.'"

"*Peau d'Ane* was then the typical story (with which infants were hushed to sleep), and such were indifferently styled either that or *Contes de ma mère l'Oye*."

Other examples can be found, and some writers connect the legend of Mother Goose with Queen Goose-foot (*Reine Pédauce*), said to be the mother of Charlemagne. At all events it is as clear that she belongs to French folk-lore, as that she is not to be found in English tradition.



Very strangely I am unable to state when Perrault's book was first translated into English. In the London *Athenaeum*, for 1887, I note an inquiry for the English edition of 1719, but no copy was reported. Lang says (Perrault's Tales, p. xxxiv), "An English version, translated by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised, Mr. Austin Dobson tells me, in the *Monthly Chronicle*, March 1729." In 1745 the Tales were printed at the Hague, with an English translation. (Ibid.)

Samber's edition, of 1729, seems to be verified as probably the first, by the following fact: I have a copy of a book, the English portion of which is hereinafter printed, entitled "Tales of Passed Times, by Mother Goose, With Morals, written in French by M. Perrault, and Englished by R. S., Gent. To which is added a new one, viz.: The Discreet Princess. The Seventh Edition, Corrected, and Adorned with fine Cuts. New York: Printed for J. Rivington, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 56 Pearl-street, 1795. 12mo. pp. 227."

It contains the English and French versions on opposite pages, but the "fine cuts" are not to be seen. The translator, R. S., is undoubtedly Robert Samber, who is recorded in Allibone as translating a work from the French in 1719.

We may also presume that the reprint is from the seventh or sixth English edition, as I know of no earlier American issues. Pp. 151-227 are covered by "The Discreet Princess," whereof the French title-page says, "Imprimé l'an MDCXCIV," and the English "Printed in the year MDCCLXIV." The French is dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat; the English, to the right honorable, the Lady Mary Montagu, daughter of John, Duke of Montagu. As this peer died in 1749, I suspect an error in the date of publication.*

Until, however, more is known of the bibliography of this volume, I think we must accept the following facts as to the name: That Mother Goose was a French character, originally, and that her Tales were first published in 1696 and 1697, by Perrault; that in 1729 their fame reached England, and they were translated by Robert Samber; when, for the first time, she was introduced to English readers.

* Lang says, p. xxxi, "by some unexplained accident a story of Madamoiselle L'Heritier's '*L'Adroite Princesse*,' slipped into editions of Perrault's *Contes*, in 1721, if not earlier, and holds its place, even now." The author was Mlle. L'Heritier de Villaudon, a relation of Perrault's. She printed her volume in 1696. Charles Deulin (*Les Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye*, avant Perrault, Paris, 1876), says, p. 38, that *Finette, ou l'Adroite Princesse*, was long attributed to Perrault, though now restored to the right owner; that it was dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat, and (p. 21) that it appeared in the same year as Perrault's "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which latter was printed first, in 1696, in Moetjen's *Recueil*, vol. v, printed at The Hague.

It is a matter of doubt whether the real collector of these Tales was not Charles Perrault's son, and that the father merely revised them and added the poetry.

So much for Mother Goose's prose "Tales," which comprised Little Red-Riding-Hood, The Fairy (the sisters who drop diamonds and toads, respectively, from their mouths), Blue-Beard, The Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Cinderella, Riquet with the Tuft, and Little Thumb; eight stories in all. The reader will find them in the form of their earliest translation appended to this volume.

We have now to consider her "Melody." Here we are brought at once to John Newbery, the famous publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, whose Life, under the title of "A Bookseller of the Last Century," has been charmingly told by Charles Welsh (*London*: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, 1885). Newbery was the first English publisher to prepare little story-books for children, and his success is amply shown in the notices of his contemporaries and successors. In 1765 he published *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes* (reprinted in fac-simile by Charles Welsh, in 1882), a story very generally ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith. At all events Goldsmith was a constant writer for Newbery from 1762 to 1767, when the latter died; and some of this literary work was undoubtedly for the children's books.

In Mr. Welsh's careful list of Newbery's publications, we find mention of "Mother Goose's Tales." He says: "The seventh edition was printed May 16th, 1777, and between that date and March, 1779, Carnan & Newbery took 1710 out of the 3,000 copies printed by Collins, of Salisbury. It consisted of four and a half sheets, long primer. Three thousand copies cost £18 15. 6. The eighth issued September 4, 1780."

It is impossible at present to learn when Newbery first issued the *Tales*, or whether the seven editions were those printed by him or were numbered from the first English issue. It is evident, however, that we have brought together the title, "Mother Goose," and the publisher, Newbery.

December 28, 1780, Thomas Carnan entered for copyright, "Mother Goose's Melody, or, Sonnets for the Cradle, etc.," giving the full title as printed in the list in our American reprint. Carnan was the stepson of John Newbery, and succeeded to the business, in partnership with Francis Newbery, nephew of John. Francis died in 1780, but the firm continued some two years. Mr. Welsh kindly informs me that he thinks it probable that 1780, the date of the copyright, was not necessarily that of the first issue of the book, but rather that the copyright was taken out in connection with the winding-up of the co-partnership, on Francis Newbery's death.

So far as we now know, no publisher, except Newbery, was using the title of "Mother Goose," from 1760 to 1780; the prose *Tales* had evidently been a success; and, to quote Mr. Welsh's opinion, as that of a most competent judge, "it is quite in accordance with Newbery's practice to have utilized it for his 'Melodies for the Nursery.'"

If, as seems most probable, the first edition of "Mother Goose's Melody" was issued prior to John Newbery's death, in 1767, there is an interesting question as to who prepared the collection for the press. The rhymes are avowedly the favorites of the nursery, but the preface and the foot-notes are an evident burlesque upon more pretentious works. The first and most natural conclusion is that we may trace therein the hand of Goldsmith, an opinion held by Mr. Welsh. The probability, or even possibility, of this idea, would give an added interest to this collection.

Forster, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, gives proof that Goldsmith was very fond of children and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. Thus he writes (Vol. II, p. 71), that Miss Hawkins says: "I little thought what I should have to boast, when Goldsmith taught me to play *Jack and Jill*, by two bits of paper on his fingers."

But the most curious bit of evidence is the following from Vol. II, p. 122:

January 29, 1768, Goldsmith's play of the "Good-natured Man" was produced. He went to dine with his friends after it. "Nay, to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sang his favorite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about *An old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon*, and was altogether very noisy and loud."

Our readers will find this identical "favorite song" in the preface to Newbery's "Mother Goose's Melody," p. 7, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer. This coincidence is certainly of some force.

Newbery and Carnan did not succeed in keeping a monopoly of these Rhymes. In the *American Antiquarian Society's Proceedings* for 1888, I found a statement that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there were two copies of *Mother Goose*, printed about A. D. 1700. I am informed by Mr. Allnutt that this is entirely wrong. One copy is on paper which has the water mark of 1805, and the other has the imprint "London, Printed and Sold by John Marshall, No. 4, Aldermay Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, and No. 17 Queen Street, Cheapside. Price Three-Pence, Bound and Gilt."

This John Marshall, he adds, was a contemporary and rival of Carnan, and published children's books during the latter half of the 18th century and beginning of the present. "The contents are identical with yours, but some of the pieces toward the end are somewhat differently arranged. The cuts are very similar with the addition of a frontispiece representing a family group at lessons. There are 92 pages, followed by a list of children's books sold by John Marshall."

Not improbably, it was some such piracy as this which made Carnan copyright his book in December, 1780, as already noted.

It may be mentioned here, however, that with the dissolution of the Newbery firm, and with the change in the taste for children's books, at the beginning of the present century, the English chain of evidence is broken, happily to be restored in this country, as will be shown. *Mother Goose's Melodies* are again to be found in English nurseries, but in some instances, at least, they are reprinted from American exemplars.

In Hone's Year Book, p. 505, for Aug. 28, 1832, "D. A." cites "Songs for the Nursery," published by William Darton, Holborn Hill. He quotes therefrom nine familiar rhymes, viz. :—

"A little boy went into a barn"; "Little Jack Horner"; "Arthur O'Bower"; "Hickory, dickory, dock"; "One misty, moisty morning"; "Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high"; "The girl in the lane, that could not speak plain"; "Little Miss Muffitt"; and "Jack Spratt."

The title is worth noticing, as showing that Mr. Darton did not venture to assume the style of "Mother Goose's Melodies." Of course, as will be shown, the nursery rhymes themselves were common property, and collections thereof could be issued by any printer.

I am now able to show that collections of these rhymes were printed soon after Newbery's book appeared, but not under his title of *Mother Goose*.

In his *Boston Chronicle* for Aug. 29, 1768, John Mein advertises at the end of a list of more pretentious books

"Also

"The following pretty little entertaining and instructive Books for children,

"The Renowned History of GILES GINGERBREAD, a little boy who lived upon learning. To which is added, many useful Lessons, illustrated with sixteen curious plates, price two Coppers.

"The Adventures of Little TOMMY TRIP, with his dog, JOULER, with an account of his beating the Great Giant WOGLOG: Also TOMMY TRIP'S select FABLES and an excellent Pastoral HYMN. Adorned with proper plates, price two Coppers.

"The Famous TOMMY THUMB'S little STORY BOOK, containing his life and surprising Adventures: to which are added his Fables, Morals, pretty Stories and songs. Adorned with very curious plates, price two Coppers.

"The adventures of URAD, or the FAIR WANDERER, with cuts, price eight-pence lawful money. A very interesting TALE, in which the protection of the Almighty is proved to be the first and chief support of the FEMALE SEX.

"The History of LEO, the GREAT LION, and of his gratitude, To which is added, INSTRUCTIVE FABLES, adorned with cuts, price two Coppers.

"The Story of the Cruel Giant BARBARICO, the good Giant BENEFICO, and the little pretty Dwarf MIGNON, in which is also included the Adventures of the shepherd FIDUS and the lovely AMATA, price six-pence lawful."

This advertisement was also repeated about a year later in the *Chronicle*.

In the *Boston Evening Post* for June 8, 1767, Cox & Barry advertise "little books bound in gilt Paper, for the Amusement and Instruction of Younger Minds."

We have thus positive evidence that the publications of Newbery and his rivals were promptly brought to Boston and put on sale, and we can easily believe that Newbery's "Mother Goose," both "Tales" and "Melodies," were imported as soon as they were published.

In regard to the third item on Mein's list, I find a very interesting bit of evidence.

The Boston Public Library obtained at the Brinley sale (Part iv, no. 7184) a very curious little book. The title is "The Famous Tommy Thumb's Little Story-Book; containing His Life and Surprising Adventures, To which are added Tommy Thumb's Fables, with Morals, and at the end, pretty stories, that may be sung or told. Adorned with many curious Pictures."—A rude cut follows of a woman standing beside a cradle, in which is a child. Below is: "Printed and sold at the Printing Office in *Marlborough Street*, 1771." It is catalogued, H99b.34.

The bottom line is trimmed or worn away, so that only the tops of the figures of the date are seen. I agree with the compiler of the catalogue in reading the date as 1771; he adds that the printer was John Boyle.

This is, of course, an example of a Boston reprint of an English original. I am not sure of the original publisher, since this title is not in Mr. Welsh's list of Newbery's books. Newbery printed in 1768 "Tom Thumb's Folio," etc., but that is evidently a different book. "Giles Gingerbread," and I think "Tommy Trip," were Newbery's. See Welsh's reprint (London, 1882) of "Goody Two-Shoes" for a list of Newbery's books in 1766. Also Notes and Queries, 4th S., viii, 510, and ix, 15.

This little volume contains 32 pages, $3\frac{3}{8}$ by $2\frac{1}{16}$ inches, whereof p. 1 is blank, p. 2 is a wood-cut, p. 3 is the title-page, and p. 4 begins "of the Parentage Birth, Education, and comical Tricics of the ever famous and renowned Tom Thumb. As long ago as the days of noble Prince Arthur, who was a great warrior here in England," etc., etc.—and so through p. 14.

Pp. 15-16 contain Tommy Thumb's Fables, viz.: "The Ape and her young ones"; pp. 17-18, "the Kid and the Wolf"; pp. 18-19, "the Countryman and the Stork"; pp. 20-21, "the old Dog and his Master"; pp. 22-23, "the Ape and Fox"; pp. 24-25, "Tortoise and the Eagle"; pp. 26-27, "the Thief and the Dog." To each of these seven fables, a rude cut is prefixed.

Then pp. 28-38 are as given hereafter.

The interest in this volume is confined to the nine Nursery Rhymes at the end. They are as follows:

1. "There was a man of Thessary." [Newbery, p. 55.]
2. "There were three children." [Newbery, p. 47.]
3. "Who did kill Cock Robbin?"
4. "When I was a little boy." [Newbery, p. 51.]

5. "O my kitten." [Newbery, p. 53.]
6. "This pig went to market." [Newbery, p. 54.]
7. "The sow came in with a saddle." [Newbery, p. 61.]
8. "Boys and girls come out to play." [Newbery, pp. 66-7.]
9. "Little Boy Blue."

It will be seen that six out of nine are almost identical with the versions in Newbery, and No. 2 (Three children) is merely a poor version of the first verse in N. The two new ones, "Who did kill Cock Robin?" and "Little Boy Blue," are both of undoubted antiquity, and are now current. I give the Nursery Rhymes in full because these at least were made current in Boston in 1771 by this publication.

I venture to predict that if ever a broadside edition of Mother Goose is found, bearing the imprint of Fleet, it will bear the date not of 1719 but of 1769 or thereabouts, and will prove to be not an original compilation, but a contemporary rival of these English books, reprinted from Newbery's collection, and sold like them for "two Coppers."

TOMMY THUMB'S STORIES, ETC.

THERE WAS A MAN OF THESSARY.

THERE was a man of Thessary,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He jump'd into a quick set hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

SLIDING ON THE ICE.

THERE were three children
Sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day;

The ice it broke,
They all fell in.
The rest they ran away.

COCK ROBBIN.

WHO did kill Cock Robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I did kill Cock Robin.

And who did catch his blood?
I, said the fish,
With my little dish,
And I did catch his blood.

Who did see him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
And I did see him die.

And who did make his shroud?
I, says the beetle,
With my little needle,
And I did make his shroud.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

WHEN I was a little boy,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon my shelf.

The rats and the mice,
They made such a strife,
That I was forced to go
And buy me a wife.

The streets were so broad,
And the lanes was so narrow,
I was forc'd to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
The deuce take
Wheelbarrow, wife and all.

O MY KITTEN.

O MY kitten, my kitten,
And oh! my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet baby as this,
There is not far nor neary.

There we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forward,
And there we go round, round, round.

THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET.

THIS pig went to market,
That pig staid at home;
This pig had roast meat,

That pig had none;
This pig went to the barn's door,
And cry'd week, week for more.

THE SOW CAME IN.

THE sow came in with a saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd atop of the table,
To see the pot with the ladle;
The spit that stood behind the door,

Call'd the dishclout dirty whore.
Odsplut, said the gridiron,
Can't ye agree,
I'm the head constable,
Bring 'em to me.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOYS and girls come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day,
Come with a hoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all:

Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,
Come to your play fellows in the street;
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

L ITTLE boy blue, Come blow me thy horn, The sheep's in the meadow, The cow's in the corn :		And where is the boy That looks after the sheep, He's under a haystack, And fast asleep.
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FINIS.

* * *

I should perhaps notice here the wonderful production of John Bellenden Ker, "An Essay on the Archaeology of our popular phrases and nursery rhymes," 2d edition, London, 1837. He claimed to trace all these to the Dutch, giving words of similar sounds but very different meanings. No one has discovered, I believe, any such Dutch language or dialect as he uses, and opinions differ as to whether he was simply insane on the subject, or was perpetrating an elaborate joke. However, he cites 44 rhymes besides the story of Cock Robin. In his preface he says, "The number of Nursery Rhymes still in popular currency must be considerable; I myself have heard or seen more than three hundred." By "seen" he must mean, in print, and in fact all but one (No. 33) are rhymes which we know. But the variations in his versions suggest that he may have used some collection other than Newbery's or Ritson's.

I submit one of the shortest specimens of his work:

"13. Cock-a-doodle-do!
 Dame has lost her shoe,
 Master's lost his fiddle-stick
 And don't know what to do."

"Gack er duijdt hel t'u!
 Die 'em aes lost ter sjuw,
 Meê aes teer's Bijc roeck. Hie's vied t'el stiek,
 Aen doen noê wo aet tot u."

"Dolt of a peasant! your life is a hell upon earth; you that are such a fool as to take delight in working hard for an honest livelihood. Along with slender diet, the condition of the laborer is that of care and anxiety. While here [with us the monks] it is simply pillage inflicting dearth upon you in the midst of plenty."

Ker's Dutch is certainly the most condensed language that mankind has yet invented.

* * *

Having thus shown that there were other collections of these nursery rhymes than the one which was distinguished as *Mother Goose's*, I will cite a case of the mingling of the prose and poetry under this title. In 1808, R. Dutton, of Gracechurch Street, London, published some little books for children. One was entitled "Little Thumb and the Ogre, being a versification of one of the Celebrated Tales of Mother Goose." On the cover are advertised "The Master Cat, or Puss in Boots" and "The Fairy, being the second of Mother Goose's Tales." Here is evidence that Perrault's fairy stories in prose were known as "*Mother Goose's Tales*" eighty years after the first English translation appeared.

In 1842 the late James O. Halliwell edited for the Percy Society, "*The Nursery Rhymes of England, Collected Principally from Oral Tradition.*" In his preface he writes, "these traditional nonsense-scrapes have come down to us in such numbers, that in the short space of three years the editor of the present volume had collected considerably more than a thousand. A selection is here presented to the reader. . . . I may here also take the opportunity of stating, that it was originally my intention to have introduced, also, a collection of merriments, upon which many of these rhymes are founded, but the project was over-ruled by a gentleman who gave it as his opinion, that the Society would, by their publication, be involved in an awkward question of copyright. I was not previously aware that '*Goody Two-Shoes*,' and romances of this kind, were regarded so jealously by the trade."

He adds: "I am in possession of a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled '*Infant Institutes*,' 8vo, London, 1797, to which I am indebted for some interesting scraps."

Leaving Halliwell for the moment, with the remark that he does not mention Joseph Ritson's "*Gammer Gurton's Garland*," of 1810, I will take up the "*Infant Institutes*."

In *Notes and Queries* for June, 1875 (5th S., iii, 441), the late learned musician, Prof. Edward F. Rimbault, described an octavo pamphlet of 69 pages, entitled, "*Infant Institutes, part the first, or, a Nurserical Essay on the Poetry, Lyric and Allegorical, of the Earliest Ages, etc.* London: printed for and sold by F. & C. Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797." It is ascribed to Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M.A., rector of Denton, co. Linc, and of Wing, co. Rutland. Dr. Rimbault says: "The essay shows considerable learning, and was evidently intended to ridicule the Shakesperian commentators. It is now chiefly interesting, as giving us the *earliest printed* versions of some of our well-known nursery ditties. These rhymes were first collected by Ritson, in his *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, printed for R. Triphook, in 1810, and have since been reproduced by Halliwell and a host of imitators. None of these collectors, as far as I am aware, has referred to Mr. Turner's Essay." He then cites various Nursery Rhymes, and points out the variations in Ritson's copies.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1826, part ii, pp. 467-9, is an obituary of Rev. B. N. Turner, prepared in part from his own notes. It mentions various of his writings

and states that "in 1791 he published a political satire called 'Infant Institutes,' 'fraught,' he observes, 'with matter so eccentric and laughable as might chance to arrest the attention and raise the spirit of the public.'" This disposes of any doubts as to the authorship of this collection of nursery rhymes.

It is a strange fact, however, that Ritson's "Garland" consists of four parts; and his brief preface reads as follows: "Parts I and II were first collected and printed by a literary gentleman, deceased, who supposed he had preserved each piece according to its original edition; an opinion not easily refuted, if worth supporting. Parts III and IV are now first added."

As I have been unable to see a copy of the "Infant Institutes," I cannot say whether it is identical with Parts I and II of Ritson. If it be, the inference is that Ritson was misinformed as to the author, as Mr. Turner was a prominent clergyman and was alive when Ritson wrote, dying May 18th, 1826, aged 86. If it be not, we have still to find a copy of the book on this subject "first collected and printed by a literary gentleman deceased," before 1810; and also to explain why Ritson knew nothing of the *Infant Institutes* of 1797.¹ Very possibly the fact will be proved that prior to 1797, some "literary gentleman" had published the book which Ritson used, and that it served as the model for Turner to travesty as "a political satire."

At all events, here is one volume, if not two, treating on Nursery Rhymes, printed between Newbery's "Mother Goose's Melody," of 1780, and Ritson's "Gammer Gorton's Garland," of 1810. Whoever first printed Parts I and II of Ritson's "Garland," certainly absorbed therein almost the whole of Newbery's book; of course from a printed copy. This fact is indisputable, because Newbery's "Mother Goose" contains fifty-two Nursery Rhymes, and of these, thirty-seven are in Ritson, most of them in identical words, and several in the same consecutive order.

Ritson's collection is the following:

"GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND: or, the Nursery Parnassus. A choice collection of pretty songs and verses, for the amusement of all little good children who can neither read nor run. London: printed for R. Triphook, 37 St. James-street, by Harding & Wright, St. John's square, 1810." 12mo. pp. 46. It is divided into four parts, and contains many rhymes not in Newbery's book, but which have since been incorporated into "Mother Goose's Melody," as used for the last half century.

In 1842 Halliwell printed his collection, pp. 192, for the Percy Society. Although he does not mention Ritson's book, it is evident that he possessed and used it, as nearly all of Ritson is contained in his book. Halliwell, being a great collector and annotator of Shakespearian literature, enriched his work with some valuable notes. His book, being much larger than its predecessors, has been the store-house from which later editions of

¹ Dr. Kimbault must have read Ritson very carelessly, as he cites two rhymes which, he says, are in the "Institutes," and not in Ritson. Yet both are in Ritson's Part III.

"Mother Goose" have been increased in size, often to the injury of their fitness. It is undoubtedly fair to abate somewhat Halliwell's claim that his rhymes were "collected principally from oral tradition," since he utilized three printed predecessors. It is very unfortunate, also, that he did not acknowledge the sources from which he copied, and devote a few pages to the bibliography of the subject.

In *Notes and Queries* for 20th January, 1877 (5th S., vii, 54), I note that the preface to a fifth edition of Halliwell is dated December, 1853; and that there was a sixth edition of 333 pages, printed for John Russell Smith, of London. In 1877 the copyright was owned by Frederick Warne & Co., and the book "has been incorporated with Mrs. Valentine's Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles."

We must now resume the history of Newbery's original "Mother Goose's Melody." The English editions have practically disappeared; at least Mr. Welch writes that he has never been able to see an example of Newbery's print. But, fortunately, Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., soon after the Revolution took up the business of reprinting story books for children, and copied many of Newbery's favorite issues. A number of these are cited in the advertisement annexed to this "Melody." The most noted, perhaps, of all these Newbery books, was the History of Little Goody Two-Shoes. A reprint of this was issued by Mr. Welch (London, 1882), a facsimile of the third edition of 1766. The best authorities attribute this little story to Goldsmith. In the Boston Public Library is a beautiful copy of Thomas's reprint, dated Worcester, 1787, which is a page-for-page reproduction, but probably from Newbery's first edition. The cuts are evidently done over, and imitate very well the originals; but towards the end of the book they vary in details from Mr. Welch's example. There is no necessity, therefore, to presume that Thomas imported the cuts which had been used by Newbery. He did, indeed, slightly alter the publisher's personal notes, which Newbery was fond of inserting, substituting Worcester for London, etc.

In 1787 Thomas printed the following:

"The Juvenile Biographer; containing the Lives of little Masters and Misses; including a Variety of Good and Bad Characters. By a little Biographer. The first Worcester edition. Worcester (Massachusetts), printed by Isaiah Thomas, and sold at his Book Store. Sold, also, by E. Battelle, Boston. M. D. CC. LXXXVII." Pp. 119.

Annexed is the following very full list of other publications, including Mother Goose's Melody:

The Brother's Gift.
The Sister's Gift.
The Father's Gift.
The Mother's Gift.
The Fairing.

The Big Puzzling Cap.
The Travels of Robinson Crusoe.
Hagar in the Desert (from the French).
The Beauty and the Monster.
History of the Holy Jesus.

The Sugar-Plumb.	Be Merry and Wise.
The History of Little Goody Two Shoes.	The Natural History of Four-footed Beasts.
Tom Thumb's Exhibition.	By Tommy Trip.
Mother Goose's Melody.	The Holy Bible abridged.
Little Robin Red Breast.	The History of Little King Pippin.
Tom Thumb's Play-Book.	A Bag of Nuts. By Thomas Thumb.
The Little Puzzling Cap.	Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift.

I am informed by Edmund M. Barton, Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, that on its shelves there are copies of the "History of the Holy Jesus," "Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift," and the "Entertaining Stories," all issued by Thomas in 1786, and all containing the advertisement of "Mother Goose's Melody." We seem, therefore, justified in placing the first issue of this latter at *about* 1785.

By the kindness of Miss Caroline M. Hewins, of the Public Library, Hartford, Conn., I have a full copy of one of Thomas's most characteristic reprints, which I place here on account of the full and interesting list of his publications. The book is entitled, "The Picture Exhibition, containing the Original Drawings of eighteen Disciples. To which are added, Moral and Historical Explanations. Published under the Inspection of Mr. Peter Paul Rubens, Professor of Polite Arts. Printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, and sold, Wholesale and Retail, at his Bookstore. M DCC LXXX VIII."

CONTENTS.

- No. 1. The Mousetrap, by Master Hayman.
2. A Battle Scene, by Master Broughton.
3. A Winter Piece, by Master Vandylke.
4. Rural Simplicity, by Miss Grignon.
5. The Talking of the Birds' Nest, by Master Avis.
6. The Idler, by Master Johnson.
7. The Shadowist; a Fancy Piece, by Master Zoffani.
8. The Washing of the Lions at the Tower, by Master Green.
9. The Judgment of Areopagus; a Historical Piece; by Master Clement.
10. The Creation of the World, by Master Adam.
11. A Dog, by Master Lane.
12. The Truant Player, by Master Thoughtful.
13. The Temple of Fame, by Master Ravenet.
14. The Hunting of the Cat, by Master Nimrod.
15. A Time Piece, by Miss Prudence.
16. The Lottery, by Master Rubens.
17. Leap Frog, by Mr. Godfery Kneller.
18. The Dreamer, a Fancy Piece, by Master Dormer.

The advertisement has no special value, but the annexed list of Thomas's publications is very full and interesting. I have numbered the titles for convenience in reference.

" Books for Masters and Misses of all ages, which will make them wise and happy. Printed and sold by Isaiah Thomas, at his Bookstore in Worcester, Massachusetts, all ornamented with Cuts, and prettily bound.

" The following are all price four Cents each, or four federal coppers, viz. :

1. Nurse Truelove's Christmas Box.
2. The Father's Gift ; or, the Way to be wise.
3. The Brother's Gift ; or, the naughty Girl reformed.
4. The Sister's Gift ; or, the naughty Boy reformed.
5. The Little Puzzling Cap ; or, a Collection of pretty Riddles.
6. The Royal Alphabet ; or, Child's best Instructor ; to which is added the History of a little Boy found under a Haycock.
7. The Death and Burial of Cock Robbin ; with the tragic Death of A, Apple Pye.
8. The remarkable History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.
9. Tom Thumb's Folio ; or, a Three penny play Thing for Little Giants ; to which is added an Abstract of the Life of Mr. Thumb.
10. Entertaining Tales, for General Instruction.
11. Jacky Dandy's Delight ; or, the History of Birds and Beasts.
12. The renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, a little boy who lived on learning.
13. The History of Master Jackey and Miss Harriot ; with Maxims for the Improvement of the Mind.
14. The Travels of Robinson Crusoe. Written by himself.
[With many others of the same Size and Price.] Also,
15. Tom Thumb's Play Book, to teach children their Letters as soon as they can speak. Being a new and pleasant method to allure little ones in the first Principles of Learning. Price only two Pence.

" The following are all price eight Cents each :

16. The Fairing ; or, a golden Toy for Children of all Sizes and Denominations.
17. The Liliputian Masquerade.
18. Virtue and Vice ; or, the History of Charles Careful and Harry Headless, showing the good Effects of continued Prudence.
19. Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift, &c.
20. Hagar in the Desert. Translated from the French.
- 20.* New Song Book.

21. A Little Lottery Book for Children : Containing a new method of playing them into a knowledge of Letters and Figures, &c.
22. History of the Holy Jesus. Containing a brief and plain Account of his Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven ; and his coming again at the great and last Day of Judgment.

“ The following are to be sold at eight Pence each, viz. :

23. The Mother's Gift ; or a present for all little children who want to be good. In two volumes.
24. The Royal Primer ; or, an Easy Guide to the Art of Reading.
25. The big Puzzling Cap ; or, a Collection of Riddles.
26. Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle ; being a Collection of all the famous Songs of nurses, ornamented with numerous Cuts.
27. A Bag of Nuts, ready cracked ; being a Collection of Fables, Riddles and Conundrums.
28. The Lottery Book ; with Mr. C.'s Alphabet set to music.
29. The Beauty and the Monster. Translated from the French.

“ The following are sold at one Shilling each :

30. The Holy Bible Abridged ; or the History of the Old and New Testament. Illustrated with Notes and adorned with Cuts. For the Use of Children.
31. Little Robin Red Breast ; a Collection of pretty Songs, for Children, entirely new.
32. The History of little Goody Two-Shoes, otherwise called Mrs. Margery Two-shoes. With the Means by which she acquired her learning and Wisdom ; and in consequence thereof her Estate.
33. The Sugar Plumb ; or, Sweet amusement for Leisure Hours ; Being an entertaining and instructive Collection of Stories, Embellished with curious Cuts.
34. Be Merry and Wise ; or, the Cream of Jest and the Marrow of Maxims.
35. The Juvenile Biographer ; containing the Lives of Little Masters and Misses : including a Variety of good and bad Characters.
36. A little pretty Pocket Book, intended for the Instruction of Master Tommy and Miss Polly, with Letters from Jack the Giant Killer ; to which is added a little Song Book, and Rules for Behaviour.
37. The Picture Exhibition, moral and historical, well calculated to improve the mind.

38. A pretty New Year's Gift; or, Entertaining Histories for the Amusement and Instruction of young Gentlemen and Ladies in Winter Evenings. By Solomon Sobersides.
39. The natural History of four-footed Beasts. By Tommy Trip.
40. Master Columbus's Natural History of Birds and Beasts. In 2 vols.
41. Solomon Winlove's approved Collection of Entertaining Stories.
42. Vice in its Proper Shape; or, the wonderful and melancholy Transformation of several naughty Masters and Misses into those contemptible Animals which they most resembled in Disposition. Printed for the Benefit of all good Boys and Girls.

"The following are price 1s. 2d. each:

43. A poetical Description of Song Birds, with a Drawing of each; interspersed with Songs, Fables and Tales.
44. The adventures of a Pincushion. Designed chiefly for the use of Young Ladies.
45. Memoirs of a Peg Top.
46. The Holiday Present, containing Anecdotes of a worthy Family.

"The following are price 1s. 8d. each.

47. The Remarkable and Surprising Adventures of David Simple; containing an account of his Travels through the cities of London and Westminster.
48. The Adventures of Roderick Random; containing the Remarkable Accidents which happened to him and his friend Strap, the Barber.
49. The History of Amelia; or, a Description of a Young Lady; who, from a great Fortune was reduced almost to Poverty; with an Account of her recovering it; for which *he* [*sic*] was hanged.
50. The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, &c.

[With many others of the same Size and Price.]'

Two specimens of Thomas's reprint of *Mother Goose's Melody*, each lacking the title page, have been preserved; and it is from one now owned by the present editor that the following pages are printed in fac-simile. It will be noted that the original consists of very small pages, four being placed on a page of our copy.

I do not know how many editions of these *Melodies* were issued by Isaiah Thomas. I have a copy of his third edition dated in 1799, and annex a fac-simile of the title,

which doubtless corresponds to that of his first edition, as it does to the advertisement of that issue, and to the title of the English edition as quoted by Mr. Welsh, p. 372. This edition, however, was reset from the first edition and has many trifling changes. Thus, the page of music on p. VI. is omitted; the Melodies begin with p. 10 instead of p. 11 as in the first edition, and all the subsequent pages are therefore one page differing. My copy has lost pages 72 and 73 and ends with p. 78, but I presume it should continue through p. 93. Still, as there are changes in the few last pages, the edition may have been shortened.

The printer in 1799 added a few tail-pieces, mostly a ship, and on p. 50 substituted a new cut of an empty wheel-barrow. On pages 26 and 28 the cuts are exchanged, and pages 52 and 53 are transposed.

MOTHER GOOSE'S **M E L O D Y;**

SONNETS *for the* CRADLE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. Contains the most celebrated *Sonnet* and *LULLABIES* of the good old *Nurses* calculated to *amuse Children*, and to *excite them to sleep*.

PART II. Those of the *Sweet Songster* and *Nurse of Wit and Humor*, Master *William Shakespeare*.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS,

And illustrated with *NOTES* and *MAXIMS* Historical, Philosophical and Critical.

THE THIRD WORCESTER EDITION

Printed at WORCESTER: *Melodist*
BY ISAIAH THOMAS, JUN.
Sold Wholesale and Retail by *M. W.*—1799.

From this date of 1799, we are without example till we reach the editions printed by Munroe & Francis at Boston.

Edmund Munroe and David Francis, printers and booksellers, began business in 1801. In 1822 and 1823 they kept at 4 Cornhill, which was the southerly corner of the present Washington and Water streets. From 1823 to 1840, their store is called 128 Washington street; after 1841 they were in Devonshire street, corner of Spring Lane.

The name of Cornhill was changed to Washington street in 1824, and although they remained in the same store, the designation was altered. They issued an edition of *Mother Goose*, which I am about to describe, and though undated, it describes them as at 128 Washington street. The very perfect copy once owned by Joseph W. Robbins, of Boston, has inscribed in it by his infant hand "in the year 1827." We are thus assured that the issue was not earlier than 1824 nor later than 1827. So, again, on p. 115, we find the early song of "See-saw sacradown, which is the way to Boston town," amended by the addition of these two lines :

"Boston town's changed into a city,
But I've no room to change my ditty."

As we know, Boston was chartered in 1822.

The seventy cuts are there, and are very creditable to the artists. Bowen's name is signed to one, and his initials to several more. N. D., *ie.* Nathaniel Dearborn, is on several, and one is signed, apparently, "Chilcut's, sc.," Evidently, Munroe & Francis intended to do their best.

The last page is signed "Jemima Goose," which is interesting, as evidence that no one then associated that book with Elizabeth Vertigoose, the mother-in-law of John Fleet.

The book is about four and a half inches tall and three and a half inches wide ; the type three and nine-sixteenths inches tall, two and seven-eighths inches wide.

It seems certain that the compiler of this edition had access to Newbery's original, or, more probably, to Thomas's reprint. On p. 44, the footnote is reprinted from one of these, almost *verbatim* : and no two independent writers would have so agreed. Again, on p. 80, Newbery's title is copied, "A logical song, or, the conjurer's reason for not getting money." Moreover, this song seems to be peculiar to Newbery, not being in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*. So, again, Munroe & Francis's book has the well-known quatrain, "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way," which is in Newbery, in the second or Shakesperian portion. It is not in Ritson nor Halliwell. It is to be found in the "Winter's Tale," act iv, scene iii. It is curious to note that the second line in Shakespeare reads, — "And merrily *low* the stile, a."

This verb "hent," being obsolete in the last century, is replaced here by "mend ;" but later it is translated as "jump," which seems to be the meaning.

In fact an exact comparison shows that out of fifty-one titles in Newbery forty-eight are in the Boston edition. The three omitted are —

p. 23. There was an old woman.

p. 57. A long-tailed pig.

p. 72. Piping hot.

All of which would be deservedly omitted now.

It is much more difficult to decide whence Munroe & Francis obtained the additions which so increased their book. A portion is evidently modern, as for example Sir Walter Scott's "Pibroch of Donnell Dhu," which appeared in 1816. But many of these melodies which are not in Newbery's book, and are in this, are to be found in Ritson; they are, beyond question, of considerable antiquity.

The outside cover of this book reads, on the front

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY MUNROE & FRANCIS,
128 WASHINGTON STREET.

Then comes the true title, as shown in *fac-simile*:

Hoher Goose's Quarto :

OR

MELODIES COMPLETE.

SOME OF WHICH

HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE
MANUSCRIPTS IN HERCULANEUM,

AND OF COURSE HAVE NEVER BEFORE APPEARED IN PRINT

THE OTHERS

DILIGENTLY COMPARED WITH THE EMMENDATIONS OF THE MOST

APPROVED ANNOTATORS,

THE TRUE READINGS RESTORED, AND CORRUPTIONS ELIMINATED.

WITH COPIOUS ENGRAVINGS.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS,
NO. 128 WASHINGTON STREET

Then follow 118 pages, and I give a *fac-simile* of the last page. The outside cover, rear, represents an old woman sitting in a chair, talking to a little boy and girl; under this cut, " 128 Washington Street : "

118 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

~~~~~  
**John O'Gudgeon** was a wild man,  
**He whipt his children now and then,**  
**When he whipt them he made them dance**  
**Out of Ireland into France.**

~~~~~  
Little Jack Nory
 Told me a story.
How he try'd cock-horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs, and switches,
His pocket tight with cents all bright,
Marbles, tops, counters, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

~~~~~  
**One-ery, you-ery, e-kery, haven,**  
**Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, ten or eleven.**  
**Spin. span, must be done,**  
**Hollow-bone, tollow bone, twenty-one.**

JEMIMA GOOSE

As this edition, as will be shown, is substantially the same as that copyrighted in 1833, and is the parent of all later issues, I subjoin a table of contents. The pages cited in the left-hand margin are those of the edition of 1833. The items marked with a star are those found in the Newbery-Thomas edition. Those marked C. have a wood-cut; in many cases the illustration takes the greater part of the page.

A few of the more interesting and peculiar rhymes are quoted in full. It should be added, that in this edition of Munroe & Francis, quite a number of verbal changes were made from Thomas's text; but it is needless to specify them :

1833 1824  
edition, edition.  
Page. Page.

## CONTENTS. MUNROE &amp; FRANCIS EDITION, 1824.

3. 5. C. The north wind doth blow.
23. 6. a. Little boy blue, blow your horn.
20. b. In the month of sweet April. [Altered in 1833.]
23. c. Shoe the horse and shoe the mare.
5. \*7. C. Baa, baa, black sheep. [N. p. 59.]
- \*8. a. This little pig went to market. [N. p. 54.]
- b. Let us go to the wood says this pig.
85. 9. C. I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb.
23. 10. a. Cold and raw the north winds blow.
12. b. Bye, baby bunting.
52. c. Hush-a-bye baby, lie still with thy daddy.
10. \*11. C. a. When I was a little boy, I lived by myself. [N. p. 51.]
38. \* b. Great A, little a, bouncing B. [N. p. 28.]
58. \*12. C. a. "Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross.  
To see what Tommy can buy." [N. p. 33.]
52. b. Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride.
11. 13. C. Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
72. \*14. C. Jack Spratt could eat no fat. [N. p. 43.]
39. \*15. C. a. Tell tale tit. [N. p. 45.]
40. \* b. Pease porridge hot. [N. p. 41.]
50. 16. a. Little King Boggen he built a fine hall.
44. b. How many days has my baby to play.
62. c. Wash me and comb me.
13. 17. C. [Cat here in white line Chicket's sc.] Cushy cow, bonny, let down  
your milk.
62. \*18. C. a. Three wise men of Gotham. [N. p. 21.]
63. b. Harry come parry, when will you marry.
70. 19. C. Robert Barns, fellow fine.
44. \*20. a. Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man. [N. p. 49.]
32. b. Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross,  
[To see an old woman jump on a black horse. [Altered in 1833.]
59. c. How many miles to Babylon.
18. \*21. C. There was an old woman lived under a hill. [N. p. 24.]
26. 22. C. [N.D.] Hark, hark, the dogs do bark.
9. 23. C. [AB.] The man in the moon came down too soon.

*Contents, etc. — Continued.*

| 1855<br>edition. | 1924<br>edition. | Page. | Page.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------|------------------|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 18.              | *24.             | a.    | Shoe the colt. [N. p. 5.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 28.              |                  | b.    | Lavender blue and Rosemary Green.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|                  |                  | c.    | Rain, rain, go away.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 34.              | 25.              | C.    | There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 24.              | *26.             |       | Hey, my kitten, my kitten. [N. p. 53.]                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 64.              | 27.              | C.    | I'll sing you a song, of the days that are long.                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 28.              | 28.              | C.    | a. The lion and the unicorn.                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 35.              |                  | b.    | Arthur O'Bower has broken his band.                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 51.              | 29.              | C.    | To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|                  | 30.              | C.    | Bless you, bless you, burnie-bee,<br>Tell me where my true love be. [10 lines, modern.]                                                                                                                                                        |
| 76.              | *31.             | C.    | Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top. [N. p. 39.]                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 51.              | 32.              | a.    | Diglety diddledy, my mammy's maid.                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 41.              | *                | b.    | There was a man of our town. [N. p. 55.]                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 46.              | *33.             | C.    | Ding, dong, bell, Pussy cat's in the well. [N. p. 25.]                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 29.              | *34.             | a.    | Little Johnnie Pringle had a little pig. [N. p. 15.]                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 37.              |                  | b.    | The rose is red, the violet blue.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 7.               | 35.              | C.    | Sing a song of sixpence.                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|                  | 36.              | a.    | Continued.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 8.               |                  | b.    | Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home.                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 33.              | *37.             | C.    | a. Who comes here, a Grenadier. [N. p. 42.]                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 25.              |                  | b.    | "Kit and Kitterit and Kitterit's mother,<br>All went over the bridge together;<br>The bridge broke down, they all fell in,<br>'Good luck go with you,' says Tom Bolin."<br>Johnny shall have a new bonnet.                                     |
| 32.              | 38.              |       | [Bowen, sc.] Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea.                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 55.              | 39.              | C.    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 35.              | 40.              | C.    | a. "Hey! rub-a-dub, ho! rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,<br>And who do you think were there?<br>The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,<br>And all of them gone to the fair."<br>b. Alfred and Richard were two pretty men. [N. p. 60.] |
| 15.              | *                |       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 50.              | 41.              | C.    | a. Tom, Tom, the piper's son.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 64.              |                  | b.    | Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.<br>And merrily jump the style, a'. [N. p. 91.]                                                                                                                                                               |
|                  | *42.             | a.    | Little Jack Horner. [N. p. 40.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                |

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edition. edition.  
Page. Page.

*Contents, etc. — Continued.*

77.           *b.* There was a piper had a cow.
53. \*43. *C.*   *a.* Pretty John Watts, We are troubled with rats.
- \*44.           *a.* †High diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle. [N. p. 32.]
- † [FOOT NOTE. — "Surely it must have been a little dog, for a great dog would have been too wise to laugh at such nonsense."]
- b.* Robin a bobbin, the big-bellied hen.  
                  [Same as cover.]
45. *C.*    Little Miss Muffett.
15. \*46. *C.*   *a.* Round about, round about, Gooseberry Pie. [N. p. 36.]
73. \*           *b.* The sow came in with a saddle. [N. p. 63.]
57. \*47. *C.*   *a.* Boys and girls come out to play. [N. p. 66.]
48.           *a.* Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.  
                  *b.* As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids.
69.           *c.* The girl in the lane, That could not speak plain.
37. 49. *C.*   *a.* There was an old woman and what do you think.  
                  *b.* "One-ery, you-ery, ekery, Ann,  
                  Phillysy, follysy, Nicholas, John.  
                  Quee-bee, quaw-bee, Irish Mary,  
                  Stinkle-em, stankle-em, buck."
19. \*50. *C.*    There were two birds sat upon a stone. [N. p. 38.]
74. \*51. *C.*    Little Johnny Tucker, Sing for your supper. [N. p. 26.]
68. 52.       *a.* "There was a little man, And he had a little gun,  
                  And his bullets were made of lead;  
                  He shot John Sprig, Through the middle of his wig,  
                  And knocked it right off his head."
45.           *b.* There was a man and he had naught.
59. 53. *C.*    Jemmy Jed went into a shed.
66. 54. *C.*    *a.* Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been.  
                  *b.* "Liar, liar, lickspit,  
                  Turn about the candlestick;  
                  What is good for liars  
                  Brimstone and fires."
55. *C.*    "See-saw, down in my lap,  
                  Up again on to her feet;  
                  Little girl lost her white cap,  
                  Blown away in the street."

*Contents, etc. — Continued.*

- | 1833<br>edition. | 1854<br>edition. |                                                                                                                                                             |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Page.            | Page.            |                                                                                                                                                             |
| 60.              | *56.             | Trip upon trenchers (slightly altered). [N. p. 17.]                                                                                                         |
|                  | *57. C.          | "Three children playing on the ice<br>All on a summer's day;<br>As it fell out, they all fell in<br>The rest they ran away.                                 |
|                  |                  | "Now had these children been at school,<br>Or playing on dry ground,<br>Ten thousand pounds to a single cent<br>They had not all been drowned." [N. p. 47.] |
| 4.               | 58.              | a. There was a mad man, And he had a mad wife.                                                                                                              |
| 27.              |                  | b. Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towser.                                                                                                                    |
| 30.              | 59. C.           | You owe me five shillings, say the bells of St. Helen's,                                                                                                    |
|                  | 60.              | a. Continued [11 verses].                                                                                                                                   |
|                  | 65.              | b. When I was a little he.                                                                                                                                  |
| 61.              | 61. C. a         | What's the news of the day?                                                                                                                                 |
|                  | 5.               | b. "To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,<br>Home again, home again, market is done."                                                                   |
| 14.              | 62.              | a. There were two blind men went to see.                                                                                                                    |
| 38.              |                  | b. The little black dog ran 'round the house.                                                                                                               |
|                  |                  | c. "[Wardrobe of the renowned Thomas Thumb, Esq., of Thumb hall,<br>Thumbshire.]"                                                                           |
|                  |                  | An oaken leaf he had for his crown, etc.                                                                                                                    |
| 84.              | 63.              | "Tom, Tom, of Islington,<br>Married a wife on Sunday."                                                                                                      |
|                  | 8.               | 64. a. One, two, buckle my shoe.                                                                                                                            |
| 26.              |                  | b. Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.                                                                                                                   |
| 44.              | 65. C.           | Pussy sits behind the log.                                                                                                                                  |
| 22.              | 66.              | a. There was an old woman tost up in a blanket.                                                                                                             |
| 76.              |                  | b. Jacky, come give me thy fiddle.                                                                                                                          |
| 33.              | 67. C.           | Smiling girls, rosy boys.                                                                                                                                   |
|                  | 68.              | Continued. [Modern.]                                                                                                                                        |
| 78.              | 69. C.           | Away pretty Robin. [Modern.]                                                                                                                                |
|                  | 70.              | a. Continued.                                                                                                                                               |
| 14.              |                  | b. Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.                                                                                                 |
|                  | 71. C.           | Pretty bee, do not buzz about over the flower. [Modern.]                                                                                                    |
|                  | 72.              | a. Continued.                                                                                                                                               |

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1832<br>edition. | 1884<br>edition. |
| Page.            | Page.            |

## Contents, etc. — Continued.

- b. The cuckoo's a bonny bird.
55. \*73. C. a. Bow, wow, wow. [N. p. 58.]
46. b. Drunken Tom, with jacket blue.
39. 74. a. Saturday night shall be my whole care.
47. \* b. I won't be my father's Jack. [N. p. 20.]
70. c. "Hey, ding a ding, I heard a bird sing,  
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King."
87. \*75. C. What care I how black I be. [N. p. 44.]
81. \*76. a. We're three bretheren out of Spain. [N. p. 64.]
31. b. Once in my life I married a wife.
77. C. When the snow is on the ground. [Modern.]
88. \*78. a. Here's A. B. C. [N. p. 70; altered in 1833.]
68. \* b. There was an old man, And he had a calf. [N. p. 22.]
66. \*79. C. Is Master Smith within? [N. p. 31.]
74. \*80. a. A logical song, or, the conjurer's reason for not getting money. [N. p. 68.]
- b. An Indian giant's fishing tackle.
47. 81. C. Bonny lass, bonny lass, will you be mine?
81. 82. a. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.
20. b. I'll tell you a story, About Mother Morey.
- c. Thirty days hath September.
84. \*83. C. a. One, two, three, four, five. [N. p. 46.]
88. b. Milkman, milkman, where have you been?
84. a. When the twister a twisting will twist him a twine.
84. \* b. Cock a doodle doo, My dame has lost her shoe. [N. p. 34.]
42. 85. C. As I was going to sell my eggs.
86. Cut "B."
87. a. I had a little hobby-horse, And it was dapple-gray.
95. b. Go to bed. Tom.
91. \* c. There were two black birds sitting on a hill. [N. p. 65.]
6. 88. C. a. Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree.
- b. Bless you, bless you, Burny bee,  
Say, when will your wedding be? [4 lines.]
56. 89. a. Taffy was a Welchman.
21. b. One misty, moisty morning.
53. c. Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will gang?

1823 1824  
edition, edition.  
Page. Page.

*Contents, etc. — Continued.*

6. 90. C. a. The man in the wilderness asked me.  
80. b. See-saw, Jack-a-daw.  
71. 91. C. Pibroch of Donnell Dhu.  
92. Continued.  
93. a. do.  
42. b. Old Mistress M'Shuttle.  
80. c. Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green.  
89. \*94. C. a. There was an old woman,  
She sold puddings and pies. [N. p. 62.]  
66. b. Charley loves good cake and ale.  
92. 95. C. Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?  
75. \*96. C. a. Hickory, diccory, dock. [N. p. 73.]  
11. b. When I was a little boy, I washed my mammy's dishes.  
87. \*97. C. See, saw, Margery Daw. [N. p. 27.]  
\*98. a. When I was a little boy, I had but little wit. [N. p. 50.]  
85. b. As I was going to St. Ives.  
20. 99. C. Sweep, sweep, chimney sweep.  
67. 100. C. a. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.  
86. \* b. Cross patch draw the latch. [N. p. 19.]  
69. 101. C. Goosey, goosey, gander.  
58. 102. C. a. Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross,  
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.  
b. "One-erzol, zu-erzol, zig-erzol zan,  
Bob-tail, vinegar, little tail Tan,  
Harum scaram, Virgin Marum, blindfold."  
82. 103. C. When I was a little boy my mother kept me in.  
16. 103. We will go to the wood, says Richard to Robin.  
104. Continued.  
[The pagination is wrong in this form.]  
48. 106. London bridge is broken down.  
107. do.  
108. a. do.  
34. b. Hey, ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?  
78. 109. C. a. Handy-spandy, Jacky-Dandy.  
65. b. I had a little doll, the prettiest ever seen.  
110. a. Fee, fau, foe, fum. [See p. 70.]  
68. \* b. Jack and Jill went up the hill. [N. p. 37.]



| 1833<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1824<br>edition.<br>Page. |           | <i>Contents, etc. — Continued.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 20.                       |                           | <i>c.</i> | Nose, nose, jolly red nose.                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 63.                       | 111.                      | <i>C.</i> | Up in a green orchard there is a green tree.                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|                           | *112.                     |           | There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid.                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|                           | 113.                      |           | do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|                           | 114.                      |           | do. (Altered.) [N. p. 11.]                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 8.                        | 115.                      | <i>a.</i> | Snail, snail, come out of your hole.                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 64.                       | *                         | <i>b.</i> | "See, saw, sacradown, sacradown,<br>Which is the way to Boston town?<br>One foot up the other foot down,<br>That is the way to Boston town.<br>Boston town's chang'd into a city,<br>But I've no time to change my ditty." [N. p. 29.] |
| 52.                       | 116.                      | <i>a.</i> | Little lad, little lad, where wast thou born?                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 89.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> | A cow and a calf.                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 61.                       | *                         | <i>c.</i> | There was an old man in a velvet coat. [N. p. 35.]                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 40.                       | 117.                      | <i>a.</i> | Dear sensibility, O la!                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 36.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> | Daffy down dilly is new come to town.                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 67.                       | 118.                      | <i>a.</i> | John O'Gudgeon was a wild man,                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 91.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> | Little Jack Nory, told me a story.                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|                           | 118.                      | <i>c.</i> | "One-ery, you-ery, ebery, haven,<br>Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, ten or eleven,<br>Spin, spun, must be done,<br>Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, twenty-one."                                                                                    |

JEMIMA GOOSE.

In 1833, Munroe & Francis issued a new edition, for which they secured copyright. As will be seen by the table of contents just given, nearly all the rhymes of the first issue were retained in this, but the order was entirely altered. The additions are very few and trifling, excepting the following three:

"'Twas once upon a time, when Jennie Wren was young."

"As I was going to Derby, upon a market day."

"When good King Arthur ruled the land."

The title is as follows, the covers bearing a cut of a woman with a goose's head, etc.:

MOTHER GOOSE'S  
**M E L O D I E S.**  
**The only Pure Edition.**

CONTAINING  
**ALL THAT HAVE EVER COME TO LIGHT OF HER**  
**MEMORABLE WRITINGS,**  
TOGETHER  
**WITH THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE MSS. OF**  
**HERCULANEUM:**  
LIKEWISE  
**EVERY ONE RECENTLY FOUND IN THE SAME STONE BOX**  
**WHICH BOLD THE GOLDEN PLATES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.**

---

THE WHOLE  
**COMPARED, REVISED, AND SANCTIONED,**  
BY ONE OF  
**THE ANNOTATORS OF THE GOOSE FAMILY.**

---

WITH MANY NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by **MORRIS & FRANCIS,**  
in the Clerk's office, of the District Court of Massachusetts.

---

*New York and Boston :*  
**C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.**

Ninety-six pages, beginning on p. 3. Page 1 is title, p. 2 is an address to the readers. The pages are 3½ in. wide by 4½ in. high, and have a ruled border.

The last page is here given :

GOOSE'S QUARTO  
WITH SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

96

ADVERTISEMENT.

My young friends, when you have read the  
Verses in this Book, I recommend that  
you purchase my new volume of

CHIMES, RHYMES & JINGLES,

WHICH CONTAINS THE REMAINDER OF

MOTHER GOOSE'S SONGS :

BESIDES SOME NEW STORIES, SUCH AS FOLLOW :—

- 'THE KID THAT WOULDN'T GO.'
- 'HITTERY TITTERY, WHO WENT UP CHIMNEY'
- 'THE DEATH OF LITTLE JENNY WREN, AND WHAT THE  
DOCTORS SAID ABOUT HER.'
- 'THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.'

&c. &c. &c.

*Illustrated with new and beautiful Pictures.*

Although I have not seen this book, I presume that it was printed, and may yet be found.

In 1860 a new copyright was obtained by James Miller, 647 Broadway, New York, successor to C. I. Francis & Co., but the changes are not very great from the Boston edition. The title page reads, "Mother Goose's Melodies, containing all that have ever come to light of her Memorable Writings. Illustrated throughout with engravings from original designs. New York: published by James Miller, successor of C. I. Francis & Co., 779 Broadway." Pp. 96.

I believe that this particular edition is no longer in print, and the rival issues of McLoughlin Bros., of New York, and others, seem to hold the market.

There was some mystery about this Miller edition, because I have a copy of another edition which claims the Francis' copyright. Its title is "The only true Mother Goose Melodies, without addition or abridgement. Embracing, also, a reliable Life of the Goose Family, never before published. Numerous illustrations. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1833, by Munroe & Francis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts. Boston: Published by G. W. Cottrell, 56 Cornhill."

This edition has as a preface the fabulous story about Mrs. Elizabeth (Vergoose) Fleet, which was printed in the *Boston Transcript* for Jan. 14, 1860, and which I reprint in my appendix. The rival editions of Cottrell and Miller were probably both issued in 1860. I am assured that the plates of the Cottrell edition, though long disused, are still in existence in Boston; and that an edition therefrom, published by J. T. Locke & Co. was for sale at a fair held in the Old South Church a few years ago.

Another issue undoubtedly based upon the work of Munroe & Francis, has the following title page:

"Mother Goose Melodies. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy, 1838." Pp. 57 of text, 2 of title. Facing the title is a picture of Mother Goose, *viz.*, a nurse holding a baby. A number of the old favorite rhymes are given, together with some verses evidently original. The cuts are all different from those in the Boston issues. This book is a proof, were any needed, that the American copyright did not cover the title nor the old rhymes, but merely the few modern additions put into each collection.

A friend in Boston possesses a copy, given him in 1843, of a different collection. It is entitled, "Mother Goose's Quarto, or, Nursery Melodies, embellished with two hundred engravings. New York: Published by Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton street." No date, 94 pages, not numbered.

Among curiosities I would class an edition copyrighted in 1848, by George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, styled "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics;" and one issued by George Routledge & Sons, New York, illustrated by Kate Greenway, "as originally engraved and printed by Edmund Evans." What this last phrase means I do not know.

English publishers, also, now send forth enormous editions, and this little book seems to promise to reach wherever babies are taught the English language.

As to the merits of Newbery's collection, little need be said. Most of the rhymes thus brought together are still in vogue; two or three are coarse or trivial, and are unworthy of continuance. In Ritson I find many added which are now favorites, and Halliwell has a few. It has been abundantly pointed out, especially by Halliwell, that some of these rhymes were in use in Shakespeare's time and even earlier.

The following instances have been noted:

In *Notes and Queries*, 2d S., v, p. 360, it is stated that in a letter from Rev. Joseph

Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated July 1, 1626, printed in "The Court and Times of Charles the First," i, 118, these lines occur, referring to the failure against Cadix in 1625.

"There was a crow, sat on a stone  
 He flew away, and there was none;  
 There was a man, that ran a race,  
 When he ran fast, he ran apace;  
 There was a maid, that eat an apple,  
 When she eat two, she eat a couple;  
 There was an ape, sat on a tree  
 When he fell down, down fell he;  
 There was a fleet, that went to Spain  
 When it returned, it came again."

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts," four long stanzas, is quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 3d S., viii, 133, from the *European Magazine*, 1782, vol. i, p. 252. Again in *Notes and Queries*, 5th S., v, 366, Dr. Rimbault writes:—

"In a song entitled 'The London Medley,' printed in *The Ataraz*, 1744, the following are quoted:

'Colly, my cow.'  
 'Tom Farthing.'  
 'Old Obadiah sings Ave Maria.'  
 'Sing, lullaby, baby, on the tree top.'  
 'An old woman and her cat sat by the fire.'  
 'There was an old woman sold puddings and pies.'"

In "The Fashionable Lady, or, Harlequin's Opera," 1730, mention is made of "London bridge is broken down;" and in "The Grub Street Opera," 1731, the finale is directed to be sung to the tune of "Little Jack Horner."

In *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., vii, 386, it is stated that in "Grafton's Chronicle," dated 1570, is the following:

"Thirty days hath November,  
 April, June and September,  
 February hath twenty-eight alone  
 And all the rest have thirty-one."

In *Winder's Almanac*, for 1636, printed at Cambridge, is this version:

"April, June and September  
 Thirty days have, as November;  
 Each month else doth never vary  
 From thirty-one, save February,  
 Which twenty-eight doth still confine  
 Save on leap-year, then twenty-nine."

This rhyme, although not to be found in *Mother Goose*, is so universally taught to children, that I hope its introduction here is excusable.

As to what should constitute a standard edition of *Mother Goose*, I venture to make a closing suggestion.

Corruptions of the text have crept into many of the late editions, and modern imitations have been foisted in too often. It is to be hoped that hereafter these objectionable features will disappear, and that future generations of babies will be carefully soothed only by such verses as have been duly approved by their predecessors, and handed down, not simply by oral transmission, but by the safeguard of an immaculate text.

As a contribution to this end, I would suggest that the standard text should consist of Newbery's book (omitting the rhymes on pp. 11-14, 15, 16, 62 and 68), and such additions from Ritson and Halliwell as bear internal evidence of antiquity, and are true "Nursery Rhymes." Many of those which are wanting in Newbery's first collection, have since been added, and have become so endeared to later generations, that their omission would be unjustifiable. But for the nursery use, a wise discrimination should be shown, and many rhymes rejected which are old, indeed, but unsuitable.

That such a text may be prepared, and that this attempt to trace the literary history of a most remarkable volume, may be of service therefor, is the sincere wish of the present editor.

W. H. W.

BOSTON, Sept. 6, 1891.

## APPENDIX.

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IN view of the exceeding currency which has been given in this country to an absurd fable identifying Mother Goose with a Mrs. Vergoose or Goose, who lived and died in Boston, I deem it proper to reprint the following article from the *Boston Commonwealth* of December 27, 1890.

I consider it to be an unanswerable refutation of this absurd claim.

---

### THE GENESIS OF A BOSTON MYTH.

---

In the little book which I published in October, I gave the history of the famous book for children, known as "Mother Goose's Melodies." Therein I showed that the book was printed at Boston about 1825, by Munroe & Francis, who copyrighted it in 1833; and that their book was an enlargement of one printed in or about 1785 by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, whose book was an almost exact reprint of one published by John Newbery of London, about 1765. These facts are all indisputable. I also showed that Newbery was the printer of "Mother Goose's Tales," which was a translation of Perrault's "Contes de ma mère l'Oye" originally issued at Paris in 1697. I find no reason to think that "Mother Goose" was a term ever used in English literature until it was translated, in 1829, from the French equivalent, "Mère l'Oye."

Although I knew that a ridiculous story had been started here in 1860, that "Mother Goose" was a Boston woman, I gave little heed to it, supposing that the fable had obtained but slight credit. I now find that the story has been unsuspectingly received, and I desire to give the plain facts in regard to the birth and growth of this fable.

It all rests upon the word of the late John Fleet Eliot, aided by the misplaced ingenuity and industry of my worthy friend, the late William A. Wheeler. Mr. Eliot originated the story and Mr. Wheeler, having accepted it, gave it currency and amplification. Mr. Wheeler did this especially by his preface to a very handsome edition of the book, printed by Hurd & Houghton in 1870. Starting with Mr. Eliot's assertion that "Mother Goose" was the mother-in-law of one Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer from 1712-1758, Mr. Wheeler printed a long account of the Vergoose or

Goose family. He ornamented and overlaid the facts with the touches of a practised writer, and told a long story about the old lady's visits to her grand-children, and her songs, and the final result in the printing by her son-in-law, Fleet, of the "Melodies."

Now, every part of this legend is purely imaginary. Mr. Wheeler knew nothing more about Mrs. Vergoose or Goose, except the plain fact that she was the wife of Isaac Vergoose, than he knew about the hundreds of other worthy wives and mothers in Boston, who were her contemporaries. But he invested her with imaginary qualities and thus made out a very pleasing fable.

On Christmas, 1876, Rev. J. M. Manning gave a lecture in which he innocently repeated all of Mr. Wheeler's fiction, winding up with a proposed epitaph. Last year Mr. Oscar F. Adams, in his "Dear Old Story-Tellers," repeated the fable, and classed this purely fictitious Elizabeth Vergoose with Æsop, Perrault, the brothers Grimm, La Fontaine, Laboulaye, Anderson, and Defoe! Surely it is time to contradict or to re-establish a story which has gained such acceptance.

Mr. Eliot, who was a great-grandson of Thomas Fleet, printed in the *Boston Transcript* for January 14, 1860, a letter signed "Requiescat," which gave his version of this story for the first time. As I print this later on, I will continue with the narrative. In 1866, Mr. Wheeler put this story into his "Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction." A review thereof in *The Nation* (vol. ii, p. 112, Jan. 25, 1886) brought out a long letter from Mr. Wheeler, printed on pp. 179-180. Herein he stated that his article was abridged from the communication in the *Boston Transcript*. All this matter was incorporated by Mr. Wheeler in his edition of "Mother Goose" in 1870.

In 1873, I made some criticisms of the story in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (pp. 144-5); and replies were made (pp. 311-315) by J. A. Lewis, George Lunt and John F. Eliot. I also wrote to Mr. Wheeler, and though I have no copy of my letter, his answer shows its nature. Mr. Wheeler's reply, now first published, has a most important bearing on the question of the growth of this fable. It is as follows:

BOSTON, July 28, 1873.

*Mr. Wm. H. Whitmore:*

Dear Sir, — Your favor of the 19th inst., was duly received, but it found me exceedingly busy. I reply at the very earliest opportunity that has offered; and I answer your questions *seriatim*.

1. The discoverer of the *editio princeps* of "Mother Goose's Melodies," in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society, was, as you suppose, the late Edward A. Crowninshield. I originally inserted his name in my preface, but was induced — rather against my own judgment — to strike it out in the proof, on its being represented to me that his family might probably dislike to see his name connected with so trivial a work as a collection of nursery rhymes bearing a somewhat ludicrous title.



2. I do not know that Mr. Crowninshield made any *written memorandum* in regard to the book. *My preface does not imply that he did.* The words are, that "Being in search of other matter at the time, he merely took note of the title and general condition of the work, intending to make a further examination of it at another time." The expression "took note" does not, as you will see, necessarily imply that he wrote down anything in regard to the book; and it was not meant to convey any such implication. He may have done so and he may not. It is very likely that he did, but I am unable to assert anything one way or the other about the matter. I never had any acquaintance with him, and he died some ten years before I edited the work published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton.

My authority for the statement there made is Mr. John Fleet Eliot, who, in the year 1856, I believe, in conversation with some friends he happened to meet at the rooms of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, remarked that it was a tradition in his family, that Elizabeth (Foster) Goose, Fleet's mother-in-law, was the veritable "Mother Goose" of the "Melodies" and that he should much like to see some old edition of that work. Mr. Crowninshield, who was present in another part of the room, but who had taken no part in the conversation, thereupon came forward, and told Mr. Eliot about his discovery at Worcester. Shortly afterwards Mr. Eliot wrote an article in regard to the "Melodies" embodying the information Mr. Crowninshield had voluntarily imparted to him; and this was published in the *Transcript*. As the original work, in the Library of the Antiquarian Society, has been mislaid, or overlooked, or lost, or destroyed, it is clear, that—since "dead men tell no tales"—the account rests wholly on the authority of Mr. Eliot (and I think no one who knows him will impeach his veracity); for he cannot, of course, pretend to recollect, after the lapse of some seventeen years, who the individuals were that he casually met and conversed with at the insurance office.

3. The earliest edition of the "Melodies," as such, that I have personally seen is the one mentioned by Mr. Lunt in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (p. 312), as having been printed in this city, in 1833, by Munroe & Francis. (A copy is in the Public Library.) The statement, in this work, that "it is well-known to antiquarians, that, more than two hundred years ago (*i. e.*, until 1633), there was a small book in circulation in London, bearing the name of 'Rhymes for the Nursery, or Lullabies for the Children,'" etc., I strongly call in question. I have repeatedly made diligent search in all the English bibliographies known to me, for any mention of such a work, but without success. It is true that Watt's "*Bibliotheca Britannica*" does speak of a book (Vol. 4) bearing the title of "Rhymes for the Nursery," but this was published as late as 1807, and it is not therefore to be taken into consideration. Hazlitt, in his "*Hand-book to the popular, poetical, and dramatic literature of Great Britain from the invention of printing to the Restoration*" (London, 1867),

has no account of any book bearing the name of Mother Goose or of any "Rhymes for the Nursery" whatever.

4. My only knowledge of "any tradition that Fleet's mother-in-law was the original Mother Goose," is derived from Mr. Eliot, as I have already intimated; and it dates back to the time when his article in the *Traveller* made its appearance.

5. I do not find, in Littré or elsewhere, an information as to the time in which the phrase "Contes de ma mère l'Oye" came into use. There can be little doubt, I think, that the expression was a proverbial one long before Perrault.

In conclusion, I would say that, to my mind, Mr. Crowninshield's positive testimony, as reported by Mr. Eliot, finds strong confirmation in the negative fact that no such work as "Mother Goose's Melodies" appears ever to have been published or even generally known, in England, until the reprint, a year or two since, of the edition prepared by me. (See Preface, p. vii, *ad fin.*) Add to this the following striking facts:

a. An inquiry in "Notes and Queries" (3d Series, vol. 5, p. 258), as to the origin of "Mother Goose," though it had numerous answers, failed to elicit any reference or allusion to her "Melodies," or indeed a satisfactory answer of any kind, which goes to show how little of a "household word" the old lady's name is to our English cousins, and so lends weight to the claim that she is a purely American notability.

b. No such person is mentioned by the Elizabethan writers. In proof of this, I adduce the fact that the name is not to be found in Nares's Glossary (ed. of Wright and Halliwell), which is so rich in its explanations of all references to popular characters, customs, etc., occurring in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

c. Although Perrault published the first edition of his "Contes" in 1697, the name of Mother Goose does not appear in the title of that edition — which reads (see Brunet) "Histoire et contes du temps passé, avec des moralitez." The edition published in French and English at the Hague, in 1745, did have the name in the title ("Contes de ma mère l'Oye"); but this was twenty-six years after the date of Fleet's publication.

d. Especially is the fact to be emphasized, that Halliwell, whose "Nursery Rhymes of England" and "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales" are characterized by all that eminent antiquary's profoundness of research and amplitude of annotation, has not a word in either book about Mother Goose or her "Melodies."

I cannot close without saying that much of Mr. Lunt's article in the "Register" is very wide of the mark. He writes as if some one had put forward a claim that our Boston "Mother Goose" (Elizabeth [Foster] Vergoose) "invented" the rhymes that are current among us under her name. Such is not the fact, and the Preface, notes, etc., to my book are largely devoted to showing that they are much older than her time.

I am, Sir, Very truly yours,

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

P. S. You may be interested to know that the Rev. James H. Means, of Dorchester, is the owner of a caudle spoon which formerly belonged to our Mother Goose, and is marked with her initials. It was given to him by an old lady in his parish, who died a year or two since, and who was a lineal descendant of that worthy.

I find that the Public Library does not contain a copy of your pamphlet on Boston fires.

W. A. W.

"As to Henchman's entry in his sales book, of 'Verses for Children,' it is worth noting that the main title of Fleet's book was 'Songs for the Nursery' and not 'Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.' 'Songs for the Nursery' might very well be described, I think, as 'Verses for Children.' Don't you? At the risk of making my back porch larger than the house itself, I will add that a writer in 'Notes and Queries' for March 31, 1866, (3d Series, vol. 9, p. 265,) gives at some length extracts from an account of Mother Goose and her Melodies which I furnished to the *New York Nation* for February 8th of that year, and which I afterwards embodied in the prolegomena to the volume published by Hurd & Houghton. His object in doing so, he says, is to induce 'some competent correspondent' to 'bring his learning to bear upon the curious account given by Mr. W.' and favor the world 'with a decisive yea or nay to his somewhat startling statement.' That no British antiquary has as yet undertaken to gainsay my account I regard as strong testimony to its authenticity."

Before discussing the points raised by Mr. Wheeler, I desire to call attention to the fact that I have proved my assertion that the whole story rests upon Mr. Eliot's statement, not of what he saw, but of what some one else was said to have told him. Mr. Edward A. Crowninshield, a gentleman well-known for his literary taste and knowledge, died in Boston, February 20th, 1859, aged forty-one years. Eleven months after his death, Mr. Eliot printed in the *Transcript* the description of the alleged edition of Mother Goose of 1719. I regret that I cannot state when Mr. Eliot first attributed to Mr. Crowninshield the supposed discovery. It is *not mentioned* in the *Transcript* in 1860, nor in *The Nation* in 1866, but was known to Mr. Wheeler in 1870. Mr. Eliot's letter (as reprinted by him in the preface to an edition of Mother Goose, published about 1860, by G. W. Cottrell, Boston) is as follows:

## " HISTORY OF THE GOOSE FAMILY.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

## COTTON MATHER AND MOTHER GOOSE.

*Mr. Editor,*—Your correspondent, N. B. S., has so decisively given a *quidus* to the question as to the birthplace of Cotton Mather, that there is no danger of its ever being revived again. But there is another question of equal importance to many, to the literary world in particular, which should in like manner be put to rest. Who was Mother Goose, and when were her melodies first given to the world? These are questions which have been often asked, but have never been satisfactorily answered. The recent publication of a book called 'Mother Goose for Old Folks,' has again revived these questions, which serves to show that the subject has not yet lost its interest.

Many persons imagine that Mother Goose is a myth—that no such person ever existed. This is a mistake. Mother Goose was not only a veritable personage, but was born and resided many years in Boston, where many of her descendants may now be found. The last that bore the ancient paternal cognomen died about the year 1807, and was buried in the Old Granary Burying-ground, where probably lie the remains of the whole blood if we may judge from the numerous grave-stones which mark their resting-place. The family originated in England, but at what time they came to this country is unknown—but probably about the year 1656. This was the 'Wealthy family of Goose,' which is immortalized by Mr. Bowditch in his book of Suffolk Names, who at the same time has immortalized himself. They were land-holders in Boston so early as 1660. Nearly half the space between West and Winter streets, on Washington street, and extending westerly towards Tremont street, 275 feet, belonged to this family, as did also a large tract of land on Essex, Rowe and Bedford streets, upon which now stand two churches and a large number of dwelling-houses. So much for Mother Goose. Now for her melodies.

It is well known to antiquaries<sup>1</sup> that more than two hundred years ago there was a small book in circulation in London bearing the name of 'Rhymes for the Nursery; or Lulla-Byes for Children,' which contained many of the identical pieces which have been handed down to us, and now form part of the 'Mother Goose's Melodies' of the present day. It contained also other pieces, more silly if possible, and some that the American types of the present day would refuse to give off an impression. The 'cuts' or illustrations thereof were of the coarsest description.

The first book of the kind known to be printed in this century bears the title of 'Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.' Something,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wheeler has already denied any knowledge of such small book, and I will only add that I have never seen nor heard of such a work.

probably intended to represent a goose with a very long neck and mouth wide open, covered a large part of the title-page, at the bottom of which: 'Printed by T. Fleet at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers.'<sup>1</sup> Several pages were missing, so that the whole number could not be ascertained.

This T. Fleet, according to Isaiah Thomas, was a man of considerable talent, and of great wit and humor. He was born in England and was brought up in a printing office in the city of Bristol, where he afterwards worked as a journeyman. Although he was considered a man of sense, he was never thought to be overburdened with religious sentiments; he certainly was not in his latter days. Yet he was more than suspected of being actually engaged in the riotous proceedings connected with the trial of Dr. Sacheverell in Queen Ann's time. In London, Bristol and many other places, the mobs and riots were of a very serious nature. In London, several meeting houses were sacked and pulled down, and the materials and contents made into bonfires, and much valuable property destroyed. Several of the rioters were arrested, tried and convicted. The trials of some of them are now before me. How deeply Fleet was implicated in these disturbances was never known, but being of the same mind with Jack Falstaff, that 'the better part of valor is discretion,' thought it prudent to put the Ocean between himself and danger. He made his way to this country and arrived in Boston, 1712. Being a man of some enterprise, he soon established a printing office in Pudding lane (now Devonshire street), where he printed small books, pamphlets, ballads and such matter as offered. Being industrious and prudent, he gradually accumulated property. It was not long before he became acquainted with the 'wealthy family of Goose,' a branch of which he had before known in Bristol, and was shortly married to the eldest daughter.

By the record of marriage in the City Registrar's office, it appears that in '1715, June 8, was married by Rev. Cotton Mather. Thomas Fleet to Elizabeth Goose.' The happy couple took up their residence in the same house with the printing office in Pudding lane. In due time, their family was increased by the birth of a son and heir. Mother Goose, like all good grandmothers, was in ecstasies at the event; her joy was unbounded; she spent her whole time in the nursery, and in wandering about the house, pouring forth, in the most melodious strains, the songs and ditties which she had learned in her younger days, greatly to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood — to Fleet in particular, who was a man fond of quiet. It was in vain he exhausted his shafts of wit and ridicule, and every expedient he could devise; it was of no use — the old lady was not thus to be put down; so, like others similarly situated, he was obliged to submit. His shrewdness, however, did not forsake him; from this seeming

<sup>1</sup> The "two-copper" price is very suspicious as applied to any publication in 1719. At that date all small prices were in pence or fractions. In 1749, the English government sent to Boston the money to pay for the Lovelock expedition, viz., 217 chests of Spanish dollars, and 500 casks of coined copper. (Palfrey, v. 202.) After that, copper was in circulation, but I lack evidence of any certain use.

evil he contrived to educe some good; he conceived the idea of collecting the songs and ditties as they came from his mother, and such as he could gather from other sources, and publishing them for the benefit of the world—not forgetting himself. This he did—and thus 'Mother Goose's Melodies' were brought forth. The adoption of this title was in derision of his good mother-in-law, and was perfectly characteristic of the man, as he was never known to spare his nearest friends in his raillery, or when he could excite laughter at their expense.

*Colton Mather and Mother Goose* thus stand in juxtaposition,—and as the former was instrumental in cementing the union, which resulted in placing the latter so conspicuously before the world, it is but just that it should be so—although the one was a learned man, a most voluminous writer, and published a great many books, some wise and some foolish, it may well be doubted whether any one, or all of them together, have passed through so many editions—been read by so many hundreds of thousands, not to say millions—put so many persons to sleep, or in general done so much good to the world as the simple melodies of the other.

REQUIESCAT."

Having thus before us *all* the evidence, the question is, simply, ought we to accept Mr. Eliot's story as competent to prove the existence of the alleged edition of 1719? It is entirely unsupported by any other evidence; no copy of any such edition has ever been seen, and the library at Worcester has been carefully searched without effect. If Mr. Crowninshield made the statement, he was presumably mistaken; but Mr. Eliot may have misunderstood him.

Again, in reading Mr. Wheeler's letter to me, it is curious to note how much of his argument rests upon an error. He states that no English example of "Mother Goose's Melodies" is known, and thence argues that we cannot connect our American book, as printed by Munroe & Francis, with Perrault and the "Contes de ma mère l'Oye." But since 1873 new facts have appeared, and I now prove clearly that our book is derived from Newbery's issue of 1765 or thereabouts. Moreover, I have shown that Newbery was the publisher of "Mother Goose's Tales," an avowed translation of Perrault's book. I am sure that Mr. Wheeler, if alive, would recognize the strength of this chain of a literary pedigree.

In the face of these ascertained facts, is it reasonable to imagine that an exactly similar book, under the same title, originated in Boston in 1719? My own conviction is, that time and place were entirely unsuitable for such an enterprise. Four generations of children had been reared in Boston prior to 1720, babes nurtured on godly songs and Bible texts. This fable ascribes the knowledge of these old English traditional verses to Mrs. Elizabeth Goose. But her maiden name was Foster, and she was born in Charlestown in 1665, being the daughter of William F. It is most probable that even

her mother, Ann Brackenbury, was not over two years old when she arrived in this country. Whence did Elizabeth Foster acquire her unusual and surprising familiarity with these English nursery rhymes?

I might add many other facts to show the inherent improbability of Mr. Eliot's story, but is that necessary? The foregoing statements prove the story as now current to rest upon no foundation of fact, and to owe all its attractive features to the imagination of enthusiastic writers. Until a copy of this supposed edition printed by Fleet shall be found, we are warranted in denying that it ever existed. But even were such a book to be discovered, there is not a single line of evidence to show that Fleet's mother-in-law had anything to do with it. And, lastly, all these touching tributes to her merits and faults are purely imaginary, and might with equal truth and precision be applied to "Hannah Cook" or "Betty Martin," of whose individuality we know just as much as we do of Mrs. Elizabeth (Foster) Vergoose.

Boston has a true claim upon the fame of "Mother Goose's Melodies," not because Mr. Eliot spun his wondrous tale, but because Munroe & Francis took up the book and made a literary success of it. For over thirty years they kept it in the hands of Boston children, and now its fame overspreads the earth.

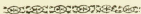
W. H. WHITMORE.

While these pages were in the press, I have obtained a copy of an edition by Munroe & Francis, different from the one described. The general appearance is the same, but it is printed from different type, has some different cuts, and a different arrangement. The title is the same, except that the imprint is "Boston: printed and published by Munroe and Francis, 128 Washington street, and C. S. Francis, New York." On the rear cover is the date 1835. On the verso of the title is a long burlesque dedication signed "Gilbert Gosling." At the end, p. 95, is a note from which I copy as follows: "I thought I had heretofore done all that man could do, and, for the first time, dignified my researches with the name of Quarto; yes, 'Mother Goose's Quarto!' but this was full of Imperfections; and to mortify me still more, repeated espurious editions were thrust out in the city of New York with a King's stamp upon them, in defiance of my just rights, a shame to all correct readers, and giving worthless food to all motherly reviewers to feed their babes upon. But I now resign, renounce and utterly excommunicate said Quarto, and recommend this original, expurgated, restored, and only pure edition, called 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' to nursical notice and patronage, it being printed exclusively by my publishers. Respectfully, Gilbert Gosling."

By the reference to "Mother Goose's Quarto" which I have shown, (*ante*, p. 20), was printed about 1824, I infer that the edition here noticed was the earliest form of the volume as copyrighted in 1835, and that the edition described *ante* pp. 30, 31, was printed later than 1835. As to the "King's stamp," on spurious editions, the reference is doubtless to one S. King of New York. He printed in 1825 "The Seven Champions," and on the back cover, I find a long list of toy-books, comprising all the old favorites. One item, (price 18 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents), is "Rhymes for the Nursery." This may be Mother Goose, or King may have printed other books between 1825 and 1835.

I have also obtained a copy of a book entitled "Rhymes for the Nursery. Munroe and Francis' edition. Published by J. H. Francis, Boston; C. S. Francis, New-York." Pp. 112, size 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. It is copyrighted by Munroe & Francis in 1837. These verses are all modern and presumably this is a reprint of an English book. Two at least are familiar here, viz.: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," &c., and "Good little boys should never say, *I will* and *Give me these*;" &c. The wood-cuts were made here; at least, one of them has Abel Bowen's well-known monogram upon it.



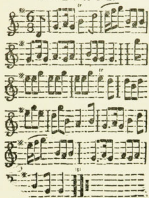


## P R E F A C E .

By a very GREAT WRITER OF  
very LITTLE BOOKS.

MUCH might be said in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical disquisitions we shall only observe to our readers, that the custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of great antiquity: It is even as old as the time of the ancient *Druids*. *Charactacus*, King of the *Britons*, was rocked in his Cradle in the Isle of *Mona*, now called *Anglesea*, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets. As the best things however, may be made an ill use of, so this kind of compositions has been employed in a satirical manner of which we have remarkable instance so far back as the reign of king Henry the fifth. When that great monarch

## P R E F A C E .



## P R E F A C E . vii

turned his arms against *France*, he composed the preceding march to lead his troops to battle, well knowing that music had often the power of inspiring courage, especially in the minds of good men. Of this his enemies took advantage, and, as our happy nation, even at that time, was never without a faction, some of the malcontents adopted the following words to the king's own march, in order to ridicule his majesty, and to shew the folly and impossibility of his undertaking.

There was an old woman teli'd in a basket,  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
But where she was going no mortal could tell,  
For under her arm she carried a broom.  
Old woman, old woman, old woman, fair!  
Whither, ah whither, ah whither (so high!)  
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,  
And I'll be with you by and by.

Here

## viii P R E F A C E .

Here the king is represented as an old woman, engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant imaginable; but when he had routed the whole *French* army at the battle of *Agincourt*, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and with ten thousand men only made himself master of their kingdom; the very men who had ridiculed him before, began to think nothing was too arduous for him to surmount, they therefore cancelled the former sonnet, which they were now ashamed of, and substituted this in its stead, which you will please to observe goes to the same tune.

So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,  
He'll pluck a hare from the pale fac'd moon;  
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,  
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.

All

## P R E F A C E. ix

All Princes and potentates under the sun,  
Through fear into corners and holes away run  
While no dangers nor dread his swift progress  
retards,

For he deals about kingdoms as we do our cards,

When this was shewn to his majesty he smilingly said that folly always dealt in extravagancies, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. "The flattery in the last (says he) is more insulting than the impudence of the first, and to weak minds might do more mischief; but we have the old proverb in our favour—If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will never hurt us."

We cannot conclude without observing, the great probability there is that the custom of making *Nonsense Verses* in our Schools was bor-

## x P R E F A C E.

rowed from this practice among the old *British* nurses; they have, indeed, been always the first preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore speak irreverently of this ancient maternity, as they may be considered as the great grandmothers of science and knowledge.



## Mother GOOSE'S Melody.



## A LOVE SONG

THERE was a little man,  
Who wooed a little maid;  
And he said, little Maid, will you  
wed, wed, wed?  
I have little more to say,  
So will you aye or nay,  
For the least said is soonest men-ded  
ded, ded.

II. Then

## 12 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.

## II.

Then replied the little Maid,  
Little Sir, you've little said  
To induce a little Maid for to wed,  
wed, wed;  
You must say a little more,  
And produce a little Ore,  
E'er I make a little Print in your  
Bed, Bed, Bed.

## III.

Then the little Man reply'd,  
If you'll be my little Bride,  
I'll raise my Love Notes a little  
higher, higher, higher;  
Tho' my offers are not meet,  
Yet my little Heart is great,  
With the little God of Love all on  
Fire, Fire, Fire.

## IV.

Then the little Maid reply'd,  
Should I be your little Bride,

## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 13

Pray what must we have for to eat,  
eat, eat?

With the Flame that you're so rich in  
Light a Fire in the Kitchen,  
Or the little God of Love turn the  
Spit, Spit, Spit?

## V.

Then the little man he sigh'd,  
And, some say, a little cry'd,  
For his little Heart was big with  
Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow;

As I am your little Slave,  
If the little that I have  
Be too little, little, we will borrow,  
borrow, borrow.

He who borrows is another Man's  
Slave, and pawns his Honour, his Liber-  
ty, and sometimes his Nose for the pay-  
ment. Learn to live on a little, and be  
independent. *Faith on Prudence,*  
VI. Then

## 14 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.

## VI.

Then the little Man so gent,  
Made the little Maid relent,  
And for her little Heart a think-king  
king, king,  
Tho' his Offers were but small,  
She took his little All,  
She could have but the Car and her  
Skin, Skin, Skin.



## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 15



## A DIRGE.

**L**ITTLE Betty Winckle she had a  
Pig,

It was a little Pig not very big;  
When he was alive he liv'd in Clo-  
ver,

But now he's dead, and that's all  
Johnny Winckle, he [over];  
Sate down and cry'd,  
Betty Winckle she

Laid down and dy'd;  
So there was an End of one, two,  
and three,

*Johnny*

## 16 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.

Johnny Winckle He,  
Betty Winckle She,  
And Piggy Wiggie.

A Dirge is a Song made for the Dead;  
but whether this was made for Betty Winckle  
or her Pig, is uncertain; no Notice being  
taken of it by Camden, or any of the famous  
Antiquarians.

*Wall's System of Sense.*



## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 17

*A melancholy SONG.*

**T**RIP upon Trenchers,  
And dance upon Dishes,  
My mother sent me for some Bawn,  
Some Bawn :  
She bid me tread lightly,  
And come again quickly,  
For fear the young Men should do  
me some Harm.  
Yet didn't you see,  
Yet didn't you see, [on me  
What naughty tricks they put up  
B They

## 18 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.

They broke my Pitcher,  
And spilt the Water,  
And huffed my Mother,  
And chid her Daughter,  
And kiss'd my Sister instead of me.

What a Succession of misfortunes befel this poor Girl! But the last Circumstance was the most affecting, and might have proved fatal.  
*Winflow's View of Bath.*

†  
† † †  
† † † † †

## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 19



**C**Ross Patch draw the Latch,  
Set by the Fire and spin ;  
Take a cup and drink it up,  
Then call your Neighbours in,

A common Cafe this, to call in our Neighbours to rejoice when all the good Liquor is gone.  
*Provy.*

AMPHION'S

## 20 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.



## AMPHION'S SONG of EURYDICE.

**I**WON'T be my Father's Jack,  
I won't be my Father's Gill,  
I will be the Fiddler's Wife,  
And have Musick when I will.  
Tother little tune,  
Tother little Tune,  
Prithee, Love, play me  
Tother little Tune.

Mean. These are the most valuable which are of the greatest use.

THREE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 21



**T**HREE wife Men of Gotham  
They went to Sea in a Bowl,  
And if the Bowl had been Stronger  
My Song had been longer.

It is long enough. Never lament the Loss  
of what is not worth having. *Boyle.*

THERE

## 22 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**T**HERE was an old Man,  
And he had a Calf,  
And that's Half ;  
He took him out of the Stall,  
And put him on the Wall,  
And that's all.

*Maxim.* Those who are given to tell all  
they know generally tell more than they  
know

THERE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 23



**T**HERE was an old Woman  
Liv'd under a Hill,  
She put a mouse in a Bag,  
And sent it to Mill :  
The Miller did swear  
By the point of his Knife,  
He never took Toll  
Of a Mouse in his Life.

The only Instance of a Miller refusing Toll,  
and for which the Cat has just Cause of Com-  
plaint against him: *Coke upon Lullay.*

THERE

## 24 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**T**HERE was an old Woman  
Liv'd under a Hill,  
And if she isn't gone  
She lives there still.

This is a self evident Proposition, which is  
the very Essence of Truth. *She lived under  
the Hill, and if she is not gone she lives there still,  
Nobody will presume to contradict this.*  
*Craze.*

PLATO'S

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 25



## PLATO'S SONG.

**D**ING dong, Bell,  
The Cat is in the Well,  
Who put her in?  
Little *Johany Green*,  
What a naughty Boy was that,  
To drown Poor Puffy Cat,  
Who never did any Harm,  
And kill'd the Mice in his Father's  
Barn.

Maxim. *He that injures one threatens an Hundred.*

LITTLE

## 26 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**L**ITTLE *Tom Tucker*  
Sings for his Supper;  
What shall he eat?  
White Bread and Butter:  
How will he cut it,  
Without e're a Knife?  
How will he be married,  
Without e'er a Wife?

To be married without a wife is a terrible Thing, and to be married with a bad Wife is something worse; however, a good Wife that sings well is the self medical instrument in the World.

P. Findley.  
SE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 27



**S**E *saw, Margery Daw*,  
*Jacky* shall have a new Master;  
*Jacky* must have but a Penny a Day,  
Because he can work no faster.

It is a mean and scandalous Practice in Authors to put Notes to Things that deserve no Notice.

Grotius,

GREAT

## 28 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**G**REAT A, little a,  
Bouncing B;  
The Cat's in the Cupboard,  
And she can't see.

Yes she can see that you are naughty, and don't mind your Book.

SE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 29



**S**E law, facaradown,  
Which is the Way to *Bofon*  
Town?  
One Foot up the other Foot down,  
That is the Way to *Bofon* Town.

Or to any other Town upon the Face of the  
Earth.

*Wickliffe.*

**SHOE**

## 30 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**S**HOE the Colt,  
Shoe the Colt,  
Shoe the wild Mare;  
Here a nail,  
There a Nail,  
Yet the goes bare.

Ay, ay, drive the Nail when it will go:  
That's the Way of the World, and is the  
Method pursued by all our Financiers, Poli-  
ticians, and Necromancers.

*Vattel.*

**IS**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 31



**I**S *John Smith* within?  
Yes, that he is.  
Can he set a Shoe?  
Aye, marry two.  
Here a Nail, and there a Nail,  
Tick, tack, too.

*Mason.* Knowledge is a Treasure, but  
Practice is the Key to it.

**HIGH**

## 32 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**H**IGH diddle, diddle,  
The Cat and the Fiddle,  
The Cow jump'd over the Moon;  
The little Dog laugh'd  
To see such Craft,  
And the Dish ran away with the  
Spoon.

It must be a little Dog that laugh'd, for a  
great Dog would be ashamed to laugh at such  
Nonsense.

**RIDE**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 33



**R**IDE a Cock Horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy ;  
A Penny white Loaf,  
A penny white Cake,  
And a Two penny Apple Pye.

There's a good Boy, eat up your Pyc and  
hold your Tongue ; for Silence is the sign of  
Wisdom.

C COCK

## 34 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**C**OCK a doodle doo,  
My Dame has lost her Shoe ,  
My Master's lost his Fiddle Stick,  
And knows not what to do.

The Cock crows us up early in the Morn-  
ing, that we may work for our Bread, and not  
live upon Charity, as upon Truth ; for he who  
lives upon Charity shall be often afflicted, and  
he that lives upon Truth shall pay double.

THERE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 35



**T**HERE was an old Man  
In a Velvet Coat,  
He kiss'd a Maid  
And gave her a Groat ;  
The Groat it was crackt,  
And would not go,  
Ah, old Man, d'you serve me fo ?

Maxim.

If the Coat be ever so fine that a Fool  
wears, it is still but a Fool's Coat.

ROUND

## 36 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**R**OUND about, round about,  
Magotty Pyc ;  
My Father loves good Ale,  
And so do I.

Maxim.

Evil Company makes the Good bad and  
the Bad worse.

JACK



## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 37



**JACK** and *Gill*  
Went up the Hill,  
To fetch a Pail of Water;  
*Jack* fell down  
And broke his Crown,  
And *Gill* came tumbling after.

*Maxim.*

The more you think of dying, the better  
you will live.

**ARISTOTLE'S**

## 38 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**ARISTOTLE'S STORY.**  
**T**HERE were two Birds fat on  
a Stone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de; [one,  
One flew away, and then there was  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
The other flew after,  
And then there was none,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
And so the poor Stone  
Was left all alone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de.

This may serve as a Chapter of Consequence  
in the next new Book of Logick.

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 39



**HUSH** a by Baby  
On the Tree Top,  
When the Wind blows  
The Cradle will rock  
When the Bough breaks  
The Cradle will fall,  
Down tumbles baby,  
Cradle and all.

This may serve as a Warning to the Proud  
and Ambitious, who climb so high that they  
generally fall as fast.

*Maxim.*

Content turns all it touches into Gold.

**LITTLE**

## 40 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

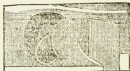


**LITTLE Jack Horner**  
Sat in a Corner,  
Eating of *Christmas* Pye;  
He put in his Thumb,  
And pull'd out a Plumb,  
And what a good Boy was I.

*Jack* was a Boy of excellent Taste, as should  
appear by his pulling out a Plumb; it is there-  
fore supposed that his Father appreciated him  
to a *Mince* Pye maker, that he might improve  
his Taste from Year to Year; no one standing  
in so much Need of good Taste as a *Fussy*  
Cook.

Be lie on the Sublime and Beautiful.  
**PEASE**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 41



**P**EASE Porridge hot,  
Peafe Porridge cold,  
Peafe Porridge in the Pot  
Nine Days old,  
Spell me that in four Letters ?  
I will, **THAT**.

*Maxim.*

The poor are feldomer sick for Want of  
Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.

**WHO**

## 42 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HO comes here ?  
A Grenadier.  
What do you want ?  
A Pot of Beer.  
Where is your Money ?  
I've forgot.  
Get you gone  
You drunken Sot.

*Maxim.*

Intemperance is attended with Disasters,  
and Idleness with Poverty.

**JACK**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 43



**JACK Sprat**  
Could eat no Fat,  
His Wife could eat no Lean ;  
And so, betwixt them both,  
They lick'd the Platter clean.

*Maxim.*

Better go to Bed supperless, than sit in  
Debt.

**WHAT**

## 44 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HAT Care I how black I be,  
Twenty Pounds will marry me ;  
If Twenty won't, Forty shall,  
I am my Mother's bouncing Girl.

*Maxim.*

If we do not flatter ourselves, the Flattery  
of others would have no effect.

**TELL**

Mother GOOSE's Melody, 45



**T**ELL Tale Tit,  
Your Tongue shall be slit,  
And all the Dogs in our Town  
Shall have a Bit.

*Maxim.*

Point out at the Faults of others with a foul  
Finger.

ONE.

46 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**O**NE, two, three,  
Four and Five,  
I caught a Hare alive;  
Six, seven, eight,  
Nine and ten,  
I let him go again.

*Maxim.*

We may be as good as we please, if we  
please to be good.

Mother GOOSE's Melody, 47



A DOLEFUL DITTY.

I.

**T**HREE Children sliding on the  
Upon a Summer's Day, [Ice  
As it fell out they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.

II.

Oh! had these Children been at  
School,  
Or sliding on dry Ground,  
Ten Thousand Pounds to one Pen-  
ny,

They had not then been drown'd.

III.

48 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

III.

Ye Parents who have children dear,  
And eke ye that have none,  
If you would keep them safe abroad  
Pray keep them all at home.

There is something so melancholy in this  
Song, that it has occasioned many People to  
make Water. It is almost as diuretick as the  
Tune which *Joh* the Coachman whistles to  
his Horses.

*Trapping's Travels.*

PATTY

## Mother GOOSE's melody. 49



**P**ATTY Cake, Patty Cake,  
 Baker's Man ;  
 That I will Master,  
 As fast as I can ;  
 Prick it and prick it,  
 And mark it with a T,  
 And there will be enough  
 For Jacky and me.

*Maxim.*

The surest Way to gain our Ends is to moderate our Desires.

**D**

**WHEN**

## 50 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HEN I was a little Boy  
 I had but little Wit,  
 'Tis a long Time ago,  
 And I have no more yet ;  
 Nor ever, ever shall,  
 Until that I die,  
 For the longer I live,  
 The more Fool am I.

*Maxim.*

He that will be his own Master, has often a Fool for his Scholar.

**WHEN**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 51



**I.**  
**W**HEN I was a little Boy  
 I liv'd by myself,  
 And all the Bread  
 And Cheefe I got  
 I laid upon the Shelf ;  
 The Rats and the Mice  
 They made such a Strife,  
 That I was forc'd to go to Town  
 And buy me a Wife.

**II.**

The Streets were so broad,  
 The Lanes were so narrow,  
 I was

## 52 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

I was forc'd to bring my Wife home  
 In a Wheelbarrow ;  
 The Wheelbarrow broke ;  
 And my Wife had a Fall.  
 Farewel  
 Wheelbarrow, Wife and all.

*Maxim.*

Provide against the worst, and hope for the best.

**DV 7**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 53



**O** MY Kitten a Kitten,  
 And oh! my Kitten, my Dea-  
 Such a sweet Pap as this [ry,  
 There is not far nor neary ;  
 There we go up, up, up,  
 Here we go down, down, down,  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round, round,  
 round.

*Maxim.*

Idleness hath no Advocate, not many  
 Friends.

THIS

## 54 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**T**HIS Pig went to Market,  
 That Pig staid at Home ;  
 This Pig had roast Meat,  
 That Pig had none ;  
 This Pig went to the Barn door,  
 And cry'd Week, Week, for more.

*Maxim.*

If we do not govern our Passions our Pas-  
 sions will govern us,

ALEX-

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 55



## ALEXANDER's SONG.

**T**HERE was a Man of *Thesfaly*,  
 And he was wond'rous wise,  
 He jump'd into a Quick set Hedge,  
 And scratch'd out both his Eyes ;  
 And when he saw his Eyes were out,  
 With all his Might and Main,  
 He jump'd into another Hedge,  
 And scratch'd them in again.

HOW

## 56 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

How happy it was for the Man to scratch  
 his Eyes in again, when they were scratch'd  
 out ! But he was a Blockhead, or he would have  
 kept himself out of the Hedge, and not been  
 scratch'd at all.

*Wifeman's new Way to Wisdom.*



A LONG

## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 57



**A** LONG tail'd Pig, or a short  
tail'd Pig,  
Or a Pig without any Tail,  
A Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,  
Or a Pig with a curling Tail.  
Take hold of the Tail and eat off  
his Head;  
And then you'll be sure the Pig hog  
is dead.

CÆSAR'S

## 58 Mother GOOSE'S Melody,



## CÆSAR'S SONG.

**B**OW, wow, wow,  
Whose Dog art thou?  
Little Tom Tinker's Dog,  
Bow, wow, wow.

*Tom Tinker's Dog is a very good Dog, and  
an honest Dog that he's taller.*

BALL,

## Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 59



**B**AH, bah, black Sheep,  
Have you any Wool?  
Yes, marry have I,  
Three Bags full;  
One for my master,  
One for my Dame,  
But none for the little Boy  
Who cries in the Lane.

*Maxim.*

*Bad Habits are easier conquered Today than  
Tomorrow.*

ROBIN

## 60 Mother GOOSE'S Melody,



**R**OBIN and Richard  
Were two pretty Men,  
They lay in Bed  
'Till the Clock struck Ten:  
Then up starts Robin  
And looks at the sky,  
Oh! Brother Richard,  
The Sun's very high;  
You go before  
With the Bottle and Bag,  
And I will come after  
On little Jack Nag. What

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 61

What lazy Rogues were these to lie in Bed  
so long, I dare say they have no Clothes to  
their Backs; for *Luxury's* clothes a Man with  
Rags.

.....  
.  
.  
.  
.....

THERE

## 62 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**T**HERE was an old Woman,  
And she fold Puddings ana  
She went to the Mill [Pies,  
And the Dust flew into her Eyes:  
Hot Pies  
And cold Pies to sell,  
Wherever she goes  
You may follow her by the Smell.

*Maxim.*

Either say nothing of the Absent, or speak  
like a Friend.

THE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 63



**T**HE Sow came in with a Sadote,  
The little Pig rock'd the Cradle,  
The Dish jump'd a top of the Table,  
To see the Pot wash the Ladle;  
The Spit that stood behind a Bench  
Call'd the Dishelout dirty Wench:  
Ods plut, says the Gridiron,  
Can't ye agree,  
I'm the Head Constable,  
Bring 'em to me.

*Note.* If he acts as Constable in this Case,  
the Cock must surely be the Justice of Peace.

WE'RE

## 64 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**E'RE three Brethren out of  
*Spain*  
Come to court your Daughter *Jane*:  
My Daughter *Jane* she is too young,  
She has no skill in a flattering  
Tongue,  
Be she young, or be she old,  
It's for her Gold she must be sold:  
So fare you well, my Lady gay,  
We must return another Day.

*Maxim.* Riches serve a wide Man, and govern  
a fool.

THERE

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 65



**T**HERE were two Blackbirds  
 Sat upon a Hill,  
 The one was nam'd Jack,  
 The other nam'd Gill,  
 Fly away Jack,  
 Fly away Gill,  
 Come again Jack,  
 Come again Gill.

*Maxim.*

A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the  
 Bush.

E

BOYS

## 66 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**B**OYS and Girls come out to  
 play,  
 The Moon does shine as bright as  
 day ;  
 Come with a Hoop, and come with  
 a Call,  
 Come with a good Will or not at  
 all.  
 Loofe your Supper, and loofe your  
 Sleep,  
 Come to your Play fellows in the  
 Street,

Up

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 67

Up the Ladder and down the Wall,  
 A Halfpenny Loaf will serve us all.  
 But when the Loaf is gone, what  
 will you do ?  
 Those who would eat muft work  
 'tis true.

*Maxim.*

All Work and no Play makes Jack a dull  
 Boy.



*A Logical*

## 68 Mother, GOOSE's Melody.



*A Logical SONG ; or the CONJUROR'S Reason for not getting  
 Mousy.*

**I** WOU'D, if I cou'd,  
 If I cou'd'nt how cou'd I ?  
 I cou'd'nt, without I cou'd, cou'd I ?  
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd  
 ye ?  
 Cou'd ye, cou'd ye ?  
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd  
 ye ?

*Nota.*



## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 69

Note.

*This is a new Way of handling an old Argument, said to be invented by a famous Senator ; but it has something in it of Gothick Construction.*

Sanderson.



A LEARNED

## 70 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



A LEARNED SONG.

**H**ERE'S A, B, and C,  
D, E, F, and G,  
H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,  
R, S, T, and U,  
W, X, Y, and Z,  
And here's the child's Dad,  
Who is sagacious and discerning,  
And knows this is the Fount of  
Learning.

Note

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 71

Note.

*This is the most learned Ditty in the World : for indeed there is no Song can be made without the Aid of this, it being the Gamut and Ground Work of them all.*

Mope's Geography of the Mind.



A SEA

## 72 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



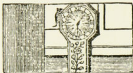
A SEASONABLE SONG.

**P**IPING hot, smooking hot,  
What I've got,  
You know not,  
Hot hot Pease, hot, hot, hot ;  
Hot are my Pease, hot.

*There is more Musick in this Song, on a cold frosty Night, than ever the Syrens were possessed of, who captivated Ulysses ; and the Eggs stick closer to the Rib.*

Huggleford on Hunger  
DICK

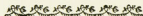
Mother GOOSE's Melody. 73



**D**ICKERY, Dickery Dock,  
The Mouse ran up the Clock ;  
The Clock struck one,  
The Mouse ran down,  
Dickery, Dickery Dock.

Maxim.

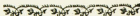
*Time flies for no Man.*



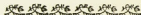
MOTHER GOOSE'S  
M E L O D Y .

P A R T II .

CONTAINING THE  
LULLABIES of *Shakspear.*



75 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HERE the Bee sucks, there  
suck I,  
In a Cowslip's Bell I lie  
There I couch ; when Owls do cry,  
On the Bat's Back I do fly,  
After Summer, merrily,  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the Blossoms that hang on  
the Bough.



YOU

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 77

**Y**OU spotted Snakes, with double Tongue

Thorny Hedgehogs, be not keen ;  
Newts and Blind worms, do no Wrong ;

Come not near our Fairy Queen.

*Philomet*, with Melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla,  
lulla, lullaby.

Never, Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,  
Come our lovely Lady nigh ;  
So good Night, with lullaby

TAKE

78 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**T**AKE, oh I take those Lips  
away,

That so sweetly were foresworn ;  
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,

Lights that do mislead the Morn ;  
But my Kisses bring again.

Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.



SPRING

Mother GOOSE's Melody 79

SPRING.

**W**HEN Daisies pied, and Violets blue. [white;

And Lady smocks all Silver  
And Cuckow buds of yellow Hue,  
Do paint the Meadows with De-  
light :

The Cuckow then on every Tree,  
Mocks married Men, for thus sings  
he ;

Cuckow ! [Fear,  
Cuckow ! cuckow ! O Word of  
Unpleasing to a married Ear !

When Shepherds pipe on oaten  
Straws,

And merry Larks are Plough-  
men's Clocks :

When Turtles tread, and Rooks and  
Daws,

And

80 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

And Maidens bleach their Sum-  
mer smocks :

The Cuckow then on every Tree,  
Mocks married Men, for thus sings  
he ;

Cuckow !  
Cuckow ! cuckow ; O Word of Fear,  
Unpleasing to a married Ear.



WINTER.

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 81.

## W I N T E R.

**W**HEN Icicles hang on the  
 Wall,  
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his  
 Nail ;  
 And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,  
 And Milk comes frozen home in  
 Pail :  
 When Blood is nipt, and Ways be  
 foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,  
 Tu-whit ! to-whoop ;  
 A merry Note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the  
 Pot.  
 When all around the wind doth  
 blow,  
 And coughing drowns the Par  
 son's Sow ;  
 F And

82 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

And Birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's Nose looks red and  
 raw :  
 When roasted Crabs hiss in the  
 Bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,  
 Tu-whit ! To-whoop !  
 A merry Note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the  
 Pot.



TELL

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 83.

**T**ELL me where is Fancy bred,  
 Or in the Heart, or in the  
 Head ?  
 How begot, how nourished ?  
 Reply, reply.  
 It is engender'd in the Eyes,  
 With gazing fed, and Fancy dies  
 In the Cradle where it lies ;  
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell,  
 Ding, dong, Bell ;  
 Ding, dong, Bell.



UN-

84 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**U**NDER the greenwood Tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry Note,  
 Unto the sweet Bird's Throat ;  
 Come hither, come hither, come  
 hither,  
 Here shall he see  
 No Enemy,  
 But Winter and rough Weather.



WHO

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 85

**W**HO doth Ambition shun,  
 And loves to lie i' th' Sun  
 Seeking the Food he eats,  
 And pleas'd with what he gets ;  
 Come hither, come hither, come  
 hither ;  
 Here shall he see  
 No Enemy,  
 But Winter and rough Weather.  
 If it do come to pass,  
 That any Man turn Ass ;  
 Leaving his Wealth and Ease,  
 A stubborn Will to please,  
 Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me ;  
 Here shall he see  
 Grosse Fools,  
 And many such there be.

**BLOW**

## 86 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**B**LOW, blow, thou Winter  
 Wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As Man's Ingratitude ;  
 Thy Tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Altho' thy Breath be rude.  
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the  
 green Holly ;  
 Most Friendship is feigning ; most  
 loving mere folly.  
 Then heigh ho, the Holly !  
 This Life is most jolly.  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh,  
 As Benefits forgot :  
 Tho' thou the Waters warp,  
 Thy Sting is not so sharp  
 As Friend remember'd not,  
 Heigh ho ! sing, &c.

**O MIS-**

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 87

**O**MISTRESS mine, where are  
 you running ?  
 O stay you here, your true Love's  
 coming,  
 That can sing both high and low,  
 Trip no farther, pretty Sweeting,  
 Journeys end in Lovers meeting,  
 Every wife Man's Son doth know.  
 What is Love ? 'tis not hereafter :  
 Present Mirth hath present Laugh-  
 ter.  
 What's to come, is still unsure :  
 In Decay there lies no Plenty ;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet, and  
 twenty,  
 Youth's a Stuff will not endure.

**WHAT**

## 88 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**W**HAT shall he have that kill'd  
 the Deer ?  
 His leather skin and horns to wear ;  
 Then sing him home :—take thou  
 no Scorn  
 To wear the Horn, the Horn, the  
 Horn :  
 It was a Crest ere thou wast born.  
 Thy Father's Father wore it,  
 And thy Father bore it.  
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty  
 Horn,  
 Is not a Thing to laugh to scorn.

**WHEN**

Mother GOOSE's melody. 89

**W**HEN Daffodils begin to  
 'pear,  
 With, heigh! the Doxy over the  
 Daje;  
 Why then comes in the sweet o'th'  
 Year,  
 Fore the red Blood raint in the  
 winter Pail,  
 The white Sheet bleaching on the  
 Hedge,  
 With heigh! the sweet Birds. O  
 how they sing!  
 Doth set my proggng Tooth an  
 edge:  
 For a Quart of Ale is a dish for a  
 King.  
 'The Lark, that tira lyra chants,  
 With, hey! with hey! the Thrush  
 and the Jay:

Are

90 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

Are summer Songs for me and my  
 Aunts,  
 While we lay tumbling in the  
 Hay.



JOB

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 91

**J**OG on, jog on, the foot path  
 Way  
 And merrily mend the Style a,  
 A merry Heart goes all the Day,  
 Your sad tires in a Mile a.



ORPHEUS

92 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**O**RPHEUS with his Lute made  
 Trees,  
 And the Mountain Tops that  
 freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did  
 sing;  
 To his Musick, Plants and Flowers  
 Ever rose, as Sun and Showers  
 There had made a lasting Spring.  
 Ev'ry Thing that heard him play,  
 Ev'n the Bellows of the Sea,  
 Hung their Heads, and then lay  
 by.  
 In sweet Musick is such Art,  
 Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,  
 Fall asleep or hearing die.

HARK.

## Mother GOOSE's Melody. 93

**H**ARK, hark ! the Lark as  
 Heav'n's Gate sings,  
 And *Phœbus* 'gins arise,  
 His Steeds to water at those Springs  
 On chalic'd Flowers that lies,  
 And winking May buds begin  
 To ope their golden Eyes,  
 With every thing that's pretty  
 My Lady sweet, arise : (been ;  
 Arise, arise.



THE

## 94 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**T**HE poor Soul sat finging by a  
 Sycamore tree,  
 Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head  
 on her Knee,  
 The fresh Streams ran by her, and  
 murmur'd her Moans,  
 Her salt Tears fell from her, and  
 soften'd the Stones ;  
 Sing, all a green Willow must be  
 my Garland,  
 Let nobody blame him, his Scorn I  
 approve,  
 I call'd my Love, false Love ; but  
 what said he then ?  
 If I court more Women you'll think  
 of more Men.

FINIS.

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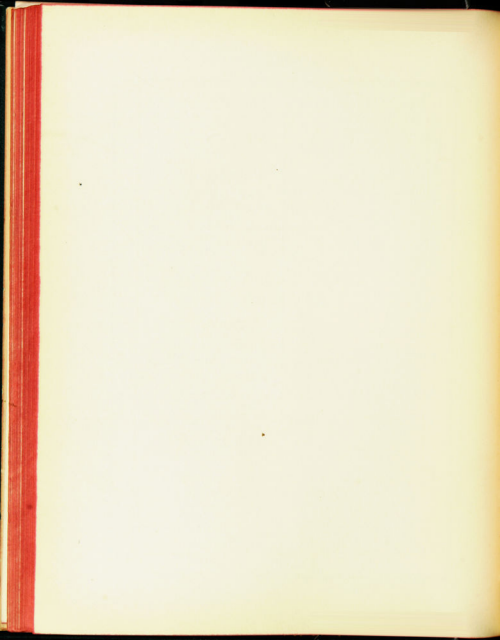
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## MEMOIR OF CHARLES PERRAULT.

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CHARLES PERRAULT was the first person to collect, reduce to writing, and to publish the *Couttes de ma mère l'Oye*, or, "Tales of Mother Goose," and it seems desirable therefore to say a few words about the man and the book.

First, as to the man. Although he was a busy man and of considerable importance in his generation, very few items of special interest seem to be obtainable. He essayed to write his autobiography, and so much as covered the first fifty years of his life was left by him in manuscript. This was printed by Patte in 1769, and reprinted in 1826 by Collin de Plancy in his edition of Perrault's works. Unfortunately the author, who died before the reign of Louis the Great had begun its decline, was more anxious to describe the part which he had taken in public affairs than to narrate the events of his private life. The autobiography has a few lively touches, but does not deserve a complete translation. Such of the later French editions of Perrault's works as I have seen, contain very little new information as to the author, though they overflow with theories and discussions about the origin of fairy tales. D'Alembert, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, has published a careful eulogy on Perrault in his "Histoire des Membres," Amsterdam, 1787, Vol. ii. pp. 165-220. I have gleaned a few anecdotes therefrom, but no authorities are cited except the autobiography.

Charles Perrault was born in Paris, January 12, 1628, being the youngest of three brothers who all became noted. His father, Pierre Perrault, was an advocate, and belonged to a family, originally from Tours, which was rich and well-connected. His uncle was President of the Parliament of Paris; an office held by some earlier Perrault, who built on what became the Quai Voltaire, a great mansion afterwards occupied by the Duchess of Portsmouth. The family arms, engraved under the portrait of Claude Perrault, were probably, or, an orle, azure, but the tinctures are doubtful.

After a course of study at the college of Beauvais, of which he speaks slightly, Charles took his licenses in the arts, at Orleans, in July, 1651, and in the same month he was admitted to the bar at Paris. Then he studied a little law, pleaded and won two cases, and was favorably noticed by the judges. His own words clearly indicate the small amount of learning which was deemed sufficient to qualify a young gentleman of good influence to obtain important offices. However, the advice of his oldest brother, Pierre, led him to renounce the pursuit of the law: and it is time to speak of the elder brothers. Pierre was born in 1610, Claude in 1613. Pierre had the misfortune to be a clerk in the office of the Treasury for Special Disbursements, when Colbert was a subordinate in the same place. When Colbert began his rapid ascent to the supreme control of the national finances, Pierre as an intimate friend was presumed to be most fortunate. He had bought the office of Receiver-General of the Finances of Paris, which he held from 1654 to 1664. At the end of this time, the king with truly royal generosity remitted all the unpaid taxes for ten years. "An admirable liberality," says Charles, "had it not been at the expense of the receivers-general, to whom these taxes belonged, and who have nearly all been ruined because they could not recover them." Pierre Perrault, like others, being thus a creditor of the government, used the fresh taxes as collected in payment of his own engagements. Colbert treated this as an embezzlement, and pressed the unfortunate official the more strictly lest he might be accused of favoring an old and intimate friend. Thus the oldest of the three brothers disappears from view into hopeless bankruptcy. Charles writes, about 1683, of his brother, that "such was his reputation, that during the time of his adversity, which lasted sixteen years, two of his friends entrusted him with their funds, amounting to more than forty thousand crowns. Colbert refused to pay him any portion of the three hundred thousand *livres*, which he claimed from the Crown, "and allowed him to die without doing him justice in the least respect."

During the ten years of prosperity, Charles had nominally been his brother's clerk; actually he had spent his time in his brother's fine library, reading, or making indifferent verses. But about 1663, Colbert was made Superintendent of Buildings; and, filled with visions of palaces, pyramids, triumphal arcs, and other monuments to be erected, he sought to enlist the services of a little council of literary men. He chose Chapelain, the abbé de Bourseis, and the abbé de Cassagnes, to whom Charles Perrault was added. Perrault was made clerk, owing to some skill in architecture which he had shown in building a mansion at Viry for his brother Pierre. The salary of each was fixed at five hundred gold crowns, increased in 1669 by five hundred livres;<sup>1</sup> and one of their chief duties was to prepare suitably flattering inscriptions to be used in celebrating the glories of Louis XIV. One project was for this council to write a history of the reign, and Perrault was given much special material; but the scheme was abandoned.

<sup>1</sup> Perrault adds, "which has lasted on this footing until 1683;" an indication, it is probable, of the date at which he wrote. W. H. W.

The French Academy was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, with forty members. These were, however, authors. Colbert determined to create an Academy of Science, to attend specially to five subjects, mathematics, astronomy, botany, anatomy, and chemistry. It was attempted to add a department of theology, but the Sorbonne objected, and this idea was abandoned.

Among the first members of this Academy was enrolled Claude Perrault, the second of the brothers, who was a distinguished doctor of medicine. He had also studied architecture, in which pursuit he was destined to obtain high honors. He died at Paris 9 October, 1688, aged 75, and his portrait will be found in Charles's "Les Hommes Illustres."

Charles himself was elected to the French Academy, on the death of the bishop of Léon, November 23, 1671.

The first protector of the French Academy was Richelieu; but on his death in 1642, this distinction fell to the Chancellor, Séguier, who held it till his death in 1672. Then, as D'Alembert says, "Colbert, enlightened by the wise advice of Charles Perrault, made the King appreciate that the protection of genius is one of the noblest prerogatives of supreme authority," and Louis XIV. graciously accepted the position in 1672. He assigned to the Academy for its meetings a magnificent apartment in the Louvre, as a little earlier he had conceded to it the inestimable privilege of addressing him on state occasions.

The protectorate established by the King is the subject of a contemporaneous engraving, reprinted in "La Grande Encyclopédie" (Paris, H. Lamirault & Co.) 1886, and reproduced herein (p. 78). Charles Perrault's name is numbered 29, probably his place chronologically, as No. 40 is inscribed Verjus (*i.e.* the Count de Creci), who was admitted in July, 1679. As is well known, the forty chairs of the Academy are always filled, being vacated only by death, and the succession to each is a matter of record. Charles Perrault occupied the twenty-third seat, his predecessor being Jean de Montigny, Bishop of Léon, and his successor being Gaston, Cardinal de Rohan. The present occupant is M. Mézières, chosen in 1874.

One of Colbert's first steps after he took charge of the public buildings was the completion of the Louvre. An invitation was sent by the King in April, 1665, to the cavalier Bernin, at Rome, as he was considered to be the most competent architect of the times, desiring him to undertake the construction. Perrault tells at great length of the arrival of Bernin, his arrogance, conceit and inefficiency. He also shows how he succeeded in pointing out the impracticability of the Italian's plans, and how his brother Claude's design was accepted. This success of the two brothers seems to have been accepted by them as a recompense for Pierre's disgrace. In fact, Charles writes very naively that Colbert answered his pleas for his brother's release from persecution, by the alternative of continuing in the Buildings' department and holding his tongue, or of resigning his place; in which latter event the minister would listen and reply. "I replied," says Charles, "that all I could do was to be silent and do what he wished."

The only item of Perrault's official life which seems worth preserving, is the fact that he persuaded Colbert not to close the gardens of the Tuileries to the public. Characteristic of him is the mention in his memoirs that he consulted Colbert when he intended to marry, and was glad that the great man did not forbid the bans; yet he does not tell the name of his wife nor the date of marriage, which was presumably about 1667.

D'Alembert in his Eulogy, however, gives high praise to Perrault as a writer and as a public officer. He says that Colbert appreciated the character of Perrault and gave him an important part as Controller General of Buildings. "He conducted himself in this place with the disinterestedness of an honest man, the intelligence of an educated and enlightened man, and the wisdom of one who recognized the self-respect of others in office. He informed Colbert on every point, instructed him without appearing to teach, and enabled him to approach the king with all the information derived from these secret interviews." Apropos of the wisdom of concealing the fact that he was the instructor, D'Alembert writes that to Perrault, a friend, a man of merit serving a minister other than Colbert, complained that his superior did not appreciate his full value. "So much the better for you," replied Perrault.

Again, in reference to the great dispute as to whether the inscriptions on monuments at the Louvre should be in Latin or French, D'Alembert says that Perrault decided for the latter, not only because he favored the moderns, but also "for the excellent, but secret reason, that neither the minister nor the king knew any other language."

Again, it seems that Colbert had ignorantly allowed Le Brun to place all over the shutters of the Louvre the serpents which were the arms of Colbert. The king noticed it, and spoke about it rather sarcastically. The minister, overwhelmed, sought Perrault, who at once said that under the victorious Sun (which was the well-known device of Louis XIV) it was very necessary to depict the Python. The minister ran with this explanation to the king, who treated it as a jest; but the serpents were promptly removed wherever possible. Such were the trifles which controlled the fate of ministers under the Grand Monarch.

D'Alembert also speaks highly of the literary ability of Perrault as shown in the little Academy which has since been continued as the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Their first work was preparing inscriptions for monuments, statues, and public buildings. "Perrault," he says, "had a singular talent for this kind of composition, which demands more qualities of mind than would be imagined, qualities which nature rarely joins in one person; an imagination both fertile and wise, simplicity joined to elevation, precision to fluency; a ready memory combined with a sound judgment, so as to neatly and happily apply the wisdom of the ancients to modern events; in short to combine a knowledge of art and antiquities with existing local circumstances."

To Charles and Claude Perrault, he attributes the foundation of the Academy of Sciences. "If," he says, "we view unitedly the services rendered by Charles and Claude Perrault, to Letters, Sciences, and the Arts, and consequently to that portion of the nation which desired and deserved information, we shall conclude perhaps that this family of simple citizens, so often the butt of satirists, has done as much for the glory of its king, as if it had been honored with the highest position."

D'Alembert states that when Charles Perrault was admitted to the Academy he made a formal speech of thanks which so pleased the society, that it was decided that all future admission should be public, and thence came the custom of the formal eulogy on his predecessor, pronounced by each new member.

Perrault himself adds, that before his admission, elections went by chance. A member would consult with his friends and then a month after the vacancy had happened, a motion would be made to admit some person named. Perrault introduced the custom of having ballots, so that everyone could present his candidate, and as it was supposed that he was the mouth-piece of the minister, the change was accepted at once.

About the year 1677 (the memoir reads 1667, probably a typographical error) changes were made in Perrault's department, which made his work so onerous, and the great minister became so unpleasant in his ways, that Charles decided to quit the public service; later on Louvois excluded him from the little Academy of Inscriptions. "Having worked," he says, "continuously for nearly twenty years and being over fifty years old," he wished to enjoy a rest and to attend to the education of his children. But he could not refrain from literary pursuits, and for twenty years his pen was seldom idle. Two only of his productions have preserved his reputation, his *Fairy Tales*, hereinafter discussed; and his two folios, entitled "Les Hommes Illustres, qui ont paru en France, pendant ce Siècle," 1696, 1700. This is an admirable specimen of a biographical dictionary, containing over one hundred splendid folio portraits engraved in line by Lubin, Vanschuppen, Edelinck, and Duflos, veritable master-pieces. Each portrait is accompanied by a brief memoir. To the first volume is prefixed a portrait of Charles Perrault, which has been reproduced by photo-gravure for this book, though only a portion of the original plate is copied. Perrault's volumes seem to have been republished at various dates in the eighteenth century, though the plates show signs of wear.

D'Alembert has much to say about Perrault's literary work, and especially about his great controversy as to the merits of the ancient and the modern authors, wherein he supported the moderns. Into this controversy it is unnecessary to go, save to extract an anecdote or two.

Dacier was one of the most bitter opponents of Perrault, who complained about it to Fontenelle. "Why," said the latter philosopher, "should Dacier pardon you.

In attacking the ancients you depreciate a kind of money of which his coffers are full and which constitutes his sole wealth."

His greatest enemy was Despréaux, and it is said that during their heated disputes, Perrault was praising a poem by an unknown author, which had received the Academy's prize. "You would be much surprised," said a friend to him, "to learn that the author was Despréaux." "If he were the devil," said Perrault, "he deserves the prize and he shall have it." D'Alembert in repeating this story adds, "this was perhaps only an act of justice, but justice toward an enemy who has abused you, becomes an act of heroism worthy of Socrates or Epictetus." Such were the amenities of literary controversies a century ago. Later on the two contestants were reconciled by their friends. Perrault forgave fully, and suppressed some of his sharpest sayings; while Despréaux wrote a letter which showed that his resentment was only smothered. It was of Despréaux that a friend said, "I am sure that we shall always agree; but if ever, after a quarrel, we make up, let us have no reparation, I pray: for I fear your reparations much more than your direct injuries."

It is very evident from the whole tenor of D'Alembert's eulogy, that in the traditions of the Academy, Charles Perrault held a most honorable place. He was remembered not only for the good services he had done to the society, but the impression survived of his exceptional abilities and his amiability. But even a century ago, it did not seem dignified to mention that Perrault was the true founder of the art of telling fairy stories, nor to recognize the undoubted fact that his *Contes* were being constantly reprinted, and that his name was a household word in thousands of nurseries.

Charles Perrault died on May 16, 1703. Lang sums up his character as follows: "He was a good man, a good father, a good Christian, and a good fellow. He was astonishingly clever and versatile in little things, honest, courteous, and witty, and an undaunted amateur. The little thing in which he excelled most was telling fairy tales. Every generation listens in its turn to this old family friend of all the world. No nation owes him so much as we of England, who, south of the Scottish, and east of the Welsh marshes, have scarce any popular tales of our own, save Jack the Giant Killer, and who have given the full fairy citizenship to Perrault's *Petit Poucet* and *La Barbe Bleue*."

As to the Fairy Tales. In 1691, Perrault published the story of *Grisélidis*, in verse, an avowed adaptation of Boccaccio's story. In 1694, he reprinted it with *Peau d'Asne* and *Les Souhaits Ridicules*, both rhyming versions of fairy stories. In 1694, he also printed them in Moetjens' *Recueil*, a little magazine printed at the Hague. Copies of this work are extremely rare, but a fine example is in the Boston Public Library. In 1666 and 1697 he printed in the same magazine, but anonymously, the seven prose fairy tales which have immortalized him.



In 1697 these Tales were republished by Claude Barbin at Paris, 12mo, pp. 230. The title is *Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités*. As I have already shown, (*ante*, p. 1,) the frontispiece is a group of figures, and in the background is a placard reading "Contes de ma mère l'Oye." The first title which may be rendered "Tales of the Olden Time," was not distinctive; but the sub-title, "Tales of Mother Goose," was not only a popular phrase, but it was soon employed to the exclusion of the former.

These Tales as well as the poems are given by Andrew Lang, in his beautiful edition printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1888; a book which I have carefully consulted and used. The dedication of the edition of 1697 is to Mademoiselle (*i. e.*, Elizabeth Charlotte d'Orleans, sister of Philippe, afterwards the Regent), and is signed P. Darmancour. It is agreed that this is the name of one of the sons of Charles Perrault, taken according to custom from some family estate; but nothing more is known of him. There was a son Pierre, mentioned somewhere in A. Jal's immense volume of biographies, but he would have been nineteen years old in 1697. Now as Lang points out (p. xxv) Mlle. l'Heritier de Villandon just at this time published a book in which she says that people spoke "of the excellent education which M. Perrault gives his children, and finally of the *Contes naïfs* which one of his young pupils has lately written with so much charm. A few of these stories were narrated and led on to others." As this lady was a relative of Perrault's, to whose daughter she dedicated the first tale in her book, she is a good witness. But her words imply that the precocious author was a child. Again, the Dutch reprint of the book in 1697 describes it as being by the son of M. Perrault, (Lang, xxviii,) and in 1699 the Abbé de Villiers in his *Entretiens sur les Contes des Fées* makes one of his persons praise the stories "which are attributed to the son of a celebrated Academician," while another speaker rejoins that "much as he may esteem the son of the Academician, he can hardly believe that the father has had no hand in the work." (Lang, *ibid.*)

Contemporary opinion was probably correct, and we may assume that Perrault's little boy, living in a household where literature was the predominant interest, was inspired to commence as an author by writing down the stories which he had so recently learned from his nurse. As Lang has well put it, "contrast with these refinements, these superfluities and incoherences," (shown in contemporary publications,) "the brevity, directness and simplicity of *Histoires et Contes du Temps passé*. They have the touch of an intelligent child, writing down what he has heard told in plain language by plain people." "But, if the little boy thus furnished the sketch, it is indubitable that the elderly Academician and *beau esprit* touched it up, here toning down an incident too amazing for French sobriety and logic, there adding a detail of contemporary court manners, or a hit at some foible or vanity of men."

Finally I have to call attention to the fact that though Perrault has been duly honored in France, the bibliography of the English translation has yet to be written.

Lang reports (p. xxxiv) that in March, 1729, an English version by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised in the *Monthly Chronicle*; I presume this translator to be Robert Samber, a hack-writer of the period, concerning whom I can now add that he was presumably the Mr. Samber of New Inn, who was translating from the French for Edmund Curll in 1727. (Notes and Queries, 2nd S., vol. iii., p. 141.)

I have not been able to hear of a copy of this version, but it was probably reprinted without change to the seventh edition, which was published by John Newbery. The New York edition of 1796, which is here reprinted, is unmistakably from a version as early as the date (1729) above cited, and ascribes it to R. S. Gent. Here we must clearly understand the meaning to be R. S., gentleman, especially in view of the fact that double Christian names were almost unknown in the seventeenth century.

I trust my readers will agree with me that this version retains much of the simplicity, directness and force of the original French. Since then this simplicity has been so overlaid and concealed by the fancied improvements of writers, that Perrault's original will be a novelty.

W. H. W.



## MOTHER GOOSE'S TALES.

### LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

#### TALE I.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a certain village, a little country girl, the prettiest creature was ever seen. — Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grand-mother doted on her much more. This good woman got made for her a little red Riding-Hood; which became the girl so extremely well, that every body called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day, her mother, having made some custards, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how thy grand-mamma does, for I hear she has been very ill, carry her a custard, and this little pot of butter." Little Red Riding-Hood sets out immediately to go to her grand-mother, who lived in another village. As she was going thro' the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some faggot makers hard by in the forest.

He asked her, whither she was going: The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a Wolf talk, said to him, "I am going to see my grand-mamma, and carry her a custard, and a little pot of butter, from my mamma." "Does she live far off?" said the Wolf. "Oh! ay," answered Little Red Riding-Hood, "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village." "Well," said the Wolf, "and I'll go and see her too: I'll go this way, and you go that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house: he knocked at the door, tap, tap. "Who's there?" "Your grand-child, Little Red Riding-Hood" (replied the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice) "who has brought you a custard, and a little pot of butter, sent you by mamma."

The good grand-mother, who was in bed, because she found herself somewhat ill, cry'd out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." The Wolf pull'd the bobbin, and the door opened, and then presently he fell upon the good woman, and eat her up in a moment; for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door, and went into the grand-mother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards, and knock'd at the door, tap, tap. "Who's there?" Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but believ-

ing her grand-mother had got a cold, and was hoarse, answered, "'Tis your grand-child, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard, and a little pot of butter, mamma sends you." The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The Wolf seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes; "Put the custard, and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lye down with me." Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself, and went into bed; where, being greatly amazed to see how her grand-mother looked in her night-cloaths, said to her, "Grand-mamma, what great arms you have got?" "That is the better to hug thee, my dear." "Grand-mamma, what great legs you have got!" "That is to run the better, my child." "Grand-mamma, what great ears you have got!" "That is to hear the better, my child." "Grand-mamma, what great eyes you have got!" "It is to see the better, my child." "Grand-mamma, what great teeth you have got!" "That is to eat thee up." And, saying these words, this wicked Wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and eat her all up.

#### THE MORAL.

From this short story easy we discern  
 What conduct all young people ought to learn.  
 But above all, young, growing misses fair,  
 Whose orient rosy blooms begin t'appear:  
 Who, beauties in the fragrant spring of age,  
 With pretty airs young hearts are apt t'engage.  
 Ill do they listen to all sorts of tongues,  
 Since some enchant and lure like Syrens songs.  
 No wonder therefore 'tis, if over-power'd,  
 So many of them has the Wolf devour'd.  
 The Wolf, I say, for Wolves too sure there are  
 Of every sort, and every character.  
 Some of them mild and gentle-humour'd be,  
 Of noise and gall, and rancour wholly free—  
 Who tame, familiar, full of complaisance  
 Ogle and leer, languish, cajole and glance;  
 With luring tongues, and language wond'rous sweet,  
 Follow young ladies as they walk the street,  
 Ev'n to their very houses, nay, beside,  
 And, artful, tho' their true designs they hide:  
 Yet ah! these simpering Wolves who does not see  
 Most dang'rous of all Wolves in fact to be?

## THE FAIRY.

### TALE II.

THERE was, once upon a time, a widow, who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in the face and humour, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable, and so proud, that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father, for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls was ever seen. As people naturally love their own likeness, this mother even doated on her eldest daughter, and at the same time had a horrible aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half off the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink: "O ay, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and rinsing immediately the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while, that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drank, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift" (for this was a Fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country-woman, to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go) "I will give you for gift" (continued the Fairy) "that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower, or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home, her mother scolded at her for staying so long at the fountain. "I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste," and, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two diamonds. "What is it I see there?" said her mother quite astonished, "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, child?" (This was the first time she ever called her child.)

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds. "In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny, look what comes out of thy sister's mouth when she speaks! Would'st not thou be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to thee? Thou hast nothing else to do but go and draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly." "It would be a very fine sight indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water!" "You

<sup>1</sup> In the original the name is Fanchon.

shall go, hussey," said the mother, "and this minute." So away she went, but grumbling all the way, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain, than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her, and asked to drink. This was, you must know, the very Fairy who appeared to her sister, but had now taken the air and dress of a princess, to see how far this girl's rudeness would go. "Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy slut, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the Fairy, without putting herself in a passion: "Well then, since you have so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad." So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out; "Well, daughter." "Well, mother," answered the pert hussey, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads. "O mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see! O, it is that wretch her sister who has occasioned all this; but she shall pay for it;" and immediately she ran to beat her. The poor child fled away from her and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from thence.

The king's son, then on his return from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her, What she did there alone, and why she cried? "Alas! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors." The king's son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story; and so the king's son fell in love with her; and, considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage-portion whatsoever in another, conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off; and the miserable wretch, having wandered about a good while without finding any body to take her in, went to a corner in the wood and there died.

#### THE MORAL.

Money and jewels still we find,  
Stamp strong impressions on the mind;  
However, sweet discourse does yet much more,  
Of greater value is, and greater pow'r.

#### ANOTHER.

Civil behaviour costs indeed some pains,  
Requires of complaisance some little share;  
But soon or late its due reward it gains,  
And meets it often when we're not aware.

## BLUE BEARD.

### TALE III.

THERE was a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man had the misfortune to have a Blue Beard, which made him so frightfully ugly, that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbours, a lady of quality had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her the choice which of the two she would bestow upon him. They would neither of them have him, and sent him backwards and forwards from one to another, being not able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a Blue Beard. And what besides gave them disgust and aversion, was his having already been married to several wives, and no-body ever knew what became of them.

Blue Beard, to engage their affection, took them, with the lady their mother, and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighbourhood, to one of his country-seats, where they stayed a whole week. There was nothing then to be seen but parties of pleasure, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other: In short, every thing succeeded so well, that the youngest daughter began to think, the master of the house not to have a Beard so very Blue, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards Blue Beard told his wife, that he was obliged to take a country-journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence, desiring her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends & acquaintances, to carry them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer where-ever she was: "Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture; these are of my silver and gold plate, which is not every day in use; these open my strong boxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels; and this is the master-key to all my apartments: But for this little one here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all; go into all and away one of them; except that little closet which I forbid you, and forbid it in such a manner that, if you happen to open it, there's nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment." She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered; when he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbours and good friends did not stay to be sent for by the newmarried lady, so great was their impatience to see all the rich furniture of her house, not daring to come while her husband was there, because of his Blue Beard which frightened them. They ran thro' all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so rich and fine, that they seemed to surpass one another. After that, they went up into the two great rooms, where were the best and richest furniture; they could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables and looking-glasses, in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent which were ever seen. They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the mean time no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet of the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity, that, without considering that it was very uncivil to leave her company, she went down a little back-stair-case, and with such excessive haste, that she had twice or thrice like to have broken her neck.

Being come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong she could not overcome it: She took then the little key, and opened it trembling; but could not at first see any thing plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women ranged against the walls: (These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear, and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she took up the key, locked the door, and went up stairs into her chamber to recover herself; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off, but the blood would not come out; in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand, the blood still remained, for the key was a Fairy, and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Blue Beard returned from his journey the same evening, and said, he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was ended to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him she was extremely glad of his speedy return. Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand, that he easily guessed what had happened. "What," said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?" "I must certainly," answered she, "have left it above upon the table." "Fail not," said Blue Beard, "to bring it me presently."



After several goings backwards and forwards, she was forced to bring him the key. Blue Beard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife; "How comes this blood upon the key?" "I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death. "You do not know," replied Blue Beard, "I very well know, you was resolved to go into the closet, was you not? Mighty well, Madam; you shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, and that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Blue Beard had a heart harder than any rock! "Thou must die, Madam," said he, "and that presently." "Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears) "give me some little time to say my prayers." "I give you," replied Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone, she called out to her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne (for that was her name) "go up I beg you, upon the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming; they promised me that they would come to day, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste." Her sister Anne went up upon the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time, "Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" And sister Anne said, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."<sup>1</sup>

In the mean while Blue Beard, holding a great scimitar in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife, "Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you." "One moment longer, if you please," said his wife, and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see any body coming?" And sister Anne answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass looking green." "Come down quickly," cried Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you." "I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see any one coming?" "I see," replied sister Anne, "a great dust that comes on this side here." — "Are they my brothers?" "Alas! no, my dear sister, I see a flock of sheep." "Will you not come down?" cried Blue Beard. "One moment longer," said his wife, and then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see nobody coming?" "I see," said she, "two horsemen coming, but they are yet a great way off." "God be praised," replied the poor wife, joyfully, "they are my brothers; I will make them a sign, as well as I can, for them to make haste." Then Blue Beard bawled out so loud, that he made the whole house tremble.

The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders: "This signifies nothing," says Blue Beard, "you must die;"

<sup>1</sup> The original, which has become a "familiar quotation" in French, is "Je ne vois rien que le Soleil qui pouloze et l'herbe qui verdoze." W. H. W.

then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up his scimitar with the other, he was going to take off her head. The poor lady turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself. "No, no," said he, "recommend thyself to God," and was just ready to strike. — At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate, that Blue Beard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and presently entered two horsemen, who drawing their swords, ran directly to Blue Beard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, the other a musqueteer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself; but the two brothers pursued so close, that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch, when they ran their swords thro' his body and left him dead.

The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers. Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers; and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Blue Beard.

#### THE MORAL.

O curiosity, thou mortal bane!  
 Spite of thy charms, thou causest often pain  
 And sore regret, of which we daily find  
 A thousand instances attend mankind:  
 For thou, O may it not displease the fair,  
 A fleeting pleasure art, but lasting care;  
 And always costs, alas! too dear the prize,  
 Which, in the moments of possession, dies.

#### ANOTHER.

A very little share of common sense,  
 And knowledge of the world, will soon evince,  
 That this a story is of time long pass'd,  
 No husbands now such panic terrors cast;  
 Nor weakly, with a vain despotic hand,  
 Imperious, what's impossible, command:  
 And be they discontented, or the fire,  
 Of wicked, jealousy their hearts inspire,  
 They softly sing; and of whatever hue  
 Their beards may chance to be, or black, or blue,  
 Grizeld, or russet, it is hard to say,  
 Which of the two, the man or wife, bears sway.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

### TALE IV.

THERE were formerly a king and a queen, who were so sorry that they had no children, so sorry that it cannot be expressed. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried and all to no purpose. At last, however, the queen proved with child, and was brought to-bed of a daughter. There was a very fine christening; and the princess had for her godmothers all the Fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven) that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of Fairies in those days. By this means the princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the king's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the Fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife and fork, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table, they saw come into the hall a very old Fairy whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted. The king ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had seven only made for the seven Fairies. The old Fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threat between her teeth. One of the young Fairies, who sat by her, over-heard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possible she could, the evil which the old Fairy might intend.

In the mean while all the Fairies began to give their gifts to the princess. The youngest gave her for gift, that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in every thing she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play upon all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said, that the princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every body fell a crying.

At this very instant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud: "Assure yourselves, O king and queen, that your daughter shall

not die of this disaster : It is true, I have no power to undo intirely 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."

The king, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, caused immediately proclamations to be made, whereby every-body was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle or to have so much as any spindle in 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 one day to divert herself in running up and down the palace ; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman, alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never 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, this is very pretty ; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so?" She had no sooner taken it into her hand, than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers ; they 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 nothing would bring her to herself.

And now the king, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the Fairies, and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairies had said it, caused the princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver. One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful ; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion ; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral ; indeed her eyes were shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The king commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awakening was come.

The good Fairy, who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakín, 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 came away immediately, and she arrived, about an hour after, in a fiery chariot, drawn by dragons. The king handed her out of the chariot, and she approved every thing he had done ; but, as she had a very great foresight, she thought, when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace ; and this was what she did ; She touched with her wand every

thing in the palace (except the king and the queen) governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, under-cooks, scullions, guards, with their beef-eaters, pages, footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsey<sup>1</sup> too, the Princess's little spaniel-bitch, which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them, they all fell asleep, that they might not awake 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 hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the king and the queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation, that nobody should dare to come near it. This, however, was not necessary; for, in a quarter of an hour's time, there grew up, all round about the park, such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass thro'; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace; and that too, not unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the Fairy gave herein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the Princess, while she continued sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and passed, the son of the king, then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping Princess, being gone a hunting on that side of the country, asked, What those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood? Every one answered according as they had heard; some said, That it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits; others, That all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath, or nights meeting. The common opinion was, That an Ogre<sup>2</sup> lived there, and that he carried thither, all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without any-body's being able to follow him, as having himself, only, the power to pass thro' the wood.

The Prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus: "May it please your royal highness, it is now above fifty years since I heard from my father, (who heard my grandfather say,)<sup>3</sup> that there then was in this castle, a Princess, the most beautiful was ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be awaked by a king's son; for whom she was reserved." The young Prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing 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.

<sup>1</sup> Poodle, in the original.

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<sup>2</sup> Ogre is a giant, with long teeth and claws, with a raw head and bloody-bones, who runs away with naughty little boys and girls, and eats them up. [Note by the translator.]

<sup>3</sup> This phrase is added by the translator.

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Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes and brambles, gave way of themselves to let him pass thro'; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue which he went into; and what a little surprised him, was, that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again, as soon as he had pass'd thro' them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way; a young and amorous Prince is always valliant. He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned all over a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere shewed 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 ruby faces, and pimpled noses of the beef-eaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, shewed plainly, that they fell asleep in their cups.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard-chamber, where the guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulder, and snoring as loud as they could. After that he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw, upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight was ever beheld; a Princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner resplendent beauty, had somewhat in it divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princess awaked, and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of; "Is it you, my Prince," said she 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, knew not how to shew his joy and gratitude; he assured her, that he loved her better than he did himself; their discourse was not well connected, they did weep more than talk, little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it; she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good Fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet they said not half what they had to say.

In the mean while, all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular business; and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die for hunger; the chief lady of honour, being as sharp set as other folks, grew very impatient, and told the Princess aloud, That supper was served up. The Prince helped the Princess to rise, she was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his royal highness took care not to tell her, that she was dressed like his great grand-mother, and had a point-band

peeping over a high collar ;<sup>1</sup> she looked not a bit the less beautiful and charming for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the Princess's officers ; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, tho' it was now above a hundred years since they had played ; and after supper, without losing any 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 ; the Princess had no occasion, and the Prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been in pain for him. The Prince told him, That he lost his way in the forest, as he was hunting, and that he had lain at the cottage of a collier, who gave him cheese and brown bread.

The King his father, who was a good man, believed him ; but his mother could not be persuaded this was true ; and seeing that he went almost every day a hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready for so doing, tho' he had laid out 3 or 4 nights together ; she began to suspect he had some little amour, for he lived with the Princess above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named Morning,<sup>2</sup> and the youngest, who was a son, they called Day, because he was a great deal handsomer, and more beautiful than his sister.

The queen spake several times to her son, to inform herself after what manner he did pass his time, and that in this he ought in duty to satisfy her : But he never dared to trust her with his secret ; he feared her, tho' he loved her ; for she was of the race of the Ogres, and the king would never have married her, had it not been for her vast riches ; it was even whispered about the court, that she had Ogresish inclinations, and that, whenever she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to refrain falling upon them : And 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 openly declared his marriage ; and he went in great ceremony to conduct his queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, she riding between her two children.

Some time after, the king went to make war with the Emperor Cantalabutte, his neighbour. He left the government of the kingdom to the queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the summer, and as soon as he departed, the queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law and her children to a country-house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing.

Some few days afterwards she went thither herself, and said to her clerk of the kitchen : " I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner to morrow." " Ah ! Madam," cried the clerk of the kitchen ! " I will have it so," replied the queen (and

<sup>1</sup> " Un collet monté," in the original.

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<sup>2</sup> " *Aurore*" in the original.

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this she spake in the tone of an Ogress, who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat) "and will eat her with a Sauce Robert."<sup>1</sup> The poor man knowing very well that he must not 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 jumping and laughing to take him about the neck, and ask him for some sugar-candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hand, and he went into the back-yard, and killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce, that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in her life. He had at the same time taken up little Morning, and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the bottom of the court yard.

About eight days afterwards, the wicked queen said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I will sup upon Little Day." He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her, as he had done before. He went to find out little Day, and saw him with a little file in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey; the child being then only three years of age. 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 found to be wonderfully good.

This was hitherto all mighty well: but one evening this wicked queen said to her clerk of the kitchen, "I will eat the Queen with the same sauce I had with her children." It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was turned of twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep: her skin was somewhat tough, tho' very fair and white; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm, was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into her chamber, with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great a fury as he could possibly, and came into the young Queen's room with his dagger in his hand: He would not, however, surprise her, but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the queen-mother. "Do it, do it," (said she stretching out her neck) "execute your orders, and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved," for she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge. "No, no, madam" (cried the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears) "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children again; but then you must go home with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them, and I shall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your stead a young hind." Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber; where leaving her to embrace her children, and cry along with them, he went and dressed a hind, which the Queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite, as if it had been the young Queen. Exceedingly was

<sup>1</sup> This is a French sauce, made with onions shred and boiled tender in butter, to which is added vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, and a little wine. [Note by the translator.]



she delighted with her 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, and her two children.

One evening, as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts 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 mamma was going to whip him, because he had been naughty; and she heard, at the same time, little Morning begging pardon for her brother.

The Ogress presently knew the voice of the Queen and her children, and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded next morning, by break of day (with a most horrible voice, which made every body tremble) that they should bring into the middle of the great court a large tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the King (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horseback (for he came post) and asked, with the utmost astonishment, what was the meaning of that horrible spectacle? No one dared to tell him; when the Ogress, all enraged to see what had happened, threw herself head-foremost into the tub and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it for others. The King could not be but very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife, and his pretty children.

#### THE MORAL.

To get a husband rich, genteel and gay,  
 Of humour sweet, some time to stay,  
 Is natural enough, 'tis true;  
 But then to wait a hundred years,  
 And all that while asleep, appears  
 A thing entirely new  
 Now at this time of day,  
 Not one of all the sex we see  
 To sleep with such profound tranquillity:  
 But yet this Fable seems to let us know,  
 That very often Hymen's blisses sweet,  
 Altho' some tedious obstacles they meet,  
 Which make us for them a long while to stay,  
 Are not less happy for approaching slow;  
 And that we nothing lose by such a delay,

But warm'd by nature's lambent fires,  
The sex so ardently aspires  
Of this bless'd state the sacred joy t'embrace,  
And with such earnest heart pursue 'em :  
I've not the will, I must confess,  
Nor yet the power, nor fine address,  
To preach this moral to 'em.

## THE MASTER CAT; OR, PUSS IN BOOTS.

### TALE V.

THERE was a miller, who left no more estate to the three sons he had, than his Mill, his Ass, and his Cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the scrivener nor attorney were sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the Mill, the second the Ass, and the youngest nothing but the Cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot. "My Brothers," said he, "may get their living handsomely enough, by joining their stocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my Cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I must die with hunger." The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air, "Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have nothing else to do, but to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper thro' the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so had a portion of me as you imagine."

Tho' the Cat's Master did not build very much upon what he said, he had however often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the meal, and make as if he were dead; so that he did not altogether despair of his affording him some help in his miserable condition. When the Cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly; and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws, and went into a warren where was great abundance of rabbits. He put bran and sow-thistle into his bag, and stretching himself out at length, as if he had been dead, he waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had put into it.

Scarce was he lain down, but he had what he wanted; a rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took and killed him without pity. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shewed up stairs into the king's apartment, and, making a low reverence, said to him, "I have brought you, Sir, a rabbit of the warren which my noble lord the marquis of Carabas" (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master) "has commanded me to present to your majesty from him." "Tell thy master," said the king, "that I thank him, and that he does me a great deal of pleasure."

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing-corn, holding still his bag open; and when a brace of partridges run into it, he drew the strings, and so caught them both. He went and made a present of these to the king, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The king in like manner received the partridges with great pleasure, and ordered him some money to drink.

The Cat continued for two or three months, thus to carry his majesty, from time to time, game of his master's taking. One day in particular, when he knew for certain that he was to take the air, along the river side, with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master, "If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made; you have nothing else to do, but go and wash yourself in the river, in that part I shall shew you, and leave the rest to me." The marquis of Carabas did what the Cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore.

While he was washing, the king passed by, and the Cat began to cry out, as loud as he could, "Help, help, my lord marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned." At this noise the king put his head out of his coach-window, and finding it was the Cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his lordship the marquis of Carabas.

While they were drawing the poor marquis out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach, and told the king, that while his master was washing, there came by some rogues, who went off with his clothes, tho' he had cried out "thieves, thieves," several times, as loud as he could. This cunning Cat had hidden them under a great stone. The king immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the lord marquis of Carabas.

The king caressed him after a very extraordinary manner; and as the fine clothes he had given him extremely set off his good mien (for he was well made, and very handsome in his person) the king's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances, but she fell in love with him to distraction. The king would needs have him come into his coach, and take part of the airing. The Cat, quite over-joyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and meeting with some countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he said to them, "Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the king, that the meadow you mow belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The king did not fail asking of the mowers, to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged; "to my lord marquis of Carabas," answered they altogether; for the Cat's threats had made them terribly afraid. "You see, sir," said the marquis, "this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year." The Master-Cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them, "Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the king that all this corn belongs to the marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The king, who passed by a moment after, would needs know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong: "to my lord marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers; and the king was very well pleased with it, as well as the marquis, whom he congratulated thereupon. The Master-Cat, who went always before, said the same words to all he met; and the king was astonished at the vast estates of my lord marquis of Carabas.

Monsieur Puss came at last to a stately castle, the master of which was an Ogre, the richest had ever been known; for all the lands which the king had then gone over belonged to this castle. The Cat, who had taken care to inform himself who this Ogre was, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying, He could not pass so near his castle, without having the honor of paying his respects to him.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and made him sit down. "I have been assured," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to; you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like." "This is true," answered the Ogre very briskly, "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion." Puss was so sadly terrified at the sight of a lion so near him, that he immediately got into the gutter, not without abundance of trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were of no use at all to him in walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the Ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down, and owned he had been very much frightened.

"I have been moreover informed," said the Cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have also the power to take on you the shape of the smallest animals; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but I must own to you, I take this to be impossible." "Impossible?" cried the Ogre, "you shall see that presently," and at the same time changed himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner perceived this, but he fell upon him, and eat him up.

Meanwhile the king, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the Ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his majesty's coach running over the drawbridge, ran out and said to the king, "Your majesty is welcome to this castle of my lord marquis of Carabas." "What! my lord marquis?" cried the king; "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court, and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please." The marquis gave his hand to the princess, and followed the king, who went up first. They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent collation which the Ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter knowing the king was there. His majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my lord marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter who was fallen violently in love with him; and seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him,

after having drank five or six glasses, "It will be owing to yourself only, my lord marquis, if you are not my son-in-law." The marquis making several low bows, accepted the honour which his majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more, but only for his diversion.

THE MORAL.

How advantageous soe'er it be,  
By long descent of pedigree,  
T'enjoy a great estate ;  
Yet knowledge how to act we see,  
Join'd with consummate industry,  
(Nor wonder ye thereat)  
Is, for the gen'ral, of itself alone  
To be more useful to young people known.

ANOTHER.

If the son of a miller, so soon gains the heart  
Of a beautiful princess, and makes her impart  
Sweet languishing glances, eyes dying for love,  
It must be remark'd of fine clothes how they move,  
And that youth, a good face, a good air, with good mien,  
Are not always indifferent mediums to win  
The love of the fair and gently inspire  
The flames of sweet passion, and tender desire.

## CINDERILLA; OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

### TALE VI.

ONCE there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had by a former husband, two daughters of her own humour and were indeed exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over, but the mother-in-law began to shew herself in her colours. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the less, because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house; she scoured the dishes, tables, &c. and rubbed Madam's chamber, and those of Misses, her daughters; she lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw-bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full length, from head to foot. The poor girl bore all patiently, and dare not tell her father, who would have rattled her off; for his wife governed him intirely. When she had done her work, she used to go into the chimney-corner, and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly be called Cinder-breech;<sup>1</sup> but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her Cinderilla. However, Cinderilla, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, tho' they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, & invited all persons of fashion to it: Our young misses were also invited; for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in chusing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might best become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderilla; for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles; they talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed. "For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit, with French trimming."<sup>2</sup> "And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered manteau, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the

<sup>1</sup> *Cucendron* in the original.

W. H. W.

<sup>2</sup> *Ma garniture d'Angléttere*, in the original.

W. H. W.

world." They sent for the best tire-woman they could get, to make up their head-dresses, and adjust their double-pinnars, and they had their red brushes, and patches from mademoiselle Dè la Poche.<sup>1</sup>

Cinderilla was likewise called up to them to be consulted in all these matters, for she had excellent notions, and advised them always for the best, nay and offered her service to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderilla, would you not be glad to go to the ball;" "Ah!" said she, "you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go thither." "Thou art in the right of it," replied they, "it would make the people laugh to see a Cinder-breech at a ball." Any one but Cinderilla would have dressed their heads awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two days without eating, so much they were transported with joy: They broke above a dozen of laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking glass. At last the happy day came; they went to court, and Cinderilla followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them, she fell a crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter? "I wish I could —, I wish I could —;" she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing, this godmother of hers, who was a Fairy, said to her, "Thou wishest thou couldest go to the ball, is it not so?" "Y—es," cried Cinderilla, with a great sigh. "Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden, and bring me a pompon."<sup>2</sup> Cinderilla went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pompon could make her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pompon was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive, and ordered Cinderilla to lift up a little the trap-door, when giving each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, the mouse was at that moment turned into a fair horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-coloured dapple-grey. Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go and see," says Cinderilla, "if there be never a rat in the rat trap, we may make a coachman of him." "Thou art in the right," replied her godmother; "go and look." Cinderilla brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The Fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard, and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers eyes ever beheld.

<sup>1</sup> *de la bonne faiseuse*, in the original.

W. H. W.

<sup>2</sup> *Boyer's Dictionary*, 1789, says that *citroutille* is a gourd, but under pompon or pampin he gives *coerge*, which is a kind of *citroutille*.

W. H. W.



After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot; bring them to me." She had no sooner done so, but her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other, as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderilla "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?" "O yes," cried she, "but must I go thither as I am, in these poison nasty rags?" Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done she gave her a pair of glass-slippers, the prettiest in the whole world.

Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her, at the same time, That if she stayed at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pompion again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother, she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight; and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom no-body knew, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she alighted out of the coach, and led her into the hall, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence, they left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the singular beauties of this unknown new comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of "Ha! how handsome she is! ha! how handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her, and telling the queen softly, "That it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature." All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could meet with such fine materials, and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honourable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him: she danced so very gracefully, that they all more and more admired her. A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince eat not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, shewing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with; which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderilla was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company, and hasted away as fast as she could.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her godmother, and after having thanked her, she said, "She could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her." As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever

had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door which Cinderilla ran and opened. "How long you have stayed," cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had been just awaked out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home. "If thou hadst been at the ball," says one of her sisters, "thou wouldst not have been tired with it; there came thither the finest princess, the most beautiful ever was seen with mortal eyes; she shewed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons." Cinderilla seemed very indifferent in the matter: indeed she asked them, The name of that princess; but they told her, They did not know it; and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account, and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderilla, smiling, replied, "She must then be very beautiful indeed; Lord! how happy have you been; could not I see her? Ah! dear miss Charlotte,<sup>1</sup> do lend me your yellow suit of cloaths which you wear every day;" "Ay, to be sure!" cried miss Charlotte, "lend my cloaths to such a dirty Cinder-breech as thou art; who's the fool then?" Cinderilla, indeed, expected some such answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball and so was Cinderilla, but dressed more magnificently than before, the king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome, that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her so that she, at last, counted the clock striking twelve, when she took it to be no more than eleven; she then rose up, and fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her Glass Slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her nasty old cloaths, having nothing left her of all her finery, but one of the little Slippers, fellow to that she dropped. The guards at the palace gate were asked, If they had not seen a princess go out? who said, They had seen no-body go out, but a young girl, very meanly dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench, than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderilla asked them, If they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there? They told her, Yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste, that she dropped one of her little Glass Slippers, the prettiest in the world, and which the king's son had taken up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time of the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the little Slipper.

What they said was very true; for a few days after, the king's son caused it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot this Slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it on upon the princesses, then the

<sup>1</sup> Mademoiselle Javotte in the original.

dutchesses, and all the court but in vain ; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the Slipper, but they could not effect it. Cinderilla, who saw all this, and knew her Slipper, said to them laughing, " Let me see if it will not fit me ? " Her sisters burst out a laughing, and began to banter her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper, looked earnestly at Cinderilla, and finding her very handsome, said it was but just that she should try, and that he had orders to let every one make tryal. He obliged Cinderilla to sit down, and putting the Slipper to her foot, he found it went in very easily, and fitted her, as if it had been made of wax. The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater, when Cinderilla pulled out of her pocket the other Slipper, and put it on her foot. Thereupon, in came her godmother, who having touched, with her wand, Cinderilla's cloaths, made them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderilla took them up, and as she embraced them, cried, That she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was ; he thought her more charming than ever, and, a few days after, married her. Cinderilla, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.

## THE MORAL.

Beauty's to the sex a treasure,  
 We still admire it without measure,  
 And never yet was any known,  
 By still admiring, weary grown.  
 But that which we call good grace,  
 Exceeds, by far, a handsome face ;  
 Its charms by far, surpass the other,  
 And this was what her good godmother  
 Bestow'd on Cinderilla fair,  
 Whom she instructed with such care,  
 And gave her such a graceful mien,  
 That she, thereby, became a queen.  
 For thus (may ever truth prevail)  
 We draw our moral from this tale.  
 This quality, fair ladies, know  
 Prevails much more (you'll find it so)  
 T'ingage and captivate a heart,  
 Than a fine head dress'd up with art ;

## MOTHER GOOSE'S TALES.

'Tis true the gift of heaven and fate,  
Without it none, in any state,  
Effectual any thing can do ;  
But with it all things well and true.

## ANOTHER.

A great advantage 'tis, no doubt, to man,  
To have wit, courage, birth, good sense, and brain,  
And other such-like qualities, which we  
Receiv'd from heaven's kind hand, and destiny  
But none of these rich graces from above,  
To your advancement in the world will prove  
Of any use, it godsires make delay,  
Or godmothers, you merit a display.

## RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

### TALE VII.

THERE was, once upon a time, a Queen, who was brought to bed of a son, so hideously ugly, that it was long disputed, whether he had human form. A fairy, who was at his birth, affirmed, He would be very amiable for all that, since he should be endowed with abundance of wit: She even added, that it would be in his power, by virtue of a gift she had just then given him, to bestow on the person the most loved as much wit as he pleased. All this somewhat comforted the poor Queen, who was under a grievous affliction, for having brought into the world such a deformed Marmot. It is true, that this child no sooner began to prattle, but he said a thousand pretty things, and something, of I know not what, of such a wittiness, that he charmed every-body. I forgot to tell you, that he came into the world with a little Tuft of hair upon his head, which made them call him Riquet with the Tuft, for Riquet was the family name.<sup>1</sup>

Seven or eight years after this, the Queen of a neighbouring kingdom was delivered of two daughters at a birth. The first-born of these was more beautiful than the day; whereat the Queen was so very glad, that those present were afraid that her excess of joy would do her harm. The same Fairy, who had assisted at the birth of little Riquet with the Tuft, was here also; and, to moderate the Queen's gladness, she declared, that this little princess should have no wit at all, but be as stupid as she was pretty. This mortified the Queen extremely, but some moments afterwards she had far greater sorrow; for, the second daughter she was delivered of, was very ugly. "Do not afflict yourself so much, madam," said the Fairy; "your daughter shall have so great a portion of wit, that her want of beauty will scarcely be perceived." "God grant it," replied the Queen; "but is there no way to make the eldest, who is so pretty, have any wit?" "I can do nothing for her, madam, as to wit," answered the Fairy, "but every thing as to beauty; and as there is nothing but what I would do for your satisfaction, I give her for gift, that she shall have the power to make handsome the person who shall best please her."

In proportion, as these princesses grew up, their perfections grew up with them; all the public talk was of the beauty of the eldest, and the wit of the youngest. It is true also, that their defects increased considerably with their age; the youngest visibly grew uglier and uglier, and the eldest became every day more and more stupid; she either made no answer at all to what was asked her, or said something very silly; she was

<sup>1</sup> It is a coincidence that M. Riquet figures in Perrault's autobiography as an engineer whose ignorance he exposed on an important occasion.

with all this so unhandy, that she could not place four pieces of china upon the mantle-piece, without breaking one of them, nor drink a glass of water without spilling half of it upon her cloaths. Tho' beauty is a very great advantage in young people, yet here the youngest sister bore away the bell, almost always in all companies from the eldest; people would indeed, go first to the Beauty to look upon, and admire her, but turn aside soon after to the Wit, to hear a thousand most entertaining & agreeable turns; and it was amazing to see, in less than a quarter of an hour's time, the eldest with not a soul with her, and the whole company crowding about the youngest. The eldest, tho' she was unaccountably dull, took particular notice of it, and would have given all her beauty to have half the wit of her sister. The queen, prudent as she was, could not help reproaching her several times, which had like to have made this poor princess die of grief.

One day, as she retired into the wood to bewail her misfortune, she saw, coming to her, a little man, very disagreeable, but most magnificently dressed. This was the young Prince Riquet with the Tuft, who having fallen in love with her, by seeing her picture, many of which went all the world over, had left his father's kingdom, to have the pleasure of seeing and talking with her. Overjoyed to find her thus all alone, he addressed himself to her with all imaginable politeness and respect. Having observed, after he had made her the ordinary compliments, that she was extremely melancholy, he said to her, "I cannot comprehend, madam, how a person so beautiful as you are, can be so sorrowful as you seem to be; for tho' I can boast of having seen infinite numbers of ladies exquisitely charming, I can say that I never beheld any one whose beauty approaches your's." "You are pleased to say so," answered the princess, and here she stopped. "Beauty," replied Riquet with the Tuft, "is such a great advantage, that it ought to take place of all things; and since you possess this treasure, I see nothing can possibly very much afflict you." "I had far rather," cried the princess, "be as ugly as you are, and have wit, than have the beauty I possess, and be so stupid as I am." "There is nothing, madam," returned he, "shears more that we have wit, than to believe we have none; and it is the nature of that excellent quality, that the more people have of it, the more they believe they want it." "I do not know that," said the princess; "but I know, very well, that I am very senseless, and thence proceeds the vexation which almost kills me."

"If that be all, madam, which troubles you, I can very easily put an end to your affliction." "And how will you do that?" cried the princess. "I have the power, madam," replied Riquet with the Tuft, "to give to that person whom I am to love best, as much wit as can be had; and as you, madam, are that very person, it will be your fault only, if you have not as great a share of it as any one living, provided you will be pleased to marry me." The princess remained quite astonished, and answered not a word. "I see," replied Riquet with the Tuft, "that this proposal makes you very uneasy, and I do not wonder at it, but I will give you a whole year to consider of it."

The princess had so little wit, and, at the same time, so great a longing to have some, that she imagined the end of that year would never be; so that she accepted the proposal which was made her. She had no sooner promised Riquet with the Tuft, that she would marry him on that day twelve-month, than she found herself quite otherwise than she was before; she had an incredible facility of speaking whatever she pleased, after a polite, easy, and natural manner; she began that moment a very gallant conversation with Riquet with the Tuft, wherein she tattered at such a rate, that Riquet with the Tuft believed he had given her more wit than he had reserved for himself.

When she returned to the palace, the whole court knew not what to think of such a sudden and extraordinary change; for they heard from her now as much sensible discourse, and as many infinitely witty turns, as they had stupid and silly impertinences before. The whole court was over-joyed at it beyond imagination; it pleased all but her younger sister; because having no longer the advantage of her in respect of wit, she appeared, in comparison of her, a very disagreeable, homely puss. The king governed himself by her advice, and would even sometimes hold a council in her apartment. The noise of this change spreading every where all the young princes of the neighbouring kingdoms, strove all they could to gain her favour and almost all of them asked her in marriage; but she found not one of them had wit enough for her, and she gave them all a hearing, but would not engage herself to any.

However, there came one so powerful, rich, witty and handsome, that she could not help having a good inclination for him. Her father perceived it, and told her, That she was her own mistress as to the choice of a husband, and that she might declare her intentions. As the more wit we have, the greater difficulty we find to make a firm resolution upon such affairs; this made her desire her father, after having thanked him, To give her time to consider of it.

She went accidentally to walk in the same wood where she met Riquet with the Tuft, to think, the more conveniently, what she had to do. While she was walking in a profound meditation, she heard a confused noise under her feet, as it were of a great many people who went backwards and forwards, and were very busy. Having listened more attentively, she heard one say, "Bring me that pot;" another, "Give me that kettle;" and a third, "Put some wood upon the fire." The ground at the same time opened, and she seemingly saw under her feet, a great kitchen full of cooks, scullions, and all sorts of officers necessary for a magnificent entertainment. There came out of it a company of roasters, to the number of twenty, or thirty, who went to plant themselves in a fine alley of wood, about a very long table, with their larding pins in their hands, and foxes-tails in their caps, who began to work, keeping time, to the tune of a very harmonious song.

The princess, all astonished at this sight, asked them, Who they worked for? "For Prince Riquet with the Tuft," said the chief of them, "who is to be married to-morrow." The princess more surprised than ever, and recollecting that it was now that

day twelvemonth on which she had promised to marry Riquet with the Tuft, she was like to sink into the ground.

What made her forget this, was that, when she made this promise, she was very silly, and having obtained that vast stock of wit which the prince had bestowed on her, she had intirely forgot her stupidity. She continued walking, but had not taken thirty steps before Riquet with the Tuft presented himself to her, bravely and most magnificently dressed, like a prince who was going to be married.

"You see, madam," said he, "I am very exact in keeping my word, and doubt not, in the least, but you are come hither to perform your's, and to make me, by giving me your hand, the happiest of men." "I shall freely own to you," answered the princess, "that I have not yet taken any resolution on this affair, and believe I never shall take such a one as you desire." "You astonish me, madam," said Riquet with the Tuft. "I believe it," said the Princess, "and surely if I had to do with a clown, or a man of no wit, I should find myself very much at a loss. 'A princess always observes her word,' would he say to me, 'and you must marry me, since you promised to do so.' But as he whom I talk to is the man of the world who is master of the greatest sense and judgment, I am sure he will hear reason. You know, that when I was but a fool, I could, notwithstanding, never come to a resolution to marry you; why will you have me, now I have so much judgment as you gave me, and which makes me a more difficult person than I was at that time, to come to such a resolution, which I could not then determine to agree to? If you sincerely thought to make me your wife, you have been greatly in the wrong to deprive me of my dull simplicity, and make me see things much more clearly than I did."

"If a man of no wit and sense," replied Riquet with the Tuft, "would be well received, as you say, in reproaching you for breach of your word, why will you not let me, Madam, have the same usage in a matter wherein all the happiness of my life is concerned? Is it reasonable that persons of wit and sense should be in a worse condition than those who have none? Can you pretend this; you who have so great a share, and desired so earnestly to have it? But let us come to fact, if you please. Sitting aside my ugliness and deformity, is there any thing in me which displeases you? are you dissatisfied with my birth, my wit, humour, or manners?" "Not at all," answered the Princess; "I love you and respect you in all what you mention." "If it be so," said Riquet with the Tuft, "I am happy, since it is in your power to make me the most amiable of men."

"How can that be," said the Princess? "It is done" said Riquet with the Tuft; "if you love me enough to wish it was so; and that you may no ways doubt, Madam, of what I say, know that the same Fairy, who, on my birth-day, gave me for gift the power of making the person, who should please me, extremely witty and judicious, has, in like manner, given you for gift the power of making him, whom you love, and would grant that favour to, be extremely handsome." "If it be so," said the Princess, "I



wish, with all my heart, that you may be the most amiable Prince in the world, and I bestow it on you, as much as I am able."

The Princess had no sooner pronounced these words, but Riquet with the Tuft appeared to her the finest prince upon earth; the handsomest and most amiable man she ever saw. Some affirm, that this was not owing to the charms of the Fairy, which worked this change, but love alone caused the metamorphosis. They say, that the Princess, having made due reflection on the perseverance of her lover, his discretion, and all the good qualities of his mind, his wit and judgment, saw no longer the deformity of his body, nor the ugliness of his face; that his hump seemed to her no more than the grand air of one who has a broad back; and that whereas, till then, she saw him limp horribly, she found it nothing more than a certain sidling air, which charmed her. They say farther, that his eyes, which were very squinting, seemed to her most bright and sparkling; that their irregular turns passed in her judgment for a mark of a violent excess of love; and, in short, that his great red nose had, in her opinion, somewhat of the martial and heroic.

Howsoever it was, the princess promised immediately to marry him, on condition he obtained her father's consent. The king being acquainted, that his daughter had abundance of esteem for Riquet with the Tuft, whom he knew otherwise for a most sage and judicious Prince, received him for his son-in-law with pleasure; and the next morning their nuptials were celebrated, as Riquet with the Tuft had foreseen, and according to the orders he had a long time before given.

#### THE MORAL.

What in this little Tale we find,  
Is less a fable than real truth.  
In whom we love, appear rare gifts of mind,  
And body too: wit, judgment, beauty, youth.

#### ANOTHER.

An object, where are drawn, by nature's hand,  
Beautiful traces, and the lively stain  
Of such complexion art can ne'er attain,  
With all their gifts have not so much command  
On hearts, as hath one secret charm alone,  
Love there finds out, to all besides unknown.

## LITTLE THUMB.<sup>1</sup>

### TALE VIII.

THERE was, once upon a time, a man and his wife, faggot-makers by trade, who had seven children, all boys. The eldest was but ten years old, and the youngest only seven. One might wonder how that the faggot-maker could have so many children in so little a time; but it was because his wife went nimbly about her business and never brought fewer than two at a birth. They were very poor, and their seven children incommoded them greatly, because not one of them was able to earn his bread. That which gave them yet more uneasiness, was, that the youngest was of a very puny constitution, and scarce ever spake a word, which made them take that for stupidity which

<sup>1</sup> It is to be noted that modern versions speak of Tom Thumb, whereas this is Little Thumb. I know not when the change was made, but I have a copy of "Little Thumb and the Ogre, being a Verification of one of the celebrated tales of Mother Goose." London, R. Dutton, 1808. Tom Thumb, however, was an old personage in English nursery literature, though the stories in which he figured were entirely different from this French tale. I make the following quotations as showing the antiquity of the English Tom:—

In Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Popular Poetry* will be found "The Life and Death of Tom Thumb," reprinted from an edition printed at London for John Wright, in 1690, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. It is a doggerel poem of eighty-four verses, four lines each. Ritson quotes in his preface from the panegyric verses upon Tom Corgate and his "Credulities," London, 1681, this stanza:—

"Tom Thumbe is dumbe, untill the pudding creepe,  
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe,  
Tom Piper is gone out, and mirth becradles,  
He never will come in to tell us tales."

He also cites Bea Jonson's "Masque of the Fortunate Isles," 1626, where one of the characters says:—

"Or you may have come  
In, Thomas Thumb,  
In a pudding fat,  
With Doctor Rat."

"The twelve persons in the Anti-masque are, Owl-glass, the four Knaves, two Ruffians, Fitz-Ale and Vapor, Elinor Running, Mary Ambree, Long Meg of Westminster, Tom Thumb, and Doctor Rat."

Ritson farther describes the "History of Tom Thumb," printed at London for Thomas Langley, 1628. He quotes the Preface, from which I make the following extract:—

"The ancient Tales of Tom Thumbe in the olde time have been the only revivers of drouzy age at midnight; old and young have with his Tales chin'd Mattens till the cocks crow

was a sign of good sense: He was very little, and, when born, no bigger than ones thumb; which made him be called Little Thumb.

The poor child bore the blame of whatsoever was done amiss in the house, and guilty or not was always in the wrong; he was, notwithstanding, more cunning and had a far greater share of wisdom than all his brothers put together and if he spake little he heard and thought the more.

There happened now to come a very bad year and the famine was so great, that these poor people resolved to rid themselves of their children. One evening, when they were all in bed and the faggot-maker was sitting with his wife at the fire, he said to her, with his heart ready to burst with grief, "Thou see'st plainly that we are not able to keep our children and I cannot see them starve to death before my face; I am resolved to lose them in the wood to-morrow, which may very easily be done; for while they are busy in tying up the faggots, we may run away, and leave them, without their taking any notice." "Ah!" cried out his wife, "and can'st thou thyself have the heart to take thy children out along with thee on purpose to lose them?" In vain did her husband represent to her their extreme poverty; she would not consent to it; she was, indeed poor, but she was their mother. However, having considered what a grief it would be to her to see them perish with hunger, she at last consented and went to bed all in tears.

Little Thumb heard every word that had been spoken; for observing, as he lay in his bed, that they were talking very busily, he got up softly and hid himself under his father's stool, that he might hear what they said, without being seen. He went to bed again, but did not sleep a wink all the rest of the night, thinking on what he had to do. He got up early in the morning, and went to the river side, where he filled his pockets full of small white pebbles, and then returned home. They all went abroad, but Little Thumb never told his brothers one syllable of what he knew. They went into a very thick forest, where they could not see one another at ten paces distance. The faggot-maker began to cut wood, and the children to gather up the sticks to make faggots. Their father and mother seeing them busy at their work, got from them insensibly, and then ran away from them all at once, a by-way, thro' the winding bushes.

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in the morning; Bachelors and Maides with his Tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the Carlew-Bell rings candle out; the old Shepheard and the young Flow boy after their days' labour, have carol'd out a Tale of Tom Thumbe to make them merry with: and who but little Tom, hath made long nights seem short and heavy toyles easie? Therefore (gentle Reader) considering that old modest mirth is tur'd naked out of doors, while nimble wit in the great Hall sits upon a soft cushion giving dry bobbes; for which cause I will, if I can, new cloath him in his former livery, and bring him again into the Chimney Corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows over a well-apic'd Wassel-bowle of Christmas Ale telling of these merry Tales which hereafter follows."

The story of the original Tom Thumb, including his trip to Court, has been often reprinted in England and probably in this country, but I apprehend that it is not as well-known now as Perrault's version.

When the children saw they were left alone, they began to cry as loud as they could. Little Thumb let them cry on, knowing very well how to go home again; for as he came, he took care to drop all along the way the little white pebbles he had in his pockets. Then said he to them, "Be not afraid, brothers, father and mother have left us here, but I will lead you home again, only follow me." They did so, and he brought them home by the very same way they came into the forest. They dared not to go in, but sat themselves down at the door, listening to what their father and mother were talking.

The very moment the faggot-maker and his wife were got home, the lord of the manor sent them ten crowns, which he had owed them a long while, and which they never expected. This gave them new life; for the poor people were almost famished. The faggot-maker sent his wife immediately to the butcher's. As it was a long while since they had eaten a bit, she bought thrice as much meat as would sup two people. Having filled their bellies, the woman said, "Alas! where are now our poor children? they would make a good feast of what we have left here; but as it was you, William, who had a mind to lose them, I told you we should repent of it: what are they now doing in the forest? Alas! dear God, the wolves have, perhaps, already eaten them up: thou art very inhuman thus to have lost thy children."

The faggot-maker grew at last quite out of patience, for she repeated it above twenty times, that they should repent of it, and that she was in the right of it for so saying. He threatened to beat her, if she did not hold her tongue. It was not that the faggot-maker was not, perhaps more vexed than his wife, but that she teized him, and that he was of the humour of a great many others, who love wives who speak well, but think those very importunate who are continually doing so. She was half drowned in tears crying out, "Alas! where are now my children, my poor children?"

She spake this so very loud, that the children who were at the door, began to cry out altogether, "Here we are, here we are." She ran immediately to open the door, and said, hugging them, "I am glad to see you, my dear children; you are very hungry and weary; and my poor Peter, thou art horribly bemired; come in and let me clean thee." Now, you must know, that Peter was her eldest son, whom she loved above all the rest, because he was somewhat carrotty, as she herself was. They sat down to supper, and eat with such a good appetite as pleased both father and mother, whom they acquainted how frightened they were in the forest; speaking almost always all together. The good folks were extremely glad to see their children once more at home, and this joy continued while the ten crowns lasted; but when the money was all gone, they fell again into their former uneasiness, and resolved to lose them again; and, that they might be the surer of doing it, to carry them at a much greater distance than before. They would not talk of this so secretly, but they were overheard by Little Thumb, who made account to get out of this difficulty as well as the former; but though he got up betimes in the morning, to go and pick up some little pebbles, he was disap-

pointed; for he found the house-door double-locked, and was at a stand what to do. When their father had given each of them a piece of bread for their breakfast, he fancied he might make use of this bread instead of the pebbles, by throwing it in little bits all along the way they should pass; and so he put it up into his pocket.

Their father and mother brought them into the thickest and most obscure part of the forest; when, stealing away into a by-path, they there left them. Little Thumb was not very uneasy at it; for he thought he could easily find the way again, by means of his bread which he had scattered all along as he came; but he was very much surprised, when he could not find so much as one crumb; the birds came and had eaten it up every bit. They were now in great affliction, for the farther they went, the more they were out of their way, and were more and more bewildered in the forest.

Night now came on, and there arose a terrible high wind, which made them dreadfully afraid. They fancied they heard on every side of them the howling of wolves coming to eat them up; they scarce dared to speak, or turn their heads. After this, it rained very hard, which wet them to the skin; their feet slipped at every step they took, and they fell into the mire, whence they got up in a very dirty pickle, their hands were quite benumbed. Little Thumb climbed up to the top of a tree, to see if he could discover any thing; and having turned his head about on every side, he saw at last a glimmering light, like that of a candle, but a long way from the forest. He came down, and, when upon the ground, he could see it no more, which grieved him sadly. However, having walked for some time with his brothers towards that side on which he had seen the light, he perceived it again as he came out of the wood.

They came at last to the house where this candle was, not without abundance of fear; for very often they lost sight of it, which happened every time they came into a bottom. They knocked at the door, and a good woman came and open'd it; she asked them, What they would have? Little Thumb told her, They were poor children who had been lost in the forest, and desired to lodge there for God's sake. The woman seeing them so very pretty, began to weep, and said to them, "Alas! poor babies, whither are ye come? do ye know that this house belongs to a cruel Ogre, who eats up little children?" "Ah! dear Madam," answered Little Thumb (who trembled every joint of him, as well as his brothers) "what shall we do? To be sure the wolves of the forest will devour us to-night, if you refuse us to lie here; and so, we would rather the gentleman should eat us; especially if you please to beg it of him." The Ogre's wife, who believed she could conceal them from her husband till morning, let them come in, and brought them to warm themselves at a very good fire; for there was a whole sheep upon the spit roasting for the Ogre's supper.

As they began to be a little warm, they heard three or four great raps at the door; this was the Ogre, who was come home. Upon this she hid them under the bed, and went to open the door. The Ogre presently asked, if supper was ready, and the wine drawn; and then he sat himself down to table. The sheep was as yet all raw and

bloody; but he liked it the better for that. He sniffed about to the right and left, saying, "I smell fresh meat." "What you smell so" (said his wife) "must be the calf which I have just now killed and flead." "I smell fresh meat I tell thee once more" (replied the Ogre, looking crossly at his wife) "and there is something here which I do not understand."

As he spake these words, he got up from the table, and went directly to the bed. "Ah!" (said he) "I see then how thou would'st cheat me, thou cursed woman; I know not why I do not eat up thee too; but it is well for thee that thou art a tough old carrion. Here is good game, which comes very luckily to entertain three Ogres of my acquaintance, who are to pay me a visit in a day or two." With that he dragged them out from under the bed one by one.

The poor children fell upon their knees, and begged his pardon; but they had to do with one of the most cruel Ogres in the world, who, far from having any pity on them, had already devoured them with his eyes, and told his wife, they would be delicate eating, when tossed up with good savory sauce. He then took a great knife, and coming up to these poor children, whetted it upon a great whet-stone which he held in his left hand. He had already taken hold of one of them, when his wife said to him, "What need you do it now? it is time enough to-morrow?" "Hold your prattling" (said the Ogre) "they will eat the tenderer." "But you have so much meat already" (replied his wife) "you have no occasion? here is a calf, two sheep, and half a hog." "That is true," said the Ogre, "give them their belly-full, that they may not fall away, and put them to bed."

The good woman was overjoyed at this, and gave them a good supper; but they were so much afraid, they could not eat a bit. As for the Ogre, he sat down again to drink, being highly pleased that he had got wherewithal to treat his friends. He drank a dozen glasses more than ordinary, which got up into his head, and obliged him to go to bed.

The Ogre had seven daughters, all little children, and these young Ogresses had all of them very fine complexions, because they used to eat fresh meat like their father; but they had little grey eyes quite round, hooked noses, wide mouths, and very long sharp teeth, standing at a good distance from each other. They were not as yet over and above mischievous; but they promised very fair for it, for they already bit little children, that they might suck their blood. They had been put to bed early, with every one a crown of gold upon her head. There was in the same chamber another bed of the like bigness, and it was into this bed the Ogre's wife put the seven little boys; after which she went to bed to her husband.

Little Thumb, who had observed that the Ogre's daughters had crowns of gold upon their heads, and was afraid lest the Ogre should repent his not killing them, got up about midnight; and taking his brothers bonnets and his own, went very softly, put them upon the heads of the seven little Ogresses, after having taken off their

crowns of gold, which he put upon his own head and his brothers, that the Ogre might take them for his daughters, and his daughters for the little boys whom he wanted to kill. All this succeeded according to his desire; for the Ogre waking about mid-night, and sorry that he deferred to do that till morning, which he might have done over-night, he threw himself hastily out of bed, and taking his great knife, "Let us see" (said he) "how our little rogues do, and not make two jobs of the matter." He then went up, groping all the way, into his daughters' chamber; and coming to the bed where the little boys lay, and who were every soul of them fast asleep; except Little Thumb, who was terribly afraid when he found the Ogre fumbling about his head, as he had done about his brothers. The Ogre feeling the golden crowns, said, "I should have made a fine piece of work of it truly; I find I guzzled too much last night." Then he went to the bed where the girls lay; and having found the boys little bonnets. "Hah!" (said he) "my merry lads, are you there? let us work as we ought;" and saying these words, without more ado, he cut the throats of all his seven daughters.

Well pleased with what he had done, he went to bed again to his wife. So soon as Little Thumb heard the Ogre snore, he waked his brothers, and bade them put on their clothes presently, and follow him: They stole down softly into the garden, and got over the wall. They kept running almost all night, and trembled all the while, without knowing which way they went.

The Ogre, when he waked, said to his wife, "Go up stairs and dress those young rascals who came here last night." The Ogress was very much surprised at this goodness of her husband, not dreaming after what manner he intended she should dress them; but thinking that he had ordered her to go and put on their cloaths, went up, and was strangely astonished, when she perceived her seven daughters killed, and weltering in their blood. She fainted away; for this is the first expedient almost all women find in such-like cases. The Ogre, fearing his wife would be too long in doing what he had ordered, went up himself to help her. He was no less amazed than his wife, at this frightful spectacle.

"Ah! what have I done?" cried he, "the cursed wretches shall pay for it, and that instantly." He threw then a pitcher of water upon his wife's face; and having brought her to herself; "Give me quickly," cried he, "my boots of seven leagues, that I may go and catch them." He went out; and, having run over a vast deal of ground, both on this side and that, he came at last into the very road where the poor children were, and not above a hundred paces from their father's house. They espied the Ogre, who went, at one step, from mountain to mountain, and over rivers as easily as the narrowest kennels, Little Thumb, seeing a hollow rock near the place where they were, made his brothers hide themselves in it, and crouded into it himself, minding always what would become of the Ogre.

The Ogre, who found himself much tired with his long and fruitless journey (for these boots of seven leagues extremely fatigue the wearer) had a great mind to rest

himself, and, by chance, went to sit down upon the rock where these little boys had hid themselves. As it was impossible he could be more weary than he was, he fell asleep: and, after reposing himself some time he began to snore so frightfully, that the poor children were no less afraid of him, than when he held up his great knife, and was going to cut their throats. Little Thumb was not so much frightened as his brothers, and told them, that they should run away immediately towards home, while the Ogre was asleep so soundly; and that they should not be in any pain about him. They took his advice, and got home presently. Little Thumb came up to the Ogre, pulled off his boots gently, and put them on upon his own legs. The boots were very long and large; but as they were Fairies, they had the gift of becoming big and little, according to the legs of those who wore them; so that they fitted his feet and legs as well as if they had been made on purpose for him. He went immediately to the Ogre's house, where he saw his wife crying bitterly for the loss of her murdered daughters.

"Your husband," said Little Thumb, "is in very great danger, being taken by a gang of thieves, who have sworn to kill him, if he does not give them all his gold and silver. The very moment they held their daggers at his throat, he perceived me, and desired me to come and tell you the condition he is in, and that you should give me whatsoever he has of value, without retaining any one thing; for otherwise they will kill him without mercy; and, as his case is very pressing, he desired me to make use (you see I have them on) of his boots, that I might make the more haste, and to shew you that I do not impose upon you."

The good woman, being sadly frightened, gave him all she had: For this Ogre was a very good husband, tho' he used to eat up little children. Little Thumb, having thus got all the Ogre's money, came home to his father's house, where he was received with abundance of joy.

There are many people who do not agree in this circumstance, and pretend, that Little Thumb never robbed the Ogre at all, and that he only thought he might very justly, and with safe conscience take off his boots of seven leagues, because he made no other use of them, but to run after little children. These folks affirm, that they were very well assured of this, and the more, as having drank and eaten often at the faggot-maker's house. They aver, that, when Little Thumb had taken off the Ogre's boots, he went to court, where he was informed, that they were very much in pain about a certain army, which was two hundred leagues off, and the success of a battle. He went, say they, to the king, and told him, That, if he desired it, he would bring him news from the army before night. The king promised him a great sum of money upon that condition. Little Thumb was as good as his word, and returned that very same night with the news; and this first expedition causing him to be known, he got whatever he pleased; for the king paid him very well for carrying his orders to the army, and abundance of ladies gave him what he would to bring them news from their lovers; and that this was his greatest gain. There were some married women too,



who sent letters by him to their husbands, but they paid him so ill, that it was not worth his while, and turned to such small account, that he scorned ever to reckon what he got that way. After having, for some time, carried on the business of a messenger, and gained thereby great wealth, he went home to his father, where it was impossible to express the joy they were all in at his return. He made the whole family very easy, bought places for his father and brothers; and by that means settled them very handsomely in the world, and, in the mean time, made his own court to perfection.

## THE MORAL.

At many children parents don't repine,  
If handsome, and their wits and judgments shine,  
Polite in Carriage, and in body strong,  
Graceful in mien, and elegant in tongue.  
But if one of them prove perchance but weak,  
Him they despise, laugh at, defraud and cheat.  
Such is the wretched world's curs'd way; and yet  
Sometimes this little despicable thing,  
This poor Marmot, whom so despis'd we see,  
By unforeseen events, shall honour bring,  
And happy weal to all the family.

