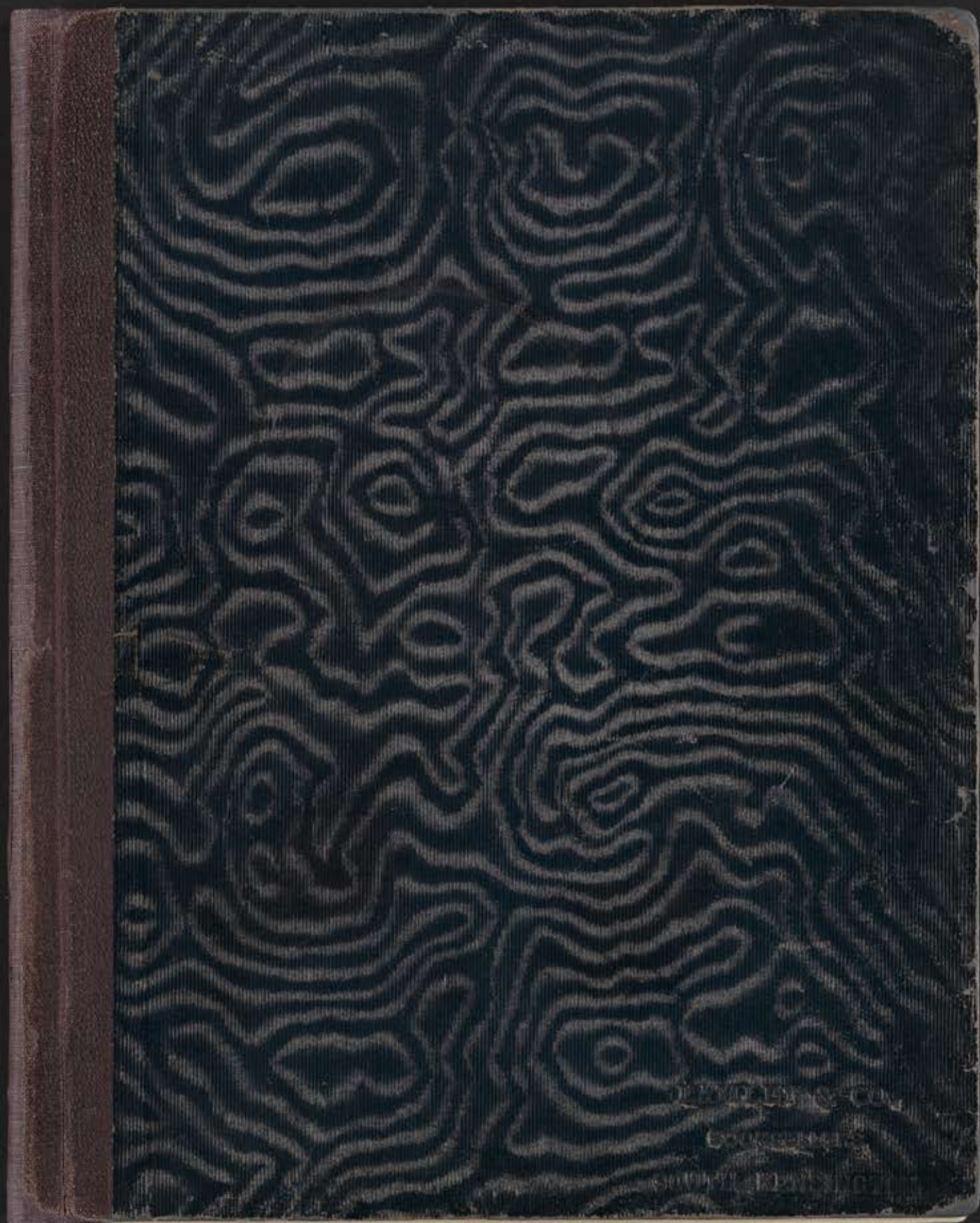
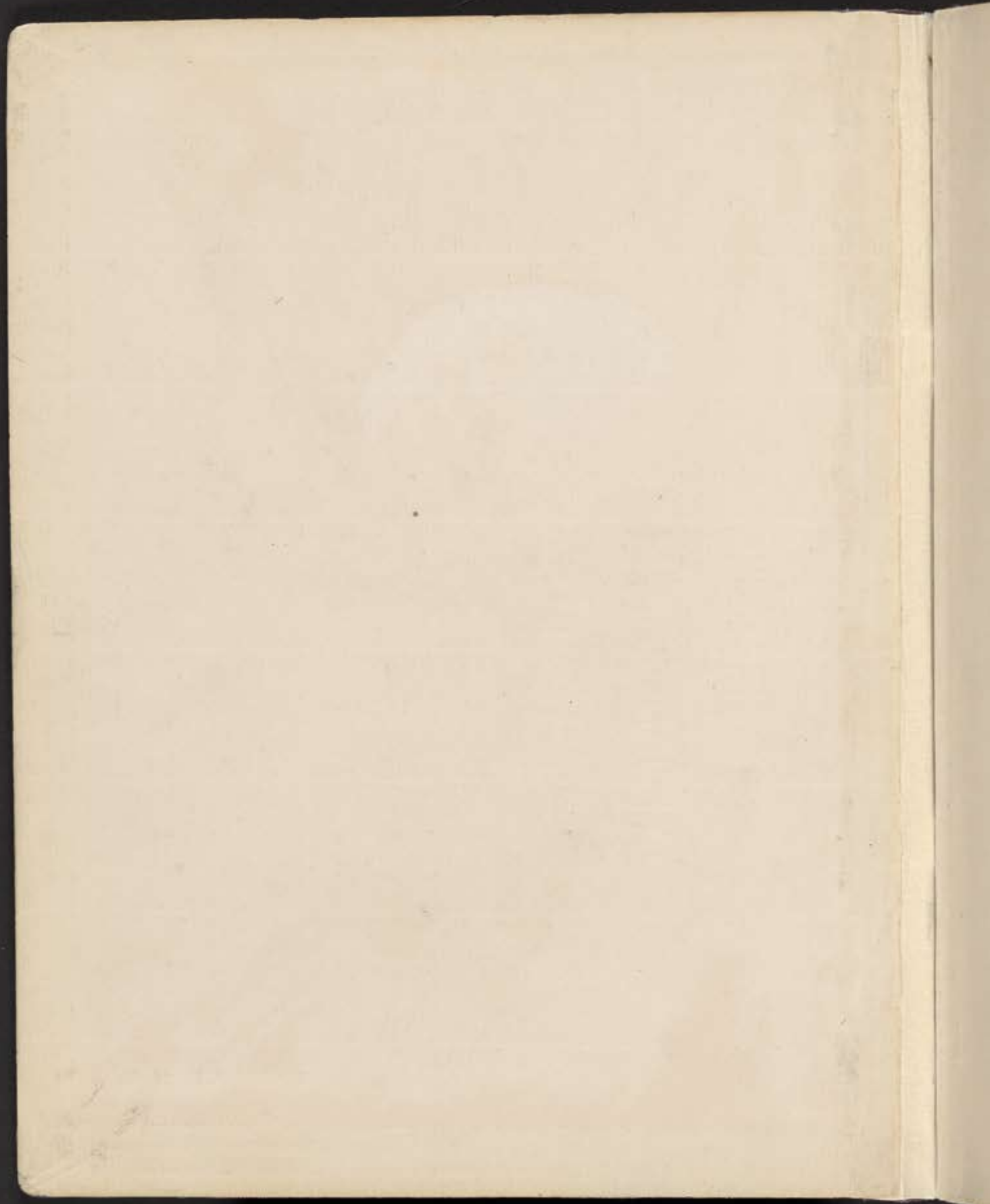
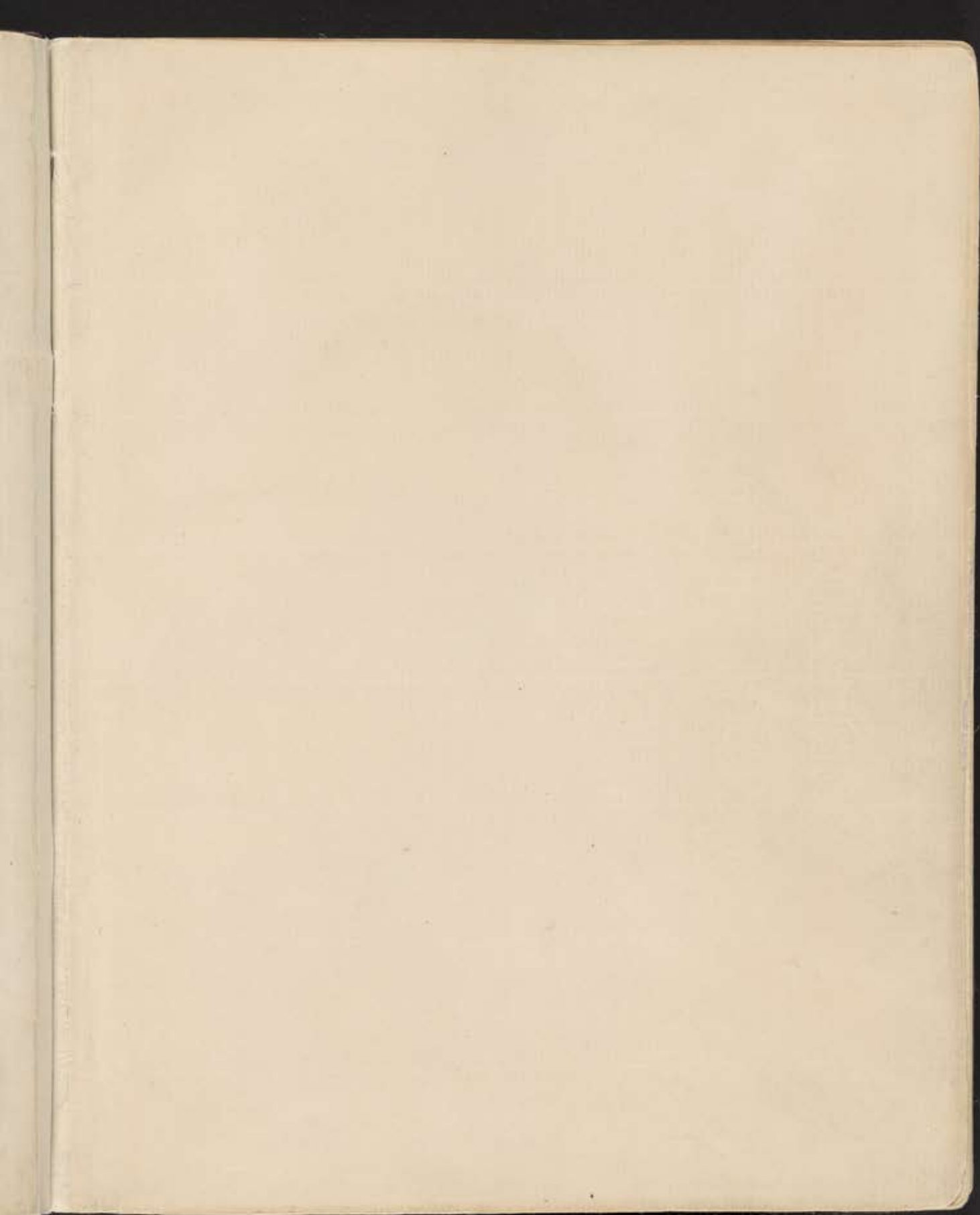
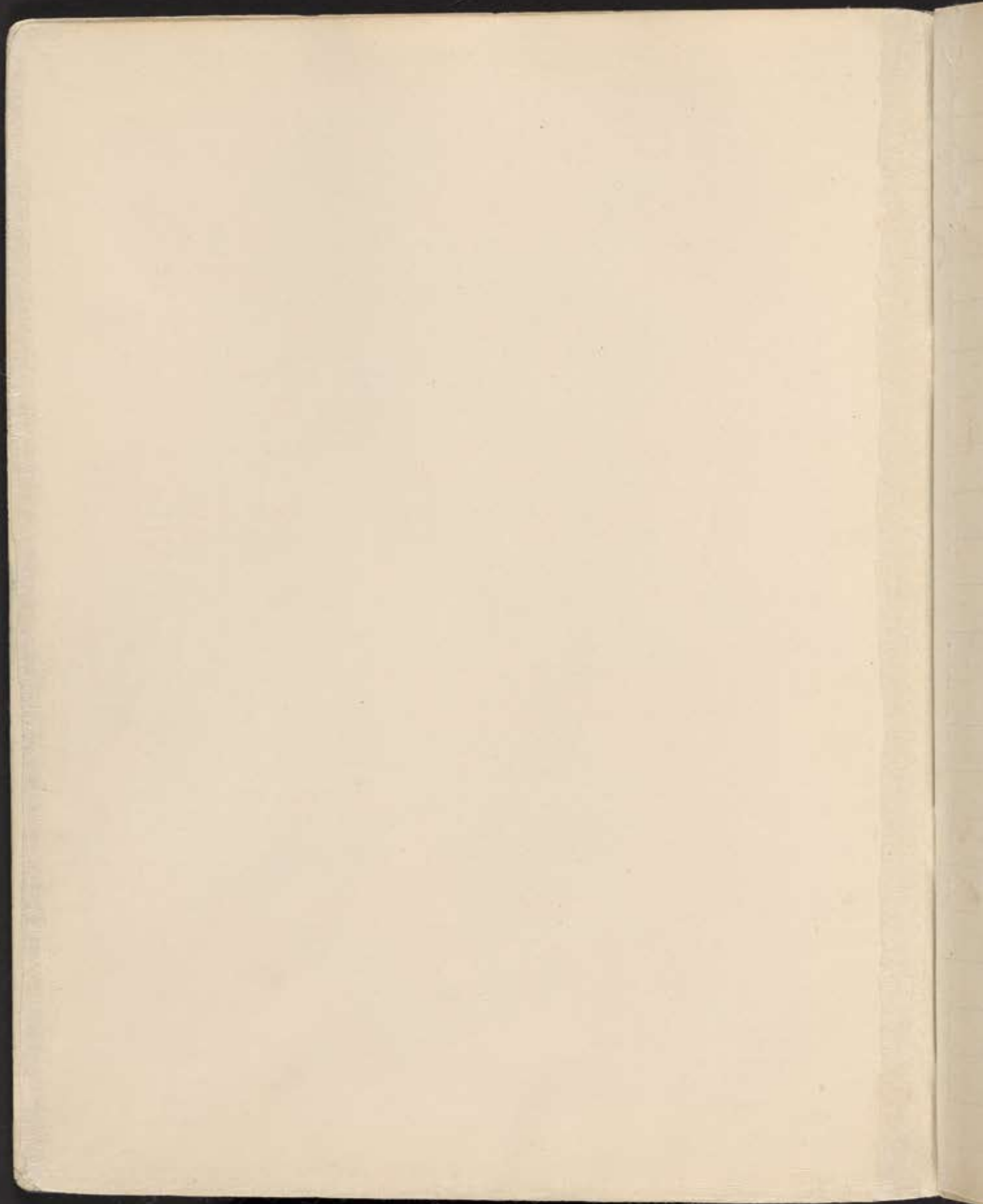




J. W. DAVIS & CO.
BOOKSELLERS
SOUTH BEND, IND.







Christmas 1907.

My dear Freda,

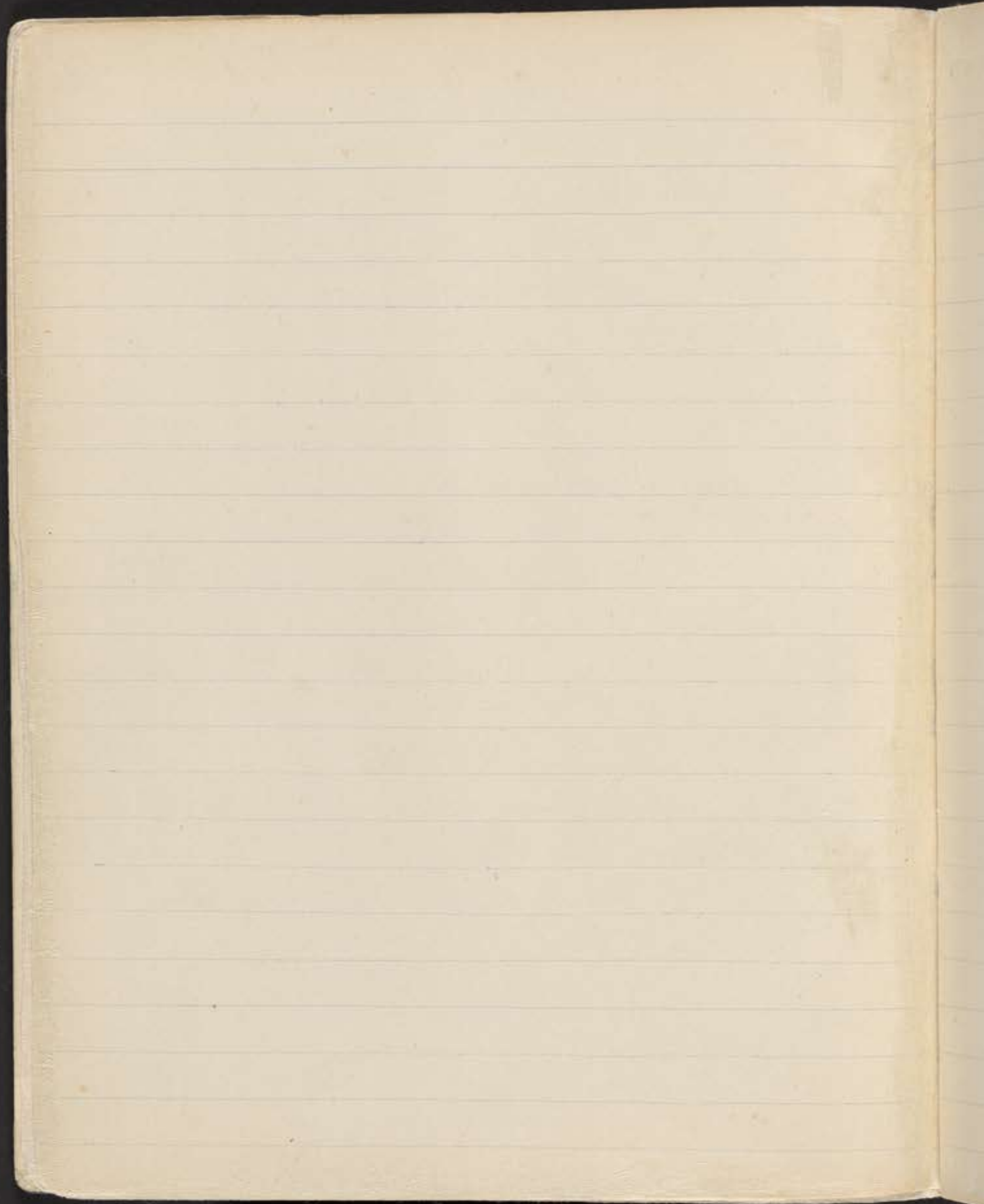
Because you are fond of fairy-tales and have been ill, I have made you a story all for yourself — a new one that nobody has read before.

And the queerest thing about it, is that I heard it in Gloucestershire, and it is true! at least about the tailor, the waistcoat, and the

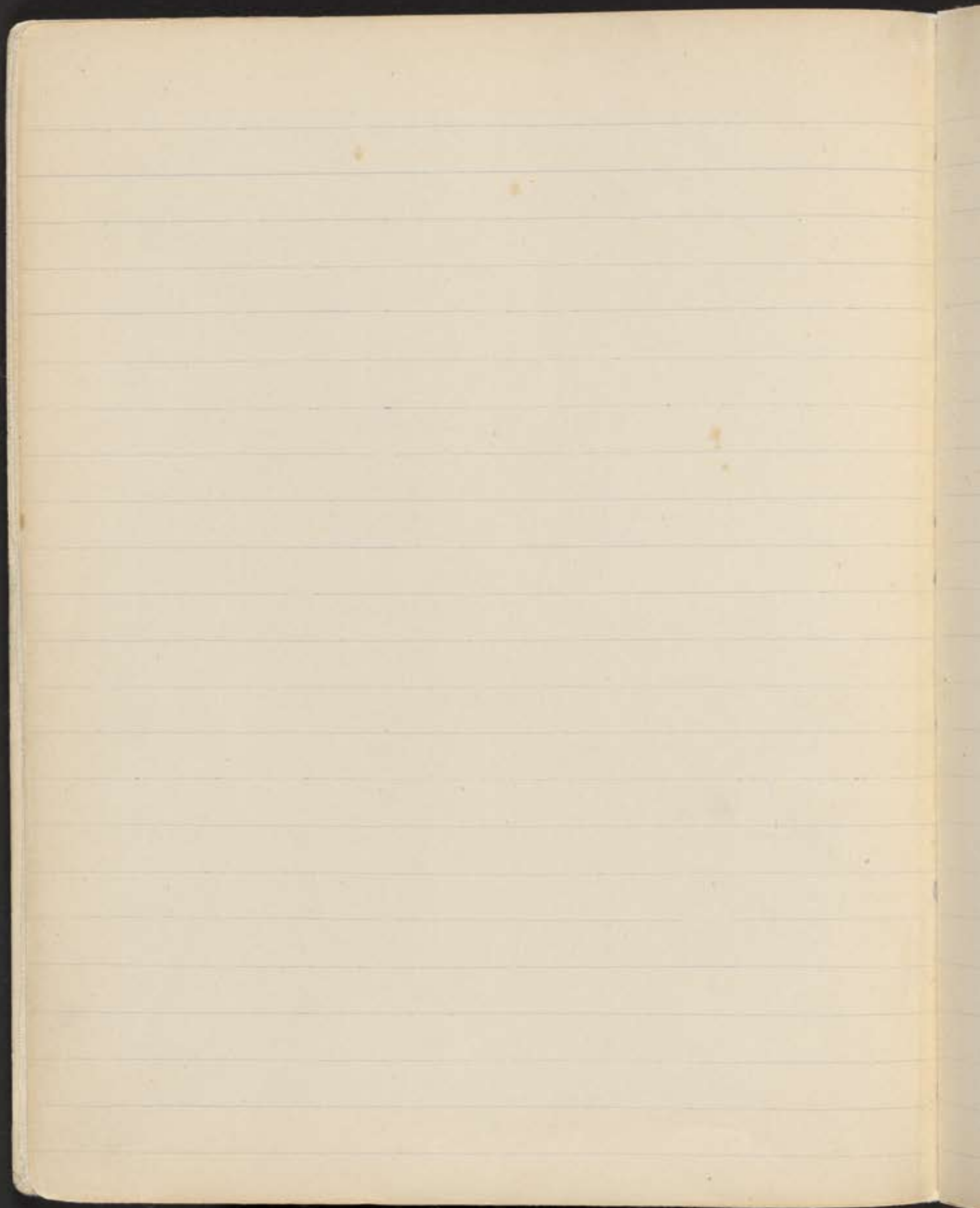
'No more twist'.

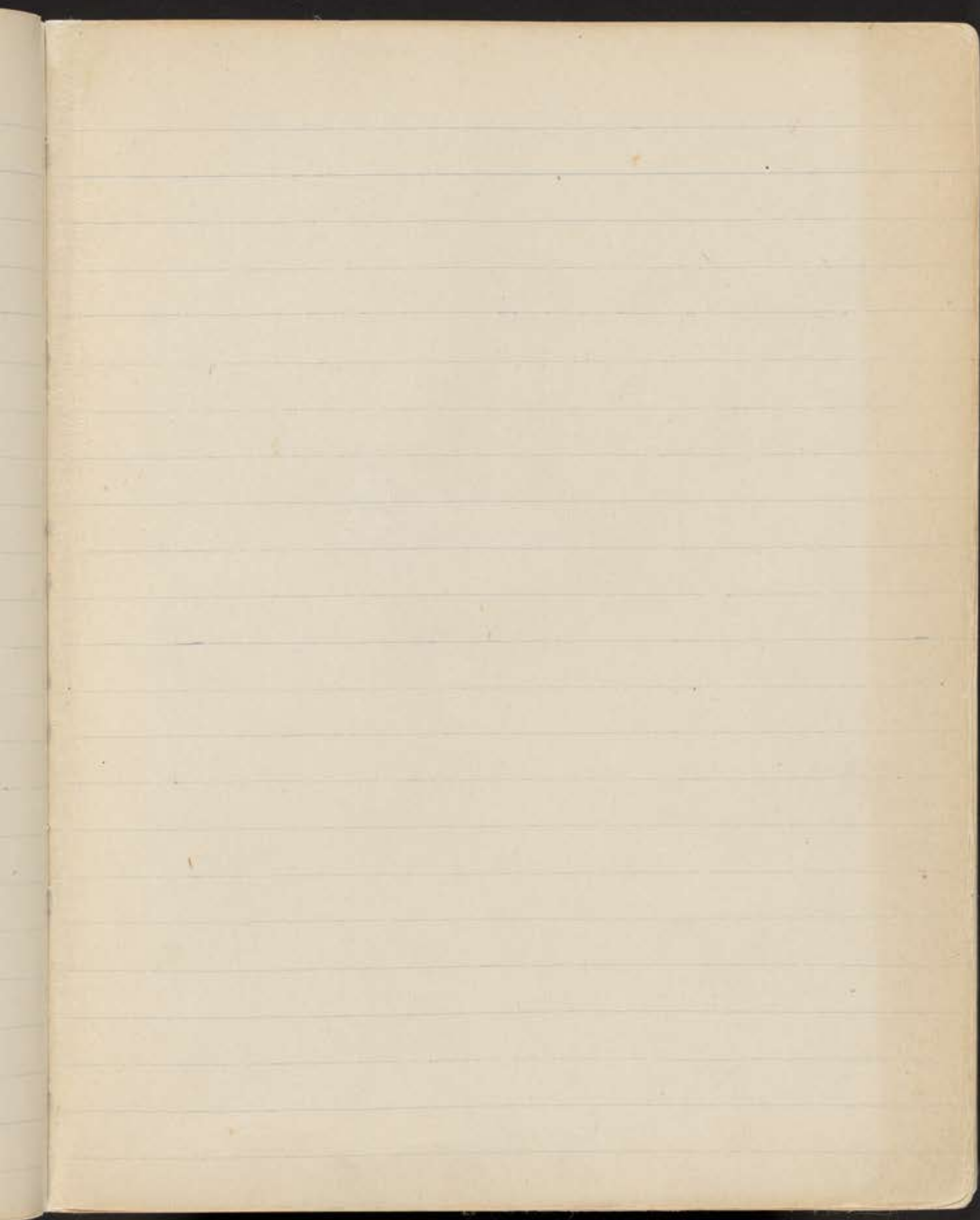
There ought to be more pictures towards the end, and they would have been the best ones; only Miss Potter was tired of it! Which was lazy of Miss Potter.

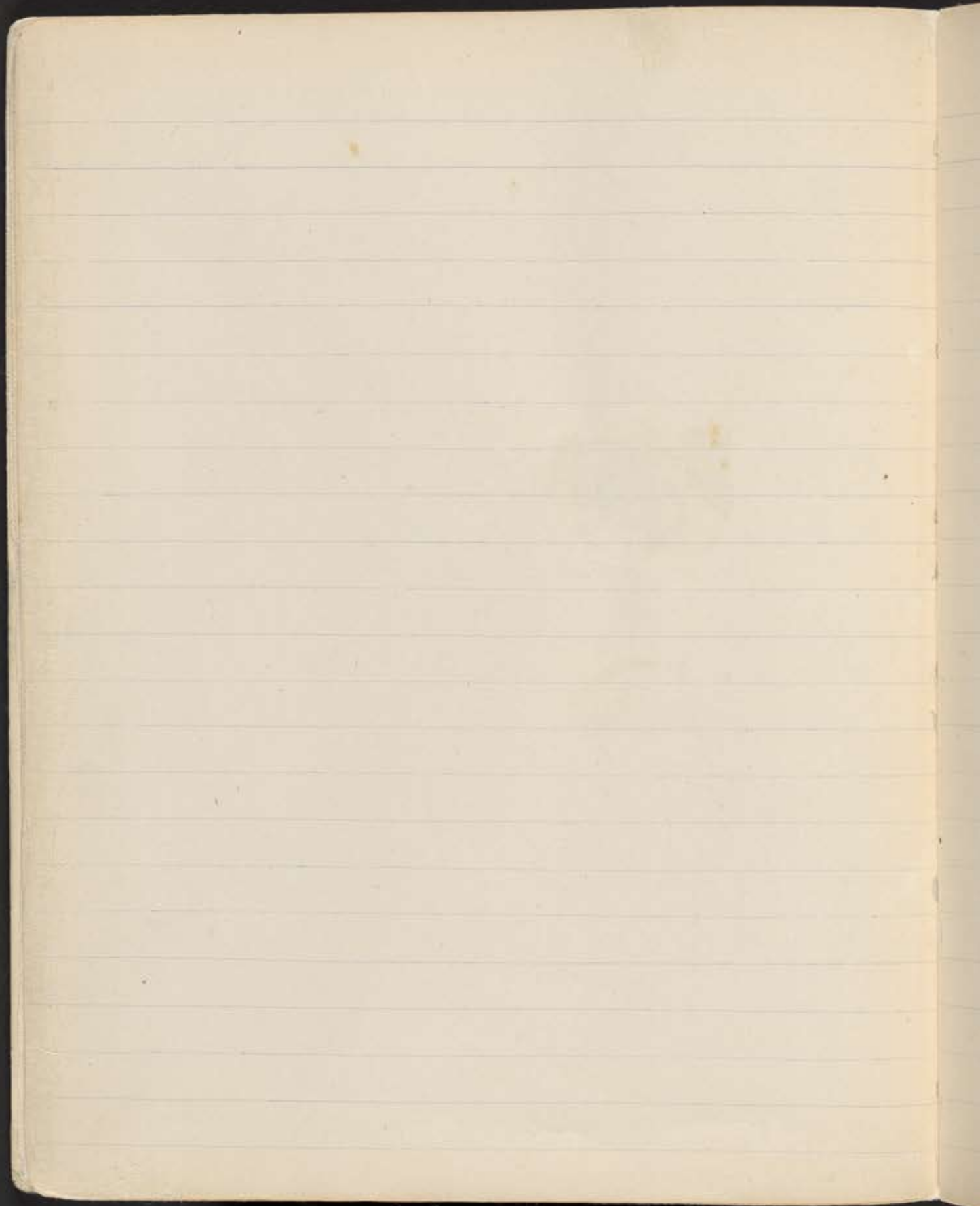
Yrs aff. H.B.P.



" The
Tailor of Gloucester "







In the time of swords and periwigs
and full-shirted coats with flower'd lappets
- when gentlemen wore ruffles and gold-
-laced waistcoats lined with paduoy or
taffeta — there lived a tailor in
Gloucester.

All day long while the light lasted,
he sat cross-legged on a board in his booth
on the south side of Westgate Street, sewing and
snippetting, piecing out his velvet, and his silk
of pink persian, and lutestring brocaded with

thread of gold and silver. For stuffs had strange names and were very fine and expensive in the days of the tailor of Gloucester.

But though he sewed fine cloth for his customers he himself was very-very poor — a little old man with horn spectacles, a pinched face, crooked fingers, and a suit of thread-bare clothes.

He sat on a table from morning till dark in the window of his booth, shaping and snipping and sewing; the floor below was all littered with

with little scraps of silk, and snippits and
ravellings — "They be too narrow
measure for nought: except waist-coats
for mice —" said the tailor of
Gloucester.

One day in December
the snow clouds came down over Gloucester
and it was early dark. The tailor
worked and worked, and talked to
himself excitedly. He was cutting
out a coat and waist-coat for the

Mayor of Gloucester - A coat of cherry-
coloured corded silk lined with yellow
paddy, and a peach coloured waist-coat
embroidered with rosebuds; and both coat
and waistcoat were worked about
the shirts and pocket holes with gold and
silver thread.

Said the tailor -

"I shall make my fortune - to
be cut upon the bias - the neck 19 inches -
the Chest 45 - and 220 inches round the

skirts of the coat — to be ready by noon
of Friday, the 25th day of December —
Alack! I am worn to a travelling. But
I shall make my fortune — my money
is all spent except one 4 penny bit —
It shall have cherry coloured button-holes —
But — alack! — I am undone, for I have
No more Twist —"

And still, while the tailor
talked, he turned the cloth about, and
cut it with his shears, and measured out

silver braid and gold thread and padusoy;
and the floor was all covered with
cherry-coloured snippets.

When the snow flakes came down against
the small leaded windowpanes and shut out
the light, the tailor had cut out his work,
and all the separate pieces were spread
upon the table, ready to be sewn together
in the morning. There were 12 pieces of
the coat, and 4 pieces of the waistcoat -
and also the pocket flaps, the buttons and

the lining, all were laid in order. The silver braid and gold thread were measured out — nothing was wanting, but just one single skein of cherry-coloured twisted silk.

The tailor locked up his booth and put the key in his pocket, and shuffled home through the snow, to the kitchen cellar where he lived, with his cat. (It was called Simplicius).

All the way up Vestgate, and down the lane-

called Three Cocks' Lane - and down the
cellar steps he shuffled, mumbling to
himself about the Mayor of Gloucester
and the coat of cherry-coloured corded
silk.

He knocked
at his door, and it was opened by
Simpkin, who said. "Miauw?"

The tailor replied -

"Simpkin! we shall make our
fortune; but I am worn to a travelling.
Simpkin, take this goat which is our

last 4^d, and Simpkin, take a pipkin;
buy a penn'orth of milk, a penn'orth of
bread and a penn'orth of sausages, and
O Simpkin! with the last penny of our
4^d buy me one penn'orth of cherry-coloured
twist. The Mayor of Gloucester shall be
married on Christmas Day in the morning,
and he hath ordered a coat and an
embroidered waistcoat. We shall make
our fortune. But lose not the
last penny of the 4^d, Simpkin, or I

am undone, and worn to a thread-paper;
for I have NO MORE TWIST!"

Then Simplekin said "Meaw?"
and took the goat and the pipkin.

The tailor was very tired and
cold, and although he did not know
it, he was beginning to be ill.

He sat close over the hearth and
warmed his hands, and swayed about
upon his stool, mumbling and talking

about that wonderful coat —

"I shall make my fortune: but
alack, I am worn to a raveling ---
to be ready by noon of Friday... and
this is Monday... cut bias... It shall
be lined with yellow padusoy, and laced
with silver thread about the pocket flaps.
... shaped and planned and cut bias....
..and the padusoy sufficeth; there is no
more left over in snippits than will
make waistcoats for mice.... Was I

wise to entrust my last penny
to Simphkin? Alack, I am
undone, for I have no more
twist!"

Then the tailor started, for
suddenly interrupting him, from the
dresser at the other side of the
kitchen came a row of little noises—

Tap tap: tap tap: tap tap, tips!
"Now what may that be?" said the

tailor of Gloucester.

The dresser was covered with cracked plates and crockery, and pie-dishes and pipkins, and grey-beard mugs and pewter plates -

The tailor stepped across the tiled floor of the kitchen; and again from under a tea-cup came the little sounds -

Tip tap: tip tap: tap tap tip!

"This is very peculiar!" said the tailor of Gloucester, and he lifted a tea-cup which was upside down.

But stepped a little live lady-mouse, and made a low curtsy to the tailor!

Then she hopped away down off the dresser and under the wainscot -

The tailor sat down again on his 3 legged stool, and talked to himself, and warmed his cold hands -

"The waistcoat is cut out from peach-
coloured satin, and gold thread embroidery
is worked about the edge. The braid
and the fringe is of gold and silver thread.
... Robins stripes and rosebuds in beautiful
floss silk ... the thread is cut and
measured and everything sufficeth...
there is no more left in snippits than
will make robins for mice but -
Alack! I am undone, for I have
no more twist!"-----

Then all at once from the dresser
came a chorus of little tip-taps,
all sounding together and answering
one another, like watch-buzzes in old
worm-eaten window shutters.—

Tap tap: tap tap: tap tap tip!

"This is passing extraordinary!"
said the tailor of Gloucester.

He lifted two more tea-cups and
a bowl and a basin, and the lid of

the tea-pot and two or three mugs.

Out from under each came little live gentlemen mice, and made bows to the tailor.

Then they hopped away down off the dresser, and under the wainscot.

The tailor sat down again by the fire and rubbed his poor cold hands, and mumbled to himself about the Mayor of Gloucester and the

cherry coloured coat—

" The pocket holes are set about with thread of gold embroidery, and much of it is worked upon the skirts of the coat... the skirts shall be stiffened with whale-bone and horse-hair... one and twenty button-holes of cherry coloured twist!... Have I done well in entrusting my last penny to Simpkin?... Well-a-day! I am worn to a shred and a thread-paper!

Was I wise to enfranchise those
mice, undoubtedly the property of
Simpkin? Alack, I am undone;
for I have no more twist!"

But all at once inter-
-rupting him came a chorus of
little tiptaps; from the wainscot
and the floor and the chimney
and from under the four-post
bed in the corner—

Tip tap: tap tap: tip tap tip!

Then a came a louder knock
— Rat-tat-tat! — upon the
house-door, and the little noises
ceased.

The tailor opened the door, and
in bounced Simpkin, with a
whirl of snowflakes and an angry
"Miaow grrr ruck!"
like a cat that is vexed — His
coat was scrumphed up at the
back of his neck; there was snow

in his ears, and snow upon the
milk in the pipkin.

"Simpkin, said the tailor—'where
is my twist?'"

But Simpkin set down the pipkin
and the bread upon the dresser, and
sniffed.

"Simpkin" said the tailor,
where is my Twist?"

But Simpkin set down the
sausages on a plate upon the dresser,

and turned about bowls and the
basins and sniffed.

"Alack, I am undone" said the
tailor of Gloucester.

"Miau grruck!" said Simpkin.
He slipped a little packet into the
teapot, and looked angrily at
the tailor.

"Gerr miau!" said Simpkin,
as he turned over the plates.

All night long
the wind howled and whistled; it
drifted the snow flakes under the door.

The tailor tossed and turned
in his fourpost bed in the corner of
the kitchen, and still in his dreams
he mumbled

"No more twist!"

The windows rattled and the wind
roared in the chimney; and all
through the night Simplin
wandered about, searching the
kitchen from ceiling to floor -

He peeped under tea-cups and
turned over basins, he mewed and
hunted and sniffed; he looked
into cupboards and under the
wasinset.

Whenever the tailor spoke in his

sleep, Simphun said
"Miauw? grrrr wsssch!!"
and made strange horrid noises
like cats do at nights.

When the sun rose next
morning, like a red ball over the
plain, the snow was lying deep
in all the streets of Gloucester.

It had drifted about the steep
roofs and attic windows and all

about the College green and the
Cathedral towers. Down by
the wharfs the masts of the ships
showed black against the snow:
all the vale of Severn and the
hills on either hand were covered
with a great white sheet.

In the narrow streets,
folks shovelled and scraped and
dug out their doorways, whistling
as they worked. The shovels made

a cheerful clink clink upon the
stones, and the jackdaws from the
Cathedral came down where the
snow was cleared. They ran
about with their heads on one side,
turning in their toes, and fighting
for scraps of bacon outside the
Mayor of Gloucester's shop.

[For the Mayor was a grocer, at the
sign of the Golden Candle; at the
corner of Westgate and 3 Cocks' Lane.]

But no one came near the little booth where the Mayor of Gloucester's fine Christmas clothes lay spread out upon the table.

There were 10 pieces of the coat besides the cuffs, and the waist-coat; all lay ready in order, but there was no one to sew them.

For the poor old tailor lay upon his fourpost bed very ill with

a fever, and all the time he
tossed and turned he mumbled
"No more twist, no more twist!"

And Simpkin said "Mew?"
and stood beside the bed.

All that day he was ill; and
the next day and the next;
and what should become of
the cherry coloured coat?

And when the bread should be finished, and the milk in the piskin - what would become of Simpkin and the tailor?

Three days the tailor tored and turned, and Simpkin mewed and walked backwards and forwards over the bed; and still the tailor mumbled about cherry coloured twist.

And Simpkin grew thin and anxious,

and mewed more and more piteously.

Out of doors it was Christmas Eve, and folks were trudging through the snow to buy their geese and turkeys and bake their Christmas pies.

But it looked as though there would be no Christmas dinner for Simpkin, and the poor old tailor of Gloucester.

In the evening the big round

face of the moon climbed up
over the roofs and peeped down
into the kitchen-cellar; where the
fire had gone out, and there was
very little left to eat - except
mugs and pewter plates -

Late at night upon
Christmas Eve, Simpkin opened
the door and went out, up the
cellar steps. He jumped
nimbly over the snow in the gutter

and crossed into the shadow over
the way.

On the side of
the street where the moonlight fell,
the icicles sparkled like diamonds;
the overhanging gables and little
lattice windows showed quite plain;
although it was the middle of the
night.

There were no lights
in the windows and no sounds
in the houses, everyone had gone
to bed.

Only in.

the distance — fainter and fainter
a long way off — the carol singers
were singing an old Christmas
tune —

"Wassal, wassal, to our town !

The cup is white and the ale is brown;

The cup is made of the ashens tree,

And so is the ale of the good barley.

"Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door and let us come in!"

"Blessed be the master of this house, and the mistress also,
And all the little babies that round the table grow!
Their pockets full of money, the cellars full of beer—
A merry Christmas to you, and a happy New Year!"

The merry voices died away in the

distance; the waits and carol singers
too had gone to bed.

All the city of Gloucester was
fast asleep.

Up and down and round about,
all round the town went Simpkin.

He sniffed about the gutters
and screeched amongst the snow.

He wandered through the
market-place; but all the Christmas
beef was sold; not a scrap of suet

or a single old bone was left under
the stalls. The jackdaws had
been hungry too; and they had been
there before poor Simphin.

Simphin went to look whether they
had dropped anything on their way
home; he crossed the smooth white
snow in the college gardens leaving a
row of round pit-pats to mark his
track. The was not
a sound; it was so very very quiet, that.

Simpkin scarcely liked to mew.

Then all at once up above his head there was a sort of buzzing sound of wheels, and the Cathedral clock began to strike the chimes. Such a merry jingling noise of bells echoing over the snow!

The jackdaws woke, and all began to shout together, and all the corks in Gloucester

began to crow.

Although it was the middle of the night, the thrushes and the robins sang in the College gardens; before the last echo of the chimes had gone - the air was quite full of little twittering voices talking altogether!

Even poor hungry Simpkin looked up at the moon, and sighed -

"Hey diddle diddle!"

For it is in the old story, that
all the beasts can talk, in the
night between Christmas Eve
and Christmas Day in the
morning -

But there are very few folks
that can hear them, or know
what they say.

From all the gardens and
roofs and cellars, and old wood-
-en houses in Gloucester came

Thousands of little twittering voices,
singing the old Christmas rhymes.

- all the old songs that ever I
heard of; and some that I don't
know - like 'Whittington's Bells'

First and loudest the cocks
sang out -

"Dame get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies! bake your pies!

Dame get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Cock a doodle doo! shouted the corks;
Then they sang another verse -

"Name what makes your maidens lie?
Maidens lie, maidens lie,
Name what makes your maidens lie?
On Christmas Day in the morning -

Cock a doodle doo! Cock a doodle doo!
shouted the corks.

Hey diddle, diddle! sighed Simphin.

Thus the cocks sang the last two verses —

"Dame, what makes your ducks to die?

Ducks to die, ducks to die,

"Dame what makes your ducks to die?

On Christmas day in the morning —

"Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,

Cannot fly, cannot fly,

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,

On Christmas Day in the morning."

"Oh dilly dilly dilly!" sighed the hungry Simplin,

"Oh what shall we have for supper
Mrs Bond?.... There's geese in the
larder and ducks in the pond!
But my master's larder is as empty
as old Mother Hubbard's", sighed
Simpkin - And the Mayor's
little turnspit doggie overhearing him
took up the song -

"When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none!"

It was in the stable yard taking
supper with the watch dog, they
looked up at the moon and laughed
until they cried -

The turn spit began another tune -

"I had a little dog,
And they called him Buff!
I sent him to the shop
For a hap'orth of snuff;
But he lost the bag,

And spill'd the snuff,
So take that cuff!
And that's enough.

Inside the stables the fat
horses moved in their stalls and
jingled the chains and rings —

" John Smith

Fellow fine

Can you shoe this horse of mine?

Yes Sir that I can,

As well as any man,

"Here a nail and here a prod,
Now the horse is well shod."

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross."
grumbled Simplicius.

He went up Westgate and looked up
at the funny old houses with
their carved gables and painted
sign boards hanging out in the
moonlight. In a

garret in the roof of the Sun Inn
There were lights and the sound of
fiddling —

"Old King Cole, was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe

And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three —

Fiddle fiddle fiddle!

Went the fiddlers three,

Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, fee!
Oh theres none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!"

"Key diddle, diddle! The cat and the
fiddle! All the cats in Gloucester,
except me," sighed Simpkin.

In the cellars under the
Mayor of Gloucester's shop, at the sign.

of the golden candle, where Smipkin
had bought the sausages - There
was a fine racket! The rats
were holding holiday and high jinks,
singing the song of "Uncle Rottan",
and dancing the hays, in and out
and round about, amongst the casks
and barrels. Thumpetty,
bumpetty, bump, they danced; and
then came shrieks of laughter and a
crash of broken bottles -

Simpkin, with his ears and tail
jerked, listened close against a chink
in the trap door, while a squeaky
voice sang this ancient ditty - (for
they were old English black rats; the
gray rats had not come from Norway
in the days of cherry coloured coats)
Sang the squeaky voice —

"It was the frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;

And a merry mouse in a mill—
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I—

(Thumpetty bumpetty bump, danced
the rats) —

"

"When he was on his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone
Kitty alone and I.

"When he came to the merry mill pin,
"Lady Mouse, are you therein?
Kitty alone, Kitty alone!
(Simpkin grinned.)

"Then out came the dusty mouse,
"I'm my lady of this house."
Safely do I sit and spin -
Kitty alone, Kitty alone -
"Mistress Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me?"

"Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I.

"Marriage can I grant you name,
Till Uncle Pottan he comes hame,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone.

"What shall we have to our supper?"
'Three beans and one pound of butter.'
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I.

" Lord Potten sat at head o' th' table,
Because he was both stout and able —

"Miauw miauw! cried Simplin
very loud at the trap door.

There was an interruption and
more smashing of glass —

Presently the rude squeaky
voice began again, close to his ear
on the other side of the door —

"Then did come in Gib our cat;

"With a fiddle on his back,
"Want you any music here?"
Gggrrr miaow! cried
Simpkin—

"The cat he pull'd Lord Pottan down,
The kittlins they did claw his crown—
Cock me carry, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I—"

It was too offensive: Simpkin
did not wait to hear any more;

except that he could not avoid
overhearing echoes of the tune of
"Aitrim Drum" which all the rats
sang loudly in chorus —

"And he ate up all the good roast beef,
The good roast beef,
The good roast beef,
And he ate up all the good fat tripe,
The good fat tripe,
The good fat tripe,

And his name was Aikin Drum!

And he played upon a ladle,
With a fi fee fiddle fum!"

Simpkin hurried away out of hearing
of that disreputable company in
the Mayor of Gloucester's cellar.

He went up Westgate and listened
to some much prettier singing; for

the air was quite full of little tunes,
and twittering voices—

Under the wooden eaves the
sparrows sang in their sleep—

"Intery, mintery, cuttery, corn!

Apple seed, and apple thorn!"

Then another little voice from over the
way—

"Upstairs and downstairs,

Upon my lady's window,

I here I saw a cup of sack,

And a race of ginger!"

And another sang

"I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a golden nutmeg,
And a silver pear;
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake of
My little nut tree!"

And then another
began to sing about Little Jack

Homers and Christmas pies; but
another little bird interrupted him
with -

"Little Poll Parrot
Sat in a garret
Eating toast and tea!
A little brown mouse,
Jumped into his house,
And stole it all away!"

And then they all sang together from

both sides of the street —

"Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop!

So I cried "Little bird,
Will you stop stop stop?

And was going to the window
To say 'how do you do?'

But he shook his little tail,
And away he flew! "

From the tailor's little booth
in Westgate came a gleam of
light. When Simpkin crept up
to peep in at the window it was
full of candles.

There was a snippetting of scissors,
and click of thimbles and snappet-
-ting of threads.

Little mouse voices sang loudly

in chorus —

"Four and twenty tailors went to catch a snail,
The best man amongst them
Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
Like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors run! or she'll kill you all e'en now!"

Then without a pause the little mouse
voices went on again gaily —

"Sieve my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chestnut;
Let it stand an hour;

One may — "mew! mew!" interrupted
Scrimphie.

The little mouse voices tried another
tune —

"Can you make me a cambric shirt,
— Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme —
Without any seam or needle work?

And you shall be a true lover of mine."

"Mew? mew?" cried Simplicin
at the keyhole

The little voices struck into a
very brisk measure —

"Hey diddle dinketty, poppety pet!
The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchant men!"

"Mew!" cried Simplicin, "Meow!"

The little voices tittered and
began again —

"Jack Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter,
When butter was clear —

"Miaw! grrrr" cried the exasperated
Simpkin under the door —

but the little voices tittered and
began again -

"And there I bought
A pipkin and a popkin,
A slipkin and a slophkin,
All for one ferthing -
and upon the kitchen dresser!"
added the little tittering voices.
'Ggorn miau!' cried Simpkin.

Then they began again a most
lively jingle, snippelling their
scissors to mark time -

"Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark,
The Beggars are come to town,
Some in tags
And some in rags
And one in a velvet gown!"

"Grrrrr miaow!" cried Simphen.
The little voices tittered -

"Pussy-cat Mole,
Jump'd over a coal,
And in her best petticoat
burnt a great hole
Poor Pussy's weeping,
She'll have no more milk,
Till her best petticoat's
Mended with silk!"

"Miau! scratch, scratch!"
scuffled Simpskin jumping
onto the window sill, while the
little mice inside sprang to their
feet and sang altogether —

"Three little mice sat down to spin!
Pussy pass'd by and she peeped in.
"What are you at?" my fine little men?
"Making coats for Gentlemen!"

"Shall I come in and cut off your threads?"

"Oh no! Miss Pusny; you'd bite off our heads!"

and then they all began shouting
at once in little twittering voices

"No more twist! no more twist!"

"No more twist!"

and they barred up the window
shutters, and shut out Snipkin.

But still through the niches
in the shutters he could hear the

click of thimbles and little mouse
voices singing "No more twist!
No more twist!"

Simpkin came away home to
the kitchen-cellar, considering
thoughtfully in his mind.

When he opened the door and
went in, he found that the poor
old tailor was fast asleep! The
fever had left him. Then

Simphini went on tip-toe to the kitchen dresser, and took a little parcel out of the tea-pot, and looked at it in the moonlight.

When the tailor awoke in the morning the first thing he saw—upon the patch work counterpane—was a skein of cherry coloured twisted silk. Beside his bed stood the

repentant Simphie with a cup
of tea and the last of the
sausages, fizzling hot upon a
pewter plate.

"Alack, I am worn to a
ravelling, said the tailor of
Gloucester, "but I have my
twist!"

Out of doors

the sun was shining on the snow
and the bells rang merrily -

The tailor got up and
hobbled along the sunny side
of the way with Simpkin
running at his heels or before
him; and when the tailor
lagged, Simpkin ran in front
before him, and mewed, like
a cat in a hurry -

The robins and throates sang, and
the sparrow and starlings twittered
and whistled upon the chimney
stacks. And the carol singers
too had come out again, for
folks seem to have sung at all
manner of times, in the days of
cherry coloured coats — and
this was what they sang. —

"I saw three ships come sailing by—
Sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by—
On Christmas Day in the morning—

And who do you think were in them then?
In them then, in them then,
and who do you think were in them then?
On Christmas Day in the morning!

Three pretty maids were in them then -
In them then, in them then,
Three pretty maids were in them then -
On Christmas Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin,
Such joy was at my wedding
On Christmas Day in the morning!

Said the tailor -

"Alack, I have my twist, but
no more strength - nor time - than
will make me one single button-
hole - and this is Christmas
Day in the morning! The
Mayor of Gloucester shall be
married at noon; and where
is his cherry coloured coat? "

He fittid the key

into the lock of his booth with a
shaky hand; and Simphim ran
in, between his legs, like a cat
that expects something -

"Mew? Mew?" cried Simphim.

But there was no one there -

The floor was swept and
clean; the pins were all swept up
and stuck into pin papers; the

ends of thread and little silk
snippets were all tidied away,
and gone from the floor.

But upon the table!

Oh joy - the tailor gave a shout!

There - where he had left
plain cuttings of cloth - there
lay the most beautifullest coat
and gold-brocaded waist-coat
that ever were worn by a mayor

of Gloucester.

There was embroidery upon the cuffs and upon the pocket flaps and upon the skirts of the coat: it was cherry coloured corded silk, lined with yellow paduoy; there were 1 and 20 buttons.

The waistcoat was of peach coloured satin, worked with thread of gold and silver.

Everything was quite finished
except just one single cherry
coloured button hole; and where
that button-hole was wanting,
there was pinned a little scrap
of paper, with these words—
—in teeny weeny writing—

"no more twist!"

~~~~~

And from then began the  
luck of the tailor of Gloucester;  
he grew quite stout and he  
grew quite rich.

He made the most wonder-  
-ful waist-coats for all the  
rich merchants of Gloucester,  
and for all the fine gentlemen  
of the country round.

Never were seen such lappets

and such cuffs and such lacy  
silks and rosebuds!

But his button-holes were the  
greatest triumph of all:

The stitches were so neat—so neat—  
I wonder how they could be made  
by a little old man in spectacles,  
with old crooked fingers, and a  
thimble on his thumb!

The stitches of those



button-holes were so small - so  
small - they looked as if they  
had been <sup>carefully</sup> stitched by little  
mice!



I had

Glouce

Notes -

I had the story from Miss Caroline Hutton, who had it of Miss Lucy, of Gloucester, who had it of the Tailor.

Paduoy = padua soy - or soie - = silk of Padua.

Kaffeta = a mixture of flax & silk.

Lutestring = lustring = lustred or watered silk.

"the College gardens" = the Cathedral precincts at Gloucester used to be called the College -

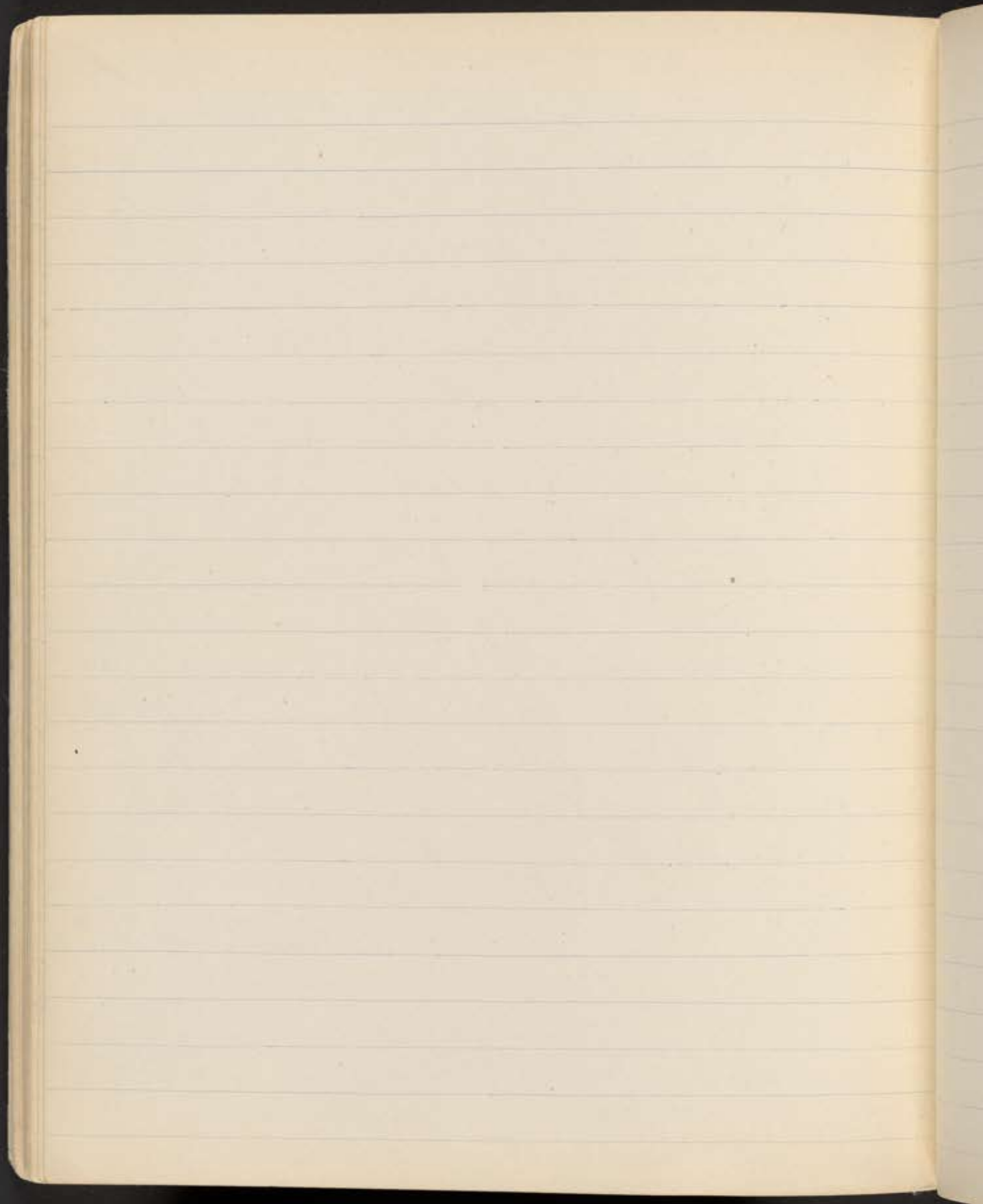
The version of the frog & mouse here given dates from 16<sup>th</sup> century.  
Some of the verses are the Scotch version (Chambers)

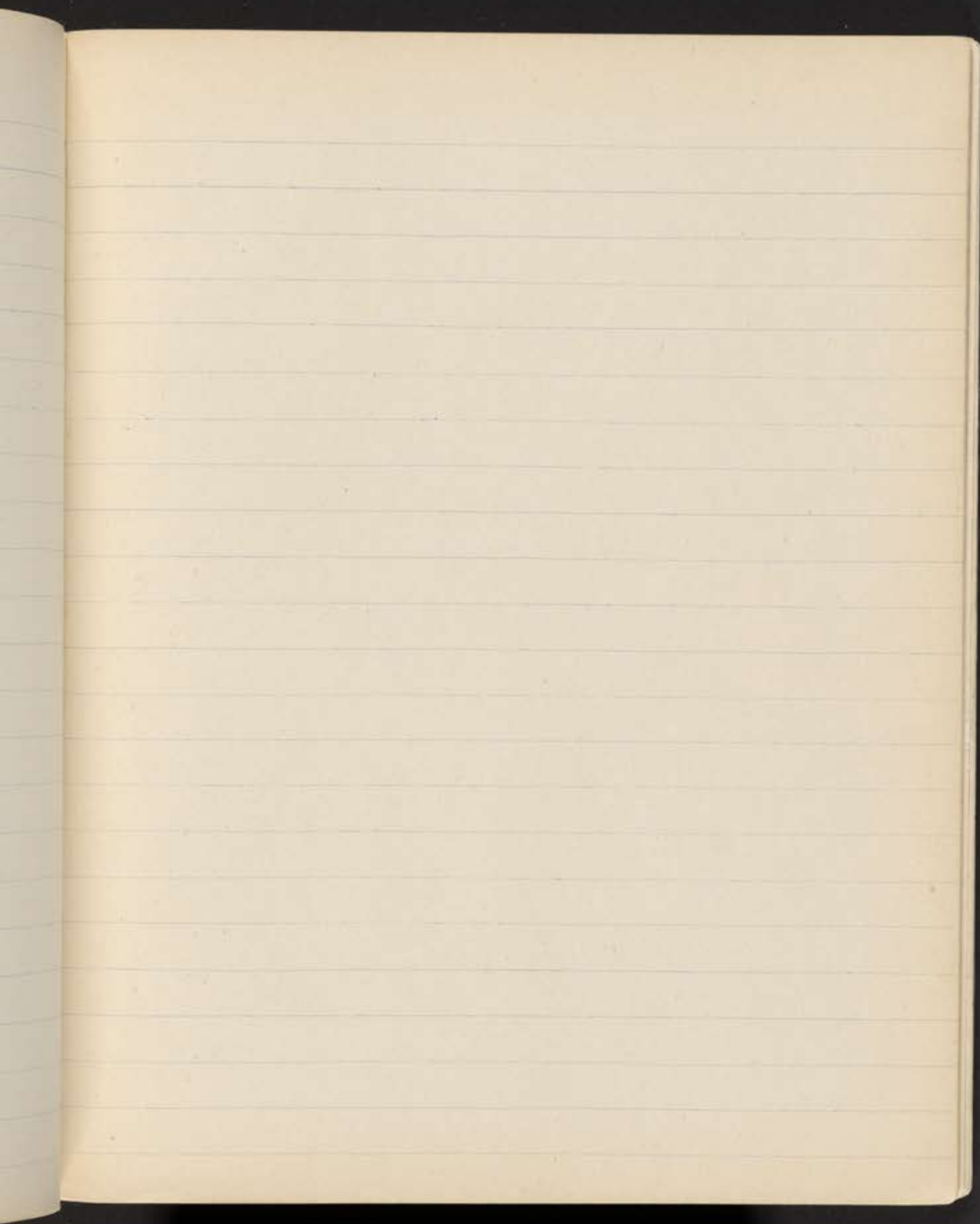
Most of the rhymes are from J. O. Halliwell's collection.

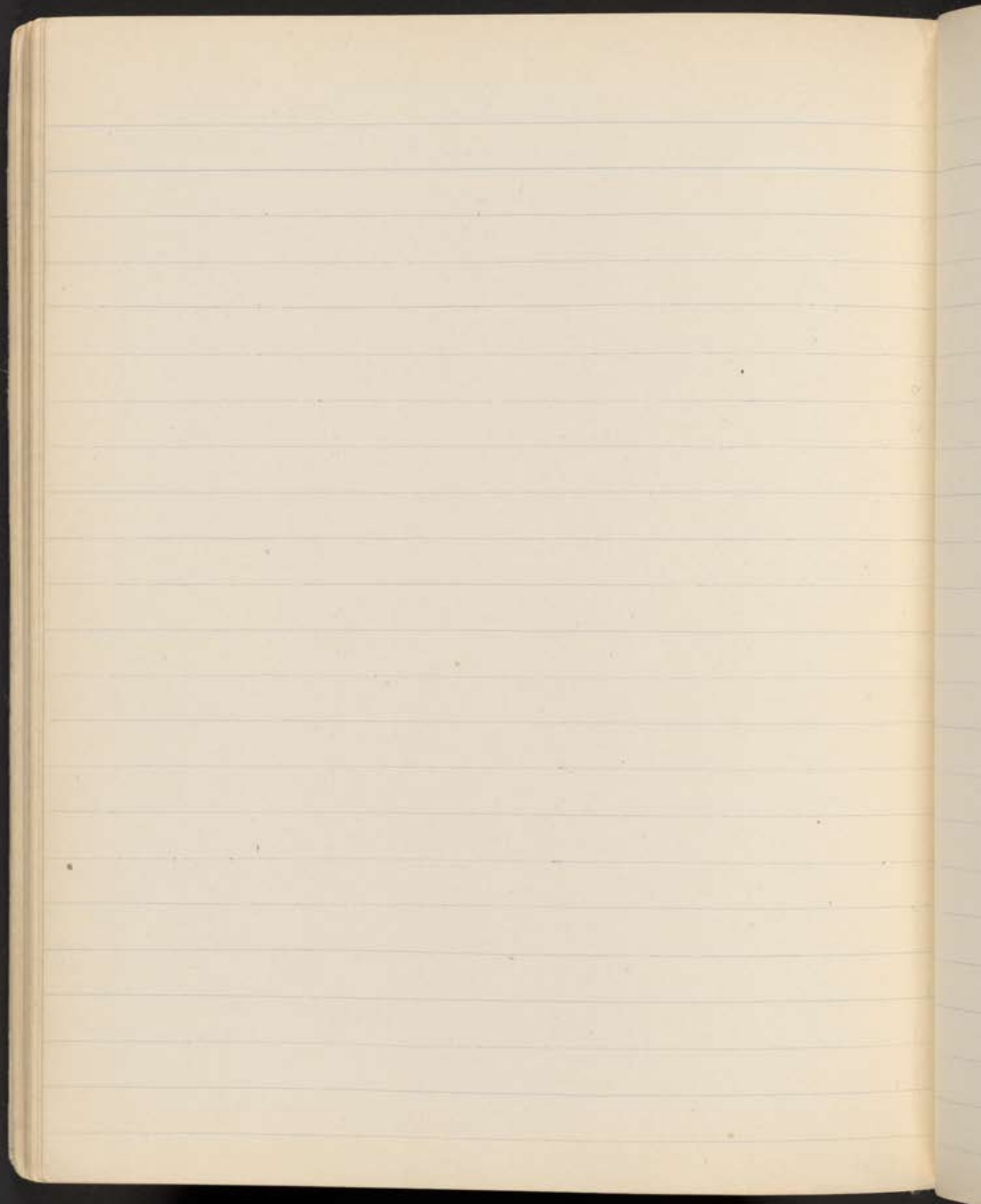
In the rhyme of little Poll Parrot 'tea' is evidently 'tay' = thee which puts the rhyme back to the time of Gracious Anna -

"Whom three realms obey, doth sometimes counsel take,  
and sometimes tea!"

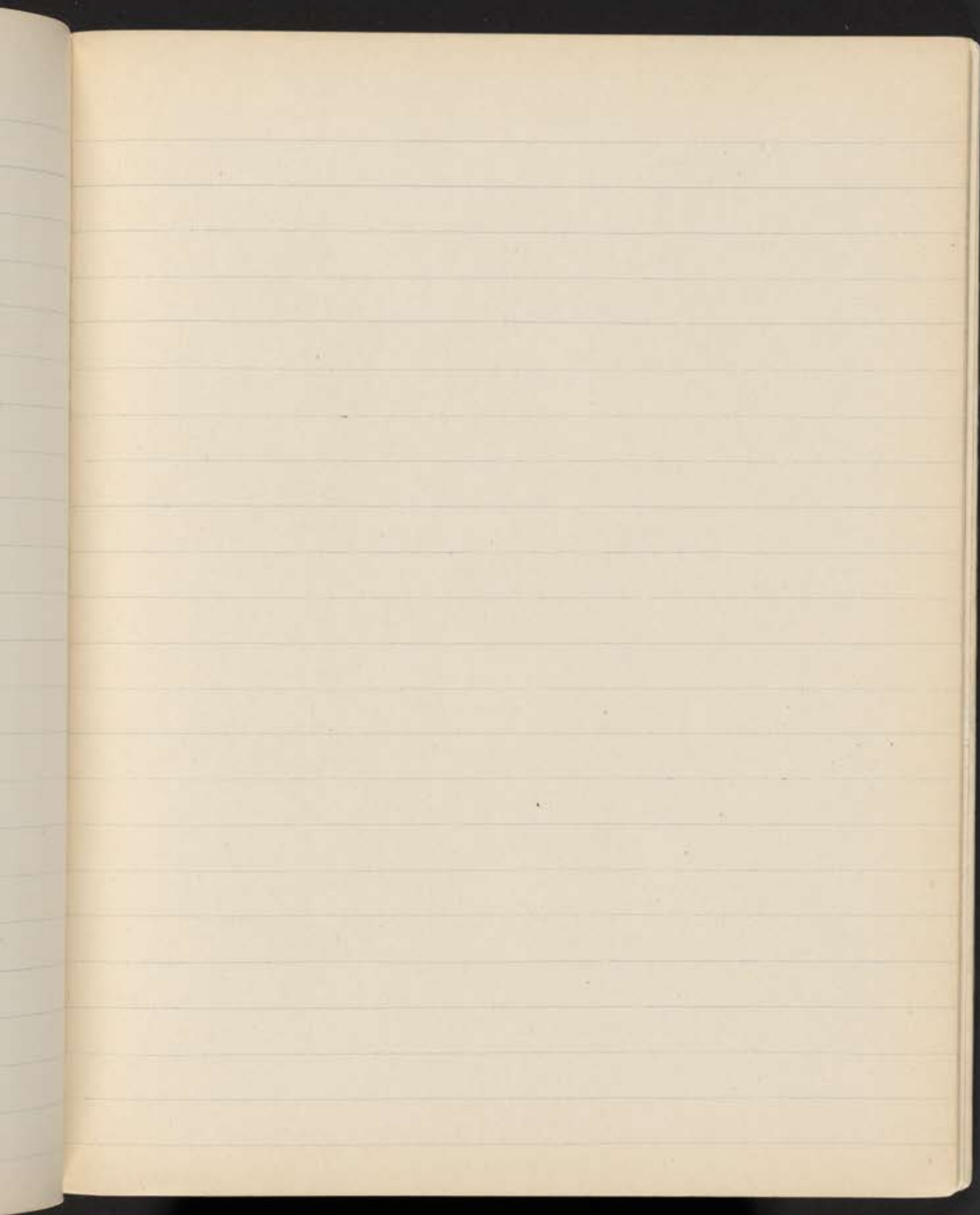
Prologue - to be sung, old-fashioned name for trainings - Heyworth's  
early in his history would wear a square braided white  
garment and a white - the old name a "doff" a "doff" -  
"The gentleman comes his cocked hat under his arm  
& a bunch of snuff in his finger."

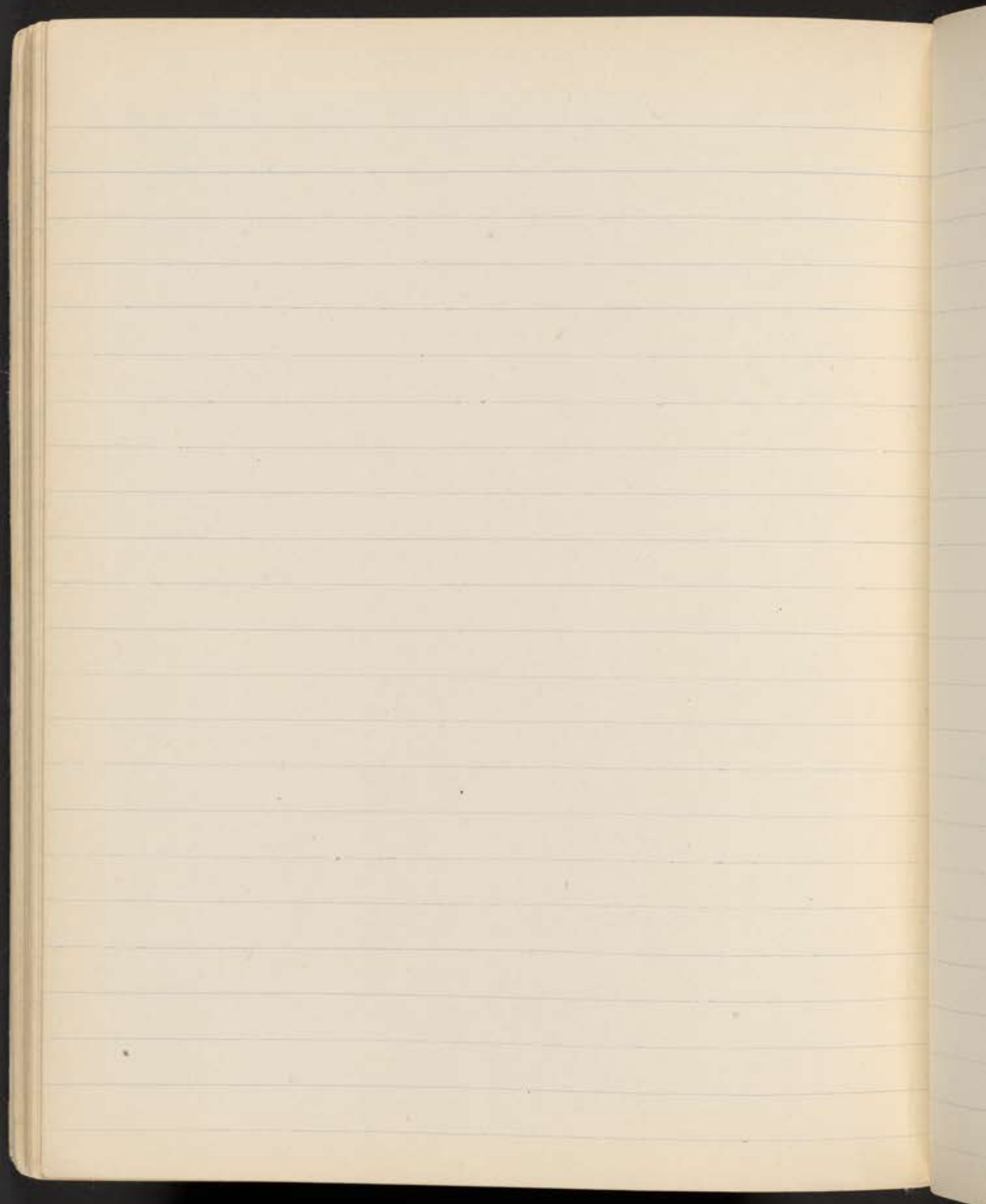


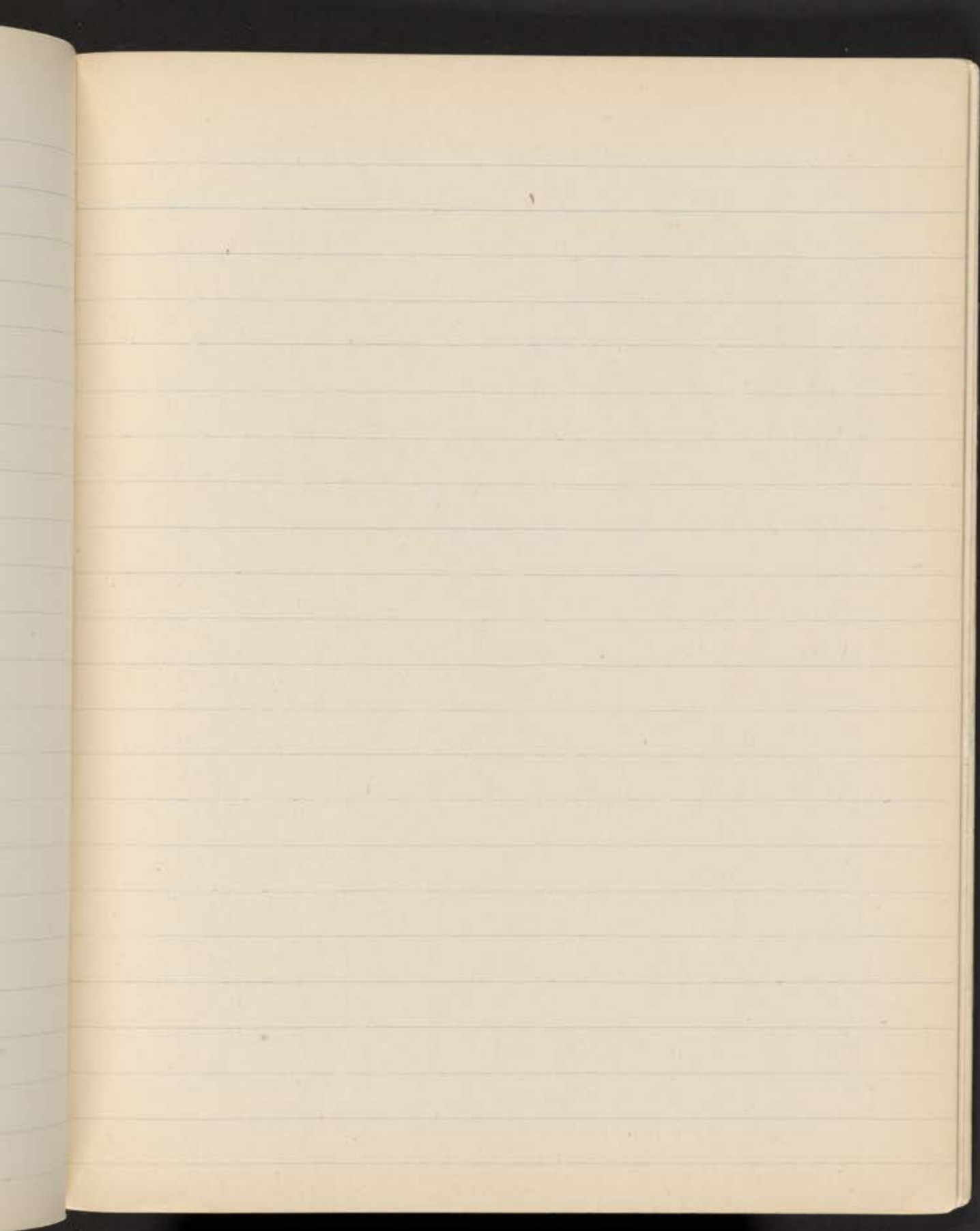


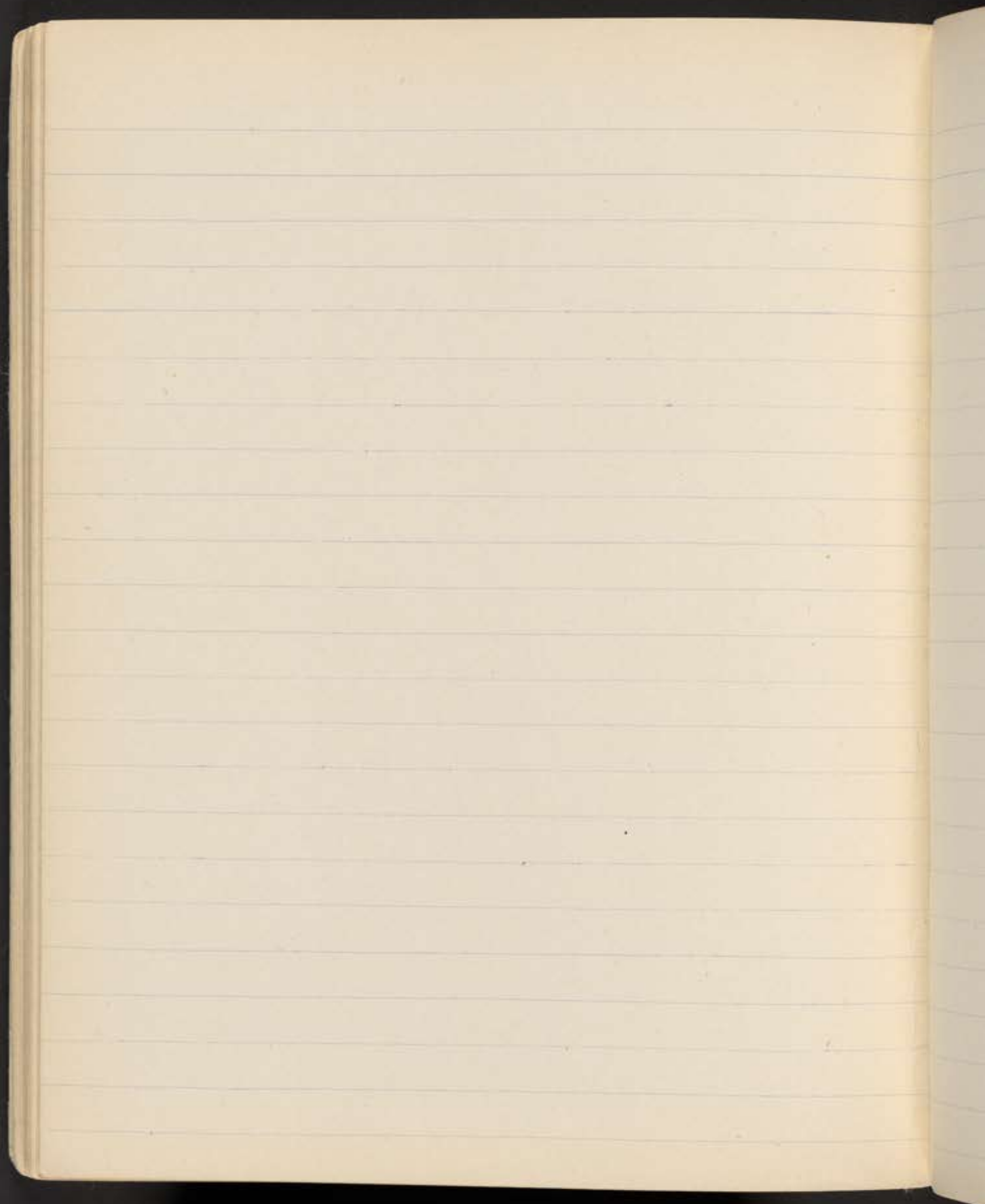


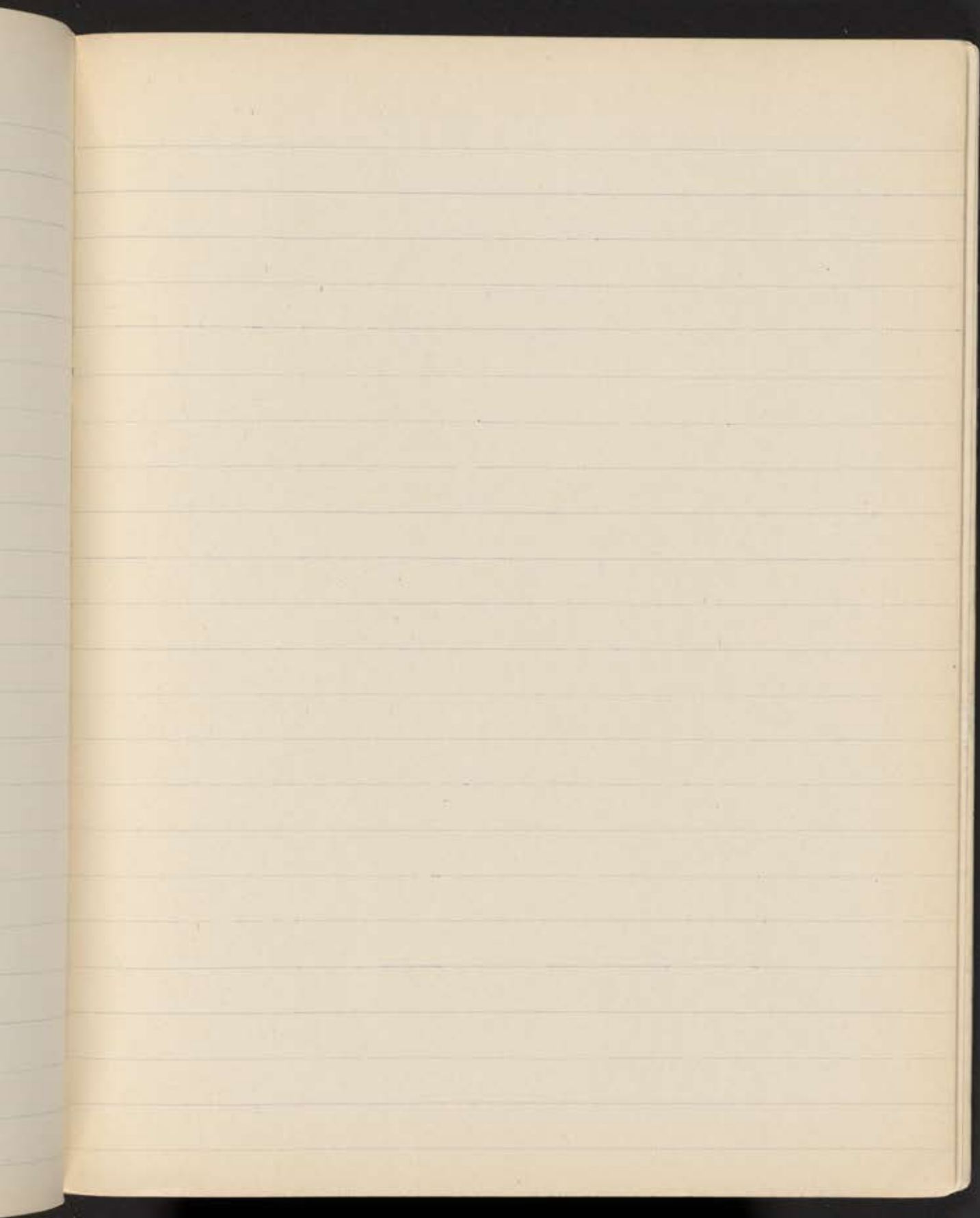


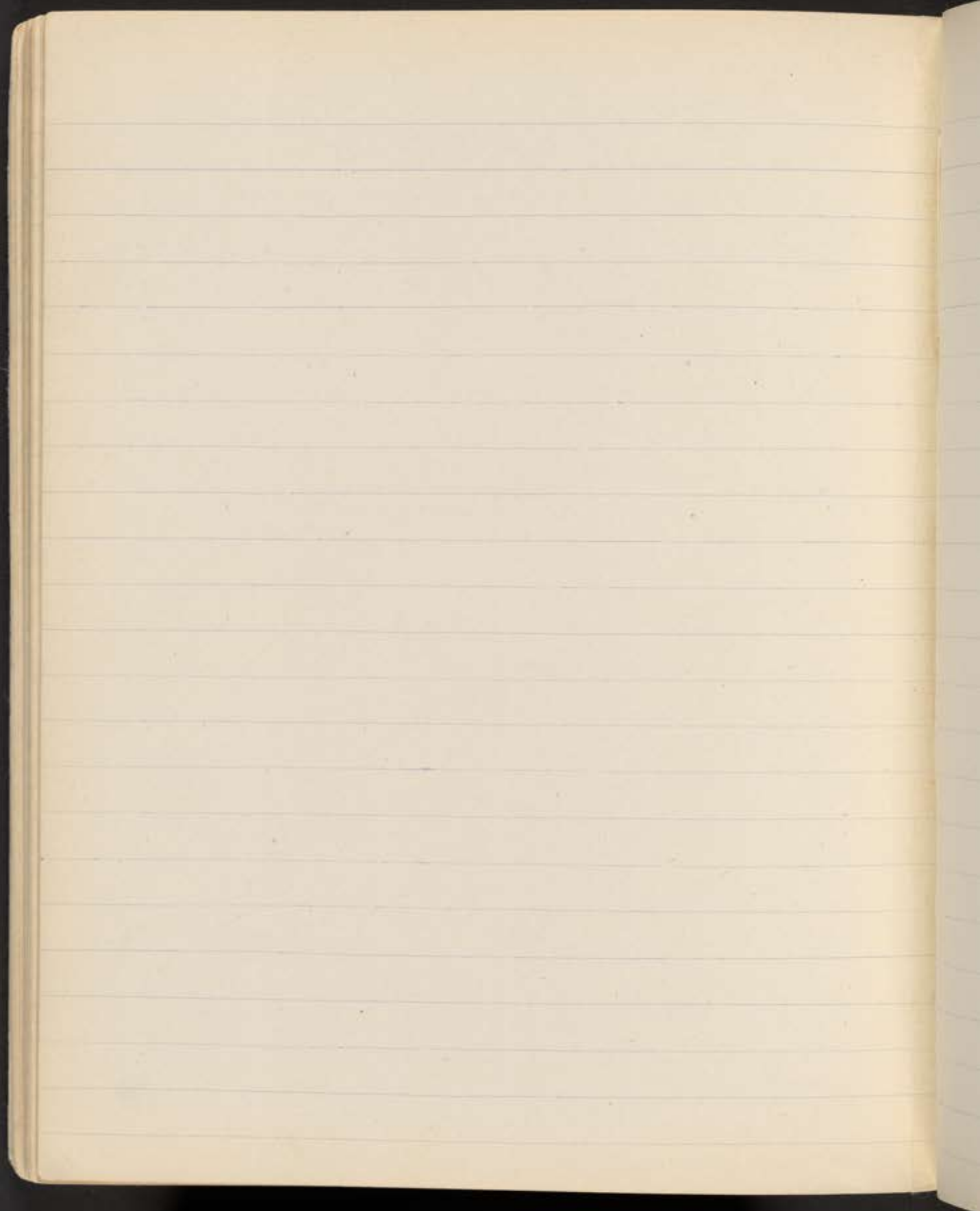




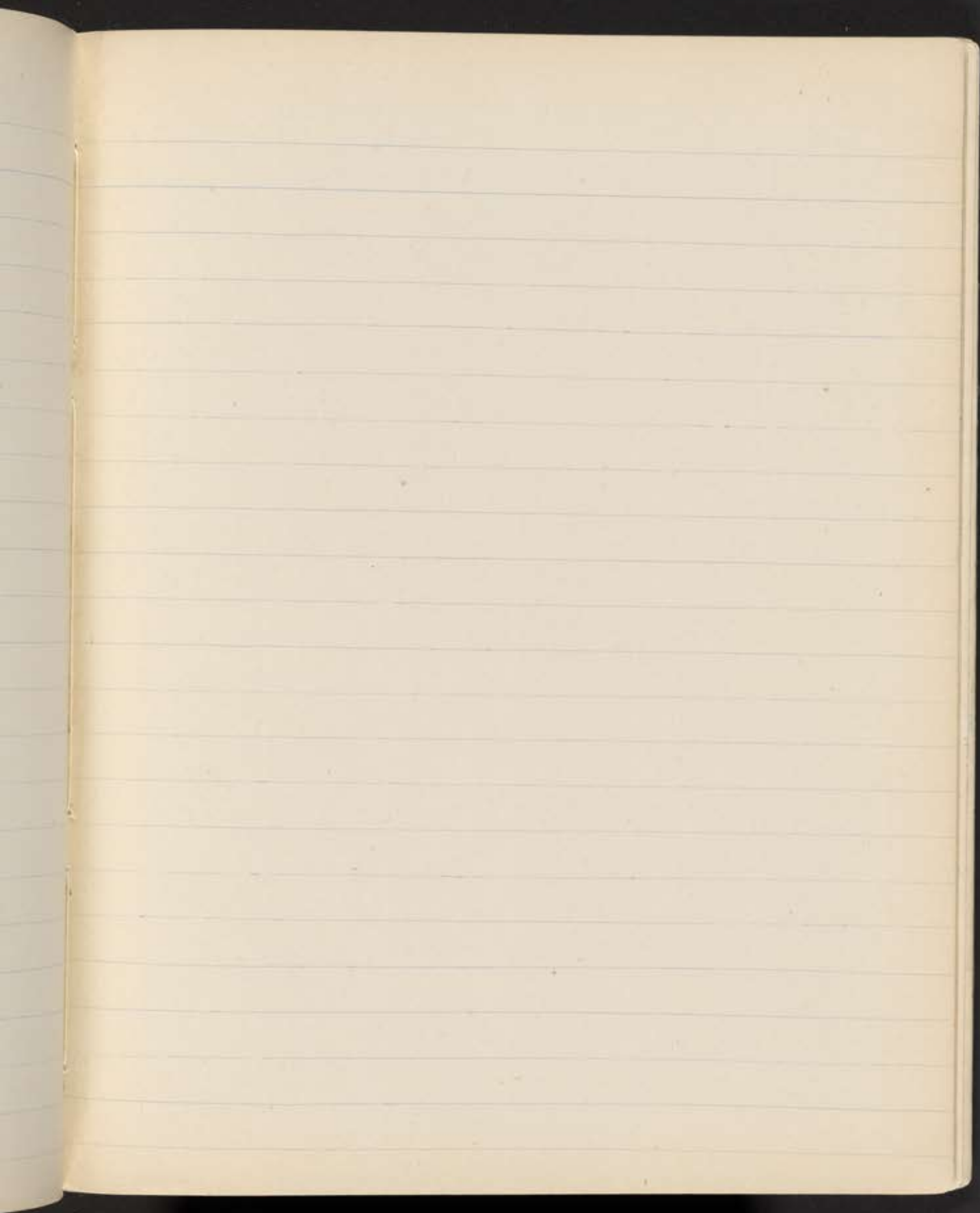


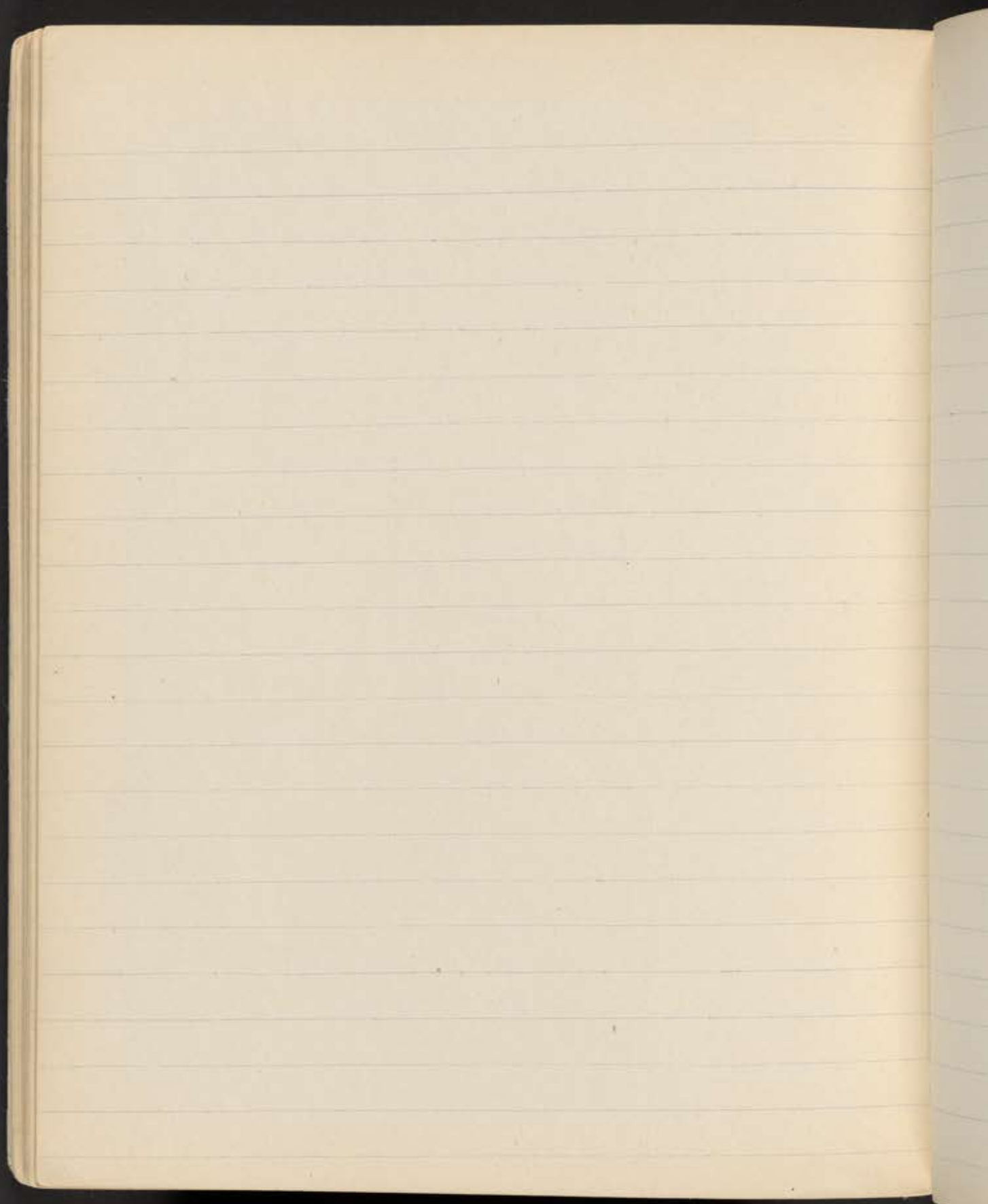


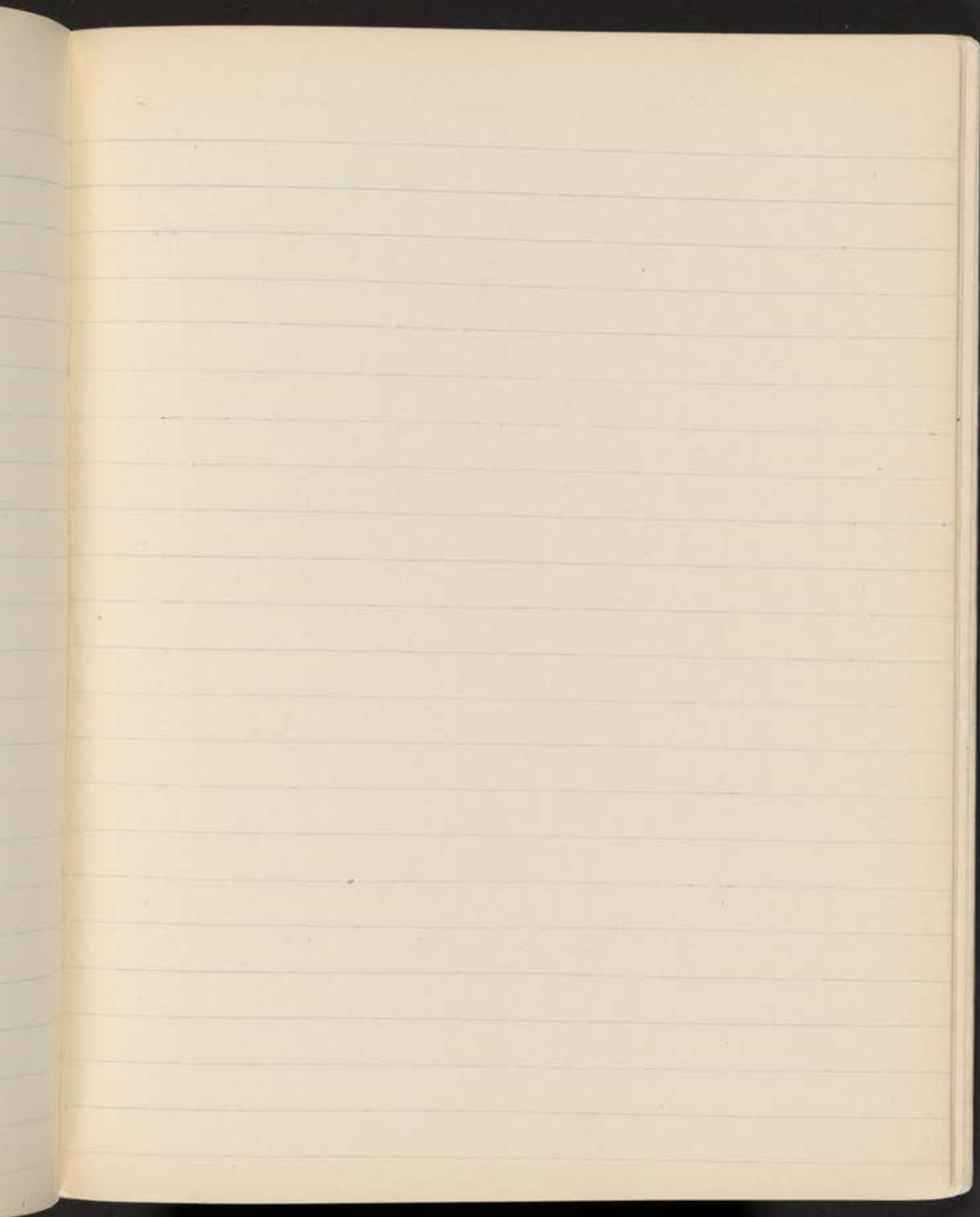


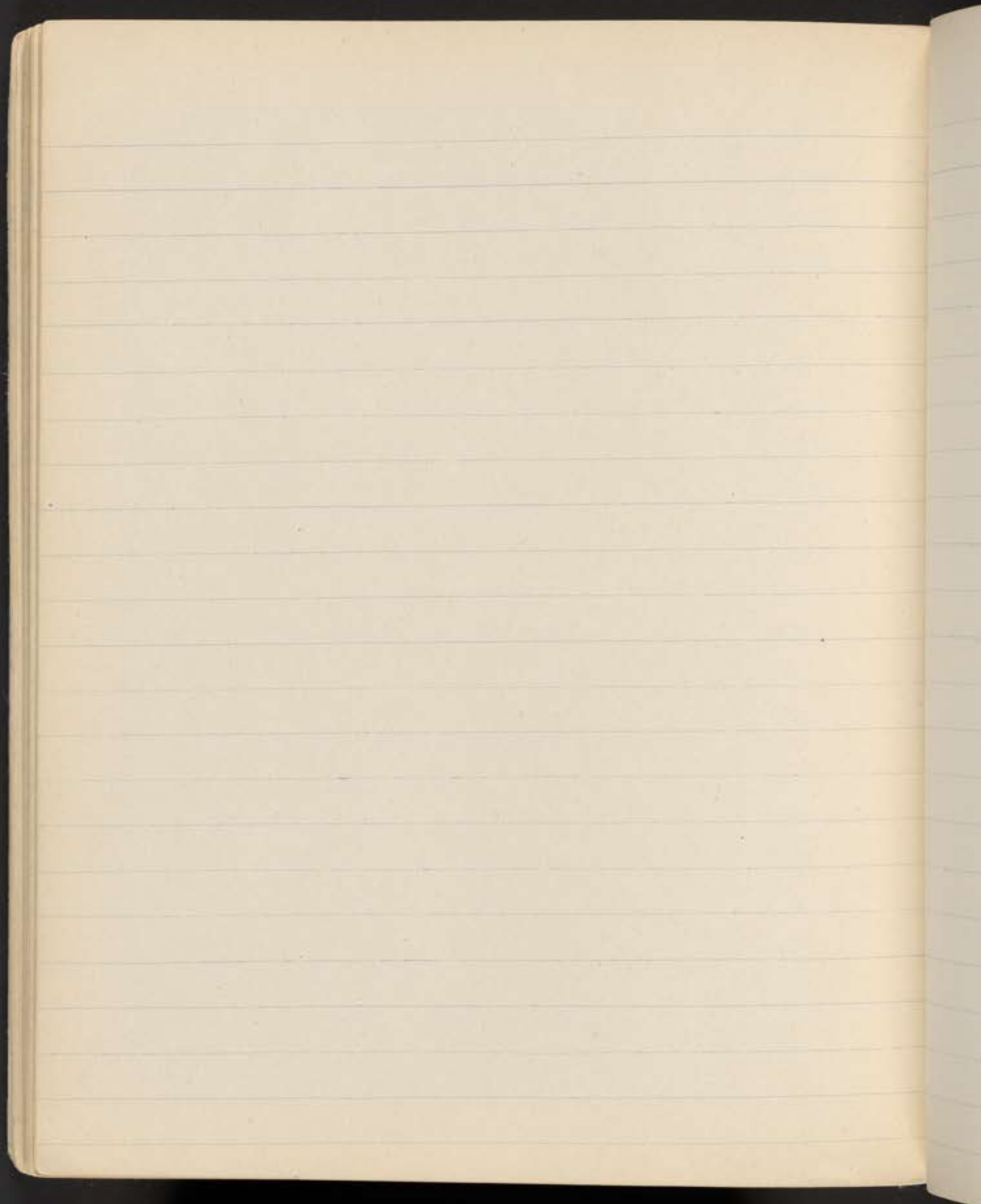


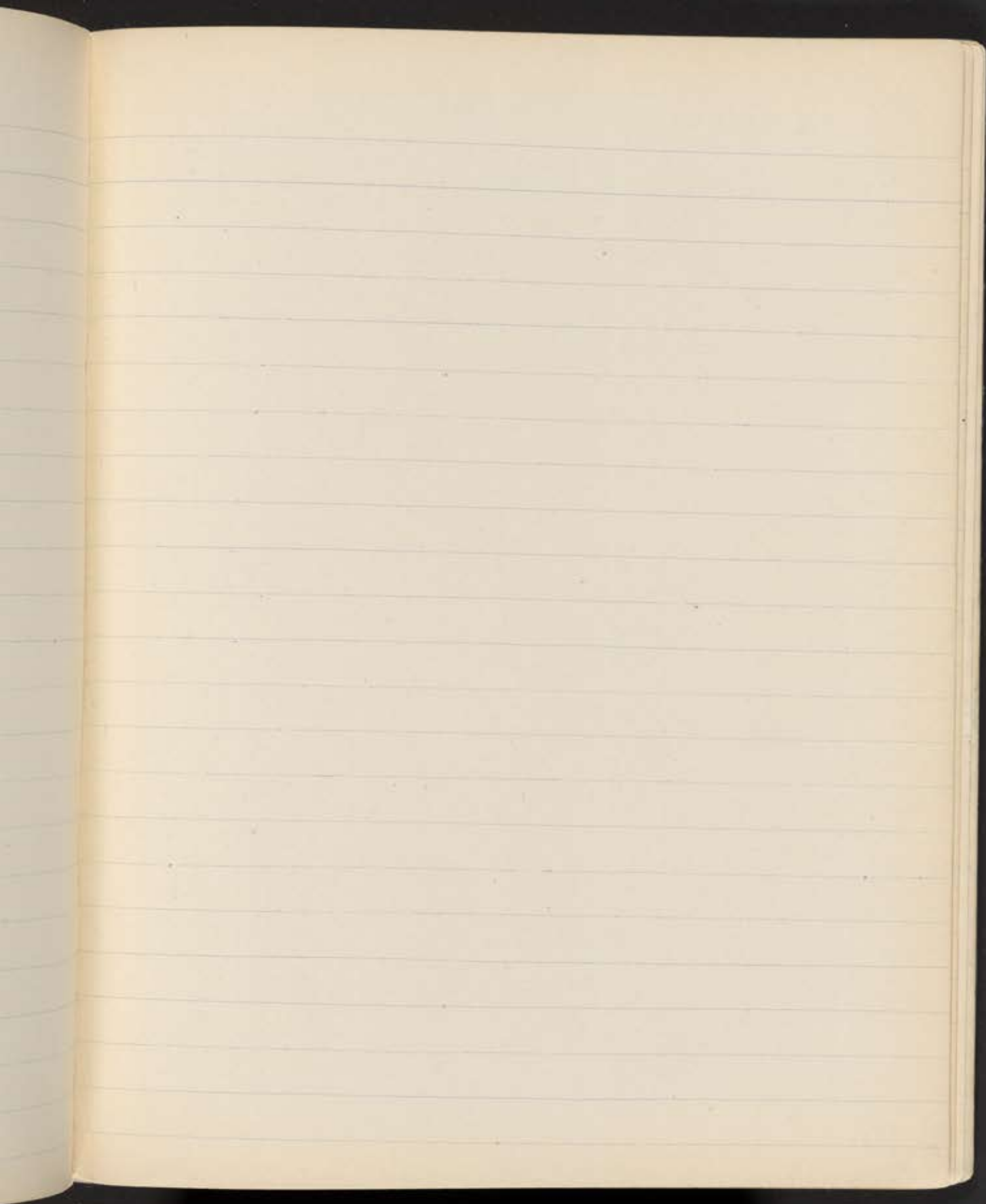


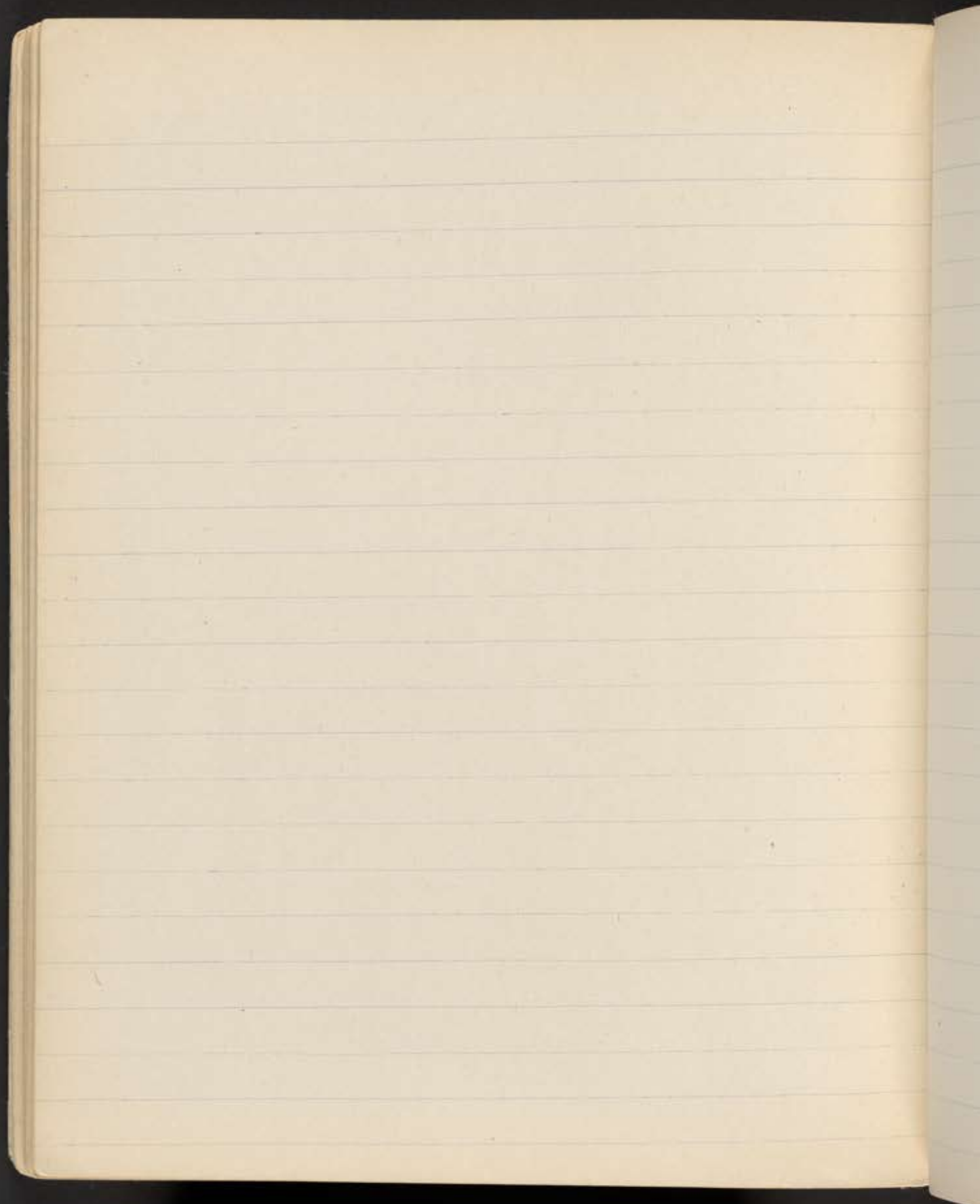




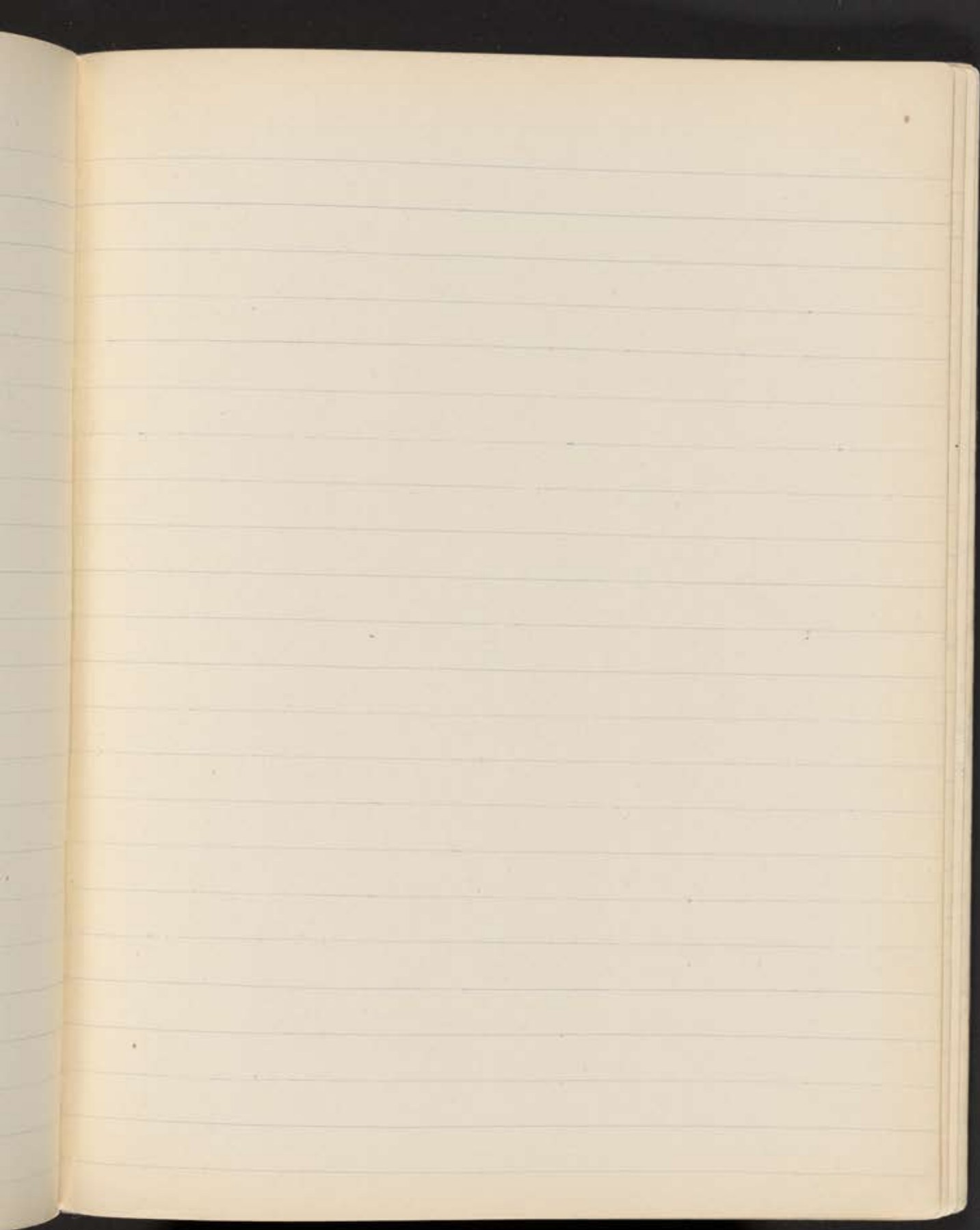


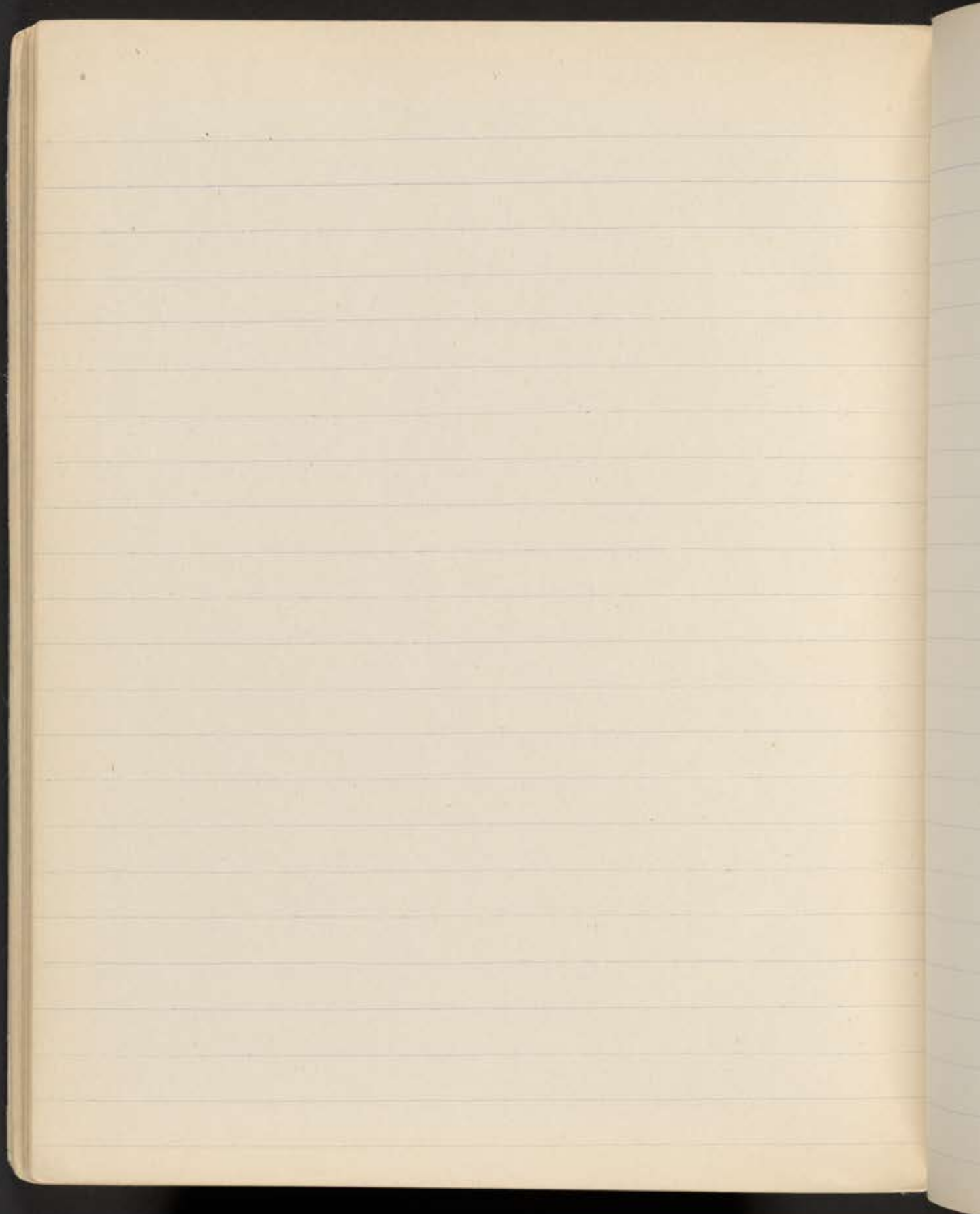


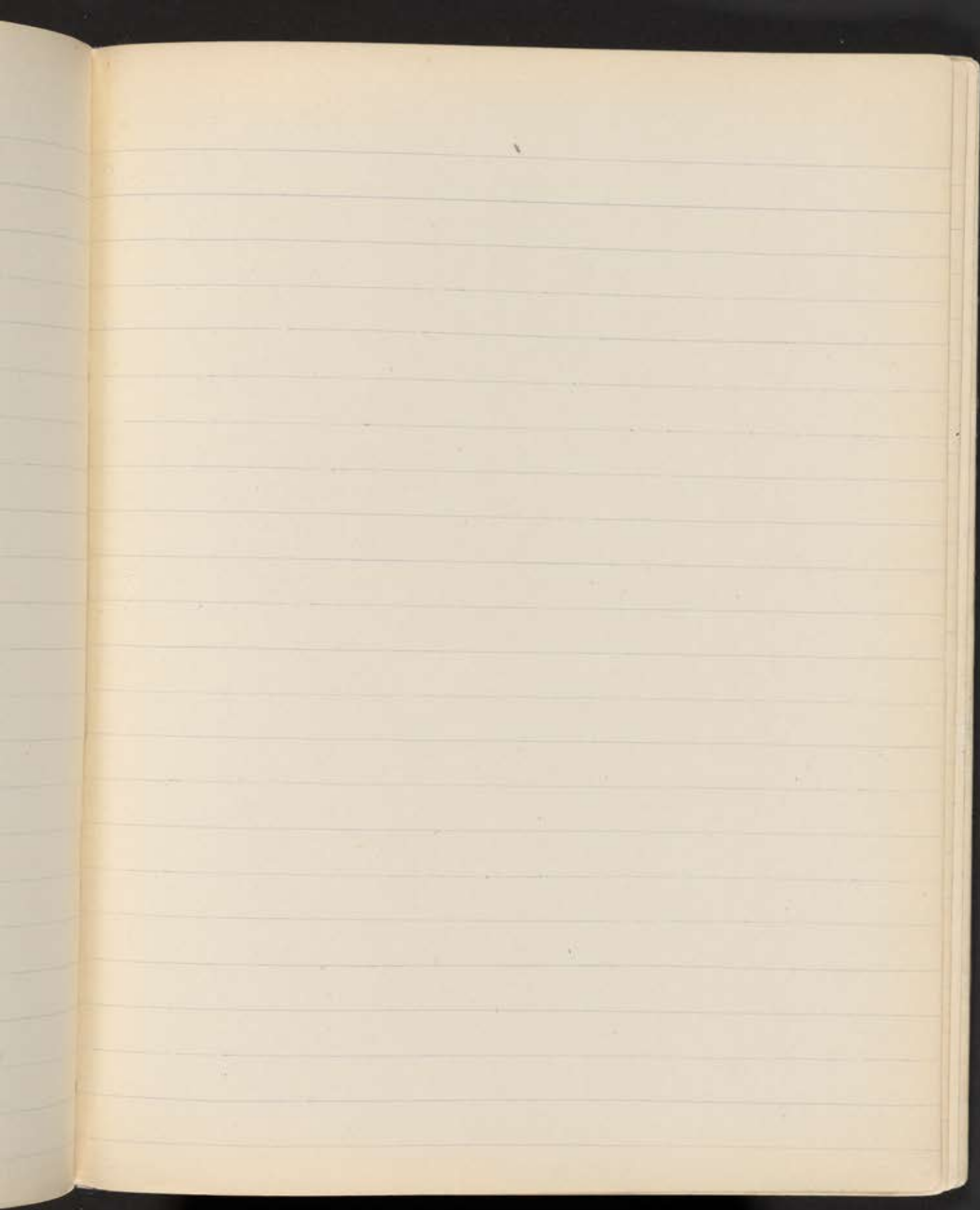


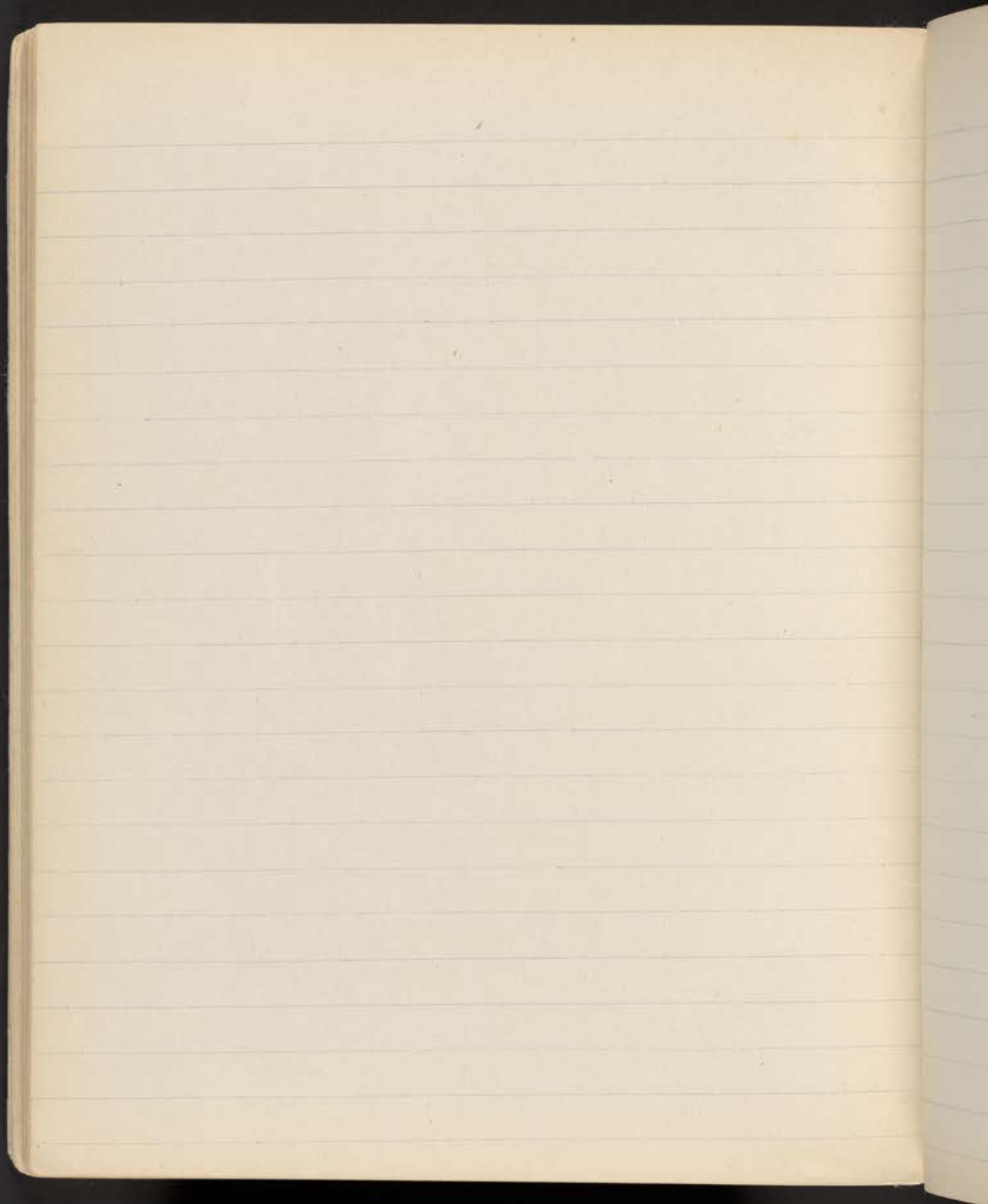


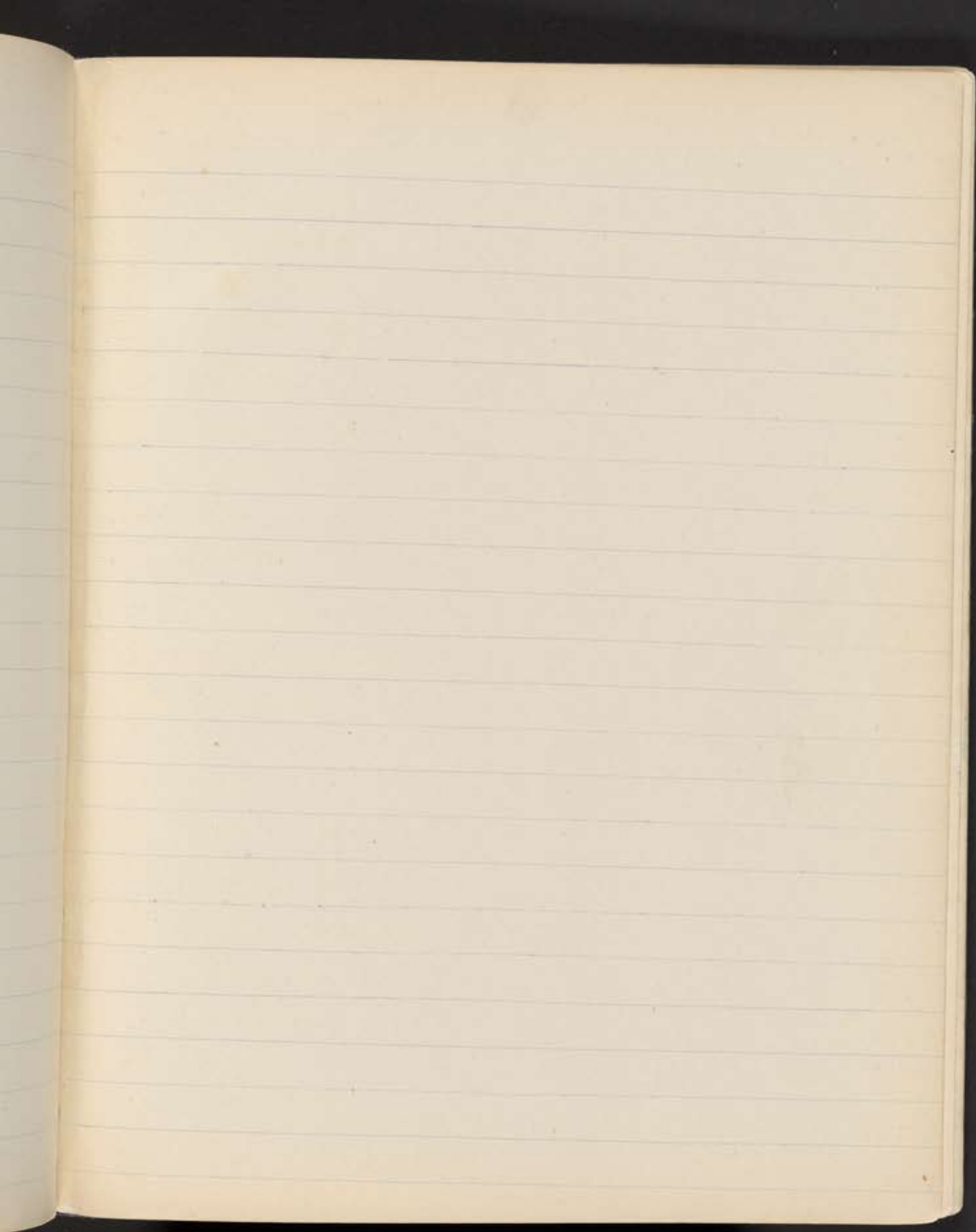


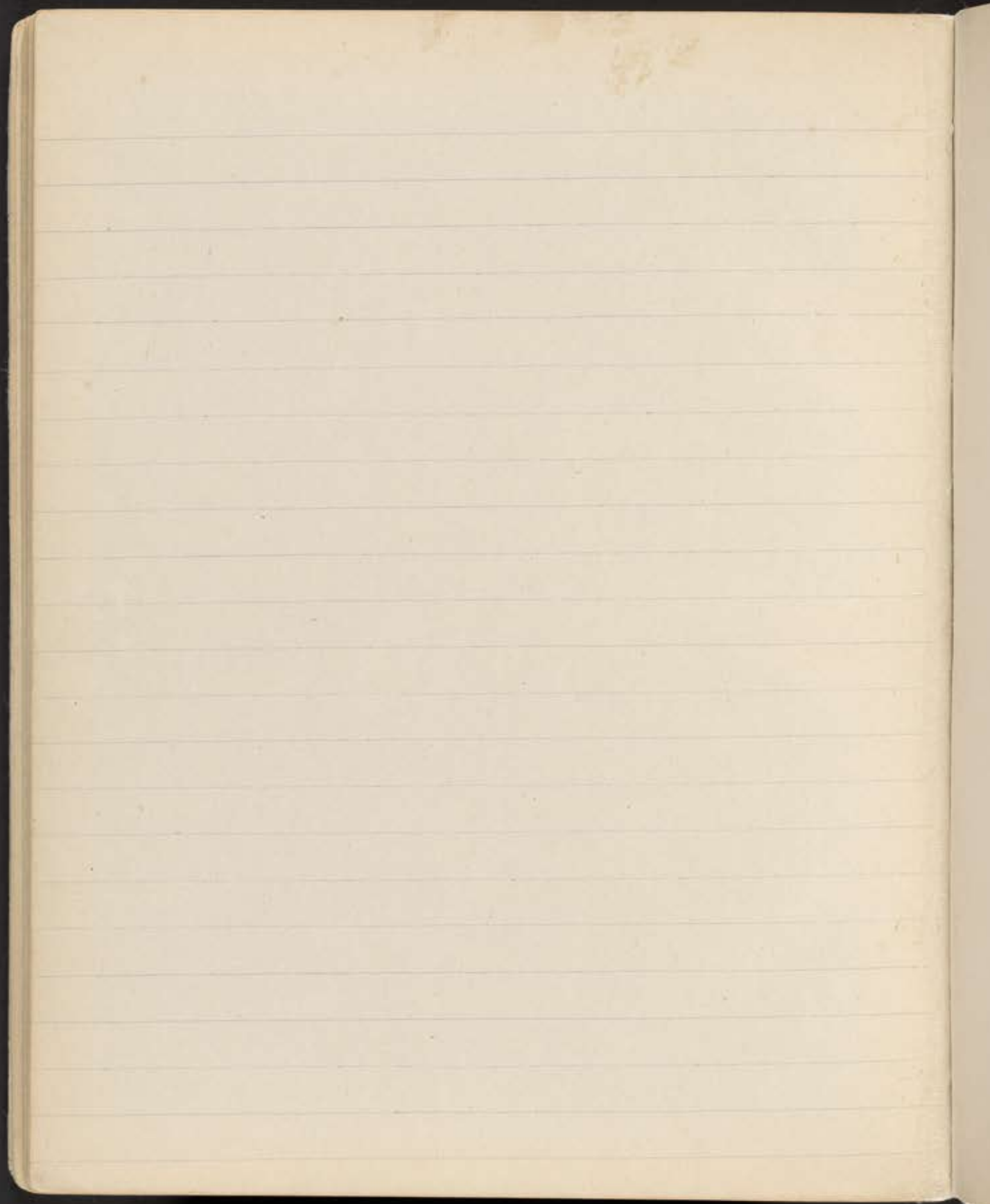






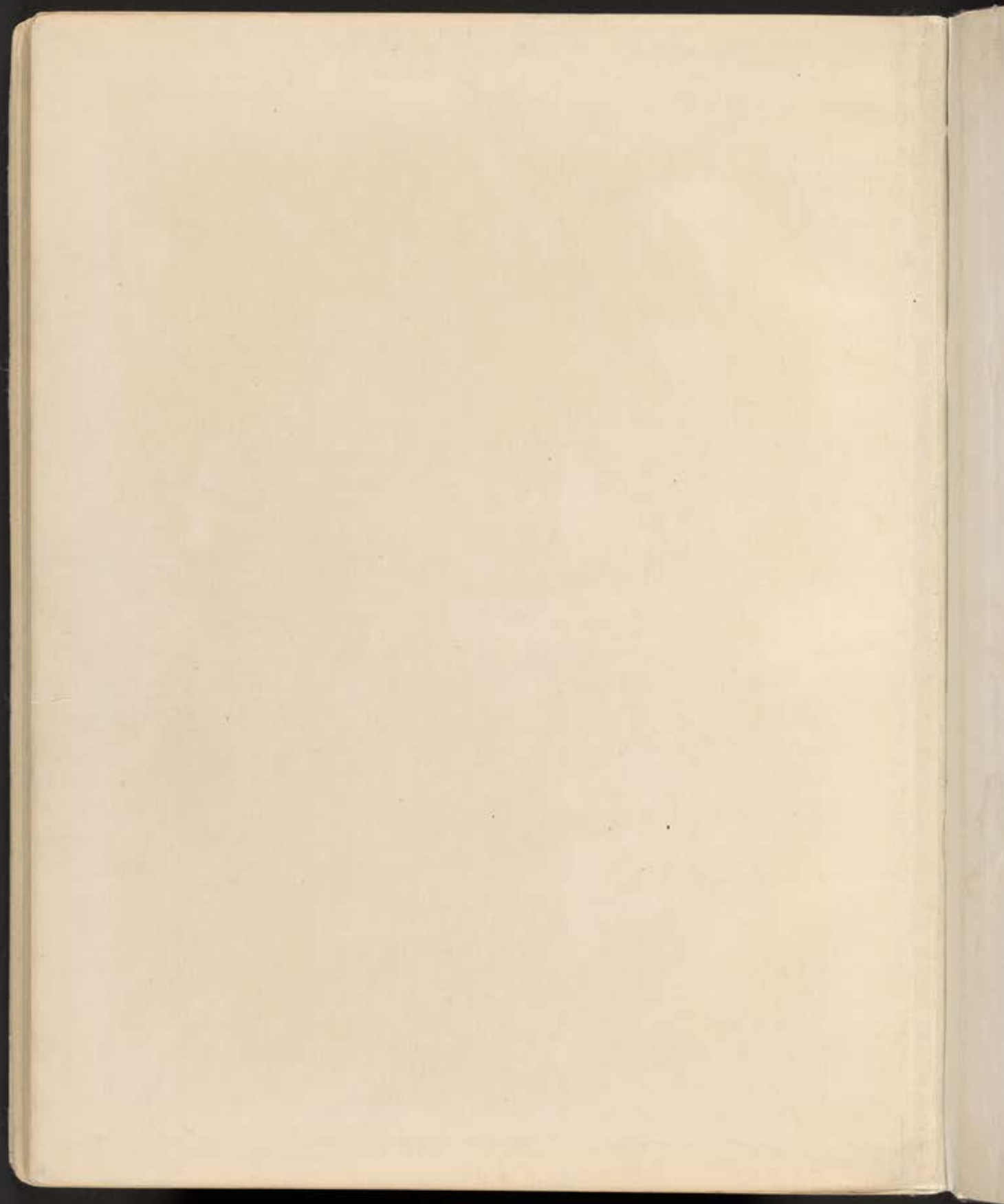












Mrs. Lisa Norris Elkins 1951 g

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