# LITTLE

# RED RIDING HOOD,

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, HUMOROUS, AND NUMEROUS.

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# LITTLE
# RED RIDING HOOD.

INTRODUCTION OF THE HEROINE TO THE READER.

In a sweet little village,
Surrounded by tillage,
Too retired for rows and too peaceful for pillage,
Fit alike for fair youth, in rude health, or for ill age,
Stood a sweet little cot,
Quite the gem of the spot;
No peasant near hand had a prettier got;
A nicer was never to Sir nor to Ma'am let;
In fact you might call,—
With its chimney so tall,
And its bed-room, and kitchen, and parlor, and all,—
It nearly the neatest concern in the hamlet;

Which hamlet was neither, we whisper you plain,
Hamlet the jeweller, nor Hamlet the Dane!
Not prince of the Danes,
Who sold gold-headed canes;
Nor Princes-street Hamlet, who spent his rhet-*oric*
In the flower of youth on the scull of poor Yorick!
But a hamlet, the sweetest that ever was seen;
So soft, so serene,
And so simple I ween,
That it wore not the guise
Of a knowing one's eyes,
For about it you always *could see something green*.

In this hamlet of houses, of grass, and of glade,
Dwelt a rare little,
Fair little,
Care-little
Maid:
A beautiful relic
Of British rusticity,
Of very angelic,
Pure, tender simplicity,
With a sweet pair of eyes,
That were blue as the skies;
A nose and a chin,
That knew nothing of sin:

A pearl row of teeth;
And a heart far beneath,
So entirely void of all guile, and untainted,
That no heart could be better, unless it were sainted.
Had you seen her, you then would have loved her by half, O,
And admired her far
More than the serene self-possessed little Sappho,
Who sang day and night at the Lowther Bazar;
A smart little creature,
In form and in feature,
With notes of an actress, and not of a child.
Now, *my* beauty's carols were wood-notes, and wild;
She ne'er thought of gain at their end or beginning,
But Sappho "keeps varbling bekase she is *vinning*."

All the love that this little girl's ma' could afford her,
Just amounted to this—that she fairly adored her;
While her grandmamma deemed it a pride and an honor
To be everlastingly *doating* upon her.
Two shades of affection,
Without an objection,
For which we this plausible reason have got,
That grandma' *was* in *doat*-age—but mother was not.

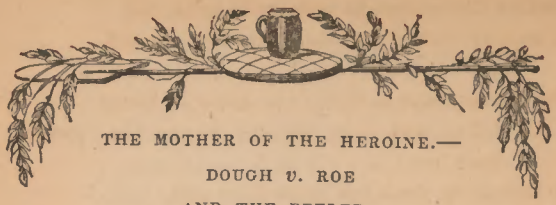
From home; so when absent—this proves beyond doubt,
That her mother must always have—*known she was out.*
She did *not* suck her thumbs
Till she whitened their dibs;
She was fond of plums,
But she didn't tell fibs.
And when off she went,
To her grandmother sent,
She trudged to her hut on her dear little legs,
With many a purpose of kindness, i'fegs,
But never to teach her *the way to suck eggs!*

The child was so good
That she'd plenty of food;
With cakes and with virtues, endowed and endued,
And sweetmeats, you might measure out by the rood.
(Now, reader, we both should put on a night-*cap* here,
And indulge in a vision while taking a *Nap here;*
For my muse has just hinted, or else I mistake her,
That *roods* make us dream of the glories of *Acre;*
Which glories, however, I honestly yield,
Were won on the ocean, and not on the *field;*
By *fleet* ships-of-war, that were manned by our brave,
And, instead of the meadows, kept *ploughing* the wave:)

Yes, sweetmeats that out by the rood you might measure,
Which she used to suck with a vast deal of pleasure.
At such childish delight,
In these days, we are railers.
But she held it tight,
Did that dear little lass,
And would not let it pass
Away from her then, for the best glass of grog,
The raciest morsel of maritime prog,
Or the finest tobacco that's chewed by the sailors!

Well, all through this little girl's being so good,
Her neighbors,
(Were *they* boors?)
Subscribed to procure her a little red hood;
A hood, that when going out *walking* she'd wear,
(And not in doors abiding)
To shelter her shoulders, and bind down her hair,
By lane or by meadow, in hay or in clover,
Which accounts for their calling her Little Red *Riding* Hood—all the world over!

She was a lively little pet,
So full of playfulness and honor,



## THE MOTHER OF THE HEROINE.— DOUGH *v.* ROE AND THE PEELER.

LITTLE Red Riding Hood sat in a chair,
All in her mother's cot,
And she saw the little red fire that there
Was making the oven hot;
And it rose in flame, and burned in flakes,
While Little Red Riding Hood's mother made cakes!
This gentle lady's brows we'll here environ,
With a few bays plucked by the muse of Byron.

Her mother was a homely woman, famed
For every branch of pastry-making known,
By every Christian baker ever named.
Her pies were equalled by her tarts alone;
She made the cleverest *restaurant* ashamed
And even the cooks with inward envy groan,—

Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In making crust, by all the cakes that she did.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Glass, and Ude, and Kitchener (that sweet book!)—
So that if any cook had missed his part,
She might have served him as a new receipt-book;
For her confections were a kindling art,
And she herself a sort of living treat-book.
Sweets could so well be blended by no other—
That is, in cakes—as by our heroine's mother.

Her favorite place of pleasure was her oven;
Her noblest virtue was her way of heating it.
The sphere—for she, too, had her sphere—she'd move in,
She made quite fragrant with her way of sweeting it;
Her paste had all the elements of love in—
Pure cupboard love; in fact, there was no beating it.
She was a sort of priestess—though a sloven—
At Pastry's burning shrine; to wit—the oven!

"The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,"

On which Canning's muse,
Did one day choose
To have some critical fun done ;
But Little Red Riding Hood's dear mamma,
Was working up different things by far,
And as yet her cakes were undone.
She ducked and she dabbled her hands in dough,
Though she didn't care twopence for Richard *Roe*,
As some *bucks* do in London !

When the bailiff touches his shoulder and jeers,
It's the only *tap* that the drunkard fears ;
And when John Doe comes,
In the manner of bums,
For the various sums
That he owe for liquor so free did,
There's a very natural shout of, " Oh !
Upon my soul you're the only Doe
That I never could have needed !"

Little Red Riding Hood's ma' in a trice,
Though we've called her a sloven,
Made up a bundle of cakes very nice,
And crammed them into the oven,
Till they should be done as brown, you know,
As any *cake* that is done by Doe !

RED RIDING HOOD'S MOTHER, BAKING CAKES.

"What are these cakes for," Riding Hood said,
"Mother dear,
That you have been making,
And oven is baking,
Here?"
Riding Hood's mother smiled with glee:—
"Ask your grandmother, child," said she;
But as her grandmother was not there,
She thought such an answer was hardly fair;
So she laughingly tossed up her dear little head,
And went to look into the oven instead!

"Oh! what fun,
The cakes are done—
Mother dear, won't you give me one?"
"If you're good, miss, perhaps I may;
Meanwhile, you'll do me the favor to stay,
As they're burning, *in*—till I get them *out*;
And then, 'We'll *see* what it's *all* about.'"

Riding Hood's mother a peeler got,
And crammed it in where the cakes were hot;
Which she ladled out so remarkably soon,
You soon discovered that *she* was no spoon;
No spoon—but only a woman of mettle,
Spreading out cakes, to cool and settle.

But what is a Peeler?
By way of a feeler
For mundane knowledge
Not got at college,
The reader cries:—
So I'll open his eyes,
Unless to the phrase a lady demurs,
And then, by the powers, I'll open hers!

A Peeler is one whose political mission
'S to vote for Peel,—
A startling fact, which the opposition
Can't choose but feel:
Peeler, I think, to call the "gemman"
'Twere no misnomer,
Who is making punch, and peels the lemon
To get the aroma
(Perhaps in parliamentary feeling
This is more *paring off* than Peeling);
A Peeler's one who's, I may say,
Mixed up with *punch* another way;
For, or my brains I bother,
When two men fight,
By day or night,

Upon the floor,
They *peel*, before
They *punch* each other!
(What Punch I pray *may you* best take?
*Mark!* *Lemon* punch, and no mistake).
Peelers—our thieves and rogues who fleece men
Are wont to dub our new policemen;
O'Connell, too, or I'm a dunce,
Has proved a peeler more than once;
For Dan
'S the man,
Who shouted in the heart of strife,
"I'm a *re*-pealer all my life!"

But neither Dan, who will not cease
Repealing; nor the New Police;
Nor they who punch each other's eyes;
Nor lemon-peeler, punch-bowl wise;
Nor Peeler, who for Peel is voting;
Nor Peel himself will bear the quoting;
Like that same peeler, made of oak,
Which Little Riding Hood's old mother
Did into the hot oven poke,
To draw her cakes, one after t'other:
That was, a peeler that was *dead*—
A peeler, which they use for bread.

Had she a *living* Peeler put
In any oven in her hut:
Granted, he could be got into it;
And more,—supposing she could do it;
It's clearly my opinion *that*, O,
She'd ne'er have baked another *gateau;*
(The French for cake
And no mistake),
But rather *have* been tried, condemned, and hung;
Called by the people's most inspired tongue,
The blackest Jezebel that ever swung!

RED RIDING HOOD IS SENT AWAY ON AN ERRAND.

THE DISMISSAL.—THE JOURNEY, AND ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

THE cakes are cold,
Ere the hour grows old,
And Little Red Riding Hood's mother makes bold
To say—"Here, child, take
This one little cake,
And eat it yourself for your grandmother's sake."

And then mamma,
With a look "*comme ça*,"
Says—"Little Red Riding Hood rise, my dear,
I have something for your good grandmother here;—
It's a pot of fresh butter," her mother said,
"Which you will carry a-top of your head;
And a cake the sweetest that ever she got,
And *that* you'll put neath the fresh butter-pot;
And last of all, because you are good,
You shall cover your head with your little red hood.

You'll go,
I know,
And not very slow;
By the dingy wood where the tall trees grow,
And the dark-green water whose rivulets flow
Where no pretty sunbeams glisten or glow;
But you'll not be afraid,
For an innocent maid
Has little to tremble at, whether or no;
And when you get to your grandmother's door,—
Who is easily found,
For she lives on the ground-
Floor,—
You'll go quietly in; for no noise you must make,
But put down your butter, and put down your cake,
And say—"Grandmother, mother sent these for your sake."
Then courtesying sweetly,
And neatly,
And featly,
As you would to a beau whom you wanted to marry you,
You'll take a new tack,
And come suddenly back,
As fast as your dear little legs, love, will carry you."

RED RIDING HOOD GOING TO HER GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE.

The pretty child,
With her ringlets wild;
And her eyes of blue, that beamed so mild;
Mouth the sweetest that ever smiled;
And a heart more free,
In its mirthful glee,
Than man's happiest moment of revelry;
Trod lightly along
With her natural song,
That was sung to the woodbirds, and not to the throng,
In a voice that seemed like a voice of love,
Which the wings of the angels were wafting above.

It was no disaster
To hear Madame Pasta;
It isn't so easy
To outvie the Grisi;
Rubini charms men, or
I don't know his tenor;
And mighty Lablache
Doesn't sing "*comme une vache*,"
Which means, in plain English, he doesn't know how
To astonish the natives, and chant like a cow!

Even Adelaide Kemble,
Now Madame Sartoris,

Will voice not dissemble
Unless her throat sore is;
But singing her best
To the ears of the blest,
I doubt whether she, in the height of her glory,
Or any of those who before her I've named,
Could sing like the beauty of my pleasant story,
Or be half so gentle, or half so far-famed;
In a sentence I could
Must, might, can, will, and would,
Declare that none of them were ever so good
As my fair little,
Rare little,
Red Riding Hood!

She skipped along, naught fearing,
With blithsome heels and hips,
All down wood-paths careering,
With music on her lips.
She tripped among the flowers;
She skimmed along the grass;
And laughed at the young hours,
As lightly they did pass.

Her heart was glad within her,
As childhood's heart is glad:

If too young to be a sinner,
*Then* too sinless to be sad!
Still fate would not exempt her
From his unhappy list;
For there came to her a tempter,
Whom she could not resist!

A grisly wolf, whose jump
Cleared the forest thistles,
Came before her plump,
With all his hairs and bristles
Who taught wolves to speak?
Æsop, in his fable;
With voice of roar and squeak,
As if escaped from Babel!

This he mouthed and minced,
While his eyes shone brightness,
Under which she winced;
That is, our pet
Not being quite convinced
As yet
That wolf intended nothing but politeness!

"Where are you going, my dear?" said he.
"Going to grandmother, sir," said she.

SHE MEETS A WOLF.

" And pray where may your grandmother live ?"
' Why, the best direction that I can give,"—
Said this merry little young lady of *nous*,
" Is, that my grandmother lives in her house !"
With which the wolf gave a sniff with his nose,
And said, " So it's there, dear, you're going, I s'pose !"
' I am," said she. Says the wolf—" Adieu."
And then he did mutter—
" With that cake and butter,

Unless uncommonly fast you run,
The odds are more than fifty to one
That I see your grandmother sooner than you!"

THE WOLF'S RACE.

He runs,—he flies,—he leaps,—he bolts;
Not the frisky limbs of a thousand colts
Over the ground could more rapidly whiz,
He's an animal steam-engine, that he is,

With all the steam in the boiler riz!
Oh! that tap at the door of the child's grandmother,
And that husky voice that he tries to smother,
I know are no other—
Than *his!*

THE WOLF'S ARRIVAL AND STRATAGEM.

WOLF'S COTTAGE ECONOMY.—
HIS ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE.—
HIS DISPOSAL OF INMATES.—REMORSE AND
MORAL.

Tap, tap,
Went the knowing old chap!
Tap, tap, and he put on the good,
Soft little voice of the sweet Riding Hood.
And when granny coughed out, "Who's there?"—
Said he,
"Why, if you please, grandmother, it's me;
I've brought you butter,—I've brought you cake,
The best that ever my mother could make;
And I've also brought it uncommonly quick.
Because my mother observed you were sick.
I know by the smell
It'll make you well;
Now how shall I open the door, pray tell?"

Loud grandmother cries,
With joy in her eyes—

RED RIDING HOOD'S GRANDMOTHER.

"The string just catch,
And you'll lift up the latch,
Then you've only to pull the old door a bit back,
And, child, you'll be into my room in a crack!"

The wolf, with his eyes of appetite full,
Has given the bobbin a jolly good pull;

THE WOLF PULLS THE STRING AND OPENS THE DOOR.

And the string, in the words of a fine old catch,
Has given a jolly good pull to the latch ;
And the latch is up, in a crack, from the door,
With such leap as never made latch before ;
And wolf, who's alert as a shark for l is pottage,
Gets fairly inside of Old Grandmothei's cottage !

THE GRANDMOTHER IS FRIGHTENED.

*She* is not asleep,
But he *is* wide awake;
So he gives her no butter,
He gives her no cake;
But allows her at once to find out her mistake,
By seizing her quick, as she coughs with surprise,
And rapidly eating her, just as she lies;
Or rather, by stopping her bronchial fits,
And supping upon her, then, just as she sits!
Said poor grandmother, crying,
While tortured and dying,
And pouring out groans that she couldn't well smother,
"Oh! this is too hard—much too hard!" "Yes, and so,
Growled the cannibal wolf in the midst of her wo,
'I think, ma'am, are you!" as he eat the grandmother!

Ah! he finished her quite,
With his sharp appetite;
But, alas! there his spite
Didn't end where it could have done;
For there's nobody knows,
When he'd settled her woes,
How he put on her clothes,
And look'd just the reverse of the chap that he should have done;
When he turned into bed,
In poor grandmother's stead,

AFTER EATING UP RED RIDING HOOD'S GRANDMOTHER, THE WOLF TAKES A COMFORTABLE NAP.

With her old-fashioned night-cap surrounding his head,
And the bed-gown, et cetera, of she who was dead;
Encasing his body beneath the patch quilt,
As he lay there brimful of grandmother and guilt.

But now his sin
Soon worked within,
Remorse did make him weep;
With sorrow and with supper crammed,
His head between the sheets he rammed,
And then he fell asleep.

He fell asleep, but soon did dream;
His tears they poured out in a stream,—
His groans out in a snore;
And, as digestion grew more hard,
A thousand fiends did galopade
Before his sight galore.

Greatly his vision did extend;
He saw grandmothers without end,
Whose moans did daunt and din him;
Until repenting of his sup,
He almost wished he could bring up
The one he had within him!

And as he dreamt—oh well-a-day!
One supper on his conscience lay,

More heavy than ten dinners.
He leaped and kicked, but couldn't wake;
He suffered pangs, and no mistake;
So ever may grandmothers rake
The wolf-insides of sinners!

I leave wolf's spirits down at zero,
Reader mine;
May you or I have naught to fear O,
Sup we heartily or dine.
Meanwhile, let's see where is our hero-
-ine!

Pretty maid! she idly lingers,
As young thoughtless children will,
By the wood-wild path of flowers,
Through the valley, o'er the hill
Now a little playful triller
Of some carol, music-fraught;
Now a light and laughing lisper
Of some glad and happy thought.

Careless of her very errand,
From all fear of chiding far,
With the dauntless heart of childhood,
Playing with her cake and jar.

RED RIDING HOOD LOITERS BY THE WAY

Look! they are in air above her;
She upthrows them one and all!
They are falling; no, Lord love her!
She will never let them fall!

Her blythe spirit—who'll control it?
Who would dim its joy with wrath?
Ha! the cake is round,—she'll roll it
Like a hoop upon her path!

SHE ROLLS THE CAKE.

There!—the changeful creature tires;—
Cake and jar are both laid by,
And a whirring-top is spinning
Underneath her merry eye.
Chasing every sportive vision
That before her fancy stirs,

SHE STOPS TO PLAY.

What world-heart is so elysian
In its happiness as hers!
Stay!—a cloud comes o'er her spirit;
One gray little tiny cloud
That, with just a feather's ruffle,
Not more roughly, nor more loud,
Moves her into staid reflection—
Of her gladness dims the sky;
Hinting—"Why this gamesome loitering?
What a careless child am I!
Soon no more of playful frolic—
Childhood's honey—does she sip,
But with sweet demureness wending,
And a gravely pouted lip,
She refinds the path she quitted;
Pauses there—to ponder fain,
Like a butterfly back-flitted,
Resting on its rose again!
Thought and breath they came together;
She hath scattered all her woes
In one moment, and now briskly
Smiling on her ways she goes;
Her young steps have made the journey,
Skipping on more fast than far,
And she gains her granny's cottage
Safely with her cake and jar.

Little Red Riding Hood, there you are
At your grandmother's old abode :
But the wolf has travelled too fast by far,
For you who stopped on the road.
He has eaten your grandmother, bone and shin ;
He has eaten your grandmother, nose and chin ;
He has eaten your grandmother, hair and skin !
You're of your grandmother quite bereft,
And, terrible wo betide !
For there isn't a bit of your grandmother left,
Except in the wolf's inside !

And there, as before her door you tread,
Without the slightest idea that she's dead ;
She—why, yes—she certainly *is* in her bed ;
But then it is also sure—no doubt of it—
That she won't be there when the wolf jumps out of it !
Depend upon it, I can't be in fun,
When I say she's entirely swallowed and done !

Wolf—wolf is awaked from his dream
(For he sleeps no more) :—
By Riding Hood's tap at her grandmother's door
Molested ;
But he doesn't start with a groan or scream,
Like a sinner that fears he'll be kicking the beam.
By conscience stricken he doth not seem,
For grandmother's all digested !

RED RIDING HOOD ARRIVES AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S DOOR AND KNOCKS.

He sits up in bed
With the knowingest head,
That listens so sharp to Red Riding Hood's tread;
And, for fear of mishap,
The knowing old chap

THE WOLF, HEARING A KNOCK, BIDS THE LITTLE GIRL PULL THE STRING, AND COME IN.

Puts the grandmother's voice on at Riding Hood's tap;
Just as—hasty rogue!—on occasion, the other
He used Riding Hood's voice to get at her grandmother!
"Who's there!"—the voice seemed gruff and old.
"I see;
Poor grandmamma has got a cold,"
Said Riding Hood, as she made bold
To mildly answer—"ME!"

"Who's me?"—"Your little grandchild good,
Whom people call Red Riding Hood;
My mother sent me here."
"Come in."—"But how come in, I pray?
I wish you'd tell me first the way,
My kindly granny, dear."

"Oh! pull the string,—bless your sweet eyes!
Yes! pull the string," the wolf replies;
"The string will lift the latch;"
And then the monster turned his head,
And unto his own heart he said,
"You'll find it is no catch!"

The string is pulled—the maid is in;
The wolf sits there in all his sin,
And fain would still dissemble;

The little maid, who not a whit
Suspects, goes by his side to sit,
And doesn't even tremble.

She didn't sit upon a chair,
Because she didn't see one there;
She didn't sit upon a table,
There being none, she wasn't able;
She didn't—but we may as well
The truth, and no mistake, here tell.
There was one circumstance befell,
When first our wolf began to dwell
Within the cot; and now if you discern it, you're
A clever person;—'tis this much:—
That, wolf's great appetite was such,
Not only grandmother and crutch
He ate—but ALL THE FURNITURE!

So this is the upshot—when all's done and said.
That Little Red Riding Hood sat on the bed;
And was very soon puzzled to know, I declare,
What kind of a grandmother she had got there.
The wolf, who surveyed her, began with a kiss,
And the short conversation that followed, was this:—

"Oh! come to bed Red Riding Hood!
Oh! come to bed with me!

So away she fakes,
And off she takes
Her little red hood in a brace of shakes;
And sporting her night-gown, then, I ween
In a bed-post twinkle she slides between
Two sheets that are not especially clean,
As she thinks with her granny old.

Now little Riding Hood, though beyond doubt
She hadn't yet found her predicament out,
Yet twigging the wolf, who was really a rum 'un,
Thought her granny a very astonishing woman;
Most ugly, ungainly, uncombed, and uncommon!
What marvel, then, that at first glimpse of her charms,
She cried—"Granny, you've got most remarkable arms!"
To which wolf responded, with his ugly mug—
"The better, my darling, to give you a hug."
"But, granny, your ears are so hairy and wild!"
"The better it strikes me to hear you, my child."
"But then, granny, your eyes!—Oh, what terrible eyes!"
"If I don't see you with them 'twill give me surprise."
"And your teeth!"—Here the wolf, who saw Riding Hood shrink,
Cried—"The sooner I eat you the better, I think!"

HE THEN EATS HER UP.

Whereon he laid hold of the poor little soul,
And his ravenous spirit, too mad to control;
He gave her a bite, and a crunch and a roll,
And the gulping old vagabond swallowed her whole!

Then when he was sure she was thoroughly dead,
He leaped out of bed,
And the neighborhood fled,
Taking with him the curses of bad and of good,
And, also, his poor little victim's red hood:
Furthermore, it is said that he died in a wood,

A sort of wolf sage,
At a much-advanced age,
With no one in Wolfendom knowing the name of him;
No young posterity full of the fame of him;
And nobody caring a dump what became of him!

With our amusement we would blend some good,
And having in a new fashion told,
The story old
Of Little Red Riding Hood,
We by no means wish to have it said,
For want of a moral the *Riding Hood* we
Had written and published, deserved to be
In reality *Little Read.*

First, to little girls with grandmothers,
And others,
We would seriously say,
Don't loiter on the way
To trifle or to play,
But always answer nay
To any one, by night or day,
Who would your footsteps stay.

Ne'er talk to strangers that you meet,
In field, in forest, or in street;
For, by the young,
A flattering tongue
Is thought of a good heart the token,
And even wolves are sometimes civil spoken.

Secondly:—'Twould be quite as well,
As a general rule to lay it down,
To idle inquirers, in country or town,
Your plans and intentions never to tell;
Lest, ere your business is completed,
Your object be defeated.
If Little Red Riding Hood only had thought
Of these little matters as much as she ought,
In the trap of the wolf she would ne'er have been caught;
Nor her grandmother killed in so cruel a sort;
Nor Riding Hood's tale
Should we have to bewail;
And that of our moral's the long and the short.

THE END.