

HODGSON'S EDITION.

# BLUE BEARD:

OR,

## FATAL CURIOSITY.

*A Tale of the Olden Time,*

INTENDED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF ALL GOOD CHILDREN.



Grim BLUE BEARD'S life and death we here unfold—  
His savage nature, and his stores of gold:  
His wicked deeds are here held forth to view,  
With all the secrets of famed Chamber Blue.

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SIXPENCE.



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**BLUE BEARD;**  
**Or, FATAL CURIOSITY.**



EMBOSOM'D in a spacious pleasant wood,  
 In stately pride a lofty Castle stood:  
 Its owner, known to be a wealthy Knight,  
 Had a blue beard, which made the man a fright:  
 Four Wives in turn had shared the monster's bed,  
 The last of which but recently was dead.  
 His nearest Neighbour had two Daughters fair,  
 Who oft rode through the wood to take the air;  
 The elder Sister, FATIMA by name,  
 Whose matchless beauty was well known to fame,  
 BLUE BEARD had seen, and wish'd to make his Wife,  
 That at his mansion she might pass her life:  
 His trusty Squire he to her Mother sent,  
 To make proposals, and to ask consent.



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The Ladies now are seen in deep debate,  
Both pro and con the case they fairly state:  
'Tis true, they said, the Man was somewhat old,  
And ugly too,—but then had lots of gold:  
Such store of sparkling diamonds he possest,  
The Wife who wore them must be surely blest.  
Thus love for riches did their reason blind,  
And made them send him back a message kind.



The time was fix'd, the bridal cake was made,  
The Bride herself in costly robes array'd,  
With BLUE BEARD, who, most gorgeously attired,  
For their magnificence were much admired:  
Attended by a numerous host of friends,  
Her knee FATIMA at the altar bends;  
There blushing sweetly in the face of day,  
She vow'd to love her Husband and obey.







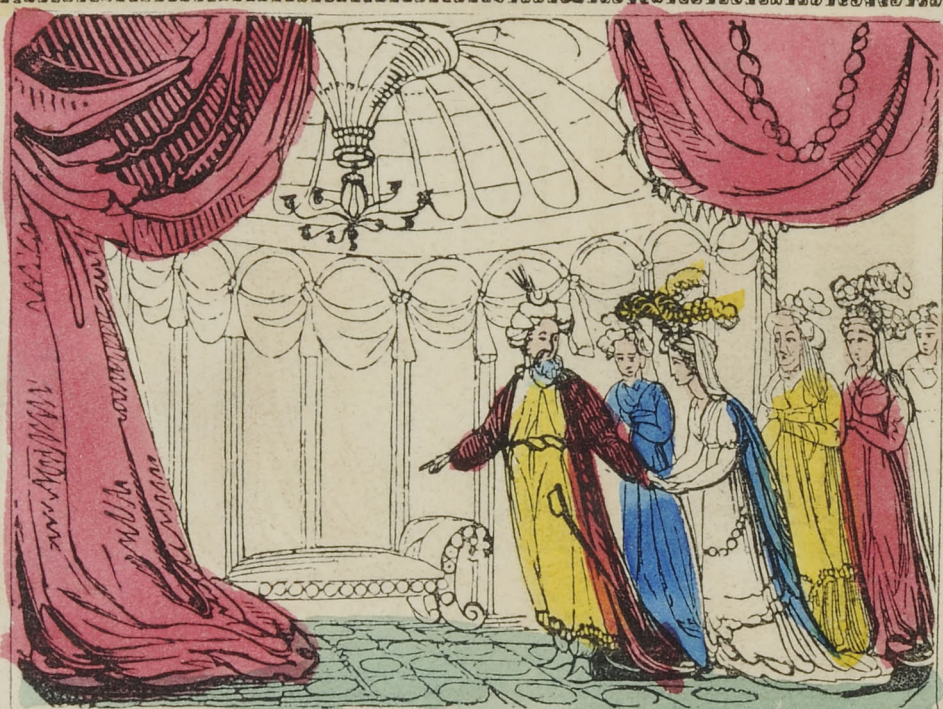
The World is full of things which  
Gives all a name and a life  
And we know all—then what is the  
The power of nature, what is the  
Lays out the world as it were  
On the table of the world  
The world is a book  
A book which is written in the  
A book which is written in the



To the young man who is  
His heart is full of  
To see the world and  
The world is a book  
On all the things  
The world is a book  
The world is a book



His Wife, her Sister, with their female friends,  
Grim BLUE BEARD now most gallantly attends,  
And welcomes all—then shews, with great delight,  
His pictures, statues, plate, and jewels bright ;  
Displayed such boundless wealth, they were amaz'd—  
On his rich furniture with rapture gazed:  
One room alone was kept from the review,  
A room grown famous as the Chamber Blue.



To take a journey BLUE BEARD now designed,—  
His keys and palace to his Wife resigned :  
To use his wealth she had his free consent,  
No cost need spare, to give their friends content :  
But strict injunction gave, ere he left home ;  
O'er all the Castle she might freely roam,  
Save the Blue Room—from that at distance keep,  
Nor at her peril dare therein to peep.



The crafty BLUE BEARD scarce had turn'd his back—  
Her roving fancy was upon full rack ;  
Curious to learn the secret—to steal  
One look, at least, at what he would conceal ;  
She sure might venture, it could ne'er be known—  
No one was near, the secret was her own,—  
She thought all safe—resolved—the door unlocked—  
But what a scene ! how were her senses shocked ?



About the room were mangled females spread,—  
Here lay a body—there was seen a head ;  
She turn'd disgusted from the hated sight—  
The key fell from her hand, so great her fright ;  
By spots of blood she found it crimsoned o'er,—  
With trembling limbs she flew, and closed the door.  
To make it bright she strove, but strove in vain—  
The more she toiled, the deeper seemed the stain.



The first thing I saw when I stepped  
out of the boat was the sea. It was  
so blue, so deep, and so vast. I  
had never seen anything like it before.  
The sun was shining brightly, and  
the water was sparkling. I felt  
like I had entered a new world.  
I had heard that the sea was  
beautiful, but I didn't realize how  
beautiful it really was.



About the town were magnificent  
buildings. There was a large  
church with a tall spire. The  
people were friendly and  
welcoming. I felt like I had  
found a new home. I had  
heard that the town was  
beautiful, but I didn't realize how  
beautiful it really was.



To raise her spirits, she in vain enquired—  
What the last scene, the night she departed;  
What from his arms she could not sever—  
When he should bid her bid the hour come;  
Then he had said, "I will be true to you,  
To see it true, that both they might have  
Some witness, in which she might be true;  
And then with her husband that was the day.



From an account of the day to the night—  
The day she departed, the night she departed;  
He would not give, without a witness to show  
That she was true, and that she was true;  
"I have counted the day, and I have counted the night;  
You have counted the day, and I have counted the night;  
How true you are, and how true you are;  
For the day you are, and the night you are.



To raise her spirits, she in vain essayed—  
What she had done, the ugly key betrayed;  
What from his anger could her person screen,  
When he should find she had the Blue Room seen?  
Then for her Sister ANN she quickly sent,  
To see if 'twixt them both they could invent  
Some scheme, by which she might, at least, assuage  
And turn aside her Husband BLUE BEARD's rage.



BLUE BEARD returned,—the keys to him were brought—  
The fatal one his eye but too soon caught;  
He viewed his Wife, with anger seemed to choak—  
“How's this,” he cried? and thundered as he spoke.  
“Whence came this blood?” he asked, with looks so stern,  
“Your duty, Madam, you have yet to learn,—  
How dared you thus my orders strict defy?  
For this, base wretch, he roared, depend you die.”



His sword was lifted up to strike his Wife,—  
While on her knees she humbly begged her life :  
In vain forgiveness at his hand she sought—  
Her tears he spurned, entreaties set at nought :  
Her Sister strove t' avert th' impending blow,  
And hoped, for God's sake, he'd some mercy show ;  
At least allow some little time for prayer,  
That for Eternity she might prepare.



Reluctantly the tyrant gave consent—  
She to her chamber with her Sister went.  
“Traitor,” he said, “now hasten to prepare,  
For by our Holy Prophet thus I swear,  
You in this world shall not much longer breathe ;  
Till I have got your head, I will not sheathe  
My sword—be quick—with Heav'n go make your peace,  
In half an hour from this your life shall cease.”



The word was lifted up to earth. It was  
While on her knees she brightly begged for light  
To raise the darkness of his heart and soul  
For long he seemed, contented, at no light  
For there were I never to be sleeping there  
And light, the light of day, had ever been there  
At last she saw some light in the night  
That for the darkness she might pass.



Remember, the great love country  
She to be stander with her light  
Remember, the light, your heart to prepare  
For by our light, light, that I see  
You to the world, shining, your heart  
I'll love you, and I will not let go  
My heart, I'll love you, and I will not let go  
I'll love you, and I will not let go.



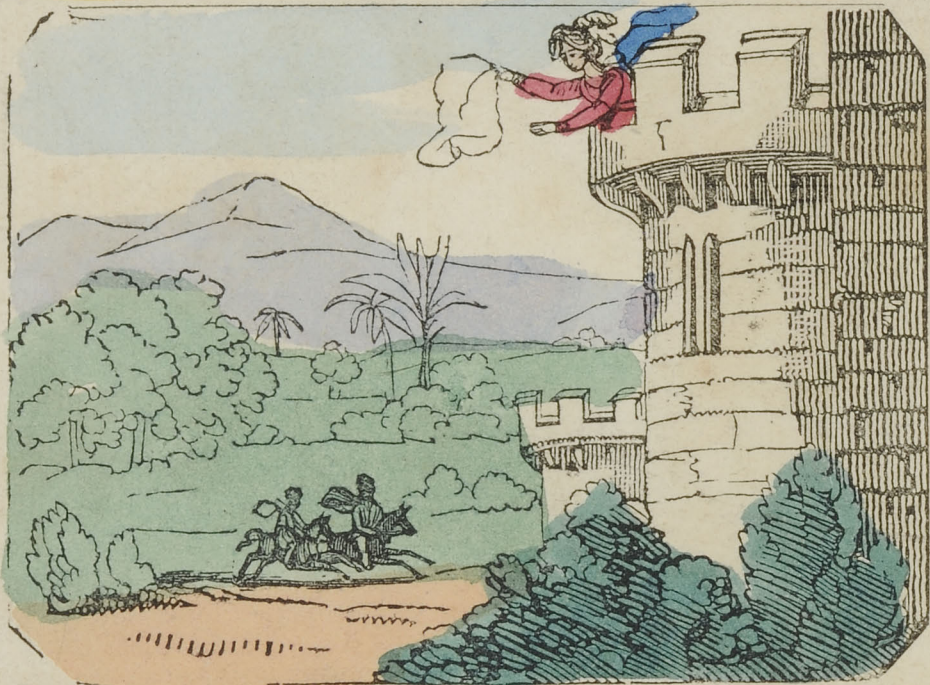
In the course of a private conversation  
I have had the pleasure of seeing you  
and your father at the same time  
and I have been very much pleased  
to find that you are still in the  
same health and spirits as when  
I last saw you. I am very glad  
to hear that you are still in the  
same health and spirits as when  
I last saw you.

Dear Madam  
I have the honor to acknowledge  
the receipt of your letter of the  
10th inst. and I am very glad  
to hear that you are still in the  
same health and spirits as when  
I last saw you. I am very glad  
to hear that you are still in the  
same health and spirits as when  
I last saw you.

To see it she had thought - all eyes  
Of half some traveller, as he says  
I have seen you and your father  
- Can you see right there that I have seen you  
"The woman being so near the way to Paris"  
"All I can see" said she, "is the end of the world"  
"And then what?" said she, "is the end of the world?"  
"What see a man now?" - "No man!" said she.



In all the horrors of a hopeless state,  
FATIMA, with her Sister, wept her fate:  
One poor half-hour of life was all her store,—  
Her rashness now, too late, she did deplore.  
Her Brothers were expected soon, 'twas true—  
Should they not come in time, what could she do?  
To save her Sister, ANN with good intent  
Upon the battlements, heart broken, went;



To see if she her Brothers could espy,  
Or hail some traveller, as passing-by.  
“ANN! dearest Sister ANN!” FATIMA said,  
“Can you see aught that’s like to lend me aid?”  
“No human being seems this way to pass,  
“All I can see,” said ANN, “is sun and grass.”  
“ANN, Sister ANN!” again FATIMA cries,  
“What see’st thou now?”—“No mortal,” ANN replies.



For the last time to Sister ANN, she cried,  
 “Is aught in sight?”—“Two horsemen,” ANN replied.  
 “This way they bend their course—you’re sav’d at last.”  
 “Then God be praised for all his mercies past.”  
 Her Husband now, by thirst of blood inspired,  
 Roared out, “Art ready?—time is quite expired.”  
 “To end my prayers, five minutes I implore.”  
 “Take it,” he cried, “but mark, I’ll not grant more.”



“No longer I’ll delay—for death prepare;”  
 With that he seized his victim by the hair.  
 His arm uplifted for the fatal stroke,—  
 When on the tyrant both her Brothers broke.  
 He fled, while they pursued, and made him feel  
 The full effect of their well-tempered steel:  
 The spot he marked out for FATIMA’S death,  
 Received the wounded monster’s latest breath.