

His Godmother

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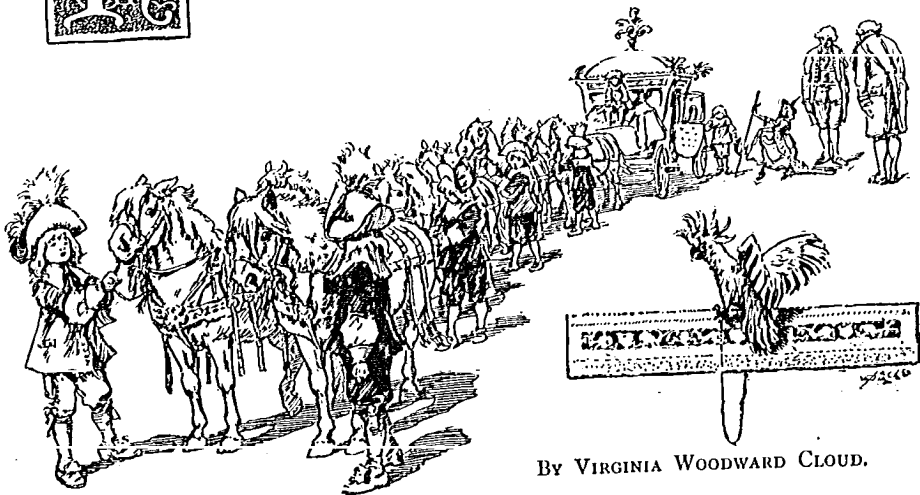
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"'I AM THE PRINCE VON FETTYKIN, MADAME, I 'D HAVE YOU KNOW!'" (SEE PAGE 1066.)

His Godmother



By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

The little Prince von Pettykin—somewhere
across the seas—
Was one of those unfortunates who do just as
they please—
The uncomfortable people who say just what
they think,
Before whom no one owns his head or dares
so much as wink.

There was no one in that
palace, from the lap-dog
to the King,
From the Grand Duke to the
pastry-cook, the parrot
in its ring,
From page to royal Cham-
berlain, but trembled in
his skin
At mention of the mighty
name of Prince von
Pettykin.



"YOUR NAME IS NOW FIDELE."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Queen, his mother, with a frown could
make a kingdom fall;
At one stamp of her august foot fled courtiers,
one and all,

And each austere Prime Minister would quake
for his own sin—
But she really could not manage the Prince
von Pettykin!

So she held a consultation, that perplexed and
harassed Queen,

With a dame who at the chris-
tening of each royal
prince is seen—
The Imperial Fairy God-
mother, who, as we all
have read,
Can scatter any army with
one tap upon the head.

This obliging little God-
mother she sniffed her
vinaigrette,
And summoned Prince von
Pettykin, and raised her
gold lorgnette,

And scanned him up and scanned him down,
with show of mild surprise;
Regardless of his tumbled hair and his rebel-
lious eyes,

Regardless of his doubled fists and angry, scowling mien,
 The muttered words, the quaking
 page, the trembling of the Queen,
 Said this cunning Fairy God-
 mother: "My pretty
 little man,
 I wish to know your little
 name; so tell me, if
 you can!"

Oh, but he swelled him
 up with pride, and
 strutted to and fro.

"I am the Prince von
 Pettykin, ma-
 dame, I'd
 have you
 know!

And, for the
 rest, I'm
Heinrich-

Charles-Augustus-Wolfering-
Gottespruggen-Wilhelm-Hansberg, and I'm
 going to be a king!"

Said his pretty Fairy Godmother: "That little
 name sounds well,

But you've made a trifling, small mistake;
 your name is *now* Fidele!

And you're nothing but a wretched little lap-
 dog, sir!" she said,



"THE ROYAL CHAMBERLAIN KNELT THERE."

"And I the Prince von Pettykin."
 She tapped him on the head.



And lo, a woolly lap-
 dog whined before
 her on the floor;
 Oh, but she
 tweaked its
 little ears, and
 flogged it o'er and
 o'er!

"Take that! And
 that! And learn, sir,
 what a little dog may win
 By living in the
 palace with the
 Prince von Pet-
 tykin!

"And now I'll show you,
 just for fun—" An-
 other little tap;

He was a frightened pastry-cook, with tarts
 and paper cap;
 And he was struck and fought and scratched
 from floury hair to shin.

"Learn what it means to be a cook to Prince
 von Pettykin!

"And *now*—" She rapped him fiercely, re-
 gardless of his cries.

The royal Chamberlain knelt there, with snuff
 thrown at his eyes,

With sneeze and cough, with wig torn
 off, with torture out and in.

"Learn what it is to serve in state the
 Prince von Pettykin!

"And now, once more—" oh, but he
 wept!—"just for the sport, we'll
 see

What 't is to be a plaything to princes
 such as he."

A struggling, squawking cockatoo; she
 held it by the wing,
 And pulled its pretty feathers out, and
 left it whimpering.

"*Now*, sir!" A sharp and stinging rap.
 The little prince stood near;



"A STRUGGLING, SQUAWKING COCKATOO."

He cringed in wonder, shrank in pain, and
sobbed and shook with fear.

"Prince Heinrich-Charles-and-all-the-rest, you
may run off to bed;

But please recall hereafter this tap upon
the head!

Which at any time and season I am ready
to repeat,

And will change you to each creature you
may happen to ill-treat!"

Then she shook her little ruffles out and
curtsied to the Queen,

And nodded to the lookers-on, with sweet,
benignant mien,

And said that she was "sorry, but she
really could not stay,"
And bade her little coach be called, and,
smiling, rode away.



"HE SOBBED AND SHOOK WITH FEAR."

As for the mighty Heinrich-Charles-Augus-
tus-Wolfering-

Gottespruggen-Wilhelm—history says he
lived to be a king;

But long before that time, 't is told, the
palace held within

No one who had so many friends as Prince
von Pettykin!

