

THE  
**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

OF THE

**WOOD;**

AN ENTERTAINING TALE,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

**PADDY AND THE BEAR,**

A TRUE STORY.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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THE  
**Sleeping Beauty,**  
A TALE.

There was formerly, in a distant country, a king and a queen, the most beautiful and happy in the world; having nothing to allay their delights, but the want of children to participate in the pleasures they enjoyed. This was their whole concern: physicians, waters, vows, and offerings were tried, but all to no purpose. At last, however, the queen proved with child, and in due time she was brought to bed of a daughter. At the christening the princess had seven fairies for her god-mothers, who were all they could find in the whole kingdom, that every one might give her a gift.

The christening being over, a grand feast was prepared to entertain and thank the fairies. Before each of them was placed a magnificent cover, with a spoon, a knife, and a fork, of pure gold and excellent workmanship, set with divers

precious stones; but, as they were all sitting down at the table, they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was near fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and was thought to have been either dead or enchanted.

The king ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others had, because he had only seven made for the seven fairies. The old fairy, thinking she was slighted by not being treated in the same manner as the rest, murmured out some threats between her teeth

One of the young fairies who sat by her overheard how she grumbled, and judging that she might give the little princess some unlucky gift, she went, as soon as she rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possibly she could, the evil which the old fairy might intend.

In the meanwhile, all the fairies began to give their gifts to the princess in the following manner:—

The youngest gave her a gift, that she should be the most beautiful person in the world.

The third, that she would have a wonderful grace in every thing that she did.

The fourth, that she would sing perfectly & well.  
 And the sixth, that she would play on all kinds of musical instruments to the utmost degree of perfection.

The old fairy's turn coming next, she advanced forward, and, with a shaking head which seemed to show more spite than age, she said, That the princess would have her hands pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound.

This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every one of them fell a-crying.

At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the curtains, and spoke these words aloud: Assure yourselves, O king and queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true I have not power to undo 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 from it.

The king, to avoid this misfortune, told by the old splenetic and malicious fairy, caused immediately his royal proclamation to be issued forth, whereby every person was forbidden, upon pain of death, to spin with a distaff or spindle;

may, even so much as to have a spindle in any of 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 to divert herself by going up and down the palace, when, going up from one apartment to another, she at length came into a little room at the top of the tower, where an old woman was sitting all alone, and spinning with her spindle.

This good woman had not 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, that is very pretty: now do you do it? give it to me, that I may see if I can do so. The old woman, to satisfy the child's curiosity, granted her request. She had no sooner taken it into her hand, than whether being very hasty at it, and somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the spiteful fairy had ordained it, is not to be certainly ascertained; but, however, it immediately ran into her hand, and she directly fell down upon the ground in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; some

threw water upon the princess, face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary water; but all they could do did not bring her to herself.

The good fairy who had saved her life, by condemning her to sleep one hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakín, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befel 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 left the kingdom immediately, and arrived at the palace in about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The king handed her out of the chariot, and she approved of every thing he had done; but, as she had a very great fore-sight, she thought that when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; therefore she touched with her wand every thing in the palace, except the king and queen, governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, under-cooks, scullions, guards, with their beef-eaters, pages, and footmen; she likewise touched all the horses that were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dog in the outer

court, and the little spaniel bitch which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately on her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not wake before her 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 be of partridges and pheasant, and every thing in the place, whether animate or inanimate, fell asleep also.

All this was done in a moment; for fairies are not long in doing their business

And now the king and queen, having kissed their child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation, that nobody should come near it. This, however, was unnecessary; for in less than a quarter of an hour, there got up all around the park such a vast number of trees, great and small bushes, and brambles, twined one within the other, that neither man nor beast could pass through, so that nothing could be seen but the very tops of the towers of the palace, and not that too, unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the fairy gave therein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the princess, while she remained sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and past,

the son of a king then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping princess, being out a hunting on that side of the country, asked what these towers were which he saw in the midst of a great thick wood. Every one answered according as they had heard, some said it was an old ruinous castle, haunted by spirits: others, that all the sorcerers and witches kept their sabbath, or weekly meeting, in that place.

The most common opinion was, that an ogree\* 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 being able to follow him, as having himself only power to pass through the wood.

The prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when an aged man spoke to him thus:

May it please your highness, it is about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there was then in this castle a princess, the most beautiful that was ever seen, that she must sleep there for a hundred

\* An ogree is a giant with long teeth and claws, a raw head and bloody bones; who runs away with little boys and girls, and eats them up.

years, and would be wakened by a king's son, for whom she was reserved.

The young prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without considering 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.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes, and brambles, gave way of their own accord, and let him pass through. He went up to the castle, which he saw at the end of a large avenue, which he went into; and what not a little surprised him was, he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again as soon as he passed through them.

However, he did not cease from valiantly continuing his way. He came into a spacious outward court, where every thing he saw might have frozen up the most hardy person with horror.— There reigned all over a most frightful silence, the image of death every where 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 rosy faces and the pimpled noses of the beef-eaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, where-

in still remained some few drops of wine, plainly showing that they all had fallen asleep in their cups.

He then, crossing a court, paved with marble, went up stairs, and came into the guard-chamber, where the guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snorting as loud as they could. After that, he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies all asleep, some standing and others sitting.

At last he came into a chamber all gilt with gold; here he saw, upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight that ever he beheld—a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose resplendent beauty had in it something divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her on his knees. And now the enchantment was at an end; the princess awaked, and looked 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, assured her that he loved her better than himself.

Their discourse was so well conducted, that they did weep more than talk; there was very little eloquence, but a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she was, and no wonder, as she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable, though the history mentions nothing of it, that the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet said not half of what they had got to say.

In the mean time all in the palace awaked, every one thinking on his particular, business; and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die with hunger. The chief lady of honour, being as sharp set as the others, grew very impatient, and told the princess aloud, that the supper was served up. The prince helped the princess to rise, she being entirely dressed, and very magnificent; though his royal highness did not forget to tell her, that she was dressed like his grandmother, and had a point-band peeping over a high collar; but, however, she looked not less beautiful and charming for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking glasses, where they supped, and were served by the officers of the princess; the violins and haut-boys played all old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now about a hundred years since

they had lived. 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 that night, the princess had no occasion; and the prince left her the next morning to return into the city, where his father had been in great pain anxious for his return.

The prince told him he had lost his way in the forest as he was hunting, and had lain at the cottage of a collier, who had given him some brown bread and cheese.

The king his father, who was a very good man, readily believed him; but his mother the queen could not be persuaded that this was altogether true; and, seeing that he went almost every day a hunting, and that he had always found some excuse for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, she began to suspect (and very justly too) his having some little private amour, which he then endeavoured that she should remain ignorant of.

Now these frequent excursions, which he then made from the palace, where the times that he retired to the princess, with whom he lived in this manner for about two years, and by whom he had two fine children, the eldest of whom was

a girl, whom they named Morning, and the youngest a boy, whom they named Day, because he was a great deal handsomer and much more beautiful and comely than the sister.

The queen's jealousy increasing, she several times spoke to her son, desiring him to inform her after what manner he spent his time, alleging that, as he saw her so very uneasy, he ought in duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with his secret; for she was of the race of ogers, and the king would certainly not have married her, had it not been for her vast riches.

It was whispered about the court that she had an ogerish inclination, and that whenever she saw any little children going by, she had all the difficulty in the world to refrain from falling upon them; 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 then openly declared his marriage, and went in great ceremony to conduct his queen to the palace. They made a very magnificent entry into the city, with her two children beside her,

Some time after the king went to make war with the emperor Cantalabute, his neighbour.

He left the government of the kingdom to the queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her the care of his wife and children.

As soon as he was departed, the queen sent for her daughter-in-law to come to her, and then sent her to a country house among the woods, that she might with more ease and secrecy gratify her inclinations.

Some few days after she went to this country house herself, and calling for the clerk of the kitchen, she said to him, I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner to-morrow.

Ah! madam, cried the clerk of the kitchen, in a very great surprise. No excuse, replied she, interrupting him; I will have it so;—and this she spoke in the tone of an ogress, seeming to have a strong desire to taste fresh meet. And to make the dish more delicious, added she, I will eat her with sauce made of Robert.

This poor man, knowing very well how dangerous it was to 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 leaping and laughing, to take him about the neck, and asked him for some sugar-candy, on which he began to weep, and the knife fell out of his hand; and he went into the back yard and killed a lamb, which he dressed with

such good sauce, that his mistress assured him she had never eaten any thing so good in all her life.

He had at the same time taken up little Morning, and carried her to his wife, in order that she might be concealed in a lodging which he had at the bottom of the court-yard.

The queen's lascivious appetite (according to her own apprehensions) being once humoured, she again began to long for another dainty bit. Accordingly, a few days after, she called for the clerk of the kitchen, and told him that she intended that night to sup out of little Day. He answered never a word, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before. He went out to find little Day, and saw him with a foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a monkey, the child being but three years old. 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 praised as much as the former, saying it was wonderfully good.

All hitherto was mighty well; but a few evenings after this craving ogress said to the clerk of the kitchen, I will also eat the young queen with the same sauce that I had with the children.

Now was the critical time ; for the poor clerk despaired of being able to deceive her.

The young queen was turned of twenty years of age, not counting the hundred years she had been asleep, though her skin was somewhat tough yet she was fair and beautiful ; and how to find a beast in the yard so firm that he might kill and cook for to appease her canine appetite, was what puzzled him greatly, and made him totally at a loss what to do.

He then took a resolution that he must save his own life, and cut the queen's throat ; and, going into her chamber with an intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great a fury as he could, went into the queen's room with his dagger in his hand. However, his humanity would not allow him to surprise her, but he told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the queen her mother

Do it, said she, stretching out her neck ; execute your orders, and I shall go and see my children, whom I so dearly love. For she thought them dead ever since they had been taken from her.

No, fair princess ! cried the humane clerk of the kitchen, all in tears ; you shall see your children again. But then you shall go with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them ; and

I shall deceive the queen once more, by giving her another young kid in your stead.

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to her chamber, where he left her to embrace her children, and cry aloud with them; and he then went and dressed a young kid, which the queen had for supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as though it had been the young queen.

Now was she exceedingly delighted with this unheard-of 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, with her two children.

One evening some time after, as she was, according to her usual custom, rambling about the court 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 mother was going to whip him because he had been guilty of some fault, and she heard at the same time little Morning soliciting pardon for her brother.

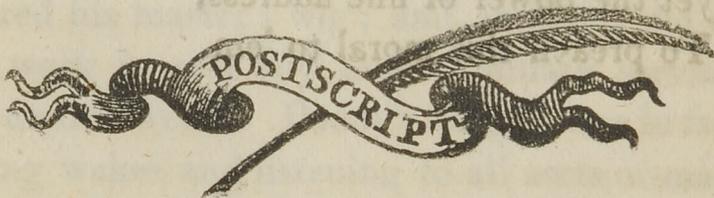
The ogress presently knew the voice of the queen and her children, and, being quite in a rage to think she had been thus deceived, she commanded the next morning, by break of day, in a most terrible voice, which made every one tremble, that they should bring into the middle of the court a very large tub, which she caused

to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to throw into it the queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all of whom she had given orders to have them all brought thither, with their hands tied behind them, to suffer the vengeance of the incensed ogress.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were going to throw them into the tub, when the king fortunately entered the court in his carriage, and asked, with the utmost astonishment, what was meant by this horrid spectacle; no one daring to tell him.

When the ogress saw what had happened, she fell into a violent passion, and 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 but grieve being very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife, and his two pretty children. And after all things were settled, he well rewarded the clerk of the kitchen for his wisdom, humanity and compassion.



## THE MORAL.

To get a husband rich, gentle, and gay,  
Of humour sweet, some time to stay

Is natural enough, 'tis true;  
But then to wait a hundred years,  
And all the 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 found tranquillity.  
But yet this fable seems to let us know,  
That very often Hymen's bless is sweet,  
Although some tedious obstacles they meet:  
Which makes us for them a long while stay,  
And that we nothing lose by such delay.

But warm'd by nature's lambient fires,  
The sex so ardently aspires,  
Of this blest state the sacred joys t' embrace,  
And with each earnest heart pursue'm,  
I've not the will, I must confess,  
Nor yet the power of fine address,  
To preach this moral to 'em.

## PADDY AND THE BEAR.

About the time I was a boy, Archy Thompson lived in Cushendall, lower part of county Antrim. He was a great man; kept a grocer's shop, and was in fact a complete Jack Factotum, and sold every thing portable, from a needle to an anchor; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a beehive, and was called the king of Cushendall. One night, when he was returning home from a friend's wake, he found a male child at the shop door some months old; he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him; they called her Snouter Shaughnessy, because she wanted the nose.—Snouter had no suck, and poor Paddy (for so he was christened) was spoon-fed, and soon grew a stout, well-built fellow, and to show his gratitude, (for Paddy had a heart) would do all the work about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the *Beaux Stratagem*, servant of all work; he milked the cow; he cleaned the byre, and thatched it; he went to market; he soled the shoes; he cleaned the knives; he shaved; and powdered his master's wig; and, in short, did as much work in one day as an ordinary servant would do in a week. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes and listening to all sorts of marvellous stories, which he would swallow down

ust the more readily the more marvellous they were.—His master having gone one day to Belfast, he went to old Brien Sollaghan's wake, where a lad just come home from a foreign voyage was telling stories out of the course of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all he was relating but something about blackamoors; for he swore " 'twas impossible for one man to be black, and another man white, for he could not be naturally black without he was painted; but," says he, ' I'll ask the master in the morning, when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it.' So he says in the morning, ' Master, is there any such a thing as a blackamoor?' ' To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad.' ' And what makes them black?' ' Why, it's the climate, they say.' ' And what's the climate?' ' Why I don't know: I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young.' ' They must have a deal of it, and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say.—The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the Irish Volunteer, from Larne to America, in the spring, I'll see them there. Paddy went over as a redemptioner and had to serve a time for his passage. One day he was sent by his master six

miles from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby, on an errand. Paddy, thinking and ruminating on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor, forgot the directing-post on the road, and got entangled in a forest; it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him. ‘Hurra, my darling!’ says he, ‘here’s one of them now at last—queen of glory! such a nose as he has: they talk about Loughy Fadaghan’s nose; why, the noses of all the Fadaghans put together would not make this fellow’s nose. I never saw one of your sort before,’ says Paddy; ‘why, man, you’ll get your death of cowld lying there; I have an odd tester yet left, that I brought from Cushendall, and if there’s a shebeen near this, I’ll give you a snifter, for I’d like to have a talk with you.’ ‘Boo,’ says the bear. ‘Lord, what a voice he has—he could sing a roaring song.’ ‘Boo, boo!’ again cries the bear. ‘Who are you booing at, may I ax? for if it’s fun you’re making of me, ram my fist up to the elbow in you.’ Up get the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder. ‘Is it for wrestling you are?—Cushendall for that—soul, but you grip too tight, my jewel; you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or I’ll take an unfair advantage of you.’ Paddy went to catch him by the middle; ‘O sweet bad luck to you,

you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches you're made for wrestling, but I'll nick you.' Paddy pulled out his tobacco-knife, and gave him a prod in the right place, and down he fell to rise no more. 'O murder; what will become of me now?' says he—'I've killed this big, ugly black blackguard, and I'll be hanged for him. O murder, murder! O what will become of me!' A proprietor of the place, comes up at the moment, 'What is all this about?—what's the matter, my good fellow?' 'Oh, your honour's glory, I'm a stranger—I'm from Cushendall, your honour, I never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me; but he would do dothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get hold of him—Stop, stop there's a bear lying there, take care.'—'the blackamoor,' 'By the holy father', says Paddy, 'is that a bear! faith then I'll engage I'll drop them to you for a tester a-dozen.' The gentleman admired his courage so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an overseer of his estate, which he filled with integrity; and after seventeen years, came home to his native country, left what he had saved to old Snouter's grand-children, and had his bones laid in the same grave with his old and loving master.

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