

THE HOME TREASURY

TOYS

BALLADS

SLEEPING
BEAUTY.

FABLES

TALES

JOSEPH CUNDALL



ROSEBUD,
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
IN THE WOOD.



The Home Treasury.

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A NEW EDITION.




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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

 HERE were once a king and queen who had no children, and they were, on this account very unhappy. They consulted all the faëries they could hear of, but could get no help. One day, however, as the queen was walking moodily by the bank of a clear stream, and exclaiming, “ Oh, that I had a little daughter !” a golden fish peeped its head out of the water and said, “ Your wish shall be gratified, and you shall soon have a daughter,

and her name shall be ‘Rosebud.’” The queen returned to the palace in good spirits, and told the king, her husband, and they both rejoiced at the little fish’s prophecy. As the fish had said, so it happened, and the queen soon had a little girl, very beautiful indeed to behold. And the king held a great feast at the princess’s christening, which was the grandest that could be. Seven faëries dwelt in the king’s country, and all these were invited to be the princess’s godmothers; so that each of them might make her a gift, as was the custom in those days. When the christening was over, the company went back to the king’s palace, where a noble feast was ready for them. Each faëry had a golden dish, with a knife, a fork, and a spoon, set with diamonds, and all of the finest and most curious patterns. As the company were sitting down to the table,

an old faëry came into the room. This faëry lived in a tower which she had not quitted for fifty years, so that every body thought she was dead long ago ; and the king had quite forgotten to ask her to the christening. But he welcomed her and ordered a seat to be brought for her, and also a plate, but it could not be a golden one, because only seven of that sort had been made, for the other seven faëries.

As soon as the old faëry saw that her plate was not so fine as the plates set before the rest of the faëries, her face grew quite red, and became swollen with rage. Her eyes flashed with fire, and she muttered that she would have her revenge.

One of the young faëries who sat next to her, heard what she said, and was afraid that she would give the little princess some unlucky gift. So this young faëry left the table, and

went and hid herself behind the tapestry, that it might come to her turn to speak the last of the faëries ; for she thought she should perhaps be able partly to undo the mischief the old faëry might be meditating.

When the feast had ended, the faëries began to make their gifts to the young princess. The first said, she should be most virtuous : the next said, she should have the greatest wit : the third said, she should do every thing with the utmost grace : the fourth said, her beauty should delight all who saw her : the fifth said, her voice should be as sweet and liquid in its tone as a silver bell : the sixth said, she should be most skilful in playing on all musical instruments.

It was now the old faëry's turn to speak ; she came forward, with her head shaking all the while with spite, said in a croaking hoarse



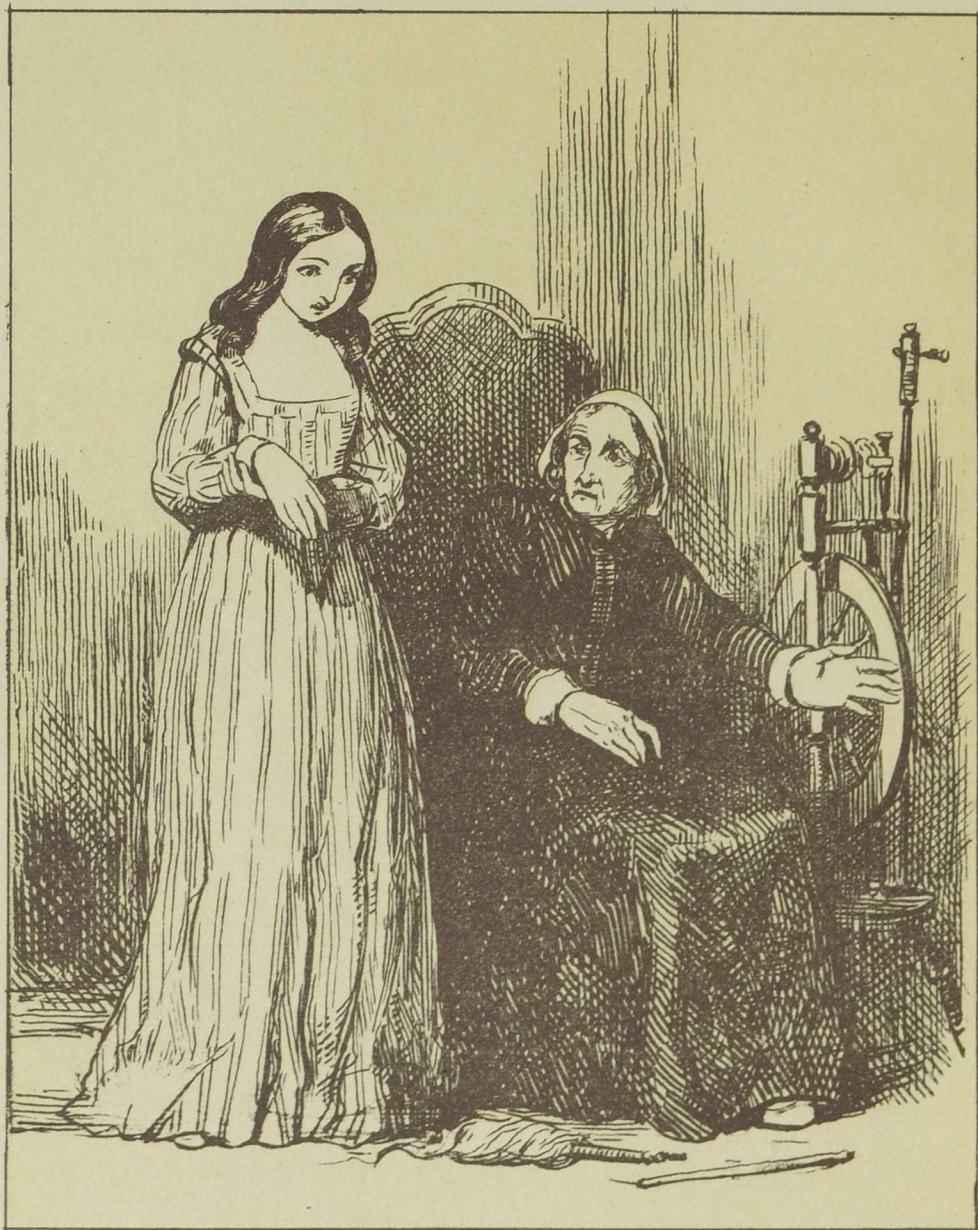
voice, “ The gift I bestow on the princess shall be, that when she is fifteen years of age, she shall hurt her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound.”

This cruel sentence filled all the company with sorrow, and every body but the old faëry began to weep and lament. But at this moment the young faëry came out from behind the tapestry, and in a kind voice gave them some comfort by saying, “ Do not, O king and queen, be in so much grief for your daughter ; she shall *not* die of the wound she is to receive ; for, though I am not able to prevent what an older faëry than myself has ordered, yet I can lessen the evil she has sentenced the princess to. Your daughter indeed must hurt her hand with a spindle ; but instead of dying of the wound, she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last for a hundred years, at

the end of which she shall be awakened by a young prince.”

The king hoped to save his darling child from the accident, and he commanded it to be made known every where, that every spindle should be bought up and burnt. Nobody was allowed to have one.

All the promises of the six good faëries were fulfilled: the Princess Rosebud was virtuous witty, graceful, beautiful, and every one loved her. Her fifteenth birthday had passed, and the king and queen hoped the danger was over. About this time it happened that the young princess was one day roving through the old rooms of the castle to amuse herself; and at last found her way to a small chamber at the top of a tower. The door was closed but there was a little golden key in the keyhole. The princess turned it, the door flew open,



and there she saw an old woman spinning with a spindle very busily.

“What are you doing, Goody?” said the princess. “I am spinning, my pretty lady,” answered the old woman. “Ah! how I should like to do such pretty work!” said the princess, “pray let me try.” She then took the spindle into her hand; but as soon as ever she did so, being very lively and giddy, she ran the point of it into her hand, and instantly was seized with a sound sleep.

The good faëry who had saved the princess’s life, was in the kingdom of Matakin, at the distance of twelve thousand leagues, when the princess ran the spindle into her hand. But the news reached her by an electric telegraph; and she set off in a fiery chariot, which smoked and steamed like a railway engine, and in a few minutes she was in the yard of the king’s

palace. Then the faëry caused the princess to be carried to the finest room in the palace, and laid on a bed made of rich silk and velvet, and adorned with gold and silver.

When the princess was laid in this place, she looked so charming, that she might almost have been taken for an angel; for the deep sleep that she had fallen into did not hurt her beauty at all. The colour of her cheeks were still like the finest roses, and her lips the reddest coral that ever was seen; and the only change was, that her eyes, which used before to sparkle like diamonds, were now shut, and could not be seen. You might have heard her breathe softly, and have been quite sure that she was not dead, but only asleep.

When the princess fell down asleep, a deep sleep also seized every body and every thing in the palace. The king and queen, the maids

of honour, governesses, waiting-women, gentlemen of the court, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen, all were thrown into as sound a sleep as the princess herself was in.

If you could have seen them you would have laughed. They did not go to bed; but every one fell asleep just in the act in which they happened to be engaged. The butler was pouring out some wine, and he went to sleep with one arm holding the bottle and the other holding a glass; even the wine went to sleep, and stopped pouring. A little page was singing to one of the ladies of the court, and he went off fast to sleep with his mouth wide open, just as he was uttering a beautiful note. Another page was stealing a little kiss, and he fell off fast in the very act, with his pouting

lips all ready ; the cook was boxing the kitchen-boy's ears, and went to sleep holding the boy's collar ; the horses slept in the stables ; the dogs in the court-yard ; and the princess's favourite, a little lapdog, which was lying on the bed by her side ; the cocks looked as if crowing, but were quite still ; the pigeons were all asleep on the housetop, even the spider was stopped as he was pursuing a little fly ; the very spits in the kitchen, and the partridges and pheasants that were roasting on them, as well as the fire, were laid asleep ; and all this was done in a moment. All, all fell fast asleep, till the time should come for the princess to awake.

Then the faëry waved her wand, and you might have seen growing and springing up all round the palace a vast number of trees of all sorts and sizes, bushes and brambles, all twist-

ing one in the other, so that neither man nor beast could have made a way through them. In less than a quarter of an hour nothing but the spires and towers of the palace were to be seen over the thick wood formed by the trees, and even these only at a great distance. The faëry, in doing this, no doubt employed the whole skill of her art, to keep the princess from the view of all the world, while her long sleep lasted.

There went about the world wonderful reports of this palace, in the Newspapers of the time. And many adventurous princes and knights came to see it, and to try and make their way through the wood, but without success. They only stuck fast in the thorns and brambles, and were glad to escape with scratches and torn clothes.

At the end of the hundred years, the son of

the king who then ruled over the country happened to pass near the palace as he was hunting, and asked the people that were along with him, who was the owner of this wood, and of the building that he saw there was inside it. They all told him what they had heard about the place. Some of them said it was an old castle that was haunted by ghosts; others said, that all the witches in the country met in it to hold their nightly councils; but the most common opinion was, that an ogre lived in it, who hid himself there, to eat up all the children he ran away with; because he could eat them without fear there, for no one but himself could get through the wood.

The prince did not know which of these stories he should believe, when an old man came up to him, and said, "May it please your Royal Highness, I was told more than fifty

years ago by my father, who heard it from my grandfather, that there was hidden in this palace a princess of very great beauty, who was condemned by a faëry to sleep a hundred years; and was then to be awakened by a king's son, who was to be her husband."

The young prince listened to this account with surprise, and then bethought him that he must be the king's son who was to wake the princess as the faëry had said; and so, impelled by his courage and love, he resolved to make his way to the palace.

As soon as he had reached the wood, he found the trees, the bushes, and the brambles, move aside of themselves, and let him pass. He went on towards the palace, which he saw at the end of a long walk, and soon entered it. But he thought it very strange that none of the lords or people that were along with him had

been able to follow him ; for the trees, bushes, and brambles, twisted with each other again as soon as ever he had passed through them. He did not care for this, but made the best of his way to the palace.

He came first into a large court, where every thing he saw was enough to startle the stoutest heart in the world. All the men and creatures that the faëry had laid asleep were stretched along on the ground, and seemed as if they were dead. There were the cocks and the pigeons, with their heads under their wings, and the dogs all asleep. A dreadful silence reigned throughout all the place. But after a little time, he saw by the rosy faces of the men-servants, that they were only asleep ; and there was still some beer left in the bottom of their cups, so he knew that they must have fallen asleep while they were drinking.



The prince next went through a large court paved with marble, which led to a flight of stairs. He walked up these, and came to the room of the guards, who were all standing in ranks with their halberts on their shoulders, and snoring quite loud. The snoring was like the roll of distant thunder, or the murmur of the waves on the sea shore. He went on through many other chambers, full of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting at tables, some standing. He saw the one page ready to sing, and the other ready to steal the kiss, and the maiden half turned away in sleep.

At last he came to a room the walls of which were powdered with golden stars, in which was a very grand bed, with the silken curtains drawn back. In this bed he saw a young lady about sixteen years of age, more beautiful than any thing he had ever beheld, lying in a sound

sleep; indeed he almost thought it was an angel. The prince went up close to the bed, but trembled at every step he took; he could not take his eyes off. His delight and wonder were so great that he could not help giving her a kiss, though he tried very hard to help it.

This at once broke the charm that the faëry had put upon the princess; and she opened her eyes, and cast them on the prince with a tender look, as if she had known him before, or had seen him in her sleep. “Is it you, my prince?” said she; “what a long time you have made me wait for you!”

The prince was in rapture at these words, and still more at the sweet tone of voice that she spoke them in; and was at a loss how to express his joy.

The princess on her part was quite as much pleased as he was; for though this history does

not speak of any such thing, yet we may very well suppose that her good friend the faëry had given her the most pleasant dreams in all her long sleep.

“What a joy, beautiful princess!” said the prince, looking at her all the time with the utmost tenderness, “what a joy it is to be able to do you such a service, to see you smile so sweetly, and to be thus made happy by your love! to think that the greatest princes in the world could not have done what I have, when I broke the cruel charm that laid you in such a long sleep!”

“Ah! dear prince,” answered she, “I feel that we were made for each other. I have been dreaming of you for a long time, and in all my long sleep I thought of nobody but yourself.”

Then there was such a stir all about them,

such yawning and sneezing, and shouts of laughter. The butler finished pouring out the wine, the cook boxed the kitchen-boy's ears; the horses neighed, the dogs jumped about and barked, the cock crowed, the pigeons cooed, the fly awoke and escaped from the spider, the fire in the kitchen blazed up, the spit went on roasting the meat; all the lords and ladies, who had been laid asleep at the same time as the princess, awoke, and set about their business; as they were not in love, as the princess was, they found themselves very hungry, for it was a hundred years since they had had a breakfast. The first maid of honour, who was quite famished, even made bold to tell the princess, without being asked, that dinner was ready for her.

Her maids then helped the princess to rise. She was soon drest, and in the finest clothes

that could be, though they looked as old as a great grandmother's clothes; she had even a ruff round her neck, but this did not in the least conceal her beauty.

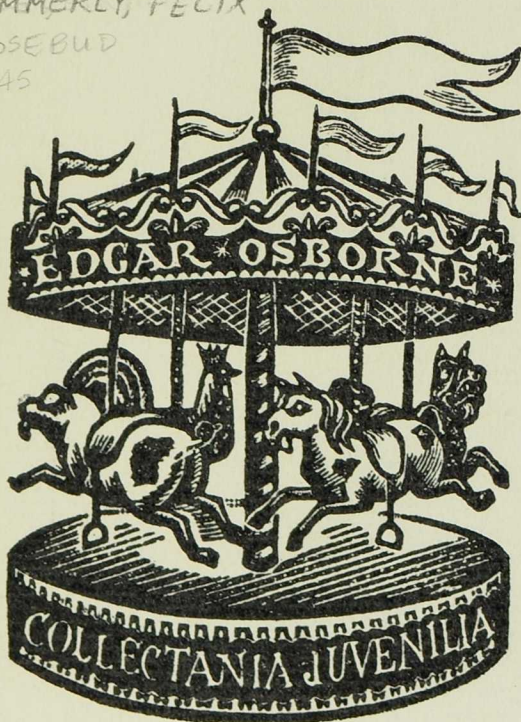
The old king and queen came forward and welcomed the prince very heartily; when the princess introduced him to them, and blushing told them how he had broken the charm. The trumpets sounded and the dinner bell rang. The prince then took the hand of the princess and led her to the banquet room. As soon as they had seated themselves, the music, which was all placed ready in the gallery at the upper end of the room, began to play some tunes, which certainly sounded quite old and out of fashion to the prince's ears.

It was agreed that the chaplain should marry them that very night. The wedding then took place in the presence of all the court; and the

good faëry came and gave her blessing to the bride, who with her prince lived most happily, and slept afterwards none the worse for her long nap of a hundred years.

THE END.

TEL (FT)
SUMMERLY, FELIX
ROSEBUD
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