

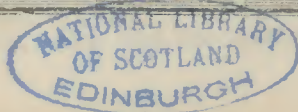
NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES,  
No. 48.

HISTORY OF THE  
SLEEPING BEAUTY  
IN THE WOOD.



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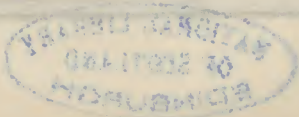
NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES  
No. 42

HISTORY OF THE  
SLEEPING BEAUTY  
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CLAYDON  
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1822

THIS IS THE FIRST



THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY  
IN THE WOOD.

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ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children, which made them very unhappy indeed. Hoping, by some means or other, to have an heir, they went to consult all the fairies they could hear of; vows, pilgrimages, every thing was tried, but without success.

At length, however, news was proclaimed that the queen was going to have a child, and soon after she was brought to bed of a princess. The christening was the most sumptuous imaginable; and seven fairies, being all that could be found in the country, were appointed to be her godmothers, so that each of them might bestow upon her a gift, as was the custom in those days. By these means the princess had every possible perfection.

When the ceremonies of the baptism were over, all the company returned to the king's palace, where the most costly entertainment was prepared for the fairies; before each of them was set a magnificent cover, with a case of massy gold, which contained a knife, a fork, and a spoon, set with diamonds and rubies, and all of the most curious workmanship.

As the company were going to place themselves at the table, an old fairy, who for more than fifty years had not left the tower she inhabited, and was believed to be either dead or enchanted, and on that account had not been invited to the christening, entered the room. The king immediately ordered a seat to be brought for her, and also a cover; but it could not be of massy gold, because only seven had been made, being one each for the seven fairies.

The old fairy, seeing that her cover was not more

than half so magnificent as those of her sister-fairies thought that the king had slighted her, and muttered between her teeth that she would be revenged.



One of the young fairies who sat next her, and caught the sounds that fell from her, fearing that she might bestow on the infant princess some unlucky gift, on leaving the table, went and hid herself behind the window-curtains, so that she might speak last, and thus repair as much as possible the injury intended by the old fairy.

In the meantime, the fairies began to make their donations to the young princess. The first gave her for a gift, that she should be the most beautiful lady in all the world,—the next that she should have the wit of an angel,—the third, that she should do every thing she undertook with the most enchanting grace,—the fourth, that she should dance so as to delight every beholder,—the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale,—the sixth, that she should play perfectly well on all sorts of musical instruments.

It being the old fairy's turn to speak next, she came forward shaking with spite, and said,—“The gift I bestow on the princess shall be, that she shall pierce her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound.”

This terrible gift made the whole assembly tremble, and every one but the old fairy fell to crying violently. Just at this instant, the young fairy came out from behind the window-curtains, and in a distinct voice pro-

nounced the following words:—"Do not, O king and queen, thus deeply afflict yourselves; the princess shall not die of the wound; for though I have not the power



wholly to prevent what an older fairy than I has decreed, I can, however, make her gift prove less injurious to the princess; accordingly, your daughter shall pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying of the wound, she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall continue for one hundred years, at the end of which time she shall be awakened by a young prince."

The king, thinking to avoid so terrible a misfortune, had it everywhere proclaimed, that no person, on pain of death, should spin with a spindle, or even keep one in their house.

About sixteen years after this, the king and queen being at one of their palaces in the country, it happened that the young princess was one day running from room to room to amuse herself; she at length found her way to a small apartment at the top of a tower, in which an old woman sat spinning with a spindle (for the poor old creature had never heard of the proclamation that had been made against spindles.)

"What are you doing, Goody?" said the princess; "I am spinning, my pretty lady," replied the old woman, who did not know to whom she was speaking. "Ah! how I should like to do such pretty work!" continued the princess,— "Pray let me try." She had no sooner taken the spindle in her hand than, being very sprightly

and thoughtless, she ran the point of it into her hand, and instantly fell down in a sound sleep. The old wo-



man being greatly frightened, and at a loss what to do, called out for help. Several persons immediately ran to her assistance; they threw cold water on the princess's face, cut the lace of her stays, rubbed her hands and temples with Hungary water,—but all to no purpose, for she remained fast asleep.

In the meanwhile the king had heard the news, and hastened to the old woman's apartment; but, recollect-



ing the gift that had been made her, he very properly resolved to bear the misfortune with patience, since he could not overcome the will of a fairy. Accordingly the king ordered her to be carried to the most sumptu-

us apartment in the palace, and laid on a bed made of the richest velvet, and ornamented with gold and silver.

The princess, in this situation, appeared so beautiful that she might have been taken for an angel, for the



deep sleep into which she had fallen did not the least injury to her fine complexion; her cheeks still resembled the most delicate roses, and her lips the finest coral ever seen; the only difference being, that her eyes, which sparkled like diamonds, were now covered by the lids. She breathed so softly, that they were quite sure she was not dead; and the king commanded that no one should attempt to disturb her repose.

The kind fairy who had saved her life by thus condemning her to sleep a hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakia, at a distance of twelve thousand leagues, when the accident happened to the princess; no news of it, however, was carried to her in a short time, by a dwarf who was her friend, and who used his seven leagued boots for the purpose; that is, boots with which he could stride over seven leagues of ground at once.

The fairy immediately set off, and in less than an hour, descended in a fiery chariot, drawn by dragons, to the outer-yard of the palace. The king hastened to welcome and assist her in getting out of the chariot, and then related what had happened.

The fairy approved of all the king had done; but having a great deal of foresight, she remarked to him, that the princess, on awaking, would be extremely ter-

rified to find herself alone in so old and gloomy a palace. After thinking a few minutes what could possibly be



done to remedy this inconvenience, she soon hit upon an expedient; she touched all the persons in the palace except the king and queen, with her wand; maids of honour, governesses, waiting-women, gentlemen ushers, grooms of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, steward, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen, were all thrown into a sleep as sound as that of the princess.

She touched also with her wand all the horses in the stables, all the grooms, all the dogs in the stable-yard, and even little Bichon, the princess's favourite lap-dog, who lay on the bed by her side: all fell fast asleep, till the time should arrive for the princess to awake, when they would be ready at a moment's warning to wait upon her. Even the very spits, and the partridges and pheasants that were roasting on them, together with the fire, were all laid asleep; and all this was concluded in a moment—for fairies are never long in performing their feats.

The king and queen, after embracing their daughter tenderly, without awaking her, left the palace; and made a proclamation, that no one, on pain of death, should dare approach her. The king might, however, have saved himself this trouble: for in a quarter of an hour there sprang up round the palace a vast number of trees of all sorts and sizes, bushes and brambles, entwining one in the other, that neither man nor beast



could have made a passage through them. Indeed, nothing but the turrets of the palace were to be seen above the thick wood formed by the trees, and even these only at a great distance. The fairy in this, no doubt, employed the whole skill of her art, to preserve the princess, during her long sleep, from the observation of the curious.

At the end of the hundred years, the son of a reigning king, who was of a different family from that of the sleeping princess, happened to pass near the palace as he was hunting, and asked his attendants to whom the turrets and the wood belonged. They each answered him agreeably to what he had heard of the place. Some of them said, it was an old castle that was haunted by ghosts; others, that all the witches in the country assembled in it to hold their nightly meetings; but the most common opinion was that it was inhabited by an ogre, who retired within its walls to devour all the children he ran away with, where he could eat them without fear of pursuit, since no one but himself could get through the wood; when an old peasant approached 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 concealed in this palace a princess of most exquisite beauty, who was condemned by a fairy to sleep a hundred years, and was then to be awakened by the son of a king, who was to be her husband.”

The young prince listened eagerly to this discourse, and thought he must be the prince intended by the fairy to awake her; and, hurried on by gallantry and love, he resolved on entering the palace.

Scarcely had he reached the wood, before the trees, the bushes, and the brambles, separated of themselves to let him pass. He proceeded towards the palace, which he perceived at the end of a long avonue, and soon entered it. But what did not a little surprise him was, that none of his attendants had been able to follow him; for the trees, bushes, and brambles, again entwined with each other as soon as he had passed through them. Notwithstanding this, he pursued his way to the palace; for a young prince in love is always valiant.

He entered a spacious court, where every thing he saw might have terrified the stoutest heart in the world. All the men and animals that had been laid asleep were stretchod on the ground, and appeared as if they were dead, and there was a dreadful silence through all the



palace. After a little time, however, he perceived, by the red faces of the men-servants, that they were only asleep; and as there was still some beer left in the bottom of their cups, he saw plainly that they had fallen asleep while drinking.

The prince next went through a large court paved with marble, which led to a staircase: this he ascended and came to the chamber of the guards, who were standing in ranks with their muskets on their shoulders.

and snoring with all their might. He continued his way through several other apartments, which were filled with ladies and gentlemen, some sitting, some standing, but all fast asleep.

At length he came to an apartment gilded all over with gold, in which was a magnificent bed, with the



curtains drawn back, and a young lady about sixteen years of age, more beautiful than any one he had ever seen. After gazing upon her with the greatest delight for a few minutes, he could not help falling upon his knees to her as if she had been awake.

The enchantment of the fairy being thus ended, the princess opened her eyes, and casting them on the prince with a look of mere tenderness than is common at first sight,—“Is it you, my prince?” said she; “How long you have made me wait for you!”

The prince, delighted at these words, and still more at the sweet tone of voice in which she pronounced them, was at a loss how to express his gratitude and joy. He assured her that he loved her better than he did himself; and this, with many other expressions of the same kind, he repeated a thousand and a thousand times.

The princess on her part was by no means backward; for, though history mentions no such thing, yet we may very well suppose that her good friend the fairy caused her during her long sleep to have the most agreeable dreams. In short, they talked for more than four hours together, without saying half of what they wished.

“What happiness, beautiful princess!” said the prince, looking at her with the greatest tenderness imaginable,—“what happiness, to be able to do you



such a service, to see you smile so sweetly, and to be thus rewarded by your love!—to think that the most powerful prince upon the earth could not have performed what I have done, in broaking the cruel enchantment that condemned you to sleep so long!”

“Ah! dear prince,” replied she, “I feel that we were made for each other. It was you I saw; it was you who were my companion; and during my long sleep I thought of no one but you. I knew very well that he that should end my enchantment would be the handsomest of men, that he would love me more than himself, and the moment I cast my eyes upon you I knew you perfectly.”

In the meanwhile all the attendants who had been asleep the same time as the princess, were awaked, and had set about their business; but as they were not, like the princess, in love, they found themselves extremely hungry, for it was very long since they had eaten any thing. The first maid of honour, who was as sharp set as the rest, even ventured to tell the princess, without any ceremony, that the dinner was served.

The prince then assisted the princess to rise. She was ready dressed, and in the most magnificent clothes imaginable; but he took great care not to tell her that they were like those of his great-grandmother, and that she had a ruff round her neck, which, however, did not in the least diminish her beauty.

He took her hand, and conducted her to the room in which the dinner was served; as soon as they had seated themselves at table, the musicians, who were in readiness with their instruments, began to play some airs, which, though they were out of fashion, were nevertheless extremely agreeable.

The prince and princess passed the evening delighted with each other's company, and as a long courtship was not necessary, they agreed to be married that very night. The lord almoner was consulted, and he consented to perform the ceremony, provided the chapel could be got



ready (for it was very dusty, and full of cobwebs.) There were plenty of hands willing to be employed ou

such an occasion, so that the chapel was soon swept, the crimson velvet hangings neatly brushed, and the books nicely dusted.

When all was ready, my lord almoner led the way in his canonical robes, with his mitre on his head, and preceded by half a dozen servants in the richest liveries that can be imagined, bearing each a lighted torch,—then followed six beautiful boys in white surplices, with censers in their hands, perfuming the air with the most aromatic sweets,—after them followed the prince and princess, hand in hand; they walked in silence, but the delight which sparkled in their eyes showed how well pleased they were,—next followed the maids of honour, the gentlemen and ladies of the bed-chamber, the lords in waiting, and in short the whole court. They were all magnificently dressed, but, as you may suppose, their clothes were rather old-fashioned. So soon as the ceremony was performed, they returned to a magnificent banquet where the company enjoyed themselves to a very late hour.

The next morning, the prince reflected that he had been guilty of a very great fault in marrying without having previously asked the consent of his parents; he was in great perplexity how he should get over this reprehensible act of disobedience, and at last concluded that he would say nothing about it, until a favourable opportunity offered; not but what he could readily have obtained the pardon of the king his father, who was a very good and benevolent man, but the queen his mother was descended from the race of cannibal giants called Ogres; and though some generations had passed, she still retained their horrid inclinations, and had all the difficulty in the world, when she saw little children pass to refrain from falling on them, and eating them up.

The prince, therefore, resolved not to say one word at home of his marriage, and took the opportunity, under pretence of hunting, to visit his beautiful princess three or four times a-week. He lived in this way some years, and had in that time two children; the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named MORNING, and the youngest, who was a son, they called DAY, because he was much handsomer and more beautiful than his sister.

3.

The queen, suspecting that these frequent huntings, at all seasons, was only a pretence to colour some other engagements, had the prince watched, and found that he always left his party when he came to the wood, and retired into it; she therefore resolved, the very first opportunity she had, to unriddle the mystery. An opportunity soon offered—for the emperor Cantalabutto having declared war against the king, the prince was appointed generalissimo, and went at the head of the army to defend the kingdom against this powerful adversary.

The queen, as soon as the prince was departed, lost no time in going to the wood, entered it,—and soon arrived at the castle, and, pretending to be much fatigued, asked leave to rest herself, which the young princess not only readily granted, but ordered refreshments to be set before her. The queen made herself known, and the princess, in the height of her surprise, could not help exclaiming,—“What! the mother of my prince, of my adored husband?” An explanation soon ensued. The queen then asked to see the children, which were brought to her. Their beautiful white skins and tender years made the Ogroish queen’s mouth to water and eyes to twinkle, and it was with much ado she refrained from giving them a bite, when she took them up to kiss them. The queen soon after took her leave, promising the princess that she would procure her pardon of the king, and come in a few days and take her from that old ruinous castle, as she was pleased to style it, and introduce her at court. But it was far from the intentions of this wicked cannibal to mention the affair to the king, who certainly would have protected the princess and his grand-children: what she said was only a stratagem to get them into her power. In a few days the queen came again in a close carriage, saying that the king wished to receive his daughter-in-law and grand-children in a private manner, previous to introducing them at court.

The princess readily entered the carriage with her children; and the queen, instead of carrying her to the court, brought her to a little country-house she had, situated in a deep glen, entirely surrounded with woods

and rocks. Here the queen resolved to gratify her horrible longings. She was, however, obliged to defer this pleasure for a few days, because her cook was not yet arrived, nor had she prepared the sauce which she usually had at these delicious feasts.

In about a week the queen made another excursion to her country-house, taking with her the sauce and the cook. Having paid her respects to the princess, and kissed the children, she called the cook aside, and said to him,—“I have a mind to eat little MORNING for my dinner to-morrow!” “Ah! madam,” cried the cook, “pray consider the pretty creature is your grand-daughter.” “I will have it so,” replied the queen in an angry tone, “fail not at your peril; and let her be well seasoned, and with plenty of my favourite sauce.” The poor man, knowing very well that he must not play tricks with Ogresses, took his great knife, and went up into little MORNING’S chamber very early the next day, intending to kill her before breakfast; but the pretty little girl, who, thinking that he had brought her some sugar-candy, ran up to him, jumping and laughing, and caught him round the neck. This so affected the poor man that he could not refrain from tears; so, instead of killing her, he carried her to a little room he had at the bottom of the garden, and killed a little lamb, and dressed it so excellently, that his mistress assured him she had never eaten any thing so good in her life. As soon as the wicked queen returned home in the evening, the cook carried little MORNING to the castle in the wood, which had been abandoned by its inhabitants after the princess had left it, and brought his wife and servant to attend her.

About eight days afterwards, the queen paid them another visit, and told the cook that she would eat little DAY. He returned no answer, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before; so, after hiding little DAY, he killed a young kid, which he cooked so very nicely, that the Ogress was quite delighted with it.

When the queen was gone, he also conducted little DAY to his wife in the old castle. This was hitherto all well: on her next visit, this wicked queen said to him,—“I will eat the young princess with the same



sauce I had with her children. It was now that the poor cook despaired of being able to deceive her; and, to save his own life, he resolved to kill the princess. In order to execute his purpose, he put himself into a great passion, and rushed into her chamber with a dagger drawn; but, on seeing the princess, he respectfully told her the orders he had received from the wicked queen,—"Come, do it, do it!" said she, "and then I will go to my poor children whom I love so dearly." "No, no, madam," cried the poor cook, all in tears, "you shall not die; and you shall see your children again; only conceal yourself until the queen is gone, and I will take you to them." The princess was overjoyed at this unexpected news, and promised to keep herself very close. The cook then went and dressed in her stead a young hind, which the queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as if it had been the young princess. Delighted with her cruelty, she then invented a story to deceive her son; and, as she returned home, she caused it to be noised about that the wood in which the castle was situated was infested by a banditti, who murdered and destroyed every one that came in their way.

In the meantime, the cook, so soon as the queen was departed, carried the princess to her children. The transports of this amiable mother, and the caresses of her affectionate children, were without bounds; but, alas! their troubles were not yet at an end. The queen, soon after her arrival at home, found that a peace was nearly concluded, and expecting her son, found, in order to deceive him, she had no time to lose; she therefore took the soldiers and entered the castle to see that all was as she left it. On her approach she heard the sound of voices, and then bursts of laughter; she crept softly to an open window, and peeping in, saw the princess, her two children, the cook and his wife, playing at blind-man's-buff, while the maid-servant was looking on and laughing. She uttered such a terrible yell that it struck horror to their hearts; they instantly stopped their merriment, and instinctively turned their eyes to the window, when they encountered the furious looks and imp-like gestures of the Ogress queen. She

then called for her guards with an enraged voice, who, supposing she was surrounded by the banditti, ran to her assistance in haste. She commanded them instantly to strip and bind the princess, her two children, the cook, his wife, and their maid. She then ordered the large brewing copper to be filled with oil, and a fire to be lighted under it, intending, as soon as it boiled, to put them all in, as the most cruel death she could devise. While the oil was heating, she exulted over her unfortunate victims, every now and then pricking them with pins, and enjoying the pain it put them to. The oil was now on the point of boiling, and the poor creatures expected in a few minutes that they should be plunged into it. The queen approached the copper in order to try if the oil was sufficiently heated for her diabolical purpose, when the princess took the opportunity of kneeling down with her children to implore the divine mercy. At this awful moment, a sudden cry of "Make way! make way!" was heard; when instantly, on a horse all covered with foam, entered the prince; he was struck with astonishment at seeing his amiable wife and lovely children in this situation. The queen, overcome with rage, disappointment, and shame, instantly threw herself headlong into the boiling oil, which she had intended for her victims, and died in great agonies. The prince could not but be very sorry, for she was his mother, although an Ogress. He, however, comforted himself in the reflection that he had so opportunely saved his dear wife and children. He now resolved to take his family to court, where they arrived the next day. The king received them very affectionately, and being much hurt at the ill conduct of the deceased queen, and, convinced of his son's ability to govern, by the able manner that he negotiated the peace, he resigned his crown to him, and retired to a palace he had in the country. The prince and princess, now king and queen, lived long and happy, and were succeeded by little DAY, who became a great king, and who took care, by the example of his father, not to marry without the consent of his parents.

# CHARLES AND JOHN,

AND THE

## LITTLE DOG WORTHY.

THIS story is about two little boys, who were nearly the same age: the name of the one was Charles, and that of the other John.

If Charles did any thing that was wrong he always told his parents of it; and, when asked about any thing he had said or done, he was sure to tell the truth; so that this good boy was beloved by every body; but all who knew his brother John would not believe a word he said, he was in the practice of telling so many lies. When he was guilty of any thing that was wrong, he would not do as his brother did (for he never told his parents the truth;) and, on being questioned about it, he could deny ever having done the things of which he was accused.

It was for fear of being punished for his faults that John always told so many lies, and would never confess of what he had been guilty. Besides, he was a great coward, and could never bear the least pain; but his brother Charles was a courageous boy, and could bear punishment for his little faults. He was never punished so much by his parents for the little faults he committed, as his brother John was for the lies he told when they were found out.

These two little boys were playing together one evening in a room by themselves; their mother was engaged in an adjoining room, and their father was not in the house, so there was no person in the room but Charles and John together; but only Worthy, a little dog, which was lying by the side of the fire.

This little dog, Worthy, was a nice playful creature, and both the boys were very fond of him. "See!" said John to Charles, "Worthy is lying beside the fire there, asleep; let us reuse him, and we shall get him to play with us."

“With all my heart,” said Charles; and both boys ran to the fireside to awaken the little dog. There was standing upon the hearth a basin of milk, as they did not observe it, (for it was placed before them,) they began to make rare fun in playing with the dog; but unfortunately they kicked over the basin with their feet, and broke it, and the whole milk ran down the hearth and all around on the floor.

Now, when the little boys saw what had happened they were very much alarmed, and sorry for what they had done; but not knowing what to do, they for some time stood staring at the mishap they had occasioned without speaking one word. At last John spoke. “Alas!” said he, “we shall have no milk for supper to-night!” and he gave a deep sigh.

“No milk for supper to-night!—for what reason?” replied Charles. “Is there no more milk in the house?”

“Yes, but we shall have none of it; for don’t you remember that mamma, the last time we spilled the milk, said, should the like happen in our hands again we should have none for supper that night?”

“If that is the case,” said Charles, “we must go without it, that’s all; there is no great harm in wanting milk for once. In the meantime let us tell mamma what has happened; so come away, John.”

“Well, so I will; but where’s all the hurry; can’t you stop a little?” Charles did so; but still John pleaded for delay, saying, “He was so afraid he could not go.”

Children, both boys and girls, I advise you never to seek for excuses of this kind; never say, “Stop a minute, or stop a little,” for reparations of faults cannot be made too soon.

Well, hear what happened to John:—The longer he lingered the more unwilling he felt to accompany his brother Charles; at last he pulled his hand away from him, positively refusing to acknowledge his share in the spilling of the milk, saying, “That his brother might go himself, for he should not.”

“So I shall,” said Charles; “and I only waited for you that I might put you in humour—thinking you would like to tell mamma the truth in this matter.”

“The truth!” replied John, “I don’t wish to deny it; but it is time enough when one is asked; mamma will see the milk when she comes here.”

Charles waited no longer, but set off himself in search of his mother, whom he expected to find in the next room ironing; but as she was not there he ran off to the garden, under the notion that he should find her there.

John being now left alone, began to cast about how he should get himself out of the scrape. “If we were both,” thought he, “to say that we were not concerned in spilling the milk, mother would be sure to believe us, and there would be no more of the matter.”

While he was contriving these excuses, he heard his mother coming up the stair—“Oh, oh!” said he, “so mamma has not been in the garden after all, and Charles has not seen her; now I may say what I please.”

So this cowardly sneaking boy resolved to tell his mamma a downright falsehood

Of course, when she entered the room, her eye immediately caught the broken dish and the spilled milk. “Pray, John,” said she, “what has been the cause of this?”

“I don’t know, ma’am,” said John.

“You don’t know?—I think you do know; and if such is the case, you had better at once tell the truth—you know how often I have cautioned you against telling fibs. The worst is, should you have spilled the milk, that you will lose a part of your supper; but rather than tell a lie I would sooner you had broken fifty basins; so I ask you again,—John, did you spill the milk?”

“No, ma’am,” again repeated John, in a low tone of voice, while he coloured up to the ears.

“Then where’s Charles? did he do it?”

“No,” said John, “he did not;” for he had some thoughts that when Charles appeared, he would be persuaded to back him in his naughty falsehood.

“And how do you know,” rejoined his mother, “that Charles did not do it?”

“Why, mamma—because—because,” and here John

stammered and hesitated so, that his guilt was quite evident—"because I was in the room all the time, and did not see him do it."

Being farther questioned, John went on from one lie to another; at last he said he supposed the dog did it.

"Did you see Worthy do it?"

"Yes," said this wicked boy.

"Fie, fie, Worthy!" said John's mother, "so it is you that is in the fault! I must really chastise you." She then ordered John to get her a switch.

John ran to the garden to get a switch, and on his way met Charles returning, to whom he told what had happened, begging him not to expose him, but to say what he had done.

"No, I sha'n't tell a lie," said Charles, "and have poor Worthy beat into the bargain. I shall tell mamma the whole truth."

They ran into the house, John striving to prevent Charles from telling his mother. John threw in the switch, and, being somewhat stronger, he kept Charles back. In the meantime the switch was just about to fall on poor Worthy's back, when Charles, who had made his way round by the window, called out to her to stop. He then told the story just as it happened.

At the same moment John's father came in sight, and being told what had happened, he snatched up the switch, for what purpose John easily foresaw; so, falling on his knees, he besought him for mercy, crying out he should never again be guilty of telling lies.

"But I shall whip you now," said his father, "and we shall see how you keep your word for the future." So John was whipt, till he roared out so that the whole neighbourhood heard him.

"There now," said his father, "is the reward of disobedience and wickedness—you have got a sound whipping, and you shall besides go to your bed supperless. See how liars are served!" Then, turning to Charles, he said, "Charles, as for you, I shall keep my word so far as to deprive you of milk to-night; that for once is easily borne; but as a compensation, and to mark my satisfaction with your behaviour, I make you a present of Worthy; he will be to you a kind and affectionate

servant, and it will be your part to use him well. Henceforward he shall be called *Charles!* and, wife, whenever you are asked by any of the neighbouring children why Worthy's name is changed to Charles, tell them the story of the two boys: they will then see how differently it fares between a liar and a boy who tells the truth."

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**SOLEMN PROHIBITION.**

MR. WALTER ROSS, writer to the signet, Edinburgh, by way of protecting his property from midnight marauders, published the following handbill:—"Thou shalt not steal! All persons whom it may concern are desired to take notice that steel traps, of the largest size, for catching breakers of the eighth commandment, are every night placod in the garden of St. Bernard's between Stockbridge and the Water of Leith, on the north side of the water; that spring-guns are set to rake the walls with shot upon the touch of a wire, and that a tent, having in it an armed watchman, is pitched in the middle, with orders to fire without mercy. If, therefore, any evil-disposed person or persons shall attempt to break into the grounds of St. Bernard's, their blood be upon their own heads!—Amen."

This seemed very well for some time; but, at length, a suspicion arose that the arrangements were all of a fictitious nature, and the boys and blackguards of the city began to pick up their scattered courage. On learning that such was the state of matters, Mr. Ross adopted the strangest expedient that could perhaps have entered the head of a country gentleman. He procured a limb of a corpse from the Royal Infirmary, dressed it in a stocking, shoe and buckle, and sent it through the streets of the city with the public crier, proclaiming that it had been found last night in the grounds at St. Bernard's, and that it would be restored to the owner on being properly vouched. The garden of St. Bernard's was no more broken.

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