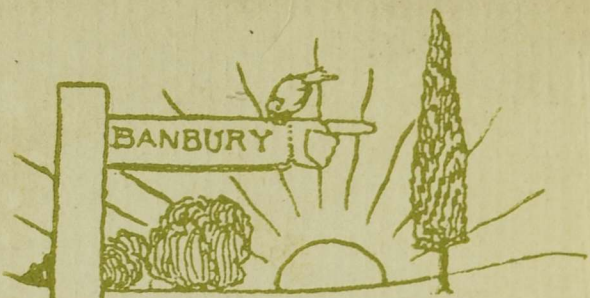


SLEEPING
BEAUTY:
WHITTIN
GTON AND
HIS CAT

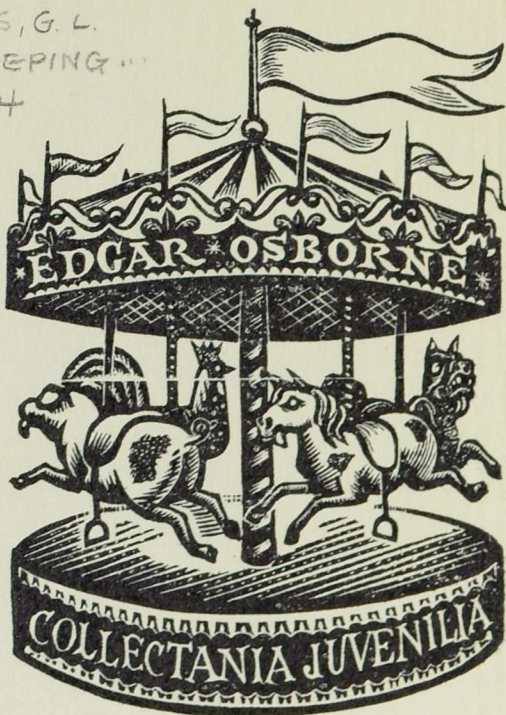




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*THE
BANBURY CROSS
SERIES*

PREPARED FOR CHILDREN BY GRACE RHYS

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

AND

DICK WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT



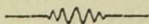
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND
DICK WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. ANNING
BELL



LONDON
PUBLISHED BY
J. M. DENT & CO.
AT ALDINE HOUSE IN
GREAT EASTERN STREET. 1894



To Bunny.



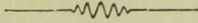
TO the Banbury Cross of fairy-tale and nursery rhyme come many pretty folk and queer monsters. Enchanted princes, beautiful damsels, two-headed giants, and brave giant-killers, will be found gathered there in the pages of these little books. But of all these famous folk, none are more famous than Dick Whittington, and the Beauty who fell asleep for a hundred years, and only woke up in time not to be forgotten.

Dear Sleeping Beauty! Many of the things that she had,—apples and cherries, roses and honey, you still have to-day. But what, you may wonder, was the Hungary Water that they rubbed her temples with when first she fell into her deep sleep? In those days people used to take the herb rosemary, and make from it a pleasant water. This they called Hungary Water, because it was Saint Elizabeth, the good Queen of Hungary, who first made it.

As for Dick Whittington, some stupid people said lately, that his cat was not really a live cat at all. As well say that fairies are not fairies. There is the cat, plainly to be seen in Mr Bell's pictures. There is Dick Whittington, too, setting out for London once again; and as long as London stands, no doubt English children will listen to the church bells and think of him.

GRACE RHYS.

The Sleeping Beauty.



THERE was formerly, in a distant country, a king and a queen, the most beautiful and happy in the world; having nothing to cloud their delight, but the want of children to share in their happiness. This was their whole concern: physicians, waters, vows and offerings were tried, but all to no purpose. At last, however, after long waiting, a daughter was born. At the christening the princess had seven fairies for her godmothers, 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 exquisite 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 such 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 she possibly could, the evil which the old fairy might intend.

In the meantime 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 second, that she should have wit like an angel.

The third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything that she did.

The fourth, that she should sing like a nightingale.

The fifth, that she should dance like a flower in the wind.

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, that seemed to shew more spite than age, she said,—That the princess, when she was fifteen years old, would have her hand pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound.

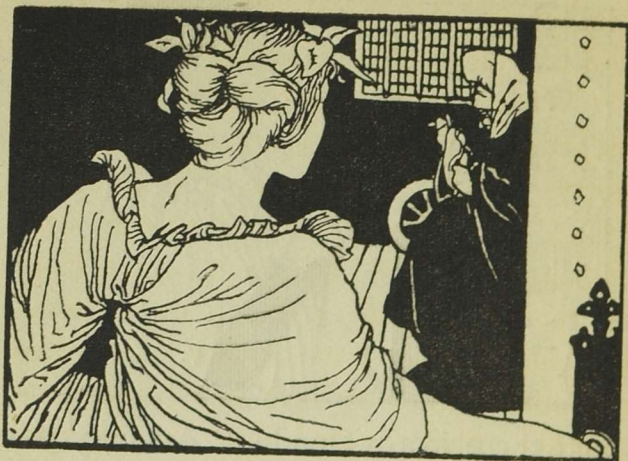
This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every one of them fell a-crying.

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 the 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 end of which time a king’s son shall come, and awake her from it.”

The king, to avoid this misfortune told by the old malicious fairy, caused at once his royal command to be issued forth, whereby every person was forbidden, upon pain of death, to spin with a distaff



or spindle ; nay, 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 one day to divert herself by wandering 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, all alone, was spinning with her spindle.

Now either she had not heard of the king's command issued forth against

spindles, or else it was the wicked fairy who had taken this disguise.

“What are you doing there, Goody?” said the princess. “I am spinning, my pretty child,” said the old woman. “Ha!” said the princess, “that is very amusing: how do you do it? give it to me that I may see if I can do so too.” The old woman gave it her. She had no sooner taken it into her hand than, whether being very hasty at it, and somewhat awkward, or that the decree of the spiteful fairy had caused it, is not to be certainly known; but, however, sure it is that the spindle immediately ran into her hand, and she directly fell down upon the ground in a swoon. Thereupon the old woman cried out for help, and people came in from every quarter in great numbers: some threw water upon the princess’s face, unlaced her, struck her on the palm 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 Matakin, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell 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 about an hour after, in a fairy chariot drawn by dragons.

The king handed her out of the chariot and she approved of everything he had done; but as she had a very great



foresight, she thought that when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in the old palace; therefore she touched with her wand everything in the palace, except the king and the 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 that lay by her on the bed.



Immediately on her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not wake before their 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 pheasants, and everything in the place, whether alive or not, 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 very sorrowfully forth from the



palace, and issued a command that no one should come near it. This, however, was not needed; 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, and not that even, unless it were a good way off. Nobody doubted but that here was an extraordinary example of the fairies' 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, 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 ogre lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without anybody 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 that castle a princess, the most beautiful that was ever



seen ; that she must sleep there for a hundred years, and would be wakened by a king's son, whom she was a-waiting."

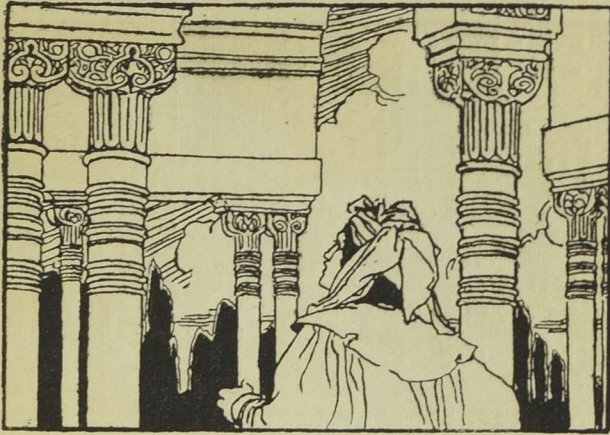
The young prince was all on fire at these words, believing without considering the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure ; and pushed on by love and ambition, resolved that moment to attempt it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes, the 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, and



entered into it ; 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 pursuing his way. He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most hardy person with horror. There reigned all over a most frightful silence, the image of death everywhere shewing itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched out bodies of men and animals, seeming to be dead. He, however, very well knew by the rosy



faces and red noses of the beef-eaters that they were only asleep ; and their goblets, wherein still remained some few drops of wine, plainly shewed that they had fallen asleep while drinking.

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

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 fairest 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 looking at him kindly, said, “ Is it you, my prince ? I have waited for you a long time ? ”

The prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which





they were spoken, answered that he loved her better than the whole world. Then they talked for four hours together and yet said not half of what they had got to say.

In the meantime all the palace awaked, every one thinking on his particular business. The chief lady of honour, being ready to die of hunger, grew very impatient, and told the princess aloud, that supper was served up. The prince then gave her his hand ; though her attire was very magnificent, his royal highness did not forget to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother ; but

however, she looked not the less beautiful and charming for all that. They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they held the wedding supper, and were served by the officers of the princess ; the violins and hautboys played all old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now about a hundred years since they had any practice. After supper the lord almoner married them in the Chapel of the castle, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

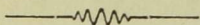




Dick Whittington
and his Cat.



Dick Whittington and his Cat.



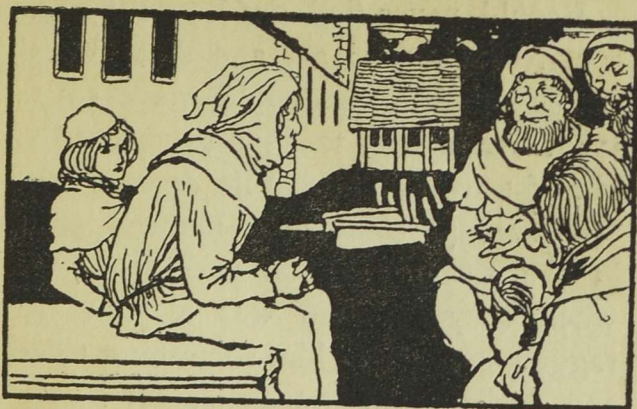
IN the reign of the famous King Edward III. there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust of bread.

For all this Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tomb-



stones in the churchyard, before the parson was come; and once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market town; and when the barber's shop door was open, Dick listened to all the news that his customers told one another.

In this manner Dick heard a great many very strange things about the great city called London; for the foolish country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies; and that there was singing and



music there all day long ; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

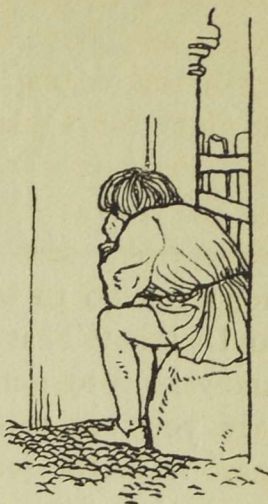
One day a large waggon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this waggon must be going to the fine town of London ; so he took courage, and asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. As soon as the waggoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would, so they set off together.

I could never find out how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road ; nor how he could walk so far, for it was a long way ; nor what he did at night for a place to lie down to sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat ; and perhaps the waggoner let him get into the waggon at night, and take a nap upon one of the boxes or large parcels in the waggon.

Dick, however, got safe to London, and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind waggoner ; but ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold ; for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change ; so he thought he had nothing to do but to

take up some little bits of the pavement, and should then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and had quite forgot his friend the waggoner ; but at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.



Little Dick was all night in the streets ; and next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving ; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny ; so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for the want of victuals.

At last a good-natured looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. “ Why



don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick. "That I would, but I do not know how to get any," answered Dick. "If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman, and took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before; and being almost starved again, he laid himself down at the door of Mr Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so she called out to poor Dick: "What business have you there, you



lazy rogue? there is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water; I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

Just at that time Mr Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old



enough to work ; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy.”

“No, indeed, sir,” said Dick to him, “that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know anybody, and I believe I am very sick for the want of food.” “Poor fellow, get up ; let me see what ails you.”

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten any food for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given him, and

be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

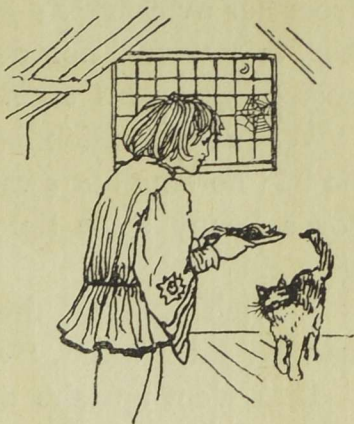
Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning to night, and besides, she was so fond of basting, that when she had no meat to baste, she would baste poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Alice, Mr Fitzwarren's daughter, who told the cook she should be turned away if she did not treat him kinder.

The ill-humour of the cook was now a little amended ; but besides this Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was tormented with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat,



and asked her if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would, and at the same time told him the cat was an excellent mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her; and in a short time he had no more trouble with the rats and mice, but slept quite sound every night.



Soon after this, his master had a ship ready to sail; and as he thought it right that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the parlour and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing.

For this reason he did not come into the parlour with the rest ; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him, from her own purse ; but the father told her this would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny some time since of a little girl.

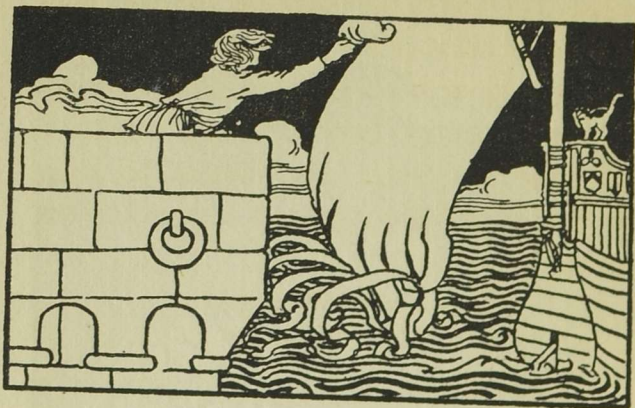
“ Fetch your cat then, my good boy,” said Mr Fitzwarren, “ and let her go.”

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain ; for he said he should now be kept awake again all night by the rats and mice.

All the company laughed at Dick’s odd venture ; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor





Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him.

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place ; so he packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway ; and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and

began to think to himself which road he should take as he went onwards.

While he was thinking what he should do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him :

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

“Lord Mayor of London !” said he to himself. “Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man ! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last.”

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work, before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea ; and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people were the

Moors, that the English had never known before.

The people then came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were of different colour to themselves, and treated them very civilly; and, when they became better acquainted, were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was loaded with.

When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country; who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain to the palace. Here they were placed, as it is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room;



and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these vermin were not very unpleasant.

“Oh yes,” said they, “very destructive; and the king would give half his treasure to be freed of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they assault him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping for fear of them.”

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the king he had a creature on board the ship that would despatch all these vermin immediately. The king's heart heaved so high at the joy which this news gave him that his turban dropped off his head. “Bring this creature to me,” says he; “vermin are dreadful in a court, and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels, in exchange for her.”



The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Miss Puss. He told his majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as, when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship—but to oblige his majesty he would fetch her. “Run, run!” said the queen; “I am impatient to see the dear creature.”

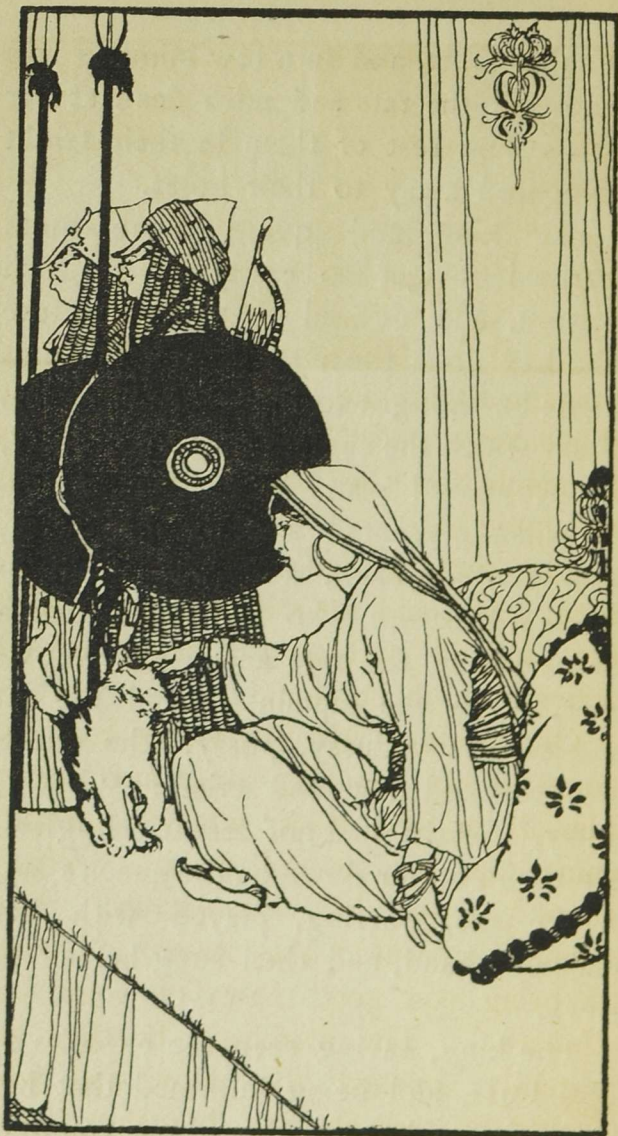
Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got ready. He put puss under his arm, and arrived at the place soon enough to see the table full of rats.

When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the

captain's arms, and in a few minutes laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in their fright scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were quite charmed to get so easily rid of such plagues, and desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought to them for inspection. Upon which the captain called : "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and she came to him. He then presented her to the queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who had made such a havoc among the rats and mice. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called : "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and cried : "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English. He then put her down on the queen's lap, where she, purring, played with her majesty's hand, and then sung herself to sleep.

The king, having seen the exploits of Mrs Puss, and being informed that her kittens would stock the whole country,





bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

The captain then took leave of the royal party, and set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

One morning Mr Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and seated himself at the desk, when somebody came tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" says Mr Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*." The merchant, bustling up instantly, opened the door, and who should be seen waiting but the captain

and factor, with a cabinet of jewels, and a bill of lading, for which the merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

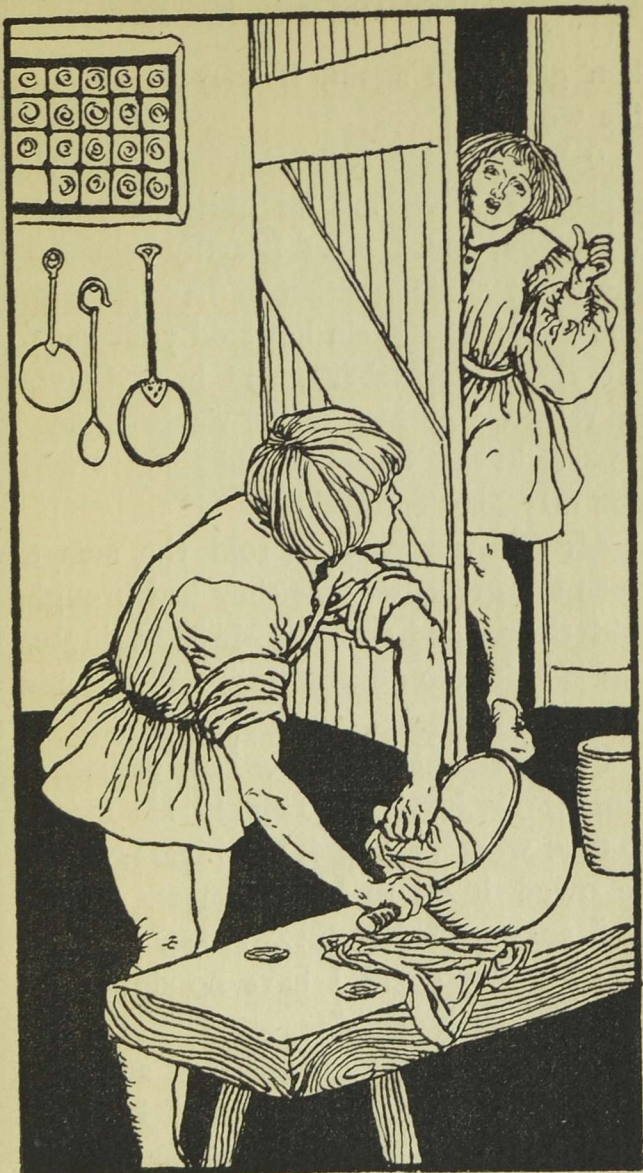
They then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich present that the king and queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants :

“ Go fetch him—we will tell him of the same ;
Pray call him Mr Whittington by name.”

Mr Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man ; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered : “ God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny.”

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook, and was quite dirty.

Mr Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and so he began to think they were making game of him, at the same time begging them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let



him go down again, if they pleased, to his work.

“ Indeed, Mr Whittington,” said the merchant, “ we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you ; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world ; and I wish you may long enjoy them ! ”

Mr Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them ; and said : “ Mr Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety.”

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. “ No, no,” answered Mr Fitzwarren, “ this is all your own ; and I have no doubt but you will use it well.”

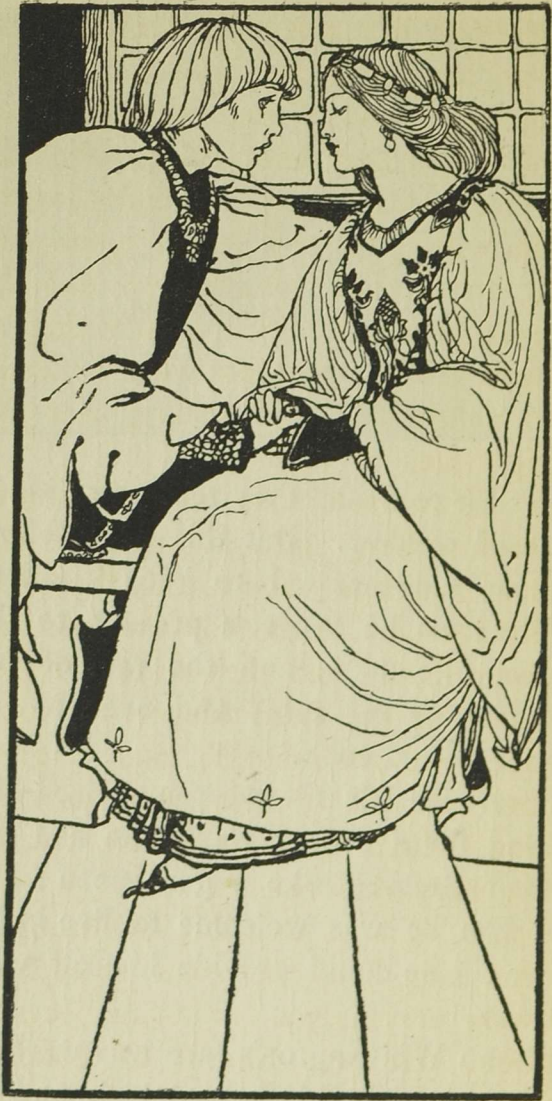
Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune ; but they would not, and at the



same time told him they felt great joy at his good success. But this poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr Fitzwarren's servants; and even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr Fitzwarren advised him to send for a proper tradesman and get himself dressed like a gentleman; and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he



was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage; and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy. They had several children. He was Sheriff of London, also Mayor, and received the honour of knighthood by Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.







