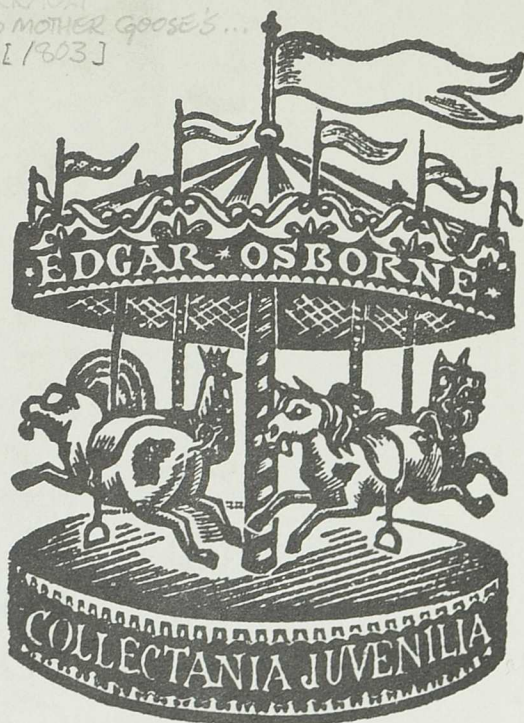


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OLD

MOTHER GOOSE'S

INTERESTING

STORIES OF PAST TIMES;

Being a Collection of the best

FAIRY TALES;

some of them related by eminent

Princes and Princesses,

WHO, BY THE

GIFTS OF FAIRIES,

have risen from

Obscurity and Oppression

to the

HIGHEST PITCH OF GRANDEUR;

as a reward either for their

Good-nature, Fortitude, Virtuous Inclination,

or

Docility of Disposition.

Published for the Amusement and Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes,
AND CONSIST OF THE FOLLOWING TALES,

Finetta; or the Discreet Princess	Story of Little Thumb and his seven
Widow and her two Daughters	Brothers
Sleeping Beauty in the Wood	Story of the King and Fairy Ring
The Fairy's Gift	Story of Cinderilla
Story of Blue Beard and his Wives	Riquet with the Tuft, and the
QUEEN AND COUNTRY GIRL.	

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Price Sixpence.



FINETTA;

OR THE

DISCREET PRINCESS.

IN the time of the first crusades, a certain king in *Europe* (I know not where his kingdom lay) resolved to make war against the Infidels in *Palestine*. Before he undertook so long a journey, he put his kingdom into such good order, and the regency into the hands of so able a minister, that he was entirely easy upon that account. What most disquieted this prince, was the care of his family. His queen had not been long dead. She left him no son; but he saw himself father of three young princesses, all marriageable. My chronicle does not inform me what were their true names. I only know, that as in those happy times the honest simplicity of the people gave very freely names to eminent persons, according to their good or bad qualities, the eldest of these princesses they named *Drona*, signifying in our modern style idle; the second, *Pratilia*, implying talkative; and the third, *Finetta*; names, which had all of them a just relation to the characters of these three sisters.

Never was any person known so indolent as *Drona*. She never waked every day till one in the afternoon. She was dragged along to church in the same condition as when she got out of her bed; her night-clothes all tumbled, her gown loose, no girdle; and very often one slipper of a sort, and one of another. They used to rectify this mistake before night; but they never could prevail on this princess to go any otherways than in slippers; it was a most insupportable fatigue to put on shoes. So soon as she had dined, she sat down to her toilette, where she continued till evening. The rest of her time, till midnight, she employed at play, and eating her supper. After that, they were almost as long in pulling off her clothes, as they had been in putting them on. She could never be persuaded to go to bed till it was broad day.

Pratilia led quite another sort of a life. This princess was very brisk and active, and employed very little time about her person; but she had such a strange itching to talk, that from the very moment she waked, till the time she fell asleep again, her mouth was never shut. She knew the history of all things; ill managements, tender compacts; the gallantries and intrigues not only of the court, but of the meanest cities. She kept a register of all those wives who pinched their families at home, to appear the finer abroad; and was exactly informed what such a countess's woman, and such a marquis's steward gained. The better to be instructed in all these little affairs, she gave audience to her nurse, and mantua-maker, with greater pleasure than she would to any

ambassador; and when she had got any thing new, she tired every body with repeating to them these fine stories, from the king her father down to the footman; for provided she could but talk, she did not care to whom it was. This itch of talking produced yet another bad effect on this princess; for, notwithstanding her high rank, her too familiar airs emboldened the pert sperks about the court to talk of love to her. She heard their speeches without any ceremony, purely to have the pleasure of answering them; for, from morning till night, whatever it might cost her, she must either hear others tattle, or tattle herself. Never did *Pratilia*, any more than *Drona*, employ herself in thinking, reading, or reflecting. She never troubled herself about household matters, or the amusements of her spindle or needle. In short, these two sisters lived in perfect idleness, as well of mind as of body.

The youngest of these three princesses was of a quite different character. Her thoughts and hands were continually employed. She was of a surprising vivacity, and she applied it to good uses. She danced, sung, and played upon music, to perfection; finished, with wonderful address and skill, those little works of the hand, which generally amuse those of her sex. She put the king's household into exact regulation and order; and, by her care and vigilance, hindered the pilfering of the lower officers; for even in those days, princes were cheated by those about them. Her talents were not bounded there. She had a great deal of judgment, and such a wonderful presence of mind, that she immediately found the means of extricating herself out of the greatest difficulties. This young princess had, by her penetration, discovered a dangerous snare which a perfidious ambassador had laid for the king her father, in a treaty just ready to be signed by that prince. To punish the treachery of this ambassador and his master, the king altered the article of the treaty; and, by wording it in the terms his daughter dictated to him, he in his turn deceived the deceiver himself. The princess moreover discovered a vile piece of roguery, which a certain minister had a mind to play the king; and, by the advice she gave her father, he so managed, that the perfidy of that traitor fell upon his own head. She likewise gave, on several other occasions, such marks of her penetration and fine genius, that the people gave her the surname of *Finetta*.

The king loved her far above his other daughters, and depended so much upon her good sense, that if he had no other child but her, he would have began his journey with no manner of uneasiness; but he as much distrusted the conduct of his other daughters, as he relied upon *Finetta*. Therefore, to be assured of the steps his family might take in his absence, as he was of those of his subjects, he took such measures as I shall now relate.

Having great intimacy with a very able fairy, this king paid a visit to her; whom he acquainted with the uneasiness he was in about his daughters. "It is not," said he, "that the two eldest, whom I am uneasy about, have ever done the least thing contrary to their duty; but they have so little sense, are so imprudent, and live so very idly, that I fear in my absence they will

engage in some foolish intrigue or other, merely to amuse themselves. As for *Finetta*, I am secure of her virtue. However, I shall treat her as her sisters, to make no distinction. For which reason, sage fairy, I desire you to make three distaffs of glass for my daughters, to be made with such art, that each of them may not fail to break, as soon as she to whom it belongs does any thing contrary to her honour." As this fairy was one of the most expert, she gave that prince three enchanted distaffs, so made as to answer his design.

But he was not contented with this precaution. He put the princesses into a tower vastly high, which stood in a very solitary and desert place. The king told his daughters, that he commanded them to take up their residence in that tower during his absence, and charged them not to admit into it any person whatsoever. He took from them all their officers and servants of both sexes; and, after having presented them with the enchanted distaffs, the qualities of which he told them, he kissed the princesses, locked the doors of the tower; took the keys away himself, and then set forward on his expedition.

Care was taken to fix a pulley to one of the windows of the tower. There ran a rope through it; to which the princesses tied a basket, which they let down daily. In this basket was every day put provisions, which when they had drawn up, they carefully carried away the rope to one of their chambers.

Drona and *Pratilia* led such a life in this solitude, as filled them with despair. They fretted themselves to such a degree as was beyond expression. But they were forced to have patience; for their distaffs were represented to them so terrible, that they were afraid the least step, though never so little awry or equivocal, might break them. As for *Finetta*, she was not in the least out of humour. Her spindle, needle, and music, furnished her with sufficient amusement; and beside this, by order of the minister who then governed the state, there was taken to put into their basket letters, which informed the princesses of whatever passed, either within or without the kingdom. The king allowed it should be so; and the minister, to make his court to the princesses, did not fail of being very exact as to this article. *Finetta* read all this news with great attention, and diverted herself with it; but as for her two sisters, they took no manner of notice of it. They said, they were too much out of humour to amuse themselves with such trifles; they ought at least to have cards to divert their melancholy, during their father's absence.

Thus they passed their time in great disquiet, murmuring continually against their hard fortune. They were frequently at the windows, to see at least what passed in the country. One day, as *Finetta* was busied in her chamber about some pretty work, her sisters, who were at the window, saw, at the foot of the tower, a poor woman clothed in rags and tatters, who cried out to them in a sorrowful tone, and in a very moving manner complained to them of her misery. She begged them, with her hands joined together, that they would let her come into the castle; telling them,

that she was a wretched stranger, who knew how to do a thousand things, and would serve them with the utmost fidelity. At first, the princesses called to mind their father's orders not to let any one come near the tower; but *Drona* was so weary of waiting upon herself, and *Pratilia* was so uneasy at having nobody to talk to but her sisters; that the earnest desire one had to be dressed piece-meal, and the eagerness of the other to have somebody else to chat with, made them resolve to let in this poor stranger. "Do you think," said *Pratilia* to her sister, "that the king's order extends to this unfortunate wretch? I believe we may take her in, without any consequence."—"You may do sister," answered *Drona*, "what you please." Then *Pratilia*, who only waited her consent, immediately let down the basket. The poor woman got into it, and the princesses immediately drew her up by the help of the pully.

When they viewed this woman nearer them, the horrible nastiness of her clothes turned their stomach. They would have given her others; but she told them, she would change them the next day; but at present she would think upon nothing but her work. She was speaking these words, when *Finetta* came into the room. This princess was strangely surprised to see this unknown creature with her sisters. They told her the reasons which had induced them to draw her up. *Finetta*, who saw it was a thing done, dissembled her vexation at this imprudent action.

In the mean time, this new servant of these princesses took a hundred turns about the castle, under pretence of doing her work; but, in reality, to observe how things were disposed in it; for this creature, so much in tatters, was the son of a powerful king, a neighbour of the princesses' father. This young prince was one of the most artful and designing persons of his time, and governed entirely the king his father; which indeed required not much address, for that prince was of so sweet and easy a character, that he had the surname given him of *The Mild*. As for this prince his son, who always acted with artifice and cunning, he was by the people surnamed *Rich-in-Craft*, but for shortness sake *Rich Craft*. He had a younger brother, who had as many good qualities as this had bad. However, notwithstanding their different tempers, there was between these two princes such a strict union, that every body wondered at it. Beside the good qualities which the youngest prince was possessed of, the beauty of his face, and the gracefulness of his person were so remarkable, that he was generally called *Bel-a-voir*. It was prince *Rich Craft*, who had put the ambassador of the king his father upon that wicked turn in the treaty, which was frustrated by the address of *Finetta*, and fell upon themselves. *Rich Craft*, who before that had no great love for the king the princesses' father, since then bore him the utmost aversion; so that when he had notice of the precautions which that prince had taken, in relation to his daughters, he took a pernicious pleasure to deceive, if possible, the prudence of so suspicious a father. Accordingly, *Rich Craft* got leave of the king his father, to travel upon some invented pretence, and took such measures as

gained him entrance into the tower where these princesses were confined, as you have been informed.

In examining the castle, this prince observed that it was very easy for the princesses to make themselves heard by people going in the roads; and he concluded, that it was best for him to continue in his disguise all day; because they could, if they had a mind to it, call out to passengers, and have him chastised for his rash enterprise. He therefore remained all day long in his tatters, and counterfeited a professed beggar-woman; but at night, after the princesses had supped, *Rich Craft* threw off his rags, and showed himself dressed like a cavalier in rich apparel, all covered over with gold and rich jewels. The poor princesses were so much frightened at this sight, that they began to hasten from him with the utmost precipitation. *Finetta* and *Pratilia*, who were very nimble, soon got to their chambers; but *Drona*, who scarce knew how to move, was by this prince presently overtaken.

He immediately threw himself at her feet, declaring who he was; and told her, that the reputation of her picture had induced him to leave a delightful court, to come and offer up his faith and vows. *Drona* was so much at a loss, that she could not answer one word to the prince, who was still kneeling; but as, amid a thousand tender endearments, with as many protestations, he ardently conjured her to receive him that very moment for her husband, her natural softness not suffering her to contend, she told *Rich Craft*, in a very dronish and indolent tone, that she believed him sincere, and accepted of his vows. She observed no greater formalities than those, which were the conclusion of this marriage. But withal, she lost her distaff, for it immediately broke into a thousand pieces.

Mean while, *Pratilia* and *Finetta* were in strange uneasinesses. They had got away separately into their apartments, and locked themselves in. These apartments were at some distance from each other; and as these princesses were ignorant of their sisters, they did not sleep one wink all night long.

Next morning, the pernicious prince led *Drona* into a ground apartment, which was at the end of the garden; where this princess told him how greatly she was disturbed about her sisters, though she dared not see them, for fear they should blame her about her marriage. The prince told her, he would undertake they should approve of it; and after some discourse went out, and locked *Drona* in, without her perceiving it; and then searched carefully every where, to find out the other two princesses. It was some time before he could discover in what chambers they had secured themselves; but at last, the strong inclination which *Pratilia* had to be always prattling, causing this princess to talk and bewail her destiny to herself, the prince heard her; and coming up to the door, saw her through the key-hole.

Rich Craft spoke to her through the door, saying to her the same he had told her sister; which was, that it was only to offer her his faith and heart, which had caused him to undertake the enterprise of entering the tower. He praised, not without excessive

exaggeration, her wit and beauty; and *Pratilia*, who was fully persuaded in herself that she was possessed of infinite merit, was foolish enough to believe all the prince told her. She answered him with a torrent of words, which were not over and above disobliging. Certainly this princess must have had a great flow of speech, to acquit herself as she did; for she was terribly faint, not having tasted a morsel all day, by reason she had nothing fit to eat in her chamber. As she was extremely lazy, and had no manner of thought of any thing but endless talking, she had not the least foresight. When she wanted any thing, she had recourse to *Finetta*; and this amiable princess, who was as laborious and provident as her sisters were the contrary, had always in her chamber great abundance of fine biscuits, pies, macaroons, with dried and wet sweetmeats of all sorts, and of her own making. *Pratilia* then, who had not the like advantage, finding herself at that time much pressed with hunger, and the protestations which the prince made through the door, opened it at last to that seducer; when he acted the comedian quite perfectly, having well studied his part. They then both went out of this apartment, and came into the office of the castle, where they found all sorts of refreshment; for the basket furnished the princesses every day with more than enough. *Pratilia* could not help being still in pain for her sisters, and what might become of them; but it came into her head, I know not upon what foundation, that they were doubtless both locked up in *Finetta's* chamber, where they wanted for nothing. *Rich Craft* used all the arguments he could to confirm her in this belief, and told her that they would go and find out the princesses toward evening. She could not agree with him in that, but said they should go and see after them as soon as they had done eating. In short, the prince and princess fell to it very heartily; and when they had done, *Rich Craft* desired to see the finest apartment in the castle. He gave his hand to the princess, who led him thither; and when he was there, began to exaggerate the tender passion he had for her, and the advantages she would have in marrying him. He told her, as he had done her sister *Drona*, that she ought to accept of his faith that very moment; because, if she should see her sisters before she had taken him for her husband, they would not fail to oppose it; and being, without contradiction, one of the most powerful of the neighbouring princes, he would most probably seem to them a person fitter for her eldest sister than her, who would never consent to a match she herself might desire with all imaginable ardour. *Pratilia*, after a deal of discourse, which signified nothing, was as extravagant as her sister had been. She accepted the prince for her husband, and never thought of the effects of her glass distaff till after that distaff was shattered in a hundred pieces. Toward evening, *Pratilia* returned to her chamber with the prince; and the first thing this princess saw, was her glass distaff all broken to bits; she was much troubled at this sight. The prince asked her the reason of her concern. As her passion for babbling made her incapable of being silent on any score, she foolishly told *Rich Craft* the mystery of the distaff; at which this

prince was wickedly overjoyed, since the father of these princesses would by this means be entirely convinced of the bad conduct of his daughters. However, *Pratilia* was no longer in the humour of going to look after her sisters. She had reason to fear they would not approve of her conduct. But the prince offered himself to do this office, and told her, he should find means to persuade them to approve of it. After this assurance, the princess, who had not shut her eyes all night, grew drowsy; and while she was sleeping, *Rich Craft* turned the key upon her, as he had done before to *Drona*.

When this perfidious prince had locked up *Pratilia*, he went into all the rooms of the castle, one after another; and as he found them all open but one, which was fastened in the inside, he concluded for certain, that thither it was *Finetta* had retired. As he had composed a string of compliments, he went to retail out at *Finetta's* door the same things he had made use of to her sisters. But this princess, who was not a dupe, like those her elder sisters, heard him a good while, without making the least answer. At last, finding that he knew she was in the room, she told him, if it was true he had so strong and sincere a passion for her, as he would persuade her, she desired he would go down into the garden, and shut the door upon him; and after that she would talk to him as much as he pleased out of the window of that apartment which looked upon the garden.

Rich Craft would not agree to this; and as the princess still resolutely persisted in not opening the door, this wicked prince, mad with impatience, went and got a billet, and broke it open. He found *Finetta* armed with a great hammer, which had been accidentally left in a wardrobe near her chamber. Emotion raised *Finetta's* complexion; and though her eyes sparkled with rage, she appeared to *Rich Craft* a most enchanting beauty. He would have cast himself at her feet; but she said to him boldly, as she retired, "Prince, if you approach me, I will cleave your head with this hammer."—"What! beautiful princess," cried out *Rich Craft*, in his hypocritical tone, "does the love I have for you inspire you with such hatred?" He began to preach to her again (but at the farther part of the room) of the violent ardor which the reputation of her beauty and wonderful wit had inspired him with. He added, that the only motive he had to put on such disguise, was merely with respect to offer her his hand and heart; and told her, that she ought to pardon, on account of the violence of his passion, his boldness in breaking open her door. He ended, by endeavouring to persuade her, as he had her sisters, that it was her interest to receive him for her husband as soon as possible. He told her, moreover, he did not know where her sisters were retired; because he was not in any pain about them, having his thoughts wholly fixed upon her. The adroit princess, feigning herself entirely pacified, told him, that she must find out her sisters; and that after that, they would take their measures altogether. But *Rich Craft* answered, that he could by no means resolve upon

that till she had consented to marry him; because her sisters would not fail to oppose the match, on account of their right of eldership. *Finetta*, who with good reason distrusted this prince, found her suspicions redoubled by this answer. She trembled to think what might have happened to her sisters, and resolved to revenge them with the same stroke which might make her avoid a misfortune, like what she judged had befallen them. This young princess then told *Rich Craft*, that she readily consented to marry him; but she was fully persuaded, that marriages which were made at night were always unhappy; and therefore desired he would defer the ceremony of plighting to each other their mutual faith till the next morning. She added, he might be assured she would not mention a syllable of all this to the princesses her sisters, and begged him to give her only a little time to say her prayers; that afterward she would lead him to a chamber where he should have a very good bed, and then she would return to her own room till the morrow morning. *Rich Craft*, who was not over and above courageous, seeing *Finetta* still armed with the great hammer, which she played with like a fan, consented to what the princess desired, and went away, to give her some time to meditate. He was no sooner gone, but *Finetta* hastened to make a bed over the hole of a sink in one of the rooms of the castle. This room was as handsome as any of the rest; but they threw down the hole of that sink, which was very large, all the filth and ordures of the castle. *Finetta* put over the hole of this sink two weak sticks across; then very handsomely made the bed upon them, and immediately returned to her chamber. A moment after came *Rich Craft*, and the princess conducted him into the room where she had made his bed, and retired. The prince, without undressing, threw himself hastily upon the bed; and his weight having all at once broken the slender sticks, he fell down to the bottom of the sink, without being able to stop himself; making twenty bumps in his head, and being all over sorely bruised. The fall of the prince made a great noise in the pipe as he was descending; and besides, being not far from *Finetta's* chamber, she soon knew her artifice had the success she promised herself; and she felt a secret joy, which was extremely agreeable to her. It is impossible to describe the pleasure it gave her to hear him muttering in the sink. He very well deserved that punishment; and the princess had reason to rejoice at it. But her joy was not so great as to make her unmindful of her sisters. Her first care was to seek for them. It was no hard matter to find out *Pratilia*, *Rich Craft*, after double locking that princess into her chamber, having left the key in the door. *Finetta* went hastily in; and the noise she made awaked her sister in a start. At the sight of her she was in great confusion. *Finetta* related to her after what manner she had got rid of the wicked prince who was coming to insult them. *Pratilia*, at this news, was as one thunder-struck. However, dissembling the excess of her sorrow, she went out of her chamber with *Finetta*, to look after *Drona*. They went into all the rooms of the castle, but

could not find her. At last, *Finetta* bethought herself, that she might be in the apartment of the garden; where, indeed, they found her half dead with despair and faintness; for she had not tasted any thing all that day. The princesses gave her all necessary assistance; after which they told each other their adventures, which affected *Drona* and *Pratilia* with mortal sorrow. Then they went all three to take their repose.

In the mean time *Rich Craft* passed the night very uncomfortably; and when day came, he was not much the better for it. This prince was groping among dismal dungeons, the utmost horror of which he could not see, because the least glimpse of light could not enter. However at last, with a great deal of struggling, he came to the end of the drain, which ran into a river at a considerable distance from the castle. He found means to make himself heard by some men who were then fishing in the river; by whom he was drawn out in such a pickle as raised compassion in those good people. He caused himself to be carried to his father's court to be cured; and this disgrace made him take such a strong hatred and aversion to *Finetta*, that he thought less on his cure than on revenge. That princess passed her time but very sadly. Honour was a thousand times dearer to her than life; and the shameful weakness of her sisters had thrown her into so great a despair, that she had much difficulty to get the better of it. At the same time, the ill state of health of those two princesses, which was the consequence of their unworthy marriages, put moreover *Finetta's* constancy to the proof. *Rich Craft*, who had long been a complete deceiver, failed not since this adventure, mustering up all his wits, to make himself in the highest degree a tricking villain; neither the lunk, nor the bruises, gave him so much vexation, as his having been outwitted. He surmised the effects of his two marriages; and to tempt the ailing princesses, he caused to be carried, under the windows of the castle, great tubs full of trees, all laden with fine fruit. *Drona* and *Pratilia*, who were often at the windows, could not but see the fruits; when immediately they had a violent desire to eat of it; and they teased *Finetta* to go down in the basket, to gather some. The complaisance of that princess was so great, and being willing to oblige her sisters, she did as they desired her, and brought up the fruit, which they devoured with the utmost greediness.

The next day there appeared fruits of another kind. This was a fresh temptation for the princesses, and a fresh instance of *Finetta's* compliance. But immediately *Rich Craft's* officers, who were in ambush, and had failed of their design the first time, were not wanting to complete it the second. They seized upon *Finetta*, and carried her off in spite of her sisters, who tore their hair through anguish and despair.

Rich Craft's guards executed so well their orders, that they brought *Finetta* to a country-house, where the prince was for the recovery of his health. As he was transported with fury against this princess, he said to her a thousand brutish things, which she answered always with a firmness and greatness of soul, worthy a

heroine as she was. At last, after having kept her for some time prisoner, he had her brought to the top of a mountain extremely high, whither he followed her immediately after. Here it was that he told her, they were going to put her to death, and after such a manner as would sufficiently revenge all the injuries she had done him. Then this base prince barbarously showed her a barrel stuck in the inside all round with pen-knives, razors, and hooked nails; and told her, that in order to give her the punishment she deserved, they were going to put her into that vessel, and roll her down from the top of the mountain into the valley. Though *Finetta* was no *Roman*, she was no more afraid of the punishment than *Regulus* heretofore was at the sight of a like destiny. The young princess kept up all her firmness and presence of mind. *Rich Craft*, instead of admiring her heroic character, grew more enraged against her than ever, and resolved to hasten her death; and to that end bent himself down to look into the barrel, which was to be the instrument of his vengeance, to examine if it was well provided with all its murdering weapons.

Finetta, who saw her persecutor very attentive in looking into the barrel, lost no time, but very dexterously pushed him into it, and rolled it down the mountain, without giving the prince any time to know where he was. After this, she ran away; and the prince's officers, who had seen with extreme grief after what cruel manner their master meant to treat this amiable princess, made not the least attempt to stop her; besides, they were so much frightened at what had happened to *Rich Craft*, that they thought of nothing else but stopping the barrel. But their endeavours were all in vain; he rolled down to the bottom of the mountain, where they took him out all over wounded in a thousand places.

This accident of *Rich Craft* threw the Gentle King and prince *Bel a-vair* into the utmost despair. As for the people, they were not at all concerned, *Rich Craft* being by all extremely hated; and they were even astonished to think that the young prince, who had such noble and generous sentiments, could love this unworthy elder brother. But such was the good-nature of this prince, that he was strongly attached to all who were of the family. *Rich Craft* always had the address to show him such tender marks of affection, that this younger brother could never have forgiven himself, had he not answered them with interest. *Bel a-vair* was therefore touched with excessive grief at the wounds of his brother, and he tried all means to have him perfectly cured; but, notwithstanding all the care taken of him by those about him, nothing could do *Rich Craft* any good. On the contrary, his wounds seemed every day to grow worse, and to prognosticate he would linger on a long while in misery.

Finetta, after having disengaged herself from this terrible danger, was now got very happy to the castle, where she had left her sisters, and where it was not long before she had new troubles to encounter with. The two princesses were brought to bed each of them of a son; at which *Finetta* was exceedingly perplexed. However, the courage of this princess did not abate. The desire she

had to conceal the shame of her sisters made her resolve to expose herself once more, though she very well knew the danger. To bring about her design, she took all the measures prudence could suggest. She disguised herself in man's clothes, put the children of her sisters into boxes, in which she had bored little holes over against the mouths of these infants, that they might breathe. She got on horseback, and took along with her these boxes, and some others; and in this equipage, arrived at the Gentle King's capital city, where *Rich Craft* then was.

As soon as she came into the city, she was told after what noble a manner *Bel-a-voir* did pay for the medicines which were given his brother, who had brought to court all the mountebanks of *Europe*; for at that time there were a great many adventurers, without business or capacity, who gave themselves out for wonderful proficient, having received from heaven the gift to cure all sorts of distemper. These people, whose whole science consists in nothing but to cheat impudently, found always great credit among the people; they knew how to impose upon them by their extraordinary exterior, and by the odd names they assumed. These kinds of doctors never stay in the place of their nativity; and the prerogative of coming from a long way off does, with the vulgar, very frequently supply the want of merit.

The ingenious princess, who knew all this, took a name entirely strange to that kingdom; which name was *Sanatio*. Then she gave out, that the chevalier *Sanatio* was come with wonderful secrets, to cure all sorts of wounds, the most dangerous and inveterate. *Bel-a-voir* sent immediately for this pretended knight. *Finetta* came, made the best empiric in the world, threw out five or six terms of art with a cavalier's air; nothing was wanting. This princess was surprised at the good mien, and agreeable carriage of *Bel-a-voir*; and after having discoursed some time with this prince about the wounds of *Rich Craft*, she told him she would go and fetch a bottle of incomparable water, and in the mean while leave two boxes she had brought thither, which contained some excellent ointments, very proper for the wounded prince. Upon saying this, the pretended physician went out, and came no more. They were very impatient at his staying so long. At last, as they were going to hasten his coming, they heard the crying of young children in prince *Rich Craft*'s chamber. This surprised every body; for there was no manner of appearance of any children. Some listened attentively, and they found that these cries came from the doctor's boxes.

It was, in reality, *Finetta*'s little nephews. This princess had given them a great deal to eat before she came to the palace; but as they had been there now a long time, they wanted more, and explained their necessities, by singing this doleful tune. They opened the boxes, and were amazed to find in them actually two little babes very pretty. *Rich Craft* immediately made no doubt but that this was a new trick of *Finetta*'s. He conceived against her such a rage as is not to be expressed; and his pains so greatly increased, that they concluded he must unavoidably die of those

hurts. *Bel-a-voir* was penetrated with the most lively sorrow; but *Rich Craft*, perfidious to his last moment, studied how to abuse the tenderness of his brother.

"You have always loved me, prince," cried he, "and you lament your loss of me. I can have no greater proofs of your love, in relation to my life. I am dying; but if ever I have been dear to you, grant this one thing, I beg you, which I am going to demand." *Bel-a-voir*, who, in the condition wherein he saw his brother, found himself incapable of refusing him, swore the most terrible oaths, to grant him whatever he should desire. As soon as *Rich Craft* heard these oaths, he said to his brother, embracing him, "I die contented, brother, since I am revenged; for that which I beg of you to do for me, is to ask *Finetta* in marriage, immediately after my decease. You will undoubtedly obtain this wicked princess; and the moment she shall be in your power, plunge your poignard into her heart." *Bel-a-voir* trembled with horror at these words. He repented the imprudence of his oaths; but it was not now the time to unsay them; and he had no mind his repentance should be taken notice of by his brother, who expired soon after. The Gentle King was very sensibly touched at his death. His people, far from regretting *Rich Craft*, were extremely glad that his death secured the succession of the crown to *Bel-a-voir*, whose merit was dear to all.

Finetta, who had once more happily returned to her sisters, heard soon after of the death of *Rich Craft*; and some time after that, news was carried to the three princesses, that the king their father was come home. The prince came in a hurry to the tower; and his first care was, to ask to see the glass distaffs. *Drona* went and brought that which belonged to *Finetta*, and showed it to the king; then making a very low curtsy, carried it back again to the place whence she had taken it. *Pratilia* did so too; and *Finetta*, in her turn, brought her distaff; but the king, who was very suspicious, had a mind to see them all three together. No one could show hers but *Finetta*; and the king fell into such a rage against his two eldest daughters, that he sent them that moment away to the fairy who had given him the distaffs, desiring her to keep them with her as long as they lived, and punish them according to their deserts.

To begin the punishment of these princesses, the fairy led them into a gallery of her enchanted castle, where she had caused to be painted the history of a vast number of illustrious women, who made themselves famous by their virtue and laborious life. By the wonderful effect of fairy art, all these figures moved, and were in action from morning till night. There were seen every where trophies and devices to the honour of these virtuous ladies; and it was no slight mortification for the two sisters, to compare the triumph of these heroines with the situation to which their unhappy imprudence had reduced them. To increase their vexation, the fairy told them very gravely, that if they had been as well employed as those whom they saw in the picture, they had not fallen into the unworthy errors which ruined them; but that idleness was

the mother of all vices, and the source of all their misfortunes. The fairy added, that to hinder them from falling into the like misfortunes, she would give them thorough employment; and indeed she obliged the princesses to employ themselves in the coarsest and meanest works; and without having any regard to their complexion, she sent them to gather pease in the garden, and to pull out the weeds. *Drona* could not help falling into despair, and died with fatigue and vexation. *Pratilia*, who some time after found means to make her escape by night, out of the fairy's castle, broke her scull against a tree, and died in the arms of some country people, who were passing by.

Finetta's good-nature made her very sensibly grieve for her sisters fate; and in the midst of these troubles she was informed, that prince *Bel-a-voir* had asked her in marriage of the king her father, who had consented to it, without giving her any notice; for in those days, the inclination of parties was the least thing they considered in marriage. *Finetta* trembled at the news. She had reason to fear lest the hatred which *Rich Craft* had for her might infect the heart of a brother who was so dear to him; and she had apprehensions, that this young prince married her only to make her a sacrifice to his brother. Full of these disquiets, the princess went to consult the sage fairy, who esteemed her as much as she despised *Drona* and *Pratilia*.

The fairy would reveal nothing to *Finetta*. She only said to her, "princess, you are sage and prudent. You would not hitherto have taken such just measures for your conduct, had you not always kept in mind that 'distrust is the mother of security.' Continue to think earnestly on the importance of this maxim, and you will come to be happy, without the assistance of my art." Not being able to get any farther light from the fairy, this princess returned to the palace in extreme agitation.

Some days after, this princess was married by an ambassador, in the name of prince *Bel-a-voir*, and she set out to go to her spouse in a magnificent equipage. She made in the same manner her *entrées* into the Gentle King's two first frontier towns; and at the third she found *Bel-a-voir*, who was come to meet her, by order of his father. Every body was surpris'd to see the sadness of the prince at the approach of a marriage, for which he had shown so great a desire. The king himself was forced to interpose, and sent him, contrary to his inclination, to meet the princess.

When *Bel-a-voir* saw her, he was struck with her charms. He made her his compliments, but in so confused a manner, that the two courts, who knew how much wit and gallantry the prince was master of, believed he was so sensibly touched, that through the force of love he had lost his presence of mind. The whole town shouted for joy, and there were every where concerts of music, and fire-works. In short, after a magnificent supper, preparations were made for conducting them to their apartment.

Finetta, who was always thinking on the maxim which the fairy bade her observe, had a design in her head. This princess had gained one of the women, who had the key of the closet be-

longing to the apartment which was designed for her; and she had privately given orders to that woman to carry into the closet some straw, a bladder, sheep's blood, and the guts of some of those animals which had been dressed for supper. The princess, on some pretence, went into that closet, and made a puppet of the straw, into which she put the guts, and the bladder full of blood; after that, she dressed it up in women's night-clothes. She then returned to her company, and soon after was conducted with her spouse to their apartment. When they had allowed as much time at the toilette as was necessary, the ladies of honour took away the flambeaux, and retired. *Finetta* immediately threw the image of straw upon the bed, and went and hid herself in one of the corners of the chamber.

The prince, after having sighed three or four times very loud, drew his sword, and ran it through the body of the supposed *Finetta*; at the same instant he found the blood trickle all about, and the woman of straw without motion. "What have I done?" cried he. "What! After so many cruel conflicts! after having so much weighed with myself, if I should keep my oaths at the expence of a crime, have I taken away the life of a charming princess I was born to love? Her charms ravished me the moment I saw her; and yet I had not the power to free myself from an oath which a brother, possessed with fury, had exacted from me by an unworthy surprise. Ah! heavens, could any one so much as dream to punish a woman for having too much virtue? Well! *Rich Craft*, I have satisfied thy unjust vengeance; but now I will revenge *Finetta*, in her turn, by my death! Yes, beautiful princess, my sword shall—" By these words the princess understanding that the prince, who in his transport dropped his sword, was feeling for it, in order to thrust it through his body, was resolved he should not be guilty of such a folly; and therefore cried out, "my prince, I am not dead. The goodness of your disposition made me guess your repentance; and, by an innocent deception, I have hindered you from committing the worst of all crimes." She then related to him the foresight she had in relation to the figure of straw. The prince, all transported to find her alive, admired the prudence she was mistress of on all occasions, and had infinite obligations to her for preventing him committing a crime, which he could not think on without horror; and he did not comprehend how he could be so weak as not to see the nullity of those wicked oaths which had been exacted from him by artifice.

However, if *Finetta* had not been ever persuaded, that 'distrust is the mother of security,' she had been killed, and her death been the cause of that of *Bel-a-voir*; and then, afterward, people would have reasoned at leisure upon the oddness of this prince's sentiments. Happy prudence, and presence of mind! which preserved this princely pair from the most dreadful misfortunes, for a sweet and most delightful situation. They always retained for each other a very great tenderness, and passed through a long succession of happy days with so much felicity and glory, as is impossible for the most able pen or tongue to describe.

WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a widow, a good sort of woman, who had two daughters, both very amiable; the elder was called *Blanche*, and the younger *Vermeille*. They had received those names, because one had the fairest complexion imaginable, and the other cheeks and lips which vied with coral in vermillion.

One day, as this good woman was near her door, spinning, she spied a poor hag, who with difficulty dragged herself along by the help of a stick. "You are very much fatigued," said the good woman to the hag; "sit down a moment to rest;" and immediately she desired her daughters to give a chair to this woman. They both got up; but *Vermeille* ran faster than her sister, and brought the chair. "Would you take a drink?" said the good woman to the hag. "With all my heart," answered she. "I even fancy I could eat a bit, if you could give me something to my taste."—"I shall give you whatever is in my power," said the good woman; "but as I am poor, that will not be much." At the same time she desired her daughters to serve the old hag, who sat down to table; and the good woman ordered the elder to go and gather some plumbs off a plumb-tree she had planted herself, and loved very much. *Blanche*, instead of obeying her mother with a good grace, murmured against this order, and said to herself, "it is not for this old glutton, that I have had so much care of my plumb-tree." She did not however dare refuse some plumbs; but she gave them with a bad grace, and against the grain. "And you, *Vermeille*," then said the mother to her second daughter, "you have no fruit to give this good lady, for your grapes are not ripe."—"That is true," says *Vermeille*; "but I hear my hen crowing. She has just laid an egg. And if madam will swallow it quite hot, I offer it to her with all my heart." And at the same time, without waiting for the hag's answer, she ran to fetch the egg. But at the moment she was presenting the egg to this woman, she vanished; and in her stead there appeared a beautiful lady, who said to the mother, "I will reward your two daughters according to their merit. The elder shall become a great queen, and the youngest shall be mistress of a farm; and immediately having struck the house with her stick, it disappeared, and in its stead they saw a very pretty farm-house. "There is your lot," said she to *Vermeille*. "I know I give unto each what each likes best." Having said these words, the fairy withdrew; and the mother, as well as the daughters, remained exceedingly astonished.

They went into the farm-house, and were charmed with the neatness of the furniture. The chairs were only of wood; but they were so neat, that they could see themselves in them, as in a looking-glass. The beds were of linen, white as snow. In the stables, there were twenty-wealths, and as many yews; four ox-

en, and four cows; and in the yard all sorts of animals, such as hens, ducks, pigeons, and others. There was likewise a handsome garden, full of flowers and fruit. *Blanche* saw without envy the gift that was bestowed on her sister; and she was quite taken up with the pleasure she should have in being a queen.

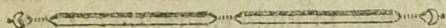
All on a sudden she beheld huntsmen pass; and going to the door to see them, she appeared so beautiful to the king, that he resolved to marry her. *Blanche*, become queen, said to her sister *Vermeille*, "I will not have you to be mistress of a farm. Come with me, sister. I will marry you to a great lord."—"I thank you, sister," replied *Vermeille*. "But I am accustomed to live in the country, and I chuse to remain in it."

Queen *Blanche* then set out; and she was so well satisfied, that she passed several nights without sleeping for joy. The first months she was so occupied with her fine dresses, with balls and plays, that she thought of nothing else. But she soon became accustomed to all that; and nothing amused her any more. On the contrary, she had great troubles. All the ladies of the court paid her great respect, when they were in her presence; but she knew they did not love her, and that they used to say, "see that little peasant girl, how she acts the great lady. The king has a very mean taste to have taken such a woman." This manner of talking made the king reflect. He judged he had done wrong in marrying *Blanche*; and as his love for her was at an end, he kept a great number of mistresses. When they perceived the king loved his wife no more, they began to fail in their duty toward her. She was very unhappy; for she had not one true friend, to whom she could tell her troubles. She saw it was the fashion at court to betray one's friends through interest, to show a fair countenance to those one hated, and to lie every moment. She must be serious, because they told her a queen should have a grave majestic air. She had several children; and during all that time she had a physician by her, who examined whatever she ate, and deprived her of every thing she liked. They put no salt in her broth; they forbade her to walk, when she had a mind for it. In a word, she was contradicted from morning till night. They gave governesses to the children, who educated them wrong, while she was not at liberty to correct them. Poor *Blanche* was dying with chagrin; and she became so thin, that she raised pity in every one. She had not seen her sister for three years that she was queen, because she thought a person of her rank would be dishonoured by paying a visit to the mistress of a farm; but finding herself overwhelmed with melancholy, she resolved to go spend some days in the country to relieve her troubled mind. She asked the king's leave; who granted it with all his heart, because he reflected he should be rid of her for some time.

She arrived in the evening at *Vermeille's* farm; and she saw at a distance, before the door, a crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, and diverting themselves with all their hearts. "Alas!" said the queen, with a sigh, "what is become of the time when I diverted myself like these poor people? No one then blamed me."

As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to embrace her. She had so contented an air, and was become so fat, that the queen, on looking at her, could not refrain from tears. *Vermeille* had married a young peasant, who had no fortune; but he always remembered that his wife had given him all he had; and he studied, by his complaisant manners, to show her his gratitude. *Vermeille* had not many servants; but they loved her as if they were her children, because she used them well. All her neighbours likewise loved her; and each was anxious to give her proofs of it. She had not much money; but she did not want it, for she drew from her own lands corn, wine, and oil. Her flocks supplied her with milk; with which she made butter and cheese. She spun the wool of her sheep to make clothes for herself, her husband, and two children she had. They were in perfect health; and in the evening, when the time for work was over, they amused themselves with all sorts of play. "Alas!" cried the queen, "the fairy made me a bad present, in giving me a crown. We don't find joy in magnificent palaces, but in the innocent occupations of the country." She had scarce spoken these words, when the fairy appeared. "I did not mean to reward you, in making you a queen," said the fairy to her, "but to punish you, because you gave me the plumbs against your will. To be happy, you must, like your sister, possess what is only necessary, and with for no more."—"Oh! madam," cried *Blanche*, "you have had sufficient revenge. Put an end to my unhappiness."—"It is at an end," replied the fairy. "The king loves you no more. He has just married another wife; and to-morrow his officers will come to order you, in his name, not to return to his palace."

It happened as the fairy had foretold; and *Blanche* spent the remainder of her days with her sister *Vermeille*, amid all sorts of satisfaction and pleasure; and she never thought on the court, but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her village.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN

THE WOOD.

THERE were formerly a king and a queen, who were excessively sorry that they had no children. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried, and all to no purpose. At last, however, the queen proved with child, and was brought to-bed of a daughter. There was a very fine christening; and the princess had for her godmothers all the fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the king's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover with case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife and fork, all of pure gold, set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table, they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted. The king ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had only seven made for the seven fairies. The old fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies, who sat by her, overheard how she mumbled; and judging that she might give the little princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possible she could, the evil which the old fairy might intend.

In the mean while all the fairies began to give their gifts to the princess. The youngest gave her for gift, that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in every thing she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play upon all kinds of music to the utmost perfection. The old fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said, that the princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every body fell a crying.

At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud; "assure yourselves, O king and queen, your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to undo entirely 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."

The king, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old fairy, immediately caused proclamation to be made, whereby every body was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have so much as any spindle in 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 in running up and down the palace; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman, alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never 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, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so?" She had no sooner taken it into her hand, than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers. They threw water upon the princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her upon the temples with Hungary-water; but nothing would bring her to herself. And now the king, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the old fairy; and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairy had said it, caused the princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver. One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful, for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral; indeed her eyes were shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The king commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awaking was come.

The good fairy, who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years, was in the kingdom of *Matakin*, 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 came away immediately, and she arrived about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons. The king handed her out of the chariot, and she approved every thing he had done; but, as she had a very great foresight, she thought, when the princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did. She touched with her wand every thing in the palace (except the king and the queen), governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, under-cooks, scullions, guards, with their beef eaters, pages, footmen. She likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well pads as others; the great dogs in the outer court, and pretty little *Mopsy* too, the princess's little spaniel bitch, which lay by her on the bed. Immediately upon her touching them, they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as fall as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. All this was done in a moment. Fables are not long in doing their business.

And now the king and queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation that nobody should dare to come near it. This, however, was not necessary; for in a quarter of an hour's time there

grew up, all round the park, such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace; and not that too, unless it was a good way off.

When a hundred years were passed, the son of the king then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping princess, being gone a hunting on that side of the country, asked what those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood. Every one answered according as they had heard. Some said, that it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits. Others, that all the forcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath, or nights meeting. The 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 any body being able to follow him, as having himself only the power to pass through the wood. The prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus: "May it please your royal highness, it is now above fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there then was in this castle a princess, the most beautiful ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be waked by a king's son; for whom she was reserved." The young prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing 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 toward the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes and brambles, gave way of themselves to let him pass through; he walked up to the castle, which he saw at the end of a large avenue, which he went into; and what a little surprised him, was that he saw none of his people could follow him. He came into a spacious outward court, where every thing he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned all over a most frightful silence; the image of death every where showed 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 ruby faces, and pimpled noses of the beef-eaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, showed plainly that they fell asleep in their cups. He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard-chamber, where the guards were standing in the ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that, he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw, upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight he ever 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 upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the princesses awaked; and looking 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 while." The prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and gratitude. He assured her, that he loved her better than he did himself. Their discourse was not well connected. They wept more than they talked; little eloquence, a great deal of love. They stayed four hours together, and yet said not half of what they meant to say.

In the mean while, all the palace awaked. Every one thought upon their 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 other folks, grew very impatient, and told the princesses aloud, that supper was served up. The prince helped the princesses to rise. She was entirely dressed, very magnificently, in the same manner as when she was laid there.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the princess's officers. The violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now above a hundred years since they had played; 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; the princesses had no occasion, and the prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father was in pain about his absence. The prince told him, that he lost his way in the forest, as he was hunting; and that he had lain at the cottage of a collier, who gave him cheese and brown bread. The king his father, who was a good man, believed him; but his mother could not be persuaded this was true; and seeing that he went almost every day a hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together; she began to suspect he had some little amour, for he lived with the princess above two whole years, and had by her 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 handsomer than his sister. The queen spake several times to her son, to inform her after what manner he passed his time, and that it was his duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with the secret. He feared her, though he loved her; for she was of the race of the *Ogres*, and the king would never have married her, had it not been for her vast riches. It was even whispered about the court, that she had *Ogreish* inclinations, and that when she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to refrain falling upon them. Therefore the prince would never tell her one word. But when the king was dead, which happened about two years afterward, and he called himself lord and master, he openly declared his marriage, and went in great ceremony to conduct his queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, the riding between her two children.

Some time after, the king went to make war with the emperor *Cantalabutte*, his neighbour. He left the government of the kingdom to the queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the summer. As soon as he departed, the queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law and her children to a country-house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing. Some few days afterward she went thither herself, and said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I have a mind to eat little *Morning* for my dinner to morrow."—"Ah! madam," cried the clerk. "I will have it so," replied the queen (and this she spoke in the tone of an *Ogress*, who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat), and will eat her with a sauce *Robert*." 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. She was then four year old, and came up to him jumping and laughing to take him about the neck, and ask him for some sugarcandy. Upon which he began to weep; the great knife fell out of his hand; he went into the back yard, killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce, that his mistress assured him she had never eaten any thing better in her life. He had at the same time taken up little *Morning*, and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in his lodging at the bottom of the court yard.

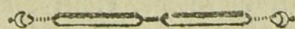
About eight days afterward, this wicked queen said to the same clerk, "I will sup upon little *Day*." He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her, as he had done before. He went to find out little *Day*, and saw him with a small file in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey; the child being then only three years of age. He took him up in his arms, and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber along with her sister; and in the room of him cooked up a young kid very tender, which the *Ogress* found very good.

One evening soon after, this wicked queen said to her clerk, "I will eat the queen with the same sauce I had with her children." It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young queen was turned of twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep; her skin was somewhat tough, though very fair and white; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm, was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the young queen's throat; and going up into her chamber, with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great a fury as he possibly could, and came into her room with a large knife in his hand. He would not however surprise her, but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the queen mother. "Do it," said she, stretching out her neck; "execute your orders, and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved;" for she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge. "No, no, madam," answered the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears, "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children

again; but then you must go home with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them; and I shall deceive the queen once more, by giving in your stead a young hind. Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber; where leaving her to embrace her children, and cry along with them, he went and dressed a hind, which the queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as if it had been the young queen. Exceedingly was this monster delighted with her cruelty. She had invented a story to tell the king, at his return, how the mad wolves had eaten up his wife, and her two children.

One evening as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts and yards of the palace, to try 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 naughty; and she heard, at the same time, little *Morning* begging pardon for her brother.

The *Ogres* presently knew the voice of the queen and her children; and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded next morning, by break of day, with a most horrible voice, which made every body tremble, that they should bring into the middle of the great court a 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 whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them. They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the king (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horseback (for he came post), and asked, with the utmost astonishment, what was the meaning of that horrid spectacle. No one dared to tell him; when the *Ogres*, all enraged to see what had happened, 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 help being very sorry, as she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife, and his pretty children.



STORY OF BLUE BEARD.

THERE was a man who had fine houses both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man had the misfortune to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly, that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbours, a lady of quality, had two daughters, who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her the choice which of the two she would bestow upon him. They would neither of them have him, and sent him backward and forward from one to another, being not able to

bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard. And what beside gave them disgust and aversion, was his having been married already to several wives, and nobody ever knew what became of them. *Blue Beard*, to engage their affection, took them, with the lady their mother, and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighbourhood, to one of his country seats, where they staid a whole week. There was nothing then to be seen but parties of pleasure, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, every thing succeeded so well, that the youngest daughter began to think the master of the house not to have a beard so very blue, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterward *Blue Beard* told his wife, that he was obliged to take a country tour for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence, desiring her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances; to carry them into the country, if she pleased; and to make good cheer wherever she was. "Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture. These are of my silver and gold plate, which is not every day in use. These open my strong boxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these, my casket of jewels; and this is the master-key to all my apartments. But, as for this little one here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all; go into all, and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you; and forbid it in such a manner, that if you happen to open it, there's nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment." She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered; when he, after having embraced her, got into his coach, and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbours and good friends did not stay to be sent for by the new married lady, so great was their impatience to see all the rich furniture of her house, not daring to come while her husband was there, because of the blue beard, which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so rich and fine, that they seemed to surpass one another. After that, they went up into the two great rooms, where were the best and richest furniture. They could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables, and looking-glasses, in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent which were ever seen. They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the mean time no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet of the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity, that without considering how uncivil it was to leave her company, she went down a little back stair-case, and with such excessive haste, that she had twice or thrice like to have broke her neck.

Being come to the closet-door, she made a stop for some time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong, she could not overcome it. She took then the little key, and opened it, trembling; but could not at first see any thing plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom *Blue Beard* had married, and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died, through fear; and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she took up the key, locked the door, and went up stairs into her chamber to recover herself; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out. In vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand; the blot still remained, for the key was a fairy, and she could never make it quite clean. When the blood was gone off from one side, it came again to the other.

Blue Beard returned from his journey the same evening, and said, he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was ended to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him she was extremely glad of his speedy return. Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand, that he easily guessed what had happened. "What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"—"I must certainly," answered she, "have left it above upon the table."—"Fail not," said *Blue Beard*, "to bring it to me presently." After several goings backward and forward, she was forced to bring him the key. *Blue Beard*, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife, "how comes this blood upon the key?"—"I do not know" cried the poor woman, paler than death. "You do not know!" replied *Blue Beard*. "I very well know, you was resolved to go into the closet; was you not? Mighty well, madam! You shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, and that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but *Blue Beard* had a heart harder than a rock. "You must die, madam," said he, "and that presently."—"Since I must die," answered she, looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears, "give me some little time to say my prayers."—"I give you," replied *Blue Beard*, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone, she called out to her sister, and said to her, "sister *Anne* (for that was her name) go up I beg you, upon the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming. They promised me that they would come to-day; and if

you see them, give them a sign to make haste." Her sister *Anne* went upon the top of the tower; and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time, "*Anne*, sister *Anne*, do you see any one coming?" And sister *Anne* said, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust; and the grass, which looks green."

In the mean while *Blue Beard*, holding a great scimitar in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife, "come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."—"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "*Anne*, sister *Anne*, dost thou see any body coming?" And sister *Anne* answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust; and the grass looking green."—"Come down quickly," cried *Blue Beard*, "or I will come up to you."—"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "*Anne*, sister *Anne*, dost thou see any one coming?"—"I see," replied sister *Anne*, "a great dust which comes on this side here."—"Are they my brothers?"—"Alas! no, my dear sister, I see a flock of sheep."—"Will you not come down?" cried *Blue Beard*. "One moment longer," said his wife; and then she cried out, "*Anne*, sister *Anne*, dost thou see nobody coming?"—"I see," said she, "two horsemen coming, but they are yet a great way off." "God be praised!" replied the poor wife, joyfully, "they are my brothers. I will make them a sign, as well as I can, for them to make haste." Then *Blue Beard* bawled out so loud, that he made the whole house tremble.

The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders. "This signifies nothing," says *Blue Beard*, "you must die." Then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up his scimitar with the other, he was going to take off her head. The poor lady turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself. "No, no," said he, "recommend thyself to God," and was just ready to strike. At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate, that *Blue Beard* made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and presently entered two horsemen, who, drawing their swords, ran directly to *Blue Beard*. He knew them to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, the other a musqueteer; so that he ran away immediately, to save himself; but the two brothers pursued so close, that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch; when they ran their swords through his body, and completely prevented his doing any farther mischief.

The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and embrace her brothers. *Blue Beard* had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister *Anne* to a young gentleman, who had loved her a long while; another part, to buy captains commissions for her brothers; and the rest, to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with *Blue Beard*.

STORY OF LITTLE THUMB.

THERE was once upon a time a man and his wife, faggot-makers by trade, who had seven children, all boys. The eldest was but ten years old, and the youngest only seven. One might wonder how that the faggot-maker could have so many children in so little a time; but it was because his wife went nimbly about her business, and never, except once, brought fewer than two at a birth. They were very poor, and their seven children incommoded them greatly, because not one of them was able to earn his bread. That which gave them yet more uneasiness was, that the youngest was of a puny constitution, and scarce ever spake a word; which made them take that for stupidity, which was a sign of good sense. He was very little; and, when born, no bigger than one's thumb; which made him be called *Little Thumb*.

The poor child bore the blame of whatsoever was done amiss in the house; and, guilty or not, was always in the wrong. He was, notwithstanding, more cunning, and had a far greater share of wisdom than all his brothers put together; and if he spake little, he heard and thought the more.

There happened now to come a very bad year; and the famine was so great, that these poor people agreed to rid themselves of their children. One evening, when they were all in bed, and the faggot-maker was sitting with his wife at the fire, he said to her, his heart ready to burst with grief, "thou seest plainly that we are not able to keep our children, and I cannot see them starve to death before my face. I am resolved to lose them in the wood to-morrow, which may very easily be done; for while they are busy in tying up the faggots, we may run away, and leave them, without their taking any notice."—"Ah!" cried out his wife, "and canst thou thyself have the heart to take thy children out along with thee, on purpose to lose them?" In vain did her husband represent to her their extreme poverty. She was indeed poor, but she was their mother. However, having considered what a grief it would be to her to see them perish with hunger, she at last consented, and went to bed all in tears.

Little Thumb heard every word that had been spoken; for observing, as he lay in his bed, that they were talking very busily, he got up softly, and slid himself under his father's stool, that he might hear what they said, without being seen. He went to bed again, but did not sleep a wink all the rest of the night, thinking what he had to do. He got up early in the morning, and went to the river's side, where he filled his pockets full of small white pebbles, and then returned home. They all went abroad, but *Little Thumb* never told his brothers one syllable of what he knew. They went into a very thick forest, where they could not see one another at ten paces distance. The faggot-maker began to cut wood, and the children to gather up the sticks to make faggots.

Their father and mother, seeing them busy at their work, got from them insensibly, and then ran away from them all at once, a bye-way, through the woods and bushes.

When the children saw they were left alone, they began to cry as loud as they could. *Little Thumb* let them cry on, knowing very well how to get home again; for as he came, he took care to drop all along the way the little white pebbles he had in his pockets. Then he said to them, "be not afraid, brothers; father and mother have left us here, but I will lead you home again; only follow me." They did so; and he brought them home by the very same way they came into the forest. They dared not go in, but sat themselves down at the door, listening to what their father and mother were talking.

The very moment the faggot-maker and his wife were got home, the lord of the manor sent them ten crowns, which he had owed them a long while, and which they never expected. This gave them new life, for the poor people were almost famished. The faggot-maker sent his wife immediately to the butcher's. As it was a long while since they had eaten a bit, she bought thrice as much meat as would sup two people. Having filled their bellies, the woman said, "Alas! where are now our poor children? They would make a good feast of what we have left here. But it was you, *William*, who had a mind to lose them, and I told you we should repent of it. What are they now doing in the forest? Alas! dear God, the wolves have perhaps already eaten them up. Thou art very inhuman, thus to have lost thy children."

The faggot-maker grew at last quite out of patience; for she repeated it above twenty times, that they should repent it, and that she was in the right of it for so saying. He threatened to beat her, if she did not hold her tongue. It was not that the faggot-maker was not perhaps more vexed than his wife, but that she teized him, and that he was of the humor of a great many others, who love wives that speak well, but think those very importunate who are continually doing so. She was half drowned in tears, crying out, "alas! where are now my children, my poor children?" She spake this so very loud, that the children, who were at the door, began to cry out altogether, "here we are, here we are." She ran immediately to open the door, and said, hugging them, "I am very glad to see you, my dear children. You are very hungry and weary; and, my poor *Peter*, thou art horribly bemired. Come in, and let me clean thee." Now you must know, that *Peter* was her eldest son, whom she loved above all the rest, because he was somewhat carroty, as she herself was. They sat down to supper, and ate with such a good appetite as pleased both father and mother; whom they acquainted how frightened they were in the forest, speaking almost always all together. The good folks were extremely glad to see their children once more at home, and this joy continued while the ten crowns lasted. But when the money was all gone, they fell again into their former uneasiness, and resolved to lose them again; and, that they might be the surer of doing it, to carry them to a much greater distance

than before. They could not talk of this so secretly, but they were overheard by *Little Thumb*, who made account to get out of this difficulty as well as the former. But, though he got up betimes in the morning, to go and pick up some little pebbles, he was disappointed; for he found the house-door double locked; so that he was at a stand what to do. When their father had given each of them a piece of bread for their breakfast, he fancied he might make use of this bread instead of the pebbles, by throwing it in little bits all along the way they should pass; and therefore he put it up in his pocket.

Their father and mother brought them into the thickest and most obscure part of the forest; when, stealing away into a by-path, they there left them. *Little Thumb* was not very uneasy at it; for he thought he could very easily find the way again by means of his bread, which he had scattered all along as he came. But he was very much surprised, when he could not find so much as one crumb; the birds came, and had eaten it up every bit. They were now in great affliction; for the farther they went, the more they were out of their way, and more and more bewildered in the forest. Night now came on, and there arose a terrible high wind, which made them dreadfully afraid. They fancied they heard on every side of them the howling of wolves coming to eat them up; they scarce dared to speak, or turn their heads. After this it rained very hard, which wetted them to the skin; their feet slipped at every step they took, and they fell into the mire, whence they got up in a very dirty pickle; their hands were quite benumbed. *Little Thumb* climbed up to the top of a tree, to see if he could discover any thing; and having turned his head about on every side, he saw at last a glimmering light, like that of a candle, but a long way from the forest. He came down; and, when upon the ground, he could see it no more; which grieved him sadly. However, having walked with his brothers for some time toward that side on which he had seen the light, he perceived it again as he came out of the wood.

They came at last to the house where this candle was, not without abundance of fear; for very often they lost sight of it; which happened every time they came into a bottom. They knocked at the door; and a good woman came and opened it. She asked them, what they would have? *Little Thumb* told her, they were poor children, who had been lost in the forest, and desired to lodge there, for God's sake. The woman, seeing them so very pretty, began to weep, and said to them, "alas! poor babies, whither are ye come? Do you know that this house belongs to a cruel *Ogre*, who eats up little children?"—"Ah! dear madam," answered *Little Thumb* (who trembled every joint of him, as well as his brothers), "what shall we do? To be sure the wolves of the forest will devour us to-night, if you refuse us to lie here; and so, we would rather the gentleman should eat us; and perhaps he may take pity upon us, especially if you please to beg it of him." The *Ogre's* wife, who believed she could conceal them from her husband till morning, let them come in, and brought them to warm

themselves at a very good fire; for there was a whole sheep upon the spit roasting for the *Ogre's* supper.

As they began to be a little warm, they heard three or four great raps upon the door; this was the *Ogre*, who was come home. Upon this she hid them under the bed, and went to open the door. The *Ogre* presently asked, if the supper, and the wine were ready; and then sat himself down to table. The sheep was as yet all raw and bloody; but he liked it the better for that. He snuffed about to the right and left, saying, "I smell fresh meat." "What you smell so," said his wife, "must be the calf which I have just now killed and flead."—"I smell fresh meat, I tell thee once more," replied the *Ogre*, looking crossly at his wife, "and there is something here which I do not understand."

As he spake these words, he got up from the table, and went directly to the bed. "Ah! Ah!" said he, "I see then how thou wouldst cheat me, thou cursed woman. I know not why I do not eat thee up too; but it is well for thee that thou art a tough old carrion. Here is good game; which comes very luckily to entertain three or four *Ogres* of my acquaintance, who are to pay me a visit in a day or two." With that he dragged them out from under the bed, one by one. The poor children fell upon their knees, and begged his pardon; but they had to do with one of the most cruel *Ogres* in the world; who, far from having any pity on them, had already devoured them with his eyes, and told his wife, they would be delicate eating, when tossed up with good savory sauce. He then took a great knife; and coming up to these poor children, whetted it upon a great whet-stone which he held in his left hand. He had already taken hold of one of them, when his wife said to him, "what need you do it now? Is it not time enough to-morrow?"—"Hold your prating," said the *Ogre*; "they will eat the tenderer."—"But you have so much meat already," replied his wife, "you have no occasion; here is a calf, two sheep, and half a hog."—"That is true," said the *Ogre*; "gave them their belly full, that they may not fall away, and put them to bed." The good woman was overjoyed at this, and gave them a good supper; but they were so much afraid, that they could not eat a bit. As for the *Ogre*, he sat down again to drink. He drank a dozen glasses more than ordinary, which got up into his head, and obliged him to go to bed.

The *Ogre* had seven daughters, all little children; and these young *Ogresses* had all of them very fine complexions, because they used to eat fresh meat like their father; but they had little grey eyes quite round, hooked noses, wide mouths; and very long sharp teeth, standing at a good distance from each other. They were not as yet over and above mischievous; but they promised very fair for it, for they already bit little children, that they might suck their blood. They had been put to bed very early, with every one a crown of gold upon her head. There was in the same chamber another bed of the like bigness; and it was into this bed the *Ogre's* wife put the seven little boys; after which, she went to bed to her husband.

Little Thumb, who had observed that the *Ogre's* daughters had crowns of gold upon their heads, and was afraid lest the *Ogre* should repent his not killing them, got up about midnight; and taking his brother's bonnets and his own, went very softly, and put them upon the heads of the seven little *Ogresse*s, after having taken off their crowns of gold; which he put upon his own head and his brothers, that the *Ogre* might take them for his daughters, and his daughters for the little boys whom he wanted to kill. All this succeeded according to his desire; for the *Ogre* waking about midnight, and sorry that he deferred to do that till morning, which he might have done over-night, he threw himself hastily out of bed; and taking his great knife, "let us see," said he, "how our little rogues do, and not make two jobs of the matter." He then went up, groping all the way, into his daughter's chamber, and came to the bed where the little boys lay; who were every soul of them fast asleep, except *Little Thumb*, who was terribly afraid when he found the *Ogre* fumbling about his head, as he had done about his brothers. The *Ogre*, feeling the golden crowns, said, "I should have made a fine piece of work of it truly. I find I guzzled too much last night." Then he went to the bed where the girls lay; and having found the boys little bonnets, "hah!" said he, "my merry lads, are you there? Let us work as we ought." And saying these words, without more ado, he cut the throats of all his seven daughters.

Well pleased with what he had done, he went to bed again to his wife. So soon as *Little Thumb* heard the *Ogre* snore, he waked his brothers, and bade them put on their clothes directly, and follow him. They stole down softly into the garden, and got over the wall. They kept running almost all night, and trembled all the while, without knowing which way they went.

The *Ogre*, when he waked, said to his wife, "go up stairs, and dress those young rascals who came here last night." The *Ogress* was very much surprised at this goodness of her husband, not dreaming after what manner he intended she should dress them; but thinking that he had ordered her to go and put on their clothes, went up, and was strangely astonished, when she perceived her seven daughters killed, and weltering in their blood. She fainted away; for this is the first expedient almost all women find in such like cases. The *Ogre*, fearing his wife would be too long in doing what he had ordered, went up himself to help her. He was no less amazed than his wife, at this frightful spectacle.

"Ah! what have I done?" cried he. "These cursed rascals shall pay for it, and that instantly." He then threw a pitcher of water upon his wife's face; and having brought her to herself, "give me quickly," cried he, "my boots of seven leagues, that I may go and catch them." He went out; and having run over a vast deal of ground, both on this side and that, he came at last into the very road where the poor children were, and not above a hundred paces from their father's house. They espied the *Ogre*, who went at one step from mountain to mountain, and over rivers, as easily as the narrowest kennels. *Little Thumb*, seeing a hol-

low rock near the place where they were, made his brothers hide themselves in it, and crowded into it himself, minding always what would become of the *Ogre*.

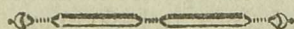
The *Ogre*, who found himself much tired with his long and fruitless journey (for these boots of seven leagues extremely fatigue the wearer), had a great mind to rest himself; and, by chance, went to sit down upon the rock where these little boys had hid themselves. As it was impossible he could be more weary than he was, he fell asleep; and, after reposing himself some time, began to snore so frightfully, that the poor children were no less afraid of him than when he held up his great knife, and was going to cut their throats. *Little Thumb* was not so much frightened as their brothers, and told them, that they should run away immediately toward home, while the *Ogre* was asleep so soundly; and not be in any pain about him. They took his advice, and got home presently. *Little Thumb* came up to the *Ogre*, pulled off his boots gently, and put them upon his own legs. The boots were very long and large; but as they were fairies, they had the gift of becoming big and little, according to the legs of those who wore them; so that they fitted his feet and legs as well as if they had been made for him. He went immediately to the *Ogre's* house; where he saw his wife crying bitterly for the loss of her murdered daughters.

"Your husband," said *Little Thumb*, "is in very great danger; being taken by a gang of thieves, who have sworn to kill him, if he does not give them all his gold and silver. The very moment they held their daggers at his throat, he perceived me, and desired me to come and tell you the condition he is in; and that you should give me whatsoever he has of value, without retaining any one thing; for otherwise, they will kill him without mercy; and as his case is very pressing, he desired me to make use (you see I have them on) of his boots, that I might make the more haste, and to show that I do not impose upon you."

The good woman, being sadly frightened, gave him all she had; for this *Ogre* was a very good husband, though he used to eat up little children. *Little Thumb*, having thus got all the *Ogre's* money, came home to his father's house, where he was received with abundance of joy.

There are many people who do not agree in this circumstance, and pretend that *Little Thumb* never robbed the *Ogre* at all, and that he only thought he might very justly, and with a safe conscience, take off his boots of seven leagues, because he made no other use of them but to run after little children. These folks affirm, that they are very well assured of this; and the more so, as having ate and drank often at the faggot-maker's house. They aver, that when *Little Thumb* had taken off the *Ogre's* boots, he went to court, where he was informed that they were very much in pain about a certain army, which was two hundred leagues off, and the success of a battle. They say, that he went to the king, and told him, that if he desired it, he would bring him news

from the army before night. The king promised him a great sum of money upon that condition. *Little Thumb* was as good as his word, and returned the very same night with the news. This first expedition causing him to be known, he got whatever he pleased; for the king paid him very well for carrying his orders to the army; and abundance of ladies gave him what he would to bring them news from their lovers; and that this was his greatest gain. There were some married women too, who sent letters by him to their husbands; but they paid him so ill, that it was not worth his while, and turned to such small account, that he scorned ever to reckon what he got that way. After having for some time carried on the business of a messenger, and gained thereby great wealth, he went home to his father, where it is impossible to express the joy they were all in at his return. He made the whole family very easy, bought places for his father and brothers; settling them, by that means, very handsomely in the world; and, in the mean time, made his own court to perfection.



RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

THERE was once upon a time a queen, who was brought to bed of a son, so hideously ugly, that it was long disputed whether he had a human form. A fairy, who was at his birth, affirmed, he would be very amiable for all that, since he should be endowed with abundance of wit. She even added, that it would be in his power, by virtue of a gift she had just then given him, to bestow on the person he loved as much wit as he pleased. All this somewhat comforted the poor queen, who was under a grievous affliction, for having brought into the world such a deformed marmot. It is true, that this child no sooner began to prattle, but he said a thousand pretty things, and had so much wittiness, that he charmed every body. He came into the world with a little tuft of hair upon his head; which made them call him *Riquet* with the Tuft, for *Riquet* was the family name.

Seven or eight years after this, the queen of a neighbouring kingdom was delivered of two daughters at a birth. The first-born of these was more beautiful than the day; whereat the queen was so very glad, that those present were afraid her excess of joy would do her harm. The same fairy who had assisted at the birth of little *Riquet* with the Tuft, was here also; and, to moderate the queen's gladness, she declared, that this little princess should have no wit at all, but be as stupid as she was pretty. This mortified the queen extremely; but some moments afterward she had far greater sorrow, for the second daughter she was delivered of was very ugly. "Do not afflict yourself so much, madam," said the fairy; "your daughter shall have it made up to her otherwise; for she shall have so great a portion of wit, that her want of beauty will scarcely be perceived."—"God grant it!" replied

the queen; "but is there no way to make the eldest, who is so pretty, have any wit?"—"I can do nothing for her, madam, as to wit," answered the fairy; "but every thing, as to beauty; and as there is nothing but what I would do for your satisfaction, I endow her with this gift, that she shall have the power to make handsome the person that shall best please her."

In proportion as these princesses grew up, their perfections grew up with them; all the public talk was of the beauty of the eldest, and the wit of the youngest. It is true also, that their defects increased considerably with their age; the youngest visibly grew uglier and uglier, and the eldest became every day more and more stupid. She either made no answer at all to what was asked her, or said something very silly; she was with all this so unhandy, that she could not place four pieces of China upon the mantle-piece without breaking one of them, nor drink a glass of water without spilling half of it upon her clothes. Though beauty is a very great advantage in young people, yet here the youngest sister bore away the bell in all companies from the eldest. People would indeed go first to the beauty to look upon, and admire her, but turn aside soon after to the wit, to hear a thousand most entertaining and agreeable turns; and it was amazing to see, in less than a quarter of an hour's time, the eldest without a soul with her, and the whole company crowding about the youngest. The eldest, though she was unaccountably dull, took particular notice of it, and would have given all her beauty to have half the wit of her sister. The queen, prudent as she was, could not help reproaching her several times, which so grieved this poor princess, that it almost occasioned her death.

One day, as she retired into the wood to bewail her misfortunes, she saw coming to her a little man, very disagreeable, but most magnificently dressed. This was the young prince *Riquet* with the Tuft; who having violently fallen in love with her, by seeing her picture, many of which went all the world over, had left his father's kingdom, to have the pleasure of seeing and talking with her. Overjoyed to find her thus all alone, he addressed himself to her with all imaginable politeness and respect. Having observed, after he had made her the ordinary compliments, that she was extremely melancholy, he said to her, "I cannot comprehend, madam, "how a person so beautiful as you are, can be so sorrowful as you seem to be; for though I can boast of having seen infinite numbers of ladies exquisitely charming, I can say that I never beheld any one whose beauty approaches yours."—"You are pleased to say so," answered the princess; and here she stopt. "Beauty," replied *Riquet* with the Tuft, "is such a great advantage, that it ought to take place of all things; and since you possess this treasure, I see nothing can possibly very much affect you."—"I had much rather," said the princess, "be as ugly as you are, and have wit, than have the beauty I possess, and be so stupid as I am."—"There is nothing, madam," returned he, "shows more that we have wit, than to believe we have none; and it is the nature of that excellent quality, that the more people

have of it, the more they believe they want it.”—“ I do not know that,” said the princess; “ but I well know that I am very senseless, and thence proceeds the vexation which almost kills me.”—“ If that be all, madam, which troubles you, I can very easily put an end to your affliction.”—“ How will you be able to do that?” cried the princess. “ I have the power, madam,” replied *Riquet* with the Tuft, “ to give to that person whom I love best, as much wit as can be had; and as you, madam, are that very person, it will be your fault only, if you have not as great a share of it as any one living, provided you will be pleased to marry me.” The princess remained quite astonished, and answered not a word. “ I see,” replied *Riquet* with the Tuft, “ that this proposal makes you very uneasy, and I do not wonder at it; but I will give you a whole year to consider of it.”

The princess had so little wit, and at the same time so great a longing to have some, that she imagined the end of that year would never be; so that she accepted the proposal which was made her. She had no sooner promised *Riquet* with the Tuft, that she would marry him on that day twelvemonth, than she found herself quite otherwise than she was before. She had an incredible facility of speaking whatever she pleased, after a polite, easy, and natural manner; she began that moment a very gallant conversation with her lover; wherein she rattled at such a rate, that he believed he had given her a greater abundance of wit than he had reserved for himself.

When she returned to the palace, the whole court knew not what to think of such a sudden and extraordinary change; for they heard from her as much sensible discourse, and as many infinitely witty turns, as they had stupid and silly impertinences before. They were all overjoyed at it beyond imagination; it gave pleasure to every one but her younger sister; because, having no longer the advantage of her in respect of wit, she appeared, in comparison with her, a very disagreeable, homely puss. The king governed himself by the advice of his eldest daughter, and would even sometimes hold a council in her apartment. The report of this change spreading every where, all the young princes of the neighboring kingdoms strove all they could to gain her favor, and almost all of them asked her in marriage; but she found not one of them had wit enough for her; so she gave them all a hearing, but would not engage herself to any.

However, there came one so powerful, rich, witty, and handsome, that she could not help having a good inclination for him. Her father perceived it, and told her, that she was her own mistress as to the choice of a husband, and that she might declare her intentions. As the more wit we have, the greater difficulty we find to make a firm resolution upon such affairs; this made her desire her father, after having kindly thanked him, to give her time to consider of it.

She went accidentally to walk in the same wood where she met *Riquet* with the Tuft, to think the more conveniently what she had to do. While she was walking in a profound meditation,

she heard a confused noise under her feet, as it were, of a great many people, walking backward and forward, seemingly very busy. Having listened more attentively, she heard one say, "bring me that pot;" another, "give me that kettle;" and a third, "put some wood on the fire." The ground at the same time opened, and she saw under her feet a kitchen full of cooks, scullions, and all sorts of officers necessary for a magnificent entertainment. There came out of it a company of roasters, to the number of twenty or thirty, who went to plant themselves in a fine ally of wood, about a very long table, with their larding-pins in their hands, and foxes-tails in their caps, who began to work, keeping time to the tune of a very harmonious song.

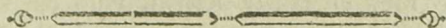
The princess, all astonished at this sight, asked them who they worked for? "For prince *Riquet* with the Tuft," said the chief of them, "who is to be married to-morrow." The princess, more surprised than ever, and now recollecting that it was this day twelvemonth she had promised to marry *Riquet* with the Tuft, she had like to sink into the ground. What made her forget this, was, that when she made the promise, she was very silly; but having obtained that vast stock of wit which the prince had bestowed on her, she had entirely forgot her stupidity. She continued walking; but had not got thirty steps before *Riquet* with the Tuft presented himself to her, bravely and most magnificently dressed, like a prince who was going to be married.

"You see, madam," said he, "I am very exact in keeping my word, and doubt not in the least but you are come hither to perform yours, and to make me, by giving me your hand, the happiest of men."—"I shall freely own to you," answered the princess, "that I have not yet taken any resolution on this affair, and believe I shall never take such a one as you desire."—"You astonish me, madam," said *Riquet* with the Tuft. "I believe it," said the princess; "and surely if I had to do with a clown, or a man of no wit, I should find myself much at a loss. 'A princess always observes her word,' would he say to me, 'and you must marry me, since you promised to do so.' But as he whom I talk to is the man of the world who is master of the greatest sense and judgment, I am sure he will hear reason. You know, that when I was but a fool, I could, notwithstanding, never come to a resolution to marry you. Why will you have me, now I have so much judgment as you gave me, and which makes me a more difficult person than I was at that time, to come to such a resolution, which I would not then determine to agree to? If you sincerely thought to make me your wife, you have been greatly in the wrong to deprive me of my dull simplicity, and make me see things much more clearly than I did."—"If a man of no wit and sense," replied *Riquet* with the Tuft, "would be well received, as you say, in reproaching you for breach of your word, why will you not let me, madam, have the same usage in a matter wherein all the happiness of my life is concerned? Is it reasonable, that persons of wit and sense should be in a worse condition than those that have none? Can you pretend this, you who have

so great a share, and desired so earnestly to have it? But let us come to fact, if you please. Setting aside my ugliness and deformity, is there any thing in me which displeases you? Are you dissatisfied with my birth, wit, humor, or manners?"—"Not at all," answered the princess. "I love and respect you in all that you mention."—"If it be so," said he, "I am happy, since it is in your power to make me the most amiable of men."—"How can that be?" said the princess. "It is done," said *Riquet* with the Tuft, "if you love me enough to wish it was so; and that you may no ways doubt, madam, of what I say, know that the very same fairy, who on my birth-day gave me the power of making the person who should please me, extremely witty and judicious, has in like manner given you the power of making him whom you love, and would grant that favor to, to be extremely handsome."—"If so," said the princess, "I wish, with all my heart, that you may be the most amiable prince in the world; and I bestow it on you as much as I am able."

The princess had no sooner pronounced these words, than *Riquet* with the Tuft appeared to her the finest prince upon earth; the handsomest and most amiable man she ever beheld. Some affirm, that this was not owing to the charms of the fairy, which occasioned this change, but love alone worked the metamorphosis. They say, that the princess, having made due reflection on the perseverance of her lover, his discretion, his wit and judgment, and all the good qualities of his mind, saw no longer the deformity of his body, nor the ugliness of his face; that his hump seemed to her no more than the grand air of one who has a broad back; and that whereas, till then, she saw him limp horribly, she now found it nothing more than a certain sidling air, which quite charmed her. They say farther, that his eyes, which were very squinting, seemed to her most bright and sparkling; that their irregular turns passed in her judgment for a mark of a violent excess of love; and in short that his great red nose had, in her opinion, somewhat of the martial and heroic.

Howsoever it was, the princess promised immediately to marry him, on condition he obtained her father's consent. The king being acquainted that his daughter had a great esteem for *Riquet* with the Tuft, whom he had long known as a most sage and judicious prince, received him for his son-in-law with pleasure; and the next morning their nuptials were celebrated, as *Riquet* with the Tuft had foreseen, and according to the order he had a long time before given.



THE FAIRY.



THERE was once upon a time a widow, who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in her face and humor, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud, that there was no living

with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father, for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. As people naturally love their own likeness, the mother even doated on her eldest daughter, and at the same time had a horrible aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half off the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink. "O ay, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and rinsing immediately the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while, that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drank, said to her, "you are so very pretty, my dear, so good, and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift. [This was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country-woman, to see how far the civility and good-manners of this pretty girl would go.] I will give you for gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home, her mother scolded her for staying so long at the fountain. "I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste;" and in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two diamonds. "What is it I see there?" said her mother, quite astonished. "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth. How happens this, child?" This was the first time she ever called her child. The poor creature frankly told her all the matter, not without dropping out an infinite number of diamonds. "In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my other child thither. Come hither, *Fanny*, look what comes out of thy sister's mouth when she speaks. Would'st thou not be glad, my dear, to have the same gifts given to thee? Thou hast nothing else to do, but go and draw water out of the fountain; and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly."—"It would be a very fine sight, indeed," replied this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water."—"You shall go, hussy," said the mother, "and this minute." So away she went, but grumbling all the way, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain, than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most elegantly dressed, who came up to her, and asked to drink. This was the very fairy who had appeared to her sister, but had now taken the air and dress of a princess, to see how far this girl's rudeness would go. "Am I come hither," said the proud saucy slut, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy," "You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well then, since you have

so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad." So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "well, daughter!"—"Well, mother!" answered the pert hussy. "O mercy!" cried the woman, "what is it I see? O! it is that wretch her sister, who has occasioned all this; but she shall pay for it;" and immediately she ran to beat her. The poor child fled away from her, and went to hide herself in the forest.

The king's son, then on his return from hunting, met her; and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there, and why she cried? "Alas! sir, my mother has turned me out of doors." The king's son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story; so he fell in love with her; and, considering within himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriageable portion whatever in another, conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated, that her own mother turned her off; and the miserable wretch, having wandered about a good while, without finding any body to take her in, went to a corner in a wood, and there died.



STORY OF CINDERILLA.

ONCE there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, and were indeed exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unequalled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over, but the mother-in-law began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the less, because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house; she scoured the dishes, tables, &c. and rubbed madam's chamber, and those of misses, her daughters. She lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw-bed; while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with the floors all in-laid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full length, from head to foot. The poor girl bore all patiently; she dared not tell her father, who would have rattled her off, for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go into the chimney-corner, and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly be called *Cinder-breech*; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her *Cinderilla*. However, notwithstanding

her mean apparel, she was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-dresses as might best become them. They talked all day of nothing but how they should be dressed. "For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with the *French* trimming."—"And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered manteau, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

Cinderilla, as well as many others, was consulted in all which concerned their dress, for she had excellent notions, and advised them for the best; nay, she offered her service to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this, they said to her, "*Cinderilla*, would you not be glad to go to the ball?"—"Ah!" said she, "you only jeer me; 'it is not for such a one as I am to go thither.'"—"Thou art in the right of it," replied they; "it would make the people laugh to see a *Cinder-breech* at a ball." Any one but *Cinderilla* would have dressed their heads awry; but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. At last the happy day came; they both went to court, and *Cinderilla* followed them with her eyes as long as she could; and when she had lost sight of them, she fell a-crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter. "I wish I could—I wish I could—" she was not able to speak the rest. This godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "thou wishest thou couldst go to the ball; is not that the case?"—"Y—es," cried *Cinderilla*, with a great sigh. "Well! be but a good girl," said her godmother, "and I will contrive that thou shalt go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "run into the garden, and bring me a pompion." *Cinderilla* went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pompion could make her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pompion was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive. She then ordered *Cinderilla* to lift up a little the trap-door, when giving each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, the animal was that moment turned into a fair horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-colored dapple grey. Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go and see," says *Cinderilla*, "if there be never a rat in the rat-trap; we may make a coachman of him."—"Thou art in the right," replied her godmother; go, and look." *Cinderilla* brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The

fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard; and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers ever seen.

After that, she said to her, "go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them to me." She did so; when her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other, as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to *Cinderilla*, "well! you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with? Are you not pleased with it?"—"O! yes," cried she. "But must I go thither as I am, in these nasty poisonous rags?" Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and at the same instant her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest pair in the whole world.

Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach. But her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight; telling her, at the same time, that if she staid at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pompion again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother, she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight; and then away she drives, scarce able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, he ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence; they left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the beauties of this unknown new-comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of "ah! how handsome she is!—ah! how handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her, and telling the queen softly, that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature. All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and head dress, that they might have some made after the same pattern, if they could meet with such fine materials, and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honorable seat, and afterward took her out to dance with him; she danced so very gracefully, that every body admired her. A cold collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intensely was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons that the prince had presented her with; which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While *Cinderilla* was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters; whereupon she immediately made a curtesy to the company, and then hastened away.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her godmother; and, after having thanked her, she said, she could not but heartily wish that she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had de-

fired her. As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which *Cinderilla* went and opened. "How long you have staid!" cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had been awaked out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home. "If thou hadst been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "thou wouldst not have been tired with it; there came thither the finest princess, the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes; she showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons." *Cinderilla* seemed very indifferent in the matter. Indeed, she asked them the name of the princess; but they told her, they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account, and would give all the world to know who she was. At this *Cinderilla*, smiling, replied, "she must then be very beautiful indeed."

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was *Cinderilla*, but dressed more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and his amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome, that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her; so that she at last counted the clock striking the hour of twelve, when she took it to be no more than eleven; she then rose up, and fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing left of all her finery, but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she dropped. The guards at the palace gate were asked, if they had not seen a princess go out; who said, they had seen nobody, but a young girl, meanly dressed.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, *Cinderilla* asked them, if they had been well diverted, and if the fine lady had been there? They said, "yes, but she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste, that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son took up; he had done nothing but look at her all the time of the ball, and most certainly is in love with the beautiful person who owns the little slipper."

What they said was very true; for a few days after, the king's son caused it to be proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it upon the princesses, and all the court, but in vain. It was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their foot into the slipper, but they could not effect it. *Cinderilla*, who saw all this, and knew her slipper, said to them, smiling, "let me see if it will fit me". Her sisters burst out a-laughing, and began to banter her. The gentleman, who was sent to try the slipper, looked earnestly at her, and, finding her very handsome, said it was but just that she should try, for that he had orders to let every one make trial. He obliged her to sit down; and putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went in very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The

astonishment her two sisters was in was excessively great, but still more so when she pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her foot. Thereupon, in came her godmother; who having touched with her wand *Cinderilla's* clothes, made them richer and more magnificent than any she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, to beg pardon for all the ill-treatment they had made her undergo. *Cinderilla* took them up; and, as she embraced them, told them that she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after married her. *Cinderilla*, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.

KING AND FAIRY RING.

THERE was a king, whose name was *Alfarute*, feared by all his neighbors, and loved by all his subjects. He was wise, good, just, and valiant; and deficient in no quality, requisite in a great prince. A fairy came to him one day, and told him that he would very soon find himself plunged into great difficulties, if he did not make use of the ring, which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of his ring to the inside of his hand, he became invisible; and when he turned the diamond outward, he became visible again.

He was mightily pleased with this present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the secrets of the family, without being perceived. When he mistrusted the designs of any neighboring potentate, he would take a long journey, unaccompanied, to be present in his most private counsels, and learn every thing, without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every intention to his prejudice; he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow.

Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his ring; and he requested of the fairy the power of conveying himself, in an instant, from one country to another; that he might make a more convenient and ready use of the enchanted ring. The fairy replied, "you ask too much. Let me conjure you not to covet a power, which I foresee will one day be the cause of your misery, though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me." The king would not listen to her entreaties, but still urged his request. "Since then you will have it so," said she, "I must necessarily grant you a favor, of which you will dearly repent." Hereupon, she chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor, when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not discernable under his habit; and when he had a mind to

fly, he need only touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the air, swifter than an eagle. When he had no farther occasion for his wings, with a touch they shrunk again to so small a size as to lie concealed under his garment.

By this magic, *Alfarute* was able to transport himself, in a few moments, wherever he pleased. He knew every thing, and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence; for he would often retire into his closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, giving strict orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible with his ring, he would enlarge his wings with a touch, and traverse vast countries. By this power he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But, as he continually saw into the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place a confidence in any one. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found that even they to whom he had been the most bountiful, had the least share of gratitude.

In this disconsolate condition, he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman, complete in beauty and all good qualities, willing to be his wife; one who would love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain; and as he saw all, without being seen, he discovered the most hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the courts; where he found the ladies insincere, fond of admirers, and so enamored with their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise into all the private families; he found one was of an inconstant, volatile disposition; another was cunning and artful; a third, very haughty; a fourth, capricious; almost all faithless, vain, and full of idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved to carry his inquiry through the lowest conditions of life. At last, he found out the daughter of a poor laborer, fair as the brightest morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her beauty, which she disregarded, and which in reality was the least of her perfections, for she had an understanding and a virtue, which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youth of the neighborhood were impatient to see her, and more impatient, after they had, to obtain her in marriage; none doubting of being happy with such a wife.

King *Alfarute* beheld her, and he loved her. He demanded her of the father, who was transported with the thoughts of his daughter becoming a great queen. *Clarinda* (for so she was called) went from her father's hut into a magnificent palace, where she was received by a numerous court. She was not dazzled, nor disconcerted at the sudden change. She preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue, and forgot not the place of her birth, when she was in the height of her glory. The king's affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect happiness; neither was he already far from it, so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his queen. He often rendered himself invisible, to observe and surprise her; but he never discovered any thing in her that was not worthy of his admiration.

The fairy, who had foretold the consequences of the last request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her importunity troublesome. Therefore he gave orders, that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the queen not to receive her visits for the future.

It happened one day, when the king was upon a progress, that the fairy, desirous to instruct the queen in futurity, entered her apartment in the appearance of a young officer, and immediately declared, in a whisper, who she was; whereupon, the queen embraced her with tenderness. The king, who was then invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword, and pierced the queen, who fell expiring into his arms. In that moment, the fairy resumed her true shape; whereupon, the king knew her, and was convinced of the queen's innocence. He then would have killed himself; but the fairy withheld his hand, and strove to comfort him.

Too late, now *Alfarute* cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the fairy, which proved his misery. He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he passed in bitterness and grief; knowing no other consolation but to weep perpetually over *Clarrinda's* tomb.

QUEEN AND COUNTRY GIRL.

THERE was upon a time a queen so very far stricken in years, that her majesty was toothless and bald. Her head shook and trembled perpetually like the leaves of an aspin, and her sight was so dim, that spectacles were of no longer use to her. Her mouth was almost hid by the near approach of her nose and chin; her stature was so diminished, that she was shrunk into a shapeless heap; and her back so bowed, as though she had been crooked from infancy.

A fairy, who assisted at the birth of this queen, came to her, and said, "do you desire to grow young again?"—"Most certainly," replied the queen. I would part with all my jewels, to be but twenty."—"Then," continued the fairy, "it will be necessary to make an exchange, and to transfer your age and infirmities to some one, who will give you her youth and health."

Hereupon, the queen gave orders to make diligent inquiry through the kingdom, for a person who might be willing to barter youth for age, upon a valuable consideration. When these orders were publicly known, a great many poor people flocked from all parts to the court, all of them desirous to be made old and rich. But when they had seen the queen at dinner, hideous in her infirmities, coughing over a mess of water-gruel, and doating ever and anon as she spoke, not one was inclinable to take up the burthen of her years. They chose rather to live by begging, and to enjoy youth and health in rags and poverty.

At last there came a young country girl (whose name was *Mopsy*) in full bloom, who demanded no less than the crown as an equivalent for her youth and beauty. The queen immediately

grew angry; but to what purpose? She was bent upon renewing her vigor at any rate. "But," said she, "what should I be able to do without my kingdom?"—"You would laugh, you would dance, you would sing like me," answered the young girl; and immediately she broke out into a laughter, and danced, and sung.

The two parties seemed now disposed to an agreement, and were ready to strike the bargain, when in comes the fairy; and addressing herself to *Mopsy*, "are you willing to make trial of the condition of an old queen, and see first how you like it, before you resolve upon a change in good earnest?"—"With all my heart," replied the girl. Her forehead is instantly furrowed with wrinkles, her chestnut hair turns white; she grows peevish and morose; her head shakes, her teeth are loose, and she is already an hundred years old. The fairy then opens a little box, and lets out a multitude of officers and courtiers of both sexes, richly apparelled, who soon shot up in the full stature of men and women, and paid their homage to the queen. She is conducted to her chair of state, and a costly banquet is immediately set before her; but, alas! she has no appetite, and cannot bear the fumes of the table; her limbs fail her when she tries to walk; she is awkward and bashful, and in a maze; she knows not how to speak, nor which way to turn herself; she calls for a looking-glass, and is startled at her own deformity; and she coughs incessantly till her sides ache.

In the mean time, the true queen stands in one corner of the room by herself; she laughs, and begins to grow handsome; but she is troubled to find herself so meanly apparelled; her coats short and scanty; and her waistcoat of a coarse woollen stuff. She was not used to be thus poorly equipped; and one of her own guards, who took her for some rude creature, went to turn her out of the palace. Then said *Mopsy* to her, "I perceive you are not a little uneasy in my condition, and I am much more weary of yours. Take your crown again, and give me back my russet garment." The exchange was soon made. The restoration was hardly completed, when each began to repent; but it was too late, for the fairy had now condemned them both to remain in their proper condition.

The queen bewailed herself daily, upon the smallest indisposition. "Alas!" would she say, "if I was *Mopsy* at this time, I should sleep indeed in a cottage, and feed upon chestnuts; but then by day I should dance in the shade with the shepherds, to the sweet music of the pipe. What am I happier for lying in an embroidered bed, where I am never free from pain? Or, for my numerous attendants, who have not the power to relieve me?"

Her grief for having forfeited her choice increased her indisposition, and she died at the end of two months. *Mopsy* was in the midst of a dance with her companions, when tidings came of the queen's death. Then she blessed herself, that she had escaped from royalty; more through good fortune and impatience than through forecast and resolution.

FINIS.

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