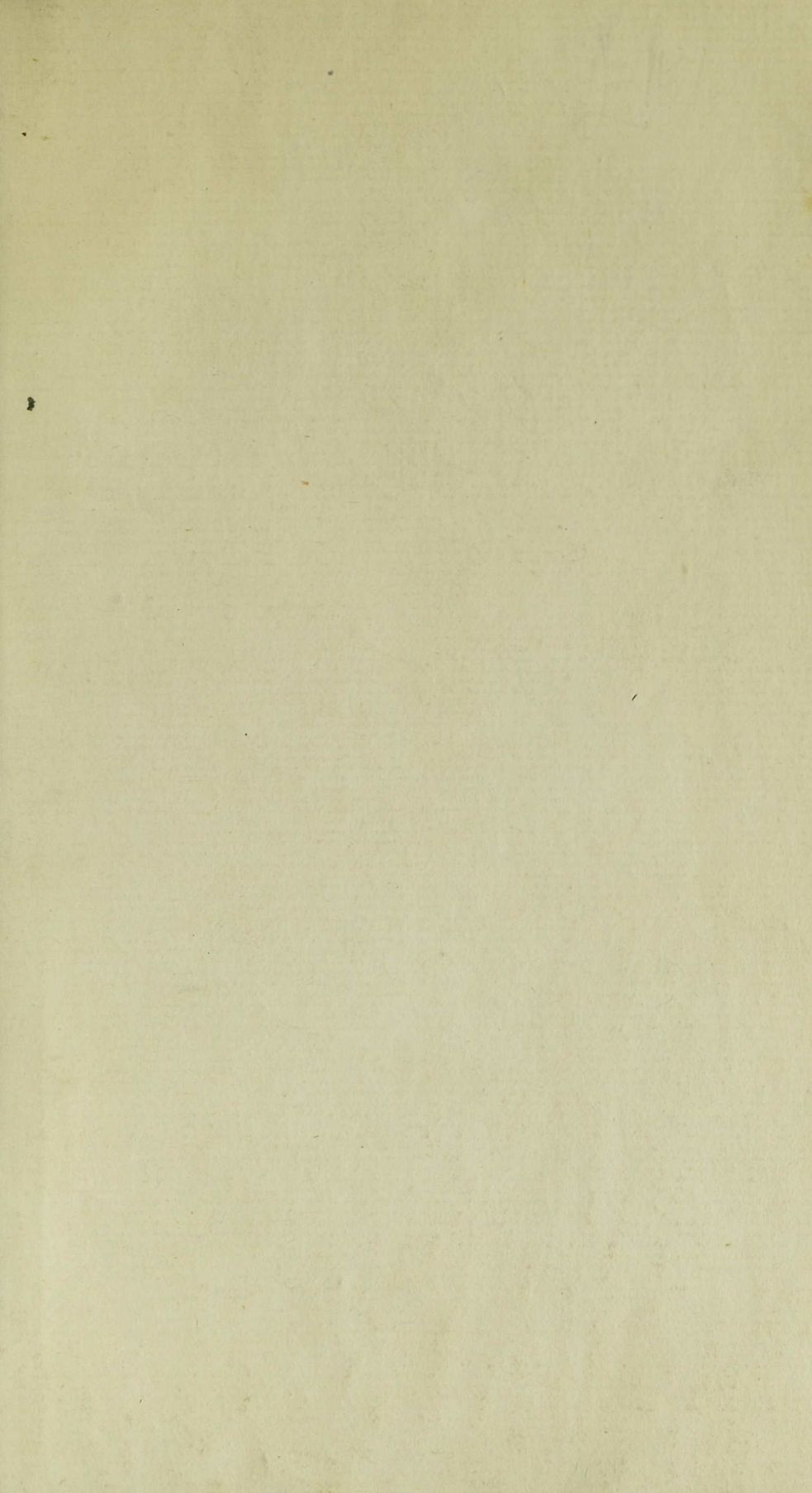




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Drawn by Tomkins.

Eng<sup>d</sup> by Scalder.

Phoebe the Good exceedingly affected at being beat,  
and cruelly turned out of doors, by her Mother  
and Sister.

Page 14.

OLD DADDY GANDER'S  
FAIRY TALES;

*Consisting of the Interesting Story of the*

*Bleeding Finger;*

*or the*

*Lady with the Golden Thumb:*

THE STORY OF

PHEBE the GOOD;

OR THE

GLORIOUS HAND:

THE STORY OF

Princess Hebe;

*or her*

FLIGHT FROM THE USURPER OF HER THRONE,

*to*

Ardella Wood:

THE

HOUSE OF INSTRUCTION;

*describing the*

*Uncommon Magnificent Grandeur of its Apartments, and the Wonderful Gifts*  
GEORGE was presented with by its Inhabitants:

AND THE

PRINCESS OF ARCADIA;

OR THE

MARRIAGE OF THESEUS,

PRINCE OF THE FLOWERY ISLES.

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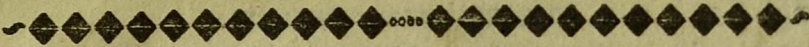
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## THE FAIRY TALE OF

THE

# BLEEDING FINGER.

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THERE lived a magician in days of old, who had power over the winds and waves; whose word could command the demons of the deep, and the spirits of the air durst not disobey his will. This magician was held to be a sociable, merry, good sort of person when pleased, considering he was a magician; for, you must understand, conjurers, wizards, necromancers, and magicians, are very tetchy and revengeful, and never fail to send their imps and goblins to torment such as use them disrespectfully. The name of this magician was *Tomogorod*, which signifies *Eat-him-up*, and he had a daughter, called *Holakaree*, that is to say *Blood-sucker*, who was an enchantress. Whenever either of them went abroad, they had at least one spirit to attend them, who was sometimes disguised in the form of a bear, at others a monkey or cat, and sometimes in the likeness of a huge mastiff. Sometimes, for expedition sake, they travelled through the air, and then they were usually drawn by four flaming torches, followed by fiends in the shape of tad-poles, who were so numerous, that their swarms darkened the air.

*Tomogorod*, as before said, was not much inclined to mischief, unless provoked; but woe be to any one that affronted him! If he asked a clownish fellow where he was going, and the lout returned a saucy answer, he would fix him astride upon the next stile without the power of moving, or turn him into a pitch-fork, and give him his own shape again when any body had stuck him up to the hilts in a dunghill. His name denoted him to be a lover of good living, and he always behaved civilly to such as gave him the best they had to eat.

*Holakaree*, his daughter, who was of an ambitious temper, had the wickedness to fall in love with the king's son, a youth of three-and-twenty, of a sweet disposition, and the most charming person in the world. His name was *Dulimond*, which means *Dimple-face*, and he was the sole heir to the crown. It happened one day, while he was hunting, that he saw the most beautiful blue hare run by him that eyes had ever beheld; and he was so charmed with the appearance of that strange animal, that he could not forbear leaving his other sport to follow this new game. He presently lost sight of his courtiers and attendants; who, as people often are, were more intent upon their diversion than their duty. He followed the animal for more than half an hour; and being mounted upon a swift *Arabian* courser, seemed every instant to be within a hair's-breadth of

catching her; when presently his eye was attracted by the descent of an eagle, that darted upon the hare, and rose with an incredible swiftness, till they were both lost in the clouds. While the prince stood gazing, and looking after the eagle and his prey, which still remained like a speck upon his sight, the sky began to lour, the heavens darkened, and the distant thunders rolled. The prince looked round, but saw neither place of refuge nor human being. The storm increased; the elements, with dreadful burst, seemed to crack and split over his very head; and the fires of the firmament darted their forked and penetrating essence into the very bosom of the earth. But, what astonished him most, was, that though the waters appeared to stream from the heavens on every side of him, not a hair of his head, not a thread of his garments, was wet. The heart of *Dulimond* was the heart of a lion; he was awed, but not dismayed. While his eyes were endeavoring to trace the uncertain path of the life-snatching lightning, and his ears were filled with the terrific rumors of the sky, he beheld, not far above him, a bright cloud, that seemed in the centre to be a lambent flame, and whence issued a voice loud and impulsive, but sweet as music in dreams, which pronounced distinctly the following words:

*“Beware of her with a golden thumb. Follow the bleeding finger. Plunge, fearless, into the lake of bitterness, to recover the white wand of Orophalis. Dangers encompass you; be virtuous, bold, and obedient, or you perish.”*

The voice ceased, and the rain, and the thunder, and the lightning, were no more; the sun was resplendent, the forest was vanished, and the scene was changed. Vallies of a thousand different and reviving shades of green were on every side; aromatic shrubs, flowers, and various trees, were scattered round; distant lakes, and more distant mountains, were in view.

The prince, filled with wonder at all these strange accidents, was sunk deep in reflection; inasmuch that his eyes were fixed, and his soul absorbed by the cogitations of his mind; when he was awakened from his trance by the voice of a lady, who sweetly and courteously demanded if he could direct her to the palace of the Seven Dragons. *Dulimond* started, looked up, and was again fixed in astonishment. Never before had he beheld such perfections, such grace, such features. Seated upon a milk-white courser, with hair that descended in ringlets upon her horse's back, and a face more beautiful than the face of nature at the sun's uprising, this lady looked like a spirit of heaven, and not an inhabitant of the earth. She was obliged to repeat her question; and the prince, respectfully bowing, answered, he never before had heard of such a palace. The lady gracefully inclined her head, in token of thanks, and passed swiftly forward; while the prince, ravished with the angelic apparition, gave his steed the rein, kept within sight of her, and forgot the scenes that had so lately happened. They rode this way for more than an hour at a hard rate, when they came to a vast



forest. The prince, who had a piercing eye, beheld an inscription as he was riding by the side of the forest; and stopping a moment in hopes of learning some intelligence, whereby he might oblige the lady, he read—

“*This leads to the palace of the Seven Dragons.*”

The prince immediately set spurs to his horse; and, gently calling after the lady, beckoned her to return. She, who seemed to have slackened her pace when *Dulimond* stopped, presently heard, and obeyed. As she approached the prince, she thanked him with the most winning words and action; while he, ravished with her charms and condescension, prayed to be admitted to the palace. The lady again gave a courteous reply, and they entered the forest together. They had not proceeded far before they lost all sight of the surrounding country, and were buried in a gloom so thick that light could scarcely penetrate. As they rode on, strange noises saluted their ears; sometimes, as it were, the faint groanings of the dying; at others, the fierce howlings of beasts in torture; and then again like the sudden whizzings of sky-rockets, accompanied with loud, confused, and innumerable shrieks and screams, as though the spirits of air were battling till the very elements were tormented. Visions, as strange as were the sounds they heard, likewise molested their journey; at one instant, a head without a body would seem to dance backward before them, sometimes with ghastly looks, and sometimes with grimaces, mewing at them; at another, serpents, the bodies of which were black, their eyes flaming, and their tails triply divided with a sting at the end of each, seemed to threaten the travellers; but, what was more remarkable, an urchin, that lay in the path at the entrance of the forest, became a ball of fire, and rolled itself along before them, as if to direct them in the route they should pursue.

*Dulimond* was not more astonished at these things, than at the behavior of the lady; who continued her way, undismayed, and almost without noticing such strange events, notwithstanding that the demons (for the forest was enchanted) became more terribly dreadful in their howls and shrieks, and unnatural shapes, the farther they proceeded. However, if a beautiful and gentle lady had the courage to go on, it was not for a prince like *Dulimond* to recede. It appeared almost unmanly to draw his sabre; but from doing this it was scarcely possible to refrain, so fearfully were they beset. Nor could the dangers to which they were exposed hinder the prince from thinking on his most beautiful companion with rapture. Her demeanor, her form, her wit, and her fortitude, made him consider her as a miracle; and he found his affections so totally enslaved, as to be absolutely irretrievable. How could he forbear to admire, when he only heard her utter some short exclamation at the moment that the fiends were most horrible and insolent, and when he saw her turn and smile with ineffable sweetness upon him, as it were to wish him not to fear or suffer upon her account? This

he esteemed a noble generosity of soul, and he could not but adore her who was capable of such heroic exertion.

They came at length to the other side of the forest; and the urchin of fire that accompanied them bounded from the earth, and gambled in the air with a thousand antic motions. Instead, however, of an open country, they beheld a black rock, the front of which extended farther than sight, and its summit lay beyond the clouds. As they approached it, they read, in huge and transparent characters,

“ *This is the entrance to the palace of the Seven Dragons.* ”

“ How ! ” cried *Dulimond*, “ this the entrance. Here is no entrance; this is a vast and solid rock, a rock of marble; and all the powers of nature cannot enter here.”

The lady smiled, alighted nimbly from her horse, approached the place of the inscription, and held forth her arm. She laid her thumb, her golden thumb, upon the marble, when instantaneous thunder rolled, and the massy front of the rock opened.

Imagine what was the astonishment of *Dulimond*, and what his grief, when he beheld this miracle performed by the lady with the golden thumb! His heart sunk within him, and his arm fell nerveless by his side. Yet this was no time for despondency; danger was before him, behind him, and on every side of him; and the crisis of his fate drew on.

The chasm of the rock had remained open some minutes, the prince stood plunged in sorrowful suspense, and the lady seemed attendant upon his coming. A voice proclaimed—

“ *Let not such as would enter the palace of the Seven Dragons linger, for the Rock of Sculls is about to close.* ”

At the same moment, *Dulimond* beheld a naked arm, with the fore-finger slowly dropping blood, and pointing the way to the palace of the Seven Dragons. The vision, though horrible, gave him pleasure; his heart was with the lady; and he rejoiced to find that his duty furnished him with an excuse to follow his inclinations. The prince had but just time to make the passage of the rock before it shut; and, had he been a moment later, it would have closed upon him; which accident having happened to many, it was called the Rock of Sculls. They proceeded onward till they came to a bridge, where lay the Seven Dragons, whence the palace derived its name. At their approach, all these horrible monsters lashed their prodigious tails, opened their destructive jaws (set all over with teeth like harrows), and projected their long and forked tongues; and, with an insatiable fury, were flying upon *Dulimond*. Mortal resistance to such enemies seemed vain, and death inevitable; when, at the very instant they were about to seize on the prince, the lady held forth the golden thumb, and they dropped senseless on the earth in a profound sleep.

They passed the bridge, and drew near to the palace, which was the most superb that eyes ever beheld. Its magnitude and

architecture filled the mind with grandeur, and the riches of its ornaments dazzled the sight to behold. They came at last to a place where the road divided; one way went directly forward, and the other deviated to the left, which led to the palace. On the confines of the latter stood troops of nymphs, whom none could equal in beauty, the lady with the golden thumb alone excepted, and such as imagination only has seen. Some of them played on instruments, the sounds of which ravished the ear; others danced with such delightful motion, as put mortal senses into a delirium of pleasure. They were come to meet the lady and the prince, and this way were they proceeding, when *Dulimond* beheld the bleeding finger point the contrary road. He stopped, he looked, he considered; his bosom heaved a profound sigh, the war within him was strong, and his body was motionless. The lady did not persuade him by words; she took a more powerful method; her looks, sorrowful and dejected; her eyes, with all the well-feigned grief of poverty, told him, that in him was all her happiness centered; with him she should be blessed, without him miserable. Neither did she remind him of the dangers to which he had been exposed, and from which he had been preserved by her; and therefore he remembered them the more forcibly. His heart was enslaved by her beauty; he could not any longer resist her charms, and again he began to follow her; when the air was filled with the most doleful wailings, and the finger of the naked arm began to stream with blood.

The heart of *Dulimond* was strongly virtuous; he had been nurtured in a sublime morality. The remembrance of the firm resolution he had so often made to persevere amid all temptations in the paths of rectitude and honor, came with a gleam of heroic ardor upon his mind, elevated his soul, and made it equal to the glorious contest. He turned his eyes from the witcheries of passion and pleasure, and with a determined spirit followed the naked arm; the blood again more slowly dropped; but the vast concave of the sky became tortured with shrieks, cries, and howlings, so piercing, that distraction would have seized any one of less virtue than himself.

Undauntedly did he follow his guide, though the fiends now transformed themselves into ten thousand hideous shapes, and chattered at, insulted, and assaulted him, with a hundred-fold more malignity and fury than they did in his passage through the enchanted forest. He came at length to the lake of bitterness; but who can describe the dreadful, horrible, and disgusting animals, by which its waters were guarded? On the surface, vipers, water-snakes, and dun-colored serpents, hissed terror with their forked tongues. At the borders lay toads with staring eyes and vast bloated bodies; their mouths just above the waters, diving sometimes beneath the slimy sedge, while the lake bubbled poison, and again ascending to the water's edge. The bottom was covered over with lizards, newts, and efts, darting upon their prey; reptiles with speckled bellies,

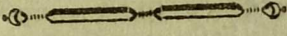
and a hundred legs, that shot swift as an arrow from a bow, as their voracity or malice willed; and spiders so huge and inflated, that the shagged hair of their bodies was like the bristles of the hunted boar; and their eyes, globular and projecting, were as the eyes of tigers, watching whom they might devour. All these, and innumerable others, for which nature has no likeness, immediately on the approach of *Dulimond*, ceased their obscene sports and rancorous wars on one another; and, with their million mouths, came in voracious swarms, as if in expectation of their prey. Humanity shuddered, and shrunk; it was a sight of the most dreadful horror.

The naked arm, in the mean time, rested over the centre of the lake; the finger ceased to bleed, and pointed downward. Thither the prince cast his eye, and beheld the white wand of *Orophalis*; he staid not to consider of danger; he quitted his speed, and threw himself, fearless, into the lake of bitterness. His arm divided the waters; and though his body seemed to be penetrated and torn by a host of these devouring reptiles, he still had the power to proceed. He arrived at the spot; and, unterrified, plunged to the bottom. The earth shook; the heavens were on fire; and nature seemed to groan, as though her end were come. He seized the wand; and, lo! the lake was no more. He stood upon dry land, his enemies were annihilated, and himself unhurt.


While he stood considering these things, he heard a sound of a multitude singing "praises to the valorous prince *Dulimond*, who hath broken the charms of hell, who hath delivered us from the spells of *Holakaree*." He turned, and saw coming toward him troops of knights and ladies; and, at their head, a venerable old man, leading, as he thought, the lady with the golden thumb. "Fear not, valorous prince," said the aged knight, "your trials are past, and your reward is come. This virgin is no enchantress." The happiness of *Dulimond* was extreme, when he was informed that *Holakaree* had assumed the beauteous form of *Bellimante*; that this vile enchantress was now no more; that his valor and virtue had freed the most angelic princess in the universe, her father, and many other noble knights and ladies, who had fallen in her snares; and, in his transport, he cast himself at *Bellimante's* feet, and kissed her virgin hand, which he was in extacy to find was not now fligmated by the golden thumb.

As for the magician *Tomogorod*, he became disconsolate for the loss of his daughter, and some say that he now wanders over the face of the earth without a settled habitation; and that he is always attended by one faithful demon, that assists him in his wants, and revenges him upon his enemies.





## PHEBE THE GOOD.



THERE was a certain man who was left a widower with one child, a sweet girl, whose name was *Phebe*. After he had lived two or three years single, he became tired of this sort of life, and determined to marry again; and he was the more easily induced to do so, because he had met with a woman about his own age, and very much of his own disposition, to whom he had made himself agreeable. This woman was a widow; and, like him, had a daughter, called *Martha*, who was two years older than *Phebe*, and likewise a very pretty girl. They mutually promised to be exceedingly good and tender to each other's offspring; and at first they kept their promises tolerably well, though it must be allowed, that, as *Phebe* by far was the most beautiful of the two, the mother was not without some little jealousies; however, she was a sensible woman, though somewhat passionate, and did not, for a while, suffer such propensities to increase to violence; besides, *Phebe* was as mild and good-humored as she was charming in her wit and features; and though you might easily make her cry, you could never make her cross or obstinate.

After a time, it happened that the father died, when *Phebe* was about twelve years old; and as she had been well instructed by her father's care, who loved her dearly, she was, on account of the readiness of her wit, more accomplished and advanced in knowledge than many of twice her age, and much more so than her sister *Martha*, though there had been equal care taken of them both. The death of her father was a great misfortune to *Phebe*; she soon began to find an alteration in the behavior of her mother and sister. The latter, having now no restraint upon her (for her mother had been always too far indulgent), took every opportunity of thwarting *Phebe*, of whom she became exceeding jealous, owing to the preference the latter always obtained in society. The mother too, instead of consulting her own reason, and doing justice, was weak enough to participate in her daughter *Martha*'s feelings and prejudices, and gave way to her passions by little and little, till at last she could no longer resist them. Thus, though she felt at some moments the injustice of her conduct, and determined to alter her behavior, and become more kind to *Phebe*, yet, as soon as the trial came, she found herself inevitably hurried away by habitual passion, and continually guilty of the same partiality and tyranny.

It may easily be imagined that poor *Phebe* soon became deprived of all the little pleasures in which she used to share; instead of mixing with the visitors, and going abroad with her sister, as formerly, she was confined to her needle, and ordered to assist the servant at the lowest drudgery. This would have broken the spirit of many girls, or have spoiled their temper;

for certainly few things are so cutting to the heart as manifest injustice. But it did not seem to have any such effect on *Phebe*; for though she grieved a little, yet she was so complying, and even cheerful, let her be set about what she would, that she was called "*Phebe the Good*" all over the country.

It is strange to think of the excess to which people will proceed who have once begun to indulge bad habits. The praises that *Phebe* had obtained, and the admiration with which every body was struck who happened to get a sight of her (for she increased in beauty, as in amiableness and age), served only farther to increase the enmity of those to whom alone she could look for protection; inasmuch, that at last she was not only the drudge of the family (for her mother had turned away the servant, and forced her, though not fifteen, to do all the work), but was stinted in her very food, obliged to eat the offals, and beat, upon the most frivolous pretences, till she was sometimes hardly able to move. If she had not naturally possessed a deal of courage, as well as mildness, she must have sunk under the usage she received; but though there was a sweet forbearance in her temper, there was a fortitude likewise, which is found only in a few, especially among the gentle and softer sex.

One day, when the mother and favorite daughter were gone out, and had, as usual, locked up every thing from her, leaving her but a scanty pittance, scarce half enough to suffice nature, a very poor old woman, tottering under age, came to the door, begging, for her savior's sake, she would give her a morsel, to keep her from starving. *Phebe*, though very hungry herself, had too good a heart to see such a poor old creature ready to sink with age and hunger, and not give her every assistance in her power. She immediately went to the door, gave the poor woman her hand, desired her to come in and rest herself, and set about warming what little morsel she had (which she herself was going to eat cold), to make it as comfortable as she could. She then laid a clean napkin and plate, and waited upon, and cherished her, as though she had been her own mother. "The god of heaven bless thee!" said the old woman, as *Phebe* stood ministering by her side; "thou art a merciful and gracious angel, and shalt lose nothing by thy charity. Thou hast given me food. Wilt thou give me a kiss?" *Phebe* would always rather hurt her own feelings than the feelings of another; and though the old woman was very disagreeable with rags and age, she instantly kissed her with the best grace imaginable, lest she should give her pain, or least she should be thought to despise age and poverty. The old woman fixed her eyes stedfastly upon her. "Sweet and heavenly creature," said she, "have I at last found such a one? Yes. If thy courage equals thy other virtues, thou art the treasure I so long and ineffectually have sought." *Phebe* wondered to hear a miserable old woman talk in this manner, and in such language too. "Thou art very young; art thou of a timid disposition?"—"No, indeed," said *Phebe*. "I never injured any creature that has life or sensibility. I would do good

to every body if I had the power, and I hope I commit no wickedness; then wherefore should I be afraid?"

*Phebe* had scarcely finished her last sentence, before she saw a fierce mastiff and a bull-dog burst into the kitchen, foaming, fighting, and worrying each other with the utmost fury; but she, instead of acting like most silly young women, who squall if they see a mouse run across the room, very coolly removed out of their way, took hold of the old woman to help her out of the kitchen, and shut the door upon them. As she stood in the passage, she found her gown was all in a flame. It would be wrong to pretend that she was not exceedingly alarmed; but instead of shrieking, falling in a fit, or running terrified she knew not whither or for what, except to agitate the air, and increase the danger, she unpinned herself in a moment, and stripped off her gown. "Yes!" exclaimed the old woman, "thy presence of mind proves thy fortitude." As she said this, the fire was extinguished, and the enraged dogs were seen and heard no more; neither was there a singed spot upon the gown. *Phebe* turned her eyes with amazement toward her guest; and, instead of a poor, decrepid, and beggarly old woman, she beheld a beauteous being in robes of white and scarlet, and wings more variously spotted than the shining plumage of the *Chinese* pheasant. "Purest, and best of earthly virgins," said the bright vision, "be not alarmed."—"No," replied *Phebe*, "I am only surprised. If you are a heavenly being, you will not injure me. If a wicked one, you cannot, till I, by guilt, shall give you power over me."—"Listen to me," said the spirit. "I am a sylph, the friend of man, and the enemy of his enemies. Long have I been seeking to deliver *Oron*, the knight of a neighboring castle, from the authority of the demons, but in vain; they have seduced and enchanted him, and he is held a willing slave to five of the most powerful that the dark entrails of the sulphureous regions can emit. Their names are *Bibo*, *Libido*, *Ira*, *Superbo*, and *Superbo*; that is to say, *Drunkenness*, *Lust*, *Wrath*, *Prodigality*, and *Pride*. He hath suffered them to light up the dead hand within his walls, which hath stupefied and lulled to sleep the guardian spirits fate had appointed to protect him from their machinations; and till that is extinguished, never shall he be freed from their wicked dominion. The sylphs, and other ethereal essences, have in vain made war upon these demons and their adherents; a young virgin alone can vanquish them, and extinguish the enchanted flame of the dead or glorious hand; for a good and beauteous virgin is of more power than a host of spirits. I and my companions have long mourned over the misfortunes of *Oron*; for till these infernal and malicious fiends had fascinated him, the earth had few young men so promising. To thee then, fair and excellent creature, is this charitable and noble task assigned."—"I hope I have the will, if I have the ability to do good," replied *Phebe*; "nor am I afraid of encountering such danger as a weak creature, like me, may support; but I am dependant on the will of another. I must not

leave my mother's house, without her knowledge; for that would be wickedness, and not virtue."

She had scarcely pronounced the last word, when she heard her mother and sister at the door; and, instead of a sylph, saw the same old woman again at her side, whom her charity had so lately relieved. She knew not what to think; she was ready to imagine she had been in a dream; she ran, however, to open the door for her mother. "Hey-day! indeed," said the sister, "what old beldame have you got here to keep you company? I suppose, you have been having your fortune told; but I am afraid, it is not very good."—"Better than thine will ever be, *Calot*," answered the old woman, and glided out of the house. They needed not half this to set them upon the patient suffering *Phebe*; they both fell upon her, and, as they thought, beat her most unmercifully; but, to the astonishment of *Phebe*, their blows gave her no pain. They were not satisfied with this; her sister insisted upon it, that she should be instantly turned out of doors; and the cruel and foolish mother complied with it.

*Phebe* could not forbear weeping at finding herself, thus friendless and unknown, driven from her mother's house. She was even exceedingly affected at the thought of parting from persons who had treated her so basely. She comforted herself, however, as well as she could. "I am very able and willing to work," thought she, "and surely some charitable good person will give me a little food for my labor."

She wandered along the first path she took, without knowing whither it led, till evening began to come on, and she was faint with hunger; when, being come to an eminence, she sat herself down, and turned round to take a last look at the inhospitable, yet respected mansion, from which she was expelled. As she looked down the lawn, she saw, with surprise, her favorite cat, to which she had been always very kind, come trotting after her. Though *Phebe* seemed almost callous to oppression and misfortune, there was not a soul on earth more susceptible of gratitude and tenderness; she burst into tears when she beheld the faithful animal come purring by her side, and looking up, as if in pity of her fate. The cat seemed to be guided by a superior instinct; there were three paths led from where her mistress sat; she took one of them, and looked back, as if inviting *Phebe* to follow; which action she repeated several times. *Phebe*, to whom no path had a peculiar preference, inclined to that from the action of the animal. The cat had not gone far, before she turned a little from the way to a bush, and stopped; then run back to meet her mistress, and went to the same spot. This incited *Phebe*'s curiosity, and she followed to the bush. Here she found a clean white napkin, and in it part of a very fine capon, with some good wheaten bread. Her feelings may be easily imagined; she sat herself upon the bank, and divided her treasure with her friend.

She presently rose from her repast, and her cat still ran before, as if to conduct her. They came presently to a place where



the stile had been hedged up, to prevent passengers from coming that road; the cat turned down that side of the hedge, and found a clear gap. When they came into the next field, a fierce bull ran bellowing, as soon as he saw *Phebe*, to attack her; but the cat placed herself between them, and seemed to spit fire in his eyes; at which he was so terrified and pained, that he ran roaring away.

Darkness now grew on apace, and there was neither town, hamlet, nor house in view; yet poor *Phebe* kept implicitly following her wary guide; she travelled on for some time, till she saw a light twinkle at a distance, through the dusk of night, and she was pleased to find the path she was in seemed to point the same way. She continued her route, and presently came to a high-road that led toward the light, which now became more distinct, though yet far off. She quitted the fields; and a wild and barren moor, without hedge or tree, lay before her. On each hand were deep pits, bogs, and precipices, into which the smallest deviation would for ever plunge her; but her faithful cat kept just before; and *Phebe*, trusting in the protection which a righteous providence ever affords the innocent, steadily pursued her way. Clouds overspread the horizon, the stars were hid, the vault of heaven was obscured, thick night and darkness covered the earth; the glimmering light, which till then had been constant in her view, disappeared, and meteors and Will o' the Wisp danced and glided around. A solitary far-off shout she sometimes heard, and sometimes piercing cries, as of people fallen into the pits, or terrified with the dangers of the night and place. To add to the terrors that surrounded her, the generous animal that went before her, scarcely at more than a yard's distance, and which every moment kept turning its luminous eyes, as if to light and guide its mistress, suddenly tumbled down a precipice, and, by its cries, gave *Phebe*, whose feet were upon the very brink, warning of her danger, and its own apparent destruction.

*Phebe* was now at a total stand; she durst not move a step backward or forward, but remained fixed; and from her fair eyes let fall two pearly tears, one for the severity of her own destiny, and the other as a tribute of gratitude and regret to the faithful creature that had suffered for her preservation. While she stood motionless, and looking (if she could be said to look on darkness) down the abyss into which her guide had fallen, she beheld an apparition rise slowly from the bottom, holding a lighted torch in its right hand, for it had but one; and when at the surface of the pit, rested upon nothing, or upon thin air, holding the torch between itself and *Phebe*, and looking steadfastly for the space of a minute in her face. Its visage was of a death-like pale, and piteous; it held up the remains of its left arm, as if to implore redress; and brandishing its torch, to make it shed a brighter light, it glided by, and stood at some little distance. *Phebe* beheld the spectre with terror, yet with that resolution which virtue alone can give. She saw she had

deviated a little from the high road; and, boldly taking advantage of the occasion, regained her path, and followed the apparition, which stalked before her.

Her dreadful guide conducted her safely over the moor, till they came to an antique castle surrounded by a moat. The draw bridge was up, and the spectre made a sudden stop, as a signal for *Phebe* to proceed no farther yet; it then skimmed across the canal, and strait the massy hinges of the portcullis began to creak, and the bridge descended with a weighty and loud crash, that echoed through the stillness of the night, and made the old vaulted castle reverberate with horror. *Phebe* hesitated to proceed. "Yet wherefore," then said she to herself, "should I fear? I am told, that I am to be the deliverer of a noble knight from the power of demons; they cannot injure me; or, say they could, say they even could deprive me of life, what have I in this world to regret, except a mother and a sister? And they have unkindly driven me from them; they think me unworthy to be known for their relation. Well then, be it life or death, I will go on."

The apparition and the torch were again before her; she followed toward the castle, and they entered the iron wicket, which flew open at their approach. The courts and avenues were vast, and the spectre led her a mazy, tedious, and dismal route, through dark porticos and winding passages, till they came to a flight of stone stairs, so narrow, that only one person could pass. The spectre stopped, turned toward *Phebe*, and with its dead eyes gave a look that seemed to say, "be firm;" then pointed to the stairs, and vanished.

*Phebe* was now in total darkness, and courage and virtue began to shudder at the remembrance of her situation. However, she summoned up her strength, and with heroic fortitude ascended the narrow stair case. She went up so many steps, and kept so continually winding, that at last, with giddiness and want of breath, she was obliged to rest. She had scarcely stopped a moment, before she heard the clanking of chains, and the footsteps of one descending, who sent forth at intervals the most painful and dismal groans. Her hair now stood an end, her blood ran cold, and her heart sank within her; it was impossible for any one to pass, and the least opposing body would precipitate her to the bottom. The groans and the clanking increased; they seemed not three steps distant; and her faculties were frozen with horror, when the place was instantaneously illumined, and she beheld the beauteous sylph sustaining a most dreadful combat with a monstrous demon, by which it seemed to be almost overpowered. A voice at the same time cried aloud, "go forward. You only are in danger when you do not proceed." She again called up her resolution, began to ascend, and again was left in silence and total darkness.

She came at length to a little door, which opened with a gentle push; through this she went, and found herself upon the great stair-case, opposite to a suite of magnificent apartments,

illuminated with large wax tapers; these she boldly entered, passed through several, and found each succeeding one superior to the last, till she arrived in the grand saloon. Here, in the centre, she beheld, upon a superb couch, *Oron*, the enchanted knight, lying entranced; over him hung suspended in the air the glorious hand; that is to say, a dead man's hand prepared by necromancy, dipped in magical oil, and each finger lighted up. But what amazed her most, was to see another being that was in the exact likeness of the enchanted knight, except that its features bore the marks of vice, which *Oron's* did not. This false knight was seated in a chair of state; around him were placed his favorite demons, *Bibo*, *Libido*, *Ira*, *Nepe*, and *Superbo*; and facing him sat *Moro*, or *Death*, fantastically dressed up in the cast robes of the demons, each of which had a habit expressive of his proper character. All the servants, friends, and relations of *Oron*, as well as himself, were cast in a profound trance by the benumbing power of the glorious hand, except that, at a certain hour, when all the rest of the world slept, they were awakened by the demons, who delighted to torment them, and especially the enchanted knight, at whom *Death* grinned and shook his dart; and whom the demons threatened with future punishments, while they tantalised him for his imbecillity in that he had not sufficient strength to resist the fascination of the glorious hand. The forms likewise of all the inhabitants of the castle were assumed by inferior fiends, according to the vice to which each was addicted; for had not all of them in some degree fallen from virtue, no enchantment could thus have held them in subjection.

At *Phebe's* approach, the riots of the demons instantly in part subsided, and terror seized them as she farther advanced, Yet they failed not to offer the temptations by the power of which they had seduced and enchanted the rest. *Bibo* presented his cup; *Libido* invited her to unchaste pleasures; *Ira* would have put a two-edged sword in her hand; *Nepe* offered to pour gold and diamonds in her lap; and *Superbo* took off the gilt coronet he wore, and desired to place it upon her head; but she, superior to such delusions, moved steadily toward the couch where the knight lay. The glorious hand burnt dim as she drew near; the color revived in the cheeks of *Oron*, while the phantom that resembled him grew ghastly; her virgin breath purified the air. The hand gradually descended; its faint light burnt blue, and scarce cast a gleam; and when, opposite to her choral lips, *Phebe* breathed upon it, the flame became totally extinct, and the knight rose from his enchanted couch.

*Phebe's* virtues now met their proper reward. She became the lady of the castle, and the adored wife of *Oron*. Her mother and sister would have humbled themselves at her feet; but she taught them to be virtuous, and took them to her bosom—thus convincing the world, that a perseverance in goodness must at last conduct to happiness.

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## THE PRINCESS HEBE.

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ABOVE two thousand years ago, there reigned over the kingdom of *Tonga* a king, whose name was *Abdallah*. He was married to a young princess, the daughter of a king of a neighboring country, whose name was *Roufignon*. Her beauty and prudence engaged him so far in affection to her, that every hour he could possibly spare from attending the affairs of his kingdom he spent in her apartment. They had a little daughter, to whom they gave the name of *Hebe*, who was the darling and mutual care of both.

The king was quiet in his dominions, beloved by his subjects, happy in his family, and all his days rolled on in calm content and joy. The king's brother *Abdulham* was also married to a young princess, named *Tropo*, who in seven years had brought him no children. And she conceived so mortal a hatred against the queen (for she envied her the happiness of the little princess *Hebe*), that she resolved to do her some mischief. It was impossible for her, during the king's life-time, to vent her malice without being discovered; therefore, she pretended the greatest respect and friendship for the unsuspecting queen.

While things were in this situation, the king fell into a violent fever, of which he died. During the time that the queen was in the height of her affliction for him, and could think of nothing but her loss, the princess *Tropo* took the opportunity of putting in execution her malicious intentions. She inflamed her husband's passions, by setting forth the meanness of his spirit, in letting a crown be ravished from his head by a female infant, till ambition seized his mind, and he resolved to wield the *Tongian* sceptre himself. It was very easy to bring this about; for, by his brother's appointment, he was protector of the realm, and guardian to the young princess his niece; and the queen, taking him and the princess his wife for her best friends, suspected nothing of their designs, but in a manner gave herself up to their power.

The protector *Abdulham*, having the whole treasure of the kingdom at his command, was in possession of the means to make all his schemes successful; and the princess *Tropo*, by lavishly rewarding the instruments of her treachery, contrived to make it generally believed that the queen had poisoned her husband; who was so much beloved by his subjects, that the very horror of the action, without any proof of her guilt, raised against the poor unhappy queen a universal clamor, and a general aversion throughout the whole kingdom. The princess had so well laid her scheme, that the guards were to seize the queen, and convey her to a place of confinement, till she could prove her innocence; which that she might never be able to do, proper

care was taken, by procuring sufficient evidence to accuse her on oath; and the princess *Hebe*, her daughter, was to be taken from her, and educated under the care of her uncle. But the night before this cruel design was to be put in execution, a faithful attendant of the queen's, named *Loretta*, by the assistance of one of the princess *Tropo's* confidants (who had professed himself her lover), discovered the whole secret; of which she immediately informed her royal mistress.

The horrors which filled the queen's mind at the relation of the princess *Tropo's* malicious intentions were inexpressible, and her perturbation so great, that she could not form any scheme that appeared probable to execute for her own preservation. *Loretta* told her, that the person who had given her this timely notice, had also provided a peasant who knew the country, and would meet her at the western gate of the city; and carrying the princess *Hebe* in his arms, would conduct her to some place of safety; but she must consent to put on a disguise, and escape that very night from the palace, or she would be lost for ever. Horses or mules, she said, it would be impossible to come at without suspicion; therefore she must endeavor (though unused to such fatigue) to travel a-foot till she got herself concealed in some cottage from her pursuers, if her enemies should think of endeavoring to find her out. *Loretta* offered to attend her mistress, but she absolutely forbade her going any farther than to the western gate; where delivering the little princess *Hebe* into the arms of the peasant, who was there waiting for them, she reluctantly withdrew.

The good queen, who saw no remedy to this her terrible disgrace, could have borne this barbarous usage without much repining, had she herself been the only sufferer by it; for the loss of the good king her husband so far exceeded all her other misfortunes, that every thing else was trifling in comparison of so dreadful an affliction. But the young princess *Hebe*, whom she was accustomed to look on as her greatest blessing, now became to her an object of pity and concern; for, from being heiress to a throne, the poor infant, not yet five years old, was, with her wretched mother, become a vagabond, and knew not whither to fly for protection.

*Loretta* had prevailed on her royal mistress to take with her a few little necessaries, beside a small picture of the king, and some of her jewels, which the queen contrived to hide under her night-clothes, in the midst of that hair they were used to adorn, when her loved husband delighted to see it displayed in flowing ringlets down her snowy neck. This lady, during the life of her fond husband, was by his tender care kept from every inclemency of the air, and preserved from every inconvenience that it was possible for human nature to suffer. What must be her condition now, when, through bye-paths and thorny ways, she was obliged to fly with all possible speed, to escape the fury of her cruel pursuers; for she too well knew the merciless temper of her enemies, to hope that they would not pursue her

with the utmost diligence, especially as she was accompanied by the young princess; whose life was the principal cause of their disquiet, and whose destruction they chiefly aimed at.

The honest peasant who carried the princess in his arms, followed the queen's painful steps; and seeing the day begin to break, he most earnestly begged her, if possible, to hasten on to a wood which was not far off; where it was likely she might find a place of safety. But the afflicted queen, at the sight of the opening morn (which once used to fill her mind with rising joy), burst into a flood of tears; and, quite overcome with grief and fatigue, cast herself on the ground, crying out, in the most affecting manner, "the end of my misfortunes is at hand. My weary limbs will no longer support me. My spirits fail me. In the grave only must I seek for shelter." The poor princess, seeing her mother in tears, cast her little arms about her neck, and wept also, though she knew not why.

While she was in this deplorable condition, turning round her head, she saw behind her a little girl, no older in appearance than the princess *Hebe*; who, with an amiable and tranquil countenance, begged her to rise and follow her, and she would lead her where she might refresh and repose herself. The queen was surpris'd at the manner of speaking of this little child, as she took her to be, but soon thought it was some kind fairy sent to protect her; and was very ready to submit herself to her guidance and protection.

This little fairy (for such indeed was the little child who had thus accosted her) then ordered the peasant to return back, and said that she would take care of the queen and her young daughter; and he, knowing her to be the good fairy *Sybella*, very readily obeyed. *Sybella* then striking the ground three times with a little wand, there suddenly rose up before them a neat plain car, and a pair of milk-white horses; and placing the queen, with the princess *Hebe* in her lap, by her side, she drove with excessive swiftness full westward for eight hours; when (just as the sun began to have power enough to make the queen almost faint with the heat, and her former fatigue) they arriv'd at the side of a shady wood; upon entering of which, the fairy made her horses slacken their speed; and having travelled about a mile and a half, through rows of elms and beech-trees, they came to a thick grove of firs, in which there seem'd to be no entrance; for there was not any opening to a path; and the underwood, consisting chiefly of rose-bushes, white-thorn, eglantine, and other flowering shrubs, was so thick, that it appear'd impossible to attempt forcing through them. But alighting out of the car, which immediately disappeared, the fairy, bidding the queen follow her, pushed her way through a large bush of jessamine, whose tender branches gave way for their passage, and then clos'd again, so as to leave no traces of an entrance into this charming grove.

Having got a little way through an extreme narrow path, they came into an opening, quite surrounded by these firs and sweet

underwood, not very large, but in which was contained every thing that is necessary toward making life comfortable. At the end of a green meadow was a plain neat house, built more for convenience than beauty, fronting the rising sun; and behind it was a small garden, stored only with fruits and useful herbs. *Sybella* conducted her guests into this her simple lodging; and as repose was the chief thing necessary for the poor fatigued queen, she prevailed with her to lay down on a couch. Some hours found sleep, which her weariness induced, gave her a fresh supply of spirits. The ease, and safety from her pursuers, in which she then found herself, made her for a short time tolerably composed; and she begged the favor of knowing to whom she was obliged for so great a deliverance. But the fairy, seeing her mind too unsettled to give any due attention to what she should say, told her that she would defer the relation of her own life (which was worth her observation) till she had obtained a respite from her own sorrows; and in the mean time, by all manner of endearing ways, she endeavored to divert and amuse her. The queen, after a short interval of calmness of mind, occasioned only by her so sudden escape from the terrors of pursuit, returned to her former dejection, and for some time incessantly wept at the dismal thought that the princess seemed now, by this reverse of fate, to be for ever excluded all hopes of being seated on her father's throne; and, by a strange perverse way of adding to her own grief, she afflicted herself the more, because the little princess was ignorant of her misfortune; and whenever she saw her diverting herself with some childish plays, instead of being pleased with such her innocent amusement, it added to her sorrow, and made her tears gush forth in a larger stream than usual. She could not divert her thoughts from the palace from which she had been driven, to fix them on any other object; nor would her grief suffer her to reflect, that it was possible for the princess to be happy without a crown. At length time, the great cure of all ills, in some measure abated her sorrows; her grief began to subside; and, spite of herself, the reflection that her misery was only in her own fancy, would sometimes force itself on her mind. She could not avoid seeing, that her little hostess enjoyed as perfect a state of happiness as is possible to obtain in this world; that she was free from anxious cares, undisturbed by restless passions, and mistress of all things that could be of any use to make life easy or agreeable. The oftener this reflection presented itself to her thoughts, the more strength it gained; and at last, she could even bear to think that her beloved child might be as happy in such a situation as was her amiable hostess. Her countenance now grew more cheerful. She could take the princess in her arms; and, thinking the jewels she had preserved would secure her from any fear of want, would look on her with delight; and even began to imagine, that her future life might be spent in calm content and pleasure.

As soon as the voice of reason had gained this power over the

queen, *Sybella* told her, that, now her bosom was so free from passion, she would relate the history of her life. The queen, overjoyed that her curiosity might now be gratified, begged her not to delay giving her that pleasure one moment; on which our little fairy began in the following manner:—

“My father was a magician. He married a lady for love, whose beauty far outshone that of all her neighbors; and, by means of that beauty, had so great an influence over her husband, that she could command the utmost power of his art. But better had it been for her, had that beauty been wanting; for her power only served to make her wish for more; and the gratification of every desire begot a new one, which often it was impossible for her to gratify. My father, though he saw his error in thus indulging her, could not attain steadiness enough of mind to mend it, nor acquire resolution enough to suffer his beloved wife once to grieve, or shed a tear to no purpose, though in order to cure her of that folly which made her miserable. My grandfather so plainly saw the temper and disposition of his son toward women, that he did not leave him at liberty to dispose of his magic art to any but his posterity, that it might not be in the power of a wife to tease him out of it. But his caution was to very little purpose; for although my mother could not from herself exert any magic power, yet such was her unbounded influence over her husband, that she was sure of success in every attempt to persuade him to gratify her desires; for if every argument she could invent happened to fail, yet the shedding but one tear was a certain method to prevail with him to give up his reason, whatever might be the consequence. When my father had been married about a year, she was brought to bed of a daughter, to whom she gave the name of *Brunetta*. Her first request to my father was, that he would endow the infant with as much beauty as she herself was possessed of, and bestow on her as much of his art as should enable her to succeed in all her designs. My father foresaw the dreadful tendency of granting this request, but said he would give it with this restriction, that she should succeed in all her designs that were not wicked; ‘for,’ said he, ‘the success of wicked designs always turns out as a punishment to the person so succeeding.’ In this resolution he held for three days; till my mother, being weak in body after her lying-in, worked herself with her violent passions to such a degree, that the physicians told my father they despaired of her life, unless some method could be found to make her mind more calm and easy. His fondness for his wife would not suffer him to bear the idea of losing her; and the horror with which that apprehension had but for a moment possessed his mind, prevailed with him to bestow on the little *Brunetta* (though he foresaw it would make her miserable) the fatal gift in its full extent. But one restriction it was out of his power to take off; namely, that all wicked designs ever could and should be rendered ineffectual by the virtue and perseverance of those against whom they were intended, if



they in a proper manner exerted that virtue. I was born in two years after *Brunetta*, and was called *Sybella*. But my mother was so taken up with her darling *Brunetta*, that she gave herself not the least concern about me; and I was left wholly to the care of my father. In order to make the gift she had extorted from her fond husband as fatal as possible to her favorite child, she took care in her education, by endeavoring to cultivate in her the spirit of revenge and malice against those who had in the least degree offended her, to turn her mind to all manner of mischief; by which means she lived in a continual passion. My father, as soon as I could hearken to reason, told me of the gift he had conferred on my sister; said, he could not retract it; and therefore, if she had any mischievous designs against me, they must in some measure succeed; but he would endow me with a power superior to this gift of my sister's, and likewise superior to any thing else that he was able to bestow; which was, strength and constancy of mind to bear patiently any injuries I might receive; and this was a strength, he said, which would not decay, but rather increase, by every new exercise of it. And, to secure me in the possession of this gift, he likewise gave me a perfect knowledge of the true value of every thing around me; by which means I might learn, whatever outward accidents befel me, not to lose the greatest blessing in this world; namely, a calm and contented mind. He taught me so well my duty, that I cheerfully obeyed my mother in all things, though she seldom gave me a kind word, or even a kind look; for my spiteful sister was always telling her some lies to make her angry with me. But my heart overflowed with gratitude to my father, that he should give me leave to love him, while he instructed me that it was my duty to pay him the most strict obedience. *Brunetta* was daily encouraged by her mother to use me ill, and chiefly because my father loved me; and although she succeeded in all her designs of revenge on me, yet was she very uneasy, because she could not take away the cheerfulness of my mind; for I bore with patience whatever happened to me. And she would often say, 'must I, with all my beauty, power, and wisdom (for so she called her low cunning), be suffering perpetual uneasiness? And shall you, who have neither beauty, power, nor wisdom, pretend to be happy and cheerful?' Then would she cry and stamp, and rave like a mad creature, and set her invention at work to make her mother beat me, or lock me up, or take some of my best clothes to give to her; yet could not her power extend to vex my mind. And this used to throw her again into such passions, as weakened her health, and greatly impaired her so much boasted beauty. In this manner we lived; till on a certain day, after *Brunetta* had been in one of her rages with me for nothing, my father came in, and chid her for it; which when my mother heard, she threw herself into such a violent passion, that her husband could not pacify her; and, being big with child, the convulsions, caused by her passions, brought her to the grave.

Thus my father lost her, by the same uncontrollable excesses, to preserve from the fatal effects of which, he had before ruined his daughter. He did not very long survive her; but before he died, he gave me a little wand, which, by striking three times on the ground, he said, would at each time produce me any necessary or convenience of life, either for myself, or the assistance of others. And this he gave me, because he was very sensible, he said, that as soon as he was dead, my sister would never rest till she had got from me both his castle, and every thing that I had belonging to me in it. 'But,' continued he, 'when-ever you are driven from thence, bend your course directly into the pleasant wood *Ardella*; there strike with your wand, and every thing you want will be provided for you. But keep this wand a profound secret, or *Brunetta* will get it from you; and then (though you can never, while you preserve your patience, be unhappy) you will not have it in your power to be of so much use as you would wish to be, to those who shall stand in need of your assistance.' Saying these words, he expired, as I kneeled by his bed-side, attending his last commands, and bewailing the loss of so good a father. In the midst of this our distress, we sent to my uncle *Sochus*, my father's brother, to come to us, and assist us in an equal division of our deceased father's effects. But my sister soon contrived to make him believe that I was the wickedest girl alive, and had always set my father against her by my art, which she said I pretended to call wisdom; and, by several handsome presents, she soon persuaded him (for he did not care a farthing for either of us) to join with her in saying, that as she was the eldest sister, she had a full right to the castle, and every thing in it; but she told me I was very welcome to stay there, and live with her, if I pleased; and while I behaved myself well, she should be very glad of my company. As it was natural for me to love every one that would give me leave to love them, I was quite overjoyed at this kind offer of my sister's, and never once thought on the treachery she had been so lately guilty of. And I have since reflected, that happy was it for me, her passion was so much uppermost with her, that she could not execute any plot which required a dissimulation of any long continuance; for had her good humor lasted but one four-and-twenty hours, 'tis very probable that I should have opened my whole heart to her; should have endeavored to begin a friendship with her, and perhaps have betrayed the secret of my wand. But just as it was sun-set, she came into the room where I was, in the most violent passion in the world, accusing me to my uncle of great ingratitude to her generosity in suffering me to live in her castle. She said, that she had found me out, and that my crimes were of the blackest dye, although she would not tell me either what they were, or who were my accusers. She would not give me leave to speak, either to ask what my offence was, or to justify my innocence. And I plainly perceived, that her pretended kindness was only designed to make my disappointment the greater; and that she

was now determined to find me guilty, whether I pleaded, or not. And after she had raved on for some time, she said to me with a sneer, 'since you have always boasted of your calm and contented mind, you may now try to be contented this night with the softness of the grass for your bed; for here, in my castle, you shall not stay one moment longer.' So saying, she and my uncle led me to the outer court; and, thrusting me with all their force from them, they shut up the gates, bolting and barring them as close as if to keep out a giant, and left me at that time of night friendless, and, as they thought, destitute of any kind of support. I then remembered my dear father's last words, and made what haste I could to this wood, which is not above a mile distant from the castle; and being, as I thought, about the middle of it, I struck three times with my wand, and immediately up rose this grove of trees, which you see; this house, and all the other conveniences, which I now enjoy; and getting that very night into this my plain and easy bed, I enjoyed as sweet a repose as ever I did in my life, only delayed, indeed, a short time, by a few sighs for the loss of so good a parent, and the unhappy state of a self-tormented sister, whose slumbers, I fear, on a bed of down were more restless and interrupted that night than mine would have been, even had not my father's present of the wand prevented me from the necessity of using the bed of grass, which she, in her wrath, allotted me. In this grove, which I call *Placid Grove*, is contained all that I want; and 'tis so well secured from any invaders, by the thick briars and thorns which surround it, having no entrance but through that tender jessamine, that I live in no apprehensions of any disturbance, though so near my sister's castle. Once, indeed, she came with a large train, and, while I was asleep, set fire to the trees all around me; when waking, I found myself suffocated with smoke, the flames having reached one part of my house. I started from my bed; and striking on the ground three times with my wand, there came such a quantity of water from the heavens as soon extinguished the fire; and the next morning, by again having recourse to my wand, all things grew up into their convenient and proper order. When my sister found that I had such a supernatural power at my command, though she knew not what it was, she desisted from ever attempting any more by force to disturb me; and now only uses all sorts of arts and contrivances to deceive me, or any persons whom I would wish to succor. One of my father's daily lessons to me was, that I should never omit any one day of my life endeavoring to be as serviceable as I possibly could to any person in distress. I daily wander, as far as my feet will carry me, in search of any such; and hither I invite them to peace and calm contentment. But my father added also this command, that I should never endeavor doing any farther good to those whom adversity had not taught to hearken to the voice of reason, enough to enable them so to conquer their passions, as not to think themselves miserable in a safe retreat from noise and con-

fusion. This was the reason I could not gratify you in relating the history of my life, while you gave way to raging passions, which only serve to blind your eyes, and shut your ears from truth. But now, great queen (for I know your state, from what you vented in your grief), I am ready to endow this little princess with any gift in my power, that I know will tend really to do her good. And I hope, your experience of the world has made you too reasonable to require any other."

The queen considered a little while, and then desired *Sybella* to endow the princess with that only wisdom which would enable her to see and follow what was her own true good, to know the value of every thing around her, and to be sensible, that following the paths of goodness, and performing her duty, was the only road to content and happiness.

*Sybella* was overjoyed at the queen's request, and immediately granted it; only telling the princess *Hebe*, that it was absolutely necessary toward the attainment of this great blessing, that she should entirely obey the queen her mother, without ever pretending to examine her commands; "for true obedience," said she, "consists in submission; and when we pretend to choose what commands are proper and fit for us, we do not obey, but set up our own wisdom, in opposition to our governors. This, my dear *Hebe*, you must be very careful of avoiding, if you would be happy." She then cautioned her against giving way to the persuasions of any of the young shepherdesses thereabout, who would endeavor to allure her to disobedience, by striving to raise in her mind a desire of thinking herself wise, while they were tearing from her what was indeed true wisdom. "For," said *Sybella*, "my sister *Brunetta*, who lives in the castle she drove me from, about a mile from this wood, endows young shepherdesses with great beauty, and every thing that is in appearance amiable, and likely to persuade, in order to allure away, and make wretched, those persons I would preserve. And all the wisdom with which I have endowed the princess *Hebe*, will not prevent her falling into my sister's snares, if she gives the least way to temptation; for my father's gift to *Brunetta*, in her infancy, enables her, as I told you, to succeed in all her designs, except they are resisted by the virtue of the person she is practising against. Many poor wretches has my sister already decoyed away from me, whom she now keeps in her castle; where they live in splendor, and seeming joy; but in real misery, from perpetual jars and tumults, raised by envy, malice, and all the train of tumultuous and tormenting passions."

The princess *Hebe* said, she doubted not but she should be able to withstand any of *Brunetta's* temptations. Her mother, interrupting her, cried out, "Oh, my dear child! though you are endowed with wisdom enough to direct you in the way to virtue; yet, if you grow conceited and proud of that wisdom, and fancy yourself above temptation, it will lead you into the worst of all evils." Here the fairy interposed, and told the princess, that if she would always carefully observe and obey

her mother, who had learned wisdom in that best school, adversity, she would then indeed be able to withstand and overcome every temptation; and would likewise be happy herself, and able to dispense happiness to all around her. Nothing was omitted by the fairy to make this retirement agreeable to her royal guests. They had now passed seven years in this delightful grove, in perfect peace and tranquillity; when one evening, as they were walking in the pleasant wood which surrounded their habitation, they observed, under the shade, and leaning against the bank of a large oak, a poor old man, whose limbs were withered and decayed, and whose eyes were hollow, and sunk with age and misery. They stopped as soon as they saw him, and heard him in the anguish of his heart, with a loud groan, utter these words:—"When will my sorrow end? Where shall I find the good fairy *Sybella*?" The fairy immediately begged to know his business with her; and said, if his sorrows would end on finding *Sybella*, he might set his heart at ease; for she now stood before him, and ready to serve him, if his distresses were such as would admit of relief, and he could prove himself worthy of her friendship. The old man appeared greatly overjoyed at having found the fairy, and immediately began the following story:—

"I live from hence a thousand leagues. All this tiresome way have I come in search of you. My whole life has been spent in amassing wealth, to enrich one only son, whom I doated on to distraction. It is now five years since I have given him up all the riches I had labored to get, only to make him happy. But, alas! how am I disappointed! His wealth enables him to command whatever this world produces; and yet the poorest creature that begs his bread, cannot be more miserable. He spends his days in riot and luxury; has more slaves and attendants than wait in the palace of a prince; and still he sighs from morning till night, because he says there is nothing in this world worth living for. All his dainties only sate his palate, and grow irksome to his sight. He daily changes his opinion of what is pleasure; and on the trial finds none that he can call such; and then falls to sighing again, for the emptiness of all that he has enjoyed. So that, instead of being my delight, and the comfort of my old age, sleepless nights, and anxious days, are all the rewards of my past labors for him. But I have had many visions and dreams to admonish me, that if I would venture with my old frame to travel hither a-foot, in search of the fairy *Sybella*, she had a glass, which if she showed him, he would be cured of this dreadful melancholy; and I have borne the labor and fatigue of coming this long tiresome way, that I may not breathe my last with the agonizing reflection, that all the labors of my life have been thrown away. But what shall I say, to engage you to go with me? Can riches tempt, or praise allure you?"—"No," answered the fairy, "neither of them has the power to move me. But I compassionate your age; and if I thought I could succeed, would not refuse you. The glass

which I shall bid him look in, will show him his inward self; but if he will not open both his eyes and heart enough to truth, to let him understand, that the pleasures he pursues neither are, nor ever can be, satisfactory, I can be of no sort of use to him. And know, old man, that the punishment you now feel is the natural result of your not having taught him this from his infancy; for, instead of heaping up wealth, to allure him to seek for happiness from such deceitful means, you should have taught him, that the only path to it was to be virtuous and good."

The old man said, he heartily repented of his conduct; and on his knees so fervently implored *Sybella's* assistance, that at last she consented to go with him. Then striking on the ground three times with her wand, the car and horses rose up; and placing the old man by her, after taking leave of the queen, and begging the princess *Hebe* to be careful to guard against all temptations to disobedience, she set out on her journey.

The queen and the princess remained, by the fairy's desire, in her habitation, during her absence. They spent their time in serenity and content; the princess daily improving herself in wisdom and goodness, by hearkening to her mother's instructions, and obeying all her commands; and the queen, in studying what would be of most use to her child. She had now forgot her throne and palace, and desired no more than her present peaceful retreat. One morning, as they were sitting in a little arbor at the corner of a pleasant meadow, on a sudden they heard a voice, much sweeter than they had ever heard before, warble through a song. The queen was all attention; and at the end of the song she gazed around her, in hopes of seeing the person, whose enchanting voice she had been so eagerly listening to; when she espied a young shepherdes, not much older than *Hebe*, hut possessed of such uncommon and dazzling beauty, that it was some time before she could disengage her eyes from so agreeable an object. As soon as the young shepherdes found herself observed, she seemed modestly to offer to withdraw; but the queen begged her not to go till she had informed them who she was, that, with such a commanding aspect, had so much engaged them in her favor. The shepherdes coming forward, with a bashful blush, and profound obeysance, answered that her name was *Rozella*, and she was the daughter of a neighboring shepherd and shepherdes, who lived about a quarter of a mile from thence; and, to confess the truth, she had wandered thither, in hopes of seeing the young stranger, whose fame for beauty and wisdom had filled all that country round.

The princess *Hebe*, well-knowing of whom she spoke, conceived from that moment such an inclination for her acquaintance, that she begged her to stay and spend the whole day with them in *Placid Grove*. Here the queen frowned upon her; for she had, by the fairy's desire, charged her never to bring any one, without her permission, into that peaceful grove. The young *Rozella* answered, that nothing could be more agreeable to her inclinations; but she must be at home by noon, for so in

the morning had her father commanded her, and never yet in her life had she either disputed or disobeyed her parents commands. Here the young princess looked on her mother with eyes expressive of her joy, at finding a companion, which she, and even the fairy herself, could not disapprove.

When *Rozella* took her leave, she begged the favor, that the little *Hebe* (for so she called her, not knowing her to be a princess) might come to her father's small cottage, and there partake such homely fare as it afforded—a welcome, she said, she could insure her; and though poor, yet from the honesty of her parents, who would be proud to entertain so rare a beauty, she was certain no sort of harm could happen to the pretty *Hebe*, from such a friendly visit; and she would be in the same place again to-morrow, to meet her, in hopes, as she said, to conduct her to her humble habitation.

When *Rozella* was gone, the queen, though highly possessed in her favor, both by her beauty and modest behavior, yet pondered some time on the thought, whether or no she was a fit companion for her daughter. She remembered what *Sybella* had told her, concerning *Brunetta's* adorning young shepherdesses with beauty, and other excellences, only to enable them the better to allure and intice others into wickedness. *Rozella's* beginning her acquaintance too with the princess, by flattery, had no good aspect; and the sudden effect it had upon her, so as to make her forget, or wilfully disobey, her commands, by inviting *Rozella* to *Placid Grove*, were circumstances which greatly alarmed her. But, by the repeated entreaties of the princess, she gave her consent that she should meet *Rozella* the next day, and walk with her in that meadow, and in the wood, but upon no account should she go home with *Rozella*, or bring *Rozella* back with her. The queen then, in gentle terms, chid the princess for her invitation to the young shepherdess, which was contrary to an absolute command; and said, “you must, my dear *Hebe*, be very careful to guard yourself extremely well against those temptations which wear the face of virtue. I know, that your sudden affection to this apparent good girl, and your desire of her company, to partake with you the innocent pleasures of this happy place, arise from a good disposition. But where the indulgence of the most laudable passion, even benevolence and compassion itself, interferes with, or runs contrary to your duty, you must endeavor to suppress it; or it will fare with you, as it did with that hen, who, thinking that she heard the voice of a little duckling in distress, flew from her young ones, to go and give it assistance; and, following the cry, came at last to a hedge, out of which jumped a subtle and wicked fox, who had made that noise to deceive her, and devoured her in an instant. A kite at the same time, taking advantage of her absence, carried away, one by one, all her little innocent brood, robbed of that parent who should have been their protector.”

The princess promised her mother, that she would punctually

obey all her commands, and be very watchful and observant of every thing *Rozella* said and did, till she had approved herself worthy of her confidence and friendship. The queen the next morning renewed her injunctions to her daughter, that she should by no means go farther out of the wood than into the meadow, where she was to meet *Rozella*; and that she should give her a faithful account of all that might pass between them.

They met, according to appointment, and the young princess brought home so good an account of their conversation, which the queen imagined would help to improve, rather than seduce her, that she indulged her in the same pleasure as often as she asked it. They passed some hours every day in walking round that delightful wood, in which were many small green meadows, with little rivulets running through them; on the banks of which, covered with primroses and violets, *Rozella*, by the side of her sweet companion, used to sing the most enchanting songs in the world; the words were chiefly in praise of innocence and a country life.

The princess came home every day more and more charmed with her young shepherdes; and recounted, as near as she could remember, every word that had passed between them. The queen very highly approved of their manner of amusing themselves; but again enjoined her to omit nothing that passed in conversation, especially if it had the least tendency toward alluring her from her duty.

One day, as the princess and her companion were walking alone, and talking, as usual, of their own happy state, and the princess was declaring how much her own happiness was owing to her thorough obedience to her mother, *Rozella*, with a tone of voice as if half in jest, said, "but don't you think, my little *Hebe*, that if I take a very great pleasure in any thing that will do me no hurt, though it is forbidden, I may disobey my parents in enjoying it, provided I don't tell them of it to vex them with the thought that I have disobeyed them? And then, my dear, what harm is done?"—"Great harm," answered the princess, looking grave, and half angry, "I am ashamed to hear you talk so, *Rozella*. Are you not guilty of treachery, as well as disobedience? Neither ought you to determine, that no harm is done, because you do not feel the immediate effects of your transgression; for the consequence may be out of our narrow unexperienced view. And I have been taught, whenever my mother lays any commands on me, to take it for granted she has some reasons for so doing; and I obey her, without examining what those reasons are; otherwise, it would not be obeying her, but setting up my own wisdom, and doing what she bade me, only when I thought proper."

They held a long argument on this head, in which *Rozella* made use of many a fallacy to prove her point; but the princess, as she had not yet departed from truth, nor failed in her duty, could not be imposed upon. *Rozella*, seeing every attempt to persuade her was in vain, turned all her past discourse into a



jest; said she had only a mind to try her, and was overjoyed to find her so steady in the cause of truth and virtue. The princess resumed her cheerfulness and good humor. *Rozella* sung her a song in praise of constancy of mind, and they passed the time they staid there together just as they used to do.

But just before they parted, *Rozella* begged she would not tell her mother of the first part of the conversation that had passed between them. The princess replied, that it would be breaking through one of her mother's commands; and therefore she dared not grant her request. "Then," said *Rozella*, "here I must for ever part with my dear little *Hebe*. Your mother, not knowing the manner in which I spoke, will have an ill opinion of me, and will never trust you again in my company. Thus will you be torn from me; and my loss will be irreparable." These words she accompanied with a flood of tears, and such little tenderesses, as quite melted the princess into tears also. But she still said, that she could not dare to conceal from her mother any thing that had happened, though she could not but own, she believed their separation would be the consequence. "Well then," cried *Rozella*, "I will endeavor to be contented, as our separation will give you less pain than what you call this mighty breach of your duty. And though I would willingly undergo almost any torments that could be invented, rather than be debarred one moment the company of my dearest *Hebe*; yet will I not expect that she should suffer the smallest degree of pain or uneasiness, to save me from losing what is the whole pleasure of my life."

The princess could not bear the thought of appearing ungrateful to such a warm friendship as *Rozella* expressed, and, without farther hesitation, promised to conceal what she had said, and to undergo any thing, rather than lose so amiable a friend. After this, they parted. But when the princess entered the grove, she did not, as usual, run with haste and joy into the presence of her indulgent mother, for her mind was disturbed. She felt a conscious shame on seeing her, and turned away her face, as wanting to shun the piercing look of that eye, which she imagined would see the secret lurking in her bosom. Her mother observed with concern her downcast look, and want of cheerfulness; and asking her what was the matter, she answered her walk had fatigued her, and she begged early to retire to rest. Her kind mother consented; but little rest had the poor princess that whole night; for the fear of having her mind touched with guilt, and the fear she was under of losing her dear companion, kept her thoughts in one continued tumult and confusion. The fairy's gift now became her curse; for the power of seeing what was right, as she had acted contrary to her knowledge, only tormented her.

She hastened the next morning to meet *Rozella*, and told her all that had passed in her own mind the preceding night; declaring, that she would not pass such another for the whole world; but yet would not dispense with her promise to her,

without her consent; and therefore came to ask her leave to acquaint her good mother with all that had passed; "for," said she, "my dear *Rozella*, we must, if we would be happy, do always what is right, and trust for the consequences." Here *Rozella* drew her features into the most contemptuous sneer imaginable, and said, "pray, what are all these mighty pains you have suffered? Are they not owing only to your want of sense enough to know, that you can do your mother no harm, by concealing from her this, or any thing else that will vex her? And, my dear girl, when you have once entered into this way of thinking, and have put this blind duty out of your head, you will spend no more such restless nights, which you must see was entirely owing to your own imaginations."

This startled the princess to such a degree, that she was breaking from her; but, putting on a more tender air, *Rozella* cried, "and can you then, my dear *Hebe*, determine to give me up for such a trifling consideration?" Then, raising her voice again in a haughty manner, she said, "I ought indeed to despise and laugh at you for your folly, or at best pity your ignorance, rather than offer a sincere friendship to one so underserving."

The princess, having once swerved from her duty, was now in the power of every passion that should attack her. Pride and indignation, at the thoughts of being despised, bore more sway with her than either her duty or affection to her fond mother; and she was now determined, she said, to think for herself, and make use of her own understanding, which she was convinced would always teach her what was right. Upon this *Rozella* took her by the hand, and, with tears of joy, said, "now, my dearest girl, you are really wise, and cannot therefore, according to your own rule, fail of being happy. But to show that you are in earnest in this resolution, you shall this morning go home with me to my father's cot. It is not far off, and you will be back by the time your mother expects you; and as that will be obeying the chief command, it is but concealing from her the thing that would vex her, and there will be no harm done." Here a ray of truth broke in upon our young princess; but as a false shame, and fear of being laughed at, had now got possession of her, she, with a soft sigh, consented.

*Rozella* led the way. But just as they were turning round the walk which leads out of the wood, a large serpent darted from one side out of a thicket, directly between them; and turning its hissing mouth toward the princess, as seeming to make after her, she fled hastily back, and ran with all speed toward the grove, and, panting for breath, flew into the arms of her ever kind protectress. Her mother was vastly terrified to see her tremble, and look so pale; and, as soon as she was a little recovered, asked her the occasion of her fright; and added, with tears running down her cheeks, "I am afraid, my dear *Hebe*, some sad distemper has befallen you; for indeed, my child, I saw but too plainly last night—"

Here the princess was so struck with true shame and confusion for her past behavior, that she fell down upon her knees, confessed the whole truth, and implored forgiveness for her fault.

The queen kindly raised her up, kissed, and forgave her. "I am overjoyed, my dear child," said she, "at this your sweet repentance, though the effect of mere accident, as it appears; but sent, without doubt, by some good fairy, to save you from destruction. And I hope you are thoroughly convinced, that the serpent which drove you home was not half so dangerous as the false *Rozella*."

The princess answered, that she was thoroughly sensible of the dangers she had avoided; and hoped, she should never again, by her own folly and wickedness, deserve to be exposed to the danger from which she had so lately escaped. Some days passed, without the princess offering to stir out of the grove; and in that time she gave a patient and willing ear to all her mother's instructions, and seemed thoroughly sensible of the great deliverance she had lately experienced. But yet there appeared in her countenance an uneasiness, which the queen, wishing to remove, asked her the cause. "It is, dear madam," answered the princess, "because I have not yet had it in my power to convince you of my repentance, which, though I know it to be sincere, you have had no proof of, but in words only; and, indeed, my heart longs for an occasion to show you, that I am now able to resist any allurement which would tempt me from my duty; and I cannot be easy till you have given me an opportunity of showing you the firmness of my resolution; and if you will give me leave to take a walk in the wood alone this evening, I shall return to you with pleasure, and will promise not to exceed any bounds that you shall prescribe."

The queen was not much pleased with this request; but the princess was so earnest with her to grant it, that she could not well refuse, without seeming to suspect her sincerity; which she did not, but only feared for her safety; and, giving her a strict charge not to stir out of the wood, or to speak to the false *Rozella*, she reluctantly gave her consent.

The princess walked through all the flowery labyrinths, in which she had so often strayed with *Rozella*; but she was so shocked with the thoughts of her wickedness, that she hardly gave a sigh for the loss of a companion once so dear to her. And, as a proof that her repentance was sincere, though she heard *Rozella* singing in an arbor (purposely perhaps to decoy her), she turned away without the least emotion, and went quite to the other side of the wood; where, looking into the meadow, in which she first beheld her false friend, she saw a girl, about her own age, leaning against a tree, and crying most bitterly. But the moment she came in sight, the young shepherdess (for such she appeared to be) cried out, "O help, dear young lady, help me; for I am tied to this tree, by the spiteful contrivance of a wicked young shepherdess, called *Rozella*. My hands too, you see, are tied behind me, so that I cannot myself

unloose the knot; and if I am not released, here must I lie all night; and my wretched parents will break their hearts for fear some accident should have befallen their only child, their poor unhappy *Florimel*."

The princess, hearing her speak of *Rozella* in this manner, had no suspicion of her being one of that false girl's deluding companions; but rather thought that she was a fellow-sufferer with herself; and therefore, without any consideration of the bounds prescribed, she hastened to relieve her, and even thought that she should have great pleasure in telling her mother that she had saved a poor young shepherdess from *Rozella's* malice, and restored her to her fond parents. But as soon as she had unloosed the girl from the tree, and unbound her hands, instead of receiving thanks for what she had done, the wicked *Florimel* burst into a laugh; and suddenly snatching from the princess's side her father's picture, which she always wore hanging in a ribband, she ran away with it, as fast as she could, over the meadow.

The princess was so astonished at this strange piece of ingratitude and treachery, and was so alarmed for fear of losing what she knew her mother so highly valued, that, hardly knowing what she was about, she pursued *Florimel* with all her speed; begging and entreating her not to bereave her so basely and ungratefully of that picture, which she would not part with for the world. But it was all to no purpose; for *Florimel* continued her flight, and the princess her pursuit, till they arrived at *Brunetta's* castle-gate; where the fairy herself appeared, dressed and adorned in the most becoming manner; and, with the most bewitching smile that can come from dazzling beauty, invited the princess to enter her castle (into which *Florimel* had run to hide herself), and promised her, on that condition, to make the little girl restore her picture.

It was now so late, that it was impossible for the princess to think of returning home that night; and the pleasing address of *Brunetta*, together with the hopes of having her picture restored, soon prevailed with her to accept of the fairy's invitation. The castle glittered with gaudy furniture; sweet music was heard in every room; the whole company, who were all of the most beautiful forms that could be conceived, strove who should be most obliging to this their new guest. They omitted nothing that could delight and amuse the senses. The princess *Hebe* was so entranced with joy and rapture, that she had no time for thought, or for the least serious reflection; and she now began to think, that she had attained the highest happiness upon earth. After they had kept her three days in this round of pleasure and delight, they began to pull off the mask; nothing was heard but quarrels, jars, and galling speeches. Instead of sweet music, the apartments were filled with screams and howling; for every one giving way to the most outrageous passions, they were always doing each other some malicious turn, and one universal horror and consternation reigned throughout the place.

The princess was hated by all, and was often asked, with insulting sneers, why she did not return to her peaceful grove, and condescending mother? But her mind, having been thus turned aside from what was right, could not bear the thoughts of returning; and though, by her daily tears, she showed her repentance, shame prevented her return. But, then, this was not the right sort of shame; for she should have humbly taken the punishment due to her crime; but it was rather a stubborn pride; which, as she knew herself to blame, would not give her leave to suffer the confusion of again confessing her fault; and till she could bring herself to such a state of mind, there was no remedy for her misery.

The queen, in the mean time, suffered for the loss of her child more than words can express, till the good fairy *Sybella* returned. The queen burst into tears at the sight of her; but the fairy immediately cried out, "you may spare yourself, my royal guest, the pain of relating what has happened. I know it all; for that old man, whom I took such pity on, was a phantom raised by *Brunetta*, to allure me hence, in order to have an opportunity, in my absence, of seducing the princess from her duty. She knew nothing but a probable story could impose upon me, and therefore raised that story of the misery of the old man's son, from motives which, too often indeed, cause the misery of mortals; as knowing, I should think it my duty to do what I could to relieve such a wretch. I will not tell you all my journey, nor what I have gone through. I know your mind is too much fixed on the princess at present, to attend to such a relation. I'll only tell you what concerns yourself. When the phantom found, that by no distress he could perturb my mind, he said, he was obliged to tell the truth, what was the intention of my being deluded from home, and what had happened since; and then vanished away." Here the fairy related to the queen every thing that had happened to the princess, as has been already mentioned; and concluded with saying, that she would wander near the castle (for *Brunetta* had no power over her); and if she could get a sight of the princess, she would endeavor to bring her to a true sense of her fault, and then she might be again restored to happiness.

The queen blessed the fairy for her goodness; and it was not long before *Sybella's* continual assiduity got her a sight of the princess; for she often wandered a little way toward that wood she had once so much delighted in, but never could bring herself to enter into it; the thoughts of seeing her injured mother made her start back, and run half wild into the fatal castle. *Rozzella* used frequently to throw herself in her way; and, on hearing her sighs, and seeing her tears, would burst into a sneering laugh at her folly; to avoid which laugh, the poor princess first suffered herself to throw off all her principles of goodness and obedience, and was now fallen into the very contempt she so much dreaded.

The first time the fairy got a sight of her, she called to her

with the most friendly voice; but the princess, stung to the soul with the sight of her, fled away, and did not venture out again for several days. The kind *Sybella* began almost to despair of regaining her lost child; but never failed walking round the castle many hours every day. One evening, just before the sun set, she heard within the gates a loud tumultuous noise, but more like riotous mirth, than either the voice of rage or anger; and immediately she saw the princess rush out at the gate, and about a dozen girls, laughing and shouting, running after her. The poor princess flew with all her speed till she came to a little arbor, just by the side of the wood; but her pursuers, as they intended only to teize her, did not follow her very close; but, as soon as they lost sight of her, returned all back again to the castle.

*Sybella* went directly into the arbor, where she found the little trembler prostrate on the ground, crying and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. The fairy seized her hand, and would not let her go till she had prevailed with her to return to *Placid Grove*, to throw herself once more at her mother's feet, assuring her, that nothing but this humble state of mind could cure her misery, and restore her wonted peace.

The queen was filled with the highest joy at seeing her child; but restrained herself so much, that she showed not the least sign of it, till she had seen her some time prostrate at her feet, and had heard her with tears properly confess, and ask pardon for, all her faults. She then raised, and once more forgave her; but told her, that she must learn more humility, and distrust of herself, before she could again expect to be trusted. The princess answered not, but with a modest down-cast look, which expressed her concern and true repentance; and in a short time recovered her former peace of mind. As she never afterward disobeyed her indulgent mother, she daily increased in wisdom and goodness.

After having lived for three years in the most innocent manner (the princess being then just turned of eighteen years), the fairy told the queen, that she would now tell her some news of her kingdom, which she had heard in her journey; namely, that her sister-in-law was dead, and her brother-in-law had made proclamation throughout the kingdom, of great rewards to any one, who should produce the queen and the princess *Hebe*, whom he would immediately reinstate in the throne.

The princess *Hebe* was by when the fairy related this, and said, she begged to lead a private life, and never more be exposed to the temptation of entering into vice, for which she already had so severely smarted. The fairy told her, that, since she doubted herself, she was now fit to be trusted; "for," said she, "I did not like your being so sure of resisting temptation, when first I conferred on you the gift of wisdom. But you will, my dear princess, if you take the crown, have an opportunity of doing so much good, that, if you continue virtuous, you will have perpetual pleasures; for power, if made a right

use of, is indeed a very great blessing." The princess answered, that if the queen, her mother, thought it her duty to take the crown, she would cheerfully submit, though a private life would otherwise be her choice. The queen replied, that she did not blame her for chusing a private life; but she thought, she could not innocently refuse the power that would give her such opportunities of doing good, and making others happy; since, by that refusal, the power might fall into hands that would make an ill use of it.

After this conversation, they got into the same car in which they travelled to the wood *Ardella*, and arrived safely at the city of *Algorada*; when the princess *Hebe* was settled, with universal consent, on her father's throne; where she and her people were reciprocally happy, by her great wisdom and prudence. The queen-mother spent the remainder of her days in peace and joy, to see her beloved daughter prove a blessing to such numbers of human creatures; while she herself enjoyed that only true content and happiness this world can produce—namely, a peaceful conscience, and a quiet mind.

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THE  
*HOUSE OF INSTRUCTION,*

A FAIRY TALE.

AS a number of the young gentlemen of *Dr. Rose's* academy were diverting themselves on a fine day in a meadow behind the school-house at *Chiswick*, they were suddenly surpris'd by the unexpected appearance of a very old lady, who, as she came up to them, waved her crutch-stick, as a sign to them to stop their play. Though her looks were unpleasant, and her interruption unseasonable, yet the boys paid her respect for her age and venerable appearance. One of the eldest, who had been taught by his tutor to respect old age, address'd her very civilly; but, of the rest of his companions, the most timid ran away; others hid themselves; and the boldest, who stood their ground, all laugh'd at her, and call'd her an old witch. Little *George*, the youngest of them all, a very pretty, good-humored young lad, led by the hand of the eldest (for whom he had always shown a great regard), paid much attention to the old lady's motions and speech; but, a little afraid too, and not much liking her looks and errand, at being suddenly stopp'd in his play, was very shy and reserved; however, he was too well-bred, to say any thing rude. Observing this, she smil'd; and, taking his other hand, "do not be afraid of me, my dear child," said she; "for, though those little boys yonder call me *Severity*, my true name is *Instruction*. I love every one of you; and you, my little dear, in particular. My whole business is to do you good. Come along with me to my castle, and I will make you as happy as the day is long."

Little *George* did not know how to trust her; but as he saw

his friend *Henry* disposed to follow the old lady, he even ventured along with them.

The castle was an old, melancholy looking building, and the path to it very much entangled with briars and thistles; but the old woman encouraged them, in a cheerful tone, to come along; and taking out a large key, which had several strange words engraved upon it, she put it into the door, which immediately flew open, and they entered a spacious hall magnificently furnished. Through this they passed into several apartments, each finer and pleasanter than the other; but to every one they ascended by steps, and on every step strange and unknown words were engraved.

Perhaps you would be glad to know some more particulars of these apartments. Indeed, I should have told you, that as soon as they entered the great hall, she made them sit down to a pretty collation of plumb-cakes, biscuits and sweetmeats, which were brought in baskets covered with flowers, by four smiling, rosy-cheeked girls, called *Innocence*, *Health*, *Mirth*, and *Good-Humor*. When they were sufficiently refreshed, the old lady returned to them, in a finer dress, and with a much more pleasing look. She had now a wand in her hand, of ivory, tipped with gold; with this she pointed out to them the ornaments of the room. It was supported by strong, but handsome pillars of adamant; and between the pillars, hung festoons of fruit and flowers. At the upper end were niches, with very beautiful statues in them. The principal one was *Truth*. It appeared to be of one entire diamond, and represented the most beautiful woman that ever eyes beheld. Her air was full of dignity and sweetness; in one hand she held a scepter, in the other a book, and she had an imperial crown on her head. The old fairy gently touched this figure with her wand; when immediately it stepped down from the pedestal, and began to speak. No music was ever so pleasing as the voice of *Truth*. She addressed herself to our little hero, and examined him in his catechism. As he had formerly been a little idle, he could not say it so well, as at that minute he wished to do. "Little wretch," said the old fairy, frowning, "why do you answer so stupidly? Have you not been taught?" Here was a loop-hole, through which a boy of a cowardly spirit might have crept out, by pretending that his tutor had been in fault, and not himself. But little *George* scorned to tell a lie; nor could he be so base as to excuse himself, by accusing an innocent person. Therefore, though trembling for fear of the old fairy, and her wand, he answered, "indeed, madam, I have been often bade to learn it, but I loved my diversions so well, that I never could apply to it." Here the old fairy, smiling, kissed him, and said, "my dear child, I forgive your past idleness, in consideration of your noble honesty. A fault honestly owned is half amended, and this nymph shall reward you."

Immediately *Truth* gave him a little catechism bound in silver, enamelled; a pocket Bible with ruby clasps, and a small looking-glass in a gold case. "In these books, my dear," said



she, "you shall find constant directions from me, which, if you follow, will make you good, and great, and happy. If you never offend against me, I will be ready to assist you in all difficulties. If ever you should be tempted to offend me, look in this glass. If you see yourself in it in your own natural figure, go on contentedly, and be sure you are under my protection. But, if you see yourself in the form of a slave, and a monster; greasy, ragged, loaded with chains; a double tongue hanging out of your mouth, and a pair of ass's ears on your head; tremble to think, that you are got into the power of the wicked enchantress *Falseness*. Retract the lie that you have told; stand still wherever you are; call out aloud for my assistance; and do not stir from the spot you are in, till I come to help you." So saying, the bright form re-ascended her pedestal; and four others, who stood on each hand, being touched by the fairy's wand, moved toward him.

The first was a young woman clothed in a long white robe, perfectly neat and plain. She had fine flaxen hair, and blue eyes, which were fixed on the ground. A white veil shaded her face, and her color went and came every minute. She advanced with a slow pace, and spake in a voice very low, but as sweet as the nightingale's.

My name," said she, "is *Modesty*. I have no merit; but, perhaps, as you are so young, it may be in my power to be of some little use to you. Before you get to the top of this castle, you will see many strange things, and be bid to do many things, of which you do not understand the reason. But remember, that you are very young, and know nothing; and that every body here is wiser than you. Therefore, observe attentively all that you see, and do readily all that you are bid. As you have recommended yourself to *Truth*, we her handmaids are ready to give you all the assistance we can; and you will need it all. Above all things, fear *Disgrace*. It is a filthy puddle in the neighborhood of the castle, whose stains are not easily wiped off. Those, who run heedlessly, or wilfully into it, after repeated warnings, grow in time so loathsome, that nobody can endure them. There is an enchantress, you will meet with, called *Flattery*, who will offer you a very pleasant cup. If you drink much of it, your head will turn; and, while you fancy yourself a most accomplished person, she will touch you with her wicked wand, and immediately you will be metamorphosed into a butterfly, a squib, or a paper-kite. But as, perhaps, you must taste her cup, take this nosegay of violets; and, as you find your head a little giddy, smell to it, and you will be so refreshed, that she will have no power to hurt you. This little nosegay will defend you also against the magician *Pride*, who, in a thousand shapes, will try to introduce himself to you, and persuade you to go with him to a high rock; from whence, he will either throw you down frightful precipices, into the pool of disgrace, or else change you into a lion, a tiger, or a bear; or into such a huge dropical figure, that every body shall hate to

look upon you; and you will not be able to pass through the gates that lead to *Happiness*. When you suspect his coming, smell to your violets, and you will immediately see through his disguise; and, at the same time they shall make you so little, that he shall not see you; and when you are in a crowd, smell to them again, and you shall pass through it without difficulty. I wish I had a better gift to bestow; but accept of my ail."

Little *George* thanked her kindly, and stuck the nosegay in his bosom.

On the pedestal of the next figure, was inscribed *Natural Affection*. Her countenance was very engaging; her garment embroidered with pelicans, storks, doves, and other pretty animals. She had bracelets on her arms, and fine rings on every finger; every one was the gift of some beloved relation or friend. "My dear *George*," said she, "I love you for the sake of your parents. I have a thousand pretty gifts to bestow; and this, particularly, will be of use to you." She then gave him a small enamelled box, with pictures on every side. "When," said she, "you are in doubt how to behave, look upon the pictures. They are those of your relations, parents, and friends. Being gifted by a fairy, you will see every figure in motion; and as your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, seem affected by your behavior, you will judge whether you are acting right or wrong. I am sure, it is your desire always to give them pleasure, and not pain; to be an honor to them, and not a reproach."

The next image that spake was entirely made of sugar, but as firm as sugar, and almost as clear, as crystal. Her name was *Good Temper*. In her bosom, she had a nosegay of roses without thorns. She took our little friend by the hand; and, seeing it scratched, from a scuffle he had had with his companions, she healed it with a touch, and gave him a small amethyst phial filled with honey and oil of a peculiar kind. "Though the phial is small, it is inexhaustible, and you will never more be liable to harm, from any idle quarrel. As you will never say any thing peevish or provoking, all your companions will love you; and your servants will think it a blessing to live with you."

One figure more remained; and the fairy had no sooner touched it, but down from her pedestal jumped sprightly *Diligence*. She was dressed like a huntress; activity and nimbleness appeared in every limb. She sprang to *George*, clapped her hands on his shoulders, and immediately there appeared a couple of little wings. "These wings," said she, "will be of great use to you, in ascending the steep steps you will have to go up by and by. But all wings need frequent pluming; and these will lose all their virtue, if you do not keep them in order every day, by using the talisman I am now going to give you. (This talisman was a golden spur.) This," said she, "whenever your wings are drooping (as they will very often, when the old witch *Laziness* approaches, who would metamorphose you into a dormouse), you must run gently into your side, and they will be

ready immediately, to carry you out of her reach. I am sure, you have too much true courage to fear a little trifling pain, when it will be the means of gaining you every improvement. Good night, good night, my love, I see you are sleepy; but, as soon as you wake in the morning, be sure to make use of your spur."

The good old fairy then led *Henry* and *George* into a little neat room, where they went to bed, and slept till day-break, dreaming of all the agreeable things they had seen and heard. *George* did not wake, till *Henry* was up and dressed; but he woke disturbed, and began to tell his friend his dreams. "I thought," said he, "that, looking out at the window, I saw all my companions at play; and I flew out to them directly, to show them those fine things the statues had given me. Instead of admiring me, they fell upon me; one seized one fine thing, and another, another; till poor I had nothing left but my wings. What vexed me too, in the scuffle my violets were scattered, the books torn, the pictures spoiled, the glass broke, and the julep spilt; so that they were never the better, though I was so much the worse. Well, I took to my wings, however, and thought I might as easily fly in as out, and then the good fairy would give me more pretty things. But no such matter; the windows were shut; the doors were barred and bolted. Owls and bats flew about my head; geese hissed at me, asses brayed at me, monkies chattered in my ears, and I fell down nobody knows whither."

"Be thankful," said *Henry*, "that it was only a dream; here are all your pretty things safe." So saying, he gently touched his side, like a true friend, with the spur, and up jumped little *George*, all alive and merry. He read in his books; he with pleasure saw his own honest face in the glass of truth; he observed with delight the pictures of his friends and relations, all smiling upon him. While he was thus employed, in slept a sober-looking man, leaning on a staff. "My young friends," said he, "I am sent to conduct you through the noble apartments of this castle."—"A fine conductor, indeed!" said little *George*, who had unfortunately forgot both his violets and his phial; "your crutch, honest man, will keep up rarely with my wings."—"Your wings, youngster," replied *Application* (for that was his name), "will be of little service, unless I lend you a staff to rest upon; which, wherever you set it down, will make your footing sure." This speech was unheeded by little *George*; who, already upon the wing, fluttered away.

*Henry* soon overtook him, having quite as good pinions, although he did not boast of them; but first stayed, to bring with him the staff, the phial, and the nosegay, against his friend should need them. Little *George* was now trying to mount up a steep stair case, which he saw multitudes of his own age ascending. Very eagerly he stretched his wings, whose painted plumage glittered in the sun-beams, and very often just reached the top; but he was greatly surprised to find that he always slid

back again, as if he had stood upon a slope of ice; so that hundreds and tens of hundreds had gone through the folding-doors above, while he was still but at the bottom. He cried for vexation; gave hard names to the boys that were got before him, and was laughed at by them in return. The box of pictures gave him no comfort; for there he saw his father frowning, and his mother looking unhappy. At this moment, the friendly *Henry* came to his relief; and giving him the violets, the phial, and the staff, "make use of these," said he, "and you will easily get up with them, who are now before you. Observe, they have, every one of them, just such a staff; and yet, notwithstanding their wings, they can rise but one step at a time." *George*, who had now touched his lips with the phial, thanked him very kindly; and they mounted several steps, hand in hand. On some were inscribed, *Propria quæ Maribus*: on others, *As in Præsenti*; and various other magic verses, which they just rested long enough on every step to read; and, as they ascended, the steps grew easier and easier. *George*, however, was a little out of breath, and more than once wished himself out of the castle. Yet, he was delighted to find himself almost overtaking the foremost, who had, some of them, loitered by the way.

He now entered into an apartment, more magnificent than any he had ever seen. Thousands of rooms opened, one beyond another, furnished with every elegance. From every one of these were delightful prospects; but then, for a long while, he had not leisure to attend to the strange varieties of rich and uncommon furniture, that excited his curiosity every minute. One long gallery was hung with paintings, so exquisitely fine, that every figure seemed alive; indeed, some of them actually spake, and amused him with a thousand agreeable stories. Here he saw all the metamorphoses of the heathen gods; the adventures of *Eneas*; and a number of other things, that I have no time to describe. A young damsel attended him, dressed in a gown of feathers, more gay than the rainbow. She had wings upon her head. She gave him the most delicious sweetmeats, and he drank, out of a sparkling cup, the pleasantest liquor imaginable. This light dish did not quite satisfy a hungry stomach; so that *George* was not very sorry, when, having passed through the gallery of fiction, his fair conductress *Poetry* conigned him over to the care of a good hospitable old man in the next apartment, whose table was always covered with wholesome and substantial food. This apartment, called the saloon of *History*, was by no means so gay as the former; but deserved examination better. The walls were covered with marble, adorned with the finest basso-relievos, statues, and bustos of every celebrated hero and legislator, which struck the observing eye with veneration. The master of the feast was extremely good-natured and communicative; and ready to answer every question that *George's* curiosity prompted him to ask. He commended him for his love of truth, and toasted her health, as his

own patroness. But as the old gentleman was sometimes a little prolix in his stories, our young traveller amused himself every now and then with looking over his treasures. Surveying the box of pictures, he could not help wishing for a nearer sight of the friends they represented. A window, that stood open just by him, and overlooked a delightful play-field, reminded him of his wings. But the recollection of his frightful dream prevented him from attempting an escape.

At this minute, the fairy *Instruction* appeared with a smiling look. "I know your thoughts, my dear," said she, "and am willing to allow you every reasonable indulgence. I have, in my service, a number of little winged beings, whose business it is to convey my young friends, from time to time, to their beloved homes. In order to your returning safely, accept this key. You must be sure to rub it every morning, that it may not grow rusty, else the characters that are engraved upon it will disappear. If your key is kept bright, you need only read the inscription aloud, and without difficulty you will return to this very apartment, and be entitled to an honorable reception. But, if the key should grow rusty, beware of a disgraceful fall. Let your dream warn you to take care of your precious gifts, and to make a due use of them."

She had scarcely done speaking, before there was a general voice of joy heard through the whole apartment, "the holidays are come, the holidays are come;" and immediately a number of little cherubims appeared in the air, crowned with garlands, and away with them flew little *George*; but unluckily, in his haste, left both the staff and the spear behind him. Indeed, at this minute they were needless.

His friends were all ready to receive him with affectionate joy. They commended his improvements, and listened with delight to his account of the surprising things he had seen, and rejoiced in the marks of favor he had received from excellent and powerful fairies. He played about all day with his companions, and every thing was thought of that could divert him. In the midst of these amusements, the poor key was in a few days forgot; nor did he recollect it, till one day he saw *Henry* sitting under a tree, and very diligently brightening up his own. "Stupid boy," said giddy *George*, "what do you sit moping there for? Come, and play."—"So I will presently," said *Henry*; but I must not neglect the means of returning honorably to the good fairy."—"Hang the old fairy," cried *George*. "Besides, my key will keep bright enough, I warrant it, without all this ado." However, looking at the key, he found it brown with rust; and sadly his arm ached with the vain endeavor of rubbing it bright; for as he could not succeed in five minutes, down he flung it in despair.

"What do you cry for, my pretty master?" said a man in a fine coat, who was passing by. *George* told him his distress. "Be comforted," said the man. "I will give you a gold key set with emeralds, that shall be better by half, and fitter for a young

gentleman of your rank, than that old woman's rusty iron." Just then *George*, who did not want cleverness, began to suspect something; and smelling to his violets, the fine man appeared in his true shape, which was indeed no other than that of the magician *Pride*. He was immoderately tall and bloated; his eyes were fierce and malignant; his cheeks were painted, a peacock sat upon his head, a bear and a leopard followed him. In one hand he held an empty bladder, and in the other a fatal wand. His under vest was stained and ragged; but over it he had a pompous herald's coat, with a long train supported by an ugly dwarf, and a limping idiot, whom he turned back continually to insult and abuse. Well was it for little *George*, that his violets had rendered him invisible. He saw the magician go on to one of his companions, who, being destitute of such a defence, immediately became his prey. "Take this nosegay, my child," said the wicked wretch, and presented him with a bunch of nettles, finely gilded, but very stinging. The poor boy had no sooner touched them, than his countenance expressed pain. He quarrelled with every body round him; yet the simpleton kept continually smelling to his nosegay; and the more he was nettled, the more quarrellsome he grew. His size too increased in proportion; he became swelled and bloated. He grew tall too all at once, but it was only by being raised on an enormous pair of stilts, on which he could not walk a step without danger of tumbling down.

*George* could not help laughing at his ridiculous figure, but would, out of goodnature, have offered him his own bunch to smell to, if those unfortunate stilts had not raised him quite out of his reach. He therefore was making the best of his way back, having first secured his key, when a laughing giddy hoiden called out to him, that she had found a bird's nest. Away with her he ran on this new pursuit; and from bird's nest to bird's nest, and from butterfly to butterfly, they scampered over the flowery fields, till night drew on. She then persuaded him to go with her to her mother's house, which was just by, and rest himself.

He found there a lady lolling in an easy chair, who scarce raised her head to bid him welcome. A table however stood by her, ready spread with every kind of dainty, where *Idleness* (for so was his playfellow called) invited him to sit down; and, after supper, he was conducted into a chamber, set round with shelves of playthings, where, in a soft down bed, he slept till very late the next day. At last, though unwillingly, he got up; but for no better purpose, than to look over those worthless toys, which he half despised all the while. "What is this tinsel," thought he, "and glass and wood, to compare with the rich treasures of the old fairy's castle? Neither the old woman, nor the simpleton her daughter, will answer me any question I ask, nor divert me with such stories, as the very pictures and statues there were full of." Thus thinking, he continued, nevertheless, to divert himself with the playthings,

and was growing fast back into the love of rattles and bells, when a sudden panic seized him, on seeing in the corners of every shelf, filligree cages full of dormice. "Miserable boy that I am!" cried he, "this must certainly be the den of *Lazinefs*. How shall I escape?" He tried to stretch his wings; but, alas! they drooped; and now, for the first time, he found, and lamented the want of his spur. He ran to the window. Every prospect from thence was desolate and barren, resembling exactly what he had read, in his ruby-clasped book, of the field of the sluggard.

In vain did he look for the holidays, to transport him from this wretched place. The last of them was already on the wing, and almost out of sight; for it is peculiar to these little beings to approach slowly, but to fly away with amazing swiftness. However, he met with assistance, when he least expected it. A dismal cloud hung almost over his head, which he feared would every minute burst in thunder; when out of it flew a black eagle, who seized little *George* in her talons; and in a moment he found himself at the gates of the *Castle of Instruction*.

Perhaps, you may not think his case much better now than it was before. A little dormouse could have lain snug and warm in cotton; whereas poor *George* was forced to stand in the cold, among thorns and briars, vainly endeavoring to read the inscription on his key, which was now, alas! grown rustier than ever. In the mean time he saw most of his companions, his friend *Henry* one of the foremost, fly over his head, while their polished keys glittered like diamonds; and all of them were received into the apartments they came out of with joyful acclamations. The boy upon stilts, indeed, did not make so good a figure. He reached up to the window, but his false key would not open it; and making a false step, down he tumbled into the dirty pool.

At this minute the old fairy looked out, and calling to *George*, "why do you not, my child," said she, "make use of your wings and your key? I am impatient to have you among us again, that you may receive finer gifts, and see greater wonders, than any you may have met with since."

Here a woman came to him, clothed in hare-skins, and shivering with an ague. She touched him with a cold finger, that chilled his blood, and stammered out these terrifying words, "d-don't g-go intt-to the c-castle, p-punishment is r-ready for-r y-you, r-run away."

"Scorn punishment, and despise it," said *Foolhardiness*, a little pert monkey in a scarlet coat, and mounted upon a goose.

"Fear disgrace," said *Shame*; and with a rose-bush, which she carried, brushed the monkey into the dirty pool, where he lay screaming and chattering, while his goose hissed at him.

Poor *George* knew not what to do. It once came into his head to make a plausible excuse, and say his key was very bright, but the lock was out of order. But bethinking himself to apply to his glass, he no sooner saw the ass's ears, than, in

honest distress, he called out, O! *Truth, Truth*, come to my assistance. I have been very idle, and I am very sorry. *Truth, Truth*, come to my assistance."

He fainted away with terror, as he spoke; but, when he recovered, found himself within the castle, the bright figure of *Truth* smiling upon him; and *Forgiveness*, another very amiable form, distinguished by a slate, and a sponge, with which she wiped out all faults, caressing him. Indeed she had need, for he felt himself a little stiff and sore, with some rough methods that had been used to bring him to himself. These two nymphs consigned him to the care of *Amendment*, who promised never to forsake him, till he got to the top of the castle; and, under her guidance, he went on very cheerfully.

Indeed he was a little vexed at the first steps he came to, on finding himself struck pretty hard by an angry looking man; but when he found, that it was only in order to return him his staff and his spur, he thanked him for his friendly blow, and from that time proceeded with double alacrity. He soon overtook his companions again; and you may imagine, how joyful was the meeting between him and *Henry*, who loved him too well, not to go on very melancholy, while *George* had staid behind. "How I rejoiced!" said he, "to see you under the conduct of the lady *Amendment*. Now, nothing can ever part us more."

The poetical gallery, the saloon of History, afforded them new delight. In every room, through which they passed, were tables covered with gems, medals, little images, seals, intaglios, and all kinds of curiosities, of which, they were assured, that the more they took, the more welcome they should be.

But here *George* was a little perplexed again. His pockets were filled over and over. Still, as he came to new treasures, he was forced to throw aside the old ones, to make room; yet was told, that it would not be taken well, if he did not keep them all. At last, he came fortunately into a room of polished steel, where, on a throne of jasper, sat a lady, with a crown upon her head, of the brightest jewels. Upon her robe was woven, in the liveliest colors, and perfectly distinct, though in miniature, every thing that the world contains. She had steel tablets in her hand, on which she was always engraving something excellent; and on the rich diadem, that encircled her forehead, was embroidered the word *Memory*.

"You could not," said she to *George*, "have applied to a properer person than to me, to help you out of your present difficulty." She then gave him a cabinet, so small and so light, that he could carry it without the least inconvenience; and, at the same time, so rich and elegant, that no snuff-box, set with diamonds, was ever more ornamented. It had millions of little drawers, all classed and numbered; and, in these, he found all the fine things he had been incumbered with, ranged in proper order.

"The only thing I insist on," said she, "is, that you will keep your drawers exactly clean, and not litter them with trash.



If you stuff them with what does not deserve a place, they will no longer be capable of containing real treasures; but the bottom of the cabinet will become directly like a sieve; and if *Malice* or *Resentment* ever persuade you to put in any thing out of their shops, you will soon find every drawer infested with snakes and adders. But, above all things, value the gifts of *Truth*, *Gratitude*, and *Friendship*, which will fill them with constant perfume, that shall make you agreeable to every body.

Thus furnished, *George* proceeded joyfully, and ascended from one apartment to another, till he became possessed of all the treasures of the castle. Sometimes *Imagination* led him into delightful gardens, gay with perpetual spring. Sometimes, from entrances dug into the solid rock (on the side of the apartments opposite to the windows) he wandered through the mines of *Science*, and brought from thence riches that had not yet been discovered. The *Holidays* always found him cheerfully glad to go with them, but not impatient of their approach; and equally glad to return, when they flew back. Whenever he returned, he was received with honor, and crowned with wreaths of bays and laurel. He became a favorite with the *Virtues* and the *Graces*, and at last was led by them to the top of the castle, where *Reputation* and *Prudence* waited to receive him, and conduct him through a fair plain, that was stretched out along the top of the mountain, and terminated by the glittering temple of *Felicity*.

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THE  
PRINCESS OF ARCADIA;

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

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THE goddess of the morn had just unbarred her gates, when *Clarinda*, the beauteous queen of the fairies who inhabit the island of *Ambrosia*, arose from her moss-strewn couch, and ascended her chariot, which was drawn by four milk white ponies so excessive small that they were esteemed one of the wonders of the world. She was accompanied in her journey by her numerous train of attendants, dressed in loose robes of violet colored silk embroidered with silver flowers, and festooned with cords and tassels of the same materials. On their heads they wore wreaths of pearls, disposed in such a manner as to represent the shape of myrtle leaves.

Thus equipped, *Clarinda* hastened to the sea-side, that she might receive the lovely inimitable *Selima*, daughter of the king of *Arcadia*, whose territories were only divided from those of *Ambrosia* by a very narrow sea; and the princess had proposed crossing that morning in a gondola to the island of the fairy queen, that she might consult her on a subject of the highest importance to her future happiness in life.

The princess *Selina* soon arrived, and was quickly folded in the arms of the affectionate fairy, who with the sweetest affability made her sit by her in the chariot, and conducted her to her palace, which was situated on a chrystal rock. When the princess had recovered her fatigue, and partook of some wine and dried fruit (for *Clarinda's* palace was well stored with every necessary), she acquainted the fairy queen with the circumstance that had occasioned her present visit.

“You know, my dear benefactress,” said the amiable princess, “that the late much-lamented queen has now been dead a twelvemonth—heaven knows, the most unhappy one I have ever yet experienced. On her death-bed she entreated my father to give her a sacred promise, that when the time of mourning for her, as prescribed by the custom of our country, should be past, that he would give me in marriage to the accomplished *Theseus*, prince of the Flowery Isles. My mother had long beheld our affection for each other with the most lively pleasure; but the ambitious views of my father, who was desirous of my espousing the aged king of *Alcuntra*, in hopes that at his death he should be heir to his throne, and join his kingdom to *Arcadia*, prevented the declaration of our passion to him; and I was under a solemn vow never to marry without his consent. My mother pleaded hard for the happiness of her child. At first, my father refused to pledge his word. But, affected by the pitiable condition of his queen, whom he sincerely loved, and her continued earnestness, he took her hand, and, pressing it to his heart, took the vow she required, and in a manner I then thought too solemn to be ever evaded. But, alas! my father has now forbade *Theseus* admittance to the palace, and commands me to make every necessary preparation for my nuptials with *Uricus*. In vain I urged my invincible hatred to the monarch of *Alcuntra*, represented the disparity of our years (for, indeed, he is considerably older than my father), and reminded my cruel parent of the solemn obligation he had laid himself under to my mother on her death-bed, of bestowing me on the prince of the Flowery Isles. All I could say, made no impression on him; and he astonished me by replying, that he did not think himself bound by an oath which he only took for the pious purpose of rendering my mother's death-bed happy, and not to favor the lover of a disobedient girl. Being thus made acquainted with his determination, I left him, and repaired to my own apartment, that I might indulge my tears. When my mind became somewhat more composed, I sent the little page to you, that you might, my good fairy, be apprised of my intended visit.” After saying this, the princess threw herself at queen *Clarinda's* feet, and besought that good fairy to befriend her cause, by enabling her to avoid the object she detested, and at the same time obtain the idol of her affections.

The fairy raised her very tenderly from the ground, and promised to use all the influence she possessed, in endeavoring to make her happy with her beloved and affectionate *Theseus*.

The fairy then conducted her to a closet, the sides of which were glass. The ceiling was most curiously painted with emblematical devices, and the floor was composed of the most beautiful polished cedar. She presented *Selina* with an ivory tablet, on which were engraven some mysterious words. "When you pronounce them three times successively," said the fairy queen, "I shall immediately appear in your presence. But be cautious how you use this indulgence, nor summons me from my peaceful retreat without a just cause." *Selina*, with grateful thanks for the inestimable gift, promised implicit obedience. The fairy then conducted her to her gondola; and, previous to her embarking, told her to pronounce the mystical sentence, when twenty-four hours had exactly elapsed.

When the fairy returned to the palace on the rock, she immediately ordered her attendants to prepare her aerial car; in which she took her flight to the sybil's cave, whom she presented with a variety of rich gifts, and obtained from her the permission of searching the book of fate. Having come to those pages which concerned the lovely princess whom she had taken under her protection, she there learned, to her inexpressible joy, that the Prince of the Flowery Isles was the destined husband of the amiable *Selina*. But those pages, at the same time, informed her, that *Ulricus* would first lead the charming girl to the altar; notwithstanding which, the marriage would be prevented by a terrific messenger, and the king of *Arcadia* would be punished for his daring and impious apostacy to the vow he had made to his dying queen.

The twenty-four hours prescribed by the fairy having elapsed, *Selina* retired to a pleasant grotto that belonged to the palace gardens; when, dismissing her attendant ladies, she pronounced the mystic sentence, and instantly the fairy appeared. "Take comfort, lovely damsel," said the good queen, "and listen attentively to my injunctions; by which means, you will be happy. Next Friday is the time appointed for your nuptials with your aged lover. Your bridal dress is prepared, and the chapel is adorned for the magnificent ceremony. When your father commands you to join the procession, do not hesitate, but acquiesce in silence. Let not a murmur escape your lips. Put confidence in me; and believe me, that the much-dreaded day will make you the most blessed among mortals. Further, I am not allowed to reveal. Adieu. Obey, and be happy."

With these words the fairy then left the wondering fair one. "What can this possibly mean?" sighed forth the afflicted *Selina*. "Must I then obey my father, and be wretched? But yet the fairy said, she would not deceive me, and that I shall be happy. Cruel *Clarinda*! Why involve me in such mysterious wretchedness? But, if obedience will purchase thy esteem, I will not swerve from thy commands."

When the much-dreaded morn arrived, *Selina* arose, and with a palpitating heart suffered her maidens to array her in her bridal apparel. But when a little page in blue and silver entered

the apartment, and acquainted her that her father and *Utricus* waited for her in the gallery leading to the chapel, her fortitude quite forsook her, and she determined once more to see the fairy before she quitted the chamber. She therefore dismissed the page, with orders to tell the two monarchs that she would wait on them in a few minutes. The page having departed, she waved her hand for her maidens to withdraw; and then, pursuing the requisite instructions, the fairy immediately arose; when the kneeling *Selina* humbly besought her to be more explicit concerning the fate that awaited her. *Clarinda* affectionately embraced her; and assuring her that she would never become the wife of *Utricus*, bade her proceed to the chapel; and, if she wanted any support, she (the fairy) would immediately come to her assistance, and strengthen her during the ensuing trial that fate had ordained her to undergo.

*Selina*, thus encouraged by the fairy, felt herself more composed, and repaired to the gallery with a cheerful confidence. Her father praised her dutiful obedience to his commands, and her intended bridegroom taking her unwilling hand, conducted her to the altar. The priest had just begun the sacred ceremony, and the lovely *Selina* was almost distracted with the fears she could not avoid harbouring, when the king of *Alcuntura* dropped down in an apoplectic fit, and immediately expired. The king of *Arcadia* was going to withdraw from this scene of horror and confusion; when the whole chapel became suddenly dark, except the altar, which was the only place visible, and round which played a blue lambent flame, which discovered the spirit of the late queen dressed in heavenly robes. Her attitude was menacing; and she addressed the affrighted monarch in an angry tone. "Presumptuous mortal!" said the offended visitant, "only this hour is left thee to fulfil the contract thou so solemnly made with me on my death-bed. Should thou delay it, the next will certainly bring to thee the same fate as has befallen *Utricus*, who is justly punished for breaking a vow which he made to his late much-injured queen."

*Alcander*, in an agony of terror, solemnly promised to make every atonement in his power for the fault he had committed. The spirit appeared contented. She benignantly smiled, and then vanished. The dark was instantly chased away by a resplendent light, and the dead body of *Utricus* was removed by his late attendants. During the awful solemnity of this scene, *Selina* had fainted. On recovering, she found herself clasped in the arms of her faithful *Theseus*, and supported by *Clarinda* and her attendant elves. The repentant monarch led the blooming princess his daughter to the altar; and, in the presence of the whole court, the lovers received the reward due to their constancy and virtues.

FINIS.

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