

**CINDERELLA,**  
**OR THE**  
**LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.**

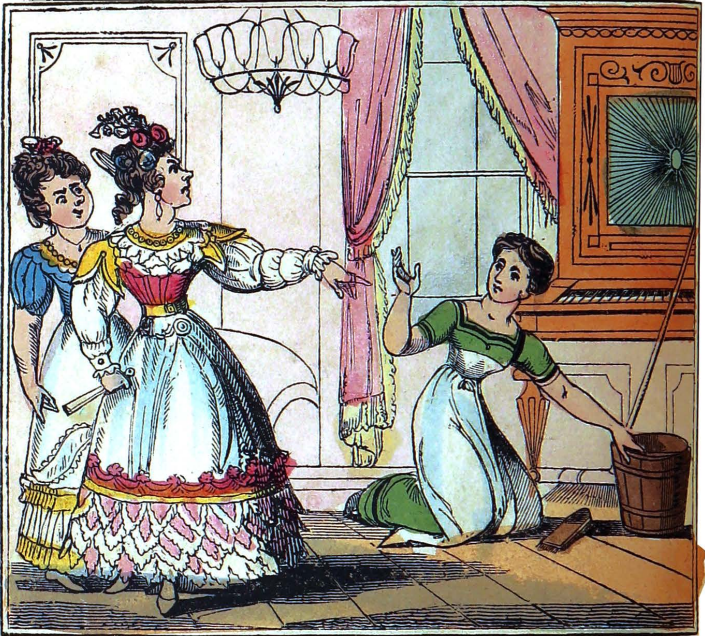
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**LONDON:**  
**JOHN HARRIS,**  
**CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.**

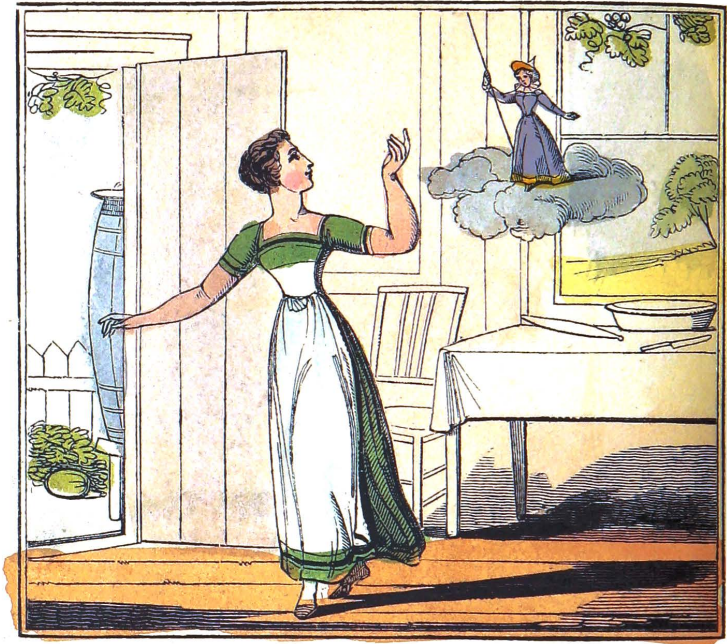
## CINDERELL.



WHAT females are these, introduced to our view;  
Three sisters :—most proud and unfeeling are two  
I mean pompous Martha and Bella ;  
The other, ill-treated by night and by day,  
Their drudg'ry must do,—their commands  
obey,  
And is called, in contempt, Cinderella.



One ev'ning a ball being given at court,  
The *ladies* went out, after making their sport  
Of their amiable heart-broken slave ;  
She saw them depart, and she heaved a deep sigh,  
Then burst into tears, and exclaim'd, " O that I  
Such a treat as my sisters could have !"



Her godmother just at this moment appears,  
And says for her comfort, “ Come, dry up your  
tears,

For I am a Fairy, you know ;  
I wonders perform with this magical wand,  
So instantly do what I choose to command,  
And you to the palace shall go.”

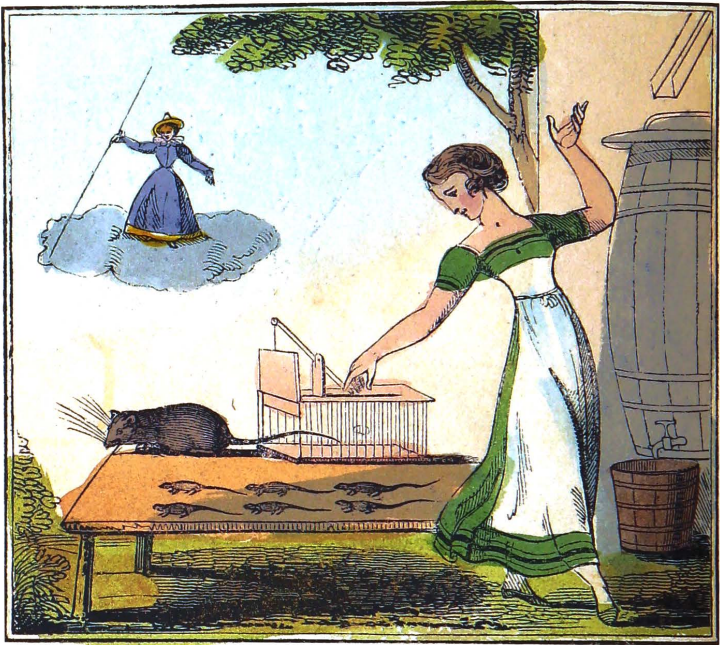


“ Gø fetch me a pumpkin :”—’twas brought in a  
trice ;—

“ Now open the mouse-trap : Oh ! here are six  
mice,

Which soon six fine horses shall be :”

’Twas said and ’twas done, and then by a touch,  
The pumpkin was instantly changed to a coach,  
Most superb and delightful to see.



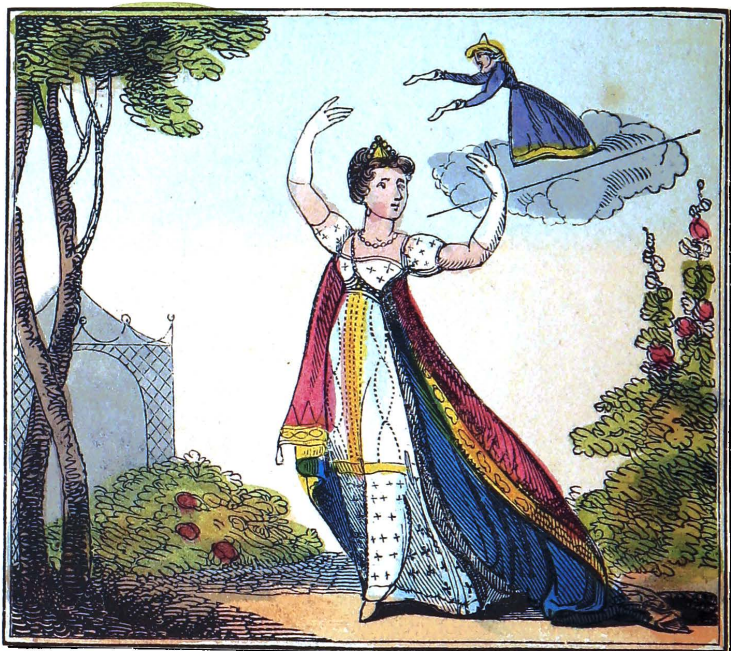
“ The rat-trap now bring me :”—a large rat was  
caught,

And soon, from the yard, six fine lizards were  
brought,

For the fairy her skill to display ;  
The former, a grave steady coachman became,  
And the latter were changed by a touch of the dame,  
To six footmen, in liveries gay.



The glittering equipage stood at the door,  
When the good-natured, kind-hearted, Fairy once  
more,  
Waved her magical wand in the air ;  
Cinderella's mean garments at once we behold,  
Transferr'd into robes all bespangled with gold,  
And fit for a Duchess to wear.

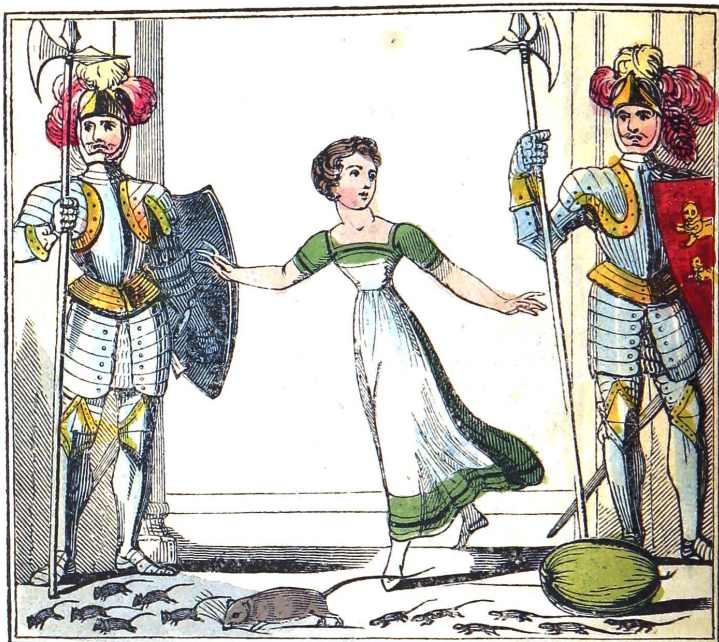


A pair of glass slippers the Fairy next gave,  
And then of her god-daughter took a kind leave,  
After giving the needful advice ;—  
“ Stay not till 'tis midnight, I charge you, for fear  
Your dress, coach, and servants, should all dis-  
appear,  
And your horses again turn to mice.”

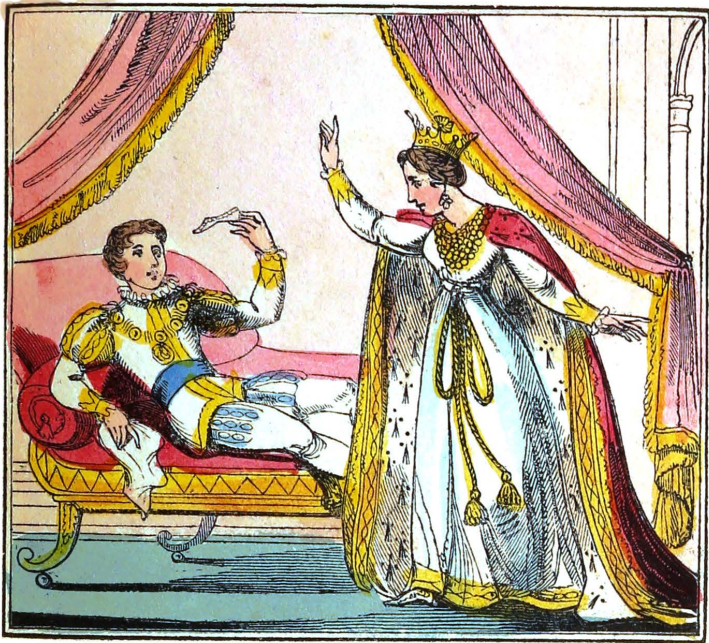




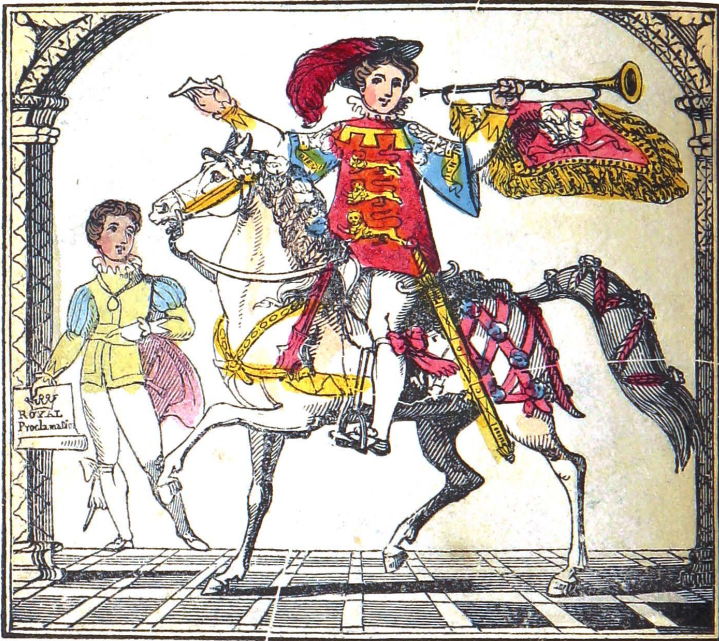
Our heroine now drove away to the ball,  
Where her personal charms were admired by all  
Who saw the young stranger advance ;  
The Prince, who desired no fairer a bride,  
Respectfully begged she would sit by his side,  
And afterwards asked her to dance.



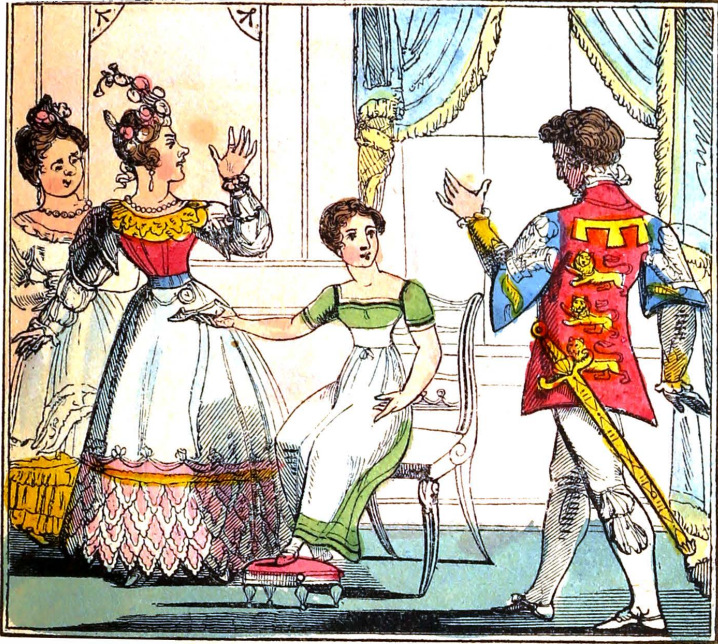
The clock struck eleven—and once more began,  
When away from the palace our heroine ran,  
With such speed, not a creature could find her :  
Through the guards she escap'd, as a servant  
quite plain,  
But though all research and enquiry proved vain  
She left a glass slipper behind her.



The prince was distracted, and taken so ill,  
Physicians could yield him no aid by their skill ;  
The seat of disease was his mind :  
The slipper, with sighs, to his lips he oft pressed,  
And, at length, to his mother, the Queen, he  
confessed  
That for love of its owner he pined.



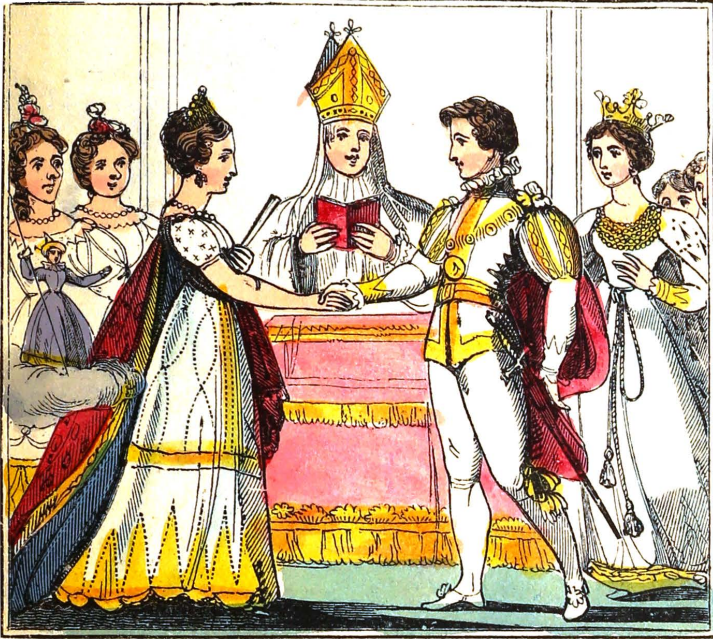
A herald, on horseback, now went through the  
town,  
Proclaiming aloud that the heir to the crown  
Would certainly make her his bride,  
Whom the little glass slipper exactly should fit ;  
And all were invited, next morning, to meet,  
At a place where it lay, to be tried.



The ladies in crowds were assembled next day,  
But went disappointed and blushing away,  
Unable to thrust in a toe :  
Cinderella, at length ; said, “ I’ll try if you  
please :”  
The slipper went on with astonishing ease,  
And the other she, also, could show.



Astonishment now was excited of course ;  
But she who could change a small mouse to a  
horse,  
Determined to do something more :  
She comes,—and the stranger, who danc'd at the  
ball,  
Is instantly seen and acknowledged by all,  
In a dress as superb as before.



Adieu to the doctors;—go, bid the bells ring;—  
Cinderella has married the son of a King,

And pardon'd her sisters beside :

Those sisters, most humbled, now cheerfully own,  
That none is more worthy to sit on a throne

Than this virtuous and kind-hearted bride.