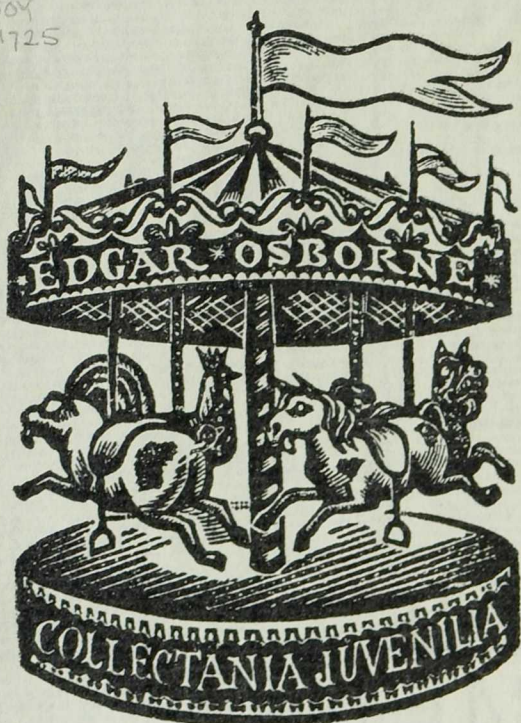


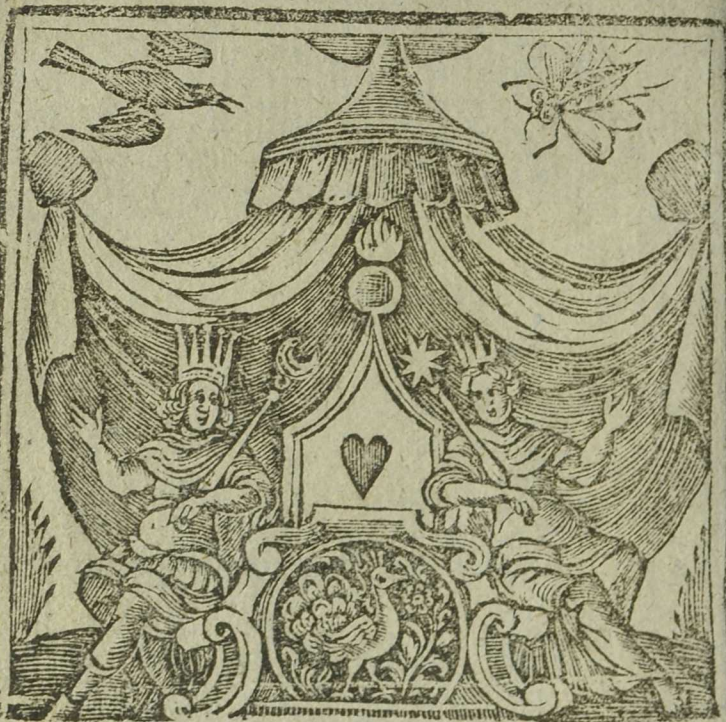
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The Monarchy of Fairies once was great,
As good old Wives, and Nurses do relate;
Then was the golden Age from whence did spring,
A Race of Fairies dancing round a Ring.

THE
HISTORY

OF THE
Tales of the FAIRIES.

Newly done from the *French.*

CONTAINING

- I. The Tale of *Graciosa* and Prince *Percinet*; shewing the Cruelty of a proud Mother-in-law, to an innocent dutiful Virgin.
- II. The *Blem Bird*, and *Florina*; shewing the Happiness of being good natured in both Sexes.
- III. Prince *Avenant*, and the Beauty with Locks of Gold; shewing what Difficulties and Dangers Love will surmount.
- IV. The King of the *Peacocks*, and the Princess *Rosetta*; shewing the Vanity of Covetousness, Pride, and Envy.
- V. Prince *Nonpariel*, and the Princess *Bright*; wherein is shewn, that outward Beauty is not the only Object Love delights to dwell in.
- VI. The *Orange-Tree*, and its beloved *Bee*; shewing the Happiness of those Lovers who shall find Constancy in Perfection.

Dedicated to the LADIES of *Great Britain.*

LONDON: Printed and Sold by *E. Midwinter*,
at the *Lo king-Glass* and *Three Crowns* in *St Paul's*
Churchyard.

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THE
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Tales of the FAIRIES.



T A L E I.

Of the Princess Graciosa, and Prince Percinet.

THE Empire of the *Fairies*, had not flourished many Centuries, but there reigned in the *Eastern Countries*, a King and Queen with so much Clemency and Justice, that they had gained the Hearts of all their Subjects. They had indeed no Male Issue, to leave the Crown to, but were bless'd with a Daughter, perfectly made Beautiful by Nature and Art. This accomplish'd Princess, for the sweetness of her Disposition, was called *Graciosa*. As she grew up, she became the Queen her Mother's darling, and consequently wanted nothing an indulgent Parent could give her; insomuch that her Garb was inestimable, her Dier

most delicate, and her Attendants becoming one of the greatest Princesses in the World.

Among the rest of the Ladies that made up her Father's Court, was the Dutchess of *Grognon*; extream Rich, but monstrous Ugly, Red-Hair'd, blear-Ey'd, hump-Back'd, bandy-Leg'd, and every way deform'd both in Soul and Body. She bore an inveterate Malice to *Graciosa*, and knowing the Lustre of her Merits, would become more transparent, by her ugly Appearance at Court, thro' Envy retired into the Country.

In process of Time, when Fortune had run a Series of Mirth and Tranquility, it happen'd that the Queen sickened and died, whose Death afflicting *Graciosa*, and her Father so violently, there was Reason to fear it would shorten their Days. The King had retired a whole Year, till at last, perswaded by his Physicians, he went a Hunting for the benefit of his Health. Upon the Borders of his Forrest, he came within sight of a stately Castle, and the Weather being extream hot, it obliged him to leave the Chace, and ride there to refresh himself.

The Dutchess of *Grognon* (whose Castle it was) went to wait upon his Majesty, and conduct him in. They were no sooner entered, but the cunning Dutchess familiarly told his Majesty, that the coolest retirement in her Castle, was a spacious arched Vault, which she desired him to Visit. The King agreed, where, to his surprize, he beheld, as he thought, above an hundred Pipes of Wine, placed very orderly. Are these for your own Use, Madam? (said he) For none but myself and my Family, (replied she,) will your Majesty be pleased to take a Glass of what Wine you like best, among all these? Troth, said the King, if I taste any, it shall be *Champagne*.

Immediately

Immediately *Grognon* struck with a little Silver Hammer the Head of a Pipe, and as soon came out a Million of *Guineas*. How comes this? *said she*, laughing, then she struck another Pipe, and out flew several Bushels of *Lewis d'Ors*. Hey day! cry'd *she*, in a surprize, what means all this? then she knocked her little Hammer against the Head of a third Pipe, and there was as many Pearls, Diamonds, and precious Stones flung out, as would cover the Floor. The cunning Dutchess to amuse the King, cry'd out in a Passion that she was cheated of her Wines, by some Villains, who had in the room thereof, only left her those foolish Baubles; and seemed to lament bitterly. What do you call these Baubles? *said the King*. Why, Woman, they are of more Value than ten of the richest Cities in the World. Well Sir, *said she*, I own it; and must confess, there is not one Pipe here, but what is full of Gold, and precious Jewels, and they are all at your Majesty's disposal, provided you'll consent to marry me, and make me as much Queen and Mistress of your Daughter as her Mother was. The covetous King, neglectful of his Daughter's Welfare, cry'd a Match! and gave her his Hand upon it; whereat she presented him with the Key of her Wealth, and so for that time parted.

The King no sooner returned to Court, but *Graciosa* received him with Joy, and embracing him cry'd, what Sport, my dear Father? Sport, Child, *said he*, why I have taken a live Pidgeon, commit it then to my Care, *reply'd she*, and I will make much of it. No, no, *said the King*, to tell you the Truth 'tis the Dutchess of *Grognon*, whom I have met with, and taken to Wife. Here *Graciosa* cry'd out to Heaven, and in a Rage said, the Countess was ten thousand times more like an Owl than a Pidgeon. Peace, *said the King*, its my Pleasure

should be so, therefore prepare to receive her with the same Duty you paid to the late Queen your Mother.

The obedient, but disconsolate Princess retired to her Chamber, in order to obey his Commands, but, alas! her Tears and Complaints soon brought her Nurse thither also, who loved her intirely. The Princess having told her what her Father had done, weep not, my pretty Mistress, *cry'd the Nurse*, it will be better for you to be dutiful to your Father, in which you will give a noble Example becoming your Princely Nature; promise me, therefore to comply with your Father's Pleasure, and Time shall make you amends.

Graciosa promised she would, and went and dressed herself all in Green, shaded with Gold, her Hair hanging in Curls loose on her Shoulders, on her Head was a Crown of Jessamine and Roses, so that *Venus* never appear'd more beautiful.

All this time *Grognon* was striving to wash the *Ethiopian* white, by adorning herself with all the sumptuous Ornaments she could procure, and to hide her Deformity, made use of a raised Shoe, Glass-Eye, Bolsters for her Back and Breasts, &c. Her hagg'd Cheeks, and thin Jaws, she plaister'd white, and vainly endeavour'd to hide the redness of her Hair with a black-lead Comb.

Whilst the King was making ready, *Graciosa* retired to a shady Grove, to ease her Breast with more freedom, but whilst she was bemoaning herself, she saw a Page coming to her, cloathed in green Silk, with white Feathers in his Cap. As soon as he approach'd her, he laid one Knee to the Ground, and with a profound Reverence said, Madam, the King, your Father, waits your Presence. *Graciosa* not knowing the Page, wondered at his Beauty, and supposing him to be one of *Grognon's* Retinue,

Retinue, but he undeceived her, and said, tho' he kept himself unknown, yet he was her Slave, and would never belong to any Body else: Therefore let not your Highness be troubled, *said he*, for my Name is *Percinet*, a Prince of Wealth and Parts, sufficiently known, who to prevent the Misfortunes you may fall under by your Father's Marriage, and make you Happy hereafter, am now and then, by virtue of the Gift of *Fairyism*, rendered invisible to your Highness, and every Body else. However, I have always your Company, my Heart is intirely yours; and I will for ever wait upon you for your Welfare. The Princess recovering herself from a Surprize, cry'd out, And is it you, lovely *Percinet*, whom I have so long desired to see? You transport me in offering your Friendship; take me into your Care, and let *Grognon* do her worst. She had no sooner said this, but *Percinet*, who had provided a sumptuous Horse for his beautiful Mistress, seated her on the Saddle, whilst she suffered him to lead her to her Father, and have the Felicity of seeing his Mistress all the while.

Thus the King, Princess, and all the Nobility met *Grognon* on the Road; but alas! the Beast she rode upon was more like a Cart-Horse, than a Nag for a Queen: So that the Eyes of all were only upon the beautiful Princess and her pretty Page in Green, which made the ill natured *Grognon* look as sovre as if she had eaten a Cart-load of Crabs.

The King took no Notice of her Resentment, his Head running more on Wealth than any thing else; but when *Grognon* came nearer, and saw *Graciosa* thus glistening, and so stately mounted, snuffing up her Nose, she broke Silence and said; what, shall that Puss have a better Steed than I? Let me rather return to my Castle than be thus served.

The History of the

The King then ordered *Graciosa* to dismount and offer *Grognon* her Horse, which was done accordingly; but *Grognon*, when mounted on the Palfray, was never the more minded. Then forsooth, the green Page must lead her Horse; and so the Picture of ill Looks, rode like a Peddler's Bundle, till she came to Court: But alas, she was no sooner there, but the noble Steed broke loose, and ran away, dragging her with one Foot in the Stirrup, through Dirt and Mire, till she look'd like a Cinder-Wench; but she was overtaken at last, and taken up in such a bloody, dirty pickle, with her Head bruised, and a broken Arm, that never was any Carted Bawd in such a Condition.

Thus they picked up the Kings broken peices of Earthen-ware, and carried her to his Palace, where she was put to bed, and the Surgeon sent for. But notwithstanding her Bruises, she storm'd and rail'd like a *Billingsgate*, and swore it was one of *Graciosa's* Tricks to pick out such an unruly Jade only to murder her; and sent Word, that if the King did not do her Justice, she would retire home.

The avaricious King, for fear of losing the Wealth, went and slung himself at her wretched Feet, and told her, she should be at her disposal to be punished as she pleas'd; and accordingly order'd the trembling Princess to be delivered immediately to her.

Graciosa no sooner entered *Grognon's* Apartment, but four Hags seized and stript her to the Alabaster Skin. Flea her! flea her! (cry'd cruel *Grognon*) till none of that white Skin, she is so proud of, is left. Now, thought *Graciosa*, I could wish with all my Soul, my pretty Page was here, were it not to see my Nakedness expos'd. So she submitted to their merciless scourging with Rods as they thought, till they were weary: But the Princess

cess had her Wish; for *Percinet* had cast a Mist before their Eyes, and made them use Feathers for Rods; so that, when they were sufficiently tired, they flung on her Garments and left her.

The Princess retir'd to her Chamber, and feigning an Indisposition, took to her Bed at which time *Percinet* appear'd in a corner of the Room, and out of Respect, kept himself at a distance. The Princess soon saw him, and gave him Thanks for a Kindness, which, she said, should ever render him dear to her. She conjur'd him to be always ready to protect her, till she was in a Condition to give him what he so much wish'd and deserv'd: But withal, desired him out of Decency to retire at that time. He gladly replied, he would punctually obey her Orders, and increase the respect he had for so sweet a Mistress; and then withdrew.

Now *Grognon* supposing she had reveng'd her self sufficiently, mended rather sooner than could be expected; so that in a little time she was married to the King in great Pomp. At the same time her Picture was drawn, and expos'd, a Tournament proclaim'd, and six bold Knights were to maintain her the greatest Beauty in the Universe. At every Fight the ugly Queen was present, and thought the Eyes of all the Beholders were upon her, when, alas! they were fix'd on the immatchless *Graciosa* who stood behind her.

When the Tournament was thought to be over, a young Knight appear'd with a Box enamel'd with Diamonds in his Hand, and with a loud Voice declared *Grognon* to be the ugliest piece of Nature in the World; and running against the six Knights, unhors'd them, and gain'd Victory. Then *Percinet* expos'd the Picture of *Graciosa* in his Diamond Box, at which Sight, every one knew it to be hers; and having made obeysance to *Graciosa*, he rode away

without giving any Account of himself.

Had you seen how *Grognon* look'd at this Affront, you wou'd have thought she would have burst with Envy. The Pride of her Heart was so great, that stamping her Feet in a rage, she turn'd to *Graciosa*, and said, Dispute with me the Prize of Beauty! Hah! If I die, I'll be revenged. Ah, Madam, cry'd the Princess, I am innocent, and own you to be the most excellent Beauty. No, no, Miss *Highty Tightly* said *Grognon*, interrupting her, it shall be my Turn next, and I'll be even with you.

The King was told what danger the Princess was in, but was deaf to any Redress; and so the cruel Queen, when Night came, forced *Graciosa* into a Coach, which, in a few Days left her in a Forrest Three hundred Miles distant, full of Beasts of Prey as Tygers, Bears, Wolves, &c.

The Heart of this tender Princess was ready to break in her Solitude. She wept, she sigh'd, and spent her time in fruitless wandrings, amongst exquisite *Briars* and *Thorns*, which penetrating her tender Skin, made the Blood trickle from her delicate Limbs.

At last, overcome with Grief, she fell down, and to her self, call'd upon *Percinet* with a deep Sigh, when immediately all the Trees in the Forrest, had lighted Tapers hanging on their Branches, and casting her Eyes upwards, she saw a most lovely Palace built with Chrystal, which shone as the Sun. Ah, thought she, this is Prince *Percinet's* doing; but was fearful of the Event; and thought it better to die, than to yeild to Love in that Place.

Turning her Back to the Castle she was for running away; but alas! 'twas in Vain; *Percinet* overtook her more Beautiful than ever: He cry'd, Ah! my dear Princess, why do you fly your Adorer? Have my good Offices made you distrust the Duty

I shall

I shall owe? Comfort your self, and let not Fear harbour in that tender Breast, which is the Closet of my Soul, you shall be happy with me in *Fairy Land*, where the Queen my Mother, and my Sisters will make themselves merry to see you whom they love as well as my self.

Here *Graciosa* had nothing to say, her Senses were charm'd, and Gratitude made Silence own her Consent to set by him in a little Chariot, drawn by two swift-footed Harts, who ran like the Wind. As they pass'd along, the Prince shew'd her a thousand Delicacies; as Shepherds and lovely Shepherdesses, sporting in the *downs*, young Swains courting their Mistresses, and a World of Amours, and other pretty Fancies, extremely Pleasing.

The swift Coursers, by this time, had reach'd the Palace of *Fairy Land*; and here 'twas that the Soul of *Graciosa* was ravish'd with the most melodious Musick. The Queen her Daughter embraced, and led her into a stately Room; surrounded with Crystal Walls; at which Instant, to her great surprize, she saw an exact History of her Life to that very Minute. Recovering her self a little, says she, to *Percinet*, Your Artists, Sir, are very exquisite here; for no sooner do I make the least Alteration in my self, but it is presently engraved before my Face. True, Madam, replied he, it is because none of your perfections, which possess my Soul, should be lost.

The Princess smiled, and turning to her Majesty, had no sooner thanked her for such a generous Reception, but the Tables were spread, and nothing that could be thought Rich or Delicate was wanting. The Princess fed with a good Stomach, and replenish'd her self chearfully; but the more with the Thoughts of finding *Percinet* in a Place where she might expect to lose her Life by Savage Beasts.

When

When Dinner was ended, *Percinet* conducted her to an *Opera*, wherein was represented the Amours of *Psyche* and *Cupid*, with a great deal of Life and Spirit, which pleased the Princess *Graciosa* extreamly.

The time to Rest drawing on, the Queen sent her Daughters, to conduct her to bed attended by twenty four beautiful Virgins, who were to be her Guard till the next Morning. The Princess endeavoured to repose herself, but in vain: She knew all was Inchantment, and therefore she told *Percinet*, That tho' she could not but admire the difference of Treatment she met with, from that of her Step-Mother *Grognon*, yet Duty to the King her Father, overballanced, at that time, any other Passion; and conjur'd him, as he expected a solid Reward of his Love, to conduct her in Safety home again; tho' such a separation from the Queen his Mother and the Princesses his Sisters, might sensibly afflict her.

The Prince gave her the hearing, and looked upon what she said, to be only a Female Effort to try the Constancy of his Affection. He fancied a Night's Sleep would make her forget so unpleasant a Theme; and therefore, with a thousand Adieus left her to repose.

The Morning arose with the Sun, and the lovely Princess as bright as them both, when *Percinet* stood before her, in Cloth of Gold trimed with Green: He knew what Dress would please her, and therefore chose Green, which was her Delight. Never did Heaven and Earth render a Man so compleat; and Nature till now, seem'd imperfect.

As soon as *Graciosa* saw him, she fetched a Sigh, and said, Ah, *Percinet*, the remembrance of my Misfortunes banish my Rest, and I dread the Effects! Madam, replied *Percinet* *Passionately*, You have no Reason to fear in a place where you reign Sovereign! Would you quit your Admirers, for the Cruelty

Cruelty of a Step-Mother? Would you relinquish the Tenderness of your Slave *Percinet*, for the Severities of one who is insatiably Cruel? Ah, Madam, forget not, forget not your self! — I cannot help it, replied the Princess, it is the Duty I owe to a Father, and I should be more happy, if you would join with me in the same Sentiments: But, Oh! And here she Sigh'd. —

Prince *Percinet* embracing her, put a stop to her Sighs, and as a Testimony of his Conformity to her Will, promised, that after eight Days Diversion, he would conduct her to her Father's Palace.

The Princess rejoiced to hear these Words, and whilst they were discoursing together, had a secret Desire to know what was transacted by *Grognon* during her Absence; and having notified her Mind to *Percinet*, he took her to a high Tower, built on a Christal Rock, on which he bid her set her Foot, and hold her little Finger on his Hips. She did, and immediately she saw *Grognon*, and her Father sitting together. She heard her perswading her Father, that *Graciosa*, thro' Pride, had hanged herself in the Cellar, and that there remained nothing but to bury her: She saw him Weep for the Loss of his Daughter: She saw the subtle Step-Mother dress, in a Shroud, a Wooden Log, and put in a Coffin, to deceive the King. She saw all this attended with a solemn Procession, and with pompous Ceremony laid in the Grave; every one condoling her Death, and cursing the Wretch that she was cause of it; whilst her Father abstained from Food, and grieved Excessively.

The Grief of the King was that alone which pierced the Heart of *Graciosa*; and therefore she earnestly implored *Percinet* to transport her Home to undeceive her Father.

The Prince endeavoured to perswade her to the contrary, but finding his Endeavours to no Purpose. Well, *said he*, I must obey you, but perhaps you may see cause more than once to wish yourself here again, tho' not upon the Account of *Percinet*, whom you thus punish with the severity of a hard Heart.

Having taken leave of the Queen, and the Princesses, and rode together in a Chariot till they came just without the Palace, the whole Building fell instantly into ten thousand heaps, and was totally buried. The Noise surpriz'd the Princess, but the Sight more; so that she desired to know the meaning of so sudden a Dissolution. Madam, *says Percinet*, *something Shagreen*, it is so, my Court must be in the Grave; nor will you never re-enter, till the King of Terrors has robbed you of another existence.

Having said this, they came immediately to the King's Palace, when the Prince became invisible; but the Princess soon flew to her Father's Chamber, and lay prostrate before him. At first the King supposed it was her Ghost, and started through fear, but she held by his Robes, and soon convinced him to the contrary. She told him that she had lived in a Forrest, and how cruel *Grognon* had imposed upon him, by a mock Funeral of a Log; and desired his Protection to screen her from future Danger.

The overjoy'd King carest'd his Daughter; and sent immediate Orders to dig up her supposed Grave, where (as she had said) all the Cheat was discovered. Yet the King was too effeminate to punish the Treachery! And when it was told *Grognon*, that the Princess was with her Father, she ran desperately to his Apartment, swearing that she would immediately have that pretended Daughter of his, or else she would with all her Riches, forth-
with

with depart this Realm; affirming that *Graciosa* had hanged herself, and that this was an Impostor.

The coddle headed King was so weak as to submit too, that *Grognon*, with a hellish Joy, had her once more in Possession. She soon put her Cruelty in Execution. She caused her to be thrown into a stinking Dungeon, and instead of Princely Robes, cloathed her with Canvas, made her wear a *Taur-paulin* Cap, and fed her with Bread and Water.

As Afflictions recollect past Deliverance, so this brought to mind the Words of *Percinet*, but she durst not wish herself in Fairy Land, nor call to him for Relief, supposing that the Love of that Prince was lessened, for which she might thank herself.

In the mean time *Grognon*, who had invoked Hell for Advice, had procured a Fairy to assist her, ten times more devilish than herself. They laid their diabolical Heads together, and consulted how they might punish her with Tasks impossible to be performed by any Mortal.

The first thing the Fairy procured, was a Skein of thread three Yards round, so thin, that the least touch would break it, to which there was neither beginning nor ending.

Grognon no sooner had it, but she carried it to the Princess, and said, *Here, Hussy, unravel this, or I'll flea thee alive*: And so left her secured under three Locks.

Graciosa viewing it, took it up to find a beginning, but alas! her pretty Fingers, though fine enough, had broke it into so many Places, that in despair she gave it over and wept. And now she exclaimed against her Severity to *Percinet*, and wished she had never been so Cruel: She only beg'd the Favour of him to come and receive from her Lips her last Breath ——— And here she fell a weeping.

The tender hearted Prince knew all this, and immediately went and stood before her, with a little Wand in his Hand. *I am here, (said he) and cannot be from the Service of my Princess, though I am slighted never so much.* And with that, struck the Skein with his Wand three times, and it immediately unravel'd. What further, Madam? said he, will you never invoke me, but in your Afflictions, to vex a Lover, that cannot take back what he has given to you? Why then will you not be happy, you delight surely to be miserable, because you know it afflicts me: If otherwise, what are you afraid of? — *That your Love is not real,* said the Princess: *Let Time convince me it is* — Here the Prince took his leave; and much concerned at her Jealousie, retired.

No sooner was the Sun set, but *Grognon* went to see if she had performed that Miracle; when to her surprize, *Graciosa* modestly presented her the Scain unraveled to Perfection. She stifled her Passion, with much ado; but told her, she was an aukward Slut, and she had not kept it clean, and such-like spiteful stuff; and withal bid her remember it, with two unmerciful Blows over the Face.

The cruel Beast thus baulked in her first attempt, swelled with Envy, and called her Familiar once more. She desired something of the Fairy to be imposed on the Princess, that might be beyond Imagination to perform.

'Tis agreed, and a large Tub was ordered to be filled with Feathers of all sorts of Birds in the World; so mixt together, that the very Birds themselves could not tell their own: And the Fairy herself assured Queen *Grognon*, that it would infallibly confound the Wit and Patience of her Slave.

Oh, how glad was *Grognon* at this News! Revenge put Wings to her pace, 'till she came to the

Princess.

Princess. The Tub of Feathers being ready, *Here Impudence*, (said she) *sort these, and lay every Plume by itself, and not one Feather amiss.* And so left her under three Locks as before.

The innocent Virgin began her Endeavours, but finding them fruitless, and the Work impossible, gave it over with a Heart full of Grief. *I see now, said she, with a tone that could break a Heart of Flint, my Death is the Life of my Enemy, and I must submit.* Oh that I should have wronged my manifold Deliverer *Percinet*, and by slighting his Love, force him to abandon me in this Condition.

The Words were no sooner out of her Mouth but *Percinet* appeared, who lay hid all the time among the Feathers, most dear Princess, *said he*, your Troubles shall vanish by my Presence, and he who is always near to you, will convince you, that he prefers not his Life to the Love he owes you. With that he waved three times his Wand, and the Feathers were divided according to her Wish. The Princess thanked him, and gave him Assurance of her high Esteem. But, Madam, (*said Percinet*) does nothing else remain? have you taken an Oath never to resolve in my Favour? — She made no Answer, but gave a Nod, and so *Percinet* with a troubled Breast, retired at her Pleasure.

When ugly *Grognon* came a second time, and found her devilish Device baffled, 'twas thought she would have burst in pieces; and tho' she could not find the least Fault, yet, to retain her cursed Temper, did not forbear abusing her with her wicked Fits. She retired to her Chamber, and sent for the Fairy, loading her with the worst of Language, and reproached her with Trick and Deceit.

The Fairy at this, was as much confounded as herself, at last she comforted her once more and said, she had one Invention left, that would please her

her to the Life, and plague all the People in the World to find out.

In a few Minutes the Fairy procured a Box and gave it her; which when once opened could never be shut by any one alive; and ordered her to send *Graciosa* with it to her rich Castle, and not to open it, on pain of Death.

Grognon did as the Fairy ordered, and dispatch'd away the Princess with it; charging her to set it upon a particular Table in the Castle, without looking in it, as she valued her Life.

The Virgin-Traveller, accoutred with nothing but wooden Shoes, a Canvas Gown, and Tarpaulin Cap, set forward with a heavy Heart, and tho' she appeared so disguised her incomparable Beauty drew after her the Eyes of all she met.

At last, after many a weary Step, she sat down to rest herself in a pleasant Meadow, by a murmuring Brook, and whilst she was musing on the vicissitude of Fortune, it came strongly into her Mind to open the Box, notwithstanding so strict a prohibition, she struggled with herself a great while, but at last gave way to her Fancy, with a Design not to take any thing out, but only to gratify her Curiosity in seeing what was in it.

Well, open it is, when, (O wonderful!) at that Instant the Meadow was filled with Fairy Men and Women of all Ranks and Qualities. There were among them, great Numbers of Musicians, Stage-Players, Fencers, Dancing-Masters, Cooks, &c. and not one melancholy Fairy among them all. The Fairies of Quality were drawn along the Banks of small *Rivulets*, in Chariots of Cockle-Shells by beautiful hum Birds, which made a melodious harmony, whilst the rest Sung, Danced, Played, Feasted, and Revell'd wantonly about the Meadow; to the great Amusement of *Graciosa*.

At last the Princess thought it high time to call them into her Box, and proceed on her Errand but they all refused. Then she ran after them, but they flew from her. When she pursued them in the Meadow, they took to the Wood; and when she followed them there, the nimble-footed Fairies were immediately in the Meadow.

Now she began to blame herself for her curious Indiscretion, and repented a thousand times of her Folly. She saw a Necessity of calling upon her Prince, to extricate her out of the worst of Perplexities, and cried out aloud, Ah, *Percinet!* *Percinet!* come once more and assist thy imprudent Princess, if thy Love be real.

The good natured Prince put a stop to a third Call, by his Appearance, she soon saw him in his Green Cloathing. Madam, *says he*, would you ever think of me, were it not for *Grognon*? — He would have said more, but she interrupting him, saying, believe otherwise and be happy; for in a little time your Constancy shall be Crowned, and your self Blessed.

Never did a Lover appear more transported with Joy at the Expression of a Mistress, than *Percinet* at the Words of *Graciosa*. He made no more ado, but struck his Wand thrice upon the Box, and the Danger was all over, it would have made a Melancholly Laugh, to see how eager the little Fairies were (not an Inch long) to get in one before another. So that in an Instant the tiny Gentlemen, with their Madams, the Cooks with their Spits, and every one placed themselves in the Box, with the same Exactness and Order as at first.

Percinet then rendered her invisible; and lifting her into his Chariot, rode with her to the Castle; having the Happiness of a Conversation, which (as the Story goes) she was so far from finding Fault with,

with, that, like the rest of her Sex, she made it one of her most valuable Secrets.

When she came to the Governour of the Castle, and ask'd for the Key in *Grognon's* Name, he smil'd, and wonder'd at her Impudence, in asking the Question. *Graciosa* being refused, with a severe Reprimand, Pray then, Sir, said she, give me a Line or two, to the Queen your Mistress, of your refusal: Which he did.

The Prince met her returning, and took her into his Chariot, and drove towards her Fathers Palace; but by the way, got this Promise from her, that if *Grognon* should load her with any more Difficulties, she would consent to his Desires.

Grognon no sooner saw her return, but all Hell rag'd in her Breast; she raved and tore, and curs'd her Fate, and laying Hands on her Fairy, would have choak'd it, were it possible, to do so by a Fairy. *Graciosa*, with respect, gave her the Governour's Note, and Box; but she, Devil-like, flung both into the Fire; and 'twas well she did not so by *Graciosa*.

And now, without the Assistance of any Devil but herself, her own Thoughts produced this last Project.

By her Command a very deep Hole was dug in her Garden, and a Stone laid over it. She took her Maids and *Graciosa* along with her a walking. When they came near the Pit, said she to her Attendance, move away that Stone, and you'll find hid a great deal of Treasure: *Graciosa* was the first to obey her; and which was no sooner done, but the wicked *Grognon* push'd her in head long, and caus'd the Stone to be laid as before.

Who would imagine now, but here was an End of her? 'Twas an Impossibility for *Percinet* to find her (she thought) buried in the Earth; and therefore she was willing to expire with these last Words

Ah, *Percinet*? *Percinet*! thy Revenge is just for my persecuting Delays; but now forgive me that which was the Effect of an unwarrantable Distrust of th' Affection I die, I die, and shall with more Satisfaction, were I assur'd that *Percinet* would Sigh over me.

Here a Noise made her start, at the opening of a little Door, which introduc'd immediately a pleasing Light. She saw presently fine Gardens, full of all manner of Fruits, Flowers, Fountains, Grotto's, Bowers, &c. She ventur'd to step in, contemplating with herself the issue, when looking about her, she saw the Castle of *Fairy-Land*, and *Percinet*, with the Queen his Mother, and his Sisters: The Queen approach'd her, and said, *Fair Princess, consent at last, to make my Son happy, and free yourself from that horrid Condition you are in.*

At these Words, *Graciosa* fell down before her, submitted to her Discretion, and accepted *Percinet* for her Husband. The Prince overjoy'd at so great a Blessing, affectionately embrac'd her Knees; and immediately the whole Palace was fill'd with Musick, and Acclamations of Joy. The Marriage was celebrated with extraordinary Magnificence, and the Court throng'd with a vast Concourse of Fairy Quality. From all parts of the Earth, Fairies resorted thither, deck'd in their richest Attire, making splendid Entries; some in Chariots, drawn by Doves; some by Swans, Peacocks, Dragons, and Serpents; and others posting thither upon fiery Globes, Clouds and Meteors. But, among all the rest of the Spectators, came *Grognon's* Fairy, in a Chariot drawn by six Rattle Snakes, who beholding the Princess with Concern, was so smitten with her excellent Beauty and Perfections, she fell down before her, and beg'd Forgiveness. The Passion this Fairy was in, about the Cruel *Grognon*, and the Re-

proaches

proaches she met with at Court, for afflicting the Princess, made her so uneasie, that whilst the Marriage Feast was preparing, she remounted her Chariot, and in an Instant, to do the fair Princess Justice, flew to Grognon's Palace, where she wrung off the wicked Queen's Neck and tore her Limb from Limb.

T H E M O R A L.

BY this, we see what devilish Tricks are try'd,
 When the Hag Envy swells with Pride;
 Nor Peace, nor Rest, to Virtue will she give,
 Nor suffer native Innocence to live.

But swift as Lightning flies,
 Meagre, and Terrible,
 Down to the lowest Pit of Hell,
 For fresh Supplies.

Her poy's'nous teeming Womb then up ascends,
 And empties all her infant Woes
 In spiteful Grognon's Breast,
 Whom Cruelty possesseth,
 To keep disturb'd that true Repose,
 Which daily on the vertuous Soul attends.

But see, how weak are all their Charms,
 Fair Graciosa Smiles,
 And stands exempt from all their Harms
 To crown her faithful Lover's Toils.

See generous youthful Souls, see here
 What 'tis to Love and persevere:

See, spiteful Wretches, Grognon's Fate;
 And learn to shun those Ills, which Envy do create.



T A L E II.

Leander, or the Blew-Bird, Prince, and the Princess Florina.

IN former Days lived a Sovereign Prince, whose Strength and Riches were so great that he was formidable to all his Neighbours: But what increased his Comfort, was the enjoyment of one the most virtuous and beautiful Princesses in the World. But this Happiness lasted not long; for in a little time the Queen died, after a violent Sicknes of fifteen Days.

There was an universal Sorrow to be seen for so great a Loss; and the King having devoted himself so much to Grief. That like one delirious, he tore his Hair, rent his Mantle, and fasted eight Days.

The whole Court, fearing he might destroy himself, us'd all their Endeavours to comfort him, but their good Offices were in vain, and whatever they had done prov'd unsuccessful.

At last, a cunning dissembling, self-ended Widow of Quality, undertook to banish from His Majesty, a melancholy that had brought him to the Borders of Death. She Veil'd her self, and went and humour'd her Grief, and whilst he commended the Endowments of his deceased Queen, she blabber'd our Elegies, enlarging as much upon the Qualities of her dead Husband. And thus the subtle Widow lamented so grievously, that it mov'd the King to pity her, and by Degrees, to forget his own Grief.

Having gone thus far, she threw aside her Veil, and with false Fire in his Eyes, put a stop to his
B Tears

Tears, and manag'd her part so dexterously, that the late Queen's Memory was forgot, and nothing would serve his Turn, but he must take her to Wife.

Well, to make short on it, Married they were, to the great Astonishment of all that heard it.

At the time of this second Marriage, both of them had two only Daughters; the King one nam'd *Florina*, the Glory of the World; and the new Queen another nam'd *Truitone*: despicable, like her Mother; of a swarthy greasy Complexion, with a Freckle Skin, like the Back of a Trout; and of a Temper base as Vice could Picture.

The Daughter must needs be a Jewel in the Original; and therefore the Queen call'd her nothing but her charming *Truitone*, in all her Discourse. And perceiving that the secret Charms of the beautiful *Florina*, had attached the Affection of the whole Kingdom, through Envy, was resolv'd to lessen her Esteem in the Eyes of her Father, and this she did daily, by false Accusations, Clamours, dirty Ridicules, and other Indecencies unworthy the Notice of the sweet natur'd Princess, who strove to be above her Malice.

In a little time, there was News brought of the Arrival of a most gallant and magnificent Prince, call'd, *the charming King*. The Queen having heard the News, thought now was the time to make her Daughter *Truitone* happy; and therefore caus'd her to be deck'd with the richest Ornaments that could be gotten; and order'd all the Brocad-ed Silks and Jewels of *Florina*, to be lockt up: So that when the great King had Audience, she having nothing left but an old Gown, thro' Modesty hid herself in one Corner of the Room.

The *Charming King* was received with the utmost Respect, when the Queen presented him her Daughter

ter *Truitone*; but his Looks were not pleasant, he could see nothing in her to Affect him. The Queen perceiving him Shagreen, seemed to take no Resentment, but attributed it to his Modesty, and so past it by.

The *Charming King* had heard much of *Florina's* Beauty, and looking about him, desir'd to see the other Princess, the King's own Daughter; *there she is, standing in yon Corner*, said unmannerly *Truitone*. The King immediately address'd the blushing Princess, with so much Respect and Love, that the Queen could not forbear discovering some Resentment; and being exasperated highly, prevailed with the King to confine *Florina* in a Castle, so long as the *Charming King* stay'd at Court.

To render all things to her Mind, she had order'd the *Charming King's* Attendance, to say every thing that was base and scandalous of *Florina*, and to make him believe, if possible, that she was one of the most sordid, ill-natur'd Coquettes in the Kingdom. But the *Charming King* was possess'd with another Belief, his Affections were already settled; and he told those that gave her this bad Character, That he had no other Faith, than that it was the Contrivance of herself, and deformed Daughter *Truitone*, whose Memory, much more sight, was his greatest Torment. And that on t'other hand, the Perfections of the most beautiful Princess *Florina*, could only compleat his Happiness.

When they had told this to the Queen, she was in such Confusion, that she vowed Revenge to herself.

In the mean time, the imprison'd Princess was bemoaning her hard Fate, and much more the absence of the *Charming King*, who had already possess'd her Heart. She cry'd and wept bitterly, and

often threw out Inveſtives againſt that innocent Beauty of her's that had thus inthrall'd her.

The Queen at the ſame time was alſo plotting how to bring over the *Charming King*, and therefore ſent him ſome of the richeſt Preſents in the World, requeſting him to be the lady's Champion that ſent them. Among the reſt was, *The Order of Love's Knighthood*, which was a golden Heart, ſet with Diamond Darts about it, and pierced with an Arrow, bearing viſibly this Motto:

Wounded but by One.

Likewiſe a Book bound in a Gold Cover, containing the Laws of that Order, in ſhort, there was never an Emperor before, able to make ſuch a Preſent.

The *Charming King* was raviſhed with it, and the more when he fancied it came from the Princeſs *Florina*, of whoſe Imprisonment he was hitherto ignorant. Bur when he was told that it came from *Truitone*, he ſaid to the Meſſengers, *No: I'll be none of her Champion; it is inconſiſtent with my Honour to be at the diſpoſal of thoſe I cannot Fancy; therefore thank your Miſtreſs in my Name, and take back the Preſents again.*

Never did Envy and Malice rage more, than in the Breasts of the Queen and *Truitone*; they took this Refuſal with the utmoſt Frenzy, and would, if poſſible, have burſt at the Thoughts of the *Charming King's* Affection for *Florina*. And when they ſaw him approach, enquiring peremptorily where *Florina* was, the Queen told him, with ſomething of Warmth, that it was the King her Husband's Pleaſure, that ſhe ſhould not be ſeen, till her Daughter *Truitone* was Married.

At this ſmart Answer, the King, with an Air of Indifference, gave both of them an unwelcome
Look,

Look, and without Ceremony, left them to their own base Genius.

When he had retir'd, and had leisure to think, it came into his mind to bribe some of the Princess's Maids, to come to a Sight of *Florina*; and intimating this Design of his to a young Nableman that attended him, they soon procur'd one who promis'd to take upon her the Business.

But, oh! the Wretch was false: She gave intelligence of all to the Queen, and this brought about the first Misfortune to the *Charming King*.

Traitone being told his Intentions, ordered the false Confident to proceed, and tell him, that he should be bless'd with an Hour's Conversation, with her at Night, through a little Window; but, withal, to charge him, as he valued his Life, to keep it secret.

The King rejoiced exceedingly, and longed till Night came, whilst the Queen had ordered her Daughter *Traitone*, to personate the Princess; and gave her Instructions accordingly.

The *Charming King*, at the time prefixed, was conducted thither, and there in whispering Accents, expressed his Affections to the Counterfeit *Florina*, which she gladly received. He told her, he would contrive her Escape, and bestow on her two Diamonds, his Heart and Crown; and to assure her of his Constancy, gave her a Diamond Ring, as a Pledge of his Royal Promise. *Traitone* counterfeited Tears and Sighs, and faintly told him, she would be at his Disposal provided it conduced with his own Safety.

The *Charming King*, pleased with his Conversation, had staid so long, the Day-light put him in Mind to withdraw; so that he took his leave for that time, with her Consent to receive another Visit from him in the same place, the next Day.

As angry as the Queen and *Truitone* had been hitherto, now they seemed as Joyful; and the Night appointed being come, the *Charming King* had got ready a Charriot drawn by flying Frogs; and repairing to the Castle, found his supposed Princess ready, at a Window designedly left open. In a Minute he took her in his Arms, and seating her in the Coach, asked her in what place she would have the Marriage Consumated. The Counterfeit replied, if he thought fit, it might be at her *Fairy God-mothers*, who lived in a Castle not far off. Be it so, said the *Charming King* to his Coursers who no sooner heard where they should take their Journey, but they flew thro' the Air and in a little time arrived at the *Fairy Castle*.

When *Truitone* had privately conferred with her God-mother, and told her what Artifices she used to bring over the *Charming King* to her Embraces, desiring her, withal, to assist her at this critical Juncture. 'Tis to no purpose; (said *Souffio*) it is all but Labour in vain; *Florina* has his Heart already: However to satisfy you, I'll try some Experiments peculiar to my Fairy Art.

A way went *Souffio*, with *Truitone*, unveil'd to the King, who stood amazed to see his deformed Enemy, instead of the lovely *Florina*, whom he impatiently expected.

Sir, said the *Angry Fairy*, marry my Daughter by fair Means, who you have promised, and given a Pledge. Not I, said the King; you had as good perswade me to Marry a lewd Cinder Wench. *Charming King*, said *Souffio*, be not so rash: Do you know what Respect you owe here? I will respect you as a Fairy said the King, give me but my true *Florina*: Am not I she (said *Truitone*) whom you promised so faithfully at the little Window? And is not this Ring a Witness of it? 'Tis all a Cheat

Cheat; (replied the King) therefore come, my little pretty Frogs, lets be gone, and leave them to themselves. Hold, (said *Souffio*) ask me leave first: And touching him with her Finger, he was, as it were, nailed to the Floor. If you kill me, (said the *Charming King*) I will not take my Heart from *Florina*; and so use the utmost of your Pleasure.

They kept him in this Posture six Weeks, using all the Fair and foul Means to perswade him; but *Souffio*, knowing it imposible, once more said, *Will you Marry her or not?* I will not Marry such a filthy Brute, (said the King) nor trouble my self with her. She shall not trouble you; (said *Souffio*) and therefore, for breaking your Oath, you shall be a *BLEW BIRD* for Seven Years: With that she opened the Window, and said you have nothing else to do now, Master *Blew-Bird*, but to take your Flight.

She had no sooner said it, but he became so, in the bigness of a Dove, with an Ivory Bill, and a Tuff of Milk-white Feathers on his little Head; and so, stretching his Wings, left Sight of the Castle in an Instant.

The *Charming King* being fled, *Souffio* sent *Tritone* home, with an Account of what had happened, but the Rage the Queen her Mother flew into, was inexpressible. Well, said she, *Florina* shall suffer for all his obstinate Sights.

With that she decked her Daughter with the Robes of a new married Queen, put a Crown on her Head, and to tantalize *Florina* the more made her wear the Diamond Ring on her Finger, and the Marriage-Ring studded with Rubies on her Thumb, which the *Charming King*, they said had given her.

Thus Equiped, with a vast Retinue of Lords and Ladies, they went to the Tower where the beautiful Princess lay, and there told her, that *Tritone*

was happily married to the *Charming King*; and that they were come to bring her some Marriage Gifts, which were inestimable: and so laid them down before her, whilst the sly *Tritone* discovered in particular to *Florina*, the Diamond Ring, which she knew belonged to her *Charming King*.

The distressed Princess, believing what they said, in the midst of insupportable Grief, fell into a Swoon: And had she never recovered, her cruel Enemies would have blessed themselves for Joy.

The Queen, pleased at this Mortification, would suffer none to relieve her; but with her Thoughty Daughter, left her to the Care of her own Fate.

Yet Fortune had still a kindness for her: In a little time she recovered; but spent the tedious Hours of Night, at her Chamber Window, beating into the Air, Sighs and Tears, and bemoaning her miserable Condition, until Day-break made her retire to prevent a Discovery.

The *Charming King*, who had fled for some time among the Myrtle and Cypress Trees, singing nothing but melancholy Songs, flew at last towards the Castle where his Princess lay; and because he would not be discovered by *Tritone*, resolved to sing but seldom, and that in the Night.

He had observed a very tall Tree, adjoining to the Castle, whose Boughs of Cypress came directly to her Window, and there the *Blew-Bird* took delight to spend his pensive Hours.

The gilded Moon appearing one Night, he saw a Lady bemoaning herself at a Chamber-Window in the following manner.

Unhappy I, that I cannot meet Death, since my *Charming King*, the Soul of my Life, torn from me by the lewd Embraces, of the foul *Tritone*! What greater Cruelty could'st thou inflict on an innocent Virgin, thou barbarous Queen? And yet thou
thinkest.

thinkest that Torment insufficient, since I must fall a Victim to thy unsatisfied Revenge, within these flinty Walls. O hapless Virgin, that once was thy Father's Delight art now lost to his Memory. O cruel Fortune, cease my Grief, or put an End to thy Inconstancy, by sending me quick into another World.

The Blew-Bird heard these Complaints, and knew them to be the Voice of a Princess, who had proceeded farther, had he not interrupted her thus —

Ab, Madam, would you be so cruel, to put the World in Mourning for so incomparable a Princess?

Can there be any one so good, as to Comfort me thus? said she. Heavens! who is it?

'Tis a King cried the Blew Bird, and to convince her that he was so, flew directly to the Window, and told her all the wicked Practices of her Step-Mother and Daughter; and how the Fairy, Souffio, had transformed him into what he was, for the Space of Seven Years for refusing to marry the deformed Tritone. Behold, therefore (added he) your Charming King, transported with infinite Joy, to see once more his beautiful Florina.

The Princess, amidst a secret Satisfaction, could not forbear wondering, how so little a Bird should be so great a Monarch. At which he hopped upon her Hand, and confirmed her Belief, by relating every material Accident, with a thousand endearing Expressions.

Had you been by, to have seen the Concern these two Lovers were in, you would have wished yourself a Blew Bird too: For she stroaked his Bill a thousand times, whilst he fluttering in her Breast, ravished it with as many Songs of his Faithfulness and Constancy.

In short, Words cannot express the Transports that past between them for Joy they had met again: When they parted in the Morning they thought every

Hour Ten, till the Night came the Princess all Day was fearful that he should fall a Prey to some ravenous Bird; and he was as anxious about the tediousness of his Transformation, and the Welfare of his Princess.

The Blew Bird to make the time less tedious, resolved to do something extraordinary for his Mistress; so that at certain times he flew to his own Palace, and brought away Bracelets, Diamonds, Pendants, a rich Watch in a Pearl Case, Bodkins, Necklaces, Jewels, and every thing that was rich and valuable, and gave them, like a true Courtier, to his lovely Princess, saying, My adorable Beauty, accept of these, and wear them for the sake of thy Blew Bird. Yes, my pretty Charmer, cried the Princess, provided you could see me in the Day. I'll watch my Opportunity (added he) for that: And the next Day, as the Sun arose, he saw, from the Boughs of the Tree, the Princess in all her Splendor. He looked earnestly on her, and then on the Sun (for, you must know, he had Eagles Eyes) and after some Dispute with himself, about the Gayety of each other, he gave it in favour of his Mistress; who all that time beheld him with Maiden Blushes, and every thing we call Lovely.

Two Years thus stole away, whilst the Ambitious Queen was contriving to Marry her Daughter Tritone. She had for that purpose, invited all the neighbouring Princes; but they refused, agreeing all in this Answer, that if she would offer the incomparable Beauty *Florina*, they should think themselves everlastingly happy in such a Match; but as for Tritone, she might live single for them.

The Queen finding all her Endeavours hitherto frustrated, believed *Florina* might hold some private Correspondencies with Foreign Princes; and therefore, Right or Wrong, she was resolved to impeach her of High Treason: concluding that

the

she should never succeed in her Designs, so long as beautiful *Florina* was alive.

Big with this Project, she went one Night to *Florina's* Apartment, with her Daughter *Truitone*; and when they came to the Chamber Door, the Queen listened, and heard the following Song, which *Florina* and the *Blew Bird* were then Singing in two Parts, at the Chamber Window.

*Tho' my Dear, thy Fate is hard,
And the Pains I feel severe;
Torments, which I never fear'd,
Yet our Happiness lies here :
They are but the Effects of Woman's Rage,
The cruel Queen and Truitone ;
A conquest, Love does still presage,
When Thee and I shall be but One.
In spite of all their Hellish Spleen,
Thou shalt be King, and I thy Queen.*

The Queen hearing these Words, stamp'd with her Foot, and cried out *Treason ! Truitone, Treason !* bursting open the Chamber Door.

Florina, to save her *Blew Bird*, had just time enough to let him fly from the Window, when the the Queen approached with Fire in her Eyes, we have been informed of your Plots by others, (*said she raving*) but now our own Ears are Witnesses of your Conspiracy, to Dethrone your Father and I, and possess your self of his Kingdoms, you perfidious Baggage.

Alas! said *Florina*, who should I plot with, when I am always kept here alone, closely confin'd.

'Tis so, 'tis so, Hussy; cried the Queen, and these fine Jewels and Diamonds, are the Presents given you, in lieu of your Father's Dominions.

Amidst all this Affliction, *Florina* could not forbear smiling at such Inconsistencies. Well, said she, you may think what you please, madam, but 'tis very strange, that a helpless Virgin, who has been a Prisoner two Years, and not able to sustain, in a manner, her own Afflictions, should be in a Capacity to act as you have said.

How come you then by all these Fineries, said the Queen, more fitting for *Tritone*, than you Gossip?

I shall say no more, but that I found them here, said the Princess.

'Tis no such thing, cry'd the Queen, you had as good persuade us, That when the Sky falls, we shall catch Larks. You must needs have some Correspondence say what you will.

The Spirits of the Air must assist me than reply'd the Princess.

You mean the Devil, said the snappish Queen, but your Witchcrafts are well known to me and your Father; and we'll take Care to do you Justice: And so they left her to vent her Grief.

The Queen was as good as her Word, for being told, That if *Florina* had the protection of a Fairy, the only way would be to load her with fresh Severities, and so she did with a Vengeance.

She ordered a spiteful Wench to lie with her and watch all her Actions; so that now her royal *Blew Bird* could no more converse with her at her Chamber Window: All her Complaints were made inwardly to herself, whilst he was as much perplex'd to see himself deprived of his Happiness by so vigilant a Spy.

The *Blew Bird* now grew melancholy, and sung sorrowfully to himself in the Woods and Groves about the Castle. But *Florina* having observed her She-Spy to be overcome with tedious Watching, and that she was fallen into a deep Sleep, stole to the Window and sung thus,

Come,

*Come, my pretty Gentle Bird,
Whose Livery is Blew,
Thy Constancy is true to me,
And mine is so to you.*

*Then hitber to thy Princess fly,
That on thee I may cast an Eye.*

The *Blew Bird* heard, and knew so well her Mind, that he obey'd her call, and flew directly to the Window, where they afresh renewed their loves, with all the tenderesses, and indearing Passions that could be. They wished their Spy might Sleep eternally, and whilst they were in vain wishing, the Slut awak'd and forced a Separation.

The *Blew Bird* had many such an Opportunity, for as often as the Spy fell asleep, *Florina* would call him as she had done before.

*Come, my pretty gentle Bird,
Whose Livery is Blew,
Thy Constancy is true to me,
And mine is so to you.*

*Then hitber to thy Princess fly,
That on thee I may cast an Eye.*

But alas! one time he had obey'd her call, and whether the Spy had some frightful Dream or the Lovers talked too loud, they knew not; but so it happened that she awoke, at a time when the light of the Moon discovered to her who she was discoursing with. At first she was in a surprize, to see a beautiful Bird address *Florina* with all the Actions of a Lover; whilst she caress'd his Ivory Bill, and took delight to stroke his Blew Livery. She feign'd herself asleep, and by favour of that Fiction, heard all they said, till their time of parting came with the break of the Day.

She had already learned enough, and ran with the Intelligence to the Queen and *Tritone*, inform-

ing them of every thing that occur'd, and that particularly a King, in the Shape of a *Blew Bird*, held Correspondence with *Florina*.

Is it so? *said the Queen*, forming. A very pretty Fancy! She, who I thought was depriv'd of the least Comfort, has now all the Happiness a Heart can wish. Well *Tritone*, cry'd *she*, we'll be quick in Revenge, and soon make her truly sensible of the Death of a Lover.

The Spy was ordered back with fresh Instruction, to appear now and then over sleepy on purpose to make new Discoveries; whilst the Queen had ordered the Boughs of the Cypress Tree to be hung with Pen-Knives, Razors, Tenter-Hooks, &c. expecting something Tragical to the *Blew Bird*.

She had in some measure her End; for the beautiful Bird, by flying and hopping too and fro, was so lamentably Wounded, that he could scarce reach to his hollow lodging in the Forrest.

Had *Florina* seen him bleeding in his Nest, bemoaning the loss of a Life, (as he thought) which he only kept for her sake she must have dissolved into Tears. She had sung often, and often, her usual Song, little thinking that he was taken up with nothing but Sighs and Reflections upon the severity of his Fate.

He would now and then suffer himself, with a great deal of Pain, to believe that his Princess was concerned in the pretended Massacre, and made her Peace with the Queen, at the Expence of his Blood: And this Thought was so strong upon him one Day, he had certainly laid violent Hands upon himself, had not his old Friend the Enchanter prevented it.

The *Blew Bird* having told the Enchanter, (who was sensibly touch'd with his Afflictions) how he became transformed, and the occasion of his being Wounded, he made no more ado, but by Virtue of
his

his Styptick Charms, staunch'd the Blood and heal'd his Wounds. Then the *Blew Bird* (giving way to Jealousy) told him the Cause of his present Misfortunes, was the fair, but cruel *Florina*, who had sacrificed his Life to free herself from Prison.

Say you so? (said the Enchanter) O base, perfidious Wretch! Learn to forget her then, and all the rest of her ungrateful Sex. Concluding that when there is an Excess of Grief, Reason is thrown aside, Counsels are useless; and that every thing having its Course, 'twas in vain for him to be impatient, since the lucky Hour would come in its own time and no sooner.

The *Blew Bird* own'd all this, yet could not forget his Mistress; however he prevail'd with the Enchanter to keep him in a Cage the remaining five Years, that he might be freed from the many Dangers as he was at present exposed to.

The Princess *Florina* not hearing any thing of her royal *Blew Bird*, lamented bitterly and took on at such a rate, that she pined away to a meer Skeleton; and the thoughts of his being sacrific'd to the Rage of the cruel Queen and *Traitone*, put her upon wishing every Breath her last.

During these Troubles of our two Lovers, which were cause of Mirth to the Queen, the hardships of Fortune began to be quite spent: For whilst as I said the Queen and *Traitone* were making themselves merry with their Misfortunes, the King *Florina's* Father fell sick and died.

He was no sooner dead, but there happened a great Insurrection in favour of the Princess; nor would the Nobility and Commons, be appeas'd, till *Florina* was brought from the Tower, and elected Queen, notwithstanding the Menaces of the Queen Dowger. Nay, they were so incens'd against her Administration, that they broke into the Chamber.

ber where she was, took her by Hair of the Head, and dashed her Brains out against the Pavement; whilst her Daughter (narrowly escaping their Rage) with much ado, got safe to her Fairy God-mother *Souffio*.

The Princess was no sooner Crowned, but her Health was consulted by the chief Physicians; so that in a little time she perfectly recovered.

She then bethought herself of her *Blew Bird*, and taking a Journey round the World, in order to find him. And having ordered the Regency in her Absence, she took with her a sufficient Quantity of Jewels, and went away unknown.

In the mean time the Enchanter, who was in pain for the royal Bird in the Cage, took a Journey to the Fairy *Souffio*, to try if he could prevail with her to restore him to his former Shape.

Now, you must know, that this Enchanter, and *Souffio*, were old Cronies, and could command any thing of each other; and therefore he thought his Journey the more expedient.

However, all that he could do with her, was to persuade her to restore him to his Shape upon this Provision, that her God-Daughter *Truitone* should at the same time be sent with him to his Palace, to reside there some Months: And that if he could not, during that Time, prevail with him to Marry her, then he should become a *Blew Bird* again.

Things being thus settled, the Necromancer (whilst *Truitone's* Equipage was getting ready) went and fetched the Royal Bird, who had several times felt the Cat's Claws, want of Water, and fall of the Cage, in his Master's Absence, even to the endangering his Life. So careless are Servants, when their Masters are from home!

However,

However, he no sooner arrived at *Souffio's* Castle, but the old Fairy stroked him thrice on the Back with her Wand, and immediately he became as he was before, the most *Charming King* that ever Eyes beheld, but very uneasy at the Instances of the Enchanter, who press'd him often to consent to Marry the deformed *Traitone*.

All this time, the Princess *Florina*, disguised like a Farmers Daughter, had travelled by Sea and Land, and took many weary Step to no purpose, insomuch, that her tender Feet became Lame and troublesome.

To refresh herself a little, she made Choice of a murmuring Brook; and the Weather being extream hot, she tied up her Silver Hair, and step'd in to Bathe her Feet. At the same time appeared on the Bank side an ancient Woman leaning on Crutches, who called to her to know why she ventured to bathe herself in that Brook without Company?

I am not alone, Mistress, said the Princess weeping, for I have all the Vexations of this World in my Breast.

Cease your Fears, said the old Woman, and tell me what troubles you, and all will be well.

Florina putting Confidence in what she said, gave her an Account of all that had happened to her, to that very Day.

In short, the Cripple told her, that the *Blew-Bird* she sought for, was now restor'd to his first Shape by her Sister *Souffio*; and that he was in Possession of the Kingdom. Take therefore, these four Eggs, (said she) and when you are in Distress by the way, break one at a time, and they will certainly relieve you. Be quick in your Affairs, added she; in the mean time Farewel———And having so said immediately vanish'd.

Florina over-joy'd at this News, took up the Eggs, and put them in a little Bag of Wheat which hung by her side, and stear'd her Course directly for the *Charming King's Palace*.

She had not gone far, but the first Difficulty she met with, was a prodigious high and steep Mountain of Ivory, which she must unavoidably go over. She began to ascend it, but alas! her Feet did nothing but slip, as often as she trod upon it.

In the height of Despair, she made use of one of the old Woman's Experiments, and broke an Egg: It was no sooner done, but out dropt several Cramp Irons, which she fastned to her Hands and Feet, and so got to the top with ease.

When she was at the highest Pitch, a greater Difficulty appear'd than before: For the other side was all pure Looking-Glass, ten times more steeper. Millions of Men and Women stood before it, admiring themselves. Here all those that were Deform'd, appear'd extreamly Beautiful; the old gouty Cripple, frolicksome and young; and in short, every one what they pleas'd to be themselves.

Florina was no sooner seen on the top, (she being the first that ever was seen there before) but the Women scream'd and cry'd out to her, and the Men hollow'd in a frantick manner; not so much for the Danger she was in, but for fear their Idol Looking-Glass should be broke to pieces.

The Queen seeing this, could not forbear smiling; with that she broke the second Egg, and out came two Doves with a Chariot, which in a Minute grew big enough to hold her. She stept in, and they flew gently with her to the bottom. From thence she prevail'd with them to fly with her to the charming King's Palace. As soon as she arriv'd within the Suburbs, she dismiss'd them, giving to each

each an inestimable kiss for their expeditious pains; a kiss as chaste as themselves.

Before she entered the City, she thought it proper to disguise herself in the Habit of a Scullion. Then she immediately enquired the Way to the Palace, and asked what place was most proper to stand and see the King in.

To Morrow, to Morrow (said they) his Majesty goes to Church to be Married to the Lady *Trustone*.

When *Florina* heard this, she fell into such an Agony, that she had much ado to survive the News.

Well, upon second Thoughts, she overcame her Grief, and stifled her Resentments for that time; not forgetting inwardly to reproach him for his perfidy, who was thus going to Reward her for all the troubles she had laboured under for his sake.

She took a mean Lodging, went to Bed supperless, and by break of Day, went to the Temple; where, with much Difficulty, she got in and beheld two Imperial Thrones, one for the King, and the other for ugly *Trustone*.

Passion had like to have made a Discovery, but still she commanded herself, and went and stood by the Throne of her Rivaless. Immediately in comes the charming King, more charming than ever, and the ugly *Trustone* as ill-natur'd as ever, tho' in a magnificent Dress: For, she had no sooner seen the disguised Queen but the snappish Beast waspishly cryed, what Trollop art thou, Hussy, that standeth so near my Throne.

I am come with a great many Rarities to sell you, Madam (said the Queen) and I go by the Name of *Gammar Soullion*: And out she drew the Bracelets, the *Charming King* had formerly given her.

Fine Knick-knacks indeed (said *Trustone*) worth ten Shillings the pair; Ha, *Gammar Soullion* Ha!

You

You wrong your Judgment (crys the Queen) pray Madam shew them to his Majesty.

So the Beast followed her Directions, and went to the King's Throne with them. The King remembered the Bracelets he had bestowed on *Florina*; and his Colour came and went surprisngly; but setting a good Face on it, he told *Truitone*, that he had such a pair once, more valuable than a Kingdom, but that there were more of the same, he could never yet learn.

With this Answer she returned to *Florina*, and said, Well Gammar, what must you have.

They're unvaluable, said she, yet I desire but one Night's Lodging for them, in the Cabinet of *Eccho's*.

Ay, marry, and welcome, said *Truitone*, that you shall have: And so gave Orders accordingly.

By the way you must know, that this Cabinet of *Eccho's* was a Contrivance so ingenious, that the softest Whisper in it might be heard in the King's Bed-Chamber; and of this Cabinet the Charming King had told the fair *Florina* formerly, so that it came into her Head now, that here she might reproach him for his unfaithfulness.

But here an unlucky Accident happened: The King grieving for *Florina*, was grown so restless and watchful, that he could not Sleep without Opium; so that all her Complaints, with her Bracelets, were thrown away in vain. An accident unknown to *Florina*, and which the more augmented her Sorrows; she being ignorant whether the King had heard her, or not. But which way to get another Night's Lodging in the Chamber of *Eccho's*, she could not tell, her Bracelets being gone.

A little study put her in mind of her Egg-Experiments; and to work she went with the third Egg,
and

and broke it, which produced a most charming Coach of polished Steel, inlaid with curious Figures of Gold. But that which was most admirable was its being Drawn by six milk white Mice, harnessed with Green, having for their Charioteer and Postilion two well-complected young Rats, whose Livery was rich Rose-coloured brocaded Silk.

In the Coach sat four of the most beautiful Puppets in the Universe. All the *European* Fairies could not furnish the like; They would Dance upon a Spider's Web, and throw themselves thro' the Eye of a Stocking Needle. 'Tis a folly to talk of the Agility and parts of this Company; they must be well-bred to be sure, and of good Families.

The Queen was extream glad, the breaking the third Egg should produce a Rarity so extraordinary; and was resolved to let *Truitone* be the first that should see it. She therefore watched *Truitone's* walking in the Park; and when she saw her enter, she set the little Mice a galloping, with the Chariot and Company after it.

The ugly *Truitone* no sooner saw it, but believ'd the Devil was coming for her, 'till she perceived the Queen giving them Directions.

Hah Gammar *Soullion* (said she) you have gotten a fine little nicety there indeed; will you take a Crown piece for it.

Not I, by my troth Madam (said the Queen) nothing less than another Night's Lodging in the Chamber of Eccho's.

Thou shalt not want that (said she) and turning about, laughing to her Maids, called her a silly Fool.

Having taken up her Lodging that Night in the Chamber of Eccho's, she made most lamentable Complaints to move the Charming King to Compassion; but the second Night was unsuccessful as
the

the first; the King having taken *Opium* that Night also.

Oh, what Torment was poor *Florina* under at this disappointment! She had but one Egg left; and if that did not take Effect, she was sure to be miserable for ever. Break it she was resolved, and so, with a mighty force, threw it on the Table, when behold, instead of the Egg, was found a charming Pasty, with half a Dozen Birds in it, singing in a most pleasant and wonderful manner, notwithstanding they had been sufficiently baked.

This was no sooner done, but one of the King's Pages came by, and seeing her, cried, Hal! *Gammar Soullion*, if the King had not taken *Opium* last Night, you made Noise enough to keep him awake all the time.

Florina observing this, was resolved to strike home whilst the Iron was hot. — Hark ye, said she, pretty Page, promise me that the King shall take no *Opium* this Night, and thou shalt have all these Riches, pulling out a handful of Diamonds.

— The Page made no more ado, but gladly took them, and gave her a faithful promise it should be so.

He was no sooner gone, but *Tritone* came by with her Maids, and seeing *Florina* with such an odd sort of a Pye, eating part of it, as she supposed, was greatly surpris'd for the present, as were all her Attendants.

But desirous to know what Mystery she was upon, she cried out, Ha, *Gammar*! What are you at now?

I am making a Breakfast of *Physicians*, *Musicians*, and *Lawyers*, said she. At which the Birds fell a singing more merrily than before; some in one Tune, and some in another; the Doctors of Physick sung their Abilites in curing all of Lunacy, but that of Love; the Astrologers, for a
white

white Halfpenny, would have told a barren Woman how many Children she should have.

In short, *Tritone* was so taken with this pleasant Pye, that besides another Nights Lodging in the Chamber of *Eccho's*, she gave *Gammar Soullion* a Broad peice of Gold for it.

Florina longed for Night, and when it came, took up her Lodging in the Chamber as usual. Having drawn, from the bottom of her Heart, a Sigh so vast, that none but a Soul like hers, could contain it, she began her Complaint in the following Words.

Is it possible, that a Princess who had no other Heart to dispose of than what I have sacrific'd for you a thousand times, should be thus slighted at last? Can you be so forgetful as not to remember your own Metamorphosis? our Window-Amours, my Imprisonments, and many Afflictions? your Oaths and Asseverations? If you can, how comes it that Tritone must rival one you resolv'd never to abandon? O infatuated King! O too constant, but unfortunate Florina!

Every Word that she said, was distinctly heard by the King. He knew it to be *Florina's* Voice, and his Soul was upon the Rack. He cried out, and complain'd of the dismal Misfortunes that separated them, and laid as much to her Charge, as she could do to his.

Florina, sensible, touch'd with a secret Joy, that the King had heard her, cried out, *Most Charming King!* Would you be inform'd more of *Florina*? Have the Courage then, to send for *Gammar Soullion*.

The King sent for her accordingly, and was told she was in the Cabinet of *Eccho's*. He went thither, and there found, to his Astonishment, the beautiful *Florina* lying on a Couch, with all her Charms, and several Lamps burning before her, which discover'd two of the most perfect Altars Love ever erected.

The astonish'd King approach'd her, whilst she lay trembling tho' not afraid. He saw 'twas his Princess, and threw himself at her Feet, and kiss'd her Hands a thousand Times. The Princess fix'd her Eyes on him, and at that very Instant the Memory of all Misfortunes was lost. They were Lovers indeed; they reciprocally forgave each other, and buried in Oblivion all their Mistrusts and Jealousies. So that they wanted nothing now to compleat their Happiness but to free themselves of the Fairy *Souffio*.

In the midst of their Consultations, Advice was brought of a certain Enchanter's being arriv'd at Court. The King admitted him his Presence, and found him to be his old Friend, who had brought with him a Fairy from the farthest Parts of the Earth.

After a little Discourse, they told his Majesty, that they had prevented the Danger of *Souffio*; and that he and *Florina* might now begin to reap Fruition of an uninterrupted Love; for nothing now could hurt them.

News was no sooner spread at Court but the Hearts of the People were over-joyful; and every one was pleas'd with the Princess, whose Disposition was sweet and affable to the meanest Peasant.

Truitone, by this time had been inform'd of *Florina*'s being with the King, and was running with open Mouth to reproach him, but the Enchanter and Fairy coming by at the Instant, they deservedly turn'd her into a Sow, agreeable to her Name and Nature.

The filthy Beast, thus transformed, was immediately hunted out of the Court to be the Sport of Chair-men, Link-Boys, and Lackies.

There remains now no more to say, but that the Charming King, and beautiful *Florina* hasten'd to consummate

consummate their Marriage Rites, and reap the Benefits of Reigning, not only over a Happy People, but in the Hearts of each other.

T H E M O R A L.

When lust prevails back'd by imperious power,
 And fain would introduce in Loves arms:
 The ugly, base, and vicious Mind,
 Which knows no other Fire,
 Than that which satisfies Desire.
 O what like H'll can render Marriage more!
 Ten thousand, thousand Pains, and Harms
 Disturb the unhappy Pair,
 Who have no other share,
 Nor any Inclination find
 To love, than Brutes enjoy, or of prepostrous kind,
 Among all Lovers, give me one of those
 Who like the charming king a Blew-Bird chose
 Rather than let the Hellish Tritone,
 Be equal with him in his Bed or Throne.
 That knew his Youth could not agree,
 To live with such a Trout as she.
 That knew his Marriage-Bed would prove
 The deadly Bane, not nourisher of Love.
 Would some kind Spirit now our Age inspect,
 And supersede what money does direct,
 That Interest may not be the Guide,
 The aged Sires to join
 A faithless Bridegroom, or an unchaste Bride,
 Instead of Love Divine.
 True Hearts would then united grow,
 And have a taste of Heaven on Earth below.
 Our Smithfield Bargains then will cease,
 And Wedlock throw her Chains aside;
 Would relish all that's Love, and keep in Peace
 The careful Husband, and the vertuous Bride.



T A L E III.

*The Fair Indifferent; or the Hobgoblin Prince
and Furibon.*

ONCE upon a Time, there lived a King and Queen, who never had any Issue but a Son; a Boy so monstrously deformed in Shape and Mind, that nothing appear'd promising in him.

The indulgent Queen (as too many Mothers in this Age) loved him beyond Expression: So that she was Hood-winkt to his ill Qualities, and thought every imperfection in him Agreeable and Pleasing. And that he might command both Respect and Fear as he grew up, gave him the Name of *Furibon*.

At the same time the King his Father made Choice of a Nobleman, related to the Crown, to be his Governour, who had a Son named *Leander*, that was the greatest Ornament of the Age, for Temper, Beauty and Wit.

This gentle Nobleman was the Companion of *Furibon*; a Prince, for the morosness of his Disposition, as much hated, as *Leander* was belov'd.

Furibon perceiving *Leander* had more respect than himself, began to envy his happiness; and the more, since he was courted by all the Ladies of Quality, who had given him the Title of the *Fair Indifferent*; a Name which *Leander* had justly merited, by not fixing his Affections on any particular Lady, though extream obliging to all.

The Malice of *Furibon* increasing, *Leander's* Father sent him into the Country, not only to free him

him from his Rage, but that he might get rid of a Rattle-brain'd Prince.

One Day, as *Leander* was sitting in an Arbour, playing upon a Flute, a beautiful Snake flew directly to him, and twisted herself about his Leg. *Leander* was going to kill it, but the pitiful innocent Looks of the Snake, seem'd to mean him no Hurt.

The Gardiners were then pursuing her, and would fain have perswaded him to kill her, for some Mischiefs they said she had done.

No, said *Leander*, she has taken Protection under me, and she shall not be hurt. I will carry her to my Chamber, and feed her with that she loves best. — Accordingly he took her up, and carried her to his own Apartment where he daily fed her with his own Hand.

Furibon being told by some of his Flatterers, that the Ladies of the Court had made Satyrs upon his Deformity, and Odes in Praise of *Leander's* Beauty, he ran with rage to the Queen his Mother, threatening to kill himself, if she did not find out a way to destroy *Leander*.

The cockering Queen took his part, and advised him to go a Hunting with some Desperado's where *Leander* used, and there to kill him. *Furibon* the next Day followed her Advice, when *Leander* hearing the Hounds, rode out to see who it was, but finding, to his surprize, Prince *Furibon* there, he paid him all the Respect due to his Quality. *Furibon* took no Notice of him, but rode into the Wood with his Ruffians, when instantly a Lion made at him, and tore him from his Horse.

The intended Murderers flew, and the Prince had been that instant kill'd, had not *Leander* step'd in to his Assistance, drew his Sword, and cut off the Lion's Head. *Leander* then courteously offer'd the Prince his Horse which he in a surly manner,

without any sense of Gratitude mounted; not with a design to return home, but to ride in quest of those whom he had hired to murder *Leander*.

As soon as he spy'd them, he made a Signal and rode off, when immediately the Villains fell upon *Leander* with great Fury, who set his Back to a Tree, and maintain'd himself with such Bravery, that in a little time they all lay dead before him.

Faribon staying some time, returned to the place, expecting to see *Leander* dead; but finding the contrary, burned inwardly with Passion. *Leander* seeing the Prince, cried, Ah, Sir! if you had commissioned those Rascals to murder me, I should have made no resistance: But ——— But you're a fancy Fellow, replied the Prince; and come no more in my presence on pain of Death. So rode away.

Leander went home, and considering he had an implacable Prince to deal with, to prevent further Mischiefs, was resolved to travel, and in order thereunto, provided himself with every thing necessary, However he would not depart without taking leave of his beloved Snake, and ordering a sufficient Maintenance, he therefore went to his Chamber to feed it: but instead of the Snake, he saw one of the brightest Beauties in the World, among the fair sex. At first he stood astonished, for her Garb was so richly deck'd with Diamonds, it dazled his Eyes.

Fear not, said she, hopeful Prince, the Snake you nourished, was none but myself. I am a Fairy, by Name *Gentilla*, I live a thousand Years devoted to all the Merriments in the World, free from any Danger: When that time is ended, I am obliged to be eight Years a Snake, and then resume the Shape you see again, if I am kill'd within my eight Year's Snakeship, I never survive again.

You

You have already preserved me from that eternal Dissolution, and I shall as lastingly acknowledge it: Ask therefore what you will of me, and you shall have it, for it lies in my Power to make you a magnificent Emperor, give you length of Days, bestow upon you what Riches you wish to have, make you the Heart and Soul of the Fair Sex. Now chuse you which you like best to be either a Spirit of the Air, Earth or Water, or all of them, and it shall be so.

Leander admiring her Gratitude, thanked her and said, that as he was bent upon travelling he desired he might be a Spirit at large.

With that, the Fairy stroaking him thrice over the Face, said then be it so, *Leander*, and may you prosper in all your Undertakings. At the same time giving him a feather'd Cap to render him invisible, as often as he pleased to wear it.

The little Cap *Leander* first made trial of, he put it on, and pulled it over his Ears, and then wish'd himself gathering wild Roses in a distant Forrest, It was no sooner said, but he was carried thither safely through the Air in a Minute, he delay'd not to gather three Roses, and so wish'd himself back again.

Then he carried the Roses to the Fairy *Gentilla*, who strictly charged him to keep them safe, assuring him that one should supply him with what Wealth he wanted; the second if apply'd to his Mistress's Neck, would inform him whether she was virtuous or not; and the third would preserve him from Sickness and Death ——— And having thus informed him, she said no more, but wish'd him Success, and instantly vanish'd.

Now thought *Leander* to himself, I am happy; to Court I will go, and there exercise my innocent Mirth upon the ungrateful *Furibon*.

He did accordingly, but upon his Arrival, he was very much surpriz'd to hear that *Furibon* was then with his Father, complaining that *Leander* had contrived to murder him as he went a Hunting.

Whilst he stood hearing these Falsties, one of the King's Messengers came, and carried him before his Majesty, and the lying Prince. Revenge thyself on him, said the King to his Son *Furibon*. But being afraid to look him in the Face, he turn'd Tail, and ran to his Mother for help.

The Queen soon posted to the King, to confer with him about *Leander*, and the cowardly Monkey, her Son, minding to hear what she said, and laid his Ear to the Key-hole of the Door. *Leander* no sooner perceived this, but he put on his invisible Red Cap, and taking a Hammer and Nails that lay by him, tack'd his Ear fast to the Door.

The Boy *Furibon* feeling the Smart, fell a roaring and bellowing like a Hog, and his out-crie, reaching the Queen's Ears, she flew from the King, and brushing open the Door, tore her Son's Ear from his Head.

The Queen was out of her Wits at the Sight, the Blood run down from his Head as if it fell from a stuck Pig; and nothing but howling was heard.

Well, at last with much ado the Sow took up her Pig's Ear, for *Leander* (who was now a Goblin) had flogg'd her Hands, and the Boy's Nose all the time; so that there was such an outcry of Murder! Murder! the whole Court rung with it. The Servants came, and the King also, but seeing no body touch him, he thought they were both Mad, or the Devil was in them.

Leander in the meantime was got into the Queen's Fruit Garden, in his own Shape, pulling down the choicest Fruits and Flowers, and throwing them about

about the Walks ; and for any but the Royal Blood to do this, was immediate Death.

The Gardiner perceiving it, went presently and told the Queen of it, who sent her Son with a Band of Soldiers, to bring him by force before her. *Leander* no sooner saw this, but on went his invisible Cap, just as *Furibon* was coming to him ; and taking up a round Pibble, hurl'd it at the Monkey Prince, and broke his Arm. Then he hamper'd his Legs so fast that he fell down among the Gravel, and mangled all his Face. As for the Soldiers he flung all the Queen's ripe Oranges at them, sometimes showing himself, and sometimes not ; so that they were glad to get away as well as they could.

When he had sufficiently pleased himself with this Diversion, he was resolved to leave the Court unknown to any of his Servants, and mounting next Morning his trusty Steed *Grisdelin*, he rode till he came to a very spacious Wood.

As he past thro' this Thicket, he heard the most dolorous Complaints expressible, and casting his Eyes round, he saw a young Gentleman undergoing all the Afflictions of a desperate Mind.

Moved with this Sight, *Leander* begged the Reason of his Grief, and profered him his Assistance.

Ah, Sir ! said the Unknown, this very Morning is to be torn from my Embraces, one that loves me above all the World ; and she is now preparing to be sacrificed by her Parents to Avarice and Age, in a Castle at the end of this Wood.

Say you so, Sir, said the generous *Leander*, stay till I come back, and be confident I'll relieve you.

Leander put Spurs to his Horse, and made directly to the Castle, where he found all things in a readiness for Marriage, the Musick playing, Trumpets sounding, and a general Mirth throughout the whole Place. *Grisdelin* being tied to a Tree, on

went the little invisible red Cap, and *Leander* was immediately a Goblin.

When all the Company were seated at Table, the Goblin hid himself among them. His Eyes were perpetually upon the Bride, and observed her Heart to be remote from that place. He now thought it high time to disturb their Mirth, and therefore flew immediately to her Mother's Seat, and whisper'd thus in her Ear.

If thy Daughter is married to that old Wretch, in less than a Week thou shalt die.

The good old Woman fell into a Fit upon it, but coming to herself, she declared, that if they proceeded any farther in marrying her Daughter, she should not survive it a Week longer.

This must needs be a great Surprize to the Husband; however, looking upon it to be but a Whimsy of the Brain, he call'd his Wife Simpleton, and said, that some old, cobling Astrologer, had infused such Notions into her Head, and made a mere Ridicule of what she said.

Leander upon this, flies to the old Dotard's Ear and said.

If you will not believe your Wife, and break off the Match, or you shall die before her.

The old Man hearing this, and knowing himself unprepared to leave the World, without any more ado, dismissed the aged Miser to make the best of his Fortune, who took his Leave without Ceremony, but left a great many Curses behind him.

Then *Leander* enjoin'd the Parents to marry their Daughter to her first Lover in the Wood. Accordingly he was sent for, and married they were; when *Leander* took his leave of them, and went in search of fresh Adventures.

Having travelled till he came to a spacious large City, he became acquainted with a certain
Lady

Lady named *Blodina*, but observing something of Levity in her Conversation, made tryal of his Rosy Experiment, and watching an Opportunity when she was asleep, laid it gently upon her Neck, when it soon withered and lost its Beauty.

By this he discovered, that *Blondina*, carried two Faces, and was in love with another; and to know the whole matter, wished himself in *Blondina's* Bed-Chamber, where he found an Awkward, Country Cat-Gut Scraper, making his Addresses to her.

In my Fairy's Name, said *Leander*, I'll not suffer this; So he took him by the Throat, and flung him out of the Window, by which fall the cater-wauling Fiddler had his Teeth beat out, and his Fiddle broke to peices.

The next Exploit *Leander* performed was this.

After he had sufficiently reproach'd the inconstant *Blondina*, he went to another City, where he saw a Virgin going with all the usual Ceremonies to a Nunery, but with the utmost unwillingness a dejected Face could express.

He no sooner saw her led by her two Brothers, with her Mother following after, but he cried out with a loud Voice, Desist you barbrous Brethren, or else it is Heavens Will you shall be squeez'd to Atoms.

The Voice was like Thunder, and the People were astonish'd at it; but the Brothers persisted, and said it was nothing but the Noise of her Sweetheart who had himself for that purpose.

A Quater-Staff lying by, *Leander* took it up, and belaboured them both so heartily, that they and all the Company were forced to retire with Precipitation, and leave the Virgin with the Goblin, and her Lover that was among the Crowd in Disguise.

Leander perceiving this, resumed his Shape, and modestly requested the Virgin to accept of his Service.

The transports of Joy he was in, to see herself free, obliged her to tell him, in short, that having given her Heart, and promised to marry that Chevalier (pointing to him) who had no considerable Fortune; 'twas for that Reason her Relations were then carrying her by violence into a Nunnery.

Say you so, beautiful Virgin, cry'd the generous *Leander*, their Fortunes have forsok them, and 'tis no more in their Power to separate your Affections. You shall never want Wealth to compleat your Happiness. — With that he shook his Rose between them, till there was Gold sufficient to maintain ten of the richest Peers in the Land. Take that, faithful Couple (said he) marry and be happy for ever, and so left them, wishing himself in another Place.

In his Way thro' a large Forrest, he heard a Virgin cry out so piteously, that the Air eccho'd with her Complaints. Looking wistfully round him, he saw four Ruffians hauling an innocent Virgin into the Wood. *Leander* was as quick as Thought till he came up with them. Hey day, (replied he) what hurt have these innocent Years done, that she must be treated thus? I command you to let her alone.

Yes, by all means forsooth, said they Mr Hubble-Bubble.

Well then, cry'd the Prince, I'll make you, so he jump'd off his Horse, and put on his invisible Cap. The Rogues thought he was quite gone, and had left his Horse to their Mercy; but they were wofully mistaken, for the Goblin soon seiz'd him, that held her, and tied him to a Tree, whilst

whilst the rest were in vain pursuit of his Steed *Grisdelin*.

The nimble-footed Beast having tired and almost blinded his Pursuers, by kicking Sand and Gravel in their Eyes; one of them gave over the Chace, and returned back, who no sooner saw his Companion in this Condition, but he fell into a Passion, and called him Fool, Blockhead, Puppy, Coward, and what not; supposing he had suffered the Virgin to bind him in that manner, there being no body, as he thought, to assist her, giving withal, several severe Thwacks over the Shoulders for his supposed Cowardice.

The Goblin having sufficiently laugh'd at this Adventure, seiz'd the other, and bound him to another Tree, directly before his Companion's Face.

Heavens! what better Sport than to see this Fellow rail'd at by his Comrade? He spit at him, he hal'd to him and cry'd out, you valiant Fellow, you Rascal, you Puppy-Dog, why dont you come and correct my Cowardice now? but alas! his opposite was out of Countenance, and having nothing to say, hung his Head like a Bull-rush.

Abricotina (for so was the Virgin's Name) having made her Escape, *Leander* was resolv'd to find her out, and learn the History of her Misfortunes. His Steed returning, he soon remounted, at that instant the other two Russians came in which *Grisdelin* no sooner perceived, but he flung up his two hindermost Heels, and kick'd their Guts out, leaving the other two Rogues to die with hungry Bellies.

Leander having not rid far from the place, but he overtook *Abricotina*, who being weary and faint, was refreshing herself under a Tree. At

first sight of the Steed, she thought herself Happy; for she had a strong Fancy that *Grisdelin* was coming to carry her to the Palace of Love and Pleasure, though she saw no body on his Back.

The Goblin knew well her mind, and riding up to her, took her in his Arms, and set her before him. Then putting Spurs to his little Nag, and pulling off his red Cap, he became visible. *Abricotina* supposing him a Spirit, would have started from him, had he not held her fast.

— Ah, Madam, *said he*, do you fear your Deliverer.

No, Sir, *cry'd she*, but I tremble at the thoughts of a Spirit.

I am none, you may feel, (*reply'd he*) therefore abandon all such Thoughts: I am ready to carry you in Safety wherever you please: Let me intreat you therefore in the mean time, to let me understand the rise of your Misfortune.

To pass away the time, *said she*, I cannot in Gratitude deny the Request of one I owe so much to.

Know then, Sir, *continued she*, that many Years since, one of the most eminent of the Fairies was so weak, as to marry a Prince contrary to all Law Remonstrances, and Perswasions of the Order of the Fairyism, for which she was expell'd their Society.

It fell out, that the Prince her Husband, in some time, grew sick of her Conversation, there not being an Action of his, any where, but she presently knew it; and which she made use of to render his Life uneasy where ever he went.

Tired with this way of living, he privately retired to a loansome Cell, some thousand Miles distant from home, and where, as he thought, it was impossible for her to find him, But alas! the Project was weak;
for

for she was a universal Fairy, who held Intelligence in all parts of the Earth.

The Prince had not left her three Days, but she found herself with Child by him. In this condition she doubled her Revenge, and called to an invisible Eagle, she flew with it directly to her Husband's Den.

The Fairy no sooner saw him, but she flung herself at his Feet, and said.

Sweet Prince, behold thy Fairy Princess, whose pregnant Womb is now with Child of thy own Image, be persuaded to go back with me, and you shall have whatever you desire.

Thus she lay intreating him with all the alluring Expressions she could invent: But finding him deaf to her persuasions, and obstinately bent never to live with her more, she assumed all the Rage of a disappointed Woman making good this Proverb.

*Nothing vexeth a Woman most,
But when her Expectation's lost.*

She railed, foamed, swore, and spoke Nonsense all in one Breath: Sometimes she'd grin and spit at him; and sometimes stamp, and tear her Hair, thro' Revenge. Thus she continued 'till the Cholic seized her, and put her in mind of returning Home.

Well (said she, rallying once more) If I had a mind to revenge my self on thee, thou Cruel One I could immediately transform thee into a Viper, Cat, Toad, or Hog; nay, make thee a Cucumber, to become the Excrements of a Prick-Loose Taylor: But stay where thou art; and let thy Punishment be to dwell among Screech-Owls, and other nocturnal Birds.

And

And having said this, she took to her Eagle and in a Minute flew back to the Palace.

She was no sooner arrived, but she dismissed all her Men Servants, and took in their stead, a certain Race of Women, called Amazones. To these she gave a strict Order to repair to several Passes round the Island, and not to let any Man enter upon pain of Death.

Some time afterwards, she was delivered of a Daughter, who, as she grew up, became one of the most lovely Princesses in the world. This Princess (continued *Abriotina*) is now my Mistress; and all her Servants, as well as my self, by Virtue of the Power of Fairyism, given her by her Mother, are never the worse for Age. You would think me but Fifteen, but alas! Two Hundred Years have already, run over my Head; yet still I am the same. The Island I am going to is call'd, The Island of Calm Delights, and my Mistress the Queen of it: Her Mother left it her, some time since, when she retired to her own Palace in the Center of Fairy Land.

But, to come down to the Case of my late Misfortune; you must know (added she) that I had the keeping of all my Mistress's Birds; and one Day, I was so unfortunate as to let fly a Parrot as dear to her, as herself. The Bird was no sooner flown, but apprehensive of some severe Punishment, I retired out of the Island in search of it.

Then it was that those Villains seized me; they hovering about the Island, with Hopes to steal away my Mistress, and carry her to an ugly deformed Prince, called, *Furibon*, who had seen her Picture, and sent them hither for that Purpose.

And is it impossible for me (said *Leander*, interrupting her) to gain Admission, is there no way fair *Abriotina*.

In my Opinion (*said she*) there is no possibility. Were it in my power, I would effect it; but I am no more able to do it, than to make a World.

I can enable you (cry'd Leander) suffer me then to enter with you in the Habit of an Amazon, which I can have at my wish.

Forbid it Heavens! (*cry'd she*) such an Enterprize would terminate in the Ruin of us both. Better would it be to forget the thoughts of this Island, than to entertain what will only prove anxious and unfortunate.

Whilst they were thus discoursing together, they came to the Brink of a River, when *Abricotina* springing from his Arms, threw herself on t'other side, and cry'd, Be happy, generous Prince, where ever you go; and the whole world wait upon you with infinite delight and Pleasure.

And may you, sweet Virgin, (said Leander) when occasion serves, bear a remembrance of me in your Heart.

They were not parted long, but Leander was resolved to wish himself in the Island with her. Accordingly he put on his little red Cap, and in an Instant he was in the Palace of Calm Delights. He found the Palace was of pure Gold, standing upon Chrystal, in the middle whereof the Graces kept Guard with admirable Order. All the Wonders of the four Elements, embelished it. Not a Man or Boy was to be seen, the very Idea of that Sex being lost among 'em. But there were infinite Numbers of the most beautiful Women that Nature could Mould, all gay and lively, as the Sun at its rising, all the Walls of the Apartment were built with Diamond and precious Stones. The Princess's Bed-Chamber, was all of Chrystal Glass, and every where exposed to Sight, the Perfection of the whole World. Her Throne stood in the concave of a large

large Pearl, about the bigness of a Muskmillion, upon which she sat in State with her Maids about her.

Leander being invisible, saw all this, and as he stood admiring the Princess, Proclamation was made, according to Custom, that her Highness was going to speak, when immediately the Graces came, and seated themselves upon her Lips.

Looking round her with an Air of serenity, she ask'd what was become of the Nymph *Abricotina*, that she did not give her usual Attendance. Answer was made, That she had been sought carefully, but could not be found.

There being several Parrots in the Presence Chamber at that time, *Leander* presently mimick'd one, and cry'd, dear Princess, she will presently be here, having narrowly escap'd being carried away by some wicked Creatures, call'd Men, but was wonderfully preserved by a young Prince, that came timely to her Assistance.

Just as he had said this, in the Nymph came and throwing herself at the Princess's Feet, up and told her all that had befell her, and that a certain young Prince, with all the Charms that Nature could bestow on Man, had rescued her from four Villians, who were carrying her off. A Prince (added he) who I could have brought hither and loved, had I not been enjoined to the contrary.

The Princess being inwardly pleased at this Relation, asked his Name, and place of Birth. But the Nymph being ignorant, could not inform her of either: At which *Leander* began to talk like a Parrot again, saying, my charming Princess, *Abricotina* is unkind, in not telling your Highness; the strange Prince will break his

Heart,

Heart, if he is not permitted to see my lovely Mistress. —————

Let it be so, said the Princess, and since you are so forward, Mr Parrot, I charge you never to speak one Word more of him.

With these Words she arose from her Throne and with a beautiful train of Nymphs, went into the great Hall to supper. At her coming in, the Birds set up their little Throats, and sung melodiously.

Now *Leander* having learnt to imitate the Birds in the Woods, could sing better than the best of them, and willing to entertain the Princess with something extraordinary, he sung in a Canary-Bird's Note, the following Song.

*All our contented blissful Days,
In Mellancholy end,
If Love should not find means and ways,
To stand at last our Friend.
Oh, beauteous Princess, then embrace,
And nourish in your Arms,
Almighty Love and you'll be blest,
With all its fruitful Charms.*

To hear a Canary-Bird sing so much, and so like a rational Creature, must needs be very surprizing and diverting. The Princess asked *Abri-cotina*, whether she had instructed that Bird or not, the Nymph answered her Mistress in the Negative; but told her, she saw no reason but one Bird might have as much Wit as another.

The Princess, however, fancied she had given it some particular Instruction, and smiling to herself,

herself, took her place at the upper end of the Table.

Supper being brought in, *Leander* who had eat nothing since his arrival, invisibly made use of a Cat's Paw, that was a Favourite of the Princess's, to pluck the Wing of a hum Bird out of the Dish, which he eat as heartily as if he had been at Plough.

When Supper was ended, the Princess was observed to be something uneasy. She rose from the Table, and taking *Abricotina* with her, retired to her Closet.

Having lock'd herself in, tell me, my dear *Abricotina*, the Truth, (said the Princess) when you gave a Description of the Prince that sav'd you, did you not flatter me, and say more of his Merits than he deserv'd.

By the sacred *Order of Calm Delights*, Madam. (replied she) if I had known so much of your Mind before, I should have done him more Justice, in giving your Highness an ample Character of him, as the most admirable Person in the World. A Prince, who was born to sacrifice at Love's Altar; whose Assiduities are endless, and one who is the Fountain of Honour, and Virtue.

Is it possible (said the Princess sighing) happy, happy Girl, that did'nt bring him hither, to make me more miserable.

To give you perfect Bliss, (said *Abrocotina*) and add to that supposed Happiness of yours, such solid Joys, which only can support the Order of Nature.

Hold your Nonsense, (said the Princess) did not my Mother leave me above five hundred Years since, large Volumes of the miserable Destruction of

of whole Kingdoms and Nations, by the Freedom our Sex have taken with the Men? The Precepts she has obliged me to follow, must I not observe? I charge you therefore say no more. But oh! said she pausing, —— Let us, if possible, live as we have hitherto done, indifferent to all the World.

Here *Abricotina* observed a violent Palpitation, which often raised her Breasts, and sent out a Sigh or two, she stood silent a while, but at last, being touch'd with the same Fire, she broke silence, and with a little unusual Courage, (as Confidants will do) Why then, said she, did you send your Picture into the World? Was it only to persecute Mankind twice? What must they imagine, who are no doubt, rational as ourselves? Pardon me, Madam, reason must certainly tell 'em you are a cruel Beauty, that cannot be happy, without disturbing the rest of the World.

Ah! said the Princess, I must own it was a Fault, and tho' I am a Sovereign Mistress, yet by this, it seems, I have not lost the Weakness incident to my Sex. However I could wish that Picture of mine, were in the Possession of none but the Prince we talk of.

To me it seems Injustice, to have more respect for the rest of Mankind than him, reply'd *Abricotina*, otherwise you must have some innate Affection to see him.

It may be, I have that Vanity, said the Princess —— At which time she broke off Discourse, it being late, and betook them to rest.

Alas! they little thought who they had talked to all that time, *Leander* was invisibly there, and heard between Hope and Despair, all they said. He thought it improper to take up his Residence in the Bed-Chamber, and therefore contented himself

himself with a little Cabinet adjoining; from which he could hear even the least Sigh distinctly.

He had not been there long, but the Princess began thus:

My beloved *Abricotina*, you have given me some Account of what you met with in your absence; prithe try to inform me of something more extraordinary; and, if possible, drive out one God by the Power of another.

'Tis impossible, Madam, said she, they have all agreed to make the unknown Prince their Favourite.

Pish, said the Princess, did I not forbid to mention him.

Madam, cry'd *Abricotina*, I met with several little Creatures by the way, which exactly resembled young Children; but certainly, never was any Creatures so nimble and dextrous. They skip'd and danc'd from one Tree to another with admirable swiftness, and play'd a thousand pretty Pranks,

Such a Creature I fancy, might divert me, said the Princess, were it possible to be purchased.

The Assiduous *Leander* no sooner heard this, but presently wish'd himself in the Forrest, and brought from thence twelve fine Apes in a Velvet Bag; then he wish'd himself at *Paris*, where he bought a little Gold Charriot, and two *French* Monkies, (for you must know there are abundance of that passive Breed in *France*) the one named *Brisrambill*, the other *Piercewood*.

Into the Bag they all went, which, with *Leander*, were convey'd to the Princess's Gallery facing her Anti-Chamber, whilst he remained invisible at her Door.

The Nymphs of Honour, no sooner perceiv'd this Curiosity, but they ran to the Chamber and opening

ing the Door, told her Virgin Highness, that his Apish Majesty, was come to give her some Diversion: At the same time in went the Chariot, with a great concourse of Apes of Quality, performing such merry Exploits, that the Princess could hardly refrain Laughing; and the more when she saw the Chariot without a Driver; little thinking that the Goblin managed the whole Affair.

The Chariot being drawn close to the Princess's Feet, *Briscambrill* stepped out, and bowing with a genteel Air, presented her with a Diamond Box, wherein was an Ode in praise of her Perfections, complaining of the wretched Fortune of a Prince, who was led captive by her Charms, and had become a willing Slave to her Beauty.

The Princess having read it, gave a Smile worth ten thousand Worlds to *Leander*, and to add to her Diversion, *Briscambrill* and *Piercewood* entertained her with several fine Dances.

Notwithstanding all this Mirth, the Princess could not imagine with herself from whence the Ode came. And that she might conjecture with more Freedom, she dismiss'd the *French Monkeys* with abundance of Thanks, and took to her Closet.

The next Morning early, *Leander* having provided himself with Materials, and sate down before a Looking-Glass, and drew his own Picture to the Life, in an oval Frame, and then in another Frame, by the strength of Imagination, drew that of the Princess to Perfection. He drew himself kneeling, holding the Princess in one Hand, and in t'other the following Motto.

Within my Heart, thou better art.

The Princess was no sooner up, but the Picture presented it self to her view. She called *Abricotina*,
and

and presently charged her with it. The Nymph pleaded Ignorance, and declared, tho' it represented to Perfection, in every Lineament, the unknown prince her Deliverer, yet she knew no more of its coming there, than the Man in the Moon. Certainly, *added she*, It must be the Effects of some amorous Wizard; and therefore if you would take my Advice, the best way is to burn it immediately.

A thousand pities (*said the Princess*) it is such a lovely Picture; I had rather it should remain in my Chamber; (looking with a languishing Eye upon it:)

But *Abricotina* running to fetch some Fire, *Leander*, to prevent the Danger, whilst the Princess looked another way, convey'd it out of sight, to the great surprize of them both when the Nymph returned.

The Princess talking next Day about the nicety of Dress and Behaviour, told her that she would not value what she gave, to know what different Fashions were in the World, that she might take choice among them.

Leander having heard this, in a Day's time fetched from all parts of the World, the richest and most curious Silks, the nicest Patterns of all sorts of Fashions, and locked them in a Room, of which he kept the Key. He had also a great Number of Babies, and dress'd them variously, according to the custom of divers Nations, and set them overnight in order in her Highness's Closet.

Bless me! when the Princess saw them next Morning, she stood surprized at the Rarity; and viewing them over with Curiosity, observed one with a little Box in her Hand, more finer than the rest. She took the Box, and looking into it, found two Pictures in it epitomized, which she knew to be her own, and *Leander's*.

Certainly,

Certainly, said she, to *Abricotina*, some Magician delights to revel in my Palace; for this is the second time I have seen the Picture of your Deliverer. Some kind of Spirit or other, that is continually loading me with favourable Prospects.

The Goblin catching her at these Words, invisibly wrote with a Pencil the following Verses, in a little Table-Book before her.

*Believe me, I am no such a one,
Your Virgin Fancy forms to be,
No devilish Fiend has egg'd me on,
Nor Magick Art enslaved me,
But I, a Lover just and trae,
Burn in my Flames for sake of You.*

Prince GOBLIN.

The Princess having taken up the Book, and read the Verses, she turned to *Abricotina*, and ask'd her what a Goblin was.

Truely, Madam, said she, I am as ignorant as your Highness, but I have heard say, it is a Composition of Fire and Air without a Body, and is only actuated by the Freedom of its Will, and a spiritual Existence; and such a Lover, added she, for what I know, may this Goblin be.

And such a one could I fancy, said the Princess, provided it were but like the Picture of your Deliverer

Nothing could oblige *Leander* more than such Discourse, who being informed that the Princess was preparing to walk in the Garden repair'd thither

ther before her, and placed himself upon the top of a curious Pedestal, with a laurel Crown on his Head, and a Harp in his Hand, in imitation of *Apollo*, and there waited her coming.

The Princess, till now, had never known Melancholy, and that she might complain with more Freedom, had dismiss'd her Maids, and entered the Garden alone, sighing and crying, and talking to herself, sometimes standing stock still, and sometimes in a precipitate Motion. In the midst of these Agitations, casting up her Eyes, she beheld the beautiful *Leander*, fix'd like a Statue, playing upon the Harp, and singing with his Voice the following Song.

TO what a dangerous Port at last,
 Unhappy I am cast,
 Where he, who thinks himself most free
 From Love's enslaving Tyranny,
 Unmov'd like Fate itself remains
 Fetter'd in more severer Chains.

Fool that I was, to vow and swear,
 To shun a Snare,
 Which once had cost my Liberty so dear!
 My cold indifferency this Clime does turn,
 And what was Ice before, like Fire does burn.
 So that my Nature seems
 To suffer by Extreems.

Mistaken wretch from Reason led,
 What Whimsy did possess thy Head,
 This was the happy Ground,
 Where none but Calm Delights are found.
 When here my peaceful State was lost,
 Soon as I entered on its Coast.

*In vain I strive to quench that Fire,
Which never will expire
But by its Like — the little Desire;
So that I must remain
Hugging my wretched Chain,
Till Love shall make the beauteous She,
For this her cruel Conquest, love like me.*

The Princess tho pleased with the Prospect, and ravish'd with its Harmony, was so violently shock'd with surprize, she could not forbear fainting away, she sunk down upon a Bed of Flowers, and there lay like *Venus* expiring, with ten thousand weeping *Cupids* about her.

Leander no sooner perceived it, but leap'd down to her assistance, and rendering himself invisible, took her in his Arms, and comforted her with a thousand balmy Kisses, till she opened her Eyes.

The Princess would fain have seen her Comforter, she look'd about her, but to no purpose, she felt indeed, some body take her very tenderly by her Hands, and kiss and weep over them, with a thousand indearing Offices. At last taking a little Courage, she cry'd, *Goblin! Goblin! Why art thou not really what I would have thee to be.*

Leander not thinking this juncture proper to discover himself, left her, and retired to one corner of the Garden. The Princess finding herself alone, call'd out to *Abricotina* and discovered what she had seen and heard, and how the generous *Goblin* had relieved her from the Swoon she had fallen into.

And will you not love him then, cry'd Abricotina?

What, a *Goblin*, said the Princess, who knows but he may be a Monster.

So *Psyche* thought *Cupid* a Snake, (said the Nymph) and your Case is much the same, but suppose, (added she) that *Cupid* himself should admire you, could you not love him?

Yes, said the Princess, provided *Cupid* and the unknown Prince were one and the same, but ah, said she, it is Vanity to think on it, my Mother's Severities would soon find me out, and provoked for abusing so much of her Affection, render me for ever miserable.

Thus they discoursed together when they were interrupted by an unwelcome Messenger, who brought Advice, That monstrous Prince *Furibon*, with an Army of four hundred thousand Men, was coming to invade her Territories.

The Princess and all her Court, were in the utmost Consternation at this News, what was best in this Extremity, she could not tell; she dispatch'd *Abricotina* to her Mother, to implore immediate Succours, but with no Success; for she returned back with an Answer disagreeable.

The Fairy bid her tell her Daughter, That she had wholly forfeited her motherly Protection by neglecting her Precepts, that she was sufficiently informed of the Intrigues of *Leander*, whose Residence at her Court, had insnared and captivated her Heart, that she might take the fatal Consequences of it to herself, and that she would abandon her for ever.

Such a sorrowful Answer as this, from a Mother, who was ten times more powerful than *Furibon*, must needs be very afflicting. *Leander* knew it and heard the Sighs, and saw the Tears of his Princess; he was resolved to do something Heroick in her Favour, and save a Heart so precious, which otherwise would inevitably break.

With this resolution unknown to the Princess, he put himself into an *Amazon's* Dress, and knowing *Furibon* to be of a greedy, covetous Disposition, went directly to his Camp, with a Project to corrupt him.

He told him, That her *Amazon* Highness had given her Orders to inform his Majesty, that provided he would retire home, with his Army, she would give him what Treasure he would ask.

Furibon listening to so powerful a Proposition made Answer, that as she was a Woman, she should have his Protection, provided she could raise him in four and twenty Hours, the full Sum of ten hundred thousand Millions of Guineas.

Oh Sir, said *Leander*, to count such an immense Sum, would take up too much time, tell me, therefore, Sir, how many Rooms full would you have, for my Mistress, rather than give you short, will sing in a hundred Tun more than you ask.

Will she so, thought *Furibon*, then I will have all she has, or none. However, he told *Leander*, that if she would forthwith furnish him with as much as would fill thirty large Rooms full, upon the Word of a King, he would be satisfied, and never trouble her more.

It shall be done, said *Leander* in disguise, who was thereupon carried to the Rooms to be fill'd. Now, said he, King *Furibon*, you have your Demands, shaking his Rose, when immediately they were full of Gold.

Furibon finding himself disappointed, cry'd out he was cheated with base Metal, and ordered his Guards to fall upon the *Amazon*, as he thought, and kill her. But the Goblin apprehending the Danger, rendered himself invisible, and flying to his brutish Majesty, wrong his Neck off.

The Goblin having revenged himself of his mortal Enemy, immediately took up the Head and wish'd himself in the Palace of the *Calm Delights*.

It was no sooner thought but done, where he found the Princess regretting the Severity of her Mother's Answer, and weeping at the Apprehensions of *Furibon's* Army.

In the midst of these dejections she look'd about her, when to her great Surprize, she saw a Head come dancing towards her in the Air, which in a Minute's space was laid at her Feet.

The frightful Phiz was matter of Wonder to all there present, particularly to the Princess, who could not with all her Reason penetrate into the Cause of a Spectacle, so tragical and uncommon.

In the midst of this Amusement, a Voice was heard, that spoke these Words.

*Cease bright Princess, cease your Fears,
And wipe away those fruitless Tears,
The Monster now his worst has done,
And Furibon is dead and gone.*

The Voice was presently known by *Abricotina*, who cry'd out.

Ah, Madam, the Person that speaks to you is the Prince that saved me from Destruction.

I could be glad of that, said the Princess, if the Goblin and Prince were one and the same — To which the invisible *Leander*, instantly reply'd, *Let me merit more first, Madam, And so wish'd him self in Furibon's Army.*

He no sooner arrived there, but he publicly appeared in the same Dress he was in at *Furibon's* Court.

Court. The General presently knew him, and with Joy in their Looks, proclaimed him their lawful King, with universal Acclamations throughout the whole Army, which he forthwith caused to March back into his Kingdom, whilst he returned to his Princess.

It was late at Night before he came there when the Princess was in Bed, but restless, and could not Sleep. *Leander* lay'd himself down in his usual Apartment, in his visible Shape, and the Princess overcome with Heat had slip'd on her Night-gown, and was walking from one Apartment to another. At last she came to that where *Leander* lay, he having neglected to fasten the Door.

She view'd him over and over, and found him to be the very original of the Picture she had seen.

She could not believe him to be a Goblin, for she knew that Goblins never slept, and that he was a Spirit, she thought it ridiculous for she felt his Hands and Face, and twisted her Fingers in the Curls of his Hair, whilst her Soul struggled between two extreams, Joy and Fear, Joy for having found him and Fear at the Apprehensions of an incensed Mother. Thus she stood Wishing, Trembling, Sighing, and had not Power to be gone from him.

Is it possible for Sleep to render a Lover dead to the melting touches of the Mistress of so great a Happiness, and little dreamt the Princess was treating him with all the tenderness of a captive Virgin.

And thus the Minutes slid away, when the Fairy her Mother, who knew all her Actions, with a violent clap of Thunder, flew directly into the Room, took her by the Hair of the Head, drag'd her beautiful Body upon the Floor, and was going to hurry her through the Air.

The Noise soon awak'd *Leander*, who seeing the Princess in this Condition, thought gentle Means

most proper; and not to provoke a Power so much superior to his.

He immediately threw himself at her Mother's Feet, and with all the compassionate Expressions endeavoured to pacify her.

The princess likewise on her Knees, implor'd her Mother's Mercy, and told her with Tears in her Eyes, *That she should be guilty of the highest Ingratitude, to slight a Prince that had done so much for her, and that she should never enjoy herself, without the Happiness of his Conversation.*

You know not, *said the angry Fairy*, the fatal Consequences of Love, you had not been born a Slave to its Fetters, had not I wofully experienced it. Have you forgot how the King your Father serv'd me? Men are poisonous Creatures, and their Charms only serve to lull us into perpetual Lethargies and Ruin.

In vain they laboured to calm the Rage of an incensed Fairy, who calling to mind her own dear-bought Experience, would certainly have sacrificed her Daughter, had not the good natured Fairy *Gentilla* step'd in at that very instant.

This lovely Fairy being arrived, she fell about the Neck of the old Fairy, carressing her said.

Dear Sister, have you forgot my Assiduities for you formerly, when by my means you were reinstated in Fairy Land? A thousand thousand Promises of Requital you made me then; have I ever put you to the Expence of making good one of them? Forgive the Princess your Daughter now, and let her be blest in the Marriage Embraces of the most accomplished and good natured Prince in the World, that loves her with a Constancy as lasting, as Heaven and Earth. Be advised by me, Sister, and without more ado, exalt their Souls to the highest pitch of Joy.

The old Fairy had heard her with attention, and knowing that Ingratitude was worse than the Sin of Witchcraft, cry'd, I consent, *Gentilla* I consent, and then threw off her Fury, and took the Prince and Princess in her Arms, and gave them her Fairy Blessing.

She immediately ordered the Marriage Rites to be consummated, and told *Leander*, That she should as a Portion for her Daughter, cause the Island of *Calm Delights*, the Castle, and all the Wonders therein, together with her *Amazon* Subjects, who should be bless'd with Lovers to their Wishes; to be removed with him into his own Kingdom; whether she would accompany and live with him.

All which the Fairy *Gentilla* saw performed with great Splendour, Pomp, and Magnificence the next Day.



The M O R A L.

OH; *whither, whither art thou fled,*
Thrice happy Golden Age,
When generous Fairies spend their Days,
And took delight the vertuous Soul to raise;
Envy might then lift up her Head,
And Mischiefs dire presage:
The innocent still Guarded were,
And thought to shun each treacherous Snare,
The Fairies were so Good and Kind,
That faithful Hearts did their Protection find.

So that by this we see,
Good Nature is the first degree;
By which we reach Felicity.

Leander found it so, which made him take,
And harbour in his breast th'indang'rous Snake;
By this he gain'd the Cap and Rose,
Wherewith he punish'd Furibon,
By this the Aged Match was set aside,
And the distressed Youth regain'd his Bride,
And false Blondina's Fidler threw,
Breaking his Teeth and Fiddle too.
By this, he Abricotina relieves,
From Furibon's remorseless Thieves.
By this, at last, his generous Breast
In the Blest Seas of Calm Delight take Rest.

*Oh! Happy they, whose Souls are most sublime,
Than what from common Nature does proceed,
That take delight to spend their flitting Time,
In chusing Virtue for their safest Guide,
And differing from malicious Elves,
Remain exempt from Storms and Shelves;
Having a calm delightful Sea within themselves.*





T A L E VI.

*Prince Avenant, and the Beauty with Locks of
G O L D.*

TH E R E was a Time when a King had a Daughter, whose Beauty surpass'd the World; her curled Flaxen Hair, was finer than Gold; and for that reason she was called, *The Beauty with Golden Locks.*

Upon her Father's Frontiers, dwelt a comely, wealthy young Prince, who hearing of her Fame, fell so deeply in Love with her, that he sent an Embassador, with a magnificent Train to ask her in Marriage; not doubting but the beautiful Princess would embrace his Offer: But when the Embassador arrived, and had Audience, he receiv'd no other Answer, but thanks from the Princess, for the Honour his Master was pleased to do her; and that, at present, she had no inclination to Marriage.

The Embassador returned home with all the Presents he brought the Princess, consisting of vast Quantities of Diamonds, &c. which she had modestly refused; but to discover something of her usual good Nature, she made Choice only of a thousand of Pins.

At his return to Court, every one was in perplexity, particularly the King, whose Affection for her was so great, that it often drew Tears from his Eyes.

A young Nobleman then in the Palace, named *Avenant*, a Favourite at Court, of an admirable Wit, Shape, and Mein, talking with some of the Courtiers about this Disappointment, made slight of it, and accidentally let drop these Words. *If His Majesty had sent me to the Princess I would have brought her to Court if it had cost me my Life.*

Favourites never want Enemies to wrest what they say. Away run one that heard him, to the King, and with open Mouth, *May it please Your Majesty, (said he) Young Avenant has ridiculed Your Majesty, preferred his own Beauty and Parts, before yours, and affirms, That if he had been sent to the Beauty with Golden Locks, she would have followed him where ever he pleased.*

They needed not to say any more, the King's Passion grew boundless, that he ordered him immediately to be shut up in a Castle, and there starved to death.

The unfortunate *Avenant* pining in this Condition, and expecting no Relief, one Day gave a great Sigh, and cried, in what have I offended the King? Would to Heaven all his Subjects were so faithful to him, as I have been!

At that instant the King went by, and hearing these Words stood still, and listened to hear farther; but *Avenant's* Enemies would have perswaded him from it. The King was resolute, and listened so long 'till he wept.

Then his Majesty, sent for him out, and demanded of him why he spoke these Words and valu'd himself above the KING his Master.

Sir (said Avenant) my Accusations are false, on the contrary I would have possessed her Princely Mind, with so many bright Accomplishments peculiar to your Royal Self, that would have perswaded her to come along with me, and be happy in your Affection.

The King no sooner heard him but said, I am satisfied faithful *Avenant*; and so took him into Favour again, whilst his Enemies fell into Disgrace.

The King still thoughtful of the Golden Beauty, it was not long after, but he sent for *Avenant* into his Cabinet, and told him, Tha he was minded to send him Embassador to the Princess, and try what Success would attend his Negotiations.

I am ready (*said Avenant*) as soon as your Majesty shall give me Orders.

Nay, (*said the King*) a noble Equipage must first be in readiness.

Equipage! (*said he*) I want nothing but your Majesty's Letters, and a good Horse, and to Morrow I'll make my Departure.

At this the King, said, *Be it so*; and taking him in his Arms, rejoiced at his Fidelity.

The next Morning, having taken a private Leave of the King, *Avenant* began his Journey contemplating all the Way how he should bring this great Work about. Whatever came into his Head of Moment; he minuted down in his Table Book; and he was one Morning at this Exercise at the bottom of a Meadow by a River's Side, when he saw a fine Carp, which coming too near the Shoar, and by leaping at some Flies, had flung herself on the Bank, and there lay expiring,

Avenant took pity upon the Dying Fish, and willing to preserve it, gently took it up, and laid it in the River again.

The Fish immediatly recovering it self, lifted up its Head, and said, *I thank you Avenant, my Preserver,*

server, the time will come when I shall make you amends. And so div'd to the Bottom, to the great surprize of *Avenant*.

The next Day, as he travelled along, he saw a Crow ready to be devoured by a ravenous Eagle. Pity seized his Breast; and letting fly an Arrow from a Bow he had by him, shot the Eagle thro' the Heart, and delivered the poor Crow.

The Bird no sooner saw herself freed; but perching on a Tree, cried out; *Avenant, thou hast done well to relieve a poor wretched Bird, be assured, that I will take an Occasion to reward your Generosity.*

The witty and grateful Answer of the Carp and Crow, took extreamly with *Avenant*, and made his Journey very pleasant. Early the next Morning he entered a dark Wood, where he heard an Owl, that was caught in a Fowler's Nett, bemoaning herself; and looking about him, he no sooner spy'd her, but his Heart was mov'd to release her Nocturnal Ladyship. Accordingly he cut the Net, and out she flew.

The Owl expecting the Bird-catchers coming, said, *I must be short, Avenant, you have not only my Thanks, but my Heart; and the saving my Life in this critical Juncture, shall another time turn to your Advantage* And so flew away.

Some time after *Avenant* arrived at the Palace where the Beauty with Golden Locks lived: And that he might make an Agreeable Appearance, he put on a rich embroidered Suit, a Plume of white Feathers, and a fine Scarf about his Neck. Thus Equip'd, he took with him in a Silk Net, a little pretty Dog, he had bought by the way, and appeared with such an Air of Stateliness, that the Princess's Noblemen strove who should introduce him first.

By this time the *Golden Beauty* was informed of the Ambassador's Arrival; and being told, his Name was *Avenant*, it run in her Mind, that it signify'd some good Luck to her; and that he was lovely enough to draw the Affections of all the World after him.

Well (said she, to her Maids of Honour) hasten to dress me in my richest Robes, and let me be seated on my Throne with great splendour, that all Mankind my own, that I am the only *Beauty with Locks of Gold*.

Her Commands were no sooner obeyed, but *Avenant* was introduced into her Presence. At first sight of her he was ravished, and for some time not able to express himself: But commanding a Presence of Mind, equal to the Greatness of his Soul, he made a most eloquent Oration; in which he requested a better Fortune from the Princess, than to return without her to the King his Master.

I approve of all you say, most accomplish'd *Avenant*, said the Princess, and you shall have the preference of my Favours: But by the way I must inform you, that some time since, as my Maids and I were walking by a River's side, in pulling of my Glove, there fell from my Finger a Ring, which I valued above the World; whereupon I made a Vow, never to listen to the offers of a Prince, 'till it was restored me again by the Ambassador who should bring such Proposals.

Avenant was much perplexed at this Answer, and standing some time silent, at last beg'd the Princess to accept of his little Dog, *Caper*, with his fine Scarf: But she refused his Offer, and desired him to withdraw, he having known her Mind already.

The Ambassador retired to his Appartment in the utmost Consternation, to spend the Night in fruitless Sighs and Thoughts; which little *Caper* perceiving

perceiving with concern, pray Sir, despair not; you are too Handsome to be miserable: Let us only by break of Day, go walk by the River's side.

The Advice was taken, and early, with folded Arms, and melancholly Looks, he and *Caper* took their Walk.

They had not gone far, but on a sudden, he hear'd a soft Voice calling out, *Avenant! Avenant!* He looked about him for some time, but could see nothing: At last his Dog *Caper* peeping into the River, fortunately saw the gilded *Carp*, and told his Master of it.

The grateful Fish no sooner saw *Avenant* but appeared above Water, and said my dear *Avenant*, for saving my Life in the Meadow, I am here as good as my Word; take the Ring the Princess has lost, and I wish you all happiness.

In an Extasy of Joy, with a thousand Thanks he took it out of her Mouth; at which instant she gave him a pleasant look, leaving *Caper* to skip about his Master, for Joy that he had prevailed with him to walk thither.

To Court they flew with all the Wings Joy could give, but alas! the Princess only smiled when she was told of his return, and thought it was only to have his final Audience of leave. But when he come to her and presented the Ring not damnified, and demanded her in his Master's Name, she was in the utmost Consternation, and thought some *Fairy* had helped him to it.

However (*said she to Avenant*) since your Respect for me is so great, before I consent you must do me another Piece of Service; and which is, to fetch me the Head of a neighbouring Tyrant, named *Gallifron*, who has ravaged my Territories, and murdered my Subjects, because I would not consent to have him for my Husband; he being a prodigi-

ous Giant, that devours Men with as much ease, as a Squirrel cracks Nuts; carrying in his Pockets, Field-Pieces and Mortars, instead of Pistols; and has a Voice astonishing as Thunder: Therefore it is, that this request is performed, or else what you have done hitherto, is to no purpose.

So great a Spirit as *Avenant's*, had no need of much Consideration; and therefore he promised the *Beauty with Golden Locks*, to fight this Monster of a Man; and so took his Leave for that time.

He soon furnished himself with what Weapons were necessary, and the next Day mounted his Horse, with *Caper* in a Net by his Side; and rode till he came within the Tyrant's Dominions. And as he rode along, his little Dog encouraged him, with many diverting Promises of biting the Giant by the Legs all the time of the Engagement; and that nothing should be wanting in him for his Defence.

With this, and such like Discourse, they travel'd till they came to the Castle, amidst vast Heaps of Skulls, raw Heads and bloody Bones; and saw the Giant stalking through a dismal Wood, Singing in a Hoarse Tone, these inhuman Lines.

*Ob! how I want another Dish,
Of new-killed Men, that's Young and Fresh;
The Marrow from the Bones I'd squeeze,
And suck the Blood out by Degrees;
With my sharp Teeth and scurvy Faws,
If once they come within my Paws.
Should break my fast with half a score,
And stay my Dinner till I'd more.*

The Invincible *Avenant*, hearing the *Canibal's* Wish, boldly made this reply.

*Here's one that will suffice you more,
Than all that thou hast kill'd before :
Thy Appetite shall soon be fed,
And I will bear away thy Head.
Thy Teeth and Faws shall not me scare,
Therefore approach bold Avenant here.*

At this *Avenant* drew his Sword, when the Giant with scorn, lifted up his massy Club, with one blow would have dashed out his Brains had not a Crow, which settled on his thick Skull picked out the Monster's Eyes, and then flew to a Tree hard by.

The Giant feeling the Blood trickle down his Face, fell into such a Rage, that striking and laying about him at random, it gave *Avenant* an Opportunity of sheathing his Sword in his Heart, and made him lie as it were in a Pond of Blood.

The next thing was to whip off his Head ; at which time the Crow put him in mind, that she had retaliated the Kindness she received from his Hands, by killing the ravenous Eagle.

Avenant having given the Crow many a hearty Thank, rode away with the Giant's Head to Court. At his Approach, the Palace rung with Huzza's, and, Long live courageous *Avenant* ! And so with Triumph he laid the frightful Head, at the Feet of the Princess, which made her Blood thrill, tho' she was glad of the Prospect.

Take there, Madam, saith *Avenant*, the Head you wanted, and now let my Royal Master have his desire.

At which the Princess bowing, fetch'd a Sigh, and said ; Unfortunate me, that cannot yet consent to what you ask. There is, added she, a deep boggy Hole, full of poisonous Creatures, not many Miles from hence ; at the Bottom of which runs a Water called, *The Preserver of Beauty and Health*, from the secret Virtue it has in giving and preserving everlastingly, both those Jewels to Persons never so Young, Deformed, or Old. The Passage to it is guarded by two fiery Dragons, whose looks bring death to all about them. However, some of this Water I must have, or else I will never depart my Kingdom.

This must needs be very surprizing to one who had merited so much already : But *Avenant* in Obedience to her Commands, told her, he would do his Endeavour, tho' it were to the Ruin of himself ; for the sake of his Master.

And accordingly with his little Dog *Caper*, he began this difficult Enterprize ; wondering that so many Impossibilities, should be lodged in so chaste a Breast.

Well, he was no sooner in the Wood, but he saw the frightful Dragons spitting out their Fire, which ascended to the Skies, in fearful black clouds of Smoke. Pulling out the Vial in Despair. Take this said he, to *Caper*, and when I am dead, carry my Blood in it to the Princess, and let her see the Effects of her Desire ; and then go and acquaint the King my Master of my undeserved End.

Hold *Avenant*, hold ; said the Owl he had formerly saved from the Bird-catcher's Net. Let me also do one Kindness for another ; and as an Instance of Affection for you, I'll fill the Vial with the Water of Beauty : For all the secret Holes and Avenues to it, are known to none better than myself.

self. So he gave her the Bottle, and in less than a quarter of an Hour, she returned with it full to his Satisfaction, and sent him back to the Princess with a chearful Heart.

The Beauty with Locks of Gold, received him now with Joy, and put him out of Suspense, gave immediate Orders for her Departure and accordingly with great Splendour set out along with him; but by the way, took an Opportunity to discover more Affections for him, than the Prince she was going to. *Avenant* knowing her Mind, intimated, that he could not be guilty of Treachery to his Master, tho' he could love none more than so beautiful a Princess.

When they arrived at the King's Palace, he and all his Nobles went in a sumptuous manner to meet her. And the Marriage being performed with great Splendour and Rejoycing, she told his Majesty pleasantly, that if it had not been for faithful *Avenant*, she had not been his Bride: for he had effected it; by obtaining her a Bottle of Water, which would always make her Young and Beautiful.

And truly, the respect he discovered to *Avenant*, drew upon him the Calumnies of some jealous Noblemen, that envyd his Happiness, so that in a little time, they persuaded the too credulous King to imprison him in a loathsome Dungeon, where he was fed for all his faithful Service, with Bread and Water.

The Queen having often besought his Discharge with Tears, was so far from gaining it, that it increased the King's Jealousy; who calling to Mind the Water of Beauty that was in the Bed-Chamber, it came into his jealous Pate to try if he could make himself

himself Beautiful and Young with it. But fortunately it proved to *Avenant's* Advantage, and lasting Felicity.

For a Servant brushing down the Cieling, accidentally broke the Bottle with her Broom; and not knowing what to do in so great perplexity, went to the King's Closet, and took thence a Bottle with Liquor in it, like that she had broke but which unknown to her had poison in it, which the King made use of to poison his Nobility with at Pleasure and putting in the same place, left all things as she found them.

The King next Morning went and applied it to his Temples and Face so long that he dropt down on the Floor, and in a few Minutes expired.

Caper, who had often been sent to his Master with comfortable news from the Queen, was the first that heard of this lucky Accident, and away he galloped with it to the Prison: Now, thought *Avenant*, the time of Deliverance draws nigh, He immediately dispatched his light-footed Courier to the Queen, to implore her Majesty's Compassion of his Afflictions at that juncture.

He need not have asked it; for she was driving to him Incognito with all speed. When she arrived there, with her own Hands she unbound those Limbs which lay fettered, put a Crown of Gold upon his Head, &c. and carried him to Court, and there, in the presence of all her Nobility, married him, and made him their King, to the great Joy and Satisfaction of the People; but much more to the Beauty with Locks of Gold, who had now the Love of one, in whom she was satisfied she should be Happy for ever.

The M O R A L.

MANKIND nothing has to boast,
 But what is Virtuous and Just;
 To keep his Actions pure and bright;
 And end, as first began his Light.
 Th' innocent Soul will lambent prove,
 And be a burning Globe of Love.
 Nor need such Mortals be prepared,
 When all that's powerful is their Guard.
 Tempests of Envy ne'er shall drown
 What Providence resolves to Crown.
 The fair Rosetta this did prove,
 And knew the Joys of stedfast Love.

Inspid Fools that think to fly,
 Th' avenging Hand, or piercing Eye,
 Of an Incensed Deity!
 For he that saves the Innocent,
 The Guilty keeps for Punishment;
 And when they little think it near,
 That Punishment falls most severe.

To Virgins now collect from this,
 Virtue's the chiefest Happiness;
 And only Road to endless Bliss:
 Learn to forgive whilst Fortune's kinds,
 And calm with smiles, the swelling Mind.
 That no Revenge may harbour in that Breast,
 And peaceful Love should lull the Soul to rest.



T A L E. V.

*Of the King of the Peacocks, and the Princess
Rosetta.*

WHEN the Empire of the Faïres was Governed by the serene Empress *Truffio*, there reigned a King and Queen who had two Sons and one Daughter: Children of all the promising Aspects that could be expected. The Daughter was every way lovely, and had, as she grew up, stole away the Heart and Soul of her Mother, inso-much, that a Concern for her future Welfare, put her upon enquiring of some eminent Fairies, what Fortune would attend the remainder of her Life.

They all agreed in one Judgment, and told her, that she would run thro' very many Difficulties, and then arrive to lasting Happiness; but that her two Brothers should be condemned to Death upon her Account.

This Curiosity in the Queen drew a deep Melancholly upon her, which put the King upon a serious enquiry into the Cause of her grief. She had often put him off with prevaricating Stories, till one Day he urged her so close, she was obliged to confess what the Fairies had predicted of their Children.

The King no sooner heard her, but was for destroying the Daughter in her Cradle, to preserve his Male Issue. The Queen with Tears in her Eyes, exhorted

exhorted him to save them all, particularly the Young Princess. At length it was concluded to consult an old Hermit not far from Court, and stand to his Advice in the matter.

Accordingly, the Queen went to his Cell, and having told the grave Gentleman the Opinion of the Fairies, he sent her back, and bid her tell the King, that the only Expedient to save his Sons, would be to confine his Daughter to perpetual Imprisonment.

Well, the Advice was put in Execution, and into a strong Castle she was put into for Life: And that she might not shorten her Days by so close a Retirement, she had now and then, the Conversation of her Father and Mother, and the young Princes her Brothers. And thus she spent her time, till the King and Queen fell Sick and died.

When every one was in the deepest Sorrow for their Death, the Nobles and Grandees of the Kingdom, took the eldest Prince, and seated him on the Throne of his Father.

And then the new King and his Brother, who loved their Sister entirely, went and fetch'd her from her Confinement, with a design to give her in Marriage. They kiss'd and comforted her, and gave her Sugar Plumbs and Comfits, as they led her to the Palace.

As they walked along, diverting themselves with a thousand Promises, the Princess's little Dog *Fretillon*, which had but one Ear and which was so Green, nothing could be Greener, jumped into a Neighbouring Thicket. The Princess soon stept after him, when to her surprize, she saw him barking at a stately Peacock which had put his Tail and whole Body in a Majestick Posture.

The Princess admiring its charming Beauty ask'd the King, what Creature that was. Oh, Sister said he,

he, it is a Bird which we often kill and eat. Say you so? cryed she, I'll take it to Court with me; so delicate a Bird deserves more pity: And for my part, I'll die a Virgin provided I cannot have the King of the Peacocks for my Husband. And where shall we find his Peacock Majesty? replied he; nay, nay, see you to that, said she, I'll keep to my Word.

When they came to Court, her two Brothers having resolved, if possible, to find out the King of the Peacocks, left the Administration of Affairs in the Hands of their Sister, and having with them her Picture, betook themselves to Travel.

In vain they took many a weary Step, and in vain were the Enquires after the King of the Peacocks, till they came to a certain place inhabited by none but *Locusts*. Here they were told that the King they were in search of, lived a thousand Leagues southward from that Country.

With this Information, they took their leave, and after some few Days arrived in that Kingdom; where they found Peacocks in infinite Numbers, perching on every Tree they met: The King said to his Brother, certainly if the King of this Country should prove a Peacock himself, how ridiculous would it be, to suffer ourselves to be allied to him; and to have our Sister bring Pea-Chickens, instead of Children?

But when they came to the Metropolis of the Kingdom, instead of Peacocks, nothing was seen but Men and Women, decked with Peacocks Feathers. They found the King of the Palace riding in a Gold Chariot, in a magnificent Dress, with a Peacock's Tail powder'd with Diamonds in his Crown.

As soon as he saw the two strange Princes, he sent and demanded their Business. They informed his Majesty, That they had brought to him a Picture of the greatest Beauty in the World; a Princess
by

by Birth, and their Sister; who had made a solemn Vow to marry none but himself, and with whom they would give a hundred Ton of Gold.

The King, smitten with the Picture, began to question the Original, and said, if she appeared agreeable to the Picture, which he would keep by him till they sent for her, he would gladly marry her; but if upon her arrival, she proved otherwise, that then they should both be Executed as Cheats. And accordingly put them both in Custody, to wait the coming of their Sister.

Upon this, dispatches were sent forthwith, to put the Princess on her Departure. She no sooner was told of it, but she leap'd for Joy, and sent for all her Nobles, her Maids of Honour, and chiefest Favourites, and left the Management of Affairs to their Care; bestowing to every one considerable Presents.

Having pack'd up her Portion, with thrice as many imperial Robes and Diamonds, she commended her Peacock to their Protection; and accompanied only by her old Nurse, the Nurse's Daughter, and her one-ear'd Dog, imbark'd, and put to Sea, with all the Chearfulness of a new-marry'd Bride.

Whilst they were at Sea, many a time had her designing Nurse enquir'd of the Captain, when they should see Land. At last the wish'd for Hour came, when the ungrateful Wretch took the Captain aside, and told him, That if he would fling the Princess over-board, he should have as much Wealth as he desired. And that you may do it with safety, said she, I will dress my Daughter in her Cloaths, and give her in Marriage to the King of the Peacocks, who not having seen the Princess, will not know one from the other.

It is not very difficult to tempt a covetous Soul, especially one that makes his fortune at Sea. The Persuasions of the Nurse, back'd by a Bowl of Punch or two, soon work'd him fit for her turn; so that in the midnight Watch, they threw the innocent Princess, Bed and all, as she lay asleep, with her little Dog by her, into an unmerciful Sea.

Happy was it for the Princess *Rosetta*, that her Bed was made of *Phœnix* Feathers, which have such a peculiar Virtue in them, that they will never sink. The Princess had not been long over-board, but the Sea began to penetrate the Ticking of her Bed, and come to her delicate Body: At last the violence of the Waves wak'd her little Dog, who seeing the Fish swim about him, bark'd so loud that his Mistress wak'd also, but with no other thought, than that the Ship was tost violently by the Waves.

By this time the Vessel was close the Shore, where a hundred Coaches waited the landing of the Princess; Among the rest was a Body-Coach, of an inestimable Value, drawn by six fine limb'd Apes, with a noble Train of beautiful Virgins, to conduct her to the Palace.

Thus preparation was made for the Reception of *Rosetta* on the King's side, whilst the busy Nurse had dress'd her ugly Daughter in the Habit of the Princess, and carried her ashore. But when the King's Servants saw her, they smote their Breasts and stoom amazed at her deformity. What said she, is the Reason of these Fellows stupidity? See how the Blockheads stand: Fetch me some dainty Refreshments, Sirrah's, or I'll have you all dead alive.

This Language of the filthy Beast, struck them all with Horror, so that without much Ceremony, they

they carried the Boss, with the Nurse her Mother, and the unmannerly Sailor to the King's Palace: But never was People his'd at like these. Nay, the very Peacocks themselves as they went along, screamed out horrid Invectives against the Counterfeit Princess, who was so angry, that she could have kill'd them herself, had not they flown away.

By this time the King was told, that they were entering his Palace. Well, said he, have her two Brothers spoke Truth or not? Is she such a beautiful Person as they have represented. And having said this he saw the sham Princess among the Crowd, who made ugly Grimaces and Gestures at the sight of her.

The King at first thought this behaviour of theirs, was occasioned by some outlandish Beast, but when he found her to be the very reverse of the Picture that was carried before him in Triumph, he soon perceived his Error.

'Tis not easy to imagine the Consternation his Majesty was in at the sight of her. Have they, said, he, thus imposed upon me, well, they shall die for it, and let these suffer also. With that he ordered the Mother, Daughter, and flinty Captain, to be immediately imprisoned, and that the two Princes already in Custody should be thrown into a deep Dungeon, till they were brought to Execution.

The King, and the Prince his Brother seeing themselves in Danger, remonstrated to the King, that what they had affirmed was true; that his threatening to put them to Death, was a piece of Indiscretion; and that the eldest of them was a King rich and powerful as himself, whose Subjects

no doubt, who always lov'd him, would soon make him repent his Rashness.

The King hearing this, began to be afraid, and was once in the mind to set them at Liberty, but a Rogue of a Court-Flatterer, a Minister of State, perswaded his Majesty, that he would become the Banter of all despotick Princes, if he did not, Right or Wrong, execute them according to his Word.

Immediately Gibbets were erected, and there was but an Ace between their Living and Dying, when the eldest Prince, by the assistance of a moderate *Musti* then present, prevail'd with the King to respite Judgment for seven Days assuring his Majesty, That in that time, he should be able to convince him of some Mistake in the Matter.

Things thus carried on at Court, the distressed Princess *Rosetta*, who had lain eight and forty Hours floating betwixt Hope and Despair, was almost starved with Hunger and Cold; and certainly she had suffered Famine, had not her faithful Dog div'd and brought her Muscles, Cockles, Shrimps and Oysters, on which necessity made her feed heartily. Ah, said she, would I were under my former Confinement! Better had I never seen a Peacock! Surely the King of the *Peacocks* has revenged himself on me, for being so weak as to discover my Affection for him beforehand.

Thus she exclaimed against the severity of her Fate, till Time and Tide were so merciful as to throw her ashore, not far distant from an old Fisher man's Cottage, where he liv'd a solitary Life. The Dog soon jump'd on the dry Land, and barked loud enough to reach the old Man's Ears, who presently

run out to see what was the Matter, when to his surprize, he found the *Princess* compassionately crying out for Help, he saw by the rich Bed, that she was of illustrious Birth, and therefore immediately jump'd in and drew her out.

He soon carried her home, accompanied by her little Dog, and with some wholesome, tho' homely Cloaths of his Daughters, put her in the Dress of a Shepherdess. After he had warmed her by the Fire, and made her eat what his Cottage afforded, he asked the cause of his Misfortunes, which upon his promising secrecy, she told him from the beginning to the end; the old Man having heard all with a great deal of Attention, was for informing the King of the Peacocks, and fetch her some Dainties from his Table, but she forbid it and said, My little Dog *Fretillon*, will be more serviceable to us, if you will but hang a little Basket about his Neck.

The Fisherman did as she said, and the *Princess* cry'd, *Get thee gone and fetch me something out of the best Pot in the King's Kitchen.* Away run *Fretillon*, and watching an Opportunity, took away a dozen of Quails, and brought them to his Mistress: she sent him again, and then he returned loaden with Citron-Water, Naple-biskets, and preserved Fruits.

When his *Peacock* Majesty was to dine, the Servants were at a loss for the provision, so that in a fright, they told the King, his Dinner was taken from them they knew not how.

Well, said he, ifrowning, see that I have my Supper, or else Death shall be your portion.

Accordingly they made provision for it, but the one-ear'd Dog had carried it all to his Mistress. So that the King having fasted since Morning grew raving mad at his Disappointment, and was forced to go to Bed supperless.

Well he was served so three Days together, till his Mufti had privately watched and discovered how the Victuals was carried off, and who having followed the Dog unobserved to the Fisherman's Cottage, was returned to tell his Majesty of it.

Immediately Messengers were sent thither, where they found the old Man and the Princess feeding on his Majesty's Provision as heartily as if they were their own.

They presently carried them with the Dog to Court. And the next Day being the last that the Princess *Rosetta's* Brothers were to live, the King ordered all the Prisoners to be brought into the Hall of Justice, so that they might die together, but when the King saw the admirable Beauty of disconsolate *Rosetta*, his Heart sunk within him, and knowing the Picture he had was like her, stood silent some time, till the old Man, with bended Knees, declared her to be the true Princess *Rosetta* whom the cruel Nurse had committed to the Waves.

Bless me, at this News the hungry King became as hearty as if he had eaten a Ton of Jelly-broth, so that flying instantly from his Throne, he caught her tenderly in his Arms, and declared her his Queen, and that he loved her more than his Life.

In the mean time her Brothers, the Nurse, the Daughter, and the Sea Captain, were come in, at which time they all knowing one another, the Princess fell upon her Brothers Necks and embraced them, whilst they wept for Joy. The wicked Nurse, and her Accomplice, perceiving themselves discovered, surrendered up all her Portion, and fell on their Knees to implore Mercy.

The Peacock King deaf to their Intreaties, would have sacrificed them to his Wrath, had not the good-natured Princess forgave them, and persuaded the King to do the same. She also settled an Estate upon the old Fisherman, created him Knight of the most noble Order of the *Dolphins*; and Vice Admiral of the Seas. As for her little Dog, he was in great Favour at Court, lay always at the Feet of the Queen's Bed, had a Table every Day served him with the Legs and Wings of the daintiest Birds, and took the right hand of all the Dogs of Quality.

The Marriage was performed the next Day, in the Presence of her Brothers, who returned home extremely satisfied, and nothing was heard and seen for a year together, but publick Demonstrations of Joy, for the King of the Peacocks being married to the incomparable Beauty, the Princess *Rosetta*, who lived many Ages afterwards, with all the Blessings they could wish for.

The M O R A L.

HAPPY Britanina wouldst thou be,
 If thou wert wholly free
 From true Love's treach'rous mortal Enemy,
 No false Friend then would have the Care,
 Of the soft, tender, tempting Fair;
 Whose amorous Fire
 Is kindled by a chaste desire,
 To live and die with him, whose Flame,
 Burns equal with the virtuous Dame.
 The greedy Guardian would not steal,
 From the young Orphan's Purse,
 To help to match his Daughter well,
 Like fair Rosetta's Nurse.



T A L E VI.

*The Golden Branch: Or, Prince Nonpareil,
and the Princess Brilliant.*

UPON the Death of Queen *Gentilla*, an ill-natur'd Prince ascended the Throne, whose implacable Disposition had procured him to be nicknamed the *Brown King*. He had a Son named *Torticuli*, monstrously deformed in Body, but possessed with a Soul every way agreeable and pleasing.

The King his Father had pitched upon the Daughter of a neighbouring Prince to be his Wife, *Trogniana*; a mere Dwarf, and one that had a Face very ugly and frightful, but was endowed with many rare and bright Accomplishments, with abundance of Wit and Good Humour.

The *Brown King* having got her Picture presented it his Son, and commanded him to admire it, and prepare to marry the Original. The Prince took it, and looking upon it with Contempt, modestly told his Father, that he was resolved never to marry such a preposterous Creature. The King grew angry at his Obstinacy, and to correct his Dis-

obedience threw him into a Castle where no Prisoner had been for many Years.

Then the *Brown King* sent an Embassador with his Son's Picture to *Trogniana's* Father to demand her in Marriage; which the King no sooner saw, but embracing the Offer, carried it his Daughter, and told her, that 'twas his will that she should place her Affection upon the Prince that Picture represented, for that was to be her Husband.

As soon as the Princess saw it, she began to look pale, and her Heart swelling with Grief, she could not forbear shedding some Tears.

Her Father took the resentment immediately; and ordering a Looking Glass to be brought, there said he, see your own Deformity, and examine with your self, what reason you have to be dissatisfied: *Trogniana* would fain have excused herself, and persuaded her Father to drop a Match she had no inclination to: But the angry Parent said, it was his Pleasure it should be so, and therefore commanded her to be ready to depart in a few Hours.

The Princess was so dutiful as to suffer herself to begin the Journey in a Post-Chaise; and were we must leave her pursuing her Journey a while, and return to the imprisoned Prince.

Prince *Torticuli* walking in a Gallery in the Castle, like others in Confinement, could not forbear thinking of his Misfortunes. He conceived it afflicting enough, to be sensible of his own Deformity; much more, that he should be obliged to captivate his Will to a Person ten times more despicable than himself.

In the midst of those Confusions, he threw his Eyes about, and spied a certain parcel of Pictures, which

which, for their Antiquity, had been preserved there as great Rarities. The Beauty and Vivacity of these Originals, made him inspect them with more Curiosity, when he discovered a young Man among them exactly the Picture of himself, who was painted taking a Gold Key out of a Stone Wall.

In many Places he saw his Picture; as also that of a most beautiful Princess, whose Looks were so agreeable to him, that he could not forbear admiring of it. Indeed it was a matter of Wonder to him, to see such surprizing Rarities, and could not imagine what *Genius* did inspire the painter's Breast, to picture him above two hundred Years before he came into the World.

With these Speculations he retired to his Chamber, and taking an old Manuscript that lay by him, opened it, and found the same picture in it he saw before. Turning over some of the Leaves, immediately a Consort of Musick was heard; Gamesters were seen playing at all sorts of Games; Weddings, Dancing, Singing, and what not? At last, turning over a certain Leaf, he saw really a parcel of *Pigmy Gentry*, feasting themselves merrily, when one of them taking a Glass, turned to the Prince, and drank his Health; and told him withal, that he should be a happy Prince, if he restored them their Queen, but Miserable if not.

The prince was so frightened at these Apparitions, that for some time he swooned away, and let drop his Book on the Floor. He was no sooner recover'd, but willing to review the Cause of his Indisposition, he took up the Book and looking in it again, found nothing at all in it. This was another shocking surprize to him; but it presently went off, by concluding that what he had hitherto seen, was nothing but Delusion.

Early the next Day he went into the Gallery again, where the pictures appear'd to him, as if they were all alive. Among the rest, he saw his own picture going up into the Tower: And willing to see the Issue of so nice a Wonder, followed it; and by imitating its Actions, in every thing, found in a Hole of the Wall, a Gold Key, that had been hid there some Ages. The prince took it up, and opened a Cubboard just by, whose out side seem'd very odd and ugly, but within very beautiful and delicate. The Drawers were all Chrystal, Amber, &c. and were full of the most admirable Curiosities. At this charming sight the prince was extreamly pleas'd, until opening a certain Drawer, a *Brilliant* Box appear'd, in which was a Man's Head weltering in its Blood.

A Man had need of a great deal of Spirit, at so strange a Sight; but he being a prince of Resolution, and recollecting what one of the pigmies had told him, he took Courage and said; tell me if possible, O unhappy Head, what has rendered thee so unfortunate? At these Words, the Head began to move, and by Signs said, Happy prince, thou art able to set free one of the brightest Beauties on Earth. Repair to the Gallery, and where thou seest the Sunshine, be sure to search; for there lies all my Happiness; and there you will find the end of your Misery. The prince putting the Head in its place again, and the Key in the Hole of the Wall, went thither accordingly; and observing where the Sun shone, he found the picture of an angelical Youth hanging against the Wall. His Curiosity led him to turn aside, under which was a Wainscotted *Ebony* Wall, gilt with Gold, and which raised it self on a sudden presented the prince with a prospect of a stately Chamber of *Porphyry*. He enter'd it, and advancing some Steps, went through an infinite Number of
fine

fine Appartments, to a little Chamber, where he found sleeping on a rich Couch, under a Canopy, one of the loveliest Beauties in the World: Her Hair was as black as a *Raven*, hanging in Curls about her Breasts, which were whiter than Snow.

The prince observing her languishing posture found she was now and then interrupted in her Sleep, with deep Sighs, Startings, and Expostulating with herself. —

He had not gazed long, but, perfidious cry'd she in her sleep, Dost thou think to share my Affections, by robbing me of *Trasimenes*? Thou barbarous Cruel, whose Villainy shall one Day meet with a punishment, from that Hand thou hast separated from the Body of my lovely prince. [Here she started, her Flesh trembled, her pulse beat violently, and her Eyes let fall some Tears; and then clinching her Hands, went on] — Yes Wretch, Furies shall prey upon thy treacherous Soul! Ah, *Trasimenes*! *Trasimenes*! unhappy, wretched, and miserallé I, that am banished thy Sight.

The prince heard and saw all with the greatest Surprize; and whilst he was busying his Thoughts about his Lady, a Consort of Birds made a most agreeable Harmony, when in came an Eagle, with a *Golden Branch*, full of *Rubies* and *Diamonds*. The kingly Bird, immediately flew round her, and gently fanned her with his Wings: Then he gave the *Branch*, to prince *Torticuli*, at which all the Birds scream'd out so loud they made the palace ring again.

This Accident soon inclined the Prince to believe the Lady was enchanted; and to try the Experiment, bowing himself gently, he touched her with the Branch,
and

and conjured her in the Name of Tracimenes to awake from her Trance; when in a Minute she opened her Eyes, and looked about. Spying the Eagle, she cried out, Stay, the Life of my Love, stay! But the Eagle taking no Notice, flew away with the rest of the Birds, leaving a most lamentable Cry behind him.

Then the Lady addressed Torticuli, and returning him Thanks, for freeing her from a Lethargy which had captivated her Two Hundred Tears, told him that she was able, willing, and very ready to make him whatever he pleased.

In short after some Compliment between them, the Prince, willing to be Strait like other Men, asked that Favour of her, which she readily granted.

The beautiful Lady bid him stand still, and took the Gilded Branch, and stroked him thrice with it. Rise Sir, said she, one of the compleatest and accomplished Men in the Universe: and immediately he did so. Now, said she, go by the Name of Nonpareil; for none ever did, nor never will merit so much as your self. Go (added she) from hence, be Happy; Fortune will at last be favourable; and let the Fairy Benigna be, now and then, the Subject of your Thoughts.

With these Words, both Lady, Palace, and all therein vanished in a Moment, when the Prince found himself in a spacious Wood, a Hundred Leagues distant from the Tower he was before confined in.

To return: When the Guards miss'd Prince *Torticali*, the dread of the King's Displeasure, put them upon giving out, that he was fallen Sick; appointing one of their crooked Comrades to lie in his Bed, and personate him, in case the King should come to see him. This Project had its Effect: for the King was no sooner told of it, but he made slight of the matter, and said, He was not sorry his Son had his Deserts.

In the mean time, the Princess *Trogniana* arrived: And when the King saw her wide Mouth, her Scrophulous Skin, and Negroes Nose, the King by way of Banter, thank'd her for her Civility in refusing to marry his Son, who was not half so deformed as herself.

No matter for that, my Liege, said she, Your Majesty may divert yourself from the Thoughts of a Match with your Son, for I am not so out of conceit with myself, as to make him my Husband.

At this the King grew Angry, and said, he would see to that: And so ordered her an Appartment; and some Ladies were assign'd to perswade her to the Marriage.

Whilst Matters were thus transacted at Court, the King's Guards sent his Majesty Notice, that the Prince his Son was dead, having put some heavy
Lumber

Lumber in a Coffin to disguise the matter. The credulous King wept at the News; and without repairing to the Castle, gave orders for his private Interment.

His Fancy had informed a Notion, that *Trogniana* had some Hand in his Death; so that to satisfy his Revenge, and Punish her Disobedience, he made bold to confine her in the same Tower for her Life.

The Princess, in this Affliction was thoughtful of her Father, and accordingly wrote several Letters to him; but they were all intercepted, and carried to the Brown Monarch, She indeavoured to Divert herself; and would now and then be admiring the Pictures in the Gallery.

One Day, as she was at this Exercise, she perceived among them, the Picture of her own ugly self. It surprized her to be sure, and she made Reflections upon the Painter for it, and the more when she saw the Picture of a beautiful shepherd and shepherdess, with whom she was mightily taken.

In the midst of this Surprize, a deformed old Witch appeared, and told her that she was sensibly touched with her Misfortunes, and was come thither to Comfort her. Sigh not at that, beautiful Shepherdess, said she, for I can make you altogether as lovely. Chuse therefore, Virtue or Beauty, for Fate has decreed one of them to be your Portion.

The Princess being sensible that Beauty was not lasting, chose Virtue as the most substantial Treasure.

The old Woman at this, presented her with her Muff, which was White and Yellow, and told her that if she blew on the Yellow side, she would become like the lovely Shepherdess, and that if she blew on the White side, her Virtue would become fix'd as Fate itself.

The Princess accepted the Muff, and blowing as she had ordered on the White side, immediately found the Effects aforesaid.

Thus blest with one of the best Portions a Woman can have, she contented herself to wait the arrival of her Father, and with expectation of seeing him, she would often get into the Tower to look for his coming.

Going up one Day very eagerly, her Foot struck against some loose stones in the Wall, and forced out the Golden Key, which she presently snatcht up. Certainly, thought she, this Key must be of some use hereabouts; and spying the Cupboard, soon concluded it belonged to that.

With this thought she looked sometime, but could see no sign of a Lock. At last she found the Key-Hole, and opening it, was as much charmed with what she saw, as the Prince before her.

In short, she came to the bloody Hand in the Box, and was so much concerned at it, that she would have laid it aside, had not something whispered in her Ear, and bid take Courage, lay the Hand under the Pillow; and when she saw an Eagle appear to give it him.

The Princess having put every thing as she found them, took the Hand, and did as she was bid.

But

But three Nights was no sooner gone, when an Eagle came fluttering at her Window; and then remembering what she was told, she opened the Casement and let him in. The Bird was extremely pleased at his Admittance, when she presently gave him the bloody Hand: and in less than a Minute, there appeared in the room of the Eagle, a compleat young Gentleman, with a Crown of Gold on his Head, and his Robes flowered with Diamonds and precious Stones.

In short, he no sooner appeared, but he addressed the Princess, and told her, that a certain Conjurer had kept him there 200 Years; because that the Fairy *Benigna* had rejected the Magician, and bestowed her Heart upon him; That out of Spite, he had cut off his Hand as he stood admiring one Day, the Picture of his Mistress: That by Virtue of his Magick, he had turned him into a perpetual Sleep; that he was told, that a certain Prince and Princess, should restore them to their former Happiness, after the Expiration of two hundred Years: and for that Reason, the Fairy *Benigna* took such Care to lock up his Hand where the Princess found it.

Having said this he looked earnestly on the Princess, and cried speak Madam, and ask what you will, for it is in my power to effect it.

The surprized Princess knowing that Beauty vanished like a Blast, kept to a solid principle, and told him, that since it must be so, she desired nothing, but that her Soul might be as Beautiful as her Body was Ugly.

For a Reward of your Humility, said he, be happy in both Soul and Body: And gently touching her,

her, she became one of the most lovely Shepherdes's in the World. Now, said he, I see you compleat, according to your Deserts, bear hence forward the Name *Brilliant*, for none has ever brighter Perfections than yourself; and you shall at last be crowned with Happiness.

With these Words every thing vanished about her, and she found herself in the same Wood where Prince *Torticuli* was turned Shepherd.

She no sooner saw herself in the lonesome place, with a Flock of Sheep, a Crook, and a little Dog by her side, but she was full of Thoughts, and could not forbear admiring, that she who was a Princess before, is now become a poor Shepherdes, without Friends or Relations, but tho' she had some dejected Thoughts the suddenness of her Change, yet they lasted not; for all the Birds, Flocks, Woods, Groves, and Flowers, conspired to make her Life pleasant and sweet.

In this State she contented herself to feed her innocent Flock, till the Shepherd Prince wandering one Summer's Day from his Flock, found the lovely She sleeping under a shady Tree by a River side.

The Prince no sooner saw a Beauty so surprizing, but gently made his Approach to her; and viewing all the Charms of Love in one Body, remained fixed like a Statue till the Princess awoke.

Ah! Incomparable Shepherdes, cried he, is it possible you should fly Mankind for the sake of this solitary Place? Forbid it Heaven; behold a faithful Shepherd for ever devoted to your service. Let me therefore be first in the List of your Admirers, and render my Assiduities acceptable to so powerful a Beauty.

I thank

I thank you Shepherd, said she, if any can claim my Esteem, it is yourself: But I had rather live this Life with my Sheep and Dog, than be disturbed with the hurry and noise of publick Business. To convince me, therefore, of your Esteem, conduct me to some little Cottage, where I may be friendly entertained.

Yes, lovely fair, said he, and so lead her to a little House, where lived a lame old Woman, who received her with as much tenderneſs as if she had been her own Daughter.

After the old Grannum had made her sit down, pray Sweetheart, said she, what is your Name? Brilliant, quoth the Princess, making her a low Courtesey, with which the antient Hostess was so well satisfied, that she presently set before her Bread, Butter, Cheese, Cream, Eggs, and all sorts of Fruit, and bid her eat heartily. The Prince at the same time begged to sit down by her, which she consented to, and from that time was so smitten with him, that he was the remainder of her thoughts, when they had done, the Shepherdesſe arose, thanked her aged Hostess for the Civilities she had received, and taking her Crook, made the Prince understand, that his Conversation was no further necessary at that time; and so went alone to her Flock.

But it was not long before Love found out ways and means to bring them together. The Shepherd would often drive his Sheep among hers, and whilst they were feeding, entertain her with amorous Songs and pleasant Tunes, upon his Oaten-Reed. And yet strange Mystery! Tho' Love had possess'd both their hearts, that they could have died for each other, yet they could not forbear reflecting inwardly upon their Weakness, in setting their Affections upon what they thought below their Birth.

Thus Love continued in Masquerade some time, till the Shepherdes fled the Shepherd one Day, and left him disconsolate. Amongst the many Inventions Love could find, to retrieve so great a Loss, the Prince made choice of this. He took a tender Lamb, and tied Flowers and Ribbons about its innocent Neck; and dressing himself in a Taffaty Waistcoat, very richly laced down the Seams, he went and found out the Shepherdes as she was sitting very thoughtful by a River side.

Presenting her the innocent Lamb: *Ah!* cried he, what have I done, thus to banish you into Solitude? What fault have I committed, that you, lovely Shepherdes, should fly me? Was it because your Flock and mine had the care of one Shepherd? Is it because I would free you from of the Misfortunes that may befall you? Is it because I burn, consume, and expire for the Love of you? O hard fate! worse than what hitherto has befallen me, that she whom I adore, should punish my Presence by her Absence? and let another render all my passionate Respects and Assiduites fruitful.

Brilliant, having heard this, replied, and told him, That he had no reason to fear her flying him, since it was so far out of hatred to his Person, that she suffered Violence in doing it. That it was the Effect of Love and Duty, betwixt which she struggled, that made her so shy of him; not but that she could for ever sit by the Rivers side, and contentedly see his lovely shade in the Water. She conjured him, therefore, by all the Respect he bore her, to leave her to herself; for that he having already her Heart in Possession, she did not know what Treacherous Act it might be guilty of, by surrendering up, what she had with a Vow devoted to Heaven.

Having thus informed him, she gave a sudden Start, and flew from the place where she sat, with incredible swiftness. The dejected Lover perceiving her flight, would have overtaken her; but alas! his grief was too weighty, and his sorrow too prevailing; he fell down by the pressure of his Torments, and lay in a languishing Condition.

The Princess had looked back, and seen his Sufferings; yet for all the Pity she had for him, could not prevail with herself to return to his Assistance. She thought if she did, he would discover too soon the Conquest he had made over her; so with much ado, she abandoned one more dearer to her than her Life.

When she was out of sight, she examined again her beautiful Severity, and wished herself deformed, as before. Amidst a thousand Thoughts revolving in her Mind, at last Virtue led her away in Triumph, with a Resolution to fly him for ever.

She had been told of an eminent Magician that lived in a Castle not far off: And that she might wholly abandon the Thoughts and Idea of her Shepherd, she was resolved to apply herself to this Enchanter, and ask his Advice.

With this Resolution she put Wings to her pace, till she came through one of his Forrests, where she fancied she heard several Songs, triumphing over her Weakness and Favours, which would often put her in mind of turning back to approach him. But adhering to her first Principle, at last to the Conjuror's Castle she came; having run thro' many Briars and Thorns, and suffered both Hunger and Thirst in her Journey.

Having

Having entered the Castle, the first Room she entered into, was dark as Night, there being no Light but what appeared thro' a Crevice instead of Wainscot, it was lined with the Wings of Bats and Owls, twelve Cats hung by the Tails in the Ceiling, growling and scratching one another most fearfully. Underneath was a long Table, on which as many Mice were tied at a certain distance out of their Reach, from a great quantity of Cheese and Bacon, so that all their time was spent in vain, for tho' they reach'd and strove never so much to satisfy their famish'd Bellies with what they most admired, yet were they never the nearer.

Whilst the Princess was gazing at this Adventure, in came the Conjuror in a sooty Garment, with a fearful Crocodile on his Head for a Cap, a Whip with ten thousand knotted Snakes at the end on it was in one Hand, and his Spectacles in the other. Fear presently seiz'd the Princess, who was so terrified at his Looks, that she would have given ten thousand Worlds to have gotten back again. She strove, but in vain, for the old Wizzard had hampered her Feet in a parcel of Nets, so that she fell down, and thought she felt a thousand Pins and Needles pricking her tender Flesh.

All this while the Conjuror made himself merry with her Misfortunes, at last he bellow'd in her Ear, with a hedious Noise these words, See'st thou these Cats and Mice? *said he*, they were all Princes and Princesses. I could have loved the
Girls,

Girls, but they refused my kindness. And the Rogues their Sweethearts that would have rival'd me, I decoy'd hither at several Times, and now you see I have made an Example of them, by turning them into Cats and Mice. A diversion mightily agreeable to me, because they now are hated by each other, as much as they were beloved before.

No matter for that, said *Brilliat*, interrupting the Conjuror, I'll be a Mouse too.

Fool, said he, love me and thou shalt want for nothing a Lady can wish for.

Not I, said she, I will suffer Death first.

Nay, quoth he, if you are so obstinate you shall not be what you would, a Mouse, but a Creature of a different Species. And touching her with his wicked Wand, be therefore a Grasshopper, said he, to live in the Field and Groves.

The Princess immediately became that little Animal, but retaining still her reason, she gathered up her lovely nimble Limbs, and hop'd into the adjacent Woods, and thus bemoaned herself.

Unfortunate Creature, cried she, that would not be happy, when it was in my Power to be so! See the folly of Ingratitude! Alas! What am I now? What was I before when the faithful Shephard sought my Love? A beautiful Shepherdess, that had a free Heart then to dispose off to the lovely *Nonpariel*! But now by too nice Coi-
necs

ness a silly Insect, doomed to chirp out my Afflictions, and wander out my Days in the verdant Grass, till the Foot of some regardless cruel Creature, tramples me to death.

Whilst the Princess thus lamented her Condition, the Prince was as much afflicted for her Absence, he bemoaned himself every where, and tired with seeking her, sat himself under a Tree, he took his Pen-Knife, and in Love's Characters, ingraved upon the Bark of it, the History of his Misfortunes. He had no sooner finished it, but an Oreade, or Mountain Fairy appeared to him, and pointing towards a certain Castle, bid him repair thither, where he should hear News of his Shepherdess.

The Prince thanked her, and went thither accordingly, where he found the Castle full of Globes of Fire, without any stop or stay, he rushed into the great Hall, where he was stop'd by a most deformed Fairy, Hag-ridden, with Saucer Eyes, Brimstone-Breath, Snakey-Hair, and her Looks more frightful than Death, yet she was powder'd, patch'd, painted, and had an Imperial Diadem on her Head, and her Cloaths were most Magnificent.

She no sooner fix'd her Glaring Eyes on him but in a screaming Tone, I am the Empress of Meteors, said she, and am concerned for your Welfare, if you will but love me, all shall be to your Wish.

It is impossible, said he, to bestow that which another is Mistress of, besides, Madam, said he,
F if

if it were not so, I should not be such a Fool, as to place my Affections upon an Apparition, that has influence over nothing but silly Glow-worms, Jack-a-Lanterns, and Will-in-the-Wisps, Meteors which serve only to decoy unthinking Travellers into endless Wandrings.

How, Wretch, said the Cholerick Hag, do you slight me so? With that she struck her Wand against the Floor, and immediately a whole Army of monstrous Beasts, in devilish Shapes appeared to fight him.

The poor Prince had nothing to defend himself with but his Crook, and was terrified with their many headed looks, that he concluded, now was the time that he must suffer Death for his Shepherdes, and put himself in a Posture accordingly.

The Fairy perceiving his Resolution so strong, was resolved to do her utmost, she caused his Shepherdes to appear, and cry'd out; now, Sir, consent to my Embraces, or else this Girl, you love, shall be sacrificed before your Eyes.

These Words so sensibly touch'd his Heart, that he fancied he heard his Shepherdes at the same time bid him do what the Empress would have him. In this Extremity he bethought himself upon that good Fairy, he thought he heard her say these words.

*Fate will have its fixed Course,
Be it better, be it worse,
But be thou faithful, just and True,
And none shall be more blest than you.
In the mean time, Prince be inclin'd
The Gilded Branch to seek and find.*

And with these Lines ended the Fury of all he had seen, his Princess was vanish'd and gone likewise, when the hagg'd Fairy seeing her attempts in vain, against a superior Power depart, said she to the Prince, whose Heart burns so violently with true Love, and because you have so much of that Element in you, be henceforth a Cricket which wholly delights in Warmth.

'Tis done in an instant, and he became a little Coal-black Cricket, and was turned out to wander and seek after a warm birth. But the *Gilded Branch* still ran in his Mind, and he thought that if he could find that, it would help to un-cricket him; so that with such like conjectures, he travelled with his little Feet till he came to a hollow Tree, where sat chirping a lovely Grasshopper. The Cricket had not as yet met with any Conversation, and taking this insect to be a Grasshopper of Parts, address'd her thus; whither goest thou lovely Grasshopper? said he. And whither goest thou, pretty Cricket? said the Grasshopper. What! canst thou speak? said the Cricket in surprize: why not we Grasshoppers, said she briskly, speak as well as you Crickets; nay, said the Cricket, I speak because I am a young Man. And I because I am a young Virgin, said the other, say you so, said the Cricket, then our Fortunes are equal I think: But whither art going? I should be glad to bear thee company. Ah! cry'd the Grasshopper, a Voice indeed told me, Fate would have its Course, but bid me go seek the *Gilded Branch*, and in search of such a thing I have taken many a weary step hitherto in going.

This Discourse was broke of by two Mice, who jump'd presently upon them, and forced both Cricket, Grasshopper, and Mice into a hollow Tree, alas! Madam, cries one Mouse, I have got a Stitch in my Side, by our flight, how does your Highness? Troth very bad, said the other Mouse, but had not a piece of my Tail been chop'd off, I had still been tied to the Wizzard's Table. Did you see how the old Rogue pursued us? Protect us Providence, cry'd the first Mouse especially your Royal Highness, and send us safe to the *Gilded Branch*, do you know the way? said the other. Yes, cry'd the biggest, as well as my right-hand from my left.

The Grasshopper, perceiving this couple in the same condition as herself, said accept Ladies of the company of this honest Cricket and myself who are alike travelling thither, and shall be thankful for it.

In short, after some few Ceremonies, they agreed to travel early in the Morning to the *Gilded Branch*, and having related to each the oddness of their Adventures, they accordingly came to the Tree where it grew in the middle of a Garden, whose Walks were bestrewed with Pearl, and whose Flowers were all sorts of Diamonds and precious Stones.

They no sooner approach'd, but the Prince and Princess received their pristine Shapes, and were so transported at it, words could not express their Joy. The Prince fell at the Feet of the Princess, and was about to have worshipp'd her, when Queen *Benigna* and King *Trasimenes* appeared with a splendor, which out-shone the Sun. They were attended by the Graces, and a Million of Fairy Nymphs supporting a rich Canopy over their Heads, the Zephirs and all the agreeable

agreeable Deities of the Woods and Plains made up the Company, with a Harmony equal to that of the Spheres.

Here, said the illustrious *Benigna*, to the Princess, take this constant Shepherd for your Husband-Prince, and be you happy in him; for he is the same Prince your Father designed no bestow upon you. He did not perish in that Castle where you was, but met with a Deliverance and Change like yours; with that she crowned them both with imperial Diadems, but much more with a constant Tranquility, to make them amends for all the Troubles they had undergone.

The Nuptials were then ordered to be celebrated, and to make the Joy the greater, the Fairy *Benigna* struck her Wand thrice, when immediately the two Princesses who had personated Mice, were restored to their proper Shapes, as was also all those the Conjuror had enchanted in the Castle; who not only were delivered from their Metamorphose, but made happy, in the lasting Affections, and mutual Embraces of each other.

The M O R A L.

THE Soul that's perfect, loves to see
 Its Lustre thro' Humility,
 That Looking-Glass, in which we find
 The Smiles of a contented Mind;
 That baffles all the Scorns of Fate,
 And ridicules the proud Man's State:
 That leads to happiness at last,
 And makes amends for what is past.

Brilliant had such a Soul, whose aim
 Was to become a virtuous Dame,
 She knew that Riches would take flight,
 And Beauty vanish out of sight,
 This made her chuse Substantial Wit,
 And Virtue to preside o'er it.

Ye British Lovers, learn from hence,
 A Shape and Mein han't always Sense,
 The beauteous Fair may have a Soul
 That is most monstrous and foul,
 And that the Cripple may be blest
 With a frait Soul, that leads to rest.



T A L E VII.

The Shipwreck, Or the Orange-Tree, and its beloved Bee.

ONCE upon a Time, there lived a King and Queen, who had but one Daughter a Beauty excelling all the rest of her Sex, one so much esteemed, that she was named, *The Beloved*. There was nothing wanting in her Infancy worthy of her Birth, and she had a Retinue sufficient for a Princess grown to Maturity, who waited upon her where ever her Nurse was pleased to command.

One Day the Nurse took this sweet Princess with her in a Pleasure-Boat for the benefit of the Air, the Weather and Heavens being then calm and serene; but they had not been far from Shore, when there arose a violent Storm, which (notwithstanding all the Endeavours the Navigators could use) caused the Boat to split in peices, so that every one was drowned but the Princess; who, being then in her Cradle, kept floating, till it was driven out to Sea, and was cast upon an unknown Shore.

It was a Country which none inhabit but a certain Race of Monsters called *Ogricons*. A People that prey'd upon Mankind, and caught them by Snares and Stratagems, as we do Rabbits and Hares, and eat them with a Dog-like Appetite, having Mouths from one Ear to t'other. The cheif of these *Canibals* still surviving, was the *Oger Ravagio* and his Wife *Tormentina*

two cunning Monsters, who could smell a Man or Woman some Leagues distant.

It happened one Day, that *Tormentina* walking by the Sea-side, discovered the Princess in her Cradle, and Pity to which she had always been a Stranger before, moved her now to spare so innocent a Beauty. She therefore took her up, Cradle and all, carryed it to her Den, and there prevented her Husband *Ravagio's* devouring it, by perswading him to bring her up, till she was of Age to be married to their Son *Ogriletto*; but fearing that the Cries of so tender an Infant, might at one time or other, provoke her Husbonds Appetite; she by virtue of her Magick Art, (for she was a *Demy Fairy*) conveyed her to a Den, and commanded a lovely Doe to wait upon and Suckle her, as often as was necessary, and thus by the care of *Tormentina*, the Princess lived till she was fifteen Years of Age.

The King and Queen, her Parents, having almost forgot the Memory of her, began to think of settling the Succession, despairing of any more Issue; accordingly they pitched upon the second Son of a neighbouring Prince, who was admired by all that heard him, to succeed after their Decease.

Embassadors were immediately sent with a great Navy of Ships, to convey him from his Father's Dominions. Upon their Arrival, the King immediately consented to the Proposal, and he was called the beloved of his Father, he was sent with a vast Retinue of Nobility, and a prodigious quantity of Riches.

They had not been long out of Sight of Land, but a dreadful Tempest arose, in which the whole Navy immediately foundred, and every Soul was
lost

loft but himfelf, who floating on a Plank was driven a Shore, upon the very fame Coast, where the *Ogricons* live!

The Princess by this time being grown up, with a thousand delicate Features and Charms, though not capable of fpeaking any thing but the *Ogriconian* Tongue, had affigned to herfelf a certain Cavity between two Rocks, by which ſhe would take delight to Fiſh, and where ſhe would contemplate with herfelf. She diſcovered indeed about her a glorious *Turquois* Stone, with ſome odd Characters on it, but of its meaning, ſhe could not inform herfelf.

And thus ſhe ſpent her abſent Hours from *Ravagio* and *Tormentina*, when one Day ſhe ſaw a Youth floating a Shore for dead, ſhe went and received him with admiration; and preſently took certain green Herbs, and rubbing her Hands, applied the Juice to his Noſtrils, till he came to himſelf, and ſtood upright amazed to ſee ſo beautiful a Creature preſent herfelf before him; they both ſtood ſurprized at each other a-while, until the Prince offering her his Hand, ſhe flew back, and made Signs for him to be gone, and that his Life was in Danger. He ſpoke to her, but ſhe underſtood him not, ſo that a meer Jargon of Language paſt between them.

The Princess ſhed Tears, to think that he would preſently be torn to peices, and the more, becauſe ſhe could not make him ſenſible of it. At laſt ſhe took him by the Hand, and led him to her Cell in the Rocks, and made him reſoſe himſelf in a Bed of ſoft Ruſhes. She then took her Hair-lace and gave it him, with ſigns that ſhe was going to fetch ſome Food, and that ſhe would return again. The Prince had now time to lament his Miſfortune, but ſtill the Idea of

his charming Deliverer, gave him more content than if he was in possession of a Crown.

The Princess by this time, was so heavy loaded with Provisions, that she fainted away at the Prince's Feet. She had brought him roasted Squirrels, Rabbits, all sorts of Fruit, a Stone Knife, a lovely Shell to drink out off, and another to Wash in; all which the Prince received with so many Testimonies of Affection that their Souls became in a manner united, When he Sigh'd she Wept, and both shared equally Joy and Sorrow, tho' she was the most concerned for his Preservation,

At Night she left him to return to *Ravago's* Den, the more to prevent Suspicion, but when she saw the monstrous young *Ogriletto*, to whom she was to be Married, her Heart was ready to break. She could not Sleep all the Night, a thousand thoughts disturbed her rest, so that early the next Morning she went to the Prince's Residence, and there with Tears in her Eyes, by all the Signs she could make would have him flee the place for safety. He flung himself at her Feet, and wiped them with his Hair, while she presented him with her turquois Heart, as a token of her Esteem. The Prince kissed the Hand that gave it, and looking upon it earnestly, read these Words.

*The only Beloved Daughter to the King of the
Fortunate Island,*

The Surprize the Prince was in, when he read it, was inexpressible. He knew such a Princess was his Cousin, and that she had been drowned many Years before. He lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, concluding the Sea had throne up so rich a Jewel. Then, with Tears in his Eyes, he kiss it, and tied the Heart about her Wrist again, requesting

requesting by a certain Sign, only a little Lock of her Hair in the room of it, which she with some difficulty granted.

Thus four Days run away, when the Princess coming to *Ravagio's* Cave one Evening she found a Supper provided for her, with all the Rarities that could be got. She wondered at the meaning, but *Ravagio* told her, she must be married that Night to his Son *Ogriletto*, and for that reason he had ordered so splendid an Entertainment: The Princess immediately trembled, and desired it might be deferred a little longer? How! said the Monster, I have a Mind to devour thee presently at which she fainted away between *Tormentina* and her Son's Paw; *Ogriletto* 'tis true loved her intirely, so with much ado *Ravagio* was perswaded to save her that Night.

The Prince, by this time, was wholly devoted to her Commands, and Love had made him a perfect Slave in so little a Space, so that he was ready to die, because he could not thoroughly inform her of his Passion.

When she returned next Morning, she made him to understand the Danger she was in of being married to another.

At which she discovered a visible Alteration in his Countenance, he was ready to die at her Feet; being altogether a Stranger to the Country where he was, and how to escape he knew not: which if he did, would be even Death to him. The Princess was as much concerned on t'other side, and with an equal Grief, they spent the time in Sighs and Tears till Night oblig'd her to retire from him.

In her way to the Cave, it being dark, she had the Mortification to tread upon a sharp Thorn, which run thro' the Sole of her Foot, insomuch that when she came home, her Pains were so af-

flicting, in conjunction with her Concern for the Prince, that she swooned away several times.

Ravagio, *Tormentina*, and *Ogriletto*, were all troubled at the Misfortune, they pulled out the Thorn (but knew not of another in her Heart) and laid some Herbs to the Wound, and put her to Bed. But Sleep she could not, nor could she go as usual in the Morning to the Prince: So that the Apprehensions of his breaking his Heart for her Absence, occasioned a double Grief.

The Prince indeed was so much concerned at her not returning, that in Despair he was resolv'd to go in quest of her, tho' he lost his Life. By the help of a rude Track, he travel'd till he came to the *Ogricons* Den, which he no sooner entered, but the Monster *Ravagio* snap'd at him, and would have devoured him, had not the Princess fell down on her Knees, and intreated him to keep that fresh Provision till her Wedding Day: *Ravagio* consented to it, ordering her to feed and fatten him against the Day appointed. But she did it with another Intention, and it was with a design to preserve him from Destruction; which in a little time she thus effected.

The *Oger*, *Ogress*, and *Ogricons* always sleep with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads; and the Prince lying with them, she thought with herself, that hunger was strong enough to brake thro' Stone-Walls, and that if *Ravagio's* Appetite should provoke him in the Night, she did not know but he might devour the price, notwithstanding his Word to the contrary. She therefore, when they were asleep, took the Crown from the Head of the first *Ogricon* she came to, and put it on the prince's, and returned to her own Apartment.

This project had its desired Effect. For *Ravagio* longing to make a Meal of the prince, arose in the dark, and felt for one among the *Ogricons*, without a Crown upon his Head, whom having found, he immediately devoured and returned to his *Ogress* who was fast asleep.

The next Morning *Tormentina* missing one of her Bratts, she went to the Cavern, and perceiving it bloody, gave such Howl, that all the Woods rung with it. *Ravagio* presently heard her, and being sensible of his Mistake, commanded her to be Silent; for that he had eaten the little Monster instead of the prince. *Tormentina* was forced to submit, for her Husband was absolute and one who could eat Wives with as little Compassion as any thing.

The next Night the princess did as before, when *Tormentina* awaking, was resolved to revenge the Death of her *Ogricon* on the prince. She went to the place where the *Ogricons* lay, and finding one without a Crown among 'em, immediately eat it up, believing it to be the Stranger, and returned to Sleep.

As soon as Morning came, *Tormentina* went to look after her young *Ogricons*, and finding that she had, by mistake, devoured one of them, she scream'd out so loud, that *Ravagio* immediately came to her. They both gnash'd their Teeth, and storm'd in a fearful manner, and rending the Air with their Cries they were for devouring the prince and princess, who had hid themselves in a dark Corner from their Rage.

In this Extremity, the Princess bethought herself of *Tormentina's* Ivory Wand, with which she had seen her perform many strange things. Thought she, if such an ignorant Brute can work Wonders with it, well may I; and so she went
where

where it was, and taking hold of it, wish'd in the Name of the Fairy *Truffio*, to talk the Language of her distressed Lover.

This had its desired Success, for that she immediately went to the prince and whisper'd in his Ear, that she was more afflicted at his Misfortunes than her own; and withal, told him how she came to understand his Language by virtue of an Ivory Wand. The overjoy'd prince, with many thanks, said, that she was as dear to him as his Soul, and that nothing but Death should separate his Affections from her.

In short, they had the satisfaction of a Conversation one with another, which none but true Lovers enjoy, and amongst all their Projects, that of their Escape was the most considerable. The Princess told him, that as soon as Night came, she would get *Ravagio's* best Camel, upon which they would both mount, and steer their Course where Providence should direct. The Prince approv'd it, and the wish'd-for Hour came, when the princess put a Bean in a Cake, and taking the little Wand in her Hand, cry'd, pretty Bean, pretty Bean, O little pretty Bean, in *Truffian's* Name, I command thee whilst thou art roasting to talk as I used to do, when *Tormentina* calls; and with that she thrust the Cake into the Embers.

Now, said she to the Prince, taking the Wand in her Hand, let us mount, which they did accordingly, and rode away full speed.

The Ogress *Tormentina*, whilst they were making their Escape, awaked in the Night, and missing the Princess, call'd out, Hussy, why do not you come to Bed? I am warming myself said the Bean. Come, I say, quickly, said she, Time enough, quoth the Bean, *Tormentina* fearing the
Noise

Noise would disturb surly *Ravagio* lay still awhile when she call'd out again, you dirty Slut, come to Bed, I say, let me warm myself a little longer cry'd the Bean: Warm thyself then, with a murrain to thee, in the midst of it, quoth the Monster. So I am, said the Bean, without your wishing of it, and being by this time full roasted, said no more, notwithstanding the loud Calls of *Tormentina*.

Early in the Morning, the *Ogres* went to punish her for not coming at her Call, but alas! she found both Prince and Princess fled, with that she set up such a Howl, that *Ravagio* leap'd in a Minute from his Cave, to know what was the matter. With dismal cries she told him all his fresh Meat was stole away, which when *Ravagio* heard, he tore his Beard, and swore he would revenge himself of the Rogues that had done it. Give me my seven League Boots, and I'll be up with them presently, the Boots being brought, away he went, and quickly came in sight of the Prince and Princess,

The Princess perceiving him first, cry'd out we are ruined, dear prince, for the Monster is just at our Heels. The prince was more concerned for her than himself, so that the thoughts of her Danger pierced his Soul.

A Woman's Wit being ready at Invention the princess cry'd out help O Wand, help, and in kind *Truffio's* Name, turn our Beast into a River, let my prince be a Boat, and myself an old Woman to row it along. The Wand was no sooner wav'd, but she had her wish, when up came the Monster to the River side, and cry'd, ho! you, Gammar, did you see a Man and Maid go by this Bankside. The old Dame whipping on her Spectacles, stared at him, as if she knew nothing of
the

the matter ; at last she pointed, and made him believe they were gone by the left Hand. Away stalk'd *Ravagio* out of sight, with hopes to overtake them. In the mean time the princess touch'd herself with her Wand, and resumed her Shape.

Ravagio having travelled far to no purpose, returned to *Tormentina*, who impatiently expected his coming. But when she saw him return without them, she call'd him Fool, and laugh'd at his Story about the old Woman and her Spectacles. Go back again, Simpleton, cry'd she and devour them in an instant.

The old Fool of a Monster liquoring his Boots, immediately stepped away, till he came within sight of them once more, and at another Step would have been up with them, had not the princess, by virtue of her Wand, turned their Camel into a Box, herself into a Dwarf, and the prince into a beautiful picture. The Dwarf seeing *Ravagio*, immediately blew his Horn, at which the Monster came to him, and ask'd if he had seen a young Couple go by that way. The Dwarf told him, that a beautiful Lady came by Yesterday, with a valiant Knight, who had fought in Honour of her whose picture hung before him, and that the Lady before she went, charged him, that if an ill-look'd Giant, with but one Eye in his Forehead, should come and enquire about her, that she should tell him to give over his search, for that she was for ever out of his reach.

Say you so, said *Ravagio*, which way did they go? over yon plains, said the Dwarf: Away stalk'd the Monster, and was out of sight in an instant. The Princess presently took her Wand, and with two or three touches they were all in their proper Shapes again.

Ravagio

Ravagio having gone over all the Woods, Forests, Mountains, and Vallies, with incredible swiftness, but was forced to return like a Fool as he set out. He had indeed bundled up a few half-hearted Lovers, that he met by the Way, and deservedly carried them with him: And it was well he did so; for *Tormentina's* Fury was grown so great, that if she had not had something to stop her Mouth, perhaps she might have devoured him; for the Gray Mare was now become the better Horse: And such a She Fury, knowing her Husband's Weakness, would easily have made the Place too hot to hold him.

Well, having devoured all he brought, without so much as I thank ye, Gaffer. Give me, Coxcomb, said she, your Boots, and let me see what I can do; I'll warrant thee, I'll soon find them out, and make an Example of them.

With that *Ravagio* for peace sake, let her put on his Boots, as she had often done his Breeches, and away the hagged Ogres went without a Shift or Petticoat to her Breech, and stretched the Boots a League farther than usual. She took with her a monstrous Club, her Hair was powered with Toads, and tied up with Snakes; so that she was a Spectacle frightful enough to terrify the most obdurate Heart.

Alas! Her Motion was so swift, that in a few Hours, the Princess saw her. Now was the grand Trial of the Lovers. They involved the Powers above to protect a Couple, who could have died for the sake of each other. In the midst of this Extremity, some good Fairy put it into the mind of the Princess, to make use of her Wand once more. Come, my dearest, said she, to the Prince, take Courage, all shall do well; with that she waved her Wand thrice and cried be a Box O Camel,

Camel, and thou lovely Prince, an Orange Tree, and myself a Bee, to fly and hum about thee.

The Words were no sooner uttered, but what she said, came to pass. When *Tormentina* came up, and being tired with travelling, sat herself down to rest under the Orange Tree; the busy Bee perceiving it, was resolved to seize her notwithstanding the thickness of her hide, stung her so terribly, that the Beast was heard to roar many Leagues off. Now and then she would throw her Paws at the Bee, with a design to kill it, but it was too nimble for her, and flew away. However the Orange-Tree Prince was in great Pain for his beloved Bee all the time.

At last the Hag was so nettled with the smart rose up, and in despair foaming at the Mouth, stalked home again; when the Princess would have restored herself to her Shape, but some Persons who by accident had been that way, had carried with them ignorantly her white Wand.

This was a lamentable Surprize to them both: They alike lamented their Misfortunes. The Prince cried, Woe is me, that I should be thus confined in a Tree! My pretty Bee, what shall I do, if you fly me? Cannot you stay to live upon the Blossoms I produce; my Leaves shall be your Bed, and free you from the venomous Spiders. Ah, cried she, why suspectest thou thy Bee? No Dove shall be more truer to her Mate. I will watch thee and preserve thee from the rude Touches of an unkind Hand. All the Lillies Jesamines, and Roses, and the sweetest Flowers of the Woods and Plains, I will slight for thee, and as a Proof of it, here I will dwell, said she; with that she settled upon one of the largest Flowers and blest herself with so sweet a Living, whilst the Tree flourish'd, and look'd gay and lively.

It seems this Orange-Tree stood in a Wood belonging to a certain Lady named *Linda*, who coming with her Maids that way, was so smitten with its Delicacy, she stood a considerable time admiring it. She could not imagine how it came there, and willing to gather a Flower, she no sooner touched it, but the Bee flew upon her Hand and stung her, so that she was ready to faint away with the smart. She then caused it to be removed by force, and planted it in a pleasant Garden next her Chamber-Window, whither the Bee accompanied it. They had not been there long, but the Orange-Tree ask'd his beloved Bee, why she stung the beautiful *Linda*: Because said the Bee smartly, your Sweetness is mine, and you cannot bestow it upon another, without Injustice to me. Besides whatever you have is mine, and I am bound to defend my own. But reply'd the Prince, can you let them drop without Concern, and not suffer the lovely *Linda* to wear them in her Bosom? Yes, said she, with a severe Look, I can; but I find ingrateful, that you can prefer a Lady in all her Gayety, to a distressed, faithful, lovely Princess, in a Tyger's Skin. And with this she wept excessively, and let fall her Tears upon many of the Flowers, at which the Tree was so sensibly touched, that his Grief sore afflicting her, had like to have made him to wither away. Ah, cry'd he, you raise these Jealousies only to excuse your leaving me! What have I said or done to have your Displeasure? And thus they controverted all Night, as true Lovers will, till the Zephyrs who owed them a Kindness, came and reconciled them.

The next Morning, nothing would satisfy *Linda*, but a Nose-Gay, of Flowers from the Orange-Tree,

Tree; she often attempted to gather them, but the Bee as often stung her. At last by the Advice of her Maids, she drest herself in Armour, and with Trumpets sounding, went with her Sword drawn to the Tree, and with one stroke cut off a Branch, at which a great Groan was heard, and a vast quantity of Blood seen to fall on the Ground. The surprize must needs be great to *Linda*, who attempted afterwards to join it again, but in vain.

The poor Bee was so frightened at this Sight that she was ready to expose her own Life for his; and fearing he might Bleed to death by instinct of Nature (having his leave) flew instantly to *Arabia*, and brought back on her nimble Wings and Feet, a precious Balsam, with which she dailly drest his Wound.

The passionate *Linda* was so terrified at this Transaction, that her Rest went from her. She could not be satisfied, till the Mystery was unfolded; and therefore she sent far and near for the most eminent Fairies in those parts, promising them, that if they would vouchsafe her a visit, to bestow on them whatever they desired. The generous Fairies never want Intreaties to do good; so that away posted great numbers to *Linda's* Castle, where amongst the rest, appeared the good Queen *Truffio*, being the chiefest in the first order of Fairies. She was no sooner consulted but she went to the Tree, and by virtue of Skill, turned it into one of the most accomplish'd Princes in the World. At this Sight the astonish'd *Linda* forgot her former Aversion for the Sex, and entertained a Passion for him.

But the Prince falling at *Truffio's* Feet, return'd her a thousand Thanks, and begged that his Happiness might be compleat, by having his lovely
Bee.

Bee, which was his Life and Soul, restor'd to him in her proper Shape, It shall be done said the generous Fairy, and giving the Word, the Princess appeared with all her usual Charms and Lustre, insomuch that every Lady then present, envy'd her Happiness.

When *Linda* saw this, her Person put a stop to a Passion she so newly entertained. She forgot it, and fell to embracing the Prince and Princess, who at the Request of *Truffio* had informed her of all that had happened to them; and particularly of the Wonders they had performed, by virtue of *Truffio* and her Wand.

The pleasure the Fairy took to hear herself so respectfully spoke of, oblig'd her to do something extraordinary for them; and which should for ever, set them above the Frowns of Fate.

She took her leave of *Linda*, and gave her the Gift of Fairyism, and with a thousand Embraces, seated the Prince and Princess with her in a Flying Chariot, and flew directly to the *Fortunate Island*, where the the King and Queen, the princess's Father and Mother was still living; and who received them both as Children risen from the Grave: Never was there such Rejoycings before.

They were marreid in gerat Pomp and their first born being a Son, was Named *Constant Love*, to which a long Train of other Titles have since been added: So that it has hitherto been to no purpose to find out this First-born of the Prince and Princess: Let him look upon himself truly Happy, who shall find him in Perfection.

The M O R A L.

WHAT secret Charms our Souls attend,
 When Providence becomes a Friend,
 Matches, tho' made on Earth,
 In Heaven at first designed :
 Receive a Sanction with their Birth,
 To multiply Mankind.
 And tho' a Thousand Miseries unite,
 To interrupt that Bliss,
 Time shall produce what Fate decrees,
 To be our Happiness ;
 As many Miracles, even in Despair,
 Shall save the constant virtuous Pair,
 Nor Sea, nor Fire, nor monstrous Beasts,
 Nor all the Malice of enraged Breasts,
 Nor Devil, can have
 A Conquest over the Brave.

The vertuous, generous, faithful Soul,
 That moves by a fix'd Principle ;
 That will not flatter, cant, and try
 All the mean Tricks of cursed Hypocrisy ;
 Be Rich, or Poor, is said the same,
 Be others what they will.

Goals, Tortures, Threats of Parents which are worse,
 All proves for Good, tho' meant a Curse.

For happiness does not consist,
 In doing what we list,
 In tickling of some wealthy Friend,
 A poultry Sum to lend:
 Or turning Parasite, to be
 The Favourite of Majesty.

Since sordid Souls (as there are some
 No doubt) are only Nature's Scum,
 The wise Man's Sport and Ridicule,
 Who smiles to see what Bubbles charm the Fool.

Numerous Examples of this kind,
 Who read these Fairy-Tales will find,
 In his own Life can't call to mind.

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The obedient Graciosa first appears,
 Of young and tender Years,
 Belov'd by Percinet had Grognon's Hate,
 Yet persever'd, and was preserv'd by Fate.

The lovely Blew-Bird next comes in,
 Who flies the Lust of a lascivious Queen,
 Endures a thousand Wrongs and Pains,
 'Till he the chaste Florina gains.

Leander too, for being kind,
 The Seat of Calm-Delights does find.

And faithful Avenant's suffering,
 Does terminate in being King.

Rosetta's chaste and peaceful Breast,
 The Peacock King at last possesseth.

Brilliant's Deformity found Charms,
 To free her from the Wizzard's Harms,

And

*And gave her lovely Shepherd-Prince
Joy never known before, nor since.*

*The Shipwreck Prince and Princess found,
An Asylum on Savage Ground;
And True-Love Crown'd the Orange-Tree,
With all the melting Charms of its Beloved-Bee.*

*What now remains, but that we imitate,
What generous Fairies do relate;
And make our Fortunes Good and Great.*

F I N I S.

